

TEMPTED MOMS CH. 03: PEEPING TOM

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Mother helps son with his voyeurism.

Incest/Taboo

4.76

16k words

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

I would like to greatly thank kjplotts and Chasp for taking the time to review and edit my story

Kyle Smith was your average 18-year-old boy. His skinny build and 5'-6" height didn't make him a hit with the ladies, but that didn't bother him much. You see, Kyle's true fetish was not engaging in sex himself, but from actually watching others without their knowledge.

Deviously, he ventured out at night and strolled through the neighborhood, peeking into any window he hoped might get him a glimpse of some sexy young nude woman, or maybe a couple that might be engaging in some kind of passionate sex. Yes, Kyle suffered from Peeping Tom Syndrome. However, all that was going to change tonight.

"Don't move!" A voice yelled out of the darkness, as he stood by a window pane, caught with his cock in his hand.

A bright light hit him square in the face, as he turned unhurriedly and then heard, "Put that back in your pants and step this way slowly."

Kyle tried to block the beaming light with his left hand, while he forcefully shoved his tool back into his trousers.

Finally, able to make out who was giving him these strict orders, he cringed, as an officer pointed a gun in his direction and announced, "Get on your knees and put your hands behind your back."

Kyle did as he was told and almost cried when he felt the handcuffs tightening on his wrists.

The officer helped him to his feet and escorted him to the squad car, where he waited and thought, *Holy fuck am I dead.*

Kyle watched as the officer knocked on the couple's door he had spied on and then engaged in a very long conversation with them.

Finally, when the officer returned to the car and got inside the driver seat. He explained, "You're very a lucky young man. The woman doesn't want to press charges. However, I think your parents should be aware of what took place here tonight."

"Yes, sir," Kyle croaked, as the lump in his throat grew bigger.

Rachel (Kyle's mother) was a very loving parent. At 42, she carried herself very well. With her slim build and bubbly breast, it was no wonder she was still a very popular clothes model for the local ad agencies. Rachel liked to keep her brunette hair very long and straight, which went nicely with her deep-blue eyes.

Kyle's father, 'Taylor,' on the other hand, was harsher towards him. Always finding some fault with anything he or others had done. Unlike his mother, at 50 his father definitely showed his age. His almost pure white hair and beer gut wasn't much to look at. But then again, who would ever know, since most of his time was either spent at work or watching some kind of sports on the television.

It just so happened that on that night there was a big game showing, so when the phone rang, Rachel was the one that answered.

"Am I talking to Mrs. Smith?"

"Speaking?"

"Mrs. Smith. I'm Officer Todd. I have your son here with me at the station."

"Oh my god what happened? Is he okay?"

"He's fine. But I think it's best if you come down here and we talk."

"Is... Is he in some kind of trouble?"

"He hasn't been arrested. But he could have been."

"OH! Oh my! Okay officer. I'll be right there."

Rachel hung up the phone and wondered. *Should I tell Taylor? Maybe not. It might be best if I meet with the officer alone.*

"Who was that, honey?"

"Oh only a stupid survey call. Listen, I just remembered we need milk."

"Now?"

"You want it for your coffee in the morning, don't you?"

"I guess you have a point. Oh... I'm assuming you're going yourself, right? I mean, this is an important game."

"Yes, Taylor. I figured as much. I'll be right back."

"Okay, dear."

Rachel acted nonchalant as she left the house, but once inside the car, she had trouble controlling her speed. Her mind raced with all sorts of things her son could have done and hoped none of them were true.

Finally, when she reached the station, her heart pounded hard, as she told the desk clerk that Officer Todd was expecting her.

"Hello, Mrs. Smith. Please come this way," Officer Todd said and guided her towards a small room.

Kyle saw his mother as she walked by from his holding cell and felt his body go numb.

Fuck... it's Mom. This is going to kill her, he thought, as his eyes swelled up with tears.

Ten minutes had passed before his mother and the officer emerged from the room across the hall. Her very distraught complexion spoke volumes, as the officer approached his detention chamber.

"Your mother will take you home now. I hope you've learned your lesson."

With his head hung low, Kyle slowly shuffled out of the room and mumbled, "I have."

Kyle walked over to his mother and looked up. His eyes once again filled with tears, as he noticed how shaken she appeared and croaked, "Mom... I'm so sorry. I..."

"Not now Kyle. Let's go."

Kyle followed her out the door and into their car. They drove in complete silence for about four blocks, when Rachel finally said in a loud, cracked voice, "How could you do that?"

"Please, Mom. I said I was sorry."

"That isn't going to cut it this time, Mister! Do you know how much trouble you could have been in? In God's name, what even possessed you into doing such a thing?"

"I... I don't know."

"Was anyone else with you?"

"Mom... Please."

"Answer me, dammit!"

Kyle never heard his mother talk in such a demeanor and blurted out, "It excited me okay!"

"What! What do you mean it excited you? You some kind of a pervert? I can't believe this is happening."

Kyle just looked out the window as the car went quiet again. However, the silence was broken when his mother's soft sobbing filled the void.

"Shit!" he heard her exclaim as the car took a sudden left turn.

"Mom?"

"I told your father, I was getting milk. He isn't aware of any of this yet."

"Oh..." was all Kyle could say.

The car pulled up to a grocery store and as his mother got out said, "Stay here." Then shut the door very forcefully.

He watched as she marched into the establishment and thought, *I'm so dead when she tells Dad.*

When Rachel got back, she placed the bag in the rear seat and then stepped inside herself. However, before she started the car she looked at him and in a forceful, tone said, "So how long have you been doing this?"

Kyle looked at her and replied, "Not long," and hoped she actually bought his lie.

"So should I be worried about you doing this again?"

"No, Mom. I think I learned my lesson."

Rachel sighed and said, "I hope so," and started the car. "Now when we get home, I want you to go straight to your room."

"What... What about dad?" Are you going to tell him?"

"I don't know yet."

The car pulled into the driveway, and Rachel reiterated, "Now remember what I said. Go straight to your room."

"Okay, Mom," Kyle replied and raced out of the car. He opened the front door and yelled, "Hey, Dad," as he fast paced up the steps. However, at the top of the landing, he paused and listened as his mother made her entrance.

"I'm back, dear."

"What took you so long? You've been gone for almost an hour."

"Yes, I know. I ran into Stef at the store, and we got into talking."

Kyle sighed in relief as his mother spun her tale.

"Oh. So how is she doing?" his father asked.

"I guess as good as can be expected. It has only been three months since her husband passed."

"Passed??? Hmpf... You make it sound like he died with dignity."

"Taylor!"

"Well, it's true. The loser did kill himself. I mean instead of facing his problems, he took the coward's way out."

"You can be so heartless at times," Rachel shouted and stomped into the kitchen.

Kyle crept into his room and crashed on his bed. In the darkness, he laid and contemplated over the entire night.

Wow, I guess I was lucky. What the hell am I going to do now? If I get caught again, I might actually go to jail. Not to mention how devastated Mom would be.

But then his mind went further back. Back to what got him caught in the first place. The reason he couldn't move from the window was from what he saw taking place inside, and his hand squeezed his groin as the images of the two displayed in his mind. Kyle closed his eyes and watched it once again unfold. The most taboo thing he ever saw. A mother and son stripped naked and fondly one another in their own living room.

He was just about to jerk off when the sounds of his parents retiring for the night could be heard, and he lay there motionless.

That was when a most devious idea popped into his head, and he whispered, "Yeah. I think I know what I could do."

The next-day, Kyle dressed and met his parents who were already sitting at the breakfast nook and greeted them with a pleasant good morning.

"Take a seat. I'll make you some eggs," Rachel said.

"He can have my chair. I'd better run before I'm late. I'll see you both tonight."

"Okay honey." Rachel replied as her husband rose up and kissed her cheek.

Kyle sat down and watched his mother as she cooked, and then when he heard the front door close said, "Thanks, Mom."

"For what?"

"For lying to Dad."

Rachel turned and looked at him very sternly and said, "I only did it because he wouldn't be as understanding as I am. Which brings me to this. I thought about how you said it excited you, and I think I know what is happening."

"You... you do?"

"Yes. I think your teenage hormones are getting the best of you."

"Really?"

"Yes. I think that once you mature more your sexual urges will subside. But until then, you're going to have to learn to control them."

"I'll try, Mom."

"Good." Rachel half smiled, and went back to cooking.

Kyle was happy that his mother wasn't pissed anymore but her words struck a nerve, and he could help but drill on them inside his mind. *Mature more? She still thinks I'm a kid. I bet if my cock was pounding in her; she wouldn't say that. Huh? Now why did I think that?*

Kyle looked back at his mom and for the first time took notice of how nice and firm her round ass appeared under her very formal black skirt. His eyes then trailed down lower and admired her sleek, well-toned calves and thought. *She does have a very attractive backside.*

Rachel turned around holding a plate in her hands and leaned forward, placing it in front of her son.

"Here you go," she said, but as she lifted herself up, she noticed his eyes beaming at her bosom, and it shocked her.

Did he just gawk at my breast? she thought as her left hand clutched her blouse and closed the gap in the material.

Shit! She caught me, Kyle thought and quickly looked down at his plate and replied, "Thanks, Mom. You're the best."

Kyle shoveled his eggs down and dashed from the table.

"K, Mom. Thanks again."

"No dallying after school. I want you to come straight home. I have a shoot this evening and don't want to worry if you're out getting into trouble."

"Aw, Mom. I told you I won't."

"Kyle, just do this to give me a piece of mind."

"Fine, Mom. I'll rush right home."

"Thank you."

Kyle left for class but waited outside the school and watched as his classmates entered the building. It was then that he spied the son from the other night and he slowly approached him.

