

SHARON IS CARING

ChloeKendall

Mom becomes an OnlyFans model to pay for her son's tuition.

Incest/Taboo

4.77

47.2k words

Hello all! If you're a longtime reader, you'll notice that this story is much longer than anything I have written in the past. I wanted to challenge myself to write a longer piece, which may explain the extended absence. If you choose to read, I truly hope you enjoy what lays ahead.

Edited by neuroparentetical.

CHAPTER 1

I hate hearing my mother cry. Thanks to my father, bastard that he was, I was all too familiar with that horrible sound. I needed more than two hands to count the number of times I listened to Mom crying at night due to his decision to abandon our family - to leave her for his secretary, of all things; it was pathetically predictable.

Dad had always been the breadwinner, but my mother, Sharon, remained a very capable woman. When an accidental pregnancy -- you know, me - had altered their life plans, Mom had been faced with a tough decision: to either stay home or hire a full-time nanny. I'm sure plenty of people would argue she'd made the wrong decision, but she never regretted becoming a homemaker. She embraced the role, putting her at the center of all my fondest childhood memories.

Eventually, Dad had grown tired of pretending to be a family man. Not content with the standard version of breaking Mom's heart and screwing up his kid, he'd opted to saddle his ex-wife with a mountain of debt from fraudulently obtained credit cards. Mom had had no idea the debt existed. When she found out that the cards had all been taken out in *her* name, she discovered that her credit score had been completely ruined. She was devastated twice over.

We had no money and no prospects, and I had just started to attend an expensive university in pursuit of a photography degree. Mom supported me every step of the way, but as time marched on, it became necessary to admit that love and good vibes were not going to pay my tuition.

Mom spent many nights trying to find a way to keep both of our lives afloat without having to sacrifice my future to do so. We moved into a small townhouse in order to save money, but everything she earned with her waitressing job went up in smoke. The only silver lining from the move was that it brought us closer together -- emotionally *and* physically.

In my new bedroom, I could hear Mom sneeze from the other side of the house. We owned a single television, so "movie" nights on the couch were a common event. We mostly watched her shows, but as long as the night ended with me giving her a backrub, I chalked it up to a win.

On one particular night, I was massaging Mom's shoulders while *The Bachelor* played in the background. A bowl of sat on the coffee table, empty but for some unpopped kernels. Mom liked to take them and suck on them until the shell was soft enough to bite through. Several empty beer bottles littered the tabletop as a monument to a successful night of drowning our collective woes.

I was perched on the back of the couch, and she on the cushion below me, which gave me the leverage I needed to ease the stress out of her aching muscles. The high ground also gave me an unobstructed view down the front of her loose-fitting t-shirt, which my wandering eyes shamelessly exploited.

Mom was in the middle of venting her misery so that she could fall asleep with an empty mind. "She doesn't listen, she's rude as heck, and the poor thing thought *triple sec* was a type of *deodorant*!"

I knew better than to interrupt one of her tirades, so I stayed quiet and redoubled my massaging efforts.

"Girls like Amanda make this job so much harder than it needs to be!" Mom ground her teeth together, annoyed with the trifling behaviour of her younger co-worker.

I dug my palm into a knot behind her left shoulder. "I could slash her tires for you?"

"As much as I want you to, I-- ow!" Mom swatted my hand playfully. "Gentle, honey! I just... I want her to grow up. I've already raised a kid, and you weren't half as bratty as her!"

"So you *don't* want to set us up on a date?"

She tapped a finger against her chin, mulling over the idea. "Her dad is super rich. Maybe an arranged marriage would solve all our money problems?"

"All of our problems *are* money problems, Mom," I joked, but she was not amused, so I tried to save face. "I'm kidding! You know I would only marry for love."

She tensed up at the thought. "What good will *love* do when you have to drop out of school? Love doesn't pay the bills."

Mom had always been good at lifting my spirits, and I hoped some of her trademark magic had rubbed off onto me. "Love doesn't, but we can! We'll find a way. We always have, right?"

"Everyone 'always has' until, one day, they don't! Then they're homeless, and they've ruined their son's future, all because they couldn't keep one shitty husband from running off with a fucking..." She stopped herself and took a breath. "Sorry."

I slid off the back of the couch and wrapped my arms around Mom's torso in a big bear hug. With my legs on either side of her, my crotch was pressed firmly into her backside. I rested my chin on her shoulder and tightened my grip around her tummy. "No, Mom, that's where you're wrong. He couldn't keep *you* around. I get to have you in my life, which makes me the luckiest guy in the world."

Mom sniffled. "You're the one who gets to hold this old, sobbing bag of bones in their arms."

"I think you mean this *beautiful* sobbing bag of bones," I insisted. "But also-- you know, you're *not* a bag of bones. Maybe I should have led with that?"

Mom chortled. "Stop trying to make me laugh. I'm supposed to be pouting!"

"It's just money, Mom. We can always get more, but what we have is irreplaceable."

She sighed, letting her head fall back so it rested on my shoulder. "Any bright ideas?"

I had a few ideas, actually.

Ever since I had learned what a woman truly was, Mom had lingered in my mind as the pinnacle of the female form. I'd often wondered how many of my sexual preferences were based on her image. As time had marched on and circumstances had left us with no one but each other, it had become clear to me that it was basically all of them.

Mom had a head of vivacious blonde hair that cascaded over her shoulders like a golden waterfall. The subtle curls that framed the sides of her face, and her windswept bangs, were iconic symbols of the timeless beauty she had radiated for almost two decades.

There were faint wrinkles that formed shallow creases on her forehead, and nights spent dismayed over financial destitution had given her eyes a hollow somberness that I found oddly alluring. Mom wasn't just beautiful, she was intriguing. As soon as men laid their eyes on her, they wanted to know more. She'd always shut them down.

By the time I'd reached adulthood, I'd understood why so many men had approached my mother once her ring had come off. Her breasts - two enormous, wobbling, cream-coloured mountains - rivaled any I had ever seen on the internet. That's the literal truth; I rarely watched porn on the internet, electing instead to simply think of my mom's breasts, and to remember how soft they felt pressed against my chest whenever she hugged me. That was all I needed to bring myself to a brain-melting orgasm.

Unless she chose an outfit that was specifically designed to be modest, her cleavage was nearly impossible to contain. Mom was not a particularly tall woman, so her twin blessings in front stood out even more than would have otherwise. The image of her large, billowing breasts had filled my mind on many lonely nights. The memory of their softness, bulging like enormous pancakes against my chest whenever she hugged me, was all I required to bring about a brain-melting orgasm. Even fewer of her wardrobe options concealed the detail I found most captivating: a small beauty mark on her left breast that looked like a chocolate teardrop.

The same was true in the rear - of it, about it... you get the idea. Mom's ass was fat, and I loved it. Ever since I'd first noticed - *really* noticed -- how profoundly curvy her body was, I had gone out of my way to catch a glimpse of its spellbinding wobble.

Thanks to her plump rear end, all of her swimsuits met the same fate; swallowed between her bulging ass cheeks like dental floss. Watching her butt jiggle like mud in an earthquake -- each step of her tiny, adorable feet sending shockwaves through her cheeks -- would bring even the most confident man to his knees.

At first, I'd felt guilty about the attraction I felt towards my mother. I'd known it was abnormal, but over time I'd made peace with it. So the story I told myself went: I loved everything about her, so why not her body, too?

As long as I was awake, thoughts such as those constantly ran through my mind. No amount of homework, or corny episodes of *The Bachelor*, could stop me from obsessing over her. Having her rump pressed into my crotch while we watched said episodes did nothing to alleviate my fixation.

That night on the couch, I was experiencing something like a dream come true. In my dreams, of course, it would be Mom's famously fat *and naked* bottom pressing directly into my crotch.

She piped up, pulling me out of my daydream. "So, no ideas?"

I blushed, thankful that she was still paying attention to the television. "Uh, I have a couple. People make money doing all kinds of stuff these days."

Mom obliterated a popcorn kernel between her teeth. "Like what?"

I pushed the envelope with a very specific goal in mind. "Like... stuff online."

"Oh, you mean spreading their coochie for the world to see?" She was making a joke, yet still managed to take the words right out of my mouth.

"Uh, yeah. I mean, sometimes you don't even *need* to spread it." I was prepared for her to swat me for being so crass.

"Don't be gross," Mom instructed with a swift smack on my arm. She slithered out of my grasp, and lay her head on the opposite end of the couch so that her feet rested in my lap. "I will be doing exactly *none* of that, thank you."

I was fighting a losing battle, but Mom taught me to never give up. "People would pay big money. I know *I* would!"

Mom gave me her full attention, her eyes snapping to me like targeted missiles. "Excuse me?"

"In theory, I mean. You're gorgeous, Mom! Smart people would pay good money to see you naked, and I'm no idiot!" There was no correct way to approach the topic of paying to see my mother's naked body, but I still tried to tread as lightly as I could.

Mom shook her head disapprovingly. "I can't even believe we're having this conversation! It's a *no*, if you still aren't sure." She refused to speak on the subject any further, but I saw the gears turning behind her eyes long after the topic had been dropped.

I had simply wanted to float the idea, and considered that mission to be accomplished. I knew that it would take more than one night for it to stick. I had planted a seed, hoping it would grow into a source of hope -- a lifeline that would constantly be swaying at the periphery of her attention.

Mom passed out a few minutes later. It shouldn't surprise you to learn that I was incapable of focusing on the remainder of *The Bachelor*. Instead, I was replaying every detail of our short and not-very-hopeful conversation. Never before had we spoken so openly about anything sexual. I could feel how uncomfortable the subject had made her, but I knew her well enough to read that telltale glimmer in her eye. Whether it was the prospect that random men would pay to see her naked, or the easy avenue to quick cash that intrigued her, I was not sure. What I *did* know was that my mom was a firecracker. If I could only get her to accept that tiny, awkward little idea, I would be able to solve two problems at once:

One, obviously, was our near-destitution.

The other was that I was still a virgin, and I wanted Mom to be my first.

I walked into the kitchen the next morning to see Mom in the midst of breakfast preparations. The room was bathed in decadent morning light, with an abundance of warm smells to match its nostalgic comfort. She was backlit by the sun, its rays beaming through the window over the stove in a way that tied the whole beautiful scene together.

I had just immortalized the snapshot in my memory when a little voice whispered to me. It filled me with the confidence to broach the subject she had rebelled against so vilely the night before. I'd hoped that sleeping on the thought would make her more receptive to the new career prospect. I was horribly mistaken.

"N. O," she asserted with a stomp, her bare feet slapping against the kitchen tile. "What does that spell, honey?"

"Mom, be reasonable," I pleaded.

She spun on her heels and pointed a spatula at me, ignoring the chunk of runny egg that fell from the end. "Be reasonable, or be naked?"

"Both! Just let me prove it to you."

Mom arched her eyebrow. "Prove that men are horndogs? I don't need any more evidence!"

I held a hand over my heart like she had just shot me with an arrow. "First, on behalf of my fellow men, ouch. Second, yes! You don't even have to be naked! Let me take a flattering photo of you, and I'll prove we can make money with it."

Mom threw her hands in the air. "Then what? Hmm? You take a couple with my boobs out, too?"

I did not have a right to be annoyed. I was asking something insane, and she was right to react that way. That said, my education was on the line, so I was frustrated that she would not do everything in her power to stop that from falling through.

"No, actually. *Then* I drop out of school because we don't have any money and my life falls to pieces!"

That was a huge mistake.

Mom shut down, receding into her shell. She threw the spatula into the sink and folded her arms over her chest. "Don't do that; that isn't fair."

The colour drained from my face. I felt like a monster. No matter how genuine my frustration - even desperation - was, it had been cruel to use them as ammunition on her--the one person whose support I should never have questioned.

"I'm sorry. That was mean. I'm just under a lot of stress." I knew it was no excuse, but I fell over myself trying to explain my bad behaviour. "I have to keep doing my assignments just in case I *don't* drop out, but I'm doing a half-assed job because I don't feel like I'm going to be around next year. What's the point?"

I swear that I wasn't trying to guilt her into anything, or manipulate her, but something about what I'd said or how I'd said it must have tipped the scales in my favour. Moments after I'd given up on the pipe dream of seeing her naked, Mom breathed new hope into me.

"You really think men would pay to see me... you know?" She squirmed, her toes wiggling about like frenzied worms. Her arms, crossed over her chest, were a protective shield that she hid behind.

I chose my words carefully. "I was just thinking with my dick, and trying to make a quick buck off of a bunch of other idiots doing the same thing."

"How quick?"

"With a body like *yours*? Probably overnight." I had no need to lie about that.

Mom pouted, trying to suss out the truth. "Do you really mean that? I'm always going to tell *you* how handsome *you* are, even if you'd just been in a car accident!"

"This is different. I think you're gorgeous, Mom. A lot of my friends thought so when we were growing up, too. Do you know what the term 'MILF' means?"

She grinned sheepishly and shook her head.

"Well, it's an acronym... for "Mom I'd Like to Fuck."

Her jaw dropped; she was struck dumb. "Your friends called me *that*?" I only nodded, and let her sit with it. For several moments, her eyes darted wildly around the room without actually focusing on anything, so I knew she was deep in thought. She finally refocused me, though I could tell she was having a hard time holding my gaze. "So... how do we do this?"

No matter how obvious the implication was, I didn't want to stick my neck out. "Do what?" I asked.

Mom rolled her eyes, annoyed that she had to explain herself. "Take a photo, dummy!"

I gestured to the back porch. "The lighting on the deck is pretty good. We could do it right now."

Mom bit her bottom lip pensively. "What if someone sees?"

"This is just a normal photo. You can wear what you have on now -- no change."

Mom was right to feel strange about the experience. I shared in her trepidation as we stepped onto the back porch.

The trees at the back of our property gave us a good amount of privacy from our neighbors. With the exception of a small crack between the great pines, we were hidden from the street as well. Still, Mom shuffled out of the house behind me as if there were drones watching her every move.

I chuckled while Mom nervously scanned the neighbouring windows for voyeurs. "The coast is clear," I said.

She sighed and stepped into the sun. "Fine, fine."

She looked like a figure from heaven. The rich, yellow cloak of the morning sun that draped over her shoulders was surpassed only by the vibrancy of her magnificent blonde hair. I desperately wanted to embrace her and channel my love into a kiss so passionate that it would leave her gobsmacked, but I shook the lively fantasy from my head.

As she usually did, Mom wore a thin cotton shirt with no bra underneath. I prayed for a brisk chill that would bring her nipples to attention. She was also wearing a pair of high-rise booty shorts that, when paired with her tight-fitting shirt, accented her curves suspiciously well. It was not an uncommon outfit for her, but the context of the photo I was about to take made it feel deeply lecherous.

When Mom asked what pose she should strike, I drew a blank. I thought the process would be easy, but conjuring the perfect shot did not come as naturally to me as I anticipated.

"Maybe, like, put your leg up on the chair?" I offered. "Yeah, arch your foot like that. That looks good."

Mom raised an eyebrow. "It does?"

"Gotta start somewhere," I said with a shrug. "What if you put your hands on the back of your head? Now, give me a look that says 'I know how good I look.' Does that make sense?"

Mom tried to follow the instructions, but she looked too uncomfortable for the photo to read as anything other than an amateurish attempt at eroticism.

An ear-piercing whistle, fired like a sniper bullet from between the pine trees that lead to the street, broke the silence. The shooter was a man about Mom's age, walking his dog on the other side of the street. A serendipitous glance between the needles had given him the perfect angle at which to see her posing. Given how good Mom looked from behind, I was not surprised that he'd chosen to extend his heartfelt appreciation.

Mom squealed and crouched down to her knees. "I told you people would see!"

I hoped my smile would disguise the jackhammer thumping in my chest. "Who cares? You're fully clothed!"

"I mean, I guess so. Is he gone?"

The man had left as quickly as he'd appeared, and once I confirmed that to Mom, she started grinning uncontrollably. Seconds later, she fell headfirst into a fit of euphoric giggles with such enthusiasm that I could not help but join in. We had been caught in the middle of a bank heist by a passing guard, only for him to walk away as though nothing had happened.

Mom cackled, her face beaming with relief. "My friggin' heart just about burst through my ribcage!"

She pulled her knees up to her chest and hugged them tightly. Her breasts fell on either side of her legs, barely contained by the thin t-shirt and begging for me to stare at them.

"I feel like I'm in high school again," Mom cooed, "sneaking around behind Grandma's back to go see a boy."

I chuckled. "I thought he was going to come and ask for your number! All he did was see you from behind, and he was ready to propose!"

Mom gave an ugly little snort as she pondered the idea. "Oh, yeah. I just shake my ass and they come running with the rings."

"Not rings," I corrected her. "*Money*. That was a potential customer right there. I told you they'd be interested!"

Mom had yet to acknowledge the simple truth held by everyone, from strangers on the street, to her own son: she was hot.

Her eyes sparkled with a familiar glimmer. It was the same one I had seen in the living room the night before. The faint peach fuzz on her forearm stood on end, abuzz with electricity. Whatever idea had passed through her brain had elicited a rush of goosebumps. Their tingly surge granted my wish, and successfully made her nipples hard enough to poke through her shirt.

That was the photo I had been looking for: the sincere happiness brightening her aura, the light pouring through her luscious hair, and the hint of nipple to provide that extra "special something." I knew I might only have a moment before she came back to reality, so I acted fast. I raised the camera, racing to capture her. "Smile, Mom."

In a flash, she cast her gaze at me with a subtle tilt of her head, sending a coil of golden hair over her forehead. Her smile contained a thousand words. There was an enchanting comfort to the photo that made me want to live in its frame forever. I felt as though I was nostalgic for an era I had never lived through; Mom's beauty was truly without equal.

I snapped a few dozen shots, as photographers do, but the first one had been perfect. I should have told her about her nipples poking through her shirt, but I couldn't risk her demanding that I delete my prize - and our moneymaker. *Better to ask forgiveness than permission.*

"Can I see it?" Mom asked cheerfully. "Maybe I'll finally see what you see."

I had to make up a lie. "I need to edit it first; otherwise it'll look too amateur."

"I thought the whole point was that I *am* an amateur?"

"Yes and no. It still has to look clean enough so that people will want to keep coming back." I winced at the mealy-mouthed half-truth and hoped she would not press any further. Thankfully, her high spirits did not put her in an investigative mood.

Mom jumped to her feet. She was no longer checking around her for peeping Toms. If they were watching, she was keen to let them. "Whatever you say, honey. Just tell me *before* you post it."

I knew right away that I would break that promise; Mom was too shy to let a photo like that go online. Later that afternoon, as I stared at the photo on my computer screen, I told myself that once she'd experienced the thrill of knowing that people had paid to see it, she would surely see things my way.

I hadn't been lying that I was going to edit the photo. I wanted to spruce it up, change the contrast to match the sunlight better, and ensure it wasn't overexposed -- all the normal photography stuff, except for the fact that every change I made was done in service of highlighting Mom's breasts.

Her nipples did most of the heavy lifting by drawing the eye immediately to her ample bosom. That would ensure that plenty of viewers would spend an extra couple of seconds analysing the photo instead of swiping to the next one. We needed a hook, and her nipples were it.

The whole process was finished within an hour, and it went off without a hitch. Unfortunately, the guilt I'd temporarily set aside came flooding back in as I took step after methodical step towards posting the picture online without Mom's permission.

I made a new account on reddit for us to use with the name "CallMeMommy." For the first post, I found several mature- and MILF-themed subreddits and posted the photo to all of them. Against my better judgement, I went with a title that was sure to earn me a stern scolding.

"This newly single Mommy just started selling her body for money. DM for info!"

Nothing was going to come of it while I stared at the screen. The wheels were in motion and all I had to do now was let them spin until they found traction. I closed my laptop triumphantly, and

planned to hit the shower rather than waste my time waiting for results. As luck would have it, I did not have to wait long.

DING!

My phone pinged, alerting me to a new message. I opened it, expecting to see something horrible making front page news, but was taken aback to see that it was from Reddit. Mom already had a hit.

The message read, *<HEy Sexy, im in DFW u do reqs?>* followed by a number of emojis that, to me, seemed to have been selected at random.

I began typing out a message to send: *<More soon, be patient my love <3 If you sub now, the next one is free!>*

Just before I hit 'send,' though, I realized that we were missing something crucial. I rushed to create a profile for Mom on OnlyFans so that I could include the link in the message. I did the bare minimum so that we'd have some way of getting money into our pockets ASAP; I knew I could spend more time on it later.

With all that taken care of, I sent off the first text message of Mom's new career.

I went to take a shower before I confronted Mom with the truth of the photo. I tiptoed to the bathroom, hoping that she would not surprise me on the way. The house was quiet, with nothing more than the musings of daytime soap operas echoing from the den to mask the creaking floorboards under my feet.

I waited for the waer to get warm, resting my head against the shower wall as I did. I fell into a potent daydream wherein Mom chastised me for the lewd photograph, kicking me out of the house as punishment for overstepping so distastefully. I say 'daydream,' but it was more like a nightmare!

I suddenly found it very difficult to focus on the positive potential outcomes of my experiment. My brain was swimming in a simmering stew of anxiety. I considered taking the photo down. It was just one photo, with no real name attached, so I figured it would still be a case of no harm, no foul, and no admitting anything to Mom. I imagined us laughing it off a few days later as a crazy idea that neither of us had been reckless enough to go through with.

By the time I stepped out of the shower, I felt dirtier than when I'd gone in. I toweled off and trudged to my room, ready to delete the accounts and apologize to Mom for dragging her into something so foolish.

I was going to do the right thing. I really was, but then I saw it: ten dollars. It was sitting in the account wallet, waiting to be scooped up. I had only been gone for a few minutes, but that was all it had taken for some hungry user to humbly donate the funds to secure access to whatever content we made next.

It felt gross to solicit money from some random stranger, but since there was no chance Mom would do it in my place, I was forced to brush off the ick. I knew men. I knew my plan would work. I wanted to strike while the iron was still hot, so the next step was getting Mom to pose for a second photo.

I threw on a pair of shorts and raced around the house with my phone in hand, eagerly searching for my illustrious model. I was still a bit apprehensive to show her the photo, but I told myself that

the money in our account would make everything easier for her to stomach.

Mom was out in the garden, toiling in the soil under the cover of pillowy clouds. She was wearing a picturesque straw hat, like a farmer on the front page of a magazine supporting healthy agricultural practices. Considering that she was still braless, I imagined any issue with her on the cover would sell like hotcakes.

"You just made ten dollars," I announced with pride.

Mom gestured to the rows of leafy greens around the garden. "Are you coming to buy some of my delicious, homegrown cabbage?"

I unlocked my phone and handed it to her, watching her reaction morph from confusion to elation to mild panic.

"Wait, is that the photo from this morning?" Mom pinched the screen, accidentally shrinking the image down a few times before she figured out the zoom feature. I'd taught her the ins and outs of modern technology a couple of years ago, but apparently the information hadn't quite stuck.

Her tone rose sharply. "Uh, honey? Why can you see my *nipples* through my shirt?"

Mom handed the phone back to me, her teeth digging into her tongue. I knew she wanted to scold me, but instead, she was letting me dig my grave a little deeper.

"You wanted hits," I offered meekly.

Mom slapped my shoulder. "*You* wanted hits! I wanted-- wait, we got a hit?"

"Someone saw the photo, and before I got out of the shower they had already subscribed to your OnlyFans." Maybe I should have been gentler with the delivery of the news that she was officially - technically - selling her body.

Her eyes widened in horror. "Jesus. I'm a forty-six year old woman with an OnlyFans account. So this is, like, really happening? I'm posing for the internet?"

"You can do whatever you want; you're the one in control, but..."

Mom froze, bracing for the worst. "But?"

"Well, that's the thing about the internet. They always want *more*. The more you do, the more interested your fans will be." Listening to myself talk about my mother like a commodity made me cringe, but I could not deny that it was almost giving me a thrill.

Mom waved me away like a pesky housefly. "Okay, now you're just being gross. Can you finish watering the veranda for me, please?"

"Yes, ma'am!" I sung happily.

I showered the potted plants until they overflowed, my mind adrift as I moved from fern to fern. I worried I had come on too strong.

I decided that I would not bring it up again - that I'd let her set the pace from then on. There had been no mistaking her fascination with the new world we were entering into, and her role in it, but I

worried that intrigue alone would not be enough to convince her. Destiny needed to intervene in spectacular fashion if everything was to go to plan.

A few days later, on an otherwise peaceful Saturday afternoon, the hands of fate took the wheel and steered us in the right direction. Mom came crashing through the front door like a battering ram. "God *dammit!* God *fucking* dammit!"

I leapt from the couch in terror. With the rage in her tone, I half expected that she would soon be punching holes in the drywall. Instead, she had collapsed on the floor after taking her shoes off and was using one of them as a stress ball. She kneaded the shoe with both hands, trying with all her might to rip it in two.

I poked my head outside to see if she was being followed. Perhaps I had seen too many movies, but an outburst of that magnitude was unprecedented, so I assumed the worst. I wondered if she'd taken out a loan she could not pay back, and some shark's goons were finally coming to collect. It turned out that reality was stranger than my foray into fiction.

"What's going on?" I asked nervously. "Are you okay?"

She tightened her grip around the shoe. "He just *grabbed* me."

"Who did?"

Mom threw the shoe at the closet door; it left a dark, black skid mark on impact. "Some guy. Some fucking guy just grabs my ass and that's okay? They're *fine* with it?"

I begged her to calm down and explain what she was talking about. She was irate, but seeing the worry on my face brought her down from her perch on Mount Rage. She breathed deeply through her nose a few times to settle down.

"Some guy at work today grabbed my ass," Mom choked out. "I was bending over to clean up a coffee spill, and before I knew it I felt him pinch my butt." She hung her head, speaking directly to the floor. "He was laughing like a fucking maniac, too. Thought it was the funniest thing."

The colour drained from my face. I hated that she'd had to experience something like that, and hated more that I could do nothing about it. "I'm so sorry, Mom. Did they at least rough him up when they kicked him out?"

Mom cackled. It was not a true laugh-- far too lifeless. "They didn't kick him out; they kicked *me* out."

"I don't understand. You didn't do anything."

She refused to hide her gleeful smirk when she confessed. "I may or may not have spun around and slapped a handprint into his cheek."

"Jesus..."

"They said I 'can't hit customers,' no matter what, so they fired me."

