

# SOMETHING WICKED THIS WAY CUMS

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*Mom's Halloween costume is a huge hit with her horny son.*

Incest/Taboo

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Halloween should be a statutory holiday; that is how much I love the spooky season. Furthermore, we should get an entire week off of work to celebrate properly! Perhaps I'm biased; my birthday lands on the 31st, so I've always felt like Halloween is *my* personal holiday.

Every year, I would organise a costume party with dozens of our closest friends to make sure that my birthday was supported by the black and orange decor with which I adorned our house. I always loved celebrating the day with so many people, but truthfully, I only needed two— my husband, Mike, and our son, Owen.

Mike had always been forced to dedicate the day to me. He knew what it meant to me, so he was happy to play along, as time wore on it became clear that he wanted to celebrate in other fashions. One year, he had suggested that we abandon the party entirely and opt to attend some convention for horror movies, a genre he was quite fond of. I put my foot down so fast that I almost broke an ankle!

I would always go all out on decorations for the holiday - not just to impress the crowd, but simply because I enjoyed it. I loved riding the line between "haha yucky" and "reprehensibly grotesque." For the former, imagine a large witch's cauldron, its mouth billowing forth thick plumes of translucent fog. For the latter, picture a "painting" of an elderly couple just inside the front door. As each guest passes by it, the figures decay, their skin melting off to reveal two hideous, rot-covered skeletons underneath.

At the time, Owen was in his fourth and final year of university. He had missed three of my birthday parties in a row, and I was devastated to hear that the streak would continue. His absence had been a hard pill to swallow, even though I'd known it had been for the best. He'd needed to study, and without a sanctioned break from classes it was too much hassle to get him home.

I hated being away from him for so long, as I was sure most mothers would with their only child. My life felt empty without him in it. The first year that he'd been at university, I had endured the loss with a brave face. That became decidedly harder with each passing year.

Owen was smart, charming, and full of wit. He had a bubbly personality that made him a joy to be around, and made every day a little brighter for everyone around him. Perhaps, since I was the woman who had birthed him, it was arrogant to claim that he was exceptionally handsome atop that, but pride did not stop it from being true. My son had a ferociously gorgeous body that frequently earned double takes from women twice his age. My friends had often joked that, if he hadn't been my son, they'd have already had their paws all over him! The idea made me sick with jealousy.

The year that he'd left for university -- where I'd figured hordes of hot, young women would throw themselves at his feet -- I'd been forced to confront those feelings. The truth was that I wanted him all to myself— no sharing. I waited anxiously for the day he would break my heart by bringing a girl home.

I was not stupid; I knew he had likely been with dozens of women while away at school. A young man like him surely attracted women like a "BOGO" sale at HomeSense. The way I saw it, until he formally settled down, he was still mine.

It was Halloween afternoon, two thousand and twenty three, and I was back at it with aplomb. Peeled grapes dipped in black food coloring on one end were to be my edible eyeballs; I thought the effect was solid. I finished them just in time for my husband to inform me that Owen, for yet another year, was not going to be able to attend my party.

"You okay, Carrie?" Mike asked.

He was already in costume, and to be honest it felt a little strange to receive emotional comfort from Ghostface of *Scream* movie fame. The two hollow, black eyes perched atop a drooping, elongated mouth strongly resembled the figure in the Munch painting that almost shared the name.

I nodded, hoping that the cumbersome mask on his head would help me hide my sour mood from him. "I thought this year would be different. He promised *last year* that he would try to make it this time!"

Mike rubbed my shoulder reassuringly. "He did try, Care-bear. You know that."

I chewed the inside of my cheek. "Mmhmm. I know. It just sucks!"

Mike took off the mask and stared at me over the frame of his thick-rimmed glasses. "But..."

I sucked in a deep breath and straightened my posture. "But I'm not going to let it ruin the party. I'm gonna be fun!"

Mike raised an eyebrow. "How *much* fun?"

I rolled my eyes. Using my butt like a bumper car, I playfully nudged him out of my personal space. "Way more fun than that boring horror movie documentary you wanted to watch tonight!"

Mike scoffed. "They're *not* boring. The one that's on tonight is a behind-the-scenes look at how they filmed *Friday The 13<sup>th</sup>*!"

I chuckled. "Let me guess; at night?"

It was Mike's turn to roll his eyes, but he added a sarcastic laugh to accompany it. "Very funny, dear. Does that mean I *can't* sneak away with Peter for a few minutes to watch it?"

I stomped my foot. "I ask for *one day* a year to be mine. Do you really need to spend it watching television with your friend?"

"No, I guess not." Mike gobbled down one of my freshly peeled eyeballs, earning himself a well-deserved scowl that he ignored completely. "People are going to show up soon, you know."

I put the grapes into the fridge, thinking - perhaps naively - that they needed time to set in order to retain their "eyeballness." The only thing left to do was slip into my costume and wait for our guests to arrive.

In years past, Mike and I had employed couples costumes. Princess and a dragon, Mario and Peach, Fred and Daphne... we'd done them all, so that year we had decided to drop the act and just wear whatever we wanted. For my husband, the eternal horror movie nerd, that was Ghostface.

In direct opposition to the spooky costume he'd chosen, I decided to finally slip into the thigh-high stockings of the woman - specifically the character - that my son had compared me to multiple times: Kitty Foreman from *That 70's Show*.

Years ago, I had walked in on my teenage son watching the television show with a big, goofy smile on his face. I had asked him why he was grinning ear to ear, and when he'd been too shy to answer — gawking silently with cheeks like two bright, red apples — I'd known that it was thanks to the gorgeous, mature woman on the screen. Ever since I'd learned of my son's fondness for the character, I'd felt inclined to dress up as her for Halloween. Mike had never wanted to go as Red, however -- the bald cap was the deal breaker -- so I had never had a chance to go as his doting, blonde-haired, giggle-prone wife.