"Hey, can I talk to you?" Kyle said as he cut the boy off.

"Do I know you?"

"No. Not really. I was the person that the cops had in the car the other night."

"Oh so you're the fucking pervert that was looking into our house. I should just kick your ass right now."

"You can try. But even if you do kick my ass, what's going to stop me from telling everyone what you're doing with your mother?"

"What the fuck are you talking about?"

"Don't play stupid. I saw both of you. On the couch. You want me to give you a play by play?"

"Who's to say people would believe you?"

"That is also true. But I wonder what your father might actually think if he was to find out. I noticed he wasn't around that night."

"Okay... So what the fuck do you want?"

"Well. Don't take this the wrong way. But I can't get caught spying again. So if you don't mind, I'd like you to film your mother and you when you're having sex."

"What! Fuck that's just twisted. And besides I don't think my mother would ever agree to do that."

"So do it without her knowing."

"I... I guess I can do that. But what's stopping you from showing the video to others?"

"Really, I'm not like that. I promise it will be only for me. I just feel it would help curb my fetish."

"You're sick, dude. But okay. I'll agree to this. Just know it might be some time before I can get you a video. My father came home last night."

"Oh... Did I say a video? I meant a couple of them."

"A couple!"

"Well, yeah. Is that a problem?"

"I guess not." The boy sighed and then said, "I really don't have much of a choice, do I?"

"Sorry, you don't. But if it's any consolation, I do feel terrible about asking you to do this."

"Yeah. Well just remember a couple of times and that's it," the boy grumbled.

"I give you my word," Kyle said and watched as the boy huffed angrily past him.

That evening as Kyle's waited for supper time, his sexual urges returned. After meeting with the boy, he couldn't help but think back to what he saw and like an itch you couldn't scratch, he finally couldn't take it anymore.

Mom has that photo shoot. Maybe I can sneak out after she leaves? Oh but what if she calls to check on me. Shit. Oh I know.

"Hey Mom, alright if I go see Randy while he's home?"

Rachel looked puzzled at him but knew if she said no, her husband would question as to why, so hesitantly she replied, "Ok, dear. And while you're there, tell Stef I said hi. Oh and don't be late. It is still a school night."

"I won't." Kyle snickered under his breath and headed out on his voyeuristic adventure.

It just so happened that before Rachel left for her modeling job, her friend called and Rachel asked, "So are the boys catching up?"

"What do you mean?"

"Isn't Kyle there?"

"No I haven't seen him."

That son of a bitch lied, she thought and then realized what he was probably up to.

"Listen, Stef. Let me call you back."

"Is everything alright?"

"Yes. I'll fill you in later."

"Okay, I have something to discuss with you also."

"Alright," Rachel quickly replied before hanging up the phone and rushing towards the door.

"Who was that?" her husband asked as he sat in his favorite chair and watched another game.

Thinking quickly, Rachel replied. "They're starting the shoot early, I have to hurry."

"Oh my god, Rachel. I told you before you don't have to do that anymore."

"Jesus, Taylor. I realize that. But what part of 'I like the extra money' are you missing?"

Rachel saw her husband roll his eyes as she walked out the door.

Now where could he have gone? she thought as she walked down the street.

Two blocks north, Kyle was slipping through backyards, looking for any window that might hold a good opportunity, when suddenly he spied a light flicker on two houses away. Kyle crouched down and quickly made his way up to the house. His head hung below the windowsill as he patiently eased it up higher. His eyes emerged over the sill, and he whispered, "Bingo!" when a girl a little older than his age came into view. His hand dropped down to his dick as the girl started to remove her bright-red, knee-high skirt from her slim waist.

Kyle unzipped his pants and had just released his stiffing manhood free when a hand firmly grabbed his shoulder, and he jumped.

"What the fuck are you doing?" his mother harshly said in a loud whisper.

"Mom!"

"Jesus, Kyle. Put that back!"

Kyle looked down and sure enough there was his cock standing at attention and he made an attempt to tuck it back into his trouser but had trouble doing so, since his mother was pulling him away from the house.

"I can't believe this. I trusted you and this is how you show me respect."

"Mom!!! Please you're hurting me! Slow down."

When Rachel finally had her son on the sidewalk, she turned, shook her finger and yelled, "You're so fucking grounded now!"

"Grounded? Mom you can't ground me. I'm an adult now."

"Oh, so you think you're an adult. How does living on the street sound to you?"

"Huh?"

"You heard me. If you're not going to listen to me, then out you go. Oh, and as for your father finding out about this, I guess we'll see what he does."

"Mom... You know he'd kill me."

"Maybe a good smack is what you need. I tried to reason with you, but obviously it didn't work."

"Listen, Mom. I'm sorry. I just couldn't help it. The craving was too great. Honest. I did try."

"I told you this morning what your hormones would do."

"I know, Mom. I know. Maybe I'm just too weak." Kyle replied dropping his head and openly sobbing.

Rachel sighed and hugged him. Then put her right hand on top of his bowed head and whispered, "It's ok, baby. Mommy will try to help you through this," and lovingly kissed his forehead.

Kyle hugged her back as he sniveled, but as he did his body responded to her firm breast that pressed into his chest, and it excited him. Without thinking, he instinctively pulled her tighter and lunged his groin forward smashing it into her mound, and he groaned.

Rachel felt his stiff pole and pushed him back. She was astonished at first but heard him mumble, "Sorry, Mom."

"It's... It's ok, honey. Let's just go home."

On the walk back home Rachel looked at her boy and thought. *How can I help him? There must be something that I can do.*

Kyle walked with his head down and when they were a block away from the house, he pleaded, "You going to tell Dad?"

"No. But you are still grounded. At least until I figured out a way to get you through this."

"Okay, Mom. Oh wait! Did you miss your photo shoot?"

"Yes I did."

"Aww, Mom. I'm sorry."

"It's okay. Your father didn't want me to be doing that anymore anyways."

"But Mom. You liked doing that."

"Yeah, I did. But I'm sure since I didn't cancel they're not going to want me anymore."

"Mom, what if you hurried to the place?"

"Kyle, I would be an hour late. I couldn't show up now."

"Please, Mom. You have to try. It would kill me if I'm the reason you lost your job."

Rachel sighed and said, "Okay. But you're coming with me."

"Sure, Mom. I understand."

When they got to their house, Rachel whispered, "I hope your father doesn't hear me just leaving now. I don't know what excuse I could use that he would believe."

Kyle replied, as they opened the car door, "Don't worry, Mom. When he's watching a game he's too engrossed to hear anything."

"I hope so," Rachel fired back as she got into the car. "Here goes," she said as she started the engine and put the car in reverse.

She looked at the house and was happy when she didn't see her husband peeking out the window as she put the car in drive.

Kyle looked back at the house as his mother drove away and said, "See. He didn't hear a thing."

Rachel hurried across town and pulled up to the studio. The set director was just leaving when she flagged him down and said, "I'm so sorry I'm late. I had car trouble."

"Well I don't know, Rachel. The crew just packed up for the night. We had already called a replacement for tomorrow."

"I understand," Rachel sighed and turned to walk away but then heard, "Let me see if the crew is willing to set up again."

"Oh thank you. Thank you," Rachel replied as she shook his hand vigorously.

The crew agreed, and Rachel got ready while her son waited by the sidelines. Little did he realize how this would affect him.

Rachel came out of the dressing room wearing a long, very seductive black formal gown. The slit on the left side went up to her upper thigh, and Kyle's mouth dropped open.

Holy fuck! he thought, as his mother slowly sashayed to the center of the room. His heart thumped faster, as the camera's flash revealed just how thin the material actually was. For a split second, he could make out his mother's bare breasts that hid under the gown, and his cock began to harden.

Rachel smiled and went through her modeling poses until the photographer said, "Okay I think that will do it. Go put on the next one."

Five minutes later, she reemerged in a dress, just as hot as the first. This one, bright red that dipped low between her breasts and had cutouts on both sides, revealing her naked flesh from her hips to just about under her armpits.

Oh my god. Mom is a babe!

Kyle couldn't control his cock as it went super hard and did his best to conceal its stiffness as his mother kept shuffling out wearing several more very sexy outfits.

Finally, the photographer announced, "Okay, that's it."

Kyle sighed; he didn't want it to end. His mother had unknowingly awakened a dark hidden desire, and his mind whirled with new taboos and forbidden lust.

"Ready?" he heard a voice say.

"Huh. Oh yeah I'm ready."

"You okay? You look like you were somewhere else," Rachel curiously said.

"Yeah, Mom. I was just umm... Thinking what a mess I made of things."

"We'll get through it, honey. Let's go."

The drive home was kind of quiet until Rachel said, "Thanks for making me go tonight."

"Not a problem, Mom. It was really my pleasure. You looked so good in those dresses."

Rachel smiled, "Oh you're just saying that."

"No really. Mom I swear. I couldn't stop looking at you."

"Kyle! My god! Are you being serious?"

"Yeah. You're hot, Mom."

Rachel paused for a moment and then replied, "Well thank you for the compliment. But I don't think you should be seeing your old mother as a sex object."

"Mom, you're not old and really I couldn't help it," Kyle said just as they pulled up the driveway.

"Okay, that's enough of that kind of talk," Rachel said as she put the car in park. And then followed with, "I want you to head straight to your room while I talk to your father."

"Mom?"

"It's okay. I'm not going to tell him about your sexual urges. He's just going to ask why I'm so late tonight."

"Alright, Mom," Kyle said and raced into the house.

Rachel sat in the car and thought over what her son had said. *Does he really think I'm hot? He couldn't. I mean it has to be his hormones. Right?*

Rachel walked into the house and sweetly announced, "Hi honey, I'm home."