The veins in my temple throbbed. "For defending yourself? They can't do that, they can't just--"

"But they did." Mom looked up at me, then patted the floor for me to sit down next to her. She leaned her head on my shoulder and took my hand in hers, brushing her thumb over my knuckles.

As I took on the burden of Mom's rage, her instinct to comfort me outweighed her own pain. Her energy simmered, encouraging mine to do the same, until we both reached a calmer place.

Mom kissed the back of my hand. "You know, I think this might be a good thing."

I subtly inhaled the intoxicating aroma of her coconut shampoo. "How do you figure?"

"Well, it means you were right; guys really *do* want their hands all over me." She gave a bittersweet chuckle. "I should be sad, shouldn't I?"

"I'm not sure. What *do* you feel?"

"I'm angry. I want what's mine. I'm tired of being poor. Working a miserable job, just to have it blow up in my face when something goes wrong, is *not* what I planned for my life."

Anger bubbled within her. "No, not anymore. I'm done, Eric. I want more."

My heart was ready to explode in my chest. "So... what are you saying?"

Mom chewed on her lip. "I... don't really know." Her temper was mighty, but the waters ahead were vast and unexplored. No matter how courageous she was, it was difficult to accept the strange future that lay ahead of her.

"Just as a hypothetical..." Mom trailed off.

"Go on," I begged.

"Do people really make a living off this 'EveryFan' thing?"

I squeezed her hand reassuringly. "They do. It can be as easy as putting on a bathing suit, but you don't have to do anything you don't want to."

"Well, I *do* own a bathing suit," Mom squeaked. "The pool is warm, and the sun is still out, so..."

I was stunned.

"You want to take photos *now*?" I clenched my jaw so she would not hear my teeth chattering.

Mom pointed a finger at me. "No nudity."

"No nudity!" I confirmed with unabashed enthusiasm.

"Pinkie promise?"

I locked fingers with her. "No tricks this time." I really meant, it too. I needed, and wanted, to be as open and honest with her as possible. I wanted to reward her leap of faith in any and every way I could.

We got up off of the floor, and Mom made for her bedroom. It had been a while since anyone had used our pool, and even when it did get used it was usually by me and my friends. I had not seen her in a bathing suit in a long time; I only realized or remembered that as I reflected on what outfit she might be wearing when she came downstairs.

Outside, I laid a large white towel over a lounge chair and reclined the backrest. I put a bottle of tanning oil on the small, glass table beside the chair with the label facing the camera. *Heh, maybe*

we'll get a sponsorship deal with Coppertone.

I picked out a few spots to shoot from, imagining how to best capture the poses Mom would take. When the screen door opened, however, my directorial sensibilities vanished in an instant.

Mom stepped confidently into the afternoon sun. The walk to the pool was short, which gave me a few agonizingly brief seconds to stare at her while she strode down the concrete runway.

I did not recognize the swimsuit she'd chosen, and that was for the best. If I had possessed a single memory of her wearing it throughout my youth, I would have spent so many hours reliving it that I probably would've failed out of school. It was a bikini; I had never once seen her wear one.

The tightly fitting garment was a bikini; I had never see her wear one before. It was a rich, ruby red that put the aforementioned gemstone to shame, and exponentially more enchanting when juxtaposed against her fair skin. She had stuffed as much into the top as she could, but it was too tight to stop her boobs from oozing out of the sides - that, despite the cups being massive. Their edges dug into her pliable flesh with such intensity that I was sure there would be long, red lines left behind in her skin when she stripped nude.

Her nipples were absolutely captivating. The tiny nubs jutting against the inside of the top formed peaks in the cloth. They were aimed at me, staring straight into my eyes and daring me to look away.

A large, gold ring affixed between the red cups was all that held them in place. If that fastener were to break, one wrong move would have Mom's breasts pushing their former prison right off of her body. With every step she took, I was amazed all over again that it hadn't happened already.

Her bottoms were glued to the curvature of her body. The red cloth between her legs covered her chubby mound, but did nothing to obscure its puffiness. The way it bulged outward made my mouth water like an open faucet. I longed desperately to peel off the bathing suit and bear witness to my birthplace in all its naked glory.

Mom struck a dramatic pose against the fence. "How do I look?"

I almost gagged when I tried to swallow the lump in my throat. "R-really good. How are you feeling?"

She shrugged. "A bit nervous... but, honestly, a little excited, too! It feels like we're doing something dangerous."

I gestured to the brown bottle beside her. "It's only dangerous if you don't use sunscreen."

My ignorance made her chuckle. "Honey, that's tanning oil."

"There's a difference?"

She scoffed in disbelief. "Oh, don't play dumb. I suppose you want to help me put it on, too?"

"Yes!" I blurted out, the word flying from my mouth like a cannonball.

The outburst caught her off guard. "You actually... *want* to put tanning oil on me?"

"*Please, brain, say something smart,*" I thought. "For the photo. For the reflections in the photo. They look better that way."

Mom looked unconvinced. "I think I can handle it this time. But thank you, honey."

Thanks to some very particularly placed trees, the entirety of our pool was sheltered from view. The only way anyone would have been able to peep on us would have been from some place in our own backyard. I believed that that privacy gave Mom some extra confidence that she'd lacked during our first photo session.

She spritzed the tanning oil over her arms and legs, then spread it around until her skin glistened in the sun. I watched with bated breath, astonished by the display. Her hands slowly glided down her plump thighs, cascading down her legs until she reached the ten adorable little toes at the bottom. Given how secluded we were, it was hard to imagine that the provocative display was intended for anyone but me.

Mom doused her hands with oil, then rubbed them together to evenly coat her fingers so she could smear the shiny substance over her tits. The oil soaked into her porcelain skin, making her look soft and inviting. Then she delicately painted her enormous breasts, one a time, carefully avoiding the edge of her bikini so it would not stain.

"Save some for the camera," I quipped. It was a lame joke, but my racing pulse was doing a number on my ability to think clearly.

Mom tucked her chin to her chest, then pointed her finger at the greasy crevasse formed by her cleavage. "Oh, this?"

I nodded, my jaw tightly clenched.

"Maybe we make them pay extra to watch me get all oiled up first," she said, "like a VIP bonus." She sounded proud of herself - that she was picking up on the business plan so quickly, perhaps. "Can you get my back?"

She laid face down on the lounge chair. With a flick of her hair, she untied the back of her suit. Her entire back was exposed, allowing me to soak in more of her naked body than I had ever seen.

I squirted some oil between my hands. Starting at her waist, I pushed my slippery palms over the small of her back. Her skin was smooth as glass, allowing my fingers to slide effortlessly towards her shoulders.

"Oh, *honey*," she moaned. "That feels amazing!"

What could have read as an innocent massage was sullied by the presence of my throbbing erection. If she had turned around, she would have seen the tent it had made in my shorts, so I thanked my lucky stars that she was too preoccupied to notice. Nervous tremors plagued my hands as they roamed Mom's body. It was different than our usual massages; the stakes were higher.

I cradled the back of her neck with one hand. The other hand rested on the small of her back, then slowly ascended up her spine until it, too, was around her neck. Once they connected, I raked my digits down her body until I reached her waist.

It did not take long to coat every corner of her in a heavy helping of oil. I wanted to take my time, but I knew that if I took too much longer to finish, she would know something was up. *Then she might turn around and see exactly what is up.*

Not only that, but we had a job to do. I willed myself to stop touching her, then stood back to admire my handiwork from a distance. "I think I'm done."

"Hdwfokillok?" Mom shook her butt back and forth. I don't remember what she *actually* said-- my brain went completely blank the second her ass started bouncing.

She peeked at me over her shoulder with a quizzical look on her face to see why I had yet to respond. Without uttering a word, she intently studied my wide-eyed enthusiasm. I expected her to stop wagging her tail when she noticed my undue attention. Instead, she gyrated even harder, which made fat waves surge through her skin. She threw her weight behind each vivacious shake of her hips, heaving around the enormous, heavy slab of vanilla pudding.

It was a unique standoff: she *knew* I was staring, and I *knew* that she saw me, yet neither of us stopped. Though I wasn't forming complete thoughts, I did feel something - call it an instinct. *She's getting off on this. She loves the attention.*

She called out to me, but once again failed to successfully rip my head out of the clouds. I neglected to respond for an embarrassingly long time. "W-what was the question?" I finally asked.

"I think I have my answer," Mom cooed, refusing to elaborate. She pointed to her loose bikini string. "Tie your mother up, please."

"Oh *God* yes!" I had not intended that to be out loud. I still wasn't fully in control of myself.

She held a hand over her mouth. "Oh, honey. Did I turn your brain to soup?"

I was too embarrassed to laugh along with her. I turned a deep shade of red, giving her bathing suit a run for its money. "I didn't mean to stare! I'm sorry, Mom."

"Can I tell you a little secret?" Mom whispered sarcastically. "I think it's kind of sweet."

I arched an eyebrow. "You think it's *sweet* that I'm fawning over my own mother?"

"I'd say you were *drooling*, but sure. Either way, it's nice to feel sexy for a change!"

I think she was waiting for me to continue laying on the compliments so she could gauge the depth of my fascination - and, believe me, I could have spent a whole week gushing over her beauty -- but I was already wary. I didn't think she could handle knowing just how much I was attracted to her.

"Are you going to take some pictures," she asked playfully, "or would you rather stand there all day with your dick in your hand?"

It's fair to say that my brain failed me yet again. "M-my *what*? I-I'm not! I wasn't gonna, like, I mean you--ugh, no. No, I'm not!"

Mom giggled. "Honey, I'm only teasing you. It's just my butt! How are you going to take pictures if you *don't* look?"

She was right -- and, with the sunlight waning in the presence of a slowly encroaching blanket of clouds, there was not a minute to waste.

I had her start by lying on her back. It was a casual pose, but I wanted to start slow. She practiced her smile until the butterflies wore off and it became more natural for her to stare into the camera. I

tried to be as encouraging as I could, and little by little Mom allowed her adventurous side to come out to play.

Next, she moved to her hands and knees. I knew her dangling breasts would catch the attention of any boob lover who laid eyes on them. Gravity did her plenty of favours, pulling on her heavy udders as they swung back and forth below her. Once again, her nipples came out to play, and I drank up the lewd site of them pointing directly towards the ground - just like a cow's udders would.

Next, Mom rolled onto her back and hung her head off the side of the lounge chair. Even when she was upside down, her boobs looked fantastic. Their weight made them flatten against her chest and spill over the sides. I took a few pictures like that, then had her use her forearms to push the heaving mountains together in the center of her chest. She made a "V" with her arms and used the insides of her elbows to smoosh her tits into each other, which in turn made them bulge towards the camera.

After those poses, I moved her around as randomly as I could, searching blindly for the positions that looked the most natural. We were both unpracticed, so despite the high quality of the photos, I knew they would still have a "homemade feel." Mom was surprisingly game for such exploration, and moved into every position without a hint of hesitation. I figured she knew what she'd signed up for that time around, and was committing to it.

I had her kneel on the lounge chair, facing the camera, and wedge one of her hands under the hem of her bottoms so that she was cupping her vulva. Nothing would be revealed, but touching herself in such fashion must have been the line. As soon as I captured the photo, she awkwardly asked me if we were almost done.

"You want to stop?" I asked curiously.

Mom sat on the edge of the chair and put her hands on her knees. "I think so. I know I'm going to have to get used to stuff like that. But, for right now it's still weird."

"Stuff like what?"

Mom sighed and stood up so she could pace back and forth. "I don't know! Stuff like pushing my tits together so they look bigger, or putting a hand down my pants, is kind of weird!"

I stepped in front of her to halt her frantic pacing. I held onto her arms, tethering myself to her to lend some stability to her wavering foundation. "None of these ever have to see the light of day. We don't have to do anything you're uncomfortable with."

Mom's eyes darted back and forth. I was not privy to the exact mental math she was performing, but whatever result she came up with was ultimately to my benefit.

"Let's do it," Mom asserted confidently, meeting my eye line. "I trust you, honey."

I hugged her as tightly as I could without snapping her spine. "I love you, Mom."

She planted a warm, tender kiss on my cheek. "I love you, too. Now, don't you have some photos to edit?"

I was a goblin with a comically oversized sack of treasure. I scurried off to my bedroom, eager to plug my new shots into the archive and add to the library of softcore pornography we were

cultivating.

It didn't take long to pick the ten or so best shots for a selected album, but editing them to my liking took longer than I'm willing to admit. I had always been a perfectionist, and if any project deserved my undivided attention, it was that one.

I fixed the lighting, shading, sharpness and cropping of each photo in the album. At the end, I was quite satisfied with the work we'd done together. Mom was the body, and I was the brains; we made a pretty good team.

Before I posted the photos, I decided to look through our inbox. I discovered over a dozen new messages directed at Mom, with just as many spelling errors within them. The important part, though, was the enthusiasm they radiated. Men were chomping at the bit to get another glimpse of her. Something about that first photo had spoken to them in the same way it had to me, and they were willing to pay handsomely to get a second look.

I crafted a message informing them of the new content going live on Mom's OnlyFans page, enticing them to subscribe for "whatever tasty treats come next." It was gross, but I felt that Mom and I were on the same page about the many necessary evils our project would require.

I was astonished to find multiple transaction receipts pop up in my inbox before I had even left the bedroom. They were not messing around.

There was a surreal mixture of guilt, jealousy, and pride stewing in my gut. I hated that so many men whose names I would never know were allowed to gaze upon my mother. It made me sick to my stomach, but I immediately wanted more. I took immeasurable pride in the fact that it was *my* mother they were gawking over. They would never have the relationship with her that I did, either.

When I informed Mom of the boom in our subscribers, she was ecstatic. That sounds like an overstatement, but it's quite the opposite. First her jaw hit the floor, then she screeched like a banshee and literally jumped in the air with joy. I had never seen such cartoonish optimism; she was one step away from having steam blow out of her ears!

"Which one was their favourite? Oh, oh! The one where I'm on my back, I bet. That was *such* a good angle, honey."

"You've got some dedicated followers, Mom. They're already asking me about the next ones!"

"I've been thinking about that, actually." Mom went on to detail her plan. Apparently, there was a piece of lingerie in her closet that had never been graced with a night out - as in, she'd never even worn it underneath other clothes. Her fear that it was too slutty had held back from even doing that much.

"If I model it for you, would you tell me if it's too much?" she asked earnestly.

"Of course." That was half true.

I knew Mom had a different definition of 'too much' than I did. I was already telling myself that she'd need to trust me to push her up to her real line. Still, I didn't want to come off as heedless of her concerns. "Are you *sure* you want to do lingerie? You don't feel like we're moving a bit fast?"

"Maybe," Mom confessed, "but I'm not slowing down to give myself time to consider that possibility. I trust you. If you say that we will get more money for doing stuff like this, then I believe

you."

My heart swelled with pride. "Thank you, Mom."

"Of course, honey. You know I'll do anything for you, even if it scares me."

For the rest of the day, I kept one eye on my phone. The subscriber count rose to ten, then twenty, then fifty! There was barely any content on Mom's page, but the dangling promise of future works was apparently enough to get people interested.

I made sure to respond to each message by hand. It was time consuming, but I knew that cultivating parasocial relationships was a big deal in the business. I did pause to wonder whether she'd ever take over for me, but then dismissed it as a problem for another day.

Later that night, we were curled up in the den watching late night television, but I had not put my phone down a single time. Mom actually got concerned, which was more a commentary on how much attention I usually paid her - if not necessarily whatever was on TV - during our "movie" nights. Between spoonfuls of frozen yogurt, she asked who I was talking to.

"Er, nobody." I am a bad liar when I'm distracted.

She turned down the volume on the blaring television. "Cute girl?"

"No, nothing like that."

"Good, otherwise I'd have to be jealous." The air of mischief in her tone was subtle, but unmistakable. The intrigue was enough to finally rip me away from my tiny screen.

"Why would you be jealous if I met a girl?"

I don't think Mom expected me to actually pay attention to her words, because she froze like a deer in the headlights.

"Did I say *jealous*?"

"You did."

"Oh, um, that's weird. Ignore me. I guess it's later than I thought. Must be getting soupy brained!" Mom closed the lid on her imitation ice cream and kicked off her blanket. She was in a rush to leave, and refused to stick around even when I asked her to.

She vanished out of the den, but popped her head around the corner a few seconds later. "Um, honey? What time do you think the light in my bedroom would be the best tomorrow?"

"I would guess around ten or eleven, if the sun cooperates. Why?"

"I just want the shoot to look good; that's all. Will you be awake, or should I get you up?"

I could not believe she was in such a rush. "Wait, wait. You want to do it *tomorrow*?"

"Of course!" She acted like it was the obvious decision, but I was speechless.

In a million years, I would not have predicted that level of eagerness. I was simply astounded, and decided not to look a gift horse in the mouth. I told her to wake me in the morning when she was

ready, and then we said goodnight. Despite her hasty departure, she lingered in my mind for hours.

"Psst, honey." Mom whispered into my ear.

I blinked hard to adjust my vision to the morning sun blasting through my open window. "Wuz goin' awn?"

She sat down on the bed beside me and folded her hands in her lap. "I don't know how to say this, but my boobs don't... uh, *fit*."

With that comment, I was yanked headfirst into the waking world. I sat up with my eyes open at the mere mention of Mom's breasts. "Huh? What? Boobs?"

She rolled her eyes. "Yes. Boobs, you big perv! I need help with the clasp."

When I finally came to my senses, I immediately fixated upon the beautiful woman standing in my bedroom. The lingerie Mom was referring to was a light blue babydoll. It had a loose-fitting curtain that covered her tummy, but the sheer fabric was thin enough for me to see straight through.

A black ribbon, tied in a bow, sat atop the blue veil. It was tucked just below the swell of her breasts, and stretched all the way around her torso. She looked like a present waiting to be torn open.

The bra struggling to contain her mountainous breasts threatened to split at the seams. Unlike the blue curtain of fabric over her tummy, it as opaque. A pattern of white lace had been sewn into both of the large bowls, decorating them like abstract artwork. I imagined the lace would give some wandering hand extra traction, should it wish to grab or squeeze.

Her underwear - so tiny that it hardly looked like she was wearing anything at all - was the same sapphire hue as her bra. A small, white heart had been sewn into the front of them. It laid at top of the round hill made by her pussy mound bulging against the inside of the cotton panties. The thong hugged her curves, riding high on her hips. Around the sides of her waist, where it was pulled the tightest, the floss sunk into her soft, supple flesh so deep that it disappeared entirely.

Just as Mom had said, the clasp that sat between her boobs was unlocked. The unsealed latch was a monument to the futility of trying to contain their tremendous bulk. With just one look, it was clear that she would need assistance getting it closed. We would need to work together; one of us would have to push her boobs together while the other locked the cage.

Mom tugged my hand and pulled me out of bed, grabbing a pair of shorts off the floor to stuff into my empty hands. "Hurry, while it's still bright out!"

I got dressed on the way to her bedroom. When we reached her den, she turned to me and said, "I think it'll be a little easier if I brace myself."

Mom stood with her back to the wall for support, anticipating that the battle to trap her breasts would a ferocious one. She cradled her bosom on either side, then pushed the twin mountains together so they met in the middle. Her fingers spread out as wide as they could, acting as claws in order to keep their grip.

She refused to be held back by the ill-fitting wardrobe. "I'll keep them together. You do up the clasp."

I reached for the clasp, my hands atremble. Had I been a skeleton, my rattling bones would have been audible from a block away. I tugged on the small metal fastener, trying to get it to close. I didn't expect it to be easy, but it was even harder than I'd anticipated. Even with some serious elbow grease I could barely make the two ends meet, much less click together.

I grumbled under my breath. "Damn. This is actually really tough."

Mom stomped her foot in petulant rage. "I just want to wear this stupid thing *one* time! Is that too much to ask?"

"Okay, okay. I have an idea." I got down on my knees, which brought me eye-level with Mom's tits. Since I was taller than her, it was difficult to get a good grip while I was towering over her. My height had forced me to bend my wrists, which had cost me a lot of leverage.

I instructed her to push her breasts together again, buckling down for my second attempt. There was just enough wiggle room that, with a bit of force, we were finally able to lock the golden buckle.

We paused for a second, freezing in place to make sure an avalanche of boobs would not come spilling out. Once we were sure - or rather, as sure as we could be - that the clasp was sealed, we tentatively removed our hands. It was a slow and deliberate process. We were unveiling a house of cards, careful not to jinx the success by celebrating too early.

Mom released the breath she had been holding. "Okay, it feels secure. I think that's enough to-- *OH!*" In an instant, the metal clasp burst open like a broken dam.

In one fell swoop, the bra was thrown open and her breasts came bouncing into view. When the weight of her tits slapped against her belly, her body lurched forward so hard that she was nearly pulled off of her feet.

I had imagined Mom's boobs many times, but to actually lay eyes on them was a waking dream.

"Oh my god!" Mom cried, turning her back to me. "D-did you see them?"

There was no point lying to her, so I tried to console her instead. "I was going to have to see them at some point, right?"

Mom turned around begrudgingly, but covered her nudity with her arms. Unfortunately for her, having such small arms made it impossible to completely hide her large areolas, much less her gigantic breasts. The circular caps peeked out from around her wrist on either side; too thin to cover anything other than the very middle of her nipples. "Should we just get it over with, then?"

"You mean..."

Mom, annoyed that she had to explain herself, rolled her eyes at my denseness. "Honey, it's a simple question. Do you want to see my boobs?"

I nodded, my mouth drier than the most arid desert.

Mom rolled her shoulders back and summoned all of her courage, though she could not bring herself look at me. She pried open her arms to expose her boobs to my unyielding gaze, fulfilling a fantasy I'd assumed to be a nonstarter years ago. Both of her hands were quivering, but she fought through the nerves.

The gigantic, cream-colored swells were each larger than my head, their heft evinced by creases in her skin where the weight was the most concentrated. Due to their size, they could not help but roll to the sides of her torso as they settled into place just above her belly button.

Mom's areolas were the size of my palm-- too big to wrap my whole mouth around, though the challenge had me salivating. They were a bright pink hue, accented by her equally rosy nipples. They were as firm as diamonds, standing at attention as though a brisk chill had turned the soft nubs into two perfectly pointed peaks.

She winced. "Are they okay?"

I gulped, instinctively reaching my hands towards them without a second thought. "They're fucking *amazing*."

"Hey!" Mom shrieked, slapping away my outstretched hand. She jumped back to avoid me, causing her boobs to bounce around dramatically.

I recoiled. "Shit. I'm sorry, Mom. I don't know what came over me."

"I do!" Mom scolded me with a righteous fury, but softened once her adrenaline subsided. "It's called *being horny*, and you're going to have to deal with it if you want these photo shoots to continue!"

"It's hard when you look *this* good!" I lamented, but I received no sympathy.

Mom fidgeted in place, unwilling to accept the compliment. "But I'm your mother! Doesn't that bother you?"

I heard a tone in her voice that was begging to be argued with, so I did, sort of. "Does it bother *you*?"

She did not have an answer. Instead, she changed the subject, pleading with me to start the shoot before we lost any more light. I would have admired her dedication to content creation, but I knew it was an attempt to sashay past a difficult question.

I came up with the idea to cut into the sides of her lingerie -- specifically the cups -- with a pair of scissors. It would help the garment to stretch a bit further before hitting its limit. It worked like a charm, and on our second attempt to close the clasp, we actually managed to keep Mom's boobs from exploding out of the front. It was a quick fix, but that was all we needed.

Mom impressed me with how quickly she took to the modelling role. Just like she had by the pool, she struck pose after pose. She gave each one a special flair to make it stand out, flipping through a catalogue of evocative positions that made me wonder if she'd researched her competition for inspiration.

The comfort of being in her own bedroom allowed her to be more confident in her display. She followed each of my directions to the letter, neglecting to challenge me even when I asked her to get on her hands and knees with her ass sticking towards the camera. I had expected her to push back after we had gone through a few dozen poses, but she never did.

I felt the session coming to a close, so I took the chance to ask for something extreme. I figured that, if she was likely to say no anyway, I might as well swing for the fences. The final pose I concocted would place my mom on her back, with her legs spread wide open. It was the most

daring position yet, offering a perspective on her body that - until that moment - had been exclusive to the men that had been lucky enough to take her to bed. If she agreed, then it would become available to anybody with a credit card.

Mom scrambled onto her back and parted her thighs for me, patiently presenting the blue-shelled clam between her legs. The rich, pungent musk of her honey drifted towards me, inducing a bout of dizziness as I hungrily lapped at the empty air, hoping to catch a taste of her.

She placed her hands on either side of her vulva, framing the blue underwear between her outstretched fingers. She paid particular attention to the heart that was situated atop her mound. She tugged on the sides of her thong, pulling it tighter to her body so it formed around the bulging hill like a second skin. I reckoned that if she pulled a little harder, the string would disappear entirely between the swell of her plump, meaty lips.

After I had taken a few shots, Mom cleared her throat. "Do you think that's enough for today?"

I flicked through the archive of photos. "It can be, if you want. I just think it's missing something, you know?"

She wagged a finger at me. "If you ask to see me naked, I'm going to maul you."

I assured her it was nothing like that. In fact, it was something I had been pondering all day. "You know, Mom, we'd definitely get more hits if we were taking videos instead of photos. It's just that it would demand more of you. You'd have to really commit to a role and act it out."

Mom tugged on my shirt sleeve, encouraging me to lay down beside her. "Videos of *what*, exactly?"

I laid on the bed and gave her a shoulder on which to rest her head. "Uh, well... maybe a video of you playing with your tits?"

Mom swatted my chest, then wrapped her arm around my stomach. "*Whores* have tits: your mother has *breasts*."

I rolled my eyes. "Okay, maybe a video of you playing with your breasts, then?"

"That isn't really something I *do*, sweetheart. Women don't just walk around playing with their boobs when they get bored!"

I clicked my tongue. "What if there's a horny guy paying them to?"

She thought about it for a moment. "Maybe. But then what?"

If she wanted me to spill, then spill I would. "Okay, so. Maybe we do one where you cover your boobs in oil, then for VIP members we can post a video of you cleaning up afterwards."

"Like in the shower? But... but they'll see my..." Mom cut her volume in half, and leaned in to whisper. "My vagina."

"That's the idea." I kissed the top of her head.