Much like Kitty, I was not a very tall woman. We both had soft facial features and a big of pudge to our tummies. I knew that, if I could just get the hair right, I would be her spitting image. To my delight, I somehow managed to wrangle my blonde curls into a near-perfect imitation of the iconic, golden waves that epitomized her character for so many years. It took almost a full hour, giving me a new sense of admiration for housewives of decades past.

To complete the costume, I donned the frilliest, most outdated apron I could find, the front of which was embroidered with a pair of cute, happy ducklings. It definitely looked like it could've been housewife wear from fifty-odd years ago. I laid it over a light blue collared shirt whose sleeves I had rolled up as though I was elbow-deep in a baking marathon. Top to bottom, the outfit looked like something straight out of my grandmother's closet!

I put on a fluffy, dark red skirt that went down to my knees. Underneath it, I tugged on the tightest nylon stockings that I could find, and slipped into a pair of dazzling red heels that I had bought at the mall. If I was going to embody an old-school housewife, I wanted to go all in. A touch of ruby red lipstick completed the outfit.

My breasts were too large to fit properly into the apron. It was a size or two smaller than I preferred, but it was the only article I'd found that looked like it genuinely belonged in a prior decade. For the sake of the costume's integrity, I forced my floppy, oversized tits into its stranglehold. In order to get the loop around my neck, I had to pull it so tight that my cleavage practically came spilling out of the neck hole.

I was a modest woman, but I knew that I looked pretty damn good. I just wished that Owen could be around to appreciate it. The state of my tightly compressed boobs was a sight that any ordinary mothers would have hidden from her son. The idea of him seeing me like that — with the breasts he had nursed from squeezed into a too-tight top — filled me with wicked, sinful glee.

Before I could decide whether or not I truly wanted my guests to be confronted by my half-exposed bosom, there was a knock on the front door. There was no turning back; the party had officially begun.

It took about an hour for everyone to show up. By the time the final guests arrived, the early arrivals were already knee deep in bottles of wine. There were many old friends, most of which we had known for half our lives. Just as it was every year, I was surrounded by love on a level that was unmatched by any other day of the year.

We laughed, we danced, and we ate. Mike manned the barbecue, churning out burgers and hotdogs just as fast as people could scoop them up. It was still warm enough outside that most folks only needed a cozy bonfire to keep the evening chill at bay. I had always run a bit on the colder side, though -- favouring woolly sweaters over the thin, collared shirt I had on that night -- so I stayed indoors despite the allure of the fire on the lawn.

Most people did not recognize my costume, but those who did were floored by how accurately I had recreated the famous look. I did not let on how flustered I was by their sincere compliments, but I was thrilled to hear that I looked as good as I felt. No matter how many of them fawned over me, however, it wasn't quite enough to make me forget about the one opinion I would have valued most of all.

I floated between the various groups of partygoers, ensuring that I stopped by the kitchen to refill my wine glass as soon as it ran dry. Admittedly, I indulged in rosé with a heavier hand than I intended. I was upset that Owen would not be in attendance for the fourth year in a row. It was a touch too far to claim I was drowning my sorrows, but I definitely poured my drinks a little bit taller than usual.

I was well into my fourth glass of the night when the doorbell rang, cutting through the serene melody of "The Monster Mash" like a whistling arrow through the treetops.

Mike shot me a knowing look from across the room and gestured towards the door with his eyes. In my heart, I knew who it was before I even took a single step towards the door. I did not want to get my hopes up, but wishing and wanting and *knowing* had already mixed themselves up together inside of me.

I flew to the door with wings on my shoes, my heart aflutter. I threw it open, stumbling as I did, to find my magnificent son standing on the other side.

He opened his arms with a bright, cheerful grin plastered across his face. "Happy birthday, Mom."

I almost broke down into tears. The rosé had made the slope slippery, but seeing my son's beautiful face grinning at me — shallow dimples engraved into each of his cheeks — pushed me straight down it.

I squealed with delight, leaping into his arms for a hug. "My baby is *home*!"

Owen was the same height as his father, which was roughly a head and a half taller than me, but he more muscular than the two of us combined. He carried me like I was nothing more than a feather.

I spilled wine all over the floor, but was too enthralled with him to care about the mess. "Oh my *god*, Mommy missed you so much!"

Owen blushed. "Er, thanks, Mom. I hope I'm not too late."

"Never, honey." If I had known he'd been coming, I would have stayed up all night waiting for him. "Now, let's get you a drink!"

Owen regaled me with stories of his time at school. We had kept in touch by phone over the semester, but being face to face made me want to hear every story a second time just so I could watch him smile as he retold them.

It was a good thing that I had already made my rounds and greeted everybody. Once Owen had arrived, the rest of the partygoers seemed wholly unimportant in comparison. All I wanted was for the house to be empty so that I could have some quality time with my son. Instead, we settled into a far-off corner of the living room, wine in hand, so I could interrogate him about his dating life. It was not subtle, but it had to be done. I *had* to know.

"Nobody, yet," Owen admitted, staring into his half-empty glass.

I was eager to believe him, but I couldn't let him know that. "There must be *somebody* you've got your eye on, honey."

When I'd asked, his gaze had darted in my direction as though the mere mention of "*somebody*" had flicked a switch in his brain. His eyes landed squarely on my exposed cleavage, and lingered there for a second or two before his good sense told him to stop staring.

Owen shook his head and looked back down into his glass of wine. He sucked in a deep breath. "I don't like any of the girls at school, I guess."

"Well, they're simply foolish if they don't like *you*. You're a very handsome young man, honey."

He chuckled. "If you say so. I'll have to put 'my Mom says I'm handsome' in my dating profile."

I feigned offence, holding my hand over my heart with my mouth agape. "Are you implying that those little girls *don't* think that I made the most handsomest man in all the land?"

He rolled his eyes with a hearty laugh, cutting through the chatter of the crowd around us. "I think Dad deserves some credit, too."

I mimicked his eye-roll, but with double the intensity. "Fine! I suppose it was, technically, a team effort -- but let's be real: you got all your good looks from Mommy."

Owen tilted his head to the side with a quizzical look. "That's the second time you've done that."

"Done what?"

