

TEMPTED MOMS CH. 04: THE JOURNAL

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Mother and Son come together after Father's death.

Incest/Taboo

4.75

15k words

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

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

Randy was stuck in traffic on the expressway when he thought about the conversation he had earlier with his mother.

"Mom, it's been over a month since Dad passed, and you still sound depressed."

"I know dear. It's just hard for me to deal with it all."

"Is it cause of how he died?"

"That and..." He heard her voice trail off into a light sob.

"That settles it. I'm taking a break from school and coming home."

"Honey I'll be fine, really."

"Sorry Mom. I can't stay here knowing you're like this. I'm leaving now."

Randy snapped back when a loud blast of a horn sounded behind him.

"Sorry," he yelled as he waved out the window and moved his car slowly forward.

At home, Steffany also pondered over their conversation and did her best to tidy up the house.

He shouldn't have left school, she thought as she straightened up the living room.

Steffany was a slender and still very attractive woman. At 45, her age didn't show. Her five-foot height and still firm c-cup chest went very nicely with her long black hair and deep-blue eyes.

As she straightened up, she happened to glance at the mirror that hung on the wall and said to herself, "Oh my... I'd better fix myself also," noticing that her hair and face were a wreck.

But then she spied a red covered book that sat on her husband's desk and her eyes teared up. It was her husband's journal that she found before he died. However, seeing the book wasn't what upset her. It was what she found written in its pages that haunted her mind since the day she came across it.

My son is right, I have to get on with my life, she thought and quickly picked up the book.

"Keeping this won't help," she said to herself as she walked towards the wastebasket. But suddenly, the phone rang and, in the process of answering it, she set the book down on a table next to the living room sofa.

"Hello."

"Hi Steff," came the voice on the other end of the line.

"Oh hi Rachel."

Rachel had been Steffany's friend for many years. Both their sons Kyle and Randy had practically grown up together.

"Everything okay?" Steff asked.

"Yeah why?"

"Well, you never called me back after you hung up so abruptly last week."

"Oh that. Yes, everything is fine now."

"So what happened?"

"I was having a little trouble with Kyle. You know how boys can get at that age."

"What did he do?"

There was a long pause before Rachel spoke again.

"Oh nothing too drastic," she lied and continued with, "his hormones just got the better of him."

"Oh girl troubles?"

"Yes you could say that. Anyways enough of that. I called to see how you're doing?"

Steff sighed and explained how lonely she was now that her husband was gone and that her son was on his way home.

"Tell you what. Why don't I come over with Kyle in a couple of days? I'm sure he'll want to catch up with Randy. We can make a day of it."

"Okay that sounds good."

"Great. I'll call you and let you know when."

Just then Steff heard the front door open and said, "Oh Randy's home."

"Okay I'll let you go. Bye Steff."

"So did you tell her about us yet?" Kyle asked as he watched his mother hang up the phone in her half-open red robe. With his eyes fixated on her half exposed breast, he heard her say, "God no. And you're not to tell Randy either."

"Jeez Mom. You sound like you're embarrassed about it. I mean, haven't I been giving you what Dad hasn't?"

"That's not it. It's just something that most people wouldn't understand."

"I guess you're right, but wouldn't it be hot if Randy and his mom got into it also?" Kyle replied, walking up to her and pulling her robe open, exposing her marvelous bosom.

"Kyle!" Rachel huffed as she tried to cover herself while looking into the other room, adding, "Your father is right upstairs and stop talking like that."

Kyle frowned, looking down at his super hard cock, and whined, "Okay I'm sorry. I'll stop. But you make it so hard for me to control myself. I just can't get enough of you Mom."

Rachel looked down and admired her son's stiff wood. It was true, her husband had been neglecting her needs and she found herself unable to stop her forbidden sexual urges from building once more. Yes, what she and Kyle had been doing was wrong, but she couldn't stop herself. Her son had indeed made her orgasm in the most intense way on several occasions, and she found herself wanting him again. Her heart beat faster as she hesitantly approached her son and whispered, "If you're quiet, Mommy will take care of that for you."

Kyle nodded and felt his mother wiggle her hand down his pants and rub up and down his shaft.

"Oh Mom..." he groaned as her hand went faster.

"Does my little boy like that?"

Kyle again nodded and then pushed on his mother's shoulders, easing her down onto her knees.

Rachel unbuckled his pants, exposing his young meat and hissed, "You want Mommy to make it better?"

"Yes...oh yes make it better, Mom," Kyle croaked, easing his mother's mouth towards his mushroom head.

Rachel licked the very tip with her tongue and felt her son shiver. She smiled and felt her own excitement flourishing as she opened her mouth and inhaled his cock.

She went faster and deeper, hearing him grunting above her. Her right hand dipped down between her legs and rubbed over her wet snatch.

"Fuck, Mom, I'm cumming," Kyle grunted, taking his mother's head and pulling her hard onto his cock.

Rachel sank her fingers deep and also came as her son's seed poured down her throat.

"Thanks Mom," Kyle gasped, easing his limp pecker out from her moist lips.

Rachel wiped her mouth and stood up, fixing her robe, she replied, "That should keep you satisfied for a while."

Steffany turned to see her handsome young man standing in the entrance. "Randy!" she yelled as she dropped the phone and rushed to greet him.

"Hi Mom," Randy barely got out as she crushed her body against his and gave him a big loving hug.

"Oh honey. I'm glad to see you, but you really shouldn't have."

"Jesus, Mom, you're crushing me!" Randy croaked as he tried to squirm out of her grip.

Steffany sighed and replied, "Okay. I've just missed you so much.

So how was the drive?" she asked, as she released her death hold and stepped back.

"Long."

"Oh...okay then go put your things in your room, and I'll make you something to eat."

"Really Mom you don't have to do that. Besides I think I'm gonna crash for a bit. I'm really tired."

"Ok sweetie." Steffany said and kissed his cheek.

Randy turned and headed to his room while his mother watched him walk away.

He really does look strikingly handsome, she thought as she gazed upon his 6' height and well-built body while he jaunted towards the stairs.

Randy opened his door and sighed, "Finally." He took a quick look around his room before tossing his luggage at the foot of his bed and then settling his tired bones onto the mattress.

It didn't take long before he was out cold.

Steffany kept herself busy still trying to quietly straight up the place while her son slept.

Once again, she noticed the journal and picked it up. Easing herself down onto the sofa, she hesitantly opened it and flipped through its pages, stopping when she noticed a log entry dated back when her husband was 19 and thought, *This is when we first met.*

Her eyes widened as she read.

I think my mom is on to my intentions. It might be wise to back off for a while and actually date some girls.

Steffany made a "humph" sound and flipped forward a couple of pages.

Dating girls actually seemed to helped. Mom appears to be jealous of me seeing Steffany.

"That son of a bitch!" she whispered as she advanced farther.

It was then that she hit the page she read a month ago, and she read it once more.

It finally happened. I actually touched my mother's breast, and she didn't stop me. Instead, I heard her sigh lightly.

Steffany slammed the book closed and then heard her son stirring up in his room. Fearful he was about to come down, she quickly tucked the journal into the side of the sofa cushion.

Randy came down the steps and noticed his mom on the couch. "What're you doing Mom?" he asked with a puzzled look since it appeared as though she was just staring into space.

"Oh nothing. Just relaxing for a bit."

"Mom, come on, what gives?"

Steffany swallowed hard as she tried to think of something to say. Thankfully her son chimed in.

"You can't just sit and think Mom. You really need to get yourself together. Dad's gone, and that is that."

"Randy!"

"Well it's the truth. We can't change what happened. Did you ever find out if it was true in the first place?"

"No...no I haven't."

"Come on Mom. I'm refreshed now. Let's go do something."

"Oh honey it's too late to do anything. Besides I would need to change."

"Mom you look fine. Better than fine. What could you possibly do to make yourself look any better?"

Steffany blushed and shouted teasingly, "Stop that you sweet talker. There's no way I would ever go out wearing this."

Randy surveyed her up and down and replied, "I don't see anything wrong with what you have on. As a matter of fact, it kind of looks hot."

His mother chuckled lightly, "That's enough of that mister. I am your mother, you know."

"Sorry Mom. At least, it made you laugh."

Steffany smiled at her son, touching his hand, while giving him a light kiss on the cheek and said, "Thanks for that. I'll go make you something to eat."

"That's ok Mom, I can fix myself something."

"Nonsense, it's my job to make sure my boy gets fed."

"Ok then I'll keep you company."

They headed into the kitchen and Randy took a seat while his mother whipped him up something on the stove. Randy did his best to keep his mother's mind busy and discussed all that he had done since he was gone.

"Okay here you go," Steff said as she placed the plate in front of him before taking a seat herself.

"Thanks Mom," Randy replied and wasted no time scarfing it down.

Randy finished and placed his plate in the sink while his mother poured herself a glass of wine.

"Want to watch some TV?" he asked.

Steff took a sip of wine and replied with a chipper, "Sure."

They watched a couple of shows before Randy found himself dozing off.