"This is so embarrassing!" Mom groaned, burying her face in my chest, "but God, it's so exciting, too! I don't know what to think!"

"Then let me do the thinking," I insisted, folding my hand over her tiny fist. "As long as part of you wants to keep going, I think we should."

Mom took a deep breath. "I have some in the drawer."

I was not sure what she meant, but my arms were long enough to reach into bedside table and find out. I fumbled around in the drawer for anything that stood out. When my fingers brushed a small, plastic bottle, I knew I had found what I was looking for.

From the drawer, I pulled a clear, squeezable bottle of mineral oil. Unlike the tanning lotion, it was sure to leave a bright, shiny gloss on Mom's skin. I was practically foaming at the mouth just thinking about it.

Mom raked her nails across my chest. "Are you busy today?"

I hoped she would not notice the sweat form on my brow. Things were getting really intense, but I could not back down. "I have time! I mean, like, do you want to do it right *now*?"

Mom tilted her chin to look up at me. Her mouth was a frighteningly short distance from mine; her hot breath coiled against my lips when she whispered, "Do you want to take a video of Mommy's boobs?"

Surely she felt my heart bludgeoning my ribcage - horse hooves from a stampeding herd.. "W-why are you talking like that?"

My dumbfounded stupor made Mom laugh. She sat up, leaning over me to block out the ceiling light with her head. "I thought you might like that; guys are so easy. It's good practice for the video, too."

I gasped, feigning offence at the insinuation that I could not play hard to get. "You think I'm easy?"

"I'm just trying to get into character. Don't blame me!" Mom rolled off of the bed, then announced that she would be right back.

She scurried off to the bathroom, leaving me alone in her bed with the warmth of her breath still lingering on my lips. I heard shuffling in the bathroom, followed by the door hinges creaking when she exited.

Mom called from the hallway. "Are your eyes closed?"

"Should they be?"

"Yes!"

I obediently held my hands over my eyes so she would not accuse me of peeking. Her tiny footsteps gradually grew closer and closer, but paused when she reached the threshold into the bedroom.

"Oh, good boy, honey! Mommy knew you wouldn't peek."

I had no idea what had come over her, but I *loved* it. She was getting a rush from making me crumble under the pressure of her seduction techniques. She'd found one that pushed my buttons, and seemed enthusiastic to press them on repeat.

I opened my eyes to see Mom standing in front of me with nothing but a towel tucked under her arms. The makeshift toga obscured most of her body from view, leaving only the vibrant red of her freshly painted toenails peeking out of the bottom. One foot was curled over the other with her heels pointed outward, signifying her trepidation.

Mom chewed pensively on her bottom lip, carefully watching my eyes wander up and down her body. "So, where do you want me?"

I knew the perfect place. In the kitchen, there was a portion of raised countertop that extended off of the island about a foot. It would make the perfect shelf for Mom to rest her boobs on while she slathered them in oil. Thanks to her short stature, she would not even need to bend over to make use of it.

I told her of my amazing idea, and she was immediately on board. Even though she did not seem to understand *why* the countertop made a better studio than her bedroom, she put her faith in me to make the right decision.

I hurried to clear the various pens, loose pieces of paper, and empty coffee cups from the kitchen counter, leaving only the bottle of baby oil behind. The stools were the next to go, giving Mom a clean stage on which to perform. It was going to be a hell of a show, and I had a front row seat to film the whole thing.

I motioned to the shelf. "Ready when you are."

Mom entered into an intense staring contest with the countertop. Stage fright gripped her, making the short walk to the podium a slow, somber one. Her nails scratched nervously at the towel, making little balls of white cotton rain down onto her feet.

"Okay, Sharon, you got this." Mom whispered those words of affirmation to herself, then took a deep breath to puff out her chest like a fearsome warrior.

She lifted her arms, relinquishing her grip on the towel, which sent it tumbling to the floor. All that remained of her lingerie were the baby blue panties-- no bra. Its absence drew attention to where it was needed most: her massive, swinging breasts. She was short enough that everything from her tummy down to her underwear was hidden behind the raised counter. There was nothing to distract one's focus from where it needed to be.

"Shouldn't you be filming, honey?" Mom teased, cocking her head to the side.

"Er, yeah. My bad!" I scooted around to the other side of the counter with my camera. I threw open the curtains to let in as much of the light as I could, then gave her the signal to begin. Rather than commencing the routine of rigorous fondling that I had expected, she stared blankly into the lens without a peep.

I peeked around the camera. "Everything okay?"

Mom scrunched up her nose. "I don't really know how to start something like this. Like, should I say my name, and a fun fact about me? Or, should I just be, like, 'Hey, here's my boobs, enjoy!'"

"There is no *should*. We get to make our own rules. You don't even have to talk if you don't want to."

"It feels weird with the camera staring at me!"

"Okay, try this." I opened a drawer by my waist and pulled out a long, black tea towel. "Maybe you'll forget about the camera if you can't see it."

I promised to keep her face, and thus the towel, out of the camera frame. She looked like the victim of a kidnapping with the black towel tied to her head, so we both agreed it would be better to crop the video just below her neck.

Once Mom was blindfolded, a visible sense of ease washed over her. I framed her breasts in the center of the screen and whispered, "Go."

Mom lifted one boob in each arm, then dropped them onto the counter with a deafening thud. Her breasts jiggled for three entire seconds when they landed, giving me time to appreciate the litany of ripples fluttering through her tender skin. Their weight threatened to crack right through the wooden shelf. No matter how sturdy it appeared, eventually it would collapse under the burden that weighed on Mom's shoulders every minute of the day.

She repeated the process, and each time they slumped onto the countertop, her creamy white skin rippled like someone had thrown a stone into a bowl of milk. Then, she jostled her low-hanging udders side to side-- bumper cars bouncing against each other in a bid for space.

Mom folded her arms, then tucked them below the swell of her breasts. She used her forearms like a forklift, bracing them against her sternum so they could carry the weight. Her breasts spilled over, a weighted blanket that smothered her entire forearm. I imagined the sweltering heat underneath them to be hotter than the surface of the sun.

"They're so *heavy*," she whined. "I can barely hold them up."

Dough oozed through Mom's fingers, morphing around her tightly clenched digits. She lightly pinched her nipples, rolling them between her thumb and first finger. Goosebumps peppered the base each pink button in the wake of her electric teasing.

The obscene spectacle had me under her trance, and I expected it would soon do the same to all of her viewers. I was spellbound, watching a female Atlas carry the weight of the world on her shoulders. Mom's arms trembled, struggling to stop the dense putty from overflowing her palms.

She clapped her tits together a couple of times, digging her fingers into the sides so she would not lose her grip. The tiny, brown smudge on Mom's left breast tossed around a ship in a storm, tossed around as it rode the waves of heaving breast meat. The sound of skin slapping on skin produced a profound drop in my stomach.

I forgot I was looking through a camera for a second. In that moment, Mom was the only thing that existed on Earth.

She released her breasts, and they fell flat onto the counter. The heated underside made them stick there; even as she began jostling them around again, the bottom of each one remained lightly affixed to the wooden surface.

Mom was capable of doing things with her boobs that I'd only expected to see in porn. She plopped one of her boobs onto the tabletop, laying a foundation. She lifted the other one as well, then carried it over to balance on top of the first to build a wet, oily mountain. The comparison to a stack of pancakes being drizzled with syrup suddenly seemed quite literal.

My mouth was watering; it became harder to stay in control with every passing second. Each manipulation of Mom's remarkable breasts serving to push me deeper into a feral, hormone-induced frenzy.

I did not think she could get any sexier, but the blindfold separating her from the real world gave her the bravado to prove me wrong. Just when I thought I had wrangled the impure thoughts plaguing my brain, Mom decided to crank the dial to eleven.

The masked matriarch, with a voice like honey, serenaded her audience as though she were reading from a script. Whatever character she was playing, she seemed to be more comfortable with it than ever before.

She was calm and collected, methodically pitching her voice so it made the hair on the back of my neck stand up. "Doesn't Mommy have such big, soft titties, baby? I made them all slippery for you; I know you *love* when Mommy gets her milkers wet."

My heart punched a hole in my chest. "Whoa, Mom. Can we-- yeah, can we pause?"

She lifted the blindfold just enough to peek out of the bottom. "Was that too much?"

"No! No, I mean I-I thought it was perfect." I took a meditative breath through my nose. "I just didn't expect it. You threw me for a bit of a loop -- and you called them '*tits!*'"

"I know, I know. I'm trying some stuff! Should I tone it down?"

I refused to hide my enthusiasm. "Hell no! If you're comfortable talking like that, then keep doing it!"

Mom put her blindfold back on with a shrug. "It's actually kind of fun, in a weird way. I want to keep practicing."

For a woman who claimed she "did not play with her breasts," Mom was surprisingly good at it. She found a natural rhythm, kneading and tenderizing her boobs with confident motions. There was a give and take, moving one direction then the other, with no pause between.

Mom fumbled around blindly for the bottle of oil for a few seconds before her fingers bumped into it. She aimed the nozzle at her boobs with the cap open, ready to douse them until they shone. I wondered if her eyes were open under the head wrap, or if she had them shut tight in an attempt to convince herself that the surreal situation was some sort of waking dream.

Mom squeezed the tiny plastic bottle; it looked like she was drizzling drizzled syrup over a stack of fluffy pancakes. She dragged the stream back and forth to get an even coat. A small pool collected within her cleavage; though that valley was deep, it quickly overflowed. The trough between her breasts acted as a spout, sending the oil out onto the countertop, where it spread into a shimmering puddle.

All across the surface of her pearlescent skin ran long, glistening trails of various length. I could practically see myself in the reflective gleam. I could not help but picture my cock sliding between her greasy udders, massaging me with a slippery, careful touch.

"Mommy's back is so *sore* from carrying these big, sagging udders all day," she moaned, rolling her shoulders in tune with her tender self-massage. "I need my big, *strong* man to put his hands all over me so I feel better. Can you help me, honey?"

Mom curled her lip into an adorable pout; she was really getting into character. The camera, however, did not pick up on any of her facial expressions. Only I was privy to the way she flicked her tongue across her lips when she whispered, "If you help make Mommy feel better, she'll let you put your cock between her boobies."

My dick assumed she was talking to him, and throbbed excitedly at her offer. I could imagine very few places my dick would rather go. I wanted to fuck her more than anything in the world, but, at that moment, even *that* desperation took a backseat to the primordial urge to wrap her tits around my cock.

My heart was racing a mile a minute and skipping every other beat. I was one step away from suffering a heart attack, but even that would not have made me stop recording.

Mom slithered an arm under her left breast like she was serving it on a platter, offering it up as a feast for my hungry gaze. With her other hand, she used her middle finger to draw tiny circles around her razor-sharp nipple. Her fingertips nudged the stubby, pink gem as it raced around the course set by her areolas. The smattering of tiny milk ducts were road bumps for her finger to graze over as it traced the outer edge of the wide, rubbery circle.

"Ohhh, that feels so good," Mom whimpered. She was faking it, at least in part, but it was so believable that I did not care. I was willing to be fooled.

Mom plopped her boob back on the counter with a thunderous clap. Then, starting at her nipples, she raked her nails through the oil. Each finger left a distinct path in the slippery gloss as they glided up to her collarbone.

"Are you gonna cum soon, baby boy? I want it all right *here*." Mom pleaded desperately with the camera and drew a wide circle around the center of her bulky breasts to make her message clear. Her finger carved through the thick, oily glaze, painting a target on her chest onto which her eager viewers could imagine firing ropes of hot, sticky cum.

Mom tucked her arms behind her back and, without lifting her tits off of the oil-soaked countertop, shook them from side to side. Thanks to the slippery surface, there was not a hint of friction; her breasts glided gracefully through the shallow puddle as she jostled in place. They swung back and forth, sending a spattering of oil all over the kitchen cabinets each time she flung them around.

She flung her boobs into each other, tossing the piles back and forth between her palms. Huge, powerful swells exploded through her flesh until it was impossible to tell one breast from the other - at least visually. I could still hear when they violently crashed into each other, and it was music to my ears.

Clap, clap, clap!

"Give Mommy all that hot, thick cum, sweetheart!" Mom panted desperately, madly throwing her breasts into one another. The clapping was so loud that I feared the neighbours would come knocking to complain about the studio audience giving her a standing ovation.

I had an idea, and hoped Mom would catch on without having it explained to her. I grabbed the bottle of lube and aimed it at her boobs, squirting a long, continuous stream of oil onto them.

Mom squealed with glee as soon as the liquid hit her skin. "*Oh!* Oh, good *boy!* Shoot your babies all over Mommy's tits!"

The sound of her slapping skin was a lecherous symphony. Oil soaked her until she shone like a brilliant jewel, and then, with no friction left to defy gravity, the remainder dribbled from the crack at the bottom of her cleavage. Those drippings landed on her belly, where they trickled down and soaked into the top of her underwear.

"Drain those *fucking* balls for Mommy. You're doing *such* a good job, honey." Mom's voice hit a pitch I had never heard from her before. She was elated, captivated with the world of make-believe that the blindfold permitted her to live in. The camera did not capture the huge, cheesy grin on Mom's face, the appearance of which told me that she was truly immersed in the roleplay, but I got to see it in all its glory.

The final dribbles of oil fell from the bottle, but Mom continued to pontificate about how heavy, soft, and wet her tits were for several more minutes. I dutifully captured every frame, and ended the recording when she drew a heart in the oil over her chest and thanked her viewers for watching.

"And... cut!" I announced. "That was great, Mom!"

She tore off the blindfold, blinking hard a few times to adjust to the light blasting her in the eyes. "I tried my best. It was a lot easier with the blindfold on. I just shut my eyes and said whatever came to mind!"

I raised an eyebrow and pointed to her tits, where her hands were rhythmically tapping out a beat. She apparently hadn't noticed. "I thought you didn't play with your tits, Mom?"

She rolled her eyes with a cheeky grin. Her fingers tap danced across her supple, silken skin, making it clear that she did not mind being called out. Most of her attention was focused on something else, though. "It's so exciting knowing that someone is going to pay for that -- and it was so easy to make! I wonder how much we'll get."

"Whatever they pay," I told her, "you will be worth every penny." By the look on her face, she was finally starting to believe that. Gone were the retorts where she called herself an "old bag of bones." She was finally beginning to accept the truth that I had known all along: she was beautiful.

Mom pawed at her oily breasts. "We should *not* have done this so early in the morning. I have to take a shower now!"

"It's just baby oil."

Mom stuck her tongue out and blew a raspberry at me. "Well, I'm not a baby. I'm going to get cleaned up." She left the kitchen, heading towards her bedroom.

I leaned against the counter on my elbows, holding the camera screen inches away from my face. I was so enraptured with reliving the memory that I did not hear Mom's footsteps return to the hallway.

When she cleared her throat at the threshold to the kitchen, it snapped me out of my haze.

"See something you like?"

I fumbled the camera, lucky as all hell to keep it from flying out of my hands. "O-oh, Mom! I didn't see you there."

Mom snickered with her hands on her hips. "Apparently not. Did you hear me, at least?"

I shook my head.

"I asked if you were going to join me."

I gawked like a fool. "In... in... in..."

"In the *shower*, yes! Jeez, honey. You look like you saw a ghost!" I will never know how much of her teasing was accidental, and how much was for her own amusement.

I had never known Mom to be such a ruthless tormentor. That side of her, I was discovering, had a tendency to twist the knife as long as it entertained her.

She slunk out of sight. Her fingers clung to the corner of the wall, lingering for an extra second before they, too, vanished. I followed the aromatic trail of her perfume the bathroom, where the shower was already running.

Mom ran her hand under the stream of water to make sure it was warm enough. "Are they even going to hear me over the shower? It's so loud!"

I told her I would mute the video when I edited it, and would find a sexy song to put over the recording. I was already thinking that I'd chop up and edit the video into a montage of quick cuts and short, perfect moments, which would save me the trouble of having to find a consistent mix for all those pesky background noises.

Mom scrunched her nose like a squirrel, tugging on the waistband of her underwear. "I just realized I'm going to have to take *these* off."

"Not if it makes you uncomfortable. I can shoot above your waist." I really, really did not want to have to do that, but if it meant that I got to see Mom's boobs smothered in soapy water, I deemed it was an acceptable sacrifice.

Mom rocked back and forth on her heels. "No, no it's okay. I want to do it. Can you be honest with me, though?"

"Of course."

Mom looked down at the floor, her shoulders bunched up around her ears like a scarf. "It is, like, *weird* if I have hair down there?"

I hung the camera from my neck and stepped in close to put my hands on her shoulders. "Not at all, Mom."

Mom blushed a rich, decadent hue. "It's just that... well, I was looking at some of the really popular accounts online last night and none of them had-- uh, what I have."

Her underwear was tiny, but tried though I did, I could not find a single stray hair poking out.

"I want you to just be honest with me," Mom demanded. "I used to shave it, but that was a long time ago. Now I just, um..."

"Trim the hedges?" I offered, eliciting a short, ugly snort from Mom.

She covered her mouth and turned away from me. "Oh, gosh, honey. You got me, okay? Your mother trims her pussy!"

The vulgarity of the word hit me like a freight train, buckling my knees. I replayed the sound of Mom's sweet, innocent voice pushing it from her lips. She reminded me once more to be honest with my review, insisting that I hold nothing back, then hooked her thumbs into the waistband.

Mom made eye contact with me and drew a deep breath, nodding a couple times to coach herself through whatever internal monologue was motivating her. "Okay," she sighed. "Here goes nothing."

She pulled down her underwear, revealing a hastily manicured patch of dark pubic hair in the shape of an upside down triangle. The bottom corner sat directly above the bulge of her pussy, its tip like an arrow guiding my eyes towards the swell of her swollen lips.

Mom's pussy, which would be invariably classified as an innie, was as neat and tidy as the fluffy, tousled carpet perched above it. It looked like a cream-coloured clam that was split down the middle by a shallow, pink crease. For anyone to have seen the succulent flesh between her curtains, Mom would have had to manually spread apart her pudgy petals. I was not yet ready to ask her for something so depraved. Instead, I refocused on the object of her discontent - but I could find no fault there. The patch of brown fuzz covering the entirety of her chubby mound was a perfect crown atop a pussy that deserved to be treated like royalty.

"How does it look?" she asked after a few agonizing seconds of silence. We stared down at the soft, chocolate rug, though only one of us was fighting the urge to dive in face first.

"It looks *way* more than just trimmed!"

She blushed. "I mean, I *did* trim it into shape last night, but only the edges. Just in case, you know?"

"I'm dead serious, Mom; it looks amazing. You clearly take care of yourself, and it shows. Honestly, I find this look *way* sexier than a shaved woman. A lot of other guys do, too." All of that was true; she just needed to believe it.

Mom, in all her stark naked glory, looked at herself in the mirror. Her eyes fluttered to her breasts, her stomach, her neck, her pussy-- everywhere one might be critical of themselves. I do not know what she saw, but to me she was a being of pure radiance.

Mom caught my stare in the reflection, and instantly averted her eyes. It was only for a second, but that was plenty of time for her to notice the stiff tent in my shorts vying for her attention.

Her eyes went wide as saucers, but she did not comment. Had she not bitten her tongue, her boastful grin would have spread from ear to ear.

"Okay, I think we should start now," I coaxed.

I told her of the plan to edit the video into snippets and combine them into a montage. I figured that it would help her stay in character, much as the tea towel had done. "Just be yourself, okay?"

Mom straightened her back. "Ready when you are."

I pointed the camera at her and gave her the green light.

As Mom began to sway side to side, I could practically hear the background music playing in my head. Her hands were on her waist, accentuating the slow, circular motions of her hips as she rotated them. She placed her hands behind her, cradling her plump ass cheeks, and pushed her hips forward. Her pussy came closer to the camera, presenting itself as the object of focus. I zoomed in to get a better view.

As soon as the camera focused and caught a fleeting glimpse of Mom's chubby lips, the rotation of her hips pulled it away. She maintained those long, methodical circles a number of times, each pass bringing her vulva close to the lens. It was a tantalizing tease, and I found myself leaning in to get a better look each time she thrust forward.

Mom placed her hands flat against her thighs, forming her thumbs and pointer fingers into a pair of "L"s that flanked her pubic hair on either side, framing the chestnut fur between her outstretched fingers. Then, slowly, she brought her hands together until the space between them was completely filled in--eclipsing her vulva behind her closed fingers.

Mom's hands functioned like a thong, glued between her legs to obscure any hint of her nudity. Then, she raised her hands like curtains at the start of a play, gradually revealing one inch at a time.

Her fingers trudged through her fur, tangling themselves within the heap of wiry velvet. She tugged gingerly at the bush, combing her fingers through the fine hairs to tease them into looking even fluffier.

Mom tilted her head at me like a curious puppy. "Do you want to film my bum?"

The answer was a conclusive "Duh!"

Mom was surprised at the certainty of my answer. "Your dad always said it was too big for his liking. Didn't fit my body type, apparently."

My cheeks puffed up from holding back a laugh. "Trust me, he was wrong!"

Mom excitedly clapped her hands together, offering a jubilant cheer. "Yay! Oh, good. I saw some poses that other girls were doing online, and I want to try them, too."

She faced away from me and put her feet together-- a trained soldier standing at attention. Then she interlocked her fingers on the back of her head, accenting her slender shoulders. She arched one of her feet at a ninety-degree angle, like she was wearing a massive stiletto, while the other foot stayed flat on the floor. The pose had the effect of making one of her cheeks bulge out without making the other one look like it had grown any smaller. It was a dizzying optical illusion that I could have stared at all day.

Mom peered over her shoulder and winked at me again, asking me how she looked. I was too dumbfounded to respond intelligently, but my stupefied stare was exactly what she was looking for.

"Look!" she touted proudly. "I can do both sides!" She shifted her weight back and forth between her feet, switching which one was arched and which one was flat. The exercise made her huge, curvy cheeks grind against each other like she was trying to start a fire between them.

I gulped nervously. "Can you, uh..."

"Just say it, honey," Mom encouraged warmly.

"Spank yourself?"

Before the word had fully left my mouth, Mom brought her hand down on her backside without a care for the mark it would leave behind. Her palm swatted her backside with a lurid **thwack**, making her booty wobble as the energy dissipated through her loose skin. It jiggled from the force of the concussive blast with ripples the size of telephone cables reverberating through her cheeks.

The outline of her fingers was instantly branded into her once-immaculate skin, and started to raise slightly as the blood rushed to it. Within seconds, she was branded with a red handprint that glowed brightly against the backdrop of her pale bottom.

It was at that moment that I realized I had been holding my breath. "Holy shit. That was amazing!"

"Should I do it again? Or..." Mom peered over her shoulder again, a wistful gleam in her eye. "Do *you* want to try?"

I gasped. "Are you serious?"

Mom shrugged, bending over to stick out her ass. "Sure, honey. It's just my bum, after all." She braced herself against the opposite wall, swaying side to side. "But, do the other side, please. The left one is already starting to sting."

"I can... can I really do this?" Even in my dreams it was never so easy.

Mom shook her bottom back and forth. "Not if you make me beg! Hurry up, before I change my mind."

I tried to keep her gigantic ass in frame, but the closer I got with the camera, the more difficult that became. I leaned back as far as I could to make distance between us, and lightly swatted her with my free hand.

Mom bounced on her toes a couple of times. "Harder than that, honey."

I was seduced by the clapping of her cheeks, ready to follow any command she gave me. I was also determined to show her that I was capable of being the other half of our newly formed dynamic duo. If she wanted a man to spank her, I would be that man.

I put the camera down on the counter, centering her in the frame. Without telling her of my plan, I knelt down next to her so that my face was level with her reddened left cheek.

Mom peered at me under her arm with a confused look. "Oh, um... hello down there. Are you still filming?"

"It's on the counter."

"Okay, I guess," Mom murmured with an anxious squirm. "Just don't do it too--"

THWACK!

"--*hard!*" Mom squealed in pain. "Ow, honey!"

I instinctively cupped the pink, wounded flesh in my palm, grazing my fingertips over the pink handprint as it began to rise. I dug in to her right cheek, gently jiggling the mountain with a firm grip. "Sorry, Mom. I didn't think it would be that hard."

While I waited for the outline of my own hand to appear on Mom's skin, the fiery brand that she had burned into her left cheek stared me in the face, longing for a soothing kiss to calm its singed surface. With a metric tonne of ass shaking whipping me up into a frenzy, I was unable to halt the impulse.

I brought my lips down in the center of the print that Mom had left behind. I nipped gingerly at her tepid skin, sucking the plumpness into my mouth. Once I realized what I was doing, I decided to make the most out of what might have been my only trip to the buffet. I opened my mouth wide and let my tongue hang out. I sucked a greedy mouthful of Mom's cheek into my open maw, biting into her like a ripe, succulent peach. My tongue dragged over her skin, desperate to taste her on every one of my taste buds.

"Honey, I-I don't-- oooohhh, God..." Mom trailed off, unwilling to put a firm end to my exploration.

In that brief window, I tucked my thumb into the fissure between her cheeks and pulled the right one open. For one short, passing moment I was inundated by a scent so rich and so intoxicating that no one could have mistaken it for anything else; my mother's pussy was soaking wet.

The realization struck us both at the same time, with very different results. I could not - I *would* not -stop my tongue from dashing loose and making its way towards the honey-soaked trench, desperately seeking the source of the aroma that had so thoroughly entranced me.

Mom, on the other hand, recoiled before my tongue could find a home between her cheeks. She straightened her back and whipped around in an instant, pushing her spine against the wall like she was trying to blend into the wallpaper.

Wide-eyed terror gripped her in its vicious claws; if she could've backed herself up through the shower wall, she would have. "What the hell are you doing, Eric?"

I had no response. I had gotten carried away, but that was no excuse. Mom looked hurt; I had broken her trust, and I feared that what goodwill I had earned may have been swept away by one stupid, reckless decision.

Mom gulped, and presented her case as a matter of fact. "I probably shouldn't have asked you to spank me. That was wrong, and I'm sorry."

"Mom, I--"

"I think..." She held up a hand to silence me. "... if you leave the camera on the counter I can finish the video myself."

My eyebrows shot through the ceiling. "You're still going to do the video?"

Mom shrugged, looking down at her feet solemnly. "We need the money, so... yeah."