"Oh... So what took you so long this time?"

"The photographer was running late."

"Hmmm. Well, your son just got home also."

"Oh? Did he say how his visit with Randy went?"

"His only words were 'hey' and then ran up the stairs. I swear he's up to something."

"Taylor, now why would you think that?"

"Just a hunch."

"Well I'm beat, so I'm going to shower and go to bed."

"Okay. I'll be up as soon as this game is over," her husband replied as he took a swig of his beer.

Rachel walked up the steps and went into her room.

She grabbed a long, white night shirt and a pair of clean panties and headed into the bathroom.

Kyle laid on his bed and heard his mother getting ready for her shower. He couldn't shake the sensual images he had witnessed and found himself wanting more. It was then that the first taboo idea popped into his head.

I wonder if I could watch her. Wait... what am I saying? Christ. I actually want to see Mom nude.

And as he pondered over what to do, he finally whispered, "Fuck it. I just have to see her body."

Cautiously, he opened his window and slipped across the porch roof on all fours until he was spying into the light bathroom.

"Oh fuck," he grumbled, as his eyes widened to the sultry image of his naked mother laying in a full bath of water. Her marvelous breast being totally exposed had made his cock harden quickly as his body trembled with excitement. Kyle grew bolder as his new dark taboo desire flourished. His mouth watered, and he released his throbbing cock from his jeans while she patiently glided a wash cloth over her bubbly bosom.

Grasping his shaft, he stroked it hard as his mother stood up and exited the tub and just about came when her nicely trim dark bush came into view. *My god, I just want to run my tongue over her little snatch now*, his young soul cried.

Kyle rested his hand on the house and stroked himself harder. His mother had teasingly bent forward and was now unknowingly displaying her nice pink pussy lips to his view. It didn't take long before his cum quickly discharged, and he grunted while his knees weakened. It was then when he tried to catch his balance that the house made a creaking sound and caused his mother to turning around.

Oh fuck, she's coming this way!

Quickly, Kyle braced himself against the house and held still as his mother looked out the window.

Rachel knew sound came from outside. A sound she had never heard before. And a strange feeling of being watched overcame her.

As she gazed outside the window, a thought had popped in her head and made her wonder.

It couldn't have been Kyle out there? He wouldn't peek at his own mother. Would he? Suddenly, a quick jolt of excitement raced through her body, and it took her by surprise. Never before had she felt this dark taboo, and it scared her. The idea that he could have been actually watching her as she bathed had awakened something wicked inside her.

Quickly, Rachel dried herself off just as her son skedaddled back into his room.

Kyle made it back to his bed just as his mother rapped lightly on his door and cracked it open.

"You decent?"

"Yeah, Mom," Kyle replied and watched her peek inside.

"I just wanted to check in on you."

"Mom?"

Rachel approached his bedside and then sat down. She put her hand upon his thigh and said, "I had the funniest feeling in the bathroom."

Kyle swallowed hard and croaked, "You did?"

"Yes... I felt as if someone was looking at me through the bathroom window."

"Oh... Um... You think it might be from... you know. What I've been doing?"

Rachel looked for signs that her son was lying and followed with, "So it's just my imagination then?"

"Yeah. I... I guess."

Rachel stood up and walked over to her son's window and noticed the latch wasn't locked. Which she was sure was locked earlier today. She paused as her suspicions revealed she was correct but then wondered.

Maybe this is how I can help him. If watching me instead of others can keep him at home, it might not be such a bad thing.

Quietly, she locked the window and turned with a smile and said, "Well, good night then. I'll see you in the morning."

"Okay, Mom." Kyle replied as his mother lightly pecked his cheek.

That night as Rachel lay in bed, her mind dabbled into the forbidden side she briefly encountered. Closing her eyes, she listened to her husband sleeping while she envisioned her son jerking off as she bathed. Her body tingled with uninhibited passion as the image of her son stroking his hard shaft grew vivid in her mind. Her hand gracefully danced down her body and sank into her panties, causing her to sigh in lustful delight.

My god, I'm getting so wet. Why am I thinking these thoughts? But she couldn't stop, her raw lust was driving her deeper into this dark taboo fantasy. Faster and quicker her hand went as her son feverishly jerked off in her mind. She felt the first rush of pleasure race through her body and moaned while lifting her hot pussy into her hand.

Oh fuck I'm going to cum! I can't help it. Oh... OH NO! "Mmmm NNN... ugh ugh ugh!" she softly grunted and held her fingers tight to her twat as she came so violently.

Panting, she held still as her body twitched the last of her orgasm out and then horribly thought, *I came thinking about my son!*

Upset, Rachel contemplated over what she had done until she finally fell asleep.

Come the next morning, she awoke feeling guilty and rethought about letting her son see her nude. However, as she dressed another reason presented itself. *I bet it happened because Taylor hasn't touched me in such a long time. I mean that is the only logical reason.*

That day Rachel's mind was in a mist, as she fought back and forth over what she'd done. Until once again her bath time arrived, and she wondered what she would do if Kyle was to show up again?

Patiently, she entered the bathroom and closed the door. Then tempered the water until it felt comfortable to her touch. However, as she turned her head, she caught a movement in the mirror.

Shifting her eyes, her heart pattered faster as her son's face came into view.

He's there. Outside watching me. What do I do? she thought as her breath quickened. Then as if it was someone else controlling her, she turned towards the window and began to unhurriedly unbutton her blouse.

Her fingers started to shake as each button came undone and when she finished she gingerly eased the blouse off her shoulders. It felt exhilarating to her, and she leisurely undid her pants. Bending slightly forward, she pushed her backside out as she seductively wiggled them over her hips.

Kyle was amazed as his mother casually seduced his mind. No longer trying to hide from view, he moved closer to the window, eyes gleaming when he saw her jeans puddle to the floor.

Rachel slyly grinned as she felt her excitement flourish. Looking into the mirror, she noticed her son's mesmerized appearance and felt her pussy twinge when she hooked her thumbs at her panties and nudged them down.

Oh my. I'm getting so horny. This is wrong. I shouldn't be feeling this way, Rachel thought in a panic. Unsure as to how to control her own sexual urges, she rushed over to the window and closed the blinds.

But Kyle didn't care. He realized his mother had to have seen him, and since she kept stripping, figured this was part of some game she was playing.

Rachel washed her body in the hot water and once again concluded her excitement was due to the lack of sex.

The next morning, when Kyle entered the kitchen, he shockingly kissed her very hard on the cheek and said, "Thanks, Mom." And smiled.

Half afraid, she replied, "For what?"

"For just being you."

Which his father quickly commented on, "So what trouble are you in now?"

Kyle looked at him and said, "None. I just wanted Mom to know she was appreciated."

Rachel looked at her husband as he rolled his eyes and sank his head back into the morning paper and thought, *I guess it actually did help.*

So that evening when she walked into the bathroom and saw the blinds had already been drawn. She knew who must have done it. *Ok just remember, this is just to help him. I have to keep my nerve and composer this time, no matter what.*

Rachel turned on the water and once again caught her son in the reflection and this time when she did her seductive strip tease she ignored her rational side and just let her own excitement flow.

Her body tingled as she stepped into the shower and gingerly soaped up her arms. Taking a loofah sponge, she lathered it up and circled it around her tummy. Her breath quickened as she dipped her hand down and lightly brushed the sponge over her most sacred spot. She looked outward at the window and snapped her legs together, trapping the sponge between them when she spied her son brazenly standing before her stroking his shaft openly. She couldn't control the sexual urges that exploded within her. Her eyes focused on her son's hard cock and slowly nudged the sponge back and forth over her slit.

OH my god. I shouldn't be doing this. But I'm so turned on.

Her lips parted, and her breath heaved as her dark lust consumed her quickly. Faster her hand went while her thighs parted. Taking her right hand, she braced it on the shower wall as her hips thrust into her hand holding the sponge. Her son stroked his own tool violently for her to see and got her hotter than she'd ever felt.

"Oh Christ, I'm going to cum!" she moaned loudly as she stimulated her clit forcefully.

"Oh... Awww. OH god!" she whimpered as her body trembled and jerked. Faster, she worked on her twat until she felt her legs weaken. Gripping both hands onto the sponge, she pushed it forcefully into her mound, as her body bent halfway over and groaned, "Ugh Ugh Ugh!"

Her body spasmed from the intense orgasm and almost fell over when another wave of pleasure jetted from her toes to her head.

"Holy fuck!" she whimpered as she slowly straightened herself up. Turning towards the window, she was happy when her son's presence was no longer there.

Rachel staggered out of the shower and dried herself off. She actually felt giddy and still slightly horny but once again chocked it up to the lack of sex she was getting.

Patiently, she strolled to her son's door and lightly knocked.

"That you, Mom?"

"Yes," she responded and opened the door. Peeking inside she smiled and noticed him smiling back.

"I just wanted to make sure you didn't have any sudden urges to go out again."

"No. I think I got that under control."

Rachel smiled and said, "Good. I'll see you in the morning."

"Night, Mom. And thanks."

Rachel didn't say a word but just grinned as she eased the door closed.

Upon retiring to her room, she pondered. *I think this might actually help both of us.*

Slipping into bed, Rachel closed her eyes and justified to herself what she had done. Her son definitely seemed pleased and for the first time her sexual urges appeared to be at bay. Feeling satisfied, she fell into a deep sleep.

The next day opened a new chapter. With another surprise for both of them. For when Kyle arrived at school, Jacob was waiting for him.

"Okay... Here you go. I was able to video us a couple of times."

"Oh shit! That's great!"

"Yeah. Well I hope your dick falls off."

"Man... Don't be like that. I told you I really didn't have a choice."