He scoffed, unwilling to believe that I was ignorant to his meaning. "You called yourself 'Mommy.' That's new."

I waved him off and took a healthy glug from my wine. "Oh, hush. It's cute! Why, you want Mommy to stop?"

"I guess not. It is kind of cute, but I haven't called you that in years."

"And years, and years, and years, and—"

"Alright!" Owen interrupted me. "Message received, *Mommy*."

I bit my lower lip and giggled gleefully. He had no idea how much it enchanted me to hear that name again. "So, do you like my costume?"

He scooted back so that he could look me up and down, soaking in every detail of my outfit with wonder in his eyes. His stare at my vibrant red heels, but as his gaze wandered further up my body, his cheeks became flushed with blood. By the time he stumbled upon my bulging breasts, his blush was giving my ruby slippers a run for their money.

He gulped dryly. "How many words do I get?"

I batted my eyelashes. "Just one."

"Incredible."

That made it my turn to blush. "That's a pretty good word, I think."

"You look *exactly* like her, Mom. It's crazy."

"But you don't look anything like Eric," I said, referring to Kitty's on-screen teenage son. "Did somebody forget their costume?"

Owen winced, knowing he had committed a terrible *faux pas*. "I didn't bring one. Dad and I organized this at the last minute, so I didn't have time!"

As if summoned by mention, my husband trudged into the living room and slumped down next to us on the couch. "Good thing he doesn't need a costume to bob for apples!"

A small part of me was annoyed that he had interrupted alone time between my son and I, but I swallowed that pique, put on a happy face, and turned to Owen. "What do you think, honey? You wanna go chomp some fruit with Mommy?"

Mike raised an eyebrow, but did not object to my resurrection of the old name. "I got the tubs all set up. You've got a crown to defend, Care."

He was right; I was undefeated at apple-bobbing, and I was ashamed to admit how thoroughly I enjoyed the title. It was an innocent way of demonstrating, to anyone who might be watching, how talented I was with my mouth.

We walked into the kitchen, where Rich and Maria Jansen - a couple that Mike and I had known for years - were already competitively diving into the tubs with their mouths open. They were dressed as a punk guitarist and a tattoo-covered groupie, respectively, the latter of which had already rescued two of her three apples from the tub.

Maria rose with the final apple clenched in her jaw, claiming victory over her shaggy-haired husband. The audience applauded her victory, and she did a performative bow to thank the crowd for their support.

"Thank you, thank you!" she said, basking in the glory.

I was not keen to be upstaged at my own party, especially during a game at which I was truly formidable. I had a point to prove, and I knew *just* who my opponent was going to be.

I nudged Owen with my butt. "You'd better roll up those sleeves, honey."

"You and me?"

"Me and you," I replied with a wink.

Mike loaded three new apples into each of the tubs. Perhaps it was my imagination, but it looked as though he'd dug into the bag in search of the biggest ones he could find, then dumped them into *my* tub. To be fair, Mike was probably thinking that Owen hadn't played in years; my poor boy needed some kind of an edge just to avoid being completely humiliated.

I hovered over top of the water, holding myself above the surface by gripping the edges of the tub. I was ready to dive in like it was an Olympic sport! I glanced over at my son. He was in the same position I was, eagerly ready to leap face-first into the water. Like mother, like son.

"On your mark..." Mike counted down. "Get set... Go!"

It all happened so fast. I aimed at the apple closest to me and plunged towards it. I submerged my face in up to my ears, opening my jaw as wide as I could. I bit into the crisp apple, piercing the skin so a tingle of its tart, tangy juices flooded my taste buds. I lifted my head from the bucket and spat the first apple onto the floor.

I heard my husband chant, "One more!"

*One more?* I thought. *Did he forget how to count?*

Hubris, thy name is Carrie. It turned out that it was Owen who was receiving his support, and he had earned that fickle favor by clearing two apples from the tub in the time that it had taken me to remove one. By the time I realized what had happened, I had been beaten at my own game.

The crowd clapped for Owen. If I had been a sore loser, which I totally wasn't, I would have been a little annoyed. He'd shown up after four years just to reveal that he had *clearly* been practicing the sport of apple-bobbing every single day, rather than studying like he should have been. Like I said, totally not a sore loser!

Owen pinched the front of his soaking-wet t-shirt and pulled it away from his muscular torso. Tiny beads of water rolled off of his chin, clinging to his skin as they ran over the cliff of his firmly chiseled jaw. The dozens of cascading droplets that plummeted down his neck were funneled into the gap between his prominent collar bones. I longed to dip my tongue into that shallow pool and place a sloppy kiss against his wetted skin.

My son yanked me from my brief daydream. "I learned from the best, huh, Mom?"

I rolled my eyes, but my ego was happily assuaged by the compliment. "I did *not* teach you to be that messy, honey."

Maria stepped in with a towel. She handed it to Owen without giving me so much as a second glance. I hated how close she stood to him, tucking her body against his while she patted his face with the dry rag. It was probably more innocent than I imagined, but all I saw was another woman making a move on *my* territory.

"Let's get you all dried up, sugar," she chimed sweetly— a little *too* sweetly for my liking.

I was not a jealous spouse. I never gave Mike a hard time for flirting with waitresses, which he always insisted was just "innocent banter." It had been years since I'd felt the green beast well up in the pit of my stomach, but that night she returned with full force.

"Mike, dear, why don't you take Owen upstairs to get a dry shirt on?" My tone made it clear that it was not a request.

"Uh, sure," Mike said. "Come on, bud." He gestured for our son to follow him upstairs.

Maria and I exchanged a look whose meaning we both understood immediately. She had two boys herself, and it seemed as though she understood that I was setting a boundary whose crossing would not be taken lightly. She seemed annoyed, but she understood. We were in *my* house, and that was *my* son.

It did not occur to me for a second just how strange it was that it felt unacceptable for anyone but me to have their hands on him. If I had taken a beat, maybe it would have, but, the rose helped me slip and slide right past that hypothetical moment of self-reflection.