I apologized again, and again, and again, but Mom could not bring herself to look at me. I could not blame her one bit. I left the bathroom with a heavy heart, dragging my feet behind me just in case she changed her mind and called me back. She didn't. When I closed the door behind me there was nothing left to say but "Fuck."

I took the walk of shame back to my bedroom. I cursed under my breath, scolding myself for being so careless with her trust.

The shower stopped about ten minutes later, and a few minutes after that I heard a timid knock on my bedroom door. Mom entered without waiting for a response, dressed in nothing but a towel. She held my camera in her outstretched hand.

She smiled weakly. "I think I did a good job. But, do you think that we could take a break for a while? We filmed a lot today. Maybe you can roll it out slowly over the next week or so?"

"Yes! Yes, of course, Mom. Anything you want."

She turned to leave, but something turned her around again. "Actually, do you have a second?" She came back in and sat on the foot of my bed.

"Sure, what's up?" I leaned against my dresser with my arms crossed, even though that symbolic shield was not going to protect me. Mom patted the bed for me to sit down next to her, and scooted in close as soon as I did.

Mom put her hand in mine. "I think today was a lot. I don't blame you for what happened. At the end of the day, we're just two horny people. Sometimes, horny people make brash decisions."

"I didn't mean to start kissing you like that. I just got carried away, is all."

"Shh, it's okay. I'm not mad." She laid her head on my shoulder. "Given the circumstances, I think what you did was natural. If we do this again, though, you have to promise me you'll behave. No more surprises -- not without talking about it first."

"I promise!" I spat the words out like they were poisoning me.

We agreed that, given what had transpired, it was best to take a break and let things cool off. It had been Mom's idea, obviously, but I was willing to go along with anything that would lead to me seeing her naked again. I believed that we had moved too fast for her and, while she did not seem specifically turned off by what we had done, reality had come crashing in with more force than she'd been ready for.

That night, I watched the footage of her in the shower for longer than I had any of the other videos. I could pretend it was for editing purposes, but really, there was something extra perverse about watching a recording that I hadn't taken myself.

It felt like the video had been made privately -- for my eyes only. Every second was a piece of art, and I pored over each frame with a hungry, lustful gaze. I soaked in every visible shred of my mother's body like it was the last thing I would ever see before I went blind.

I thought I had thrown off her mojo, but the woman in the shower was as naturally sexy as she had ever been. Mom had effortlessly slipped back into her on-camera persona once I'd left the room. With the exception of the flat camera angle, the video was perfect.

In it, she lathered soap into her dense, tidy bush, creating a frothy bikini that obscured her nudity. I enticed myself with the challenge of trying to catch a glimpse of the brown fur poking out from its nest of foam, but it became exceedingly difficult with each generous coating of suds. She stepped into the water and washed away the bubbles, revealing one glorious piece of her nakedness at a time. The anticipation made the show stretch on for hours - or, you know, I spent literal hours watching the same footage over and over again. One of those.

By the time I'd finished editing, I had every pixel of the recording memorized. The concept of seeing Mom with clothes on became a foreign one. The image of her in my head became one of complete vulnerability, and I wondered if I had done irreversible damage to my psyche by staring at the video for so long - and at the worst possible time, because we'd just agreed to take a break. I didn't think it would help anything if I began treating her like a MILF, with heavy emphasis on that second letter.

With that in mind, I rushed through the remainder of the process; I created as much content out of the videos as I could, and figured we could coast for a little over a week with what we had, or maybe two. If I set up a schedule, the videos would go live without me even having to touch them. For a little while, we could get back to being a normal mother and son.

That was the plan, anyway.

CHAPTER 2

It took a couple of days for the incident to blow over. At first, Mom and I tread lightly around each other. There were no hurt feelings, but the supercharged emotions in the bathroom had put her in a state of caution. I certainly understood why.

I obsessively read through the comments every day. Subscriptions poured in overnight, and I had the bright idea to upload half of the shower scene as "bonus content" for viewers who were willing to pay extra. Nearly every single member paid for the bonus content, and most of them had incredibly glowing things to say about my mother.

I parsed through them, selected the ones that I knew she would appreciate, and saved them to my phone in case she ever asked about the reception. I hadn't expected that that day would come anytime soon, but the fact that it did indicated that Mom was having a similar difficulty moving on.

After nearly two days without mentioning the subject, Mom finally cracked at the dinner table and asked, "Are the videos doing well?" She did not even look up from her bowl of soup.

"The... ah, yes, the videos." I'd known that the moment was coming, but that did not stop my pulse from racing as soon as she'd broached the topic. "People really seem to like them."

Mom blew on a steaming spoonful of soup with a cheeky grin. "Really? How much?"

"I think we're past a hundred subscribers by now." I explained the bonus content to her, and how many people had paid for it.

Mom struggled to wrap her head around such a large number, but was more than happy with the results. "So, they're already paying to see me, but they paid *extra* for that video? This is why *you* do all the internet stuff."

Her sincere praise would fuel me for the following two weeks, throughout the rollout of new content that had people chomping at the bit. Every couple of days, I uploaded a new photo or a new clip to keep people entertained. Eventually, as I expected, the well ran dry and her fans cried out for new scenes.

There was one last video in the vault, and after it went live we would be fresh out of content to feed the insatiable masses. I was not sure if it was the right time to approach Mom about creating more, but, I figured it was a conversation we were going to have eventually anyway.

She had her feet in my lap one night, watching yet another gripping episode of *The Bachelor*, when I subtly brought it up. I laid out the predicament without being too pushy. I explained that the archives were empty, and we needed to make more *if* we wanted to keep going. Without even taking her eyes off the screen, Mom signed up.

I required a double confirmation before I felt safe pitching ideas for new scenes. "You don't mind? If it's too soon, just tell me."

Mom shot me a look of confusion. "Of course I want to make more! This is the best I've felt about myself in years. Why would I give that up?"

"I just thought you might be getting cold feet?" I hated playing devil's advocate against my own cause. "After what happened in the bathroom last time--"

"I understand," Mom said, cutting me off abruptly, "but I processed it. I think I may have overreacted a little. Can we just agree: no more surprises?"

I humbly agreed.

She used her toes to point at my phone on the armrest of the couch, eager to brush past the hiccup. "Did we get any new comments?"

"Yeah, a couple." I pulled up the curated collection and handed her my phone. The pure joy that spread across her face was serotonin for my soul.

She swiped through the extensive list, growing more jubilant with every scroll. "So, the money is good?"

"The money is... pretty good, yeah."

That was technically true, but we needed it to be *great*. To pay for school, we needed to pull in a whole slew of new subscribers, and ideally get most of them to pay even more money. That didn't just mean putting out content more frequently. It meant escalating. Food, rent, and other necessities would always come first, but we - I - needed more. I didn't know if Mom was ready for that, but I knew that I was on a deadline.

Until then, I thought it best to let her adjust to a daily life of naked photography without such a burden hanging overhead. We spent the rest of the month producing photos and videos that were similarly provocative to our old stuff. It was all nudity, but compared to what other creators were making, it was actually quite tame.

The shoots were mostly just her playing with her breasts in different locations, wearing different outfits, and using different "dressings." We had her garden in the nude, do naked yoga in the sun, cover her boobs in honey and chocolate sauce (a fan request), and even go in the park when we were sure nobody was around. There were also many, many more videos of her showering - so many that we found it pertinent to invest in a waterproof camera so we could get some truly unique angles.

After the incident in the bathroom, Mom imposed a hard limit on me physically touching her, as though she were afraid that giving me an inch would undoubtedly lead to me taking a mile. The rules were simple; if she said no, it meant no. To me, that sounded like permission to ask every once in a while. My insistence paid off eventually, when she finally allowed me to oil her shoulders and back before a shoot in a new bikini.

Each time she allowed me to touch her, I pushed the envelope a little further. I explored her body like I was drawing a map of the new world. I was never permitted to touch the places that I truly sought, but told myself that every advancement in our complex relationship was worth savouring.

Over time, the stigma of my hands on her body became something we cared about less and less. Our operation functioned like a business, and with that casually physical relationship came diminished resistance when I would occasionally test her limits.

The month ended, leaving us with a sizable portion of dedicated followers that rabidly devoured every video we posted. Even the extra content for VIP members saw strong traction. We were doing well, but not well enough. All we had done was prolong the inevitable; I was still going to have to drop out by the end of the semester.

I was too embarrassed to ask anything more of Mom. She had given me so much, and I feared that the revelation that it hadn't been enough would hit her hard.. I wasn't even sure what I would ask of her, were I to muster the courage to do so. She had already said no to putting her pussy on camera for a second time, so our options were limited.

The night when we finally tallied up the math was a somber one.

Mom paced the floor of the living room, biting her cuticles in frustration. "We need to do more. If we just keep making the same old stuff, we'll keep making the same old money."

I took an intentionally long swig from my beer, letting her marinate on the thought. "What are you suggesting?"

"Well... we could do something in public again? Maybe more risqué?"

I raised an eyebrow. "More risqué? As in, your pussy?"

Mom rolled her eyes and disappeared into the kitchen. She reappeared with a bottle of vodka and two shot glasses, their etchings a reminder of the vacation she and Dad had taken to Monaco for their honeymoon.

Mom poured two shots, though mine was decidedly larger than hers. "We need to think, which means we need to drink." We clinked the glasses and threw the putrid gasoline down our throats.

"I think--" I coughed on the vile liquid still clinging to my throat. "Oh, *God*, that burns. I think that I've done my share of thinking. What do *you* think, Mom?"

Mom gave me an intimidating stare. "I already told you what I think about putting my vagina on camera again. Do you need a reminder?"

I held up my hands defensively. "I'm just putting it out there."

"Why don't you expose yourself, huh? Put yourself in *my* shoes and see how you like it."

I shrugged. "Sure. Why not?"

The liquor had gone to my head faster than I'd expected. Mom thought I was kidding, but I doubled down on the bargain just to show her how serious I was. I was certain that she would never take me up on it.

"I appreciate the solidarity, honey, but nobody is going to pay to see your penis." Mom gasped when she realized what she'd just said. "Oh, no! Not like *that!* I just mean that they're subscribing for *me*. I don't think they want to see a naked man, you know?"

"No offence taken -- and you're right; they won't pay to see my dick... but they will pay to watch *you* stroking it."

Mom buckled over with laughter. Once she had wiped the tears from her eyes, she poured us another helping of vodka. "Good one, honey." She held up the shot glass. When I did not reach for mine, she looked up quizzically. The look in my eyes told her right away how serious I was. Her demeanour changed in an instant. "Eric, are you being serious?"

"Listen, I'm not over here *begging* you to jerk me off, but, if you want results, this is how we get them."

I lamented on the oversaturation of the market -- how so many women were posting solo content that it made it hard to stand out amongst all the noise. We had a foothold, but needed to catapult it into something bigger.

I admitted to the direct messages that I had kept hidden. In part, I had wanted to shield Mom from their vulgarity, But there'd been something else that had set them apart from the ones I'd first revealed. Every single one of them had requested the same thing.

<When u gone be wit a guy??> -MilfLover1988

<Would Love 2 See Couples Content...> -DFWdaddio

<Great vid! Need to see her get fucked hard!> -KinkyPengiun69

They were far from poetic, but their message was clear: people were willing to pay *big* money to see Mom get physical, but that was a hurdle she had not even considered crossing.

I fed the synopsis to her speechless stare. "They just want to see you do stuff with a guy."

"*Which* guy?" Mom blurted out.

"I don't think they care."

She cradled her arms to her chest and plopped down on the sofa next to me. "Well, I *do* care! I don't want to look for some *random* guy with a *random* dick for me to start jerking, or sucking, whatever."

I gave her a cheesy grin, but she still was not buying it. "Then it's a good thing you don't have to look very far." When she did not catch my drift, I continued. "I touch you all the time, don't I? You seem comfortable with it. In fact, you kind of seem to like it!"

Mom tensed up, curling her toes until they cracked. She was too ashamed to admit it, but her blushing told me everything I needed to know. "Massaging my shoulders and legs is not the same, honey. You know that, don't you?"

"Nobody will know!"

"I will," Mom said with a wince. "*We* will, honey."

I threw up my hands in defeat, unsure of how to proceed. "You're right, but we need to do *something*. We can't keep crossing stuff off the list without adding something to it."

Mom was quiet for a long time. The ticking of the clock overhead filled the passing seconds, but as it ticked past a full minute, I wondered if she was ever going to rouse from her self-imposed coma.

Light flashed behind her eyes, waking her from her deep, troubling daydream. With the resilience of a coal miner, Mom downed both of the shots she had poured and turned to me with renewed resolve.

Mom covered her mouth to stifle a small hiccup. "Fuck it. Let's just fucking do it."

"Wait, Mom. We don't have to--"

"Stop, stop." She recoiled in disgust, unwilling to mull it over for a second longer. The heinous double shot of vodka - combined with her acquiescence to giving her son a handjob on camera - contorted her face into a portrait of pained reluctance. "If I think about it too long, I'm going to get scared and change my mind."

"I don't want to push you into anything."

Mom stood up from the couch and smoothed down the wrinkles on the front of her skirt. "You aren't. Sitting here, just now, I accepted that I probably *will* have to do this with you at some point."

"But--"

Mom held up a hand, cutting me short. "I'm not going to be able to sleep right if this is on my mind. If you're able to, let's just do it tonight."

I was at a loss for words.

Mom took a deep breath, nodding softly to me while she breathed it out. After all my fantasizing, it was surreal that *she* had ended up being the one to talk *me* into having my dick stroked. "Will you get your camera, and the mineral oil, then meet me in the living room?"

My brain was running at half speed, but there was no time to update. "Get... camera... I will." I pushed through the fog and stumbled towards my bedroom.

Minutes later, I entered the empty living room. I half expected Mom to leap out from behind a curtain, revealing that it had been a prank designed to crush my dreams just moments after igniting them. Every fiber of my being was on edge waiting for her to join me. I tried to open my phone and distract myself, but my hands were shaking so badly that the fingerprint reader would not even recognize me.

Mom's dainty footsteps began their slow walk down the hallway. The long, lingering space between each step implied her hesitation. Several agonizing seconds later, she appeared in the door wearing a loose t-shirt and a pair of cozy pajama shorts that hugged her ass like a second skin. She looked mousy, yet ferocious.

"Hey," she whispered, chewing on the corner of her mouth. "You ready to do this?"

"As ready as I'll ever be." I flicked on the TV, which earned me a quizzical look. "Oh, I think it's more authentic this way. It's like we were sitting around watching television and you couldn't help but,

you know..."

Mom scoffed at the preposterous implication. "I just couldn't help but jerk you off, hmm?" The absurdity of the situation was inherently comical, and it broke the ice between us. "Am I, like, your wife in this scenario?"

I grinned sheepishly. "Performing your wifely duties, I guess?"

"Duties?" Mom echoed sardonically. "You know, I never did this for your father." She chuckled before clarifying. "I mean, I obviously *touched* it, but we never sat down for a formal hand job with oil and stuff."

I grinned from ear to ear. "Like *we're* about to do?"

She rolled her eyes. "Try to be a little less excited, honey. The last time I gave one of these was in high school, for crying out loud, so lower your expectations!"

"Lucky guy," I remarked, totally not the least bit jealous.

She stomped her foot. "As if! I was as nervous back then as I am now!"

I immediately felt a twinge of guilt in my heart that nipped my teasing in the bud. "If you're nervous, we don't have to do this."

She sat on the couch next to me and folded my hand in her lap. Her thumbs massaged circles into my palm. "Honey, you need to accept that there are many, many pieces of me that do not want to do *any* of this with you. You're my son, and it feels like we're defying some natural law by letting this thing continue, but..."

I waited for the other shoe to drop.

"... like it or not you awoke something in me." Mom nudged my shoulder with hers. "This is the most amazing I've felt about myself - and my body - in years. I'm curious, and that excites me as much as it scares me, but with you, more than any man in my life before, I want to embrace it."

I bent my neck and touched our foreheads together. "I believe you."

"I love you, Eric." Her voice was rich with sincerity.

"I love you too, Sharon." I knew that was a risky advancement, but it was a night of risks.

She shook her head in protest, but could not help from cracking a smile. "Oh, no, honey. It's always going to be '*Mommy*' to you."

Icy tingles erupted from my spine, their frigid aura surging all the way to the tips of my fingers. Something deep and dark in my psyche thrived on hearing her talk like that. In that moment, I would have given her anything she'd asked for. Lucky for me, what she was in search of was already trying to burst out of the front of my shorts.

Mom focused on my erection and narrowed her eyes. "Looks like *he* wants to start right away. Getting hard while Mommy is right next to you? Such a naughty boy."

I grabbed the camera and held it up by my chin, trying to mimic my real life point of view so the video would look convincing. "You better start quick, before I explode in my pants!"

Mom scampered onto her knees and tucked herself between my legs with a hand on either side of my waistband. She waited for her cue, and once I gave it, she got to work.

She locked eyes with the lens, beginning a staring contest with the viewer on the other side. Her mouth was turned up in a curious half smile that grew larger as more of my crotch was revealed. When she pulled the waistband past the head of my dick, my fully formed hard-on broke free of its prison and slapped angrily against my stomach.

She gave a startled squeak, her eyes wide with shock as she gazed upon the full length - not just fully revealed, but fully erect. "You're so... *hard*. Is that all for me?"

I swallowed my mounting anxiety. Mom played her role expertly. Every lavish seduction she was performing for her audience was working double on me; I had never been so close to having an out of body experience.

Mom popped open the bottle of mineral oil. She held her hand flat, making a show of drizzling a long stream into her palm from a great height. The thin waterfall formed a pool in her hand; once she was satisfied with its size, she used her slippery mitt to coat the other until both were equally smothered.

She timidly wrapped one hand around the base of my cock. Her grip, firm yet tender, set off alarm bells in my brain. No matter how much her hand trembled, her fingers stayed tightly secured around me. Her fingers encircled the root, sending a rush of blood upwards that inflated the bulging helmet. It pulsed with excitement, and below it, the shaft kept growing Mom's tiny hand. Following her instincts, she closed her fist around the head and gave it a gentle squeeze.

I moaned like a stuck pig. I could not help it; I melted when she touched me. Her slimy paws fondled me with unbound curiosity, venturing with no real motive or direction. It was clear that she was unsure of her abilities, but praise in the form of my incessant moaning served to bring out her confidence.

Mom tightened her grip around the head, then twisted her wrist like a corkscrew. Her movements lacked skill, but she made up for it with heartfelt enthusiasm.

I was in no mental state to offer notes, but in hindsight, Mom had a good sense of when experimentation needed to progress to something more goal-oriented. She added her other hand to the mix and formed a tunnel with her fists. Then she fed my cock through a kaleidoscope of slimy fingers in long, unbroken strokes. Each digit seemed to be guided by a mind of its own, and yet Mom's hands and elbows kept them all working to the same rhythm and towards the same end. It was a heady mixture of repetition and surprise, and all thoughts of teasing her for her inexperience melted into goo and leaked out of my ears.

Mom knew how to manipulate me by that point. Both fists plummeted to the bottom, viciously strangling the root. Just as it had before - and just as she had expected -- the bulb grew to its fullest, shining with a smear of oil so thick that she risked being blinded by the light reflecting off the smooth, glassy surface. Then she offered up yet another surprise; she pointed me towards her lips, formed her mouth into an "O," and ushered a fat gob of foamy spit into the middle of the circle. It fell from her lips and landed on the head, where it began to drip down the sides.

Before the drool had a chance to run down to her fingers, Mom used it to her advantage. With one of her hands still pinned to the base of my cock, pulling the loose skin as tight as it would go, Mom

used the other to deftly smother the head in her homemade lube. Saliva squelched between her fingers, oozing through the cracks.

She worked like she was churning butter, dutifully applying her affection to the entire length with a rhythm that came all too naturally. "Is that good, honey?"

"Fuck, yes!"

"What about *this*?" she asked, then blew a stream of cool air over my oil-soaked dong.

Trapped in her clutches, I was forced to endure the chill blowing over my slickened skin. It made me clench up, which in turn made my dick, once again a prisoner of both of her hands, throb like it was trying to brute-force its way out.

Mom's jaw dropped open. "Whoa! Can you make him do that again?"

"This?" I clenched as hard as I could, hoping to impress her. The swelling of my cock elicited such glee that it only made her squeeze tighter.

"Oh my God! It's like he's *alive*!" Mom's jaw hung open; her eyes were the size of football fields. She let go with one hand so that she could trace one of the fat, blue veins that stretched from the root all the way up to the head. Her touch tickled me, prompting my cock to seize up.

I had never been so hard in my entire life; my dick was made of steel. I barely recognized it, but I was extremely familiar with the woman at the end of it, purring like a happy kitten.

She effortlessly jerked me off with one hand, which was more than enough. She did not pause, preferring to subject me to an endless onslaught of tight, slippery tugs, each of which tended to my entire length on their way down. Her long, snug stroking put to shame every single one of my sex toys, and I wondered how I would ever return to them.

Mom's free hand rested on my thigh, making a shelf upon which she could rest her head. She gazed deep into the camera and, by extension, my eyes. The way she cast her gaze upwards to meet mine, her eyes swooning with love, was the most powerful drug I had ever known.

She kissed my thigh, sucking gingerly to ensure a pink mark would be left behind. "Tell Mommy what to do next, honey."

"B-both h-h-hands," I whined desperately.

Mom lifted her head off of her arm and straightened her back. She placed both hands around the root of my cock like she was going to use it to stir a gigantic pot of soup. Her hands easily glided to the head, basting every inch along the way. It became impossible to tell one hand from the other as I melted into her ministrations.

When it felt like I was about to explode, she slowed down. The piston in her hands radiated pure energy, but she knew how to handle it. Her strokes ground to halt; my cock throbbed eagerly, begging her to resume the slippery massage.

Mom pulled one of her hands off of me. She quickly slid it underneath my balls, palm facing upwards, cupping my sack. She gave it a reassuring squeeze, then made a ring around the base with her thumb and pointer finger, which held it in place at the very center of her oily hand. With her other fingers, she gingerly tickled. Electricity crackled through my skin as her nails lightly

brushed over me, each one leaving a trail of goosebumps in their wake. My balls, and my mortal soul, were ready to dissolve in her hands-- but she had other plans.

Without relinquishing her prize, Mom closed her other oily paw around my cock head. She rotated her wrist until her thumb was in the perfect position to brush against the frenulum - which was more sensitive than it had ever been before - with every of her methodical strokes. The bridge of skin under her thumb functioned as a switch, turning me from a normal human being into a dishevelled heap of a man.

My nervous system was a switchboard, and the tingles from her touch lit up every button. Her pace was half of what it had been moments prior, but the attention to detail made everything feel so much more visceral.

"Like that, sweetheart?" Mom was hungry for approval. I was too far gone to make words, so a hearty groan had to suffice.

She left the entire shaft untouched, but I was still experiencing more pleasure than I knew what to do with. My toes curled so hard that they cracked like fireworks. The top-to-bottom service she was providing had brought me dangerously close to orgasm already. Had Mom not been so attentive to the telltale throbbing that soon followed, my orgasm would have caused the video to end much sooner. My dick, pulsating mightily, told her just how close I was to the edge.

She yanked her hands off of me, as though she had been scalded by the red hot iron, and winked to the camera. "Not yet, honey."

My heart leapt into my throat. "But--"

"No, no, no," she sung softly, batting her eyelashes. "No *buts*." She held her oily hands up to the camera to show how soaked they were, then gestured down to her chest with her chin. "Help Mommy out of her t-shirt, baby."

She did not have to ask twice.

Mom held her arms straight up in the air while I bunched up the bottom of her shirt with one hand, ensuring the camera remained steady all the while. She closed her eyes, wearing a satisfied smile that persisted after I had pulled the shirt over her head.

Even in the dim light of the den, her tits were astonishing. From the couch, her position kneeling on the floor in front of me caused them to hang well past my knees. I could not see where they ended, but her perky nipples grazing against my shins revealed just how low they swung.

Using the practice she'd gained from our video in the kitchen, Mom took to oiling herself once again. She tucked her hands below her hanging breasts, coating the underside with a healthy sheen. She kneaded and squeezed the sagging udders, evenly spreading the oil around until her skin was completely saturated.

Then she lifted her tits high into the air, taking their weight into her arms. She was losing the battle against both volume and gravity, but I'll be damned if she didn't look good doing it. Supple flesh ooze through the cracks of her fingers, reminding me once again of bread dough - maybe with some olive oil? -- that I desperately wanted to eat raw. Once her breasts were in frame, lifted high above my knees, she released the burden and sent them crashing onto my legs. I heaved under their heft, crushed beneath the pressure of the overfilled water balloons.

"Are Mommy's boobs nice and warm, honey?" Mom pouted impishly.

"Fuck yes," I cried.

"Then I guess you wanna put your dick right *here*, don't you?" Mom paired the rhetorical question with headstrong action, already sliding me between her tits without waiting for the obvious response.

The temperature between them was unbelievable. My cock was wearing a winter coat in the middle of July. Mom pushed her boobs together, squishing them on the sides so that my shaft was smothered between the two soft, fluffy mounds.

My instincts went into overdrive and I mindlessly began thrusting my hips. It wasn't anything dramatic, but as soon as my cock was embedded in the sweltering tomb I could not avoid the desire to start humping my mother's chest.

Mom gazed down at her tits to see the engorged helmet staring back at her. "Oh, hello there."

I pushed forward, spearing my cock through the ocean of breast meat in which it drowned. Its shiny bulb gasped for air, poking through the waves momentarily before it was swallowed whole again.

Once she was sure I would not literally melt in the confines of her torrid prison, she was ready to have some fun. "You must really like it in there, huh? Can you handle it if I go a little faster?"

I could not, but I was not about to tell her that.

Mom lifted her tits into the air, pausing for a moment to let the comparatively cool air tickle the base of my shaft. Then, without warning, she flung her breasts back onto my lap and engulfed my dick in one heaving toss. The loose armful assaulted my cock on all sides, bumping and grinding against the sensitive head in a loving massage.

I thrust hard into her cleavage, meeting her breasts each time they dropped into my lap. It took a couple of awkward strokes, but we quickly found our rhythm. In just a few seconds, we were working as a team, pumping my dick between her tits like we had done it a thousand times before.