"Think I'm going to head up Mom."

"Oh okay honey."

"You coming?"

"In a bit, I just want to finish this glass of wine first."

"Okay, good night Mom," Randy said as he leaned over and pecked her cheek.

Steffany watched him walk away and abruptly blurted, "By the way. I talked to Rachel before you arrived. She's going to come by with Kyle."

"When?"

"She said in a couple of days."

"Oh okay."

"You don't sound too please. You and Kyle are still getting along aren't you?"

"Yeah. It's just...well Kyle was acting weird before I left for school."

"Weird? In what way?"

"I don't know. It's hard to explain."

"Rachel did mention she had some trouble with him. But said he's fine now. Maybe that was it."

"Maybe. I don't know. It's fine, Mom, I'm sure we'll have a good time," Randy said and continued on his way.

"Okay. Good night then," Steff replied, watching him disappear up the steps.

Steffany sipped on her wine as she contemplated how Randy acted to the news and then remembered the journal.

Setting her glass down she dug between the cushions and pulled out the book.

She quickly glanced through page after page, each page more graphically written than the previous one. Her head began to spin from all her husband had written. Never in a million years could she have imagined the man she married was capable of doing such things with his own mother.

Steff got up and poured another glass of wine. She looked up at the clock and saw it was already 2 in the morning. Steff sat back down on the sofa and looked at the journal she set on the coffee table. Her mind couldn't help but wonder how such a thing could have ever happened in the first place. That was until her mind wondered what she would have done if it had been Randy.

That's just silly, she thought and snickered while taking another sip of her wine.

However, her thoughts dug deeper and she found herself thinking more of her son as a strong young man instead of her loving baby boy.

It was true that she was lonely. It had been a long time since she had any sexual contact with a man and figured that had to be the reason she was having such thoughts. But by 3 a.m. the wine had kicked in and her visions of her son went from picturing his well-toned body to visions of a sexual nature and she unknowingly began envisioning herself in a lovers embrace with their lips locked in a very passionate kiss.

Randy awoke at seven and got dressed. It felt good waking up in his old room and he dashed down the steps figuring his mother would have already made something for breakfast.

However as he reached the bottom of the staircase he saw his mother crashed out on the sofa and approached her quietly.

Did she sleep down here? he pondered as he glanced over her motionless figure and then observed his father's hand writing on the open book as it sat on the table.

He glanced over the words quickly and had to pause when his mind finally comprehended what he saw.

Did I read that right? Puzzled, Randy reread it, slower this time.

Mom, I cried out as she took my entire cock down her throat like only she could. If only my wife was as good in bed as she is.

Holy Fuck! his mind screamed. Suddenly his legs weakened while his mind raced with the ideation of what his father had written. The rationalization sank in quickly, but his mother twitched and, in a panic, he skedaddled back up to his room.

Steff stirred and then realized where she had fallen asleep. Quickly, she opened her eyes while sitting up and saw the book open on the table. She looked around and gave a thankful sigh that her son was no place to be seen.

Steff rose from the sofa and picked up the book. Suddenly her mind flashed back to her last waking thoughts and she found herself once again in a sexual embrace with her son.

"Get a hold of yourself Steffany!" she whispered as she tucked the book under a cushion before walking into the kitchen.

Meanwhile Randy sat on his bed. His mind raced with several incestuous thoughts about his father and grandmother. He just couldn't fathom that they had a sexual relationship-not to mention that it had taken place while he was married to his mother.

Filled with emotions of hatred and sadness, he tried to comprehend how his father could have been unfaithful to his mother, but suddenly thought, *Did Mom know?*

"No way could she have. Could she?" he whispered under his breath.

For some odd reason the most wicked thought displayed in his mind. He could vividly picture the three of them entangled in a sexual menage á trois and the thought unexpectedly awoke something deep inside him. Something he never experienced before.

He tried to put other thoughts in his head but to no avail. The image of his mother having sex like that was actually turning him on like he had never felt before.

Randy's mind raced with all kinds of dark sexual images of the three of them and was just about to stroke his now hard cock when, off in the distance, he heard his mother calling his name and he sprang up from his bed.

Shaking the incestuous thoughts from his mind he replied, "Okay Mom. I'll be right down."

Randy walked slowly down the steps and entered the living room. He could hear his mother in the kitchen as he walked past the living room table and noticed the book was gone.

Looking down he could see his still hard cock and he meandered towards her hoping she didn't notice. Thankfully, as he entered the kitchen his mom had her back to him while she cooked and he eased himself quietly down in the chair.

"Morning Mom," he said cheerfully as he scooted the chair into the table.

"Hi honey. It's just about ready."

"Great Mom. So... ummm...how did you sleep?" he asked, noticing that she still had on the same clothes.

Steff paused for a split second and replied. "Oh...fine. Just fine."

"Good, good."

"Here you go," she said as she set the plate in front of him and sat down on the other side of the table.

"Thanks Mom."

Randy ate with his head down, occasionally glancing up to see his mom watching him. His mind still wondered if she was aware of his father's actions and causally asked,

"So Mom, were Dad and Grandma close?"

"Why...why did you ask that?"

"No special reason. It's just that I don't remember him wanting to visit her much when she was still alive."

"I'm sure your father would have spent more time if he could have."

"What about you? Did you get along with her?" Randy asked, shifting his eyes up from the plate.

Puzzled by the question she replied, "What's all this about?"

Randy set his fork down and sighed. He couldn't carry on with this charade and bluntly said, "I saw Dad's journal."

Steff straightened up in the chair with a startled appearance. "How? When?"

"This morning. It was open on the table."

"Oh my God!" Steff cried as she held her face between her hands; she openly wept.

"Mom I'm sorry, please don't cry," he said and went to her side.

"I never wanted you to know. I should have thrown that book out the other day."

Randy hugged her and softly said, "It's ok, Mom, really."

Randy held her until the sniveling stopped then sat back down and said, "Did you know about Dad?"

"No I didn't. It wasn't until I discovered the book."

She went on and explained how they had a big fight afterwards and how his father left the house. It was that night that his car went over the cliff.

"It's my fault, isn't it?" Steffany asked and started to tear up again.

"What? No way, Mom. It's his fault. He did all of this to himself."

Then Randy rebutted. "And really. How do they know he drove off intentionally? Maybe he lost control?"

Steff sniffled and nodded slightly. "Yes I also wondered that myself."

The room went quiet for a minute before Randy softly asked, "Mom, why were you reading the journal after you knew?"

Steff gazed upon her son and replied, "I...I don't know. I think it was because I wanted to understand."

"Makes sense to me. I was upstairs contemplating that myself. And to tell you the truth, I got mad at Dad for doing that."

"I was mad myself at first."

"You're not now?"

"More hurt than mad. And, like I said, I was hoping to find out why."

"Maybe we can figure it out together."

"What??? How?"

"Maybe we could read it together."

"I don't think that's a good idea," Steff said shaking her head. "I think it's best to just get rid of it."

"But Mom I thought you wanted to understand why?"

Steffany paused and replied with a long sigh. "I do. But I don't think I would be comfortable reading that with you."

"Ok, it was just a suggestion. Let's just forget about Dad for now and go do something."

"What do you have in mind?"

"I don't know, maybe go clothes shopping to take your mind off things?"

"Clothes shopping?" Steff chuckled, "You hate clothes shopping."

"I know. But you love it. Then we can take in a movie."

"Oh that's a lovely idea. I can't remember the last time I went out to a movie."

"Great, it's settled then. I'll do the dishes while you get ready," Randy said as he stood up.

"The dishes? My you really are surprising me."

Steffany went and changed while Randy finished the dishes.

He heard her coming back and turned around to see her wearing a loose fitting pair of blue jeans with a light pink button down short sleeve blouse and replied, "You look nice Mom."

"Thanks sweetie. You ready?"

"Yeah let's go."

Steffany drove to the mall outlets and they spent the next few hours browsing through various stores. However as they walked past the next store, Randy spied a very provocative dress and he stopped.

Steff turned around and said, "What you looking at?"

"Uh...oh just this dress Mom."

Steff went next to him and glanced at the dresses in the window.

"Yes those are some very appealing dresses."

"Why don't you try a couple on?"

"Me???" Steff chuckled loudly.

"Sure."

In a loud laughing tone she replied, "I could never wear anything like that."

"Why not Mom? I mean, you're sexy and stuff."

"Stop that!" she said, slapping his arm.

"Seriously Mom we still have time to kill; what could it hurt?"

Steff rolled her eyes and shook her head. However her hand reached for the door and with a smile said, "Ok, what the hell."

Steff walk inside with her son in tow. She headed over to the rack that had her dress size and started to glance through them. When she came across the one Randy liked in the window he stopped her and said, "That one, Mom, try that one on."

"My god Randy I think it might be a little too revealing."

"What do you mean? It covers everything."

"Barely," she said, holding it up in front of her.

"Please Mom..."

"Ok wait here."