I returned to the party and mingled with a couple people who had received only a passing welcome when they'd arrived. With so many guests, I had to pick and choose who received the honor of interacting with the birthday girl, but that didn't mean I couldn't try to get over some kind of a low bar with all of them.

After a handful of people mistook my costume for that of a "housewife," -- neglecting the nuance of the character that I had painstakingly recreated -- I longed to be reunited with someone who appreciated the effort - or rather, with the one person who'd appreciated it the most.

I scanned the room in search of Owen, but could not find him anywhere. I wondered if another one of the doting, handsy mommies had sunk their fangs into him, and felt the roar of jealousy ignite in my belly once again. He was nowhere in sight, but I *did* notice a familiar ghastly, stretched-out mask descending the stairs.

I stomped towards Mike and demanded that he spill the beans. "Where's Owen?"

Mike offered nothing more than a lazy shrug.

"You didn't see him?"

Again, he shrugged without saying a word. Something was going on.

The hairs on the back of my neck rose. My instincts -- what some might call a gut feeling -- realized the truth quicker than the message could be relayed to my brain. I did not understand the warning signs, even as they flashed in front of my face, but their presence gave me pause.

When you know somebody for a very long time, reading their body language becomes second nature; you do it without even meaning to. There was something different -- something wrong -- about the way Mike was carrying himself. He seemed uncomfortable in his own skin, which was a pretty clear indication that somebody *other* than my husband was hidden beneath the mask.

The culprit was not hard to identify, given that he had mysteriously disappeared from the party for the last ten minutes. I had been drinking a fair amount, but was still sharp enough to put my parental detective skills to good use. Owen had never been good at lying to me as a boy, and he had not gotten any better.

I arched an eyebrow. "You don't know where our son is?"

Owen, still pretending to be his father, shook his head. Their build was similar, which is why the costume fit, but their mannerisms were recognizable enough that I saw through the disguise with ease.



*That bastard is watching his documentary in the basement!* I thought.

Mike was not stupid. He'd known my confusion would not last for longer than a few minutes, but apparently that brief window was worth the effort to him. I figured he was already planning to write it off as a stupid prank to try to assuage some of my anger.

*Well, he's not the only one who can play pranks,* I thought. I'll admit that it was a thought born from anger. Rather than let it go, however, I mulled over the opportunity that had been presented to me. *It's my birthday, after all; I get to have any kind of fun I want! If Mike doesn't want to be available for it, well... his loss.*

One evil thought spawned another. I did not know how far I would take it, but I knew that I could not pass up the chance to toy with Owen. He was trying to do right by his father, so I hoped he would not crack easily. He was a good boy, and I was proud of him for agreeing to help his father, even if it had been a dumb idea. I did not hold it against my son for agreeing to lie to me so that his dad could watch television.

I took Owen by the hand. "I'm going to go look for him upstairs. Will you come with me?"

I did not need to see his face to know that his eyes were likely bugging out of his skull.

"It's my birthday," I insisted with a playful pout. "Please don't make me ask twice."

Owen sighed, his breath filtered through the black mesh of the mask, and reluctantly accepted my invitation. Nobody would bother us up there, so whatever I had in store - even I was not sure at the time - it would remain between us.

I made a big show of pausing and looking into every room, pretending that I was looking for the man whose solemn steps trudged behind me. He was probably wrought with anxiety, wondering how he would keep up the lie without being able to speak. All he had to do was admit that he was covering for his dad to watch TV, but whatever deal the two of them had struck kept his lips sealed. I could have called him out a dozen times, but was having too much fun to do so.

We finally reached my bedroom, which was located at the very end of the hall. I pushed open the door and tilted my head, encouraging Owen to go inside. I followed him and closed the door behind us, casting the room into darkness.

I knew how to navigate the room blind. I shuffled over to the bedside table and flicked on the lamp, bathing the bedroom in dim, orange light. I patted the bed for "Mike" to come sit next to me. Owen hesitated for a second, but stayed in character without asking any of the obvious questions. I scooted close so that our hips were touching.

I reached over with my far hand, placed it on his inner thigh, and gave it a gentle squeeze. It was not a particularly sexual touch, but nonetheless one that I had never employed on him before that night. I imagined very few mothers had ever stroked their son in such a way. It felt natural to me - and, on a moment's reflection, the fact that it did felt eerie. As you might imagine, I didn't dwell on it.

I rested my head on "Mike's" shoulder. "Thank you for getting Owen to come. I missed him so much, and it means the world that he made it for the party."

Owen remained committed to the ruse and did not reply - at least not using words. I took it as permission to go further, and justified myself with more thoughts of harmless fun - a little prank

war between family.

Even when my hand began to slowly inch further along the inside of his thigh, my son did not give in. His breathing became sharp and ragged, but he did not yield. I wanted to push him even further.

"I want to show you how grateful I am, honey," I mewled in his ear. "Since you were so good to me, let me be good to *you*."

Owen whimpered softly. My hand was dangerously close to his crotch, and I could feel the material beneath my fingers shifting. It was a dead giveaway that his dick was already growing hard - and from barely anything at all! Once again, my decidedly abnormal reaction - to be flattered - felt natural.

*He must be close to cracking*, I thought. We were playing chicken, and the stakes were admittedly quite high. As far as he knew, I was innocently flirting with my husband. As far as I was concerned, the burden was on *him* to admit that he was lying about his identity before it went too far. I was certain that he would stop me before my hand actually touched his penis, so I waited... and waited... and waited...

Owen remained silent. My fingers clung to his inner thigh, so close to his cock that I could feel its heat radiating through the fabric of his costume. The warmth nipped at my fingers, egging me on despite the knowledge that it was his own mother who had unwittingly wandered so close to his erection. He *had* to say something before it was too late.

To prompt what I considered to be the inevitable outcome, I asked him a question that I was positive would be too lewd for him.

"Can I touch you, sweetheart?" I asked sweetly. I bathed my words in honey so he would buy their sincerity. I did not want him to know that I was on to him.

Owen nodded.

My voice caught in my throat. "Uh, r-really? Are you *sure*?"