"Sure you do. How about getting a real girl to fuck you, instead of this twisted voyeur shit."

"Oh look who's talking. The boy who's fucking his mother."

"Whatever. So we cool now."

"I don't know. I haven't seen what you filmed."

"It's a flick of mom sucking me off and me eating her out."

"What about you fucking her?"

"Shit man! Isn't that enough?"

"Come on. That is just foreplay and you know it."

Jacob huffed, "Okay. I'll try and get one of us fucking"

"Thanks man."

"Yeah... Whatever," Jacob said and departed.

That evening, Kyle hurried to his room, earlier than usual, which perked his mother's attention.

He waited until he heard them going to bed and anxiously plugged in the flash drive to his laptop. "Wow, this should be good," he whispered as he sat back on his bed to watch. Suddenly his screen came to life and he noticed the young lad sitting on the couch just before his mother stepped into view. She looked over her shoulder at something out of view but then settled down next to her son. Patiently, the boy started to make out with his mom and Kyle felt his dick slowly growing.

Rachel couldn't shake the feeling her son was up to something. She lay in bed until she heard her husband begin to snore and thought, *That's it. I have to make sure he didn't sneak out again.*

Quietly, she covered her black slip under a short red robe and tip toed towards her son's room.

Kyle watched intensely as Jacob slowly seduced his mother. The boy's hands rubbed over his mother's shoulders and then very seductively down to her breast. He could hear the woman humming into her son's mouth and he couldn't help but pull his jeans down and stroke his hard cock.

Rachel lightly tapped on her son's door and then opened it. Her head had just peeked inside when she caught him trying to cover himself up quickly. Then she noticed his laptop and said in a gasping voice, "Kyle... What is this?"

"Shit Mom, you scared me," Kyle said as his mother took another step inside. Her face stayed glued to the screen and she again said, "What is this?"

"It's a video I got today from a buddy at school."

"Why are you watching this?"

"Mom? Really? Um... Cause it's hot."

Rachel looked at her son and replied, "Jesus Kyle, your hormones must be in high gear."

"Mom... I'm sure everyone watches a porno every now and then."

"Well, I never have."

"Wow. Really? So maybe you should sit down and watch this one with me?"

Rachel chuckled, "OH yes. I can see myself doing that. Watching a sex film with my son."

"Why not, Mom?"

"You were serious?"

"Well... yeah."

Rachel looked back at the screen and saw the young man lowering his head down to the woman's breast and then suck on it.

"I don't think it would be proper for me to do that."

"Mom, it's only you and me. Who cares about proper. Come on, take a seat."

Hesitantly, Rachel sat on the bed. Her eyes focused on the pair and barely heard her son when he said, "Sit back, Mom."

Rachel scooted back until she was against the head board and then noticed her son's hand moving under the covers next to her.

"I don't think you should be doing that with me right here."

"Oh sorry, Mom. I'll stop. It's just that this got me real hot."

Rachel felt relieved when his hand kept still. However, she wasn't ready for how her body reacted when she saw the woman remove the young lad's cock and she stroked it off. Rachel tightened her legs as she rested her hands between her highs.

Oh... This is actually getting to me. Maybe I should leave? Rachel thought but found she couldn't move. Her body fidgeted around until her legs parted slightly and she eased her hand closer towards her mound.

The couple got more aggressive and Rachel felt her pussy yearning to be touched. She cocked her eyes sideways towards her son and observed his fixated glare and thought, *Maybe he won't notice?*

Gingerly, Rachel shifted her fingers down until they were sliding over her box and she sighed quietly.

However, the movement did catch her son's attention and started stroking his own cock once more and said, "Told you this was hot."

Rachel saw him starting again and pulled her hand away from her groin but her son grabbed her wrist and replied, "Don't stop, Mom. It's just us. I won't tell anyone. Just enjoy the video."

"Kyle this is just too weird."

"Shit, Mom. It's not like I haven't seen you masturbate already."

"Huh, Kyle!" Rachel stammered as she straightened up.

"Mom. Let's stop pretending," Kyle said and pulled the covers back exposing his stiff shaft still being jerked by his hand.

"Jesus Kyle!"

Kyle huffed and said, "It's no different then what you did in the bathroom."

Rachel eased herself back against the headboard and hesitantly put her left hand between her legs once more and said, "Okay, I guess you're right. But this better help curve your urges."

"Oh I'm sure it will, Mom."

Rachel watched the screen more intense as the couple toyed with each others genitals. It didn't take her long to feel her own sexual desires once again start to overtake her.

Kyle noticed his mother's breath and hand quicken as the couple got more intense. So he also increased his tempo and said, "Shit, I think this is helping."

Rachel cooed lightly under her racing breath, "I... I... Hope... So..."

Suddenly Rachel heard a loud moan and saw the woman getting on her knees and inhale the young lad's cock. Her body shivered while she eased her fingers between her folds and sighed, "Oh fuck..."

Kyle jerked faster and harder. He looked at his mother and saw her fingers had disappeared from view and groaned, "Shit, Mom. I think I'm going to cum."

"MMM NNN. OOh... Kyle..." She murmured as she brought herself ever so closer to an orgasm herself.

Both of them were on the verge when suddenly the young lad groaned in a very clear voice, "OH fuck, Mom, I'm going to cum."

Rachel's eyes widen, and she gasped loudly just as her climax was peeked and stuttered, "Wha... wha... what did she say?"

Kyle jerked his cock rapidly, looked at his mother and grunted, "He said, fuck Mom I'm going to cum."

Rachel's fingers pressed hard into her snatch as her orgasm exploded. Her mind spun wildly out of control as those words rang in her brain, and she groaned, "Oh no; he can't be her... her son?"

Kyle grabbed his cock hard as it spurted onto his chest and then said, "Holy fuck, Mom, did you cum too?"

Rachel pulled her hand away and shot off of bed shouting in a disturbed whisper, "They can't be. It's not... not real? They're just actors."

"No, Mom. It was real," Kyle said, still holding his shaft. "That's the son of the mother who caught me the other day. I met him at school and had him film this for me. I told him I would tell his dad what he was doing if he didn't do it."

"Oh my god, Kyle!" Rachel said and rushed out the door.

Back in bed with her husband Rachel had trouble sleeping. She couldn't shake the pictures of the woman blowing her own offspring. But also couldn't cope with why she got so excited herself. Tired and drained she finally dozed off.

Meanwhile, Kyle lay in his bed and grinned after seen his mother cum right next to him. He couldn't help but wonder if he could seduce her into carrying out a sexual act with him.

In the morning, Rachel was quiet - Kyle noticed, as he carried on a discussion with his father. He also didn't like how she just gave him a fast peck before he left for school.

Then at supper when she didn't speak, even his father figured something was wrong and actually questioned her about it.

Rachel looked at him, smiled and said, "Oh I've been thinking about Steff lately and I guess it just got me depressed."

"Well cut it out."

"Alright dear."

They all retired into the living room and of course his dad put on a game. However, after 20 minutes he hears his mother excuse herself to already take her shower.

Kyle waited 10 minutes after she left and dashed away himself.

He ventured out onto the roof and was disappointed when he saw the blinds closed.

Shit, I think that video got mom upset, he thought as he went back into his room. But all was not lost. For he still had one more video and waited until his parents went to bed.

Once he was sure, he slipped in the second film and hit play.

Rachel lay in the bed still restless from the night before. She couldn't shake the images of that woman and son and then when her husband began snoring, she quietly left the bed and threw on a short, baby blue robe before tip toeing out the door.

Kyle was engrossed in the new video when he heard a light rap at his door, and it slowly opens to reveal his mother once more.

He smiled, paused the movie and said, "Come on in, Mom," and patted the bed with his hand.

Rachel cautiously proceeded into his room. But instead of sitting down she stood next to him and said, "Kyle, you do know how wrong it is for them to have done that right?"

"So you didn't find it exciting? I mean you were getting into it even after you heard they were related?" Kyle replied, looking very questioning.

"Okay maybe I did. But I think it was the shock of it that pushed me over the edge."

"So what your saying is, it wouldn't affect you now?"

Rachel paused for a second and said, "Yes that is correct."

Kyle restarted the video from the beginning and heard his mother stammer, "What are you doing?"

"Seeing if what you said is true."

"Kyle, turn that off right now."

"Listen, Mom," Kyle uttered with a confident attitude. "The only way I'm going to believe you is if you watch this video with me."

"And what would that prove?"

Kyle snickered, "That you're not lying about how it makes you feel."

With a loud huff, Rachel crossed her arms and gnarled, "Fine!"

She hesitantly slid next to him and watched as the video started off with the woman walking into her room followed by her son. They both then heard the mother close the door and whisper, "This is too dangerous, Jacob. Your dad can stop watching TV at any moment. We should wait until he leaves again."

But her son followed up by saying, "Mom, you've been driving me crazy all day dressed like that. I don't think I can wait that long."

The mother looked down at her tight black jeans and smiled, replying, "I just gave you a blow job last night. Didn't that help curb your horniness?"

"It did a little. But what I really need is to feel your sweet pussy again," and he pulled her tight to his body.

Rachel gasped softly and covered her mouth. Then Kyle said, "You okay, Mom?"

Shocked, she responded only with a nod and crossed her legs tightly. Her body ignited with desire and caught her off guard.

You can't let him see its affecting you, she thought and straightened her posture while resting her folded hands on top of her knee.

Rachel watched as the mother playfully slapped his arm and chimed, "You can be so fresh."

Her son just smiled and kissed her deeply.

"Isn't this the hottest thing you've ever seen?" Kyle queried.

Rachel, in a barely audible tone replied, "I can't believe that is her son."