Steff went into the changing room and put the dress on. She posed in the mirror and thought, *This does look very sexy on me. Maybe in another life I'd actually wear this out.*

It was then that she realized it was her son who picked it and wondered if maybe he had a sexual attraction towards her.

"Stop it, Steff. It's all in your head," she whispered, looking into the mirror.

Randy yelled from the waiting area. "How's it look?"

"Ok I guess."

"Well let me see."

"What! You're crazy. I'm not coming out wearing this."

"Come on, Mom. What's the point of putting it on if no one sees you in it?"

Do I dare? she thought as something stirred inside her. An excitement she hadn't felt in a very long time.

What could it hurt?

Hesitantly, Steff opened the door and walked into the waiting area. She kept her eyes on her son's face as she slowly spun around and asked, "What do you think?"

Randy's mouth dropped as he ogled her body. The red satin dress went right up to the underside of her firm rear. The front of the dress dipped very low, almost to her belly button, leaving half of each breast exposed for all to see.

With only a small piece of material covering her nipples Randy murmured, "Holy shit, you look hot!"

"Randy!" Steff scolded however, upon hearing his words of flattery, she found herself actually getting turned on and it shocked her.

Randy, still in awe, mumbled, "Sorry Mom, but I couldn't help myself. You really do look very attractive in that."

"Thank you. I think." And she turned back to the changing room.

I wish I snapped a picture, Randy thought as his mother changed back into her clothes.

When she came out he asked, "You buying it?"

Laughingly she replied. "No."

"But Mom."

"No buts, mister. It was fun trying it on. And yes your compliments were nice. But there's no place I would ever go wearing that."

"Alright, alright you made your point. We should leave anyways if we want to catch a movie."

Steff agreed and they made their way to the cinema.

"What do you think about that one?" Randy pointed at the board behind the teller.

"You want to watch a romantic comedy?"

"Sure. I'm game."

"Okay, then," Steff replied, quite puzzled.

Once inside Randy got them a couple of sodas and a tub of popcorn. He even let her choose where to sit.

The movie started and they settled in. Without a doubt, Steffany was really enjoying herself and halfway through the flick she leaned over and whispered, "Thank you for this."

Randy smiled and put his arm around her and gave a light squeeze.

Steffany rested her head on his shoulder and instinctively placed her hand on his lap. It actually felt like a real date and she was totally lost in the moment.

Randy was also enjoying the moment. With his mother's head next to him, her sweet perfume filled his senses with its intoxicating fragrance. He closed his eyes to enjoy the sensation and then felt her hand lightly glide across his thigh.

Suddenly the most unexpected thing happened. His dick twitched and he opened his eyes.

What the hell? he thought as his cock started to stiffen in his pants.

Randy started to fidget, trying to ease the pressure building between his legs. But alas, it was no use. His mother's light touch so close to his groin had gotten him rock hard.

Steffany looked down and noticed the large bulge that was growing in her son's pants and quickly stopped moving her hand.

She didn't know what to do. But for some odd reason she couldn't stop staring either.

And then the most shocking thought danced in her brain. She wondered what it might actually look like.

Oh my God Steffany. Get a hold of yourself.

But her mind didn't listen and her hand gracefully stroked his thigh again.

Randy began to sweat and his heart raced. His mother's light touch on his thigh was getting him extremely excited. He had to do something. Again he stirred, but in doing so he only caused his mother's hand to move even closer to his groin.

Steff felt herself getting wet as her young man squirmed next to her. Her hand ever so slowly inched closer to her son's hard cock when finally her mind screamed, *Stop this craziness!*

This time she listened and slowly she pulled her hand away while sitting upright.

She looked at her son and squirmed herself, hoping it would seem like she was stiff from sitting that way.

Steff stayed like that for the rest of the movie but every once in a while would slyly glance over at her son's lap.

Randy's was thankful his erection had subsided by the time the lights came on and stood up first, asking, "What you think of the movie, Mom?"

"Oh I loved it," she replied, standing up herself.

"So what next?" Randy asked.

"I think that's enough, it's getting late."

"Okay Mom."

All the way home Steffany thought about what she saw and almost did.

She contemplated the many reasons her son could have gotten hard and concluded that it wasn't from her touch at all and had to be because of his young age and inability to control himself yet.

Randy suddenly spoke, shaking her out of her thought. "Did you have a good time, Mom?"

"Yes, it was quiet enjoyable I must say."

They talked about the movie for the rest of the drive and Steff quickly said, "I'm going to get out of these clothes," when she pulled up the driveway.

"Sounds like a good idea Mom."

Side by side they ventured up the walk then up the stairs until they went into their separate rooms.

Randy quickly stripped down to his boxers and noticed his precum stained shorts and thought back to how his mother's hand had indeed affected him.

He then tossed on a new pair followed by a tee shirt and sweat pants before making his way back down into the living room.

Steffany stripped down to her panties and removed her bra. She slipped on a long night shirt and covered herself up with a long soft red robe.

Randy had already crashed on the couch and was just about to turn on the tube when his ass felt something under the cushion.

He was just about to lift it when his mother shouted from the doorway, "What are you doing?"

"I felt something," he said and pulled the cushion up.

"Oh..." Randy said, shifting his eyes towards his mother.

"Yes. I know," Steffany replied as she walked over and put her hand out.

Randy placed the book in her palm. "Since the book is out, why don't we have a look together?"

"I don't know," she answered, clutching the book tight to her chest.

"Please Mom. I think we should read what Dad was really like."

Steff sat down and sighed. "I know you're right. I just feel very uncomfortable about this."

"Listen, Mom, let's try and if you think it's too strange we can stop."

Steff gave a nod as she eased herself down onto the couch.

Randy did the same and leaned over as his mother opened the book.

Steff couldn't remember where she actually left off and flipped through some pages. However, as she did Randy caught a glimpse of a sexual phrase and asked her to stop.

His eyes grew large as his father's writing came to life in his mind.

I eased my hand further up her thigh and, to my surprise, Mom lightly sighed. I took that as a good sign and was ecstatic when my nimble fingers found the edge of her panties and I tucked my digits inside. Mom moaned and her body shifted around as my hand pried deeper under her panties until I had actually touched her pussy for the first time.

Randy paused and looked at his mother who in return looked back at him. He put on a pretend smile as if to say it was alright and went back to reading.

Mom moaned louder and her legs spread wider as I tickled her pussy lips. It didn't take long before I had three of my fingers slamming deep into Mom's wet snatch while listening to her bellow pleasurably at my sexual advances.

Randy sat back and glanced at his own mother again and said, "Jesus Mom. Did Dad write everything that he did with her?"

Slowly Steff turned and nodded.

"How...how long had it been going on?"

"I think for as long as I knew your father."

"Wow," was Randy's only comment.

"You want to stop?" Steff questioned.

"No, I think we should jump ahead."

Steff flipped a couple of pages and they started to read again.

Mom's eyes closed as her ass lifted off the sofa, and she wailed. With my free hand, I lowered my shorts and placed her hand on my hard cock. Mom opened her eyes, and I could see the lust in them. Her hand eagerly stroked my shaft long and hard and then she lowered her head down to my cock. I actually had to stop fingering her when her mouth slipped over my cock head.

Now it was Steffany that sat back and took pause.

"You ok Mom?"

In reality, she wasn't. For as she contemplated what her mother-in-law was doing to her son in the journal, her own mind quickly flashed to the movie theater and she envisioned her son's big bulge.

"Mom?"

"Oh sorry honey. Yes I'm fine," she replied as she squirmed on the sofa.

She wasn't the only one that the book was affecting. Randy himself couldn't help but picture his father getting his cock sucked off by his own mother and it unknowingly had caused his appendage to once again grow.

Steff glanced down and caught sight of his expanding cock and gasped loudly.

"Oh shit!" Randy cursed when he noticed her gaze.

"I think we should stop," she replied, not realizing that her eyes were still fixated on her son's crotch.

Randy frowned in discontent; he wanted to read more. More of what his father and grandmother were doing and begged, "Please Mom. Just a little more."

"I don't know Randy. It appears this is affecting you," pointing her finger towards her son's pants.

Randy blushed, "I'm sorry Mom. I don't know why I... ah... you know."

"I guess I can understand how. This is more like reading an erotic story than a journal."

"Is...is it affecting you also?"

Steffany harshly fired back. "That isn't something you ask your mother."

Again, Randy apologized and followed up by asking again to keep reading, as he had asked for one more bedtime story when he was little.

Hesitantly, Steff agreed, however as they read she couldn't help but notice it was affecting her also. To make matters worse, she also couldn't stop herself from glancing at her son's stiff appendage protruding under his sweat pants.

Her looks didn't go unnoticed and it only excited him more knowing that his mother was stealing a glance at his manhood.

Does she want to rub my leg again? he devilishly wondered and spread his thighs wider, causing his cock to extend outward even more.

Steff's eyes widened and then she shockingly felt herself become moist.

Oh my God why am I getting turned on? she pondered, and then she felt her son place his hand lightly on her thigh.