He nodded twice as eagerly. To drive his point home, he wrapped one of his robust arms around my back and rested it on my waist, then pulled me into him so I could not slip away. The message was clear; he was not messing around. His erection was glued to his leg, straining against the fabric of the costume like it was about to rip a hole through it.

I wondered if Owen's father had promised him a new car, or something equally insane, on the condition that he distract me for a set amount of time. That was the only reason I could come up with to explain why he had not broken character. No matter what my son had been promised as a reward for keeping me busy, I did not imagine that it would be worth getting a handjob from his mother.

As far as I could see, there were only two choices. I could pull the plug; that seemed smart, considering that my son had declined the chance to do so himself. More wickedly, however, I could listen to the voices whispering excitedly in the back of my head. They urged me to follow his lead -- to ignore the life and the people who existed outside of my bedroom -- and I wanted to listen to them.

I was curious, and had been for years. The once-in-a-lifetime opportunity before me was too tantalizing to pass up, and what few reservations I might have had had been washed away by the

current of wine that flowed through my veins.

I stared into the empty, black sockets of the mask. "I don't think anybody is gonna bother us up here."

Owen was not dumb; he knew exactly what I was hinting at. We were fast approaching a point of no return; his ostensible shock at his mother touching his penis could only justify so much hesitation before the onus was back on him to nip everything in the bud. Still, there was a limit to how much I would be able to explain away, eventually. I knew that if Owen let me keep escalating, there was going to be hell to pay on All Hallows' Day. Even if I could convince Owen and Mike that everything was their fault, the fallout could still be catastrophic.

With that in mind, I gave him one last chance to come clean. "Should we go back to the party? Or do you want me to thank you properly?"

He nodded, accepting the fallout of whatever would follow after I "discovered" whose dick I was really touching. The ball was in my court. I knew the right decision was to stop playing, but I couldn't. I was just too curious; I simply *had* to know.

When Owen was growing up, I had always been the type of mother to play "pretend" with him until the sun went down. It was a stray thought that felt supremely wrong and right, simultaneously. We were back at it again, after all those years. Neither of us wanted playtime to end.

I pretended that it was Mike under the mask. Just as I often did for him, I slunk down to my knees in front of our son and grabbed the sides of his pants. The costume was loose enough that a quick tug pulled them from his hips, exposing a healthy portion of the enormous erection that it had failed so miserably to conceal.

The head of his cock was still trapped below the waistband, but I could see the entire shaft waiting to spring up from below once that tension was released. I pulled his pants down to his knees, setting the caged beast loose. It slapped against his belly, rigid as solid oak. Then I pulled his pants off all the way, leaving only the mask and black cloak to cover his torso, and pried his legs apart so that I could scoot between them.

To me -- the woman who had seen both -- the differences could not have been more obvious. Owen was almost twice the length of his father, and had he known that, everything might have gone down differently. He would've known that the jig would be up as soon as his not-so-little monster made its debut. When I *didn't* make a big deal out of it, he must have thought that I could not tell the difference between the two. That could not have been further from the truth.

I sat back on my haunches and folded my arms in my lap, using my forearms to push my breasts together. Though I could not see his eyes, I was sure that they were bugging out of his head. The slack-jawed stare of his costume was likely an exact replica of his actual expression. Just to be sure he was fully captivated, I jostled the girls around, seducing him with an armful of vanilla pudding wobbling back and forth. A deep, satisfied groan told me that he thoroughly enjoyed the show.

It had been a long time since anyone had admired my body with such fascination. His body was completely still -- a statue watching my every move. I wanted to rip the mask off of him and see with my own eyes the jubilation on his face. At that point, however, I settled for merely imagining it.

My hands were resting on Owen's knees. I leaned towards him, pushing my palms across his legs until they reached his thighs. I scooted as close to the edge of the bed as I could, bringing myself a

mere few inches from the fat, engorged bulb at the end of his cock.

I inhaled through my nose, inviting the musk of his manhood to infiltrate my nostrils. He had clearly showered before he came to the party, but the scent of his flesh was unmistakable - and it was nothing like his father. Once again: if only he had known. What *I* knew was that that new and unfamiliar smell was flipping all of the sexual switches in my brain, turning me a fashionably depraved shade of feral.

I traced the inside of Owen's thigh. He watched every step of the way, and held his breath when I reached his bloated cock head—the summit at the top of a very large, throbbing mountain. I curled my fingers around the fat crown and treated it to a couple of tender squeezes. The pillar of thick, veiny muscle pulsed vigorously beneath my fingers. "Holy *shit*, honey. You're so hard! You must really like my costume, huh?"

"Uh huh." That was the most Owen had said since we entered the bedroom. It was cute the way he dropped his voice an octave to try and sound more like his dad. I knew that I looked good, but hearing it aloud while his dick pulsed in my palm made me feel *that* much better. I was abuzz with sexual energy, and I knew just where I wanted to use it.

My fingernails tapped against the base of his shaft. I started at the bottom, raking my nails along the underside, sending a tickle through the rod of stiffened muscle. I dragged them all the way up towards the inflated helmet at the tip. I paused each time that a menacing flex made it jump away from me, invigorated by the exploration of such a sensitive place, then resumed my climb when it settled down again. A thin glaze of drool flooded my tongue; I did not know which of us was more excited.

I leaned in to kiss the top of the spongy dome. Owen had the same idea, and with a taut flex his dick came rising up to meet my wet, puckered lips. I made an audible smooching sound when they met, leaving behind a small dab of saliva to drool down the tip.

I encircled one of my hands around his balls and cupped them in my palm. Meanwhile, I could hardly get my tiny fingers to stretch around his mighty shaft, but I relished the challenge. The only way to stop his dick from bobbing around was to secure it in place, but each powerful flex threatened to rip it right out of my grasp.

I unfurled my tongue, letting it hang loose from my open mouth. I was so eager to taste him -- so overcome with hunger -- that I was drooling enough to make a bulldog jealous. A long, thin strand of saliva dribbled down my tongue and landed between my squashed-together cleavage. I must have looked like a proper slut, but that was what I wanted: to show my son a side of me that he had never seen before.