Mom looked up at me -- not at the camera, but me. The love in her eyes - not to mention the pride and the mischief -- was palpable. I could read her like a book. The moment between us was short, but I knew I would be replaying it for a lifetime. It was as though, for that brief window, Mom forgot the camera existed at all. It was just her and me, and that was just how I wanted it.

She turned her attention back to the lens, staring down the barrel with a fiery glimmer in her eye. She held steady, her head half-cocked and with a peaceful smile on her face that brought out her remarkable dimples.

"Good boy, just like that," Mom encouraged me affectionately. "Fuck Mommy's big, fat titties."

"Mom, I--"

"I know, honey," she cooed with sympathy. "I can feel him throbbing. Just keep going, honey."

"Oh, fuck. Oh my fucking *god*, I'm gonna cum!" Wounded soldiers on a battlefield made less horrific noises than I.

She licked her lips. "Good! Mommy wants it all over her face. Can you do that?"

Absolutely I could. In fact, I would have been completely unable to stop myself even if an armed swat team had kicked down our front door.

My balls pulled tightly to my body. A surge of euphoria blossomed in my stomach and spread through my veins at light speed, carrying endless waves of pleasure through my entire body. I had never done heroin, but could not imagine that it felt half as good cumming between my mother's fat, oily tits.

I was too far gone to aim for her face, so she took the reins. With my final, hearty bellow acting as a starter pistol, she leapt into action as soon as the shot rang out.

Mom plunged her tits into my lap one last time to allow the head of my cock, polished to a reflective gleam, to poke out from between them. The bulging crown was pointed directly at her face, inflated to a frightening size as it exploded, spewing white, bubbling-hot lava onto her face.

The first rope splattered against her forehead, landing on the canvas with an audible splatter that send several drops raining down onto her eyebrows. The first burst is always the biggest, but I don't think either of us expected a tablespoon of warm butter to be running down her cheeks from just the first shot.

The next two sticky streams were almost as big as the first. They landed on her lips, their tether unbroken as they stretched over her cheeks and began to drip down her jaw. Mom did not close her mouth, even when droplets of her son's cum began to trickle into her gaping maw. She was undeterred, but what's more, she was loving it.

One last powerful flex sent a dollop of cum directly into her left eye. She reflexively closed it with a surprised gasp, recoiling for a moment before she regained her composure. She steadied herself, holding her mouth wide open with her eyes closed - and, thanks to the last burst, with one of them pasted shut. The thick paste dripping down her forehead smeared as it drooled down the side of her nose.

The ringing in my ears subsided, but the tingles in my brain remained for another few minutes. I shut my eyes and watched a mesmerizing array of shapes and colours dance behind my eyelids. I had never experienced such untold bliss in my life, but after every orgasm comes clarity - sometimes painful.

With my senses returning, I looked down, expecting to be horrified by the sight that I knew awaited. I had just cum on my mother's face.

She was still kneeling on the floor, waiting for me to end the recording. She was basted in such an unforgivably thick layer of cum that she would have needed a window wiper to clean it all off. Streams of translucent precum ran down her face like salty tears, while the bulk of the white paste clung to her cheeks and forehead.

She was fucking beautiful.

Mom wiped a glob of cum off of the side of her lip and made a show of examining the way it drooled off of her finger. Then, with a subtle wink to the camera, she slurped it off. There was no way for anybody but us to know how truly vulgar that was.

There are very few mothers in the world that know what their son's cum tastes like. They might take a guess, but my mom no longer had to. She knew, and would remember forever, the taste of my

cum melting on her taste buds before sliding down her gullet-- swallowed into the belly of the woman who should have been one lucky swimmer's grandmother.

Mom blew a kiss to the camera and held the pose for a second, waving to her audience. "Thank you for making a mess. I'll see you next time, honey."

"Okay, we're clear!" I ended the video and dropped the camera on the couch. "Wow, Mom."

I ended the recording. S broke character immediately, completely changing the atmosphere of the room when she did.

Her mouth hung open, and her fingers waded through the coating of cum seeping into her pores. "You came so much! I didn't wanna make a big thing of it for the camera, but *look* at this!" She wiped a finger through the glaze on her forehead, leaving an imprint in the wet cement.

I blushed, afraid I was about to expose myself as a true newbie. "Don't *all* guys cum that much? That's what it looks like in porn."

"Not in real life, honey. I've never seen this much. Look at my *eye*!" Mom tried to pry open her eyelid, but it was sincerely glued shut. One of her nostrils was clogged with a membrane of white goo. Every time she exhaled, it bubbled like a pot on a hot stove. "This is a 'get-you-pregnant' type of load."

I knew she was just mindlessly talking, but the comparison she'd chosen to draw made me instantly curious. "You think I could get you pregnant?"

"Duh! I mean, you know, if we ever..." Mom trailed off, her eyes growing wistful for half a second. She shook her head clear. "Anyway, you know what I mean! You're dangerous, mister." She pointed at my dick. "That thing is a weapon."

I took that as a compliment, and her hesitation to take her eyes off my slowly softening erection told me that she'd meant it as one.

Mom got off her knees and kissed her fingers, then transferred the kiss to my forehead. I was so enamoured with her that I would have kissed her on the mouth no matter how much cum had been dripping off of her.

She needed to get cleaned up, and we both knew a simple towel was not going to cut it. I thought about asking to take another video of her showering, but even *my* greed had limits. She left my sight, but as she did, I caught her reflection in the window on the other side of the room. Just before she vanished, she shoveled another dollop of chunky cum into her mouth and sucked her finger dry. That time it was not for the camera.

I raced for my bedroom as soon as I heard the lock on the bathroom door click shut. I pored over every single frame of the video as though the recipe for eternal youth was hidden among the pixels. I knew I was obsessed, and I did not care.

It struck me while watching the video just how heavily we'd leaned into the mother/son roleplay. It hadn't been intentional on my part, but I realized that the only way to edit around it was to cut the audio entirely in exchange for a musical backtrack.

I weighed the options, but ultimately decided that it was worth the risk to keep the dialogue. I already knew we could make big money off of fetish content. I just prayed nobody would ever

seriously consider the possibility that "Mommy" was my actual mother.

There was not much to do in the way of editing, yet I lingered in my room, watching the playback over and over and over again. I trimmed the length to make it more concise, removing the fatty edges so the video started and ended on a dramatic note. It took less than fifteen minutes, but I was stuck in my chair watching the loop for another thirty before a knock at the door shook me from my stupor.

I cleared my throat so my voice would not crack. "Come in!"

Mom opened the door and leaned against the frame, narrowing her eyes at me without speaking a word. Her hair was tied up in a high bun, with only a few loose strands dangling in her face. She was wearing her loose-fitting t-shirt from earlier, but that was all I could see. The bottom of the shirt was just long enough to conceal her pussy, and no matter how hard I strained, I could not see even a hint of underwear. I could not tell if she was bottomless, but I hoped she was.

Mom was a smart woman; she knew what she was doing. She knew she would catch me watching our video, and had decided to add insult to injury by showing up half-naked.

"Watching anything good?" The melodic tune of her voice danced through the air.

"Uh, no?"

She pouted for a moment, briefly lapsing back into character. "You get extra 'good boy points' if you don't lie to Mommy."

I reached for my camera. "Should I be recording this, or..."

She waved me off. "No, no. I'm sorry, honey. I'm just playing around." Then, she flashed me a goofy smile. "It's really fun talking that way, though. I like how flustered you get!"

I rolled my eyes and opened my laptop with a cheeky grin. As luck would have it, the video was paused on the frame just after the first rope of cum had landed on her face.

Mom bit her lip. "She looks like she's having a really good time."

"Was she?" I asked sincerely.

"Yes, honey. She really was." Mom stepped into my room and closed the door behind her. We were the only two in the house, but the small gesture still made me feel safer.

She sat on the bed across from me with her legs crossed, begging for my eyes to venture between her legs. It was cast in shadow, and I still could not catch a glimpse of underwear. I was seconds away from pulling out the camera and using the flash to find out the truth, but Mom was an expert at distracting me.

She batted her eyelashes seductively. "Did you have fun letting Mommy tug on your big, strong penis?"

My cheeks burned a deep, fiery crimson. I buried my face in my hands, hoping to hide from the embarrassment of blushing like a schoolboy.

I dug my fingertips into my temples. "I don't know what's wrong with me. There's something sick in my brain that *loves* hearing you talk like that."

"I know, honey. Me too." Her admission sounded sincere, but I nevertheless found myself questioning her motivation.

"Wait, are you still trying to be sexy?" I asked, letting some of my genuine frustration slip out. "It's starting to get a little confusing. Which parts are affection? Which parts are supposed to make my dick hard?"

Mom thought for a second, pensively chewing on her bottom lip. Her eyes were penetrating, looking past a cumbersome layer of hormonal excess to peer straight into my heart. She scooted closer to me on the bed and wheeled my office chair closer to her so that I was sitting between her legs. She was slightly taller than me thanks to the height of my bedframe, and used that uncommon perspective to her advantage.

She lay a hand on either side of my face and offered loving strokes to my cheekbones with her thumbs. "Listen to me, honey. This is me talking as your mother." She leaned in and pressed her forehead against mine. "Nothing will ever change how much I love you. That love is special. No matter what we do, our bond is unbreakable."

The world grew so silent that I could hear the blood moving through my veins.

"You are my entire world, Eric," she said. "I can't explain to you how deep my love runs for you. I think it scares me."

I swallowed, but my mouth was dry. "Scares you?"

"I'm scared of how strongly I feel for you. I know we've always been close, but this past month has shown me that you can be more than just my son. I want to chase it, but I'm scared it will blow up in our faces and ruin everything."

My heart was a fire alarm ringing in my ears. I did not want to go back to the way things were, but it was frightening to realize that we could not if we wanted to. "If we're being honest," I replied, "I think we're already past that point."

"Do you wish we could go back?"

"No, I don't. I like this, I love you, and I don't care what rules we have to break if it means I get to love you like *this*."

"In that case..." Mom slid off the edge of the bed and plopped into my lap. "... *this* is me coming to you as a woman."

With her legs tucked under the arms of the chair, she was in the perfect position to straddle me. I loved feeling her weight on top of me. It pinned me to my chair as her hands caressed my shoulders.

The heat radiating from her pussy was undeniable. I finally drew the conclusion that she was, to my delight, naked from the waist down. Even through my boxers, I could feel her muggy heat wafting over me. It beckoned my dick to life with nothing more than a hint of its unyielding warmth.

I grinned like a giant goofball. "I like this way."

Mom tilted her head to the side, filled with curiosity. "Oh, do you? What do you like about it?"

"I like that you're in *my* lap. It's kind of possessive, I guess? It feels like you're *mine*." I wrapped my arms around the small of her back.

She kissed my forehead. "I am, honey."

"Mom, that's--"

"I know how it sounds," she said, cutting me off defiantly. "I just mean... I'm not seeing anyone right now, and I might never bother to again -- not because of you, or your father. I'm just done with dating for a while."

I nodded along, hypnotized by the way her eyes fluttered back and forth while she processed her own musings.

"We spend all of our time together," she said. "I can tell you anything. You already make up such a huge part of my life. It's like we're--"

"Married?" I was to be the one to cut her off that time. I punctuated my assertion with a quick squeeze of the bare bottom sitting in my lap.

Mom must have liked the idea, because her face broke out into a gigantic smile. "I was going to say *dating*, jeez!"

"Fine, then. Dating." I squeezed her cheek again, harder that time.

Mom swatted my shoulder. "Be serious! Is that too weird?"

I craned my neck to get closer to her lips, but I wanted her to make the final move. "Well, you keep calling yourself *Mommy* - which you never used to do - and it keeps making my dick hard."

I think she wanted to kiss me right then, but she didn't. "I need you to be honest," she said. "Can you handle this?"

"Can I handle my Mom and my girlfriend being the same person?"

Mom scrunched her nose. She picked at the graphic design on my shirt with her fingers. Softly, she whispered, "Yeah, that."

"I think it would make the happiest man in the world." I had never been in love, but I knew in my heart that it was supposed to feel a lot like what I felt every time I laid eyes upon my darling mother.

Mom gave in to her desire and finally, after eons of waiting, closed the gap between her lips and mine. She poured herself into me, and we made out like horny teenagers, sloppily pawing at each other while we traded kisses back and forth.

She dragged her teeth across my lower lip as she pulled away, nibbling gingerly before separated us. As always, she left me wanting more. The naked pussy dripping nectar into my lap was a keen reminder of just how little was stopping us from ravaging each other on the spot, but we weren't there yet.

"You're a good kisser," she panted lustfully between smooches.

"You're a better one."

"Practice makes perfect." She then turned her attention to the laptop, where her past self was still proudly sporting a face full of cum. "So, what do you do with *this* thing?"

I wheeled my chair, with Mom still sitting on me, over to the desk where my laptop sat. We stared in silence at the cum-soaked woman looking back at us for a few moments while I wondered the whole time what thoughts might have been spiraling through her mind.

"It's all edited," I told her. "I just have to hit the button and it'll go live."

Mom held her pointer finger in the air. "May I?"

I gestured to the enter button and gave her the helm. With a deep, dramatic breath, Mom slowly lowered her finger onto the key with the seriousness of a NASA chief about to launch a shuttle. She pressed the big red button and sent the video into orbit; the internet would do the rest.

She wiggled excitedly in my lap. "How long does it usually take?"

"I typically like to sleep on it. The notifications come overnight, so there will be a bunch to wake up to." The mention of sleep instantly brought on a sense of drowsiness. I failed to stifle a yawn, but that did not deter Mom's manic energy.

"Does nine work?"

I groaned in annoyance. "Nine in the *morning*?"

Her body language was enough to tell me she wasn't bluffing - and that she was going to make sure that I was awake almost as soon as she was.

Mom climbed off my lap, leaving me with a parting kiss that lingered far longer than it needed to. There was no more motherly affection, or parental pretense, to explain away our intimacy; we were enjoying it too much for that to be true. I kissed my girlfriend goodnight, and knew right away that it would take several hours for me to actually fall asleep.

Before she left, she said to make sure I was "ready for her" in the morning. She did not explain any further, so I made sure the camera was fully charged and waiting on my nightstand.

CHAPTER 3

Everything felt wrong.

The carpet under my feet was crunchy. It was dry, and cracked under my toes. The woolly fibers crumbled to sand with a single step, leaving nothing but grains in my footprint. Wind blew through the house from every direction, tossing the granules of dust into the air.

The sky outside my window was as black as night. There was no sunlight to speak of, yet my arms and legs cast long, crooked shadows on the wall behind me. They were completely unrecognizable. I raced down the hallway, chased into the darkness by a grotesque menagerie of twisted black shapes.

In the hallway, I was flanked on all sides by wooden picture frames that melted into the drywall. The photos contained within them, I did not recognize. They were all tattered and torn, fluttering pitifully in the whipping winds that blew down the narrow corridor-- seemingly from every direction at once.

In the kitchen, the ceramic tiles shattered under my feet as though they were made of glass. The fragments they left behind began to rattle, shaken by a sudden, menacing quake. My legs and feet weighed a thousand pounds; each leaden step left a deep imprint that persisted amongst a sea of shards; my blood was the glue that held their perimeter in place.

I knew that if I could just make it outside, I would be fine. I did not know where that knowledge stemmed from, but I trusted it implicitly.

I threw open the patio door and exited the house. There were no trees, no clouds, and no ground to speak of. The world around me had vanished, swallowed whole by the endless void that surrounded the house. Both it and I were suspended outside of time.

My feet did not have a chance to touch the patio; I floated free from the ground as soon as I crossed the threshold to the outside world. I threw my arms about, hoping to direct my aimless ascent, but it was fruitless. I floated above the house, its brick walls displaying the decay one would expect in an ancient tomb.

I watched the structure that I knew so well collapse in on itself. As though a black hole had opened up in the middle of our living room, our home became the very whirlwind of brick and mortar that was swallowing it up. Once it was gone, there would be nothing left.

"hOnEy?"

I scanned the blackness around me, but saw nothing.

"HoNeY?"

I saw nothing, but I felt everything -- no, not everything. I felt the *only* thing that mattered to me.

I felt Mom.

She snapped her fingers in front of my face, pulling me from my nightmare. "Honey!"

My eyelids snapped open like blinds. My retinas were immediately pierced by the morning sun. The world existed again. The colour, the smells, and the sounds were all back to normal. The only abnormal thing was having my mother deliver an early morning wakeup call from under the covers.

She was tucked under the sheets with me, her body resting on top of mine like a security blanket. I thought I was a light sleeper, but clearly had not stirred when she'd slipped under the covers.

I grumbled, stretching the life back into my limbs. "Where are we?"

Mom kissed my cheek. "In bed, duh. Bad dream?"

"Yeah, but it had a nice ending." I did not want to bore Mom with details, but it was safe to say that the only pleasant part about my morning thus far had been waking up to her. "I had an alarm set for nine. Are you early or something?"

Mom grinned sheepishly. "A little bit, I think."

That turned out to be the understatement of the year. I checked the time on my phone, then I cried in disbelief. "It's seven-thirty! Mom, you promised!"

She knew I would push back -- I was not traditionally keen to wake up at the crack of dawn -- but before the realization could settle in, Mom was already planting dozens of wet, tender kisses along my neck.

She donned her sweetest voice, pouring sugar over her words so they went down smoother. "Do you want Mommy to leave?" she mewled. She was intentionally blurring the line between mother and girlfriend.

As my faculties returned to me, noticed that Mom was dressed - or rather, *not* dressed - for the occasion.

I finally clued in to the stifling heat grinding against my thigh. I do not know how I had missed it, but the sensation of Mom's soft, fluffy pubic hair tickling my leg was suddenly all I could focus on.

"Wait, are you naked?"

Mom sported a devilish grin and signaled for me to lift the blanket off of us. "Why don't you take a look for yourself?"

I pried open the covers and craned my neck so I could see past Mom's head. I did not need the visual confirmation, but I wanted it badly. She was kind enough to turn her head to the side, giving me a glimpse of her grinding against my leg. Her legs were intertwined with mine, putting her pussy in the perfect position to rub against my bare thigh.

I was still having trouble coming to terms with reality. "You're naked."

"I'm naked, honey. You've got a naked Mommy lying on you, and there's nothing you can do about it!" She laughed like a cartoon supervillain. "Speaking of *naked*..."

Mom placed another loud, juicy kiss on my cheek, then scuttled under the covers, out of view. In a flash, she hooked her thumbs under my boxers and yanked them off, leaving me equally nude. "There! Isn't that better?"

Either I had woken up with morning wood, or my body was reacting instinctively to Mom's powerful aura. Her mere teasing was enough to turn cogs that had previously turned for nobody.

Mom purred happily from below the covers. "Looks like somebody *else* is happy to see me, too."

One finger at a time, Mom gingerly wrapped her digits around the base of my cock. I was so hard that it was glued to my stomach, but she gently pulled until it was sticking straight up in the air. If she had let go, it would have slapped against my belly again, so she was sure to keep her grip firm.

Mom tucked her other hand beneath my balls, forming a cup. Raising her hand up ever so slightly, she cradled them in her palm like they were fragile bird eggs, lightly brushing her thumb over the smooth surface. I felt secure in her hands; she knew exactly how to handle me. It had been less than twenty-four hours since she had touched me sexually for the first time, but somehow it felt natural.

A loud, bubbly gurgle told me she was gathering up a glob of spit in her mouth. With my dick pointed in the air, she dribbled it onto the tip. Using her hand, she spread it around until it evenly coated the whole head. Thanks to that thick, glossy sheen, I felt every nerve ending scream out when she blew a stream of cool air over the inflated knob.

I needed an explanation as to why my skeleton wanted to jump out of my skin. "Oh my god, that feels amazing. What are you *doing*?"

"Just making sure he's nice and wet before I put him in my mouth," Mom hummed without a care in the world. One might be forgiven for thinking she was discussing dinner plans, but the reality was far more vulgar.

"Before you... wait, *what*?"

Mom giggled from her hiding place below the duvet. "You should probably get your camera ready for this next part, honey."

I flung open the covers, stripping Mom of the one thing keeping her modest. I did not need to guess any longer; I saw for myself that she, with my dick and balls clutched in her hands, was hovering her lips a mere inch from the head of my cock. Her lips were parted so that her tongue could hang lazily from her open mouth.

She looked like a lapdog begging for a treat. "Does that look good?"

I was frozen in place. "Fucking spectacular."

"In that case: geeet your caaaaamera oooooout." Mom sung her demand, using the head of my dick as a microphone. She was being playful, but was deadly serious about her request.

I quickly did as she bade. POV shots were easy to frame; the hard part was stopping my hands from shaking while I recorded. I turned it on and gave her the thumbs up.

Mom cooed, gently stroking my cock with her gaze transfixed on the camera lens. "Good morning, sweetheart."

"Good morning, Mommy." My heart soared as I spoke those innocuous words, knowing the true depravity of the meaning they carried.

She kissed the underside of my cock, then let her tongue flop out of her mouth. It hung down to her chin, making a runway to welcome me in. She tasted me like an ice pop, slowly letting her taste buds brush over me one at a time.

Mom licked her lips. "Mmm, salty."

"Is that bad?"

Mom thought to herself for a moment, then decided that she needed another taste to make up her mind. She dipped back down and flattened her tongue against the head, rubbing it back and forth along the bottom a couple times. "No, not bad. I kind of like it."

Mom pursed her lips to plant delicate smooches over the engorged helmet. After that, she assaulted my cock head with a barrage of sloppy kisses, each one wetter and more frantic than the last. With each kiss she delivered, she opened her mouth a little bit more, gradually parting her lips to accept more of the head into her mouth. She basted it with even more saliva in the meantime, her tongue darting out every so often to check the salinity.

Mom ushered another glob of spit to the front of her mouth and drooled it onto the head, watching with fascination as the foam dripped down the sides. The bubbles melted down the

length, dripping down my shaft until they met her closed fist wrapped around the root. She squeezed tight to stop the flow of slimy goo from running any further. Once a small pool had collected at the top of her hand, she transitioned to a corkscrew motion as she lifted it towards the head. Saliva lubricated her ascent, so she easily glided up the length of my cock until the head was secured within her palm.

The bulging, pink head in her clenched fist looked like the pistil of a precious flower, with her lily-white fingers acting as the beautiful petals. With just the head sticking out of her slippery mitt, Mom brought her lips down to greet it. She pursed them against the tip, blessing the crown with a tiny kiss. Then she opened her jaw, sliding her lips over the fat bulb to swallow the whole thing at once. It remained in her mouth for only a moment -- long enough for her to timidly nurse on the puffy head a couple of times.

She released it with a **plop**, hardly affording me the time to relish the wet, heated den, then turned her attention elsewhere. "Your balls look awfully cold, honey."

"They do?"

Mom nodded her head in an exaggerated fashion, knowing the hint had gone over my head. "Uh-huh. Don't you think so?"

I tried my hardest to play along. "Oh, yeah. I think you're right."

"Should Mommy put them somewhere cozy to keep them warm?" She pleaded with her eyes, as though nothing in the world would make her happier in that moment than to have a pair of balls in her mouth.

"Holy *fuck*, yes!"

She shuffled further down the bed, granting her easier access to my balls. She used a hand to corral them, gathering both of them in her palm to tug them away from my body. Her soft, bumpy tongue lapped against the swollen eggs, tickling them with what was to come.

Mom pushed on the back of my balls with two fingers, nudging one of them forward so she could wrap her lips around it. With patient suction, she slurped on the fat plum and gently popped it inside. Her noisy suckling was silenced as soon as her lips made an airtight seal around it. She opened her mouth wide, loudly sucking in air as she used her fingers to ease my other ball into her mouth, packing it in tightly against the first. Her maw was stuffed to the brim, forcing her cheeks to puff out like a chipmunk to accommodate both of them. They fit inside, but just barely.

I had seen people undergo the "Chubby Bunny" challenge on the internet before, wherein one tried to stuff their mouth with marshmallows and try to say the titular phrase as many times as they could before their mouths were too full. I figured since Mom was halfway there already - though with a decidedly adult twist - we should have some fun with it.

"Is your mouth full, Mommy?" I teased, brushing a strand of blonde hair out of her eyes.

Mom nodded happily, her throat gurgling as she fought to speak around the mass of meat. "Eh ih fuww!" Her cheerful response pushed saliva from her bulging lips; it bubbled and oozed from the corners of her mouth. Nothing she did could stop her from drooling.

Inside Mom's mouth, her tongue fluttered against my balls. She poked and prodded them, examining her captured prey. Her lips nursed greedily around the base of my balls like she was

sucking on a baby bottle. The comparison was accurate in more ways than one; her eyes were closed, betraying a state of absolute bliss.

Longing for air, Mom widened her jaw and sucked in a loud, messy breath through the spit soaked cracks. Slowly, as though she did not truly want to relinquish me, she used her tongue to push the fat orbs forward, ushering them out of her mouth. A long, glistening strand of saliva kept the two of us connected, leading from my balls all the way to her quivering lips.

Mom had completed her tentative lap, familiarizing herself with the touch and taste of my cock before she dove in headfirst. After the previous night, and her inspired wake-up call, I knew she was growing accustomed to touching me, but a blowjob felt different. To take me into her mouth was a display of devotion like no other. To flood her sense of taste, touch, and smell with my manhood was nothing short of sincere servitude, and a pleasure that no mother should ever give to her own son.

"Ready to see if Mommy still has what it takes?" *She* was ready; I could see it in her eyes.

"To do what?"

"To make you cum, silly!" she taunted. "Mama used to be pretty darn good at this. Wanna see how long you can last in my mouth?"

"I thought you were inexperienced with all this?"

She suddenly seemed very sure of herself. "Oh, honey. That was with my *hands*. I never used them much; I've always been more of a mouth gal."

It was bizarre to hear Mom disclose her preferred method for making men cum, but as long as I was to be at the receiving end, I was willing to overlook a lot of awkwardness - not to mention the fact that she'd just sold herself as some kind of a blowjob queen. I had already been on the edge of my seat before she'd hyped herself up. After that, my excitement tripled. I couldn't wait for her to deliver.

Mom held my cock firmly in place with her face hovering above it, staring down at her meal before she devoured it. She formed a circle with her lips that was just wide enough to fit the tip, making a snug ring that stretched around the knob as she worked her way down. Her tongue gently battered it on all sides, treating it to an assortment of licks and nudges before she found a comfortable spot on the underside of my dick to flatten it against.