Steffany closed her eyes and her mouth parted. Her mind replayed what she read and pictured her husband rubbing his mother's leg as Randy gave her thigh a gentle squeeze. The faintest sound of

pleasure escaped from her lips while her legs uncontrollably parted slightly, causing her robe to open between her thighs.

Randy's touch was indeed making her horny and, in her excited state, she lifted her hand and rested it once again on her son's upper thigh.

Randy smiled upon feeling her touch and spied his mother's exposed bare thigh. He didn't know why but he brazenly inched his palm inward until it ran over her silky smooth skin.

Steffany shivered when a jolt of excitement raced through her body and she clutched her son's leg. Her mind pictured her husband moving up his mother's thigh and she found herself hoping Randy would do the same. Her pussy was wet and she found herself wanting more. But then a spark of realization hit her. This was her son! She quickly slammed the book closed while standing up rapidly, saying, "That's enough for tonight."

Her sudden reaction shocked Randy, and he just lightly nodded.

Randy watched her place the book down on the coffee table and adjust her robe, but then when she turned around once again she gazed down at his manhood.

Slowly Randy stood and said, "Thanks Mom."

"For what?"

"For letting me read that with you. I know it must be difficult reading about Dad."

"Oh. Yes...yes it is."

Then without thinking Randy blurted out, "But I think I understand how it could have happened. I mean if Grandma looked anything like you, well..."

Steffany took a step back and her mouth dropped opened in dismay. Sharply she replied, "Well I don't. It's a sin for a son and a mother to do something like that."

Randy lowered his head and mumbled, "I didn't mean to upset you Mom. I just wanted to give you a compliment."

Steffany sighed and in a calmer tone said, "Let's just forget about it and go to bed."

Without saying a word they both ventured up the steps.

But before Randy vanished into his room he turned and said, "You are very sexy Mom."

Steffany smiled and walked back to him then pecked his cheek and said, "That's sweet but you shouldn't be thinking of me that way."

Randy pulled her close and hugged her, pushing her breast into his chest and his groin into her mound and whispered, "Sorry Mom."

Steff squeezed him back. The feel of his hard cock mashed against her, causing her to softly moan. She couldn't deny her son was having a sexual effect on her.

What am I doing? her mind screamed and, with that, she broke their embrace and ran off to her room, leaving her son standing there in awe.

Neither of them could sleep that night as their minds raced over what took place.

The next day at breakfast when Randy sat down, Steff decided as she cooked that she should have a talk about what happened last night. However, when she turned around she couldn't help but notice him checking her out and it flattered her so much that she changed her mind.

It was true; Randy couldn't help but admire his mother's firm ass as it swayed from side to side under her robe. He found himself actually wanting to reach out and grab ahold of it. Still staring, he almost didn't catch his mother say,

"So how did you sleep?"

"Ah??? Okay I guess. How about you?"

Steff sighed. "Not great. I still haven't gotten used to sleeping alone."

"Oh. Yeah I can see how that would be hard for you. Is that why you slept on the sofa the other night?"

Steff was about to reply when the phone rang.

It was Rachel and, after a couple of minutes of gabbing, Steff hung up and informed Randy that they were coming over today.

Randy sighed and said, "Okay I guess."

"Listen, Randy, if this is a problem I'll call her back."

"No, Mom. I'm fine. What are we going to do with them when they get here?"

"I guess just sit out by the pool and talk."

"Okay I'll go put my swim trunks on," Randy replied and walked away.

"You look so hot in that," Kyle barked as he watched his mother in her canary yellow bikini stand by the kitchen sink.

"Thank you, but you really need to control yourself better. Especially when your father is around," Rachel replied, leaning over the sink and gazing out the window at her husband who was tinkering with his truck.

Kyle stepped behind her and glanced over her shoulder to see his father outside, placing both his hands on her hips and grumbled, "What if he did catch us?"

"I don't want to think about it."

Kyle leaned close to her ear and whispered, "I bet he would be envious of how I can make you cum." With that, he reached around and tucked his right hand down her bikini bottoms.

"Kyle!" Rachel yelled as she grabbed his arm and squirmed around. But, alas, her son had a firm grip on her box and was fingering her clit hard.

"Kyle your fffather is right there," Rachel stuttered as her body slowly succumbed to his sexual advances.

"I know. Isn't it exciting?" Kyle said, dropping his shorts with his free hand.

"Oh God...Rachel whimpered, still gazing at her husband outside. Her eyes flickered open and closed as her body filled with sexual intoxication.

"Mmm. Ohhh. Ahhh," she murmured as her son's wicked fingers worked their magic until her pussy juices started to flow. Her legs weakened from the excitement and she placed both her hands on the counter in an effort to steady herself. She was losing the last of her self-control and could only mutter, "Kyle, please, it's too dangerous doing this right here," when he pulled her bottoms to the floor.

Kyle rubbed his hard cock between her legs while squeezing both her tits in his hands. Looking over her shoulder at his father he said, "You want this inside you, don't you?"

All Rachel could do was nod as she bit her lip and clutched the counter.

Kyle centered his dick and thrust forward, sending his thick cock deep into her wet snatch.

"Oh fuck..." Rachel whimpered as her son started to fuck her.

Her body was on fire and she could feel her orgasm quickly approaching. With her eyes still fixated on her husband, she pushed her ass backwards to meet her son's every thrust and whimpered, "Fuck me. Fuck me, Kyle. Make Mama cum."

Kyle took ahold of her hips and fucked her hard, building up his speed and tempo until she was moaning and whimpering in sexual bliss. He felt her cunt tighten up around his cock and he heaved it as deep as it could go, lifting her off of the ground just as they both climaxed.

Rachel collapsed and shook as her son's seed mixed with her own juices, both of them panting like dogs as their orgasm subsided.

It was then that Rachel noticed her husband walking towards the house and she hastily spoke, "He's coming!"

Kyle broke away and they both quickly fixed themselves, taking a seat at the table just as his father entered the backdoor.

"What are you two doing?" his father questioned.

Rachel quickly responded, "Just talking about Steffany and Randy."

"Oh Jesus don't tell me you're still worried about her?"

"Yes I am! And as a matter of fact Kyle and I are going over there today."

Rachel watched her husband just roll his eyes and mumble, "Whatever," as he walked into the other room.

Kyle snickered and whispered, "That was close."

Rachel, with a stern look, huffed back, "Yes it was. Now get yourself ready so we can go."

Steffany was in her room contemplating what to wear. She held up a hot pink tiny string bikini she hadn't worn in over 10 years and found herself wondering what her son would think of it. Her pussy moistened at the notion that her son might actually get hard and it scared her.

Jesus stop thinking like that, she thought and settled on a more conservative pair of light blue short and a white halter top.

"They're here!" she heard and responded back with, "I'll be right down."

Steff entered the kitchen to see her friend Rachel already sitting at the counter wearing a very flattering white beach cover up, while their boys were out back by the pool.

"Thanks for coming," Steff said, giving her girlfriend a hug.

"My pleasure."

Steff and Rachel chatted for a while before venturing out to the patio with some iced tea.

They both sat down under a large sun umbrella that went through a glass patio table and watched their boys splash around in the pool.

Steff and Rachel chatted and sipped their tea for about 20 minutes when they heard their sons yelling for them to join them.

"That's okay. You boys have fun!" Steff shouted back with a smile.

"You know it might be fun Steff."

"Really? Don't you think we're too old for pool shenanigans? Besides, I really don't have anything appropriate to wear."

"You don't have a bathing suit?"

"Well yes I do. But I think it's just a little too revealing to wear in front of the boys."

Rachel leaned over and, in a low tone, said, "What's the harm in arousing a couple of young men?" and stood up, removing her beach cover up to reveal the small yellow bikini underneath.

"Jesus Rachel!" Steff replied in a shocked laughing tone.

Rachel stoutly stood with her hand on her hips and said "Well??? You up for some fun?"

Steff rose up shaking her head and said, "This is crazy. But okay I guess."

"Be right there boys. Randy's mom has to change," Rachel yelled and took Steff's hand, leading her into the house before she could change her mind.

"Really, Rachel, I can change myself."

"I know. You just seemed a little hesitant about this."

"Well of course. I mean god. They're our sons," Steff replied as she walked into her bedroom.

"It's fine, trust me. I had doubts myself. Now I find it exhilarating."

"What do you mean?"

"Get changed and I'll tell you."

Steffany pulled out her tiny pink sting bikini and changed while her friend told her about the first time she caught her son watching her take a shower.

"My god Rachel. Didn't you confront him?"

"No... I actually liked it. I liked it so much that I hoped he'd do it again. By the way, that suit looks great on you," Rachel gushed, standing in front of her, holding her arms out while looking her up and down.

"Thank you," Steffany replied, pulling her arms away and hesitantly added, "Did he watch you again?"

"He did and I can't describe how turned on it made me."

Steff sat on her bed, speechless as her mind struggled to comprehend what her friend had just told her, but then realized it wasn't much different than how she felt showing off that dress to her son.

Pondering what Rachel said she finally asked, "Was that the problem you told me that you helped him with?"

"Yes, and also mine."