"We'll believe it. Just look how passionate they are together."

"Yes. I admit. They do seem genuinely into each other."

Fixated, they both watched as the son wiggled a hand into his mother's tight pants and listened as she moaned and then heard him hiss, "Mom, you're so fucking wet."

The mother purred as she unzipped his pants and removed his hard cock from its hiding place. Slowly, she stroked it up and down and cooed, "Does my little boy like that?"

Kyle rubbed his groin on top of his trousers and then noticed movement next to him. He grinned as his mother's hand gradually moved off her knee and up her thigh.

That's it, Mom. I knew you would get into it.

Rachel felt flush as her body fidgeted on the bed. Her building lust was getting the best of her, and she had trouble controlling her actions. Without thinking, her hand slipped between her robe and inched every closer to her most sacred spot.

The couple was now really getting into their mutual foreplay and grunted louder as they played.

Fuck I can't help it either, Kyle thought and unleashed his hard dick. He looked at his mother's face and noticed her eyes glance over as he started to masturbate and grinned when she didn't say a word.

Oh my god he's jerking his big cock next to me again. I wonder if I could even take that whole thing in my mouth, she thought and pushed her hand hard into her crevice.

Oh no... What's wrong with me? I can't be thinking those thoughts. He's my son. But her eyes stayed focused on his groin and couldn't help but rub her own crotch in sync with his strokes. Suddenly, she heard the woman chime, "Yes baby," and looked to see the boy unbuttoning her pants and then tugged her panties to the floor. Rachel's heart fluttered as the mother's legs parted slightly and saw her son insert his fingers into her snatch.

Oh my god! He's fingering her! His own mother! her mind yelled as the woman whimpered and moaned, "Mmm. Ohhh. That's it, baby. Make mommy cum."

"Jesus, Mom. This is so hot," Kyle groaned and watched as the mother slid her son's trousers to the floor also.

Kyle heard a light whimper coming from his mother and spied her lips parted slightly as her breath heaved. And also caught her hips lightly pushing upward every second or so.

Do I dare? he thought. *Would she stop me? Fuck I have to try,* his mind replied and scooted his body closer to hers, only stopping when he felt his stroking arm brush against hers.

Rachel quickly looked to her son and went to speak when she heard him brazenly announce, "Look at her face, Mom. She loves what he's doing to her."

Rachel looked back at the video and once again got caught up on the action. And could only nod when her son asked, "Don't you think?"

Kyle watched his mother intensely and when she appeared to be in a trance, he lightly tugged on her robe, which caused it to open just enough for him to peek inside.

Kyle's cum bubbled up his shaft as he glanced at her hand tucked under her white lace panties, moving rapidly over her clit.

Rachel couldn't stop watching as the mother jerked her son off feverishly while both of them grunting wildly. Her pussy muscles tightened when the boy groaned, "Fuck Mom, you're going to make me cum."

Kyle's heart raced, and he thought, *It's now or never*. Deliberately, he moved his hand off his cock and over to his mother, placing it on top of her hand that was tucked under her panties and gradually moved it in time with her rubbing.

Shocked, Rachel gasped, "What are you doing?"

Shhh, Mom. I'm just helping you like the boy is helping his mother.

"My god, Kyle! Do you know how wrong this is?"

"Just watch, Mom. Look how good he's making her feel. I just want to give you the same pleasure."

Rachel groaned as her eyes fluttered and her son pressed his hand firmly down upon hers. Her body tingled as her lust quickly overtook her rational thinking.

Kyle grinned when she made no attempt to stop him. Patiently he bided his time, until her hand quickened its pace across her excited clit. Then swiftly he lowered his digits down past her flicking fingers and pushed them hard into her panties, forcing them to nudge into her pussy slit and heard her softly moan.

Oh my god! He's touching my pussy, Rachel's mind cried until her eyes closed and her head tossed back. With what reasonable sense she could muster she softly pleaded, "Please Kyle, it's so wrong."

Harder Kyle pushed and shoved until finally her hand eased out of the way. Her breath quickened while her hips lightly bucked upward sending more of the flimsy material inside her.

He couldn't believe what happened next when suddenly her hand encompassed over his solid shaft and patiently stroked him off.

"Oh f-f-fuck, Mom," he groaned as she whimpered and thrashed next to him.

The action on the screen was heavy now. Both their bodies were jerking and shuttering as they continued on with their assault on each other. And then suddenly they heard the mother whimper, "Jacob. I'm cumming." And the son replied, "Cum on my fingers, Mom."

Kyle motioned his hand up and slipped it inside his mother's panties. Easing it down he didn't stop until he had two digits snuggled into her soaked snatch.

Rachel inhaled loudly as she squeezed his cock tightly and squealed, "Ohhh. Your fingers are inside me. This can't be happening."

Kyle responded, "It is, Mom. Let me make you cum like the woman on the screen."

Rachel moaned, "Oh God." And bucked her hips up harder sending her son's penetrating digits deeper into her hot cunt.

Oh fuck. OH fuck. Why am I letting him do this? He's going to make me cum. My son is going to make me cum! her mind screamed as her body tingled with sexual delight.

Kyle worked his fingers faster into her sultry snatch while her hand stroked him off rapidly. His own cum was just about ready to blow, and he grunted, "Fuck, Mom. Cum... Cum for me."

Rachel's body heaved up high as her hand clutched onto his steel pole, and she wailed blissfully, "Oh Oh Oh! I'm cumming!!!"

Kyle grunted and sank his fingers deep into her quivering cunt just as his cock exploded inside her death grip hand.

The room was dark. The video ended. And all that could be heard was the sound of heavy panting.

Kyle slowly eased his digits out of his mother's wet snatch, just as her hand slipped off his dick. He leaned over and was just about to kiss her lips when she bolted to her feet and in a loud whisper said, "What did we do? Oh my God."

Kyle yelled, "I love you, Mom," as she made her fast getaway.

In her own bed, Rachel struggled over what she had done. What started out as an attempt to help him had blossomed into losing her own self-control.

At breakfast, Rachel put on a fake smile and kept her distance from her son once again. Not sure how to handle this new situation, she felt it best to wait until she could think over it.

Kyle sighed and figured she was pissed at him and thought, *Fuck, maybe I pushed her too far this time.*

Hopeful that night, Kyle got the video ready but his mother never paid him a visit. He even tried over the next couple days to catch her in the shower, but every time the shades were drawn even when he purposely opened them prior to her going inside.

Eventually his urges to watch people had returned and couldn't shake the need to spy into windows.

So over the next week, after his parents went to sleep, he snuck out in hopes of catching a peek. Finally, his luck changed when he came upon a window where a young boy and woman were necking on the living room sofa. After watching them for about a half hour, things started to get heated. But suddenly the woman jumped to her feet and scolded the young man. He felt a rush of excitement when he heard the woman yell, "That's far enough, young man. Teaching you to kiss is one thing. You groping your own mother is another."

Holy fuck! he thought, but then felt a hard tap on his shoulder and he turned around abruptly to see his mother's dagger-like stare.

"What the fuck are you doing? We discussed this indecency. I think I've even gone beyond what a mother should do to help her son."

"But Mom. I... I have tried to stop. It's just that. Well, you abandoned me. I just needed to do something to make me feel better."

"Oh Kyle, I wouldn't ever do that," she said and hugged him tightly. Kyle sniffled on her shoulder and held her back and felt her hand stroke his hair lightly.

But they suddenly they heard a voice yell from the front door, "Who's out there? I'm calling the police."

Rachel grabbed her son's arm and said, "Hurry this way" and they dashed through the back yards. A couple blocks away they slowed down to catch their breaths and Kyle said, "Wow, that was close."

"Honey, you have to stop doing this."

"I know, Mom. I know," Kyle replied, holding his head low.

Rachel could tell he was sincere and once again hugged him and said "It's ok, baby. I'm sorry if I made you feel that way. That wasn't my intention. I just felt that what we had done had crossed a very taboo line."

"Mom, if it bothered you that you came on my fingers, why didn't you just tell me?"

Rachel stepped back, still holding his arms said, "Please Kyle, stop that kind of talk."

"But Mom. That is what happened. And I only did it because I wanted to give you something back for helping me like you have."

"Oh Kyle, what am I going to do with you?" Rachel replied, shaking her head and hugged him once more.

In their loving embrace, Rachel whispered, "Let's go home."

Kyle nodded and they slowly strolled back holding each others hands without saying a word.

Once at their door Rachel softly spoke, "Now try to be quiet when you're going to your room. I don't want to wake your father."

Again, Kyle nodded and followed her inside. Then crept up the steps and waved to her as she entered her bedroom. Kyle watched as she disappeared into the room and closed his door softly.

In the darkness, he stripped naked and crawled into his bed and lay on his back with his arm folded behind his head and reminisced over the nice walk he shared with his mother.

Fifteen minutes had passed when his door slowly opened. Kyle sat up on his elbows and watched as his mother gracefully entered his room wearing a light rose colored, very sheer baby doll that showed her bare bubbly breast underneath and a pair of matching pink panties that also were highly transparent.

"Mom?" he whispered as his cock jumped under the cover when she seductively sashayed towards his side.

Rachel bent over and whispered, "Okay, I'll watch just one more video with you."

Kyle grinned and nodded and was about to leap from his bed when it hit him; he was hard naked under the covers.

Rachel noticed his sudden stop and asked, "What's wrong?"

"I'm not decent, Mom."

"So? It's not like I haven't seen your cock already. I mean I did stroke it."

"Wow Mom, I never heard you talk like that."

Rachel eased his covers back and looked straight at his hard dick and replied, "Oh you're already hard. Did I do that?"

Kyle just nodded and she chuckled, "You're such a naughty boy. Getting hard from looking at your mother."