As her mouth worked its way down, she paused every couple of inches to go back and forth over the same spot a handful of times - mini-blowjobs as preludes to the full treatment. Thusly she ushered my cock fully into her mouth, then further into the confines of her throat, intently basting the length with saliva on her way down.

Not every pause was a tease; every so often, she had to take a moment to steady her resolve. She stifled the urge to gag time and time again, but she did not break eye contact with the camera a single time. It was long before her left eye was twitching uncontrollably. Her sputtering throat sent speckles of saliva onto my tummy, and her breathing was laboured, but she refused to look away. The power of her eye contact had me in a trance. I was completely captivated, helpless against the expert manipulations of her mouth, tongue, and fixed stare.

Her grip on my balls was still firm, but they felt completely safe in her hands. She tugged gently on the sack slowly and rhythmically. Between her loud, spastic gurgling and the chaotic, random dips of her head, those tender tugs were the only constant. Like the waves of the ocean, they were as comforting as they were predictable.

With a mighty heave, Mom drove the last few inches of my throbbing cock into her gullet. Her left eye went from twitching to violently fluttering as she struggled to accommodate me. Her throat produced loud, wretched gurgles as she fought against her body's cries for air.

"You can do it, Mom," I said.

Her lips trembled around the root, but remained in place. She ignored the tiny tear that trickled out of corner of her eye, wearing it as a badge of honor. Having her mouth stuffed to the gills made it impossible for her to control the flow of saliva trickling out of the loose seal. The juicy stream ran down, cascading over my balls. They were cocooned in her small, clenched fist, but the drool managed to seep through the cracks of her fingers.

"Move your hand," I commanded sternly.

As though she had been waiting for such a demand all along, Mom pulled her hand away from my balls in a heartbeat. She was no longer holding my cock upright, which left the walls of her throat as the only thing keeping my raging erection in place. Without her there, its rigidity would have driven it directly against my stomach.

Every flex made my dick lurch against the front of her throat. The bloated head pulsated within the sweltering depths, pushing outward in all directions as it grew in size. Mom's eyes bugged out so dramatically that I wondered if the powerful swelling could be seen from the outside. I imagined a bulge in her neck, as though a balloon was inflating inside it.

Still locked in a staring contest with the camera, Mom reached out an open hand towards me. I extended my free one to meet hers. Our fingers interlocked, palms pressed together, to connect us in yet another way. She didn't need to say a word. One squeeze of her hand told me everything I needed to know.

Her other hand rubbed the inside of my thigh with long, reassuring strokes to drive the point home: she was happy where she was. She was the one with a dick spasming in her throat, which made it peculiar that *she* was the one comforting *me*. She swaddled me with an endless expression of affection, tirelessly tending to my swollen dick in a way that, ironically, only a mother can.

I cheered for her. "You made it to the bottom!"

"Ehh ay dih!" Mom garbled with a satisfied smile. She patted my thigh triumphantly, proud to have proven to both of us that she was still immeasurably talented.

"You're gonna make me cum if you keep me that deep."

Mom immediately let go of my hand, her eyes wide with terror. She shook her head subtly, perhaps to hide her visceral reluctance from the camera. I thought about cutting the video, but that kind of reaction was exactly what made our content so special. It was *real*, and sometimes reality isn't as neatly manicured as you want. Mom had already proven that her inclination towards sex went far beyond my expectations, so I was surprised to see her draw the line at something as casual as swallowing cum.

I caressed Mom's cheek with the back of my fingers. "What's wrong?"

She lifted her head out of my lap, giving herself just enough room to respond. True to form, she left the head of my cock inside of her mouth and allowed me to enjoy the sensation of her tongue battering against me while she spoke.

"I've never done... *that* before." She immediately dropped her head down when she was done talking, resuming her steady sucking like she had never stopped.

"Swallowed?"

Mom pulled my dick out of her mouth. She planted a kiss on the head, then said, as timidly as the new girl in school, "I don't like the taste." She had barely finished speaking when her lips wrapped themselves around the root again. For my sake, or perhaps hers, Mom refused to stop blowing me for a second longer than she had to. Conversation was but an inconvenience to her.

I didn't want to pressure her into anything, but secretly hoped that she would talk herself into saying yes. "Are you saying no?"

Mom did not respond for a minute. It was the first time that she broke eye contact with the camera, so I knew she was deep in thought. She bobbed up and down in my lap, greasing my cock with every dip of her head. She was acting like, if she sucked my dick well enough, I would forget about the question. Truthfully, she was doing a damn good job.

"Mommy?" I called to her. Her brow tensed, annoyed that I would evoke an innocent nickname for such nefarious purposes. "Pretty please?"

I could see the conflict in her eyes, and written across her brow. She wanted to give me what I asked for, whether for the video or my own enjoyment, but the memory of something most foul was pushing back hard.

"Did you like the taste last night?" I asked.

She pulled back a few inches. "I-I don't... it was just a little bit, and it was for the camera!" Then plummeted into my lap once more.

We both knew it was a lie.

"I saw you in the window," I said. "You wiped it off your face and sucked it right off your finger." I had no proof, but we both knew it was true.

Shame blossomed on Mom's cheeks as she pulled me from her mouth. She wiped her lips with the back of her hand to erase the multitude of sparkling saliva strands that connected us.

Mom scrunched her nose. "You saw me do that that?"

"How was it?"

"Salty, just like your dick. Also a little bitter, I guess. But that's different!" She punctuated her insistence by spitting loudly onto my bulging cockhead.

"Why?"

"I can drink a teaspoon of just about anything." Mom eyeballed my dick like it might spew forth a gallon of cum as any moment. "But your dick does not measure by the teaspoon; it measures by the liter!"

"Did mine taste better than Dad's?"

Mom's face broke into a coy smirk. "Yes honey, your cum tastes better than your father's." She continued to absentmindedly stroke me, pumping her fist like the motion was already burned into her muscle memory.

"And my dick?"

Mom stuck out her tongue and tapped me against it a couple of times. Her eyes aimed up and the right, like she was staring at something off in the distance while she mulled over the flavour on her tongue. She sucked the head into her mouth a couple of times, soaking her taste buds in cock-flavored saliva before she made up her mind.

Mom smooched the head-- a reward for passing her personal taste test. "It also tastes better than his. Mama likes the way you taste, sugar."

I was happy that the camera did not capture my cheesy grin. "Thanks, Mom."

"Wanna know something else?" Mom lowered her voice like she was about to share a secret. "You're *bigger* than him, too."

"Dad was like six feet tall! He's huge!"

Mom rolled her eyes - at the disappointing memory, I wagered. "Not where it counted."

I could not begin to fathom whether or not any of that was true. She knew how to play to the camera. I sincerely hoped she wasn't - or wasn't *just*..

"So where did *this* thing come from?" I inquired.

"I don't know, sweetheart. Maybe the same genes that gave me *these* big ol' things!" Mom reached down with one hand to jiggle one of her breasts. "I guess we both have Grandma to thank."

"Mom! I don't want to be thinking about Grandma's boobs right now!"

"Oh, I'm so sorry honey! Would you rather be thinking about *Mommy's* big, huge tits instead?" The irony was not lost on me.

Like a hawk swooping in to snatch up its unsuspecting prey, Mom dove into my lap and plugged her throat with my cock. Its walls squeezed tightly, entombing me within a canal of hot, convulsing flesh. She knew I was close, and rather than remind her again, I allowed the steady throbbing of my dick speak for itself.

A tiny tear broke from the corner of Mom's eye, but she was so focused that she neglected to wipe it off. The small droplet ran down the side of her nose, leaving a trail behind it as it traced the outline of her bulging lips. I held my breath - time slowed to a crawl - as it fell from her chin and landed onto my balls, where it was instantly assimilated into the lurid concoction of saliva and precum in which she had so generously basted me.

"Oh *fuck*," I groaned.

Mom must have thought I was impressed with her talented throat; oblivious to the tear. She gurgled happily, blowing bubbles with a satisfied glint in her eye.

"Mom, I'm gonna-"

"Gaw ahaa, hoey," Mom warbled, her throat garishly distended around my pulsating meat. Her eyes were locked on the camera so intently that I doubt a hurricane could have broken her focus.

My hands were shaking. I had to fight the urge to throw the camera down and grab Mom by the back of the head. I desperately need to capture that act of savage dominance, but needed both hands to stop the camera from rattling. Pride abandoned me, and with it, the ability to stop myself from howling like a cat in heat as my orgasm tore through me without mercy.

"Oh *fucking hell*, Mom!" My voice reached a terrifically high pitch.

Mom had a sixth sense. It told her exactly when to drag my cock from its slobbery den so it did not dump directly into her stomach -- and not a moment too soon. She left only the head - engorged like a ripe, purple plum - lodged within her mouth. Her tongue hugged the bottom as bed for it to rest on.

Mom loyally tended to the exposed shaft, still slickened with saliva, by pumping her fist up and down. There was a perfect unity in her motions; every stroke was timed with a subtle bob of her head, meticulously coaxing the cum from my balls. She was a well-oiled machine designed for exactly one purpose.

An extraordinary wave of tingles exploded from my brain and travelled down through my limbs. Every beat of my heart drove them through my veins, delivering ecstatic energy to every cell in my body.

My cock throbbed defiantly, unable to withstand another second of Mom's methodical extraction technique. A thick, gluey vine of cum erupted from the tip, messily spewing salty syrup onto her tongue. She mewed happily, nursing on the swollen crown while she waited for more.

The second one came out so fast that, based on how she tensed up in concentration, it must have splattered directly against the back of her throat. Mom gagged, briefly breaking eye contact to stare down at the monstrous pillar of muscle pulsating in her hands. She furrowed her brow in concentration and retrained her pupils on the camera lens, awaiting the next deposit.

I could not see how much cum I was emptying into Mom's mouth. My dick felt like it was made of pure energy-- the sun itself exploding between my legs. I felt a gallon of cum sloshing around in her mouth, bloating her cheeks to a comical size while she struggled to keep it all from spilling out. That was, of course, a fantasy-- but it was not far from the truth.

Mom was admittedly inexperienced with cum. Even the modest amount of cum I fed to her was proving to be quite a challenge. She had become a statue. Her hand had frozen mid-stroke, afraid that unnecessary movement might make the cum splash around her mouth in ways she was not particularly fond of.

I felt like I was having my soul pulled right out of me, and only when the tremors in my legs subsided was I finally able to speak. "Oh, God d-dammit, Mom."

"Mmhmm?" Mom piped up. She sucked extra hard, her lips clinging to the throbbing mushroom as she pulled them off, gradually releasing my cock so that nothing would spill out.

"Are you gonna..." I did not want to sound needy, but I was.

Mom's mouth was too full for a toothy grin, so a faint smile was all she gave. She held a finger to her lips to shush me, then sat back on her knees. She tilted her head back, opening her cavernous maw so the camera had a clear view of the large, murky puddle. Her tonsils were completely covered, and her tongue was swimming freely in an ocean of briny glue.

She blew a kiss to the camera, then gave it a cheeky wink while flicking her tongue through the pool of cum. She closed her mouth and straightened her neck in a way reminiscent of opera singers before a big solo. Mom ushered the massive mouthful into position so she could swallow it all at once, taking a climactic, pregnant pause before she did so.

She scrunched her eyes shut, forcing her body to act against its wishes. One hearty **gulp**, loud enough for the camera to capture, was all it took. Her eyes fluttered erratically as the sizable load slid down her throat and into her belly, where she would surely feel it stir for the rest of the day.

She took several deep breaths, panting pathetically from exertion and a general lack of air. Then she thanked her viewers for watching. She was a gazelle at the end of an exhausting chase, though I suppose the gazelle isn't the one who finishes such a chase with a hearty meal.

"Thank--" something bubbled out of Mom's stomach, interrupting her speech. She channeled all of her energy into one final gulp, throwing her head back to ingest the remaining cum that still clung to the back of her gullet. She cleared her throat with a wet, sputtering cough while she waved to the camera.

With tears streaming down her face, she smiled and said, "Thank you for letting Mommy suck on your cock, sweetheart."

I held the camera on her for an extra couple seconds, regretful that the amazing moment was about to end. She waited patiently, indulging my extended cut.

"Annnnnnnnd we're clear," I announced, dropping the camera.

Mom covered her mouth with both hands. "Holy shit, honey! I just sucked your dick."

"And you did a damn good job." I wanted her to be proud of her profound talent.

"I did?"

I grinned. "Do you really have to ask?"

She blushed. "I guess not; I can still taste the evidence."

"I told you! You're amazing, Mom."

"I know, I know. Thank you." She waved my compliments away. "But like... honey! I just sucked your *dick*! How are you feeling? Are you okay?"

I felt fucking amazing. I felt like the king of the world! That came as no surprise to me; everything I had ever wanted was coming true, slowly but surely, and I was not going to look back for a single second. The surprise, once again, came from my scene partner.

"That was so much fun!" she exclaimed. Mom fell back onto the bed next to me and accidentally let a tiny - albeit very audible - burp escape her lips. "Oh, goodness. I think that was a... a cum burp? Is

that a thing?"

I turned my body to face hers and placed a hand on her waist. "The only way to know for sure is to try again, I guess."

Mom rolled her eyes with a fake laugh. "Oh, you'd *hate* to do that, wouldn't you?"

"Anything in the name of science. Do you feel weird at all?"

"A little, to be honest. I guess it's just strange that I went so long without swallowing, only for the first time in twenty years to be *you*, of all people."

"How'd it taste?"

Mom put on a fake cutsey voice. "Oh, darling, like sugar and candy."

"Really?"

She swatted my chest. "No, goofball! It was salty, mostly. But there was a little bit of sweetness, too. I didn't hate it."

"You liked it?"

Mom sat up and looked me in the eye. "That was what you took from that sentence? You think I'm going to be asking for protein shots in my breakfast smoothies now?"

I narrowed my eyes. "Are you *trying* to get me hard so we can shoot another scene?"

Mom leapt to her feet and pointed at my dick the way one would a disobedient puppy. "Down, boy! Down!"

"He will behave! I promise."

That comment cued Mom's instincts to tease. "Yeah? So, if I asked you to sleep in my bed tonight, would you be able to keep that promise?"

I could not tell if she was messing with me. "Really?"

"No funny business! I'm serious, Eric. I just..." Her shoulders sagged and her head, too heavy to be held high, slumped forward. "I miss falling asleep beside someone. Even if we aren't going to film it, I thought maybe we could still cuddle?"

My heart grew ten sizes. "Fair warning, Mom; I'm going to cuddle the hell out of you."

An enigmatic grin broke through her stupor. Perhaps I was losing my mind in the wake of her passionate blowjob, but I swear I would have crawled through broken glass just to see a faded photograph of that beautiful smile.

"I'm not even gonna wear anything sexy," she insisted, "just a ratty, old t-shirt and granny panties."

"Good. I love a cozy woman. You're gonna look so comfortable; I can't wait."

"Yeah? You like that?" Mom dropped to her hands and knees at the foot of the bed. She crawled towards me one slow, steady step at a time, seducing me with the dream of a good night's sleep.

"Make sure to leave a couple of glasses of water on the nightstand in case we get thirsty in the middle of the night."

"Oh, fuck. You're a dirty girl. What time are we waking up?"

Mom feigned an adorable pout. "I was thinking we could sleep in *really* late this time. I'm talking like eight, nine in the morning."

I was too dumbfounded by her poor understanding of "sleeping in" to continue our satirical flirting. "Nine? Is that late to you?"

Mom sat back on her haunches and tucked her hair over her ears. "It *is* late! Fine, let's call it nine-thirty, but I don't want to hear a peep about it."

"If you wake me up like you did today, I'll get up whenever you want me to."

Mom turned around to climb to her feet, then smacked her lips dramatically. "I'll think about it."

I, a simple man, could not resist the call to reach out and swiftly slap her ass as she got off of the bed. Mom had not yet found her balance when my hand smacked her, so she stumbled from the force of the blow.

"Honey!" she cried out. One would have thought that she'd seen a ghost.

"Sorry, Mom. I couldn't resist."

She peered at me over her shoulder like a Coppertone ad. "You like it that much, huh?"

She tucked her fingers underneath both of her ass cheeks, vigorously shaking the shelf up and down. "You can touch it one more time *if* you go get me a glass of water."

"So that you can wash the taste of my cum out of your mouth?" I teased.

"Not out, honey: *down*."

To my foolish brain, that was somehow hotter. My balls tingled, as though they had not dumped a gallon of baby butter down Mom's throat just minutes prior. She had truly awoken a stamina that I had not known I possessed.

I scampered to the kitchen to retrieve her drink, practically skipping through fields of flowers as I did. I was alive with the glory of love, positively enamoured with my mother in a way that outmatched every crush I had ever harboured for a beautiful woman.

CHAPTER 4

The impact of that afternoon carried on for weeks after, setting the stage for Mom and my daily interactions. We made dozens of hand-job videos, two dozen videos of her blowing me, and a whole slurry of nude footage to add to our growing archive of smut. I could hardly believe just how many gigabytes of incestuous evidence I possessed.

Eventually, I caved and bought an expensive GoPro to facilitate the filming. It would leave both of my hands free to fully enjoy the experience, and its fish-eye lens made the first-person perspective feel even more authentic.

Mom had a particular fondness for using her mouth, and her talents improved from the near-daily practice she subjected herself to. I had completely given up on masturbating; there was no point in wasting what would inevitably become another glistening addition to our annals of amateur pornography.

I was living the dream. I had a beautiful woman posing naked for me every day and, in addition, we had grown much closer thanks to the copious amount of time we spent around each other in the nude.

Better still, the line between her on camera-persona and how she interacted with me "in real life" was steadily blurring. Off-camera kisses became a frequent thing, and though they never progressed to fully making out, it was surreal to give my mother a goodbye kiss before I left to attend class for the day.

I was so enthralled with the routine of having my dick sucked every day that I completely forgot about sex.

Okay, that's a lie. Somewhere in the back of mind, I was still aware of how firmly she'd forbidden it, but I was having so many orgasms that I was some combination of too satisfied and too scared to push her. Of course, I told myself that I was being a good guy by respecting her boundaries and not pushing her.

The results of my patience revealed themselves one morning over breakfast. I was scraping the last scoop of oatmeal from my bowl when Mom, having just finished her artistically arranged bowl of yogurt and berries, asked if I had a second to talk before we began filming for the day.

True to our calling as amateur pornstars, I was completely naked at the table. I rarely found it necessary or even prudent to wear clothes when we had a shoot scheduled. Mom, dressed in a white robe to conceal her nudity, was slight more modest, though a single tug on the knot around her waist would reveal her deliciously naked body underneath. I was giddy with excitement to unwrap her, but did my best to focus on her request and take it seriously.

I pushed my empty bowl forward and crossed my hands on the table. "What's up, Mom?"

She seemed uncertain with how to start the conversation she had initiated. Whatever thoughts were running through her mind, they seemed impossible for her to sort out. With a shake of her head, she collected herself and asked what I planned on doing that night. Like every night, my plans were to hang out with her. She was not satisfied with that answer.

"I was thinking," she said, "that maybe we could go out for dinner? Like, to a real restaurant."

"As a couple?" The use of that title made my heart skip a beat.

Mom nodded excitedly. "It would be fun to dress up and go spend a night on the town. Don't you think?"

I certainly did. Any opportunity to show her off was one that I would have been happy to take. Even if I'd been trying to get dates with other women, I doubted I would have scored a beauty like her more than once in a blue moon.

Shortly after breakfast, I picked a restaurant that I knew she would like. It was a decent distance away, but I figured that would lower the chances of us running into someone we knew.

We spent the entire day finding as many opportunities as we could to tease the other in anticipation. Mom came into my room on more than one occasion to interrupt my homework session. She would pretend to be interested in what I was working on while either planting dozens of not-so-subtle kisses on the back of my neck or worming her hand in between my thighs. The surge of blood that she sent flooding to my cock would linger long after she left, making it impossible to think about anything else. No matter how horny she made me, though, I refused to jerk off. I wanted to save *everything* for her.

It was strange that, after all we had been through, we were finally going on our first date. But, we had all the familiarity of a couple who had been together for many years.

The dress that Mom chose to wear was nothing short of miraculous. The red garment was snug on her curves, with a deep "V" containing her cleavage that left very little to my imagination. The dress stopped just above her knees, both of which were clad in sheer stockings whose roots were buried in the toes of her dazzling white heels. I had never seen such an outfit on her before, and wondered if she had purchased it just to wow me.

I did not need to tell her how breathtaking she looked. As soon as I set eyes on her remarkable form descending the stairs into the foyer, she confidently declared, "I know, honey. I thought you'd like it."

I looked like a regular schlub next to her, but her mere presence made me twice the man I knew I was. Simply having her next to me made me feel like a king with no equal. The fact that such a woman of her caliber had chosen to spend even one minute in my company was sure to turn more than a few heads, and I think both of us were keen to let people stare.

At the restaurant, neither the valet, the server, nor the surrounding tables knew of the monumental strides we were taking by being seen together in that light. Running into somebody we knew would raise serious questions; no mother would be caught dead taking her son out to dinner in something so immodest. Nevertheless, I deemed the risk worth it. Clearly, so did Mom.

In keeping with the theme of the evening, we ordered an unfamiliar appetizer. As soon as we took the first bite of seaweed-encrusted chicken skewers, our response was so instantaneous that it nearly made the other laugh hard enough to spit out their food.

Mom scrunched her face into a contorted display of disgust. "That is *awful!*"

I lifted my napkin so that I could spit out the abhorrent mouthful. "You can say that again. At least we tried it, right?"

She pushed her plate away. "That will be that last time I have seaweed that isn't wrapped around a piece of raw fish."

I put similar distance between me and the putrid appetizer. "Amen."

Our entrees, and the wine that went with them, went down a lot smoother -- though to be fair, it's hard to compare anything wrapped in seaweed to the divine purity of a well-cooked porterhouse. Mom opted for a salad, and only elected to add a grilled chicken breast to it after she had made a chuckle-worthy joke about her increased protein intake as of late.

As the meal progressed, Mom became more liberal with her hands. What began as a simple hold on my fingers quickly translated to her stroking the inside of my wrist, and culminated with the

insertion of her stocking-clad foot - sans shoe - between my legs under the table.

I jumped a little when she wiggled her toes underneath my ball sack. I looked around to make sure nobody had noticed, but we were completely alone. None of the other diners had a second of time to spare for the mother and son playing footsies in the dimly lit corner of the room.

I stifled a groan. "What are you doing down *there*?"

Mom grinned with malicious intent. "Just playing with my food."

My heart sunk into my stomach, but I wanted to play ball. I glanced around at the other patrons just to ease my worries; nobody had noticed. She dug in with her toes, sliding her foot deeper into my crotch so that the bridge of her foot was tucked tightly below my balls.

"Jesus, Mom. You're gonna make me hard," I said breathlessly, but it was too late. Blood had begun rushing to my cock the moment her toes touched me, and in just a few short seconds I was as stiff as a double whiskey.

She held a finger over her mouth to shush me. "Careful with talk like that, honey. Do you want me to change the subject, before it's too late?"

Assuming that she was talking about the worry that I might pop a boner in the midst of a crowded restaurant, I informed her that it was too late. Unwilling to take me at my word, Mom pulled her foot out from the nook between me and the chair so that she could poke around in search of proof. Her tiny toes prodded the base of my dick, which was glued to the inside of my thigh, then traced the bulging outline in the fabric all the way to the head.

She leaned in closer so nobody would hear. "Oh, honey. Just from Mommy's lil' toes?"

I averted my gaze to the napkin covering my lap and shamefully nodded my head. "We should get the cheque, like, really soon."

"Not yet. I still have something I want to talk to you about." She loved being in control. Usually I was the one giving her directions from behind a camera, but that night she was in the driver's seat.

"Well, what is it?" I was curious, but more interested in a distraction so that I wouldn't dump a load of cum into my nice pants.

Mom thought for a moment, mulling over how to best explain what was on her mind. I was prepared for the worst, but my anxiety dissipated when she asked plainly, "How are our subscribers doing?"

I was not sure why she would ask a question whose answer she already knew. "They're good. People love the couple's content."

"That's good, I guess." She tried to obscure her disappointment, but came up short.

I narrowed my eyes at her. "Let me guess; you're pouting because it's too easy, and you miss having a challenge?"

Mom shook her head. "It's just that... I suppose it doesn't really matter. We *are* making money, right? Enough for you finish school?"

"I don't want to count any chickens over here but, you know. One, two 10,000!"

Mom smiled, but once again it melted into what appeared to be thinly-veiled frustration. "That's great news, honey! Really, I'm happy to hear that."

"Do you want me to get you a dictionary so you can look up the definition of that word? I don't think you're using it right."

She rolled her eyes. "Ha-ha, very funny."

"Come on! We've always been able to tell each other everything. If anything, that should be *doubly* true now, after everything we've been through."

Mom's sour demeanor finally broke into a gleeful grin, accompanied by a swift swat on my arm. "Okay, fine! You know I don't like keeping secrets from you." She stirred an olive pit around in her bowl, pushing it back and forth with her fork. "I guess part of me - like, a small part - is a bit annoyed that we're doing so well."

Finally, she looked up from her bowl and saw the quizzical look on my face, so she knew she had to explain herself further. "The last time we had a dip in subscribers we tried something new, remember?"

I scoffed at the idea that such a powerful core memory could ever be forgotten. "Of course I do."

Mom straightened her back. "Right, exactly. I guess I was just hoping that, if they had dipped again, it would be an excuse to try something else."

"Maybe we don't need an excuse! We could do some stuff in public, maybe?"

"That's very creative sweetheart, but tell me this; what's the *one* thing in the world you wish we could do together?"

I blurted out the reply, spewing forth my utmost desire. I leaned and whispered, "I want to have sex with you."

Mom sucked in a sharp breath, trying to obscure the faint tremble in her lower lip. I was sure she had expected that reply, but it was probably still jarring to actually hear it. "Are you sure, honey? Are you *sure* that's what you want?"

"More than anything in the world."

She had already finished eating, but gulped down her nerves as though they were spilling out of her mouth. She parted her lips a few times to speak, but closed them each time as she wrestled with how to respond. Finally, after a few agonizing seconds, she looked at me and offered a subtle, yet eager nod.

I could not believe it: literally. "Holy shit. Are you serious?"

Again, she nodded. "I think so. I've been thinking about it a lot and... well, I just want to do it."