My plump, cushy lips kissed the tip of his cock once more, but that time I held them there. I ushered a dribble of saliva to the front of my mouth, then pushed the collection of bubbly foam around the sides of the bulky guest plugging the entrance. It squelched around the head, making a froth of tiny bubbles ooze around either side.

Once the helmet had been slathered with drool, I parted my lips and inched forward. I gulped the bulbous mushroom into my mouth, and was surprised at how wide I had to open my jaw in order to fit the whole thing. I felt like I had shoved an entire egg in my mouth, and so I treated his fleshy knob with the same delicate touch I would a fragile shell.

I slid my tongue along the bottom, loyally massaging his cock as I made my descent. My tongue flattened against his frenulum, cradling the sensitive underside on a bed of wet, pink velvet.

I slurped on the head, making a loose seal with my lips that sputtered noisily every time it broke. Were it not for the party below our feet, the sound would have been loud enough to hear in the basement -- where I assumed my husband was, watching television in blissful ignorance while I sucked our son's cock.

Every inch I swallowed into my eager gullet sent a rush of endorphins through my body, urging me to gulp down another portion. My tongue followed the web of pulsating veins that stretched up the length, tracing the branching pathways to their source at the base.

*Come on, just a bit further!* I encouraged myself. *Do it for Owen!* I was desperate to reach the bottom — a desire that my husband had never awoken. My natural motherly instincts made me want to provide my son with the greatest happiness that I could. In that moment, said happiness lay at the bottom of my esophagus.

Owen's dick was lodged in my gullet, plugging my entire windpipe. He throbbed steadily, celebrating the journey to the bottom. My lips nursed around the root of his cock, and with my nose pressed right up against his tummy, there was not much room for me to breathe out of *any* hole. I rocked my head back and forth, using the squishy wall at the back of my throat to polish the end of his cock as though it were a hunk of fine marble.

My son groaned like an enraged animal, summoning a primal howl from the depths of his soul. I was sure that someone would hear him if he did not stop, so I hastily rushed to shut him up.

"Mmpffh!" Since my mouth was stuffed to the brim, all that came out was a wet, muffled gargle.

Owen nodded and cut his hollering short. Without invitation, he reached out with his hands and dug them into my hair. I had spent over an hour that night getting it ready, and had it been anyone else tugging at my perfectly manicured mane, I would have stopped them. With my son, however, I was shamefully enthralled by his hands gripping the sides of my skull like I was a cheap puppet. I was completely at his mercy.

I lifted my head out of his lap, but ensured that the head of his cock remained between my lips. I took a deep breath, and gave him an order that he could not refuse.

"Push my head down," I instructed.

When he did not do so right away, I reassured him with a soothing pat on his thigh. "It's okay, honey. I can handle it. Just *push*."

I sealed my lips around the bulging mushroom again and basted the sides with my tongue using a series of quick flutters. I wanted him to use me however he wanted, but knew that he needed a little push to get there. As encouragement, I refused to descend a single inch without him applying pressure on the back of my head.

It did not take long for him to get the hint. Owen gently pushed down on my skull, shoving me face-first into his lap. I held my mouth open as wide as I could so that my teeth would not touch him. I felt subservient -- like his property for the night, dutifully serving him in whatever way would bring him the greatest happiness.

I submitted to my son with pleasure, dedicated to playing my role as the obedient housewife with an appetite for dick who was readily pleasing her husband on a whim just to prove how deeply her loyalty ran. As long as Owen continued to play the role of my husband, I would continue to serve with a smile.

My son's massive cock inflated with a great throb, expanding like a fleshy balloon in the confines of my throat. My whole body lurched forward, but I kept it down despite the knee-jerk desire for respite. A small tear formed in the pit of my eye that I ejected with a firm blink, which sent it rolling down the side of my cheek. I knew there was a chance it would turn my mascara into a runny mess, but that was a risk I was willing to take.

My son's dick marinated in my throat for a moment, saturated in saliva, before he let go of my head. I raised out of his lap to take a breath, then plunged to the bottom again, spearing myself on the meaty piston, when he hit the back wall. My throat squelched noisily, like a heavy boot being pulled from a bucket of mud. It alluded to a force that I had never allowed my husband to use when I had blown him in the past, but I loved every second of it.

I lifted my head again, but that time Owen knew what to do. As soon as I had taken a short breath, he shoved my mouth to the base of his cock, eliciting the same lewd, salacious gurgle from my throat.

Those two thrusts were all it took for him to adapt, and by the third stroke he had fallen into a rhythmic routine, plunging his cock in and out of my throat with perfect timing for me to take a breath in between. We were a well-oiled machine, working in tandem to glide his dick through the tunnel of softened throat meat.

His chubby balls, still cradled in my palm, rapped against my chin with every stroke. It was oddly relaxing. I counted the dull thuds like sheep, meditating so I could focus on remaining docile while Owen used my mouth like a fleshlight. I would have remained there all night.

*Fifty, fifty-one, fifty-two...* The count grew higher and higher -- but, as with all good things, it had to come to an end.

Owen's cock pulsed with energy, growing to its full potential with the power of a great, mighty giant. I knew at once that he was going to cum. Before I could wrestle with the disappointment that it would be over soon, my son - deeply entangled in the throes of unparalleled ecstasy - made it as clear as day.

"Oh my *god*, Mom, I'm gonna cum!"

To this day, I am not sure which of us caught the slip up first. Everything happened so fast that I did not have time to register the name he had used. By the time the realization hit me, there was already an eruption of hot, buttery cum splattering the back of my throat.

Both the utterance of my sacred title, and the flood of baby butter painting my gullet, made my eyes snap to attention. I looked up at the masked figure dumping ropes of thick, gluey cum into me, my eyes fearfully darting between the empty, black sockets of his ghostly face.

The truth was out, but I was not sure how to react. I should have been surprised, but I had known it was Owen all along. What I should have done was pull away, repulsed by his trickery -- and with an even more visceral reaction coming up fast and hard behind that. When I did *not* impulsively pull his dick from my throat, I knew right away that my counter-deception had been revealed.