"Yours?"

Rachel sat next to Steff and placed her hands on top of hers. Looking her straight in the eye she said, "You don't have to be alone to be lonely. My husband hasn't excited me like that in years."

"Oh..." was all Steff could say.

Tapping Steff's hands, Rachel rose up and said, "Enough of that. Let's get back to the boys."

"Okay," Steff, still stunned, blurted out. Unsure of how she should react to this information she just blindly followed her friend back out to the patio.

"Wow, nice suit Mom," Randy said as both women sat at the edge of the pool.

"Thanks," Steff replied, feeling a little unassured with how tiny the bikini was.

Rachel leaned over and whispered, "See, I told you he'd like it."

Steff just lightly nodded as she bashfully gazed at the water while dangling her feet.

After a while of talking with Rachel, she finally grew more comfortable and watched her son as he horsed around with Kyle in the pool.

It was then that Randy saw her watching them and intentionally splashed her with some water. Kyle followed suit and splashed his mom.

"Oh you little brats!" Rachel said slipping into the pool and splashed both of them.

However both boys ganged up and relentlessly splashed her back to the point where she finally yelled out, "Steff help me!"

Steffany eased into the pool and all of them splashed wildly until Kyle went under the water and yanked his mother's feet out from under her.

Randy smiled and was about to do the same but paused when his mother shook her finger and said, "Don't you dare."

Brazenly he dove under and tried to grab her feet. But as Steff kept him at bay he found himself staring at the thin material that barely covered her snatch and started to get stiff. Unable to stay under any longer he rose up in front of her with a raging boner.

Steffany giggled and briskly said, "I told you not to do that."

"I know, I know," Randy replied, bending over slightly in an effort to conceal his protruding appendage.

Unaware of her son's predicament, Steff gazed upon her son's face and asked, "So, everything ok with you and Kyle?"

"Huh??? Oh yeah everything is fine," he responded as he tried to clear his mind from its dark sexual thoughts.

"Hey, let's play a game of chicken!" Kyle yelled.

"Oh I'm not sure about that," said Steffany.

"Why not Mom?"

"It's just that...well..." she replied, feeling her embarrassment coming back. It was one thing to dress skimpily in front of her son. It's another to sit on his shoulders wearing it. However a strange feeling came over her when she thought about doing it and she followed with, "Never mind if you're interested, I'm game."

"Cool," Randy said and went under the water. Once his head was between her legs he lifted her up. His cock twitched as he felt his mother's mound pressing into the back of his neck while he grabbed both her thighs.

Steff also couldn't help but get a little excited as her son's neck ground her pussy. Her legs stretched behind her son's chest in an effort to balance herself but actually caused her box to mash even tighter.

Oh fuck, she thought as her clit gyrated hard against his neck with every step. Shocked by how her pussy yearned for more, she tried to control her building carnal feelings.

"You two ready?" Kyle hollered, lifting his own mother up high.

Steff could only nod as her body uncontrollably filled with sexual pleasure.

Both boys walked towards each other while their mothers tried their best to knock the other off.

Steff was losing it. The wiggling and grinding had finally taken its toll. Unable to restrict her built-up excitement, she grabbed her son's head and squeezed her legs tightly onto his neck when her

orgasm hit. Her eyes closed as her body shook and she softly whimpered under batted breath.

Rachel saw her expression of pleasure and, with a big smile, quickly grabbed at her friend's bikini top pulling it hard, sending it and Steffany into the water.

Shocked and embarrassed, Steff didn't know what to do. That was until she opened her eyes under the water and noticed her son's bulging cock under his trunks.

My god he's so hard, she thought and she found herself once again getting uncontainably aroused. Slowly, she eased her head tentatively above the water and covered her breast. With her heart pounding in her chest she found the courage to say, "Honey can you please find my top?"

"Sure, Mom," Randy said and looked until he found it. Slowly he approached her, holding the top out in his hand.

Steffany watched her son's eyes as they stayed fixated at the arms covering her bust. Her mind went back to what her friend said about her son watching her shower and without thinking gradually lowered her arms, exposing her bare bosom. As Randy's mouth parted and his eyes widened, a new type of pleasure filled her body and she was taken aback by the strange feeling.

Randy gawked at his mother's firm tits and admired her light pink perky nipples. His voice cracked as he stuttered, "H... H...here you go M... M... Mom."

"Thank you sweetie," Steff timidly replied, taking the top from him slowly, still exposing her chest to him.

"Sure thing Mom," Randy rasped. His heart raced in his chest and he unconsciously rested both his hands on her hips. He couldn't stop the dark wanting desires that had flooded his mind and he brazenly pulled her towards him, mashing his hard cock against her barely covered mound.

Steff, taken aback by her son's unforeseen reaction, knew it was wrong but also couldn't deny how good his cock did feel pressing against her.

Finding her self-control, Steff firmly said, "Okay, big boy that's enough. I have to put this back on," and pushed him away.

"Oh ok," Randy expressed, shaking his head in an effort to clear out his incestuous thoughts.

"Maybe we should take a break?" Rachel yelled over and Steffany quickly agreed.

Both women exited the pool and laid on their backs in a couple of recliners while watching their sons.

Rachel leaned over, still watching the kids, and started to chat in a low tone.

"So how did it feel showing yourself to your son?"

Embarrassed, Steff replied, "Just like you said."

"And what about that orgasm you had?"

"I don't want to talk about that. I feel so ashamed."

Patting Steff's leg, Rachel whispered, "It's ok honey I was getting excited myself when Kyle's neck was rubbing my pussy."

"My God Rachel! They're our sons! Don't you see how wrong that is?"

"Listen, Steff, we're only human. God knows we have needs. Who's to say wanting to feel good is wrong?"

"People, that's who."

"What people? Do they know what it's like to be neglected and lonely? I bet they don't."

"It's just wrong. I'm not going to be like my husband."

"What?"

Steff couldn't believe what she just said and looked at her friend in amazement and said, "Nothing, forget I said that."

But Rachel pressed her until she finally said, "Let's go into the house and I'll explain over a drink."

Both girls stood up and told their sons that they were going inside.

Kyle and Randy watched as their mothers walked away and Kyle said, "Wow Randy, your mom sure does look hot."

"Hey dude!"

"Oh sorry. But come on you have to admit it?"

Randy gazed at his mother's ass as it swayed and replied, "Ok I guess you're right. But no more talk like that."

"Okay dude. I was just giving her a compliment," Kyle replied.

Inside the house, Steffany poured a couple of glasses of wine and took a big gulp before handing Rachel the journal and explaining what she discovered inside.

Rachel flipped through some pages and said, "Oh my god Steff. You must have been devastated when you found this."

"Yes I was. So now do you understand?"

"Maybe?" Rachel replied with a puzzling expression.

"Steff are you sure this is real?"

"What do you mean?"

"Have a look." Rachel said, pointing to the text.

"It's all written with the same pen."

Steff looked over her friend's shoulder as she flipped through the pages. It was true, the black pen used had a skip and it was constant throughout all the pages.

"He must have kept the pen with the journal," Steff said as she took a step back.

"Did you see a pen?"

Steff pondered and replied, "No. Just the journal."

Rachel flipped further in the book and just as she neared the end she shook her head and said, "Now I know this is fake."

"Why, what does it say?"

Rachel cleared her throat and read, "I saw my wife with her friend Rachel today as they engaged in a lesbian encounter. They weren't aware of my presence as I admired them from the cracked door that led into our bedroom. It was the hottest thing I've ever seen and I couldn't stop myself from jerking off as both of them orgasmed loudly in our bed."

"MY GOD!" Steff replied, shocked.

"So see," Rachel replied as she closed the journal, "I know we never did that."

"But why? I mean...first his mom. And now this. I don't understand."

"Maybe...and this is just a guess mind you. Maybe this was his way of getting you interested."

"Interested in what? Having sex with you?"

"That and..." Rachel replied, looking her in the eyes, and followed with, "You fucking Randy."

"WHAT! No... God no. Why...why would you say that?"

"Think about it Steff. Where did you find the book?"

"On his desk."

"So if it wasn't for you to see, then why was it left for you to find and not hidden?"

"No. It's not possible. I can't accept that he wanted me to have sex with our son."

"Why else would he write it? It's the only thing that makes sense. It's not like he could just come right out and ask you to do that. He had to think of some way to put the idea in your head."

Steff pondered what Rachel said and tears filled her eyes. She poured another glass of wine and slammed it right down before taking a seat.

"You okay?" Rachel asked.

"No. I'm so confused. I don't know what to think now."

Rachel poured her another glass and handed it to her. "Here take this and let's go back out with the boys. Maybe that will get your mind off this."

Steff shook her head and replied. "No Rachel, I think I just want to be alone."

"Nonsense, come on. You need to clear your head," Rachel exclaimed, grabbing her hand and yanking her onto her feet.

Sluggishly, Steff followed her outside and sat in the lounge chair, her head spinning as she watched the boys in the pool.

Rachel did her best to shake her friend out of her confusion. But alas as the sun started to set she knew it was time to leave.