"Well, you *did* take me out for dinner. Maybe I *should* let you take me to bed." Much to my surprise, my sarcasm broke the tension like a battering ram. Mom snorted like an ugly piglet and had to cover her mouth to contain the giggle fit.

I pulled her hand away from her mouth so that I could kiss the back of her knuckles. "Is that a yes?"

Both of her cheeks burned a deep crimson. "It's a yes, sweetheart. Are we crazy?"

"We are absolute fucking lunatics," I assured her.

We paid the bill, grabbed our jackets, then stepped outside to wait for the valet. Both of us were giddy with excitement over the dirty little secret we shared. None of the other diners -- some a few mere feet from our table -- knew of the breadth of our incestuous plans.

The evening air was calm, and just chilly enough that Mom was encouraged to stand close to me for warmth. I wrapped my jacket around her shoulders and hugged her tight. Her fingers intertwined with mine and, once they were embedded, refused to loosen for a single second.

Mom insisted that she was feeling too loopy from the wine to drive home comfortably, so I played chauffeur to my darling passenger. The drive home would not be long, but it seemed that she couldn't wait.

By the time we had passed the second set of stoplights, she was already leaning over the stick shift to assault my neck with kisses. It happened so quickly that I pondered the possibility that she was lying about being drunk to ensure that she would be able to toy with me on the drive home.

She breathed heavy into my ear. "Is this okay?"

"You mean, am I going to crash?"

She nodded with a wicked grin.

"Erm, probably not."

"What if I do *this*?" Her question did nothing to alleviate the surprise of her hand slithering between my legs.

"W-whoa, Mom!"

She giggled happily and lifted my arm rest so she could unzip my pants. "Eyes in the road, mister. Let Mommy play."

Her hand reached into the open zipper and fished around for my dick. Upon finding it, her fingers circled around the head. "Is *that* okay?"

I grunted noisily. "Why don't you just tell me where this is going, and I can tell you whether or not it'll make me pass out?"

She fished my cock out of my pants and, without skipping a beat, pulled down the front of her dress so that her tits flopped out. Her bra was still on, but a mere glimpse of her cleavage made me throb in her palm.

"Why don't *you* just focus on the road and--" she punctuated each of her following words with a series of tight squeeze from her fingers. "--Let. Me. Play."

I nodded obediently; I was putty in her hands.

Mom knew exactly how to manipulate me to get what she wanted. That was true of me *and* of my dick. She knew every technique that would make me as hard as could be, but her talents did not

stop there. Each practiced pull, every ounce of training that she had undergone while filming our videos, had turned her into an unparalleled expert in her desired field.

The veins running up the length of my cock came to life, responding to the touch to which it had grown so accustomed. She gingerly squished the spongy dome in her palm, paying specific attention to how my heartbeat thumped in response. The cushioned cap was made of memory foam, every tiny bump and swirl of her fingers imprinted upon it as they pressed down one by one. Her hand travelled down, ensnaring the root in her iron grip so she could begin her routine of vigorous stroking. By that point, despite my years of practice, Mom was better at jerking me off than I was.

I stared straight ahead, trying to hide how susceptible I was to her methodical fondling. My knuckles were as white as ash, and it took every ounce of focus in me to pay attention to the road. The dotted lines on the tarmac blurred and became one, while the yellow glow of the streetlamps distorted into bursts of angelic light from the heavens. I wanted to melt right then and there, but Mom kept me attentive.

"You're in the wrong lane, honey." She tugged my cock to the right like it was a joystick. "Go *that* way, please."

"S-sorry, Mom." I situated the car between the lines again, and hoped that nobody had noticed the erratic swerving.

I entered the proper lane just as we pulled up to a stoplight. I thought the red glow would bring a moment of peace for me to enjoy Mom's stroking, but luck was not on my side. In the rear-view mirror, just as I was closing my eyes to succumb to the pleasures of her clenched fist, a low riding, jet-black muscle car pulled up next to us and honked its horn.

The mystery driver called out to us. "Holy shit! Is that Mrs. P?"

My heart leapt into my throat. Mom quickly pulled up her dress to cover her tits, and lowered the window, using every ounce of poise that I lacked. She did not, however, remove her hand from my cock. In fact, her stroking reached a fever pitch, as though she was trying everything in her power to make me break while she remained calm and collected.

"Hello, boys," she cooed. "Long-time, no see."

It amazed me how calm she sounded despite the effort she was exerting. There was not so much as a hiccup in her pace when she greeted them. She picked up her speed to send me a message that came in loud and clear: she was *not* stopping.

"Is that Eric with you?" the voice asked.

I realized, to my dismay, that I recognized the driver.

I leaned forward in the seat so that I could see past Mom's gigantic tits, to find the Coopers - two brothers that I had been friends with as a kid - staring back at me.

I swallowed the lump in my throat, forcing myself to ignore the hand dutifully plummeting into my lap every half second. "Uh. Hey, guys."

If our car had been any lower to the ground, I feared that we would have been caught. Thankfully, the Coopers were car fanatics, and as such took joy in tuning their ride so it was a low to the

pavement as it could go without breaking too many regulations.

"Been a minute, man," Dennis, the older brother, called from the driver seat.

His brother, Diego, leaned over him and shouted to me. "Weren't you in school for, like, photos or something?"

It was hard to hear them over the roar of their loud engine, but thankfully that obnoxious rumble masked the dull thumping of Mom's hand. Her tits, half-covered by the door, shook back and forth in tune with her relentless stroking. Thankfully, their car was too low to the ground for them to bear witness to the depraved sight of her tits bouncing back and forth.

I could barely keep my words in line. "How are have-- er, sorry. How's you been?"

The brothers exchanged confused looks, than burst out laughing. "Damn! Are you sure he should be driving, Mrs. P? That boy is drunk!"

The three of them shared a laugh at my expense while I did my best not to audibly groan when Mom's thumb brushed against my frenulum. She could have stopped, but the smile on her face betrayed just how she was thriving on my torment.

"What have you been up to, bro?" Diego piped up. "Haven't see you around much; thought maybe you moved."

Mom jumped in to rescue me, well aware that casual conversation was beyond the scope of my capabilities. Still, she punctuated every one of her words with a tight squeeze. "He's been studying very *hard*. Right, honey? Lots of *long* hours. You know how *stiff* the competition is."

The boys shrugged their shoulders, completely ignorant to the obvious euphemisms being waved in their faces. The light turned green, and the Coopers said their goodbyes. There was something along the lines of meeting up for a beer "sometime soon," but by that point my brain had stopped logging new memories so that it could zero in on the orgasm that Mom was about to pull out of me.

She playfully wagged my dick back and forth, using it to wave goodbye as they finally pulled away. "Say bye now, honey."

"B-bye, guys!" My voice warbled nervously. As soon as the boys were out of sight, I dropped the charade. "Jesus Christ, Mom. You have to slow down, I'm about to--"

"I know, honey. I can tell." She then pointed to the set of lights that the Coopers had just blown through. "Can you make it there?"

"Do I *have* to?"

"Mmhmm," she insisted, but not without sweetening the pot. "If you do, I'll let you cum in my mouth! Think you can make it?"

I pressed the gas pedal to the floor so hard that we nearly took off into the sky. Mom was thrown back against her seat with such force that she had to cling to my cock so she would not be thrown out of the car when it reached Mach 5. My mad dash to the finish line ended with the squeal of rubber tires being pushed to their absolute limit. The car had yet to come to a full stop when the first rope of semen burst from the tip.

Mom was waiting to pounce, and did so without a second to spare. Her lips closed around the inflated knob, sealing it inside just in time to contain the spurt of salty glue. She slid her tongue along the underside just as a powerful muscle spasm ejected it down her throat. The impact against the back wall made her gag, but there was no time for her to regain her poise before a second stream - much thicker than the first - flooded her gullet.

She thrust forward, refusing to take a breath, and swallowed my dick until her nose was pressed against my tummy. Her throat convulsed around me, its grip a velvet vice whose strangulation would have made the strongest of warriors fall to their knees.

My vision blurred, making dozens of bright red stoplights drift in and out of frame. I was seeing double, then triple, and eventually could not discern anything through the medley of colourful stars dancing around my head.

I could have been anywhere in the world; it did not matter. Even at the highest peak of the tallest mountain I would have succumbed to the whirlwind of chemicals coursing through my veins. I was convinced fireworks must have been erupting in my skull in such brilliant fashion that both of my eyes had rolled back just so they could watch the show.

Rather than gulp down the previous helping to make room for the next one, Mom patiently stored every drop. She gave a distressed gurgle, struggling to keep the frothy cream contained inside her puffed-out cheeks, but the dam held strong. The mouthful sloshed back and forth, its warmth bathing the head of my cock in a thick coat of glue. She carefully pulled her head back, her lips clinging to the fat, glistening dome as it slipped from between them.

I was so sensitive that the touch of her lips grazing over the head made my legs lock up. She was either transmitting or eliciting an electrical current that I could not help but react to, my muscles seizing up at the mere suggestion that she might dip her head down and plunge me into the depths of her throat once more. She tilted her head back so that nothing would spill out and, without swallowing a drop, choked out, "Aww gah?"

I released a breath of air that had gone stale in my lungs. "All gone, Mom."

Satisfied with my answer, Mom smiled happily with a tender squeeze on my upper thigh. The reward for her efforts was marinating on her tongue; all that was left for her to do was enjoy it. She kept her head back and, with one massive gulp, entombed an entire generation of my children to the depths of her gurgling stomach. She stuck her tongue out of her mouth and panted with exhaustion as she humbly relished the gift of oxygen that she had once taken for granted.

"Good job, honey," she said. "You made it to the lights!" To ensure she had not missed a spot, Mom opened the makeup mirror above her head and wiped off the corners of her mouth.

"I almost didn't make it! You are *way* too good at that, Mom." The lights had turned green at some point, and I was thankful that a cop had not pulled up behind us. That would have been hard to explain, and probably a little awkward if he'd asked for identification that would have named us as mother and son.

"Practice makes perfect." She closed the mirror and blew me a kiss. "Now, young man, are you gonna take me home, or do I still have to convince you?"

I had never tested how quickly our car could accelerate from a parked position, but I broke the land speed record finding out. I aimed to get home as fast as I could, even if that meant crashing

through the bay window in our living room to meet the self-imposed deadline. On more than one occasion, Mom had to grab hold of the "holy-shit-bar" when I took a corner too fast, but not once did she tell me to slow down. She knew the stakes, and was likely as excited to get home as I was.

I pulled into the driveway with smoke on my tires.

Mom did not get out of her seat. "Are you going to come open the door for me, young man?"

I leapt out of the car and sped around the front to unlatch her door. She stretched her right leg straight out, spreading it as wide as she could before placing her heel on the pavement. With her thighs parted, the mess of chestnut fur between her legs made it clear that she had removed her underwear once I had exited the car. The hair peeked out from below the hem of her dress, which she had - with great intention - hiked up in an effort to enchant me with a brief glimpse of the treasure I had waited so long to claim.

Mom teased the furry tuft with the tips of her fingers, dragging the tips through the silky tendrils that formed a matted, brown carpet when woven together. "What's the matter, honey? *Pussy-cat* got your tongue?"

I extended my hand for her. "Something like that, yeah."

She placed her hand in mine, but instead of pulling herself out of the car, she slipped into my palm the very pair of underwear that she had been wearing all night. There was a dark, damp stain where the fabric had been pressed against her pussy.

Mom gracefully ascended out of the vehicle and kissed me on the cheek. "Such a gentleman I've raised."

Her claim was refuted by the many voices in my head screaming for me to lift the underwear to my nose and inhale her intoxicating aroma. Thankfully, I kept my degeneracy at bay just long enough for her to turn her back. When she did, I surrendered to my impulses. I closed my eyes and inhaled, basking in the richly scented syrup.

I must have been there for longer than I'd thought, because Mom was already at the front door when her voice broke my trance. "Stopping to smell the roses, are we?"

I stuffed her underwear into my pocket and bolted up the driveway. I was so excited to embrace her that I practically tackled her on the way inside. My arms looped around her tiny frame and pulled her body against mine, matching the intensity with which our mouths eagerly mashed themselves together. We were making out like ravenous teenagers before the door had even closed behind us.

Mom leapt into the air and wrapped her legs around my waist. Instinctively, to keep her supported, my hands shot underneath her to cradle her ass from below. Dough oozed through my fingers, prompting me to dig in as deep as I could. Each of my ten digits sunk in so deep that I imagined my fingernails to be completely eclipsed by her flesh, drawing long creases in her fat, blubbery bottom.

We did not stop making out the entire time I carried her upstairs, which made each step more dangerous than it needed to be. Had I fallen backwards, the night would have taken a drastically different turn, but she was light enough that we made it to the upper landing without a hitch.

Her bare pussy pressed against my stomach, drenching my abdomen in waves of muggy heat. Due to her grinding, her honey soaked through the bottom of my shirt and made the sodden cloth cling

to my skin.

We passed my bedroom on the way to Mom's, prompting her to direct me inside. In between her rabid onslaught of kisses, she muttered, "Camera."

I carried her into the room, and then over to my desk, where the GoPro lay waiting. She picked it up and tightened the strap around my head, then tilted it so that she was staring right into the lens. "Perfect! Now, take me to bed, handsome."

I did not need another word of prompting. I readjusted my grip on Mom's ass and carried her down the hall. Just as we approached the door to her bedroom, she hopped down and instructed me to wait outside. Not willing to waste a second arguing, I hurriedly complied.

She kissed my cheek, and then disappeared into her room with the door closed behind her. The seconds ticked past, each one making me more and more aware of my surroundings. I had stood outside of that very same door as a child, freshly roused from sleep and stricken with nightmares which could only be banished by a mother's soothing touch. I would climb into her bed to snuggle against her oversized pillows - both the literal and metaphorical ones. It was the safest place in the world for a young boy to be, and the last place that I'd ever expected I would return to in order to lose my virginity.

Mom's voice piped up from behind the door. "I'm ready! Are you filming yet?"

I cleared my throat, but my voice still cracked when it came out. "Er, yeah. You want me to just come in?"

"Say action first!"

I began recording and took a few steps back to center the door in frame. I summoned as much confidence as I could, hoping my words would sound as powerful as my heart was as it pounded in my chest. "Action!"

By then a seasoned veteran, Mom slipped into her on-camera persona effortlessly, injecting her words with honey to make them as sweet as possible. "Come in here, sweetheart. Mommy had something very special to show you!"

Everything I had ever wanted was behind that door. All that was left was for me to reach out and grab it. I turned the knob and pushed the door open, then stepped into the lioness' den.

The lights were low, but not enough to obscure anything in shadow. There was a smattering of scented candles around the room, populating the otherwise dim corners with their flickering, orange light. They gave the room a calm, serene atmosphere. However, their main focus was to illuminate the figure of the sensationally gorgeous woman that stood, proud and tall, at the foot of her bed.

Mom was wrapped in a bathrobe whose colour was so dark that it seemed as though she were draped in a cloak of shadow. Just as the night sky - so vast and boundless - cannot conceal the brilliant luminescence of a full moon, so too did her delicate, white skin glow defiantly against the backdrop of the inky black void.

She shuffled in place. "I've seen you watching me, you know. That hunger in your eyes: I know what it means."

"You have? I mean, you do?"

She bit her lower lip and gave a gentle nod. "A mother *always* knows. Do you stare at Mommy because you think she's pretty?"

"I think you're beautiful, Mom." Acting is easy when you don't have to fake it.

She hid a small giggle behind her fingers. "Well, that's awfully nice of you to say, baby. I wish there was some way to thank you for being such a good boy."

She uncovered one of her shoulders, letting her robe fall to the side and expose a large slice of her cleavage. I could not see her nipple, but I knew it was just inches from being revealed. "Can *you* think of anything?"

I gulped. "I have a few ideas." My eyes, and the camera, were pointed directly at her tits. If her nipple were to pop into view, I was duty-bound to capture it.

Mom acted as though she had been unaware of how promiscuously she was dressed. She feigned surprise that I was doing what any other sensible man in my situation would-- staring at her half-naked breasts.

She tucked her forearms under her boobs and jostled them up and down a couple of times. "Oh, honey. Are you staring at *these*? Mommies shouldn't be dressed like this around their boys, but... oh, I *do* love how happy they make you. Maybe it wouldn't hurt if I just let you take a peek. Would you like that, baby?"

I nodded my head up and down, which earned a bombastic grin from Mom. In one smooth motion, she dropped her robe to the floor and revealed herself.

Even in the low light, the triangle of auburn straw nestled between her legs was an alluring focal point. The candle's orange glow illuminated just enough of her pubic hair to make one stop and stare, beckoning those same eyes to stare into the shadows in the hopes of catching a hint of her pussy lips when the light hit them.

My attention was torn between her pussy and the stiffened pink peaks protruding from her drooping breasts.

Mom pushed her boobs together so that they met in the center of her chest. "They're not too saggy, are they, honey?"

"They're fucking perfect."

She blushed. "Good boy. If they were, it would be your fault for being such a hungry baby all those years ago. Do you remember how Mommy's milk tastes?"

I smacked my lips, having become keenly aware of just how dry my mouth was. I longed for a drop of that sweet, creamy nectar to hit my tongue and quench my thirst, and would have drunk for hours from the perky, pink-capped faucets from where it would have leaked.

It was not a taste I remembered, so I regrettably shook the camera back and forth.

"That's too bad," she said, "but I think I have an idea. Do you think you'd be able to help me with something?" Whether she was acting, or if the idea had genuinely struck her out of the blue, I could

not tell. Perhaps that's just how good she was.

Without waiting for a response, Mom continued. "Daddy won't give me another baby, even though I *really* want one, so I was thinking you could be a good little helper and give Mommy a reason to start making milk again."

I winced at the invocation of his title. As far as I could remember, Mom had never called him that, even when he was a part of our lives. Our viewers would not be privy to that piece of lore.

Perhaps she was not acting. Maybe that was really part of the reason he left: Mom had wanted another child, seeking to grow our family.

Does she still want that?

I was unsure of how much of her character was real, but remained so willing to entertain the façade that it became impossible to separate fact from fiction. I knew what I wanted to be true, so I convinced myself that it was so. As far as I was concerned, Mom was sincerely inviting me to knock her up. My dick filled with such an immediate rush of blood that I feared it would fly off of my body.

"What do you think, sweetheart? Do you want to help me make you a new baby brother to play with?"

My tongue was tied in too tight of a knot to form words. At last, I realized why the cameramen in porn videos were so often silent. All I could do was nod the camera up and down, consenting to her ridiculous request.

Mom's face lit up. "Oh, honey, really? I'm so happy to hear that! Mommy has been thinking about it *all* day. Look!"

With that, she plopped her ass on the bed and scooted up towards the headboard, positioning herself so that, once she spread her legs open, her pussy was presented to the camera in all its glory.

Glistening beads of syrup were trapped in the fibers of her cunt hair. To feel just one of them melt on my tongue would be like dousing my taste buds with liquid cocaine.

She rubbed her hands down over her stomach. "Mommy was so big when you were inside her tummy, and you would kick so much that it was hard to sleep sometimes."

She placed the tips of her fingers on either side of her pussy, and pulled open the gooey, pink hole. I half-expected coils of steam to come floating out of her, not unlike a cartoon pie cooling on a windowsill. "You were such a heavy baby. Do you remember how *warm* Mommy is on the inside?"

I shook my head.

She held out a hand and beckoned me closer. "Come. Feel her."

Shaking legs carried me to her. I knelt down, inches away from her pussy. The rich, pungent aroma of her honey wafted through my nostrils, making me grateful that I was already on my knees. That way I would not collapse onto the hard floor when they buckled.

I pushed a finger into her until the fur atop her mound tickled my knuckles. Mom was remarkably wet, offering no resistance. I investigated every corner of the tunnel I was birthed from, intricately

memorizing every corner. It was too heavenly to be human, and I was bewildered that something of such unyielding perfection came part and parcel with an already sensational woman.

As though she'd predicted the excitement coursing through my cock, Mom clenched her cunt muscles and gave a couple of particularly strong squeezes around my finger. "She's saying hi to you!"

I poked a second finger against her opening, then pushed it inside to join the first. With the added digit, the tension doubled.

Mom sucked a sharp breath, but did not budge, ensuring that her fingers stayed in place to dutifully present her spread pussy for me to explore. "Oh, my. You have big fingers, honey."

I flipped them upside down so that my fingertips were facing the ceiling, then dragged them against the roof of her pussy to brush against her G-spot.

Her whole body tensed up, and I caught her eyes defocusing in a momentary flutter. "W-whoa. That feels really nice, sweetheart."

Mom sat up on her elbows and looked down the barrel into the lens of the camera. "But I bet it would feel a lot better if you put something *else* inside of Mommy. What do you think?"

My eyes popped out of my skull. Once I had pushed them back in, I nodded my head as enthusiastically as I could. Mom gave an earnest chuckle, enthralled by my excitement. She gave me a coy smile and nodded towards her pussy. "I think she's all ready for you. Come and lie on your back next to me."

I leapt onto the bed beside her. It was not until I was in position that I finally noticed the chill of room-temperature air against my honey-soaked fingers. After having cooked them inside Mom's sweltering oven, anything less felt positively frigid. I wanted to shove my entire body back into her cozy, heated den and hibernate for a whole year.

As soon as I was on my back, propped up against the headboard, Mom climbed on top of me. Her naked cunt grinded against my dick, sandwiching it between the meaty swell of her pussy lips. She drove its head against her clit, nudging the tiny button with each dip of her hips. The helmet pushed through her pubic hair. She fit either one of her plump curtains around the sides of my cock, encasing the shaft in a hot, gooey, makeshift trench - a prelude to the real thing.

"Feel how wet you made Mommy?"

She reached down and grabbed the root, dragging the head through her lips so that her slimy petals could paint it with syrup. Instead of putting me inside, she tilted my dick so that it was pointing behind her at the perfect angle to slide between her large, globular ass cheeks like a veiny hotdog settling between two fluffy, white buns.

She wagged her tail back and forth, massaging the length of my pipe with her walls of dough. "He fits *right* in there! Doesn't he, honey?"

I murmured something in confirmation, but by then Mom was essentially talking to a brick wall. She lifted her hips, making enough space between us for my dick to spring forth and slap against my stomach.

Mom formed her lips into an exaggerated pout. "You're so hard, sweetheart! You poor thing; that looks like it must hurt."

She looked into my eyes-- not the camera, but my eyes. Then she asked, in the most hauntingly sweet tone of voice that I had ever heard, a question that was as sincerely earnest as it was sincerely erotic. "Are you ready to go back inside?"

She needed me to say yes, and I was willing to give her anything she needed or wanted. I was hers, and a simple nod was all she required to believe that.

Without another word, she lifted her butt off of my lap. That time, however, her target was not the deep, dark crevasse between her ass cheeks. She wedged the head of my cock against the opening of her birth canal and dipped her hips. Her cunt lips stretched apart to welcome it inside, engulfing the knob into their warm embrace. The entire bulb disappeared from view, swallowed into the hole that had once worked so hard to push me out.

Both of her eyes were half-closed, fluttering in tune with her rapid breathing. "Oh, ohhhh. I missed this."

Mom pulled her hands away, confident that her pussy was tight enough to keep my dick from popping out of her, and placed them on my chest for balance. She took a deep breath, steadying her nerves, and sank into my lap another few inches.

A blanket of fervent heat washed over my entire body. I was less than halfway inside, and already the unimaginable warmth emanating from Mom's pussy made me want to melt into a puddle. With her thighs straddling me on either side, there was no space between us for even the faintest breeze to flow through. The engine roaring deep in Mom's belly radiated heat, turning the air between us into steam as she stuffed my dick further into the confines of her body.

Deeper and deeper, my cock trudged through the slimy pit of undulating muscle, massaged on all sides as it ventured towards her molten center. She was so wet that, if she'd wanted to, she could have gobbled up the entire shaft just by dropping her hips. It was a choice -- a conscious one -- to descend as slowly as she did.

At long last, the bulging knob kissed her cervix. I had hit the bottom, yet she continued to push down. A tremendous groan, summoned from deep in her gut, rose out of her. It was one of relief, but also one of pride.

"Oh my *goddddd*," she wailed.

I did not realize I had been holding my breath, and finally released it as a big sigh. The rapid beating of my heart and the adrenaline coursing through my veins made it hard to speak without having my voice warble. "F-fuck, Mom. You feel fucking amazing."

Mom kissed the center of her palm, then reached towards me to cradle the side of my face in her hand. She gingerly rubbed her thumb over my cheekbone. "I know, sweetheart. I know."

"You're *really* tight. Do you want to take a break?"

That made her laugh. "Oh, honey. Your whole *body* used to fit in there, remember? Just give Mommy a minute."

Mom rocked her hips back and forth, massaging the mouth of her womb with my cock head. Her walls constricted around me, moulded to my shape as she caressed every bulging vein along the length.

Her lips stuck together momentarily when she parted them to speak. "Are you okay if I start moving now?"

I flexed my pillar of sexual muscle, catching her by surprise when it bucked against the interior of its fleshy cocoon.

"Oh, honey! Mommy felt that. Is that a yes?"

I clenched up again, engorging the piston in her guts with a hearty throb.

"Good boy!"

I almost came on the spot, and feared I would lose control the second she started moving her hips. To distract my brain from submitting to its primal impulse, I searched for anything that would keep my hands busy. Lucky for me, the two large, sagging udders dangling in my face were a prime candidate. I reached out with both hands, thankful that I had invested in the right equipment to keep them free, and latched my greedy fingers onto Mom's swinging tits.

I slid my hands underneath her boobs and lifted them from below. I admired, with a goofy smile on my face, how remarkably heavy they were. My elbows threatened to buckle, but I held fast. I jostled her breasts in each hand - one up, one down - like I was weighing melons at the grocery store. Then I simultaneously tossed them both into the air a couple of times, relishing the slapping sound they made when gravity sent them crashing into my palms.

She tilted her head to the side. "Didn't I teach you not to play with your food? Be nice to Mommy's boobs, young man."

My voice quivered. "Sorry."

She patted her thighs. "Here, give me your hands."

I obeyed, and Mom placed my palms down on her legs, then pressed her fingers over mine to encourage me to squeeze. "Now, rock with me."