Kyle just smiled and then heard her say, "Well, don't just lay there, get the video started."

Quickly, he fired up his laptop and installed the flash drive before diving back into his bed.

Rachel had already positioned herself on the bed, with her back resting high on the headboard and whispered, "Make sure the volume isn't too loud, Kyle; we wouldn't want to wake your father."

Kyle jumped back up and waited until he heard the mother on the video say, "God Jacob... I didn't think he was ever going to leave," and adjusted the sound until he thought it was fine. Then lay himself close to his mother with his back also resting on the headboard.

Rachel held her son's hand and rested it upon her thigh and whispered, "Now let's try to control ourselves this time."

"Okay, Mom," Kyle whispered back and squeezed her hand.

They both watched intensely as the forbidden sexual foreplay unfolded before them. And it didn't take long before Rachel's breath was racing once more.

Kyle's cock was as hard as a rock as he watched the boy finger fuck his mother once again and groaned, "Fuck, Mom. He really knows how to please her."

"Yes... yes he does," Rachel hesitantly replied feeling her own body becoming excited, her personal demons breaking free as she watched intensely at the screen. She desperately struggled to keep herself under control but noticed the arm holding her son twitched on its own and then suddenly moved.

No, Rachel! Control yourself, she forcefully thought, yet her hand gingerly inched higher up her thigh.

Fight it. You can do this. Still her hand moved and was now pushing inward closing the distance to her forbidden area.

No... stop it. I must stop myself. But alas, she heard the mother moan in pleasure and looked up at the screen. Her eyes focused on the woman's face and recognized her expression. It was that of a woman reaching a climax. No longer could she control her actions as the young lad brought his mother to a blissful orgasm, and she inhaled deeply when she pushed her son's hand hard against her covered crotch.

Kyle was ecstatic and wasted no time forcing his middle finger into the material covering her crotch and pushed it between her pussy lips. He heard her groan softly as he motioned his hand up and down over her clit and could feel her little bud becoming hard.

Oh no. Oh no. Not again. But her thoughts didn't match her words, and she murmured, "Yes... Oh yes..." while her hips rocked under his moving hand.

Kyle turned on his side and draped a leg over his mother's thigh causing her legs to spread wider as he slid his body lower and suckled her soft breast through the material.

"Mmm... Ahhh... Ohhh..." he heard her whine and tucked his hand inside her panties.

"Oh ffffuck, Kyle," Rachel sighed as her young man pinched her nipple between his teeth while vigorously stimulating her clit with his finger. Her body twitched and shook as her approaching climax built.

Faster he fingered her and then with his free hand he patiently timed when his mother lifted her ass and nudged her panties down.

"K... Kyle. Oh honey. What do you think you're doing?"

Kyle removed his mouth from her breast and whispered, "I'm going to make you cum on my tongue," and with that he quickly slithered down between her legs and pierced his tongue through her folds.

"OH Fuck!" Rachel yelped in a louder tone. Her hands grasped at her son's head as his tongue danced inside her. In and out. In and out she felt it go and then quickly it lapped at her clit.

"MMM... Ohhh MMM. Oh god. Oh Kyle! OH CHRIST!!!" Rachel screamed and pushed his head harder to her cunt as it lifted high off the bed.

Kyle tasted her sweet nectar as it seeped out of her womb and eased two fingers deep into her excited snatch. He heard her whimper loudly as her legs squeezed on his face and she bucked wildly out of control.

It was then that they heard noises coming from outside the door, and they both held still.

It seemed like time slowed to a crawl as, they strained to listen. Until the familiar sound of the bathroom door closing and toilet seat lifting was heard, Rachel jetted out of the bed.

Quietly, she fast paced back into her room and got back under her own covers.

Kyle stood silently with his ear to the door and heard his father say, "Where did you go?" as he returned to his bedroom.

"I thought I heard something downstairs so I went to check."

"I thought I heard you yell a minute ago."

"Yes. You did. I was edgy, and your coat frightened me in the dark."

"My coat?"

"Yes, it looks like a person when it's on the coat rack."

"Oh... But why didn't you wake me if you thought you heard something?"

"Honey, if I woke you every time I heard a noise, you wouldn't ever get any sleep."

Kyle heard his father chuckle and then say, "I guess you got a point."

Slowly, Kyle crept back to his bed and thought, *Wow was that fucking close*. It was then that he realized he never turned off the video and that they were so busy doing their own thing that they never did get to see how it ended.

I guess there's always tomorrow, he smiled thinking.

But then a horrible thought entered his head. *What if Mom stops again? I mean, that was a very close call. She wouldn't. Would she?*"

Kyle fell asleep with that on his mind.

Come the next morning, he awoke feeling depressed. He was sure his mother would revert back to being her old self.

He heard a soft knock on the door, and his mother's sweet voice say, "Kyle, you up?"

"Yeah, mom," Kyle mumbled back.

Rachel peeked her head inside and noticed him still lying covered in bed and asked, "You alright?"

"Yeah, I guess so," he replied, gandering at her sexy figure. She was already dressed for the day and had on a white button blouse and a pair of jeans.

Rachel shuffled inside and sat next to him. Placing her hand on his thigh, she sweetly said, "What's wrong?"

Kyle took a deep breath and let it out slowly and said, "You're going to ignore me again aren't you?"

Rachel looked at the door and then back at her son and made a "shhh" gesture with her finger over her smiling lips. And then pulled the covers back and whispered, "Your father is down stairs eating breakfast so be very quiet."

"Huh?" Kyle said and watched as his mother lowered her hand to his pecker and gently stroked it.

"Oh fuck, Mom."

"Shhh... I'm only doing this to calm your sexual urges."

Kyle nodded as her hand went quicker.

My god, I hope his urges end soon. This is getting very dangerous. Not to mention how it's affecting me, Rachel thought, but then felt her son's hand reach behind her neck and gentle push her downward.

"Kyle..."

"Shhh, Mom. This will help me more."

"Kyle, I can't!" she shockingly replied, as her head went lower. Her hand still clutched on his shaft.

"It will help, Mom," Kyle squawked and felt her breath puff over his mushroom head.

Kyle looked downward as her head shook slowly from side to side and heard her whisper again, "I can't."

"You can," he said and lifted his ass up causing the tip of his hard dick to graze over her lips.

Another heave and another bump. Again and again, until finally he felt her moist lips kiss the very tip of his groin, and he groaned, "Oh yeah. Do it, Mom. You can do it. Help me get through this."

Rachel hesitantly parted her lips and felt his girth push though as she shockingly lowered her head onto him.

"OH fuck, Mom. Yeah that's it. Oh your mouth feels so good."

Rachel slowly worked her mouth on her son and felt it growing thicker in her mouth. Her own body once again started to tempt her as her mind screamed, *You're sucking off your son!*

Kyle's ass lifted off the bed, and as his mother sucked on him harder, his sperm quickly rose up his shaft, and he felt her lightly rake her teeth on his swollen cock.

"Shit mom. I'm going to... Oh fuck."

Rachel bobbed faster and tugged at his nuts, her own lust building once more.

I have to control myself. Just make him cum, Rachel raced her mouth over his shaft and sent him over the edge. His hand grasped at her head and pushed it down hard, sending his dick deep into her throat.

Spurt... spurt... spurt... His cum spewed out while he bucked up and down. Fucking her face hard as his cum raced down her throat. He could hear her gagging, but he couldn't stop. Until finally he relaxed his grip when the last of his spunk spewed out of his asshole.

Rachel lifted her head and gasped for air. Then stood up and harshly panted, "That was uncalled for!"

"I'm sorry, Mom. I couldn't help it. I never felt anything like that before."

"I can't believe you made me do that."

"Mom, I'm sure it helped."

Rachel, shocked by what she had done, sighed, "You better hustle if you want breakfast before school," and hurried herself back to the kitchen.

Kyle was ecstatic. Never did he ever imagine his mother would ever do that. However, what Rachel didn't realized was that the new endeavor had sparked something even more wicked inside her son.

If I could get her to do that? Kyle thought. But remembered how loud she got the night before and realized there was no way he could try to coax her into another sexual adventure. Not with his father home.

"There has to be a way. Oh shit! That might work."

Kyle went downstairs and met up his parents who were in the kitchen.

Joyfully, he acknowledged his presence and looked at his mother who was standing by the stove fixing breakfast.

"Well, aren't you chipper," his father said and gave him a questionable look as he sipped his coffee.

His mother turned with her head down and said, "Here are your eggs."

His dad then grunted, "Where's mine?"

"I have them coming up next. I don't want him late for school."

"Oh. I guess I can wait."

Rachel just rolled her eyes and replied, "You better eat those fast and get going."

"Alright, Mom," he said and wolfed them down. Then gave her a quick peck and said, "Thanks Mom, you're the best," and rushed out the door.

That day school seemed to drag by. But as faith would have it, Jacob caught up with him after class and he said, "Okay dude, this is the last one."

"Oh wow. Thanks."

"So let's be clear. You're going to keep quiet, right?"

"Yep. A deal is a deal."

"Good, and I better not catch you snooping around my house again. If I do, you won't have to worry about the police."

"Hey cool it, man. I've moved on to other things."

"I better not see those videos online either. I swear you will regret it."

"It's all good. Trust me. They're never going to leave my side."

Kyle quickly raced home and thought, *Great she's in the kitchen*, and jetted up the stairs to the medicine chest.

In the distance, he heard his mother yell, "Kyle, is that you?"

"Yeah mom!" he replied as he searched through the menagerie of pill bottles until he found the one he was looking for.

"This should do it," he mumbled and removed 2 of the pills.