Moments later as they departed, Rachel made one last effort to cheer her up and it caught Randy's attention.

Randy followed them out to their vehicle and helped Rachel into the passenger side door. She too had one too many and as Kyle got into the driver's seat he asked her what was going on.

Rachel sat and, with a devilish grin said, "Just give her some time Randy. I'm sure everything will work out."

"What are you talking about?"

"It's not my place to say," Rachel replied as she closed the door.

Randy stood and watched as they backed out the driveway and gave a half wave, contemplating what she said.

Back inside Steff poured yet another glass of wine and, with a light head, made her way into the living room. With her mind racing with mixed emotions, she took another sip before crashing on the sofa.

Randy entered the room and noticed her still in her bathing suit barely holding her glass. Taking a seat next to her he asked, "You okay Mom?"

Steff, half out of her right mind, said what Rachel and she had discovered and how the journal was a hoax.

Randy sat back dumbfounded and replied, "Why would he do that?"

"Sorry, but your father must have had some sick motivation to get me thinking irrationally."

"Irrationally thinking? About what, Mom?"

"About fucking you!" Steff blurted out, mewling.

Randy put his arm around her and pulled her closer.

"Mom. It will be okay," he assured her as she sniffled.

Steff relaxed her head on his sound shoulder and replied faintly, "I'm not so sure about that," resting her palm on his leg.

"What aren't you sure about?" Randy asked as he looked into her tearful eyes.

"Because I think it worked." With that, Steff leaned over and lightly pecked his lips.

Randy was taken aback by his mother's action but couldn't deny his own sexual attraction and swiftly kissed her back.

In her drunken state, Steffany opened her mouth and kissed him deeply. Their tongues mingled for the first time and she quickly got lost in the moment. Her lust hastily overtook her rightful thinking and while her son ran his hand over her shoulder she involuntarily rubbed hers across his crotch and he groaned.

Startled by his sound she stopped and pulled back, her hand still resting on his now fully erect dick, and she fearfully said, "My God what's happening to us?"

Randy smiled as he lifted her hand and eased it inside his swim trunks. His own hand resting on her inner thigh, he replied, "What Dad wanted," giving her leg a gentle squeeze.

"Oh... My God..." Steff softly moaned. With her head spinning out of control, she couldn't stop nor deny what she really wanted to do, and she grasped his stiff pole, stroking long and hard.

Am I really doing this? she questioned in her fog like state. She could feel his precum lubricating her digits, and it only intensified her sexual desire.

Fuck her hand feels so good, Randy thought as he lightly kissed her nape. Slowly, he slithered his own fingers into her tiny bottoms and she whimpered when he found her swollen clit.

"Randy...we should control ourselves...oh..." Her voice faded off as her son tickled her clit, her own hand stroking him feverishly.

Steff, overwhelmed with her blind lust, felt an orgasm approaching. Her body quivered as her ass lifted off the couch, welcoming his fingers as they easily slipped between her moist folds.

This can't be happening. I have to control myself! she realized just as his fingers penetrated her. She shuddered hard as her pussy tightened around his digits and, with what understanding she had left quickly, she shouted, "I'm sorry. I can't do this," removing her hand as she pushed him away and rushed to the stairs.

"Mom!" Randy yelled, watching her run away. Dumbfounded, he looked down at his hard cock as he heard her bedroom door slam closed.

What the fuck just happened? Puzzled he stood up and quietly went into his own room. Once inside, he contemplated why she could have run off as he changed out of his sticky swim wear. However, as he looked down at his semi-hard erection, he found himself reliving the taboo moment they just shared. Crashing on his bed, he closed his eyes and stroked his dick back to hardness, envisioning it was his mother's touch.

Steffany laid on her bed wallowing, her mind and feelings in conflict as to what she had just done. Perplexed between right and wrong, she tried to justify her sexual yearning but found herself slowly sinking back into them. She knew she needed some kind of relief. Wiping her tears, she stripped naked and lightly touched her body, causing it to tingle in a delightful way.

"Oh yesss," she purred as she gingerly caressed her breast. Inch by inch, she touched her body until finally succumbing to her own self-pleasure. However, as she casually glided her palm across her mound, her mind once again betrayed her and brought her back to the incestuous act they experienced. Unable to resist her urges anymore, she gave in, and she closed her eyes as she rubbed her clit.

Randy stroked his dick to his own visions, but it wasn't the same and, against his better judgment, he ventured naked to his mother's door.

He slowly opened it and peeked into the darkness. In the distance, he could hear a soft moan and cautiously went inside. The moans became louder and louder as he got closer to her bed. Standing next to her in the darkness, his eyes finally adjusted and he was awed by the sight before him. His heart pounded hard in his chest as he watched his mother on her back with her legs bent at the knees masturbating in front of him. Unable to control his raging desire, Randy stroked his stiff cock as he looked on.

Oblivious to her son's presence, Steff continued on with her wicked visions and couldn't help but rub her pussy faster as her want for him grew. So close to climaxing now, she panted and called out, "Randy. Oh yes, make me cum!"

Upon hearing those words, Randy went wild and quickly slipped his right hand down to her sex, jarring her fingers aside while his left hand covered her mouth.

Steffany quickly opened her eyes and tried to yell. But Randy rapidly leaned over and in a hoarse voice whispered, "Let me help you Mom," and hastily pushed two fingers inside her.

Steff mumbled in protest but alas, she couldn't stop her approaching orgasm and closed her eyes, spreading her legs as her son finger fucked her.

Randy heard her moans of pleasure. Her ass now lifting off the bed to meet his every thrust, he removed his hand from her mouth and replaced it with his lips.

Passionately they kissed as he fingered her faster until finally he heard her whimper, "Yes. Oh yes!"

Thrashing and grinding on his fingers, Randy slipped his boxers down and then took her hand, guiding it to his cock and was pleased when she immediately started to jack him off.

"Yeah Mom. Oh yeah I love the way you do that."

Steffany grasped his cock hard and murmured, "I'm going to cum," and squeezed her legs, trapping his fingers deep inside.

Randy felt her cunt clutching his digits as her body quaked out of control. Once again, he kissed her hard, trapping her whimpers of pleasure between them.

Drained from a most intense climax, Steff released her grip, gliding her fingers off her son's slicked up penis.

Randy also eased his soaked fingers from his mother while slipping on his knees between her legs.

Hovering over her, he inched his way down until his mushroom head touched her pussy.

Steff's eyes shot open and she quickly pushed on his chest while sitting up, saying in a loud tone, "No we can't do that!" sending him crashing to the floor.

On her elbows, she looked upon her boy as he lifted himself off the floor and realized by his gaze of disappointment that her reaction might have been too harsh.

"I'm sorry, honey," she said, motioning 'come here' with her finger.

Cautiously, Randy edged towards her side, his cock still raging hard and he smirked as he saw his mother staring at it. He was just about ready to get back on the bed when his mother shook her head and grabbed his tool with her right hand and said, "I'll make it up to you."

Steffany locked her gaze onto his eyes while stroking slowly. Easing her head towards his pole, she took pause as her brain thought about the ramifications. However, her sexual urge to please her son was too great and she gently kissed the very tip of his swollen head.

"FFFuck," Randy croaked as her lips sent an electric shock through his body.

Steffany heard his sound of pleasure and looked up, whispering, "I shouldn't be doing this. You're my son for Christ sake."

"I want this too, Mom," Randy said, lovingly stroking her hair.

Looking back at his cock, she slowly twisted her hand up and down his shaft, her own excitement building thinking about what she was about to do and she mumbled, "This is so wrong," as she kissed the tip once again.

Randy closed his eyes as he thrust forward, parting her lips as his cock eased into her mouth.

"Christ Mom..." he choked as his dick slowly advanced further into her soft lips.

Too far gone to stop, Steffany willfully took her young man completely until his cock was down her throat. Slowly, she sucked him off, humming in contentment.

Randy couldn't control his building urges and grabbed her head, thrusting forward. His knees shook as his juices raced up inside him.

Steffany tasted her son's precum as it oozed out and found it exhilarating. Her own sinful desire to make her son cum grew stronger, and she toyed with his nuts while her head bobbed faster.

Randy was on the verge and couldn't hold back when she did something wicked and wonderful with her tongue, sending him over the edge.

"Oh fuck Mom!!!" he loudly croaked when his cock exploded hard, sending long, strong spurts of his seed down her throat.

Steffany held him deep, drinking down all his spunk, and when he finished she slowly sucked out his dick, causing it to make a popping sound.

Easing herself back onto the bed, she gazed at her son as he stood there motionless and at present she had a chance to ponder what just happened. The alcohol was wearing off and left her feeling guilty and ashamed for what she just did and she softly said, "You better leave now."

Randy, still in a state of sexual delight, just nodded as he slipped his boxers back up and quietly walked away.

Steff laid in her bed, still half drunk, contemplating her actions until finally passing out.

Randy, on the other hand, couldn't sleep at all. Overjoyed with what took place, he anxiously wondered what tomorrow would bring.