For the first time in my life, a beautiful woman was riding me. The situation itself was enough to turn my brain to soup, and that's to say nothing of the surreal sensation of my mother, the incredible matriarch that towered over me, dragging my cock out of the cozy chamber it dwelled within.

I felt the rhythm, and matched it so that our bodies ground together in unison. Mom gyrated her hips, driving my dick into her pussy at angles that unique each time. All I had to do was lay back and let her work her magic; that time, Mom did not need directions. She was the director, and knew exactly how to move in order to make my dick feel like it was being tended to by none other than the hand - well, pussy -- of a divine goddess.

The velour walls hugged my shaft, painting the sides with their supple touch. Each fold and ridge along the interior nudged against me on the way out. Then, she slammed her bottom into my lap and drove my bloated cock head back into the depths of her cunt.

I dug my nails into her skin, fighting the instinct to cum. I was so focused on holding back my orgasm that I could hardly appreciate how incredible it actually felt. Mom bore down, focusing her weight on the tip as she moved her hips in circles. When she ascended again, she did so faster. The rhythm was changing; thankfully, I didn't have to do much to match it. I lacked the bandwidth.

My mother's face became a vignette; she was the only thing I could see - save, perhaps, for a halo of radiance that blurred together with the surrounding darkness. She looked like a perfect, smiling angel. "You look like you're going to pass out, honey. Does Mommy feel *that* good inside?"

"So... gooooooooood," I bellowed. "I can't, I can't."

She grinned happily. "Give me your hands again. I have an idea."

I reached out for Mom's hands. We pressed our palms together and interlocked our fingers. Using me as support, she lifted herself up off of her knees so that only the head of my dick remained inside of her. She squatted on the balls of her feet, her arms wobbling as she poked around with her toes, searching the cushy mattress for a hint of stability.

"Count to five," she demanded.

I was confused. "Count to... what? Why would--"

THWACK!

Before I could finish, Mom slammed her bottom back into my lap and swallowed my cock into the snug burrow.

"Oneeee," she sung sweetly, before raising her ass into the air.

"Holy fuck, Mom. I can't do it! Seriously, I'm gonna--"

Once again, with no hesitation, Mom plummeted into my lap and consumed my dick in one gulp. "Twooooo. Come on, sweetheart. Count with Mommy."

"T-two!" I was focusing on keeping my muscles clenched, desperately fighting off my orgasm, and thus could barely speak through my gritted teeth.

Mom puckered her lips up into a hands-free blown kiss, brimming with pride like she was about to pin one of my English tests to the fridge with an "A+" on it. "Good boy, just like that. What comes after two, honey?"

"Fuck me, fuck me," I yelped. "Three! Oh my God, three!"

I was howling so loudly that I thought it would shatter the windows, but I was not the nosiest thing in the room. My helpless wailing was drowned out by the sound of Mom's fat, gelatinous ass cheeks clapping together each time they plunged into my lap. It was a gunshot, the echoes of which would bounce around in my brain for years to come.

Sweat formed on my brow, dribbling through my hairline as I focused every fiber of my being, mental and physical, on incredibly difficult task: count to four.

Mom lifted her butt off of me, but kept it suspended in the air, looming overhead with the threat of an impending dive. With just my cock head trapped within her lush pedals, she swayed her hips side to side, stirring my girthy joystick in wide circles.

"I don't hear you counting," she teased.

The muscles in my legs were tensed so tightly that they began to shake. Tremors proliferated with such violent force that they turned my limbs to pudding. "Four! *Four!*"

She threw her bottom on to me. "One more!"

My mental faculties having long abandoned me, all I could muster was a grumbled, "Fiiiiiveeee."

Mom commenced her final descent, triumphantly gobbling my dick to the base with a mighty **plop** when her chubby buns collided with my thighs. I thought it was over, but she had something more in store.

She leaned forward, her boobs suffocating me as they flattened against my chest and bulged out into my face.

"Six," she announced, bearing down with her weight to pin me to the mattress with her tits. She lifted her ass, and then drove it home with no warning.

"Holy shit, Mom! Stop!" I could not slide out from under her, and had no recourse but to beg her for mercy. The power went to her head, and my only option besides surrender would have been to violently toss her off the bed - which probably would have broken my dick.

"Seven, eight," she chanted, picking up speed and force with each count.

"Mom! Please, I'm gonna fucking cum!" I tried to tap out by rapidly patting her shoulder, but she wasn't having it.

"Niiineeeee!"

She taunted me with what I was sure would be the final blow, knowing that she had full control over the both of us.

If she had gone to ten, I would not have made it. Hell, I might not have survived! I felt pieces of my soul leaving my body a little more each time she raised her hips, as though she was physically pulling it out of me.

Thankfully, whether by serendipity or not, Mom stopped at exactly the right number. Maybe it was something in the way my dick twitched the final time she'd buried it to the hilt. Maybe a mother just knew.

Whatever the case, Mom lifted her pussy off of me. She ejected my cock so rapidly that the sudden expulsion made it slap against my stomach with a hearty thud.

Etched on my belly was the outline of my bulbous cock head, painted in the residue of her thick, glistening syrup. As Mom swung her leg over me to climb off of the bed, a dollop of nectar - nestled betwixt the coffee-coloured fibers of her tousled cunt fur - fell loose and splattered onto my chest. I didn't want to wipe it off; I liked the idea of being marked by her scent.

Mom stood next to the bed with her hands on her hips, her breasts rising and falling with the deeply drawn breaths. "I think I need a break. I haven't done squats like that in a while."

"So, the counting was for *both* of us, then?" I asked.

Mom smirked. "I don't think either one of us would have made it to ten, honey. Did you want to try another position?"

"Yeah," I scoffed, "as long as you don't get to set the pace!"

"Don't worry," she assured me as she descend upon hands and to the mattress. "I'll be good this time."

I doubted that to be true, but was vehemently opposed to wasting another second with my cock outside of my mother.

She shook her ass in my face, hypnotizing me with the back and forth motion of her spectacularly round bottom. As soon as her swollen, puffy clamshell came into view -- wafting its trance-inducing fragrance towards me all the while -- I began to salivate like a starved hound faced with a thick, juicy steak cut.

She reached back with both hands and pulled apart the chubby, white cushions that flanked either side of her tiny asshole. Adorned with small bumps and ridges, it stretched out like a puckered pink star. Each of its points stretched to their fullest as she pried herself apart.

With great intention, knowing that I was watching every one of her miniscule movements, she tightly squeezed her buttohole a couple of times. The bright, rosy star twinkled. I could not imagine what such a vicious grip would do to my cock, or how I would last more than a few measly strokes without blowing my load into that miraculously snug pocket.

She kept herself spread open with one hand, but lifted the other one into the air. Then, she brought her palm down -- a mighty gavel -- and slapped one of her pudgy cheeks hard enough to leave a vivid, red imprint behind. She traced the outline of the fresh branding with one of her fingertips.

"Did that hurt?" I asked, dumbly.

Mom giggled. "A little, but I kind of like it. Do you wanna try?"

"Fuck yeah I do."

Mom had never been partial to that kind of punishment when I was growing up, but I liked the added flavor that the fictional backstory brought to the role play. She'd also managed to pick a not-entirely-sexual activity that distracted me from my powerful desire to be back inside of her immediately.

Mom backed up until both her feet and her ass, were hanging off the side of the bed. I walked in a semicircle around the foot of the bed, capturing various angles of her glorious bottom. No matter how I leaned, bent, or crouched, it seemed that every possible view of her famously plump rump was better than the last. When I was satisfied, I lined up behind her so that her feet were resting flat against my thighs.

I grabbed her by the hips with both hands and pulled her in a little closer, positioning my dick so that it wedged perfectly between each of her globular ass cheeks. I sawed it back and forth, thrusting through the valley between the mounds of dough with her asshole kissing the fat, bulging vein that ran along the bottom. With each stroke, the underside of my cock scraped against the squishy donut.

I found a nice rhythm, and once I was sure that Mom was used to it, I broke the silence with a vivacious swat upon her right butt cheek.

Mom yelped like I had stepped on her tail. "Honey!"

"You said I could!"

She clicked her tongue in disapproval. "You should be gentle with Mommy's bum. Naughty boys don't get to put their fingers in nice, tight places."

Dopamine sizzled in my brain. "Oh, fuck. Really?"

Mom craned her neck to the side so she could look at me around the gigantic swell of her ass. "If you're good, maybe."

"Have you ever... you know?"

Mom did not respond right away. "Well, no. Not exactly. I've never done more than a finger, and even that was, like, a decade ago."

"God damn, Mom. You're actually like..." I trailed off, daydreaming of all the exciting new possibilities.

Mom thought I was just stalling for my own entertainment. "Are you waiting for me to say it? Yes, honey; I'm an anal virgin."

My dick surged with blood, bulging between her cheeks in a way that made my excitement impossible to hide.

She gave a spirited gasp. "Somebody likes that, huh? You wanna be the first one in Mommy's butt?"

My breath caught in my throat. "I would fucking *love* that."

Mom buried her face into the mattress and arched her back. "Not today, mister. You have *other* places to put that fat *fucking* cock of yours first."

I audibly guffawed, which made Mom turn back around with a sheepish wince on her face. "Wait, wait, you can cut that out, right? Was that too much?"

I shook the stupid look off of my face. "No, no! I guess you can still surprise me, Mom."

"But, good surprise?"

I nodded. "Good surprise."

"What *else* has Mommy done to surprise you?" She was fishing for compliments, true, but in fairness, I wanted to jump into her boat.

"I mean, for one, I can't believe how tight you are!"

Mom beamed with pride. "Am I really? You're not just saying that for the..." She pointed to the camera strapped to my head.

I shook my head. "Totally true, Mom. You're squeezing the life out of me."

"I don't hear you complaining."

"And you never will!"

Mom chewed on her bottom lip. "You haven't seen anything yet, honey."

My brain, suddenly a computer from a bygone era, lagged far behind. "What do you mean?"

Mom lay flat on her tummy, then stretched her legs out behind her and closed them together so her pussy disappeared from view. Not even a tuft of her luxurious fur poked out from between her thighs, but just to be sure that she was sealed as tightly as could be, she crossed one of her legs over the other to further tighten the path leading to the entrance of her untamed garden. She folded her arms to rest her head on and, finally in position, jiggled her butt to the sides to entice me forward.

Not content with that temptation, however, she spoke, her voice drenched in a decadent layer of melted sugar. "You're going to *love* this part, honey. Come, get on top of me." She patted her butt a couple of times, making ripples that coaxed me forward.

I climbed on the bed and hovered over her, using my forearms to support myself so I did not crush her. I placed my legs on either side of hers and pinched them together with my knees.

"Put your weight on me," Mom insisted. When I hesitated, she reached behind with her right hand and patted my thigh. "Put it *down*, sweetheart."

I lay my chest flat against her back, but remained careful not to squish her. Based on her satisfied moan when I fully trapped her under my lumbering frame, however, I think that was exactly what she wanted. I wrapped one of my arms around her shoulder, and the other around her midsection, strapping myself to her like a human seatbelt.

Mom petted my forearm with long, calming strokes while she encouraged me. "Doesn't that feel better?"

It did. "Are you sure I'm not too heavy?"

She kissed my bicep, then used it as a pillow for the side of her face against. "You're perfect, sweetheart. Do you think you can find Mommy's pussy if you poke around a little bit?" She flexed her butt muscles to emphasise her point.

I figured it was worth a shot. I lifted and dipped my hips a couple of times, prodding between Mom's legs without using my hands to guide me. It was harder than I'd thought it would be. I kept missing the opening, which led to my dick burrowing deep between her tightly clenched cheeks. Mom cheered me on every step of the way, and tried to position her butt in a way that made it easier to penetrate her.

"Do you want some help?" she chimed in.

"I think I've almost got it," I insisted.

"Just pull back, just a little bit. There you go!" Mom waited for me to obey before relaying the rest of her instructions. "Now, flex hard for me. Good boy! Stay nice and hard, just like that, and suck in your tummy."

She knew what she was talking about. I drew in my stomach, making it easier to isolate my movements without my belly getting in the way, and angled my hips forward. I knew it had worked by the familiar feeling of Mom's pussy fuzz tickling my cock head when it was in position.

I slid between the tightly compressed walls of dough, which were slick from the deluge of honey that had never stopped flowing from Mom's eager, sopping cunt. At first it felt like trying to force my dick through the eye of a needle, but gradually, the narrow passageway peeled apart to welcome me inside. After one slow, steady push, I found myself steeping in the juices that stewed at the bottom of Mom's pussy.

"Ohhhhh, *god*, yes!" she groaned happily, kicking her feet against the mattress. "Feels good to be home, doesn't it, sugar?"

I kissed the nape of her neck and dug in softly with my teeth. Goosebumps decorated her porcelain skin as I dragged my lips over it. I closed my eyes for a few strokes, savouring the nostalgic scent of her coconut shampoo. Nothing existed in the entire world other than my mother, and I could have died happy as long as it was with her in my arms.

She piped up from under my hulking body. "Uh, honey?"

I grunted, nothing more, and pressed my cheek against hers like I was trying to merge out bodies into one. I wanted to be as close to her as I possibly could. I could not stop myself from plowing into Mom with enough force to make the headboard rap against the wall.

A hint of anxiety crept into her voice. "Are you still filming?"

"Yeah, why?"

"Well... *what* are you filming?"

I thought about it for a second, but instinctively continued my barrage of rampant thrusting. The camera, which was still strapped to my forehead, was buried in the mattress along with my face. It was filming only darkness, and I doubted it was picking up more than a few muffled grunts on audio.

"I guess you're right," I said. "I can just edit this part out, though."

Mom stiffened. "Er, yeah, but... If you're going to edit this part out--"

"Yeah, yeah. I will."

Mom raised her head and scoffed. "Okay, mister. You're too horny to listen."

"What do you mean? I said I would edit it out!"

She hung her head and threw her hands up in a defeated shrug, her body rocking back and forth as I drove my dick into her. "Right. But, isn't the whole point to-- *ow, shit!* Not so hard, honey. If you're going to go that deep, you have to slow down."

I apologized.

"It's okay. Now, like I said, isn't the whole *point* to film this? If you're going to cut it out doesn't that mean you're just... fucking me?"

I thrust a few more times, ensuring I was nestled against her cervix when she was trying to think with her head. She had made a good point, but I hoped that she was too enthralled with the otherworldly pleasure that we had created to keep up the fight. What we were doing then was not for the camera, erasing the one excuse we had left to keep from succumbing to irredeemable incest. It wasn't much, but it was still something for somebody - for her - to cling to if they really wanted to.

"Oh, honeyyyy," she moaned. "I think-- I think you have to s-stop." I could tell she was barely holding on herself. That was what I was clinging to, to justify ignoring her not-quite-a-demand.

"Just... a few... more... seconds." I kissed her neck again, and held my lips against her. "God, you feel so fucking good, Mom."

Mom dug her fingernails into the back of my scalp and released an extremely unladylike wail. "Oh God, fuck it. Tell me again."

"Tell you what?"

"Tell Mommy how good she feels," she panted hungrily.

"You're so tight that it feels like my dick is gonna snap off. It's fucking amazing!"

Mom groaned. "You're not just saying that?"

"Fuck no, Mom. I've never felt anything this amazing in my whole life!"

I could not see her smile, but the upward curve in her tone indicated that she was grinning with bashful glee. "Thank you, honey."

"I don't think I can last much longer. You got really, really tight when you crossed your legs."

"I'm not surprised. It's one of Mommy's special moves, after all. Do you want to try one last position before you pop?"

"What did you have in mind?"

Mom refused to answer me, clearly drawing out the reveal. She simply bucked her hips and rolled to the side, pushing me off of her so she could slither out from underneath. She led the two of us, her hand in mine, over to the large, leather tub chair that sat by the window on the far side of the room. A large, full-body mirror faced the chair head on. To my memory, it had always been tilted at a forty-five degree angle, so my curiosity was piqued.

I pointed to the mirror. "Did you do this?"

Mom raised her eyebrows in surprise, offended by the accusation. "I don't know what you mean, sweetheart."

Further evidence of her premeditated scene assembly had been tucked in to the corner of the chair. I noticed it before I sat down, so I reached down to investigate. To my not-so-great surprise, I pulled out considerably full bottle of mineral oil.

I waved the smoking gun between my first finger and thumb. "What's *this* doing here?"

Mom feigned surprise, but she was a terrible actress. "Oh, gosh. I don't know. Maybe some sort of well-meaning fairy placed it there, just in case."

I pursed my lips. "You're going with fairies, then. Is that right?"

Mom gave an exasperated shrug. "They work in mysterious ways."

"That's God, Mom. You're thinking about God."

"And maybe God is just one big, male fairy. Do you *really* want to argue with me about this right now, or would you rather me sit on your cock and let you squirt oil all over my boobs?"

"Um. The second one, I'm pretty sure."

"I'm glad we're on the same page. Now..." She pointed to the chair and snapped her fingers. "Mush, honey."

"Yes ma'am!" I scampered over and plopped down into the seat.

Mom stepped closer to me, so that her feet were between my outstretched legs. The chair was low to the ground, granting her enough height that she towered over me as she had when I was a kid.

I had not taken the time to appreciate how beautiful she was from that angle since I'd been a young boy. I gazed up at her with wonder in my eyes. I longed to be transported back to a time when she had genuinely been bigger than me, and had carried the weight of the world on her shoulders while keeping me safe from all the evils that it harbored.

She leaned in and cradled my face in her hands, tracing the jugged outline of my jaw with her thumbs. "I love you so, so much, Eric."

I extended my arms and coiled them around her backside, digging my fingers into her juicy rump as I pulled her close to me so I could place a kiss on her navel. "I love you more than anything in the world, Mom."

With my nose pressed to her tummy, she combed her fingers through my hair. "That dick looks like it's just about ready to pump some of that hot, liquid love straight into me."

I still could not come to terms with her offer. "Are you *really* going to let me come inside you? Isn't that dangerous?"

"Only for young girls who don't know their cycle the way a woman does at my age. I picked tonight because I knew it would be safe, so you can empty those big, fat fucking balls right in to Mommy's tummy and make the biggest, gooiest mess that you can!"

The hair on the back of my neck stood at attention. "Hearing you talk like that makes me wonder if I'm even going to make it."

Mom buried her nose in my scalp, inhaling deeply before she parted with a kiss. "Afraid I'm going to make you come just with my words?"

"It wouldn't be the first time that you made me cum with your mouth."

"And, it won't be the last. Now, hurry up." She turned around and bent over to touch her toes. "Glaze Mommy's cheeks, please."

I grabbed the bottle and fired a steady, translucent stream onto her bottom. Dozens of slippery teardrops rapidly descended, weaving in between the tiny goosebumps that dotted her skin. They passed over the swell of her bulging cheeks, running down her thighs where she wore the glistening droplets like garters that connected to invisible stockings.

Once the parade of oil had marched over her curves, I finally rubbed it in. The shiny beads melded together, turning her ass into a shimmering canvas of porcelain perfection. In the right light, I could have seen my reflection in her polished skin.

Mom braced her arms on the sides of the chair and slowly lowered her greasy rump into my lap. She wedged my cock between her cheeks and pushed her butt into me, forcing my manhood as deep into the crack as it would go. Then, with great patience, she slowly began to grind on it, tending to its entire length with each of her methodical strokes. She wagged her tail, making the glistening slab of meat wobble back and forth. Thick, bulging ripples spread through her flesh, keeping my dick helplessly trapped between crashing waves.

She lifted her butt off of me a few inches, and told me to flex as hard as I could. I did, and my dick sprang away from my tummy to stand up straight in the air, pointed at the ceiling. Then, she reached through the opening between her legs and wrapped a hand around my cock to align it with her pussy.

"God, honey," she marvelled gleefully, stroking the muscular pipe with curious, wandering fingers. "You're still so hard! How long do you think you're gonna last?"

I grumbled in defeat, taking cues from the bulky, angry veins that ran up the length of my cock. "Not long."

Mom patted my leg supportively, then lowered herself into my lap. "That's okay. We'll go nice and slow, but just cum whenever you need to. Okay?"

My temple and my dick both throbbed as soon as I was back inside of her. "Uh, sure thing, Mom."

She did not fuck me; she knew I could not handle it at that point. All I could manage to withstand, for a few precious moments, was having her grind in my lap, methodically clenching her cunt muscles to milk the orgasm out of me. Each tender squeeze coaxed more and more of my hot, bubbling cum towards the point of no return.

I watched Mom's reflection in the mirror. Her hands roamed her oil-soaked skin, caressing and fondling her udders as they swung back and forth in time with her gentle rocking. Pounds of slippery dough oozed through her fingers as she tried to lift them, and they made a lewd slap against her tummy when she dropped them. She teased her nipples, rolling the firm, pink nubs between her digits, then traced small circles around her bumpy areolas to make the pointy peaks rise to their fullest.

I reached around her front and slid my hand down her tummy until I brushed the edge of her pubic hair. I twirled the oily strands around my fingers; they were as soft the hair on a newborn.

I reached my hand further into the maw of the hairy, drooling beast and traced my fingertips around its lips, which were bulging grotesquely around my girth. I travelled further down and formed my fingers into a "V," flanking either side of my dick - firmly embedded to the hilt - so I could feel precisely where I ended and Mom began.

"You like that, too, huh? Feeling where Mommy and you are connected?" She reached down with one hand and intertwined her fingers with mine.

The two of us took turns pawing at her splayed-open pussy, weaving our fingers together in a constant battle to be the one with their digits pressed against her opening. The strain on it was evident in the tension around the edge of the ring. It was an elastic band, and together we had stretched it to its limit - and, speaking of limits, I whinnied in Mom's ear and dug my teeth into her neck. "Mom, I--"

"I know, honey." She threw her head back so that it was resting on my shoulder, her cheek pressed to mine, and lowered her voice to a whisper. "Go ahead."

"You're sure?"

She rubbed my forearm and pressed her back flat against me so there was not an inch of space between our oily bodies. "I want you to know how it feels."

Mom constricted her walls around me, ensuring my dick was rooted to her cervix. Then she pushed back into me with all her might.

I wrapped my hands around her midsection and hugged her tightly. My cock head was a soda can that Mom had shaken before opening. Once the seal was broken, everything inside of me came spilling out in a magnificent explosion.

Bulky cables of cum erupted from my tip, redecorating the inside of my childhood home with a fresh coat of wet, sticky paint. Mom jumped a little when the first powerful burst splattered against the mouth of her womb, but quickly settled into my lap and regained her composure in time to accept the second rope with a smile on her face.

My balls further unloaded into the creamy bath, flooding her cunt until every corner had been drenched. Whenever Mom tightened her grip, she churned the syrupy concoction, stirring it into a frothy soup for my cock to marinate in.

I do not know which of us was louder; it was impossible to tell who was enjoying my orgasm more based on moans alone. Mom, for one, hit an octave that was usually reserved for spotting stray mice running across the kitchen floor.

"Oh my God, oh my God," Mom repeated on a loop, her mouth agape as she relished the torrent of buttery cum flowing into her.

I had never finished inside of a woman before. For the first woman that I ever bred -- successfully or not -- to be my mother was a transcendent experience. I knew I was awake, but at the same time, I knew I *had* to be dreaming.

I worried I would squeeze her in half, like one would pop the head off of a dandelion, but I simply couldn't relax my grip around her torso until my orgasm subsided. To her credit, Mom refused to do or say anything that would rip my head out of the clouds. When I finally felt my toes touch the Earth again, I released her.

"S-sorry, Mom. I didn't meant to hurt you."

Mom collapsed in my lap, letting her full weight rest on me. "Shh, honey. Shhh. You did amazing for Mommy. I'm so, so proud of you."

My heart swelled and my dick followed suit, although half-heartedly. "I don't understand how you can do this to me."

"I fear that your dick might have been -- quite literally, in fact -- *made* for me." Mom, with her head still resting on my shoulder, turned to kiss the side of my cheek.

Then she stood up and pinched her legs together. The tiny hole that we had so dutifully loosened together was no longer tight enough to contain everything we had fed into it, and a lumpy glob of cum immediately oozed out of her. It plopped onto the inside of her thigh, leaving behind a slimy trail behind as the droplet dribbled down to her knee. Mom was so full that she literally could not stop it from spilling out of her. If she was not careful, she would leave a stain when it dribbled onto the floor.

She extended her hand. "Follow Mommy."

I obeyed, but asked her where we were going, to which she replied, "We're going to cuddle, sweetheart. Come, come."

She led me to her bed -- the very same one I was conceived on almost two decades prior -- with a fresh load of my cum swimming in her pussy.

The details were communicated non-verbally: I was to be the big spoon. Mom laid on her side and poked her ass out, making the perfect shape for me to mold my body around.

She sighed happily. "Your dad never used to do this part with me."

I stoked her hair. "Why not?"

"Just wasn't much of a cuddler, I guess."

I blew lightly on the back of her neck. "Lucky for you, I am."

She pulled my arm to her chest, tucking my clenched fist under her nose so she could kiss my knuckles. "I'm lucky for you in a lot of ways."

"Likewise, Mom," I said warmly, then thought for a second. "So, all that pregnancy talk... was any of that real?"

Mom stiffened for a moment, then relaxed with a deep breath. "Do you want it to be?"

I was silent. I had never thought about it before.

"I think you'd make a great dad."

"And you're already the best mom in the world."

"You won't mind having to share me with your new little brother, or sister?"

"Not one bit. Besides, people go nuts for pregnancy content, and I think you'd look great with a big, round belly to rest your tits on."

She slapped my arm playfully. "Jeez. Men really do think about *one* thing!"

I kissed her shoulder, letting my lips linger for an extra second. "I kind of like the idea of making our family a bit bigger."

"Even if that means you'll have to share *these*--" she dragged my hand over to her tits and pressed down with her fingers, so I squeezed as instructed. "--for a little while?"

"It'll be worth it."

"Hmm. I'll think about it. Now, I have to clean up from the mess *you* made, young man."

Mom got off the bed and headed for the shower, but not before turning around and offering her hand once more. "Will you join me, honey?"

I floated off the bed and followed her into the bathroom. As long as she would have me, I would follow her anywhere. I left the camera behind, and Mom did not say a word about it.

Finally, after every piece of my plan had fallen into place, I was the only audience Mom needed. I was not her *only* fan, but I knew for a fact that I was her biggest one.

Far more importantly, she was only mine.