His mother busy washing dishes didn't even look up as he entered the kitchen and said, "So how was the rest of your day?"

"Better, now that I'm back home with you."

Rachel gave him a puzzling glance. "You trying to butter me up?"

"No, Mom. I couldn't wait to get home. Really."

With a half-hearted chuckle, she replied, "This wouldn't have to do with what you made me do this morning, would it?"

"Maybe a little," Kyle replied and gave her a large hug, pushing his groin into her ass cheeks.

"Oh!" Rachel yelped and moved her ass away. "Listen Mister, that was a one-time thing. So let's make that clear right now."

"Okay, Mom."

Suddenly, Kyle heard the front door and knew his father arrived.

Rachel whispered, "Go get ready for supper we'll talk later about this."

Kyle dashed away and waited until his mother called for him, which gave him time to figure out his game plan.

At supper, he gulped it down in record time.

It was when they all sat watching TV that Kyle finally made his move.

"Hey dad, I'm getting myself a soda, you want me to grab you a beer?"

His father shook the empty can and replied, "Yeah I can use another one."

Kyle smiled and went into the kitchen. Reaching into his pocket, he removed the pills he acquired and dropped them into his father's beer. He quickly opened a soda and made his way back into the living room.

"Here you go, Dad."

"Thanks," his dad said and took a big gulp.

Patiently, he waited and became ecstatic when he noticed his father starting to doze off.

Rachel also noticed and said, "Jesus, honey, if you're that tired why don't you go to bed?"

"Yeah, I think I should. I don't know what came over me. I feel wiped."

Kyle chuckled under his breath as his father staggered up the steps.

Rachel had never seen her husband so tired before and with a puzzled look asked, "You have anything to do with that?"

"Me?" Kyle lied and put on his best surprised look he could muster.

"Hmmm. Well, that is just too weird. But I guess it will give us some time to talk now."

"Sure, Mom." Kyle replied and sat next to her.

Rachel sighed, "Okay. This is the deal. I'm not comfortable with what happened this morning at all."

"But Mom..."

"Quiet Kyle, and let me finish. I understand that you're letting your urges get to you. However, that was too far. If you want me to help you anymore you're going to have to listen to me."

"Okay, Mom. I'm sorry. I'll try."

"Alright. Now that we have that settled, I'd better go take my shower and join your father in bed. Make sure you turn out the lights before you head upstairs yourself."

"Wait Mom! Don't you want to see the new video I got today?"

"You got another one?"

"Yeah. It's the last one I'll ever get."

Rachel looked at the steps and then back at her son. *I really shouldn't. I couldn't stop myself this morning.*

"Well, Mom?" Kyle asked with a pouting look.

"I... I don't know Kyle. Last night was too risky."

Kyle sighed and said, "I knew it. Never mind. I'll watch it by myself."

Rachel looked at her son's frustrated face and thought, *Maybe I can control myself better this time.*

"Okay. I'll watch it with you. But if I say that's enough, we turn it off."

"Sure thing, Mom!" he announced and sprang from his seat.

"Shhh... Be quiet, Kyle. If your father ever found out what we're watching. Well, I don't even want to think about it."

"Okay, Mom," he whispered and stealthily followed her up the steps. His cock jumped as his eyes fixed on her backside. Her firm little ass swished from side to side in front of him, and he thought, *Fuck, her ass is so hot.*

At the last step, Rachel turned around and put a finger to her lips and softly shushed him before going into her room.

Kyle went into his room and quickly set up the laptop. Then hastily stripped naked and tossed on his pajama bottoms, forgoing any underwear.

Five minutes had passed and still his mother hadn't shown, so he went to his door and listened. In the distance, he heard the water running in the shower along with his father snoring up a storm.

She's showering now? Hmmm.

Kyle slipped out of his room and past his parents' bedroom. He was standing in front of the bathroom door when his father made a grumbling noise and thought, *That's it, old man. Get your rest. I'll take care of mom's needs.*

Cautiously, Kyle turned the knob, and it unlatched softly. He grinned as he ventured inside the steam filled room. His mother, still unaware of his presence, stood under the hot water soaping up her breast as he quickly stripped his pj's down and stepped closer.

"Kyle! What are you doing in here?" Rachel abruptly said and tried to conceal her nakedness.

Kyle walked closer. Eying her beauty from head to foot and croaked, "Fuck, Mom. You looked so hot at your shoot the other day. I just had to see your gorgeous body again."

"My god, Kyle! Your father is just down the hall."

"He's sleeping soundly, Mom. Why don't I give you a hand?"

"What! No... Kyle!" Rachel gasped, still clutching her breast and mound, as her young man stepped into the shower.

Kyle grabbed the soap and lathered up his hands, while his mother yelled, "This is wrong. So wrong. Why aren't you listening?"

"Turn around, Mom. I'll get your back."

Rachel huffed, as she turned her backside to her son. Looking over her shoulder, she replied, "I can't believe we're doing this. What if your father comes in?"

"Shhh, Mom. Just relax. It's just me washing your back."

Kyle rubbed his hands across his mother's shoulders, as the water sprayed over her hand-covered breast. Patiently, he soaped her upper back and whispered, "I meant what I said, Mom. You look so delicious."

Rachel replied, "Thank you. But it isn't right for you to be thinking like that. Nor running your hands on me like this."

"But doesn't it feel good?"

"Yes but that isn't the point."

"Mom, just enjoy how it feels."

"I really shouldn't. But it does feel nice," she replied and tilted her head from one side, as her son worked his hands deeper into her shoulder blades. Her body slowly came to his touch, and she dropped her hands that were covering her private parts.

Kyle's cock hardened as his mother's resistance withered to his touch, and he whispered as he gingerly soaped lower on her back, "I don't understand why Dad doesn't make love to you every night. You're so sexy, Mom."

"Mmmm. Kyle stop talking that way."

"It's true, Mom. I can't help it. You're turning me on," Kyle replied and ran his hands up her sides while nudging his stiff groin against her ass causing her to gasp. "Kyle... Oh... I think this is going too far."

"But Mom, can't you see how much this is helping me? Don't you want me to get better?" Kyle pleaded as he reached around and fondled her breasts in his soapy hands.

"OH... Oh Kyle," Rachel whimpered as her body yearned to feel more.

"You got me so hot, Mom. I don't think about spying now." With that, Kyle thrust his dick upward, and it snuggled between her crack and hissed, "I only think about you."

"Mmm. Ohh...I... I mean we... we can't be doing this. You need to control your... Oh God," Rachel worded as her son's right hand dipped down and flicked across her clit while his other toyed with her nipple.

Oh god he's so good at this, she thought as her passion pushed her ever so closer to the edge.

But suddenly, she tightened up and spun around. Taking hold of both his hands she forcefully said, "We have to control ourselves."

Kyle smiled while nodding, but then leaned forward and quickly sucked a perky nipple into his mouth causing her to shrill, "OH!"

"Kyle, please. Didn't you hear me?" he heard as he sucked licked and nibbled on her breast. Her hands loosened their grip as he continued on with his assault and then pushed her back against the shower wall.

I almost got her, he thought and pushed his left leg between hers until they parted enough for him to tickle her clit once again.

"Mmm... Oh... Ahhh..." Rachel moaned. Her body was on fire. Her son was hitting all the right spots. And as her clit and nipple tingled, she couldn't stop herself from grasping his rod and stroking it.

Kyle rose up and kissed her deeply, trapping her moans in her mouth, as he sank two fingers into her snatch.

Oh no. Oh no. I can't stop myself. He's going to make me cum again, Rachel thought, as his hand went faster and her breath heaved.

Yeah, Mom. I can feel your cunt grabbing my fingers, Kyle thought and then did something unexpected. He stopped sharply and broke the kiss and while his mother stood there astonished, panting for air, he moved her body over to the ledge and sat her down.

With her breath racing, Rachel huffed, "What... What are you doing?"

"This," was his only reply and parted her legs wide while he knelt down and latched his mouth onto her sweet box.

"Oh fuck!!!" he heard her whimper as he flickered his tongue quickly over her clit.

Rachel couldn't help but grasp his head with both hands. Her body filled with lust and wanted more. More of this forbidden pleasure she was experiencing and pushed her hips upward uncontrollably.

Kyle wrestled with her legs until they were planted firmly onto his shoulders and then nudged two digits back into her love canal while his tongue worked its magic on her excited nub.

"Oh God. Oh God. You're going to make me cum," Rachel moaned. Her body trembled as it readied for the inevitable climax.

Kyle stroked his cock with his free hand as he fingered her faster.

"OH Ffuck, Kyle!" she wailed loudly, as the first onset of an orgasm hit her. Her body gyrated, her dripping pussy on his face while she clutched at his hair.

Suddenly as she quivered, Kyle wrapped his arms around her thighs and slid her forward.

Rachel, unable to stop his actions held onto the ledge with both hands, as her body lowered off the ledge and shuddered when her son's hard cock slightly pierced through her pussy lips.

"Kyle!" she screamed when he nudged upward sending his girth inside her for the first time.

"Ffuck, Mom. It's better than I ever imagined," Kyle grunted, as he heaved forward.

"Oh my god! Oh my god!" was all she could say as her son pushed and pulled until he was completely buried inside her.

Horried and excited at the same time, her mind couldn't control what was happening, and she moaned, "Oh Kyle... you're making me like this."

Kyle fucked her hard and felt her own body lifting and falling while her pussy milked his cock.

"Mmm. Ohh. Awww. Ahhh. God forgive us," Rachel blurted out under a panting breath.

"Yeah, Mom. Oh yeah. Your pussy feels so good."

Rachel tightened up as she climaxed and whimpered over and over, "Yes!!! Yes!!!"