I knitted my brow together, waging all-out war against my own gag reflex, when another heavy cable of semen ejected from the tip of his cock. I could not believe how much was coming out of him. There were multiple times where I thought it was over, only for him to add another dollop into the pool of dense, murky cream.

I was already committed, and could not bear to back out. I had planned to show my son what I was capable of, and that desire had not disappeared - or even lessened -- once the truth had come to light. I whimpered softly, shamefully gulping my grandchildren down into my stomach. They were salty, with a hint of sweetness that sizzled on my taste buds when I licked my lips.

I took a few rapid breaths and used the back of my hand to wipe the drool and excess cum away from the corner of my mouth. We were both too afraid to speak, but curiosity got the better of Owen.

He straightened his posture. "You swallowed."

I took a deep breath and coughed to clear my throat. "You called me 'Mom.'"

"But you swallowed *after* that," he said sternly. "Why did you do that if you knew—"

"That you were pretending to be your dad? That you tricked me into sucking your dick?" Neither of us had a leg to stand on, but he'd been legless first. We both could have stopped at any point, and the fact that we'd chosen not spoke for itself.

Owen pulled off his mask and threw it on the floor. "So, you knew it was me all along?"

I nodded sheepishly. "I wanted to get you to break character, so I brought you up here. When I started touching your leg, you *still* didn't give in. You knew it was me all along, too. You let me put your penis in my mouth, pretending to be your dad."

"Yeah..." Owen trailed off, fiddling with his thumbs.

I sat on the bed next to him and held his hand. "Honey, I'm not mad."

Owen recoiled, pulling his hand out of mine. "How can you say that? You *have* to be mad at me! This is... this is..."

"No, it's not," I said with a defiant tone. "Sweetheart, I... oh, this is *not* how I wanted this to go!" I sorted through a torrent of raging thoughts and emotions, each muddier than the last. "I love you very much, Owen, you know that. When you moved out for school, it was the most painful heart break that I ever endured."

Owen's expression softened. "Mom, I—"

I held up a hand. "Let me finish, please. When you moved out, my world fell apart. I thought it was a normal 'empty nest' type of feeling, but that never felt quite right. It felt like it was impossible for me to look forward to a world that didn't have you in it every day."

"So, you seduced me?"

I shook my head. "No, I didn't -- not on purpose! I just sort of went with the flow, and this is where it led. I listened to my body."

Owen could not hide his goofy grin. "And your body told you to suck my dick?" As absurd as the situation was, he still found humor in it.

"I guess so, yeah. Christ, I am the worst mother in the world!"

Owen pointed to his dick, which was still magnificently erect despite having just orgasmed. "Does *this* make me the worst son in the world?"

Heat flushed my cheeks. He was still so hard, and it was all because of me. I felt sexier in that moment than I had in the last two decades. I locked eyes with my son. Without breaking our stare, I reached out and wrapped my fingers around the root of his cock. Adrenaline surged through me, spurred on by the slight, subtle rise of his eyebrows when he felt my hands on him again.

A grin broke through the corner of my mouth. "Does that feel good, honey?"

He swallowed dryly. "Y-yes."

I tightened my fist, stroking his erection with a snug grip. "Yes, *what?*"

My son shivered. "Yes, Mommy."

"I have an idea... but if it's too much, you have to be honest with me." I knew it would be hard for him to focus while I jerked him off; I, on the other hand, was finding it to be relaxing.

"Anything," Owen grunted.

I pressed my forehead against his, increasing the pace of my strokes. "I want you back inside of me, honey. I want you to fuck me."

"Holy *fuuuuc*, this is insane."

I doubled down on the incestuous taboo, pressing my body up against his so I could whisper into his ear. "Come home, sweetheart. Come home to Mommy's pussy."

"You have no idea how long I've wanted to hear that from you."

I lifted my feet off of the floor and shuffled further up on the mattress so I was lying flat. I beckoned for my son to come to me. "Probably about as long as I've been wanted to tell you."

Owen loomed over me, his hulking, muscular shoulders casting a shadow over my tiny frame. I reached up with both hands and sunk my claws into a thick head of hair that was as blond as mine was. Suspended by his forearms, which he had placed on either side of my head, he leaned down to kiss me. It was a moment I had imagined thousands of times before, but none of those fantasies came close to the exhilaration I felt once he was finally on top of me.

At first, it was reminiscent of many kisses we'd shared in the past: just a small peck, communicating our love for one another. Our second kiss lingered in place for a few seconds, transforming into something wicked.

Our lips interlocked; his breath tickled my nose. I opened my mouth a little, pulling his lip further between mine so I could suckle on it. I fluttered the tip of my tongue against him, licking from one side to the other until he understood what I wanted.



Owen opened his mouth and pushed his tongue out, sliding it over mine. They coiled around each other, snakes writhing together in a hot, wet den. Body and soul, I melted into him, shedding my obedience to the incessant voices that scolded me for breaking so many of society's precious rules.

He broke our kiss, but continued to place dozens of others over my chin, then my cheeks, before making his way over to my neck. His tongue lapped against my skin, sending electric shivers through my entire body.

I purred happily. "Oh, honey. That feels amazing."

He nibbled my earlobe, then whispered sternly for me to turn over. I followed his directions to the letter, with the wings of a million butterflies flapping around in my stomach. I loved giving up control to him, wondering what he would do next.

The question was put to rest when Owen's large, calloused hands hiked up my skirt. He bunched up the fluffy blue garment in his fists and lifted it above my ass, exposing the two round, chubby cheeks that had only been seen by one other man in over twenty years. I did not need to see his face to know that he was feasting on the sight.

I shook my hips back and forth, making the mountain of white putty wobble. I could feel my underwear -- a thong that was the same colour as my skirt -- riding up between my cheeks. With the exception of the thin strip covering my pussy, my naked bottom was entirely exposed.

"Fuck me, Mom. Your ass is incredible!"