However as morning came and Steff awoke, her recollection of the night before horrified her.

Thoughts of, *My god what have I done? Why didn't I stop him? What kind of a mother am I?* ran through her brain as she rose from her bed.

Frightened, ashamed, and confused all at the same time, she thought hard about how to handle her predicament as she got dressed.

Putting on a conservative pair of slacks and shirt, she ventured down to the kitchen.

Randy, still awake, heard the steps and leapt from his bed. He couldn't wait to greet his mother and quickly changed into a pair of sweat pants and a tee-shirt.

However, as he entered the kitchen and chipperly said hi there was no response from his mother while she cooked.

Taking a seat he cautiously asked, "Mom, you okay?"

"We'll talk in a second. Your breakfast is almost done."

Patiently, Randy waited and when his mother placed his eggs in front of him said, "This about last night?"

Steffany sat across from him and sighed, "Yes...yes it is."

Randy felt his heart sink as his mother went on about how the entire thing was a mistake, and that she blamed herself feeling the alcohol she consumed for making her go against her better judgment.

"But Mom, I wanted it also. I wasn't drunk."

"Yes I'm aware of that. Which makes this even harder. But you have to stop thinking of me in a sexual way."

"But why Mom? I love you."

"Because its wrong. What we did was wrong. And it can never happen again."

"But Mom, Dad..." Randy started to say when his mother slapped the table with her hand and firmly said, "Enough! No buts. And what your father may have wanted us to do isn't relevant anymore. I had a weak moment, and I'm sorry for that. What happened was improper and it won't happen again. Is that clear?"

Randy hesitantly nodded as he looked down at his plate.

"Good...now eat your breakfast," Steff replied as she got up and did the dishes.

Randy, depressed, finished his meal and quietly left the table without saying a word.

Not knowing what to do or how he could ever get his mother to change her mind, he silently walked out of the house and down the street.

Steff heard him leave but stayed firm with her resolve even though she knew he was hurt.

But as the day went on and her son didn't return she began to question herself.

Maybe I was too harsh. My god what if I ruined our relationship?"

Not knowing what to do, Steff called her friend and shamefully confessed her sinful tale, followed by her talk this morning and how Randy hadn't come home yet.

Rachel felt her friend's torment and tried to set her mind at ease by telling her about her own incestuous romp.

Stunned, Steff stayed quiet until her friend asked, "You still there?"

"Rachel...with your own son. My God! I can't believe it."

"It's true. So you see I know what you're feeling."

"I...I need a moment."

"Listen, honey what happened isn't that bad. To tell you the truth I'm glad I let it."

"But...Rachel, it's incest."

"Stop looking at it that way. It's a mother and son bonding more deeply than they could ever have done before. Didn't you feel happy at the time?"

"Well yes. But I felt ashamed after."

"You need to let your true feelings guide you, not the misconceptions. From what you've told me, I think Randy already did. I'm sure he's contemplating why you don't see it his way right now."

"I don't know Rachel. This is a lot to think about."

"Just promise me you will. As for Randy, I'm sure he'll be back. He loves you too much."

Steff hung up the phone and poured a glass of wine. Sitting down on the sofa, she thought about what her friend said.

Is it me? she wondered as her mind recalled how even her husband had sinful thoughts about her and Randy.

"Did you really want me to fuck our son?" she said out loud, finishing off her wine.

Steff pondered once again about the journal and she retrieved it, pouring herself another glass.

Sitting on the couch she opened the book and read a passage.

Thinking back to my younger days, I'm finding myself watching my wife and son and wondering if maybe they would partake in such an act. Truthfully, I can't deny I find it most exciting to think they would.

My god its true, she thought just as the front door opened.

Seeing her son's loving face, Steff dropped the book and ran up to him, catching him off guard as she hugged him hard.

"Ugh!! Mom!!" Randy expressed as she pushed her body tight to his.

"I'm so so sorry. Please forgive me."

"Mom! For what. I can't breathe," Randy barely managed, squirming from her death grip.

"Sorry," Steff replied easing herself back. "I think I was too harsh this morning. I didn't mean to hurt you."

Randy held her hands and replied, "I know you didn't. I'm sorry too. I guess I can see how you're right. It's just that I think you're so beautiful."

Steff smiled and kissed his cheek. "Thank you honey. This means a lot to me."

"Good. I'm glad. And I promise I'll try and control myself better."

With a long sigh Steff said, "Let's just forget it for now and watch some TV."

"Sounds good Mom."

And so they did. That was until Randy noticed her dozing off and suggested they go to bed.

Steffany agreed and they headed up the steps hand in hand. Pleased with how the day ended, she thanked him by his door and gave him a gentle kiss on the cheek. However for some reason her kiss lingered and when she backed away she found herself gazing into his eyes.

Motionless they stood until Randy calmly leaned forward and kissed her passionately, awaking her sexual feelings once more.

No not again, she thought as her body yearned for his touch, which was answered when he lightly fondled her breast.

Her mind poured over everything quickly. What her husband wanted. What her friend told her. It was too much to comprehend and, in her lost state, she didn't realize her hand was now rubbing his covered cock.

"No...honey this is wrong!" she yelled as she moved away.

Randy just smiled and nodded. "You're right, Mom. It's just so hard to resist such a sexy woman."

"Thank you for understanding. Have a good night."

"You too, Mom. I'll see you in the morning."

Steff went to her room and changed into a black lacy babydoll. Her body still tingled from her son's touch and as she laid on her bed she found herself reminiscing about the night before and wondering if he would visit her again.

Randy stripped naked and covered himself under the sheets as he thought about how his mother just reacted. *She's still interested*, he thought and smiled. Stroking his cock he wondered what could push her over the edge. *There must be a way*.

Steff tried to shake the images from her mind but to no avail. Her friend's words, her husband's journal, her son's want for her. It finally had gotten to her.

She indeed wanted her son and found herself uncontrollably making her way down the hall to his room. Cautiously she opened his door and was taken aback when she heard "Everything ok Mom?"

Shocked she lied, "Yeah I was just having trouble sleeping."

"Mom is it because of us?"

"No. I miss being next to your father that's all," she lied.

"You know Mom, you could sleep next to me."

"Oh honey I don't think that would be a good idea."

"Mom...come on...I promise I'll be good."

With her heart pounding in her chest, Steff slowly entered his room.

Randy's cock immediately hardened as he gazed upon her chosen attire. Without thinking he quickly pulled back the covers and heard her gasp.

Looking down at his stiff prick he said, "Oh sorry Mom."

Steff looked down at his steel pole. Not sure as to what she was doing she continued to get in bed and said, "It's okay I know how young men get. Just keep it on your side of the bed."

Laying on her side facing away from him she looked over her shoulder and said, "Thank you."

Randy covered her up, resting his arm across the side of her waist and replied, "Anything for you, Mom."

Steffany patted his hand and shuffled herself back just a little, leaving her hand to linger on top of his.

The warmth of their bodies so close together caused Steff to relax more, almost as if this is where she belonged all along. However, when she felt his hand ever so slowly move up and down her side she clutched it and whispered, "Remember, be a good boy."

"I will Mom," he replied and moved closer, nestling his groin into her barely covered ass crack.

Startled, Steff froze as butterflies filled her tummy. The heat of his stiff cock penetrated the light material causing her pussy to twinge. Yes it excited her but also left her frightened. She wasn't drunk this time and was just about to run away when his hand left her side and gently brushed her hair back exposing her neck. She felt him next to her ear and whisper, "I would never do anything you didn't want to Mom." And then she felt him kiss her nape.

Steff cooed from the kiss and held the back of his arm.

Yes she's giving in, Randy thought and kissed her neck once more, shifting his body until his cock mashed firmly into her tush.

Still unsure but not as scared, Steffany whispered "Honey. Oh...this is nice but we should gets some sleep."

"Are you sleepy Mom?" he asked, nudging his groin into her ass.

Steff turned on her back, her hand resting on her thigh as she repeated once more, "We should get some sleep." But then shivered when she felt his cock probe the backside of her hand. "Randy???"

"It's okay Mom." Randy said, leaning forward and gently kissing her lips.

Steff moaned and closed her eyes, her mouth unexpectedly accepting his.

That's it Mom, give in, Randy thought as he jabbed his cock into her hand and rubbed his fingers across her torso.

Steffany's breath quickened as they kissed passionately. Her dark sexual yearning for her son ever so slowly was winning over her thoughts of right and wrong.

Randy felt more confident and slithered his hand up until it cupped her breast while giving her hand another nudge of his dick.

My God his hand. He's feeling me up. And I'm letting him. She thought as her own hand turned around and brushed against his cock, lightly moving her hand up and down.

Yes she's doing it, Randy thought as he broke the kiss and pecked down her neck.

Steffany sighed loudly as her son suckled on her breast for the first time.

"Oh my god. Were doing it again!" she exclaimed, stroking him off vigorously.

Licking and sucking on her bosom, Randy tucked into her panties and was pleased when she didn't object. *I have her now,* he ecstatically thought and rubbed his hand across her mound.