Kyle held his rigid dick deep inside her womb as her body quivered wildly and when she had finished, he quickly turned her around and drove his solid dick back inside.

Rachel's body lunged forward while she knelt and braced herself upon the ledge and screamed, "My god, Kyle. What are you doing to me!?" just as another orgasm broke free.

With deep long thrust, Kyle hissed, "I'm doing what Dad should have been. Making you cum over and over."

"Oh god... Mmm... Oh... Ahhh," Rachel groaned and pushed herself back to meet her son's thrust.

Kyle pushed harder, grabbed her waist and grunted, "This is it, Mom. I'm going to cum. I'm going to cum inside you."

But just before he could unleash his sperm, his mother quickly turned around and jerked his cock hard. Holding it between her breast and cooed, "Cum on my tits instead."

"Oh fffuck!" he groaned as his dick exploded, plastering its semen all over his mother's chest.

Kyle knelt in front of his mother, both shaking as she milked the last of his juices onto her flesh. Partly shivering from the excitement they both shared, but mostly 'cause the hot water ended five minutes ago.

"We had better get out before we catch a cold."

Kyle just nodded as his teeth chattered and helped his mother to her feet.

They both stepped out of the shower and while Kyle proceeded to dry himself off, his mother turned the water off and then in gasping tone said, "Oh my God, I forgot about your father!"

In the distance his snoring could be heard and she covered her mouth and chuckled, "How did he not hear that?"

Kyle shrugged his shoulders as he covered his shaking body with a towel and replied, "I guess we just got lucky."

Rachel also covered herself in a towel and whispered, "We better leave."

Kyle nodded and they both quietly ventured out into the hallway. However, when Rachel went to go into her room, Kyle grabbed her arm and pulled her towards his room instead.

Rachel whispered, "Kyle, we shouldn't push our luck."

Kyle kept pulling her and when he opened his door whispered, "I don't think Dad will be waking up yet."

Rachel looked puzzled as she stepped into his room and replied, "Why would you think that?"

Kyle closed his door. Then helped his mother over to his bed and said, "I have something to tell you."

"Oh?" Rachel replied as she sat down.

Kyle sat next to her and came clean on what he had done.

"You didn't! Kyle! Why? Oh my god... You... You planned all this."

"Not really. I originally did it so Dad wouldn't wake up when we watched the video again. But then when I heard you in the shower, I improvised."

"So you brought me in here to watch the video?"

"Not exactly. I have something better in mind."

Kyle leaned over and opened her towel as he kissed her hard on the lips.

"Mmm. K-K-Kyle..." Rachel mumbled under her pressed lips as she pushed her son back.

Looking sternly at her son, she said, "Before this goes any further, I want you to honestly answer me."

"Okay, Mom."

"So you don't have any interest in watching that video now?"

Kyle eased forward put his hands on her bare shoulders and said, "No, I don't."

"Okay. And what about peeping? You still feel the urge to do that?"

Kyle whispered lightly as his hands lofted off her shoulders and down to her bare breast, "No, mom. I don't."

"So you really do find me sexually appealing?"

"God yes," Kyle said and again kissed her hard. Only this time he nudged her backwards and eased himself on top of her.

"Oh Kyle..." Rachel cooed and ran her hands over his back.

"You're so fucking hot, Mom. I can't get enough of you."

"Oh honey... You're getting me excited again."

"Good, Mom," Kyle hissed as he rubbed his stiffening groin over her mound.

"But your father... I shouldn't let you."

"Fuck Dad. I can satisfy your needs, Mom."

"OH god..." Rachel's voice trailed off when she felt her son's mushroom head parting her lips open. Her legs spread wider as her hands grasped at his ass. Her body instinctively heaved upward nudge more of his manhood inside her.

Kyle pushed downward as he fondled her breast and kissed her passionately. Slowly working his girth deeper and deeper into her.

"Mmm. Mmm. Mmm," she mumbled while their tongues danced together. Her pussy welcomed his cock as it penetrated deep into her and caused her body to bring out the savage lust she kept at bay for so long. No longer did she feel the need to resist and rocked her hips to meet her son's thrust.

"Oh... Yes... Fuck me! Fuck me, Kyle! Fuck me harder!"

Kyle pushed, heaved and thrust sending his mother ever closer to another orgasm.

Her breath raced as her legs wrapped around his waist. "Yes! Oh Yes! I'm so close. Keeping going... Faster. Fuck me faster!"

Kyle rammed harder when he felt her cunt clutching on his shaft.

"Oh fffuck! OH... OH... OH!!!" she groaned and stiffened up.

Kyle held his dick still as his mother thrashed under him. Then when she finished, he spun her around and lifted her waist while sending his pole back into her snatch.

"OH god... You really know how to fuck me."

Slamming his cock in as far as he could he grunted, "Only because you make me feel this way, Mom."

"Yes... OH fuck yes. You're so deep. Kyle, I'm going to cum again."

Kyle grabbed both her hands while she bent forward and pulled them behind her back as he shoved forward vigorously.

"Oh... Oh... OH!!!" Rachel cried as her son jack hammered away at her.

Kyle felt the first onset of his climax just as his mother's cunt gripped his shaft again.

With long hard thrusts, he grunted as his mother tried to free her arms, but to no avail. His cock was planted firmly inside her snatch and he groaned, "Fuck, Mom. I'm come-i-n-g!!!"

"Nnnooooo!!!"

Kyle pulled her arms back hard causing her to sit-up as his cock spurted its seed deep into her womb.

"Kyle! OH god! Your cumming inside me!"

"Oh fuck, Mom. I never felt anything like this before."

Kyle trembled as his cock kept pumping away. Until it finally stopped and he collapsed on the bed.

Rachel fell forward and then swung around screaming, "Kyle, I'm not on the pill. You shouldn't have done that."

Kyle, still drained from his sexual ordeal huffed, "I couldn't help it, Mom. Your pussy was just too good to stop."

Rachel crawled up next to her son and straddled a leg over his and whispered, "I guess I can't be too upset with you. I mean you did make me climax several times."

Kyle looked at her smiled and said, "So you want to go another round?"

Rachel gave a devilish grin and nodded as her hand slipped down and stroked on his cock.

They fucked for several more hours that night before Rachel finally snuck back into her own bed. She listened to her husband still snoring and couldn't believe she felt no regret as to what she had done. Her body was exhausted but she felt totally satisfied and thought, *Taylor never fucked me like that.*

Come the next morning, Kyle woke to the sounds of his parents dashing around and listened behind his door.

"Fuck! I can't believe how late it is. Why couldn't I hear the alarm clock?"

"I don't know. Did you remember to set it, honey?"

"Fuck Rachel, I always remember!"

"Listen Taylor, I don't like that tone you're throwing my way."

"Sorry... I'm just pissed. Shit, I'll see you later."

Kyle heard his father dashing down the steps and then loudly closed the door. He waited until he heard the vehicle speeding down the street before he finally opened his door and stepped into the hallway.

"Mom?"

"Oh hi, honey. Did we wake you?"

"Yeah. Is everything okay?"

Rachel laughed. "Yes sweetie, everything is fine. Your father just overslept. Speaking of which, you better hurry yourself."

"Sure thing, Mom," Kyle replied but followed with, "I had a great time last night."

"Yes... So did I."

"You... You think it would be bad if I drugged Dad again?"

Rachel smiled and cooed, "Maybe we should wait a couple nights. I wouldn't want your father to figure out he's being drugged."

"Oh... Okay, Mom."

"And besides. I don't think I could handle another night of fucking like that so soon."

Kyle laughed and said, "Hopefully I can hold out that long. You're just so fuckable, Mom."

Rachel moved closer to her son and seductively whispered, "Is my little boy horny again?"

"You make me that way, Mom."

Rachel unzipped his pants and snaked his tool out and hissed, "Maybe this will help."

Kyle watched as his mother went to her knees and inhaled his prick. His body jolted as she sucked his dick to full hardness.

"Oh fuck, Mom. Oh shit. Your mouth is amazing."

Slurping and sucking Rachel's head went faster. When she felt he was about to explode she popped it out and jerked it hard saying, "You want to cum in mommy's mouth?"

"Oh yesss..."

Rachel deep throat his dick while her hand tugged at his nut sack. Her son grabbed her hair as she hummed on his cock and felt him jerk.

"Jezzz...." Kyle cringed as his cock exploded, his mother sucking down all his seed as his legs weakened under him.

He almost fell over as his mother gingerly eased his spent dick out from her lips and said, "Mmm. You tasted so good. Did that help curb your appetite?"

"Yeah, Mom. You're the best."

"Okay off with you. I'll see you tonight."

"Okay, Mom."

Kyle finished dressing and rushed off to school. He couldn't believe how great his world had become, and figured it couldn't get any better. That was until he ran into Jacob at the end of the day and he pulled him to the side and said, "Hey, man. I have a proposition for you."

"What?"

"Listen, I told my mother what I did and I couldn't believe it when she actually found the whole thing hot."

"Oh?"

"Yeah... So she wants to do more videos."

"Listen, Jacob. That's great but I don't need you to do that anymore."

"No... You're not hearing me. Mom wants you to film us."

"Oh!" Kyle said surprised but then remembered his mother and what they had shared. No way did he want to risk losing any part of that.

"Listen. I think that's great. But I'm going to have to pass. You see your video actually helped me get my own mother interested in having sex and I'd hate to ruin that."

"So if your mother also liked watching us, why don't you bring her along?"

"OH! Hey! Hmmm... I guess I could ask her?"

"Great. Well here is my phone number. Give me a call and let me know."

"Sure thing," Kyle said and went on his way.

On his walk home he couldn't help but think, *I wonder if mom would like them to film us also?*