"Oh fffuckk..." Steff's voice faded. Her hips rising and falling to his hand's motions.

Faster and harder they both rubbed and stroked, bringing one another closer to the incestuous climax they both wanted to share.

"Mmm... Ohhh. OH MY GOD!" Steffany wailed as the first onset of her orgasm hit her hard. Losing control of body, her hand grasped his cock tightly while her pussy clutched onto his fingers.

"Fuck Mom!" Randy groaned as he pushed and pumped his dick inside her tight grip until he himself exploded in a hard burst.

Both panting profusely, Randy eased his hand away from her mound just as she removed her's.

Kissing her hard he positioned his body until he was between her legs, resting his weight on top of her and grinding his cock over her covered mound.

Startled, Steff pushed onto his chest, lifting him up slightly as she moaned. His cock was getting hard once again, causing her own excitement to build. Still slightly unsure, she pushed harder on his shoulders and in a coarse voice exclaimed, "We can't go any further."

Randy, not wanting to give up replied, "Ok Mom. Just let me please you like you did me the other night."

"What?" She questioned just as her son scooted down and kissed her covered mound.

"Oh!" She expressed and clutched onto his hair.

Randy mouthed her hidden treasure, pushing his tongue hard into the fabric protecting her sacred spot forcing the material into her folds.

Steff moaned and uncontrollably gyrated her hips.

"Oh honey. That does feels too good. But you really shouldn't be doing that to me. It's too far."

Randy paused and looked up at her, then replied, "I want to make you happy again, Mom." With that he nudged her panties to the side and snaked a digit into her moist folds.

"OH fffuck" his mother whispered as he flicked his tongue over her clit.

Randy added another digit and pushed them in deeper while moving his tongue faster over her clit. He could tell she was getting close to cumming once more.

"Oh...Mmm. Ahh. Oh fuck! Randy! You're going to make Mommy cum!" she yelled as her excitement built to its peak, her ass bucking off the bed.

She was so close now. So close. She could feel the brink of an orgasm. And when she was just about to cum, Randy stopped.

With her breath racing she yelled, "Don't stop! Please don't stop!"

Randy sat up on his knees and devilishly replied, "I want you to cum on my mouth Mom," as he grasped at her panties. With a quick tug, he pulled her body upward, causing her legs to lift into the air and her panties to slip down her thighs.

"Randy!" she yelled in astonishment and she tried to pull her panties back down.

But alas her son yanked hard, sending them flying off her legs. With her legs still up he quickly moved forward and rested them on his shoulders.

"Randy!" Again she yelled just as he lowered his face down and jabbed his tongue into her hot snatch.

With her body halfway in the air he pushed himself further up until only her shoulders rested on the bed and furiously worked his tongue inside her.

"Oh Jesus. Your tongue! It feels so good. Please... Don't make me cum like this. Not like this," she moaned as her son brought her to another orgasm.

She couldn't stop it and with her body lifted in the air she felt a hard jolt shoot through her body.

"Ohhh... Fuck I'm going to cum!" she screamed as her body squirmed on her son's face. Grasping at the covers, she turned her head and bit her arm as her ass bucked in the air, pushing her son's tongue deeper into her love canal.

Randy knew she was close. Her pussy grasped at his tongue. Her wetness flowed out his mouth.

With her legs on his shoulders his hands were free to stroke himself back to full hardness.

"Oh...OH! OH FUCK I'M CUMMMING!!" His mother screamed as her legs squeezed around his neck.

Randy sucked hard on her pussy, drinking down her juices as her body jittered up and down.

When she went limp he lowered her back down to the bed and spread her legs wide as he brought himself on top of her once more, resting his bare cock across her pussy.

Steffany felt the bare skin and under a racing breathe mumbled, "Randy we mustn't. Not that."

"Shhh, its okay, Mom. I said i wouldn't do anything you didn't want," he replied and kissed her while his cock ever so slowly nudged forward.

She kissed him back acceptingly and wrapped her arms over his chest.

Gently, Randy rocked to and fro until he felt her pelvis lift up ever so slightly as he glided his shaft over her folds. "Mmmm," he felt her mumble in his mouth.

That's it Mom, give in, Randy thought as he eased himself back and motioned forward once again. This time his mother lifted her pelvis a little higher, causing his shaft to part her lips as it ran over them.

Once again he heard a murmur in his mouth as she squeezed her arms tight around his chest.

Randy broke the kiss and lifted himself up on his hands, causing his mother's arms to drop to his waist. Pulling his cock back he looked into her eyes and eased his cock forward. His mother's eyebrows crinkled and she made a huffing sound swaying her head from side to side.

"Only if you want to Mom," Randy said and eased his cock back again.

Steffany's mind raced. The feeling of her son's hard cock sliding against her was taking its toll. Without her knowing her legs bent until her knees were up in the air. And when he eased forward she closed her eyes and lifted her ass up, pushing his cock closer to piercing her inside. Her hands grasped at his sides and she unconsciously pulled him forward.

"Oh fffuckk..." he heard her mumble as her hands pushed and pulled him over her slit.

"Doesn't it feel good Mom?"

"Oh Randy..." she said lustfully looking into his eyes, pushing and pulling him, building his speed across her excited snatch, bringing herself once again to a sinful orgasm.

"Oh fuck Mom. Oh fuck..." Randy moaned as his cock easily glided between her wet folds, his own orgasm closing in.

"Mmmm... ohhh...oh no... this is wrong. So wrong."

"Jesus Mom you're going to make me cum," Randy exclaimed.

Steffany couldn't take anymore. Her son's hot, rock hard cock toying at her opening was too much for her to take.

"Oh God forgive me," Steffany pleaded in a low lustful moan. Then, pulled her loving son forward hard she raised her ass high causing the tip of his thick cockhead to just pry open her forbidden place.

"Oh fuck Mom!!" Randy groaned as his mushroom head entered his mother for the very first time. The feeling was overwhelming and he nudged a little more of his dick inside her welcoming pussy.

"OH MY GOD. I'M FUCKING MY SON!" Randy heard and thrust himself hard until the rest of his manhood sank completely into the depths of her womb.

"Oh...oh Randy...oh fuck! You're so deep!" She screamed and pulled his body down smashing him onto her chest. Her legs wrapped tightly around his waist as she clawed at his back.

"Shit!!" Randy grunted as he built up his tempo until he was fucking her briskly, his cock edging quickly to exploding.

He desperately tried to last longer. The feeling of his mother's tight slick cunt as it encompassed his cock was sending him over the edge.

"Oh fuck! Yes...mmmm. God yes. Fuck me. Fuck your mother. Fuck me Randy!" Steffany wailed as she felt her pussy grasp his cock while she clutched him tight.

"OH fuck I'm cumming!" she screamed as her body tightened up.

Randy couldn't stop his own orgasm and pushed hard while he groaned, "Fuckkk!" his seed exploding deep inside her.

Shaking and grinding they both road their shared climax out until finally he collapsed onto her chest, both panting profusely.

With his dick still nestled deep inside her, he found the strength to ease himself up and whisper, "I love you Mom," and kissed her hard.

In their loving embrace, it wasn't long before Randy had once regained his stiffness and was wildly pumping away inside her.

"Oh my god Randy. Oh fuck. You're so good at this," Steffany moaned and spread her legs wide.

Randy got on his knees and took hold of her legs, thrusting his baby maker deep into her soaked snatch.

"Oh Jesus Randy I'm cumming again!" Her body squirmed all around.

Randy heaved and pushed faster and harder, sending his mother on a wild orgasmic ride.

"Ooo... MMyyy Gooooddd!" Steffany screamed as her young man pounded her into oblivion.

"Wait! Wait!" She yelled under batted breath and tried to sit-up on her arms.

Randy paused with his cock nestled deep inside.

"Let me get on top," Steffany barley huffed.

Randy pulled out and laid on his back, allowing Steffany to straddle him.

With her hands on his chest, Steffany eased herself down and slipped his hot baby maker back into her excited pussy.

Steffany rocked back and forth, grinding her clit on her son while she played with her breast.

"Oh fuck Mom, you look so hot like that."

Steffany, with lustful eyes, reached back and took hold of his balls. Rocking back and forth, she toyed with them and heard him grunt.

Faster and harder she ground while she pulled on his nut sack.

"Oh fuck Mom. OH MOM! MOM!! I'M GONNA CUMMM!"

"Cum baby cum inside me!"

"FUCK!!" Randy said and grabbed her by the waist, his cum spewing deep into her vaginal canal once more.

Steffany kept rocking back and forth until she felt his cock stop pumping its hot love juices.

"Oh my god Mom. That was fantastic."

Steffany gave a wicked smile and leaned forward, kissing her son and said, "We better get some sleep now."

Randy just nodded and gave her another kiss.

Steffany rolled off and held her son. Then whispered "I hope we don't regret this."

Randy looked at her and touched her soft face and lovely replied, "I know I never will."

Steffany gave him a long hug and they both fell fast asleep in their embrace.