I kept sashaying side to side, wagging my tail in his face. "And how long have you been waiting to tell me *that*?"

"Are you kidding me? *This* thing—" -- Owen grabbed a handful of my left ass cheek to accentuate his point -- "—is the whole reason I'm an ass man!"

"Are you sure about that? The way you nursed from me, I would have guessed you were a boob guy." I found the joke pretty funny, but Owen was too enthralled by my butt to give it the attention it deserved.

Rather than continue entertaining my comedic sensibilities, he leaned down and placed a series of sloppy kisses over each of my ass cheeks, smacking his lips loudly to punctuate every smooch. While he worshiped my plump bottom -- the glory of which I was gleefully basking in -- he hooked his thumbs in the waistband of my underwear. Most mothers would be appalled to find that their son could remove a woman's underwear so efficiently. I was proud to discover that my boy, while pulling my panties down, did not pause his parade of sensual kisses for a single second.

It was a frighteningly well-practiced move on his part, and before I knew it my bare vagina was wafting a rich aroma of succulent juices towards my son, whose face hovered mere inches from my slit.

Owen gripped one of my cheeks in each hand and pried me open, inviting a rush of air to tickle the matted jungle of wet fur between my legs. "You're already so wet, Mom."

I climbed onto my knees and arched my back, spreading my legs as wide as I could. I wanted to look as presentable as possible. I was desperate to entice the alpha male in my room to mate with me. "That's because you make Mommy so excited, sweetheart."

He growled. "I love hearing you talk like that."

"I thought you might. You seemed to like when I used the name earlier." I shuffled my weight back and forth on my knees. "Is *this* how you want to fuck me?"

"No. I want to see your face."

*Aw, my little lover boy.* I peeked at Owen over my shoulder, staring lovingly into his eyes while I gave him an offer that most boys would never receive from their mothers. "Do you want me to get on top and ride you?"

His eyes almost popped out of his skull. "Fuck yes, I do!"

I was certain that my skirt would only get in the way, so I unbuttoned it from around my waist. I sat back on my heels, dressed in nothing but the apron and the blue shirt beneath it.

From the waist down, I was completely exposed to Owen's wandering eyes. The only thing that kept me modest was the apron, draped in front of me like a cotton shield. It was not wide enough to cover much more of me, though. Plenty of my pudgy thigh meat, and parts of my plump bottom, were visible on the sides.

"Should I take the apron off, too?"

Owen looked like I had struck him with a baseball bat. "Hell no! This whole look is doing crazy things to my brain."

"Then sit back and let Mommy do some *crazy* things to your cock, too."

Owen sat against the headboard, his dick pointing straight up in the air like a meaty flagpole.

I crawled over to him on my hands and knees, climbing his body until I was in position to straddle him. He indulged in the pleasures of my body, cupping my naked ass from behind and greedily sinking his fingers into it as though it was something he had done for years.

I sat down with my full weight, squishing his cock down into the hot, buttery trench between my legs. It had been a while since I had shaved, but I kept the fluffy carpet - an equal shade of blonde to my hair - in tidy condition. The head of his cock trudged through that golden forest, giving my syrup-drenched pussy lips the chance to coat his shaft in their honey.

Being on top of him like that made it impossible to stop my tits from bulging out towards his face. They were packed into the apron and my bra so tightly that I could hardly see him over the swell. I could see his eyes, however, and each of them were screaming at me to take my top off.

I arched an eyebrow. "Lemme guess..."

He grinned sheepishly. "What?"

"You want Mommy to take her boobs out?"

He nodded so fast that I feared he would snap his neck.

I undid a few buttons from my shirt, giving my tits room to breathe. The apron was loose enough that, if I'd dug under my breasts with both hands, I could have simply pulled them through the neck hole. The sagging udders spilled out of my hands and plopped against my tummy with a dull thud.

Owen gawked silently, his mouth opening and closing in the absence of spoken words. He cradled the piles of heavy flesh, taking their weight in his hands so he could knead them with every finger at once. Dough oozed through his fingers, spilling over every knuckle when he dug in the hardest.

I leaned forward, urging him to find a use for his gaping mouth. True to the milk-hungry little boy I had nursed, he obediently latched onto my nipple and began to suckle. If I'd still been producing milk, it would have flowed into his mouth like an open faucet.

My nipples, which were usually inverted, had blossomed from the center of my dark brown areolas and were sticking out like two perky, bronze peaks. While he tended to one -- flicking his tongue back and forth over the fat, rubbery cap -- the other one awaited its turn.

While he nursed from me, using my body to return to the innocence of his youth, I used him in a far more lecherous fashion. His cock, unrelentingly stiff despite having orgasmed less than ten minutes prior, pulsed between my lips. I aimed the engorged, puffy helmet so it struck my clit every time I bore down, using it like one of my wands.

When my nipple popped from his mouth, I pulled back, demanding his attention. "I want to try something. Hold me open and flex hard. Okay?"

Owen followed my directions, peeling my ass cheeks apart and flexing so his dick was as straight and firm as he could make it. I held onto his broad shoulders with both hands to steady myself, then wiggled my ass back and forth a few times. I shuffled my weight back and forth on my knees, then lowered my hips. Sure enough, without using our hands, the angle was perfect for the head of his dick to lodge squarely in the mouth of my vagina. It was a match made in heaven.

I brushed my fingers through my son's hair and kissed his forehead. "Do you feel that? You know where he's going?"

Owen gulped. "Your pussy?"

"*Home*, baby. You're going back home. Now, give Mommy a kiss."

We passionately embraced, driving our tongues into each other's mouth just as I dropped my ass into his lap, engulfing his entire cock in one smooth motion. I was so wet that he sank to the bottom with ease, delving into the depths of my snug, velvet tunnel.

I ground into him with my full weight, trying to wedge him in another inch, as though I could swallow him back up into my womb again. I squeezed down, strangling the length of muscle as it bulged against my cervix. It struggled against the suffocating vice, thrashing helplessly within the warm pocket until it tired itself out.

He dumped hot, exasperated breath into my mouth. "F-fuck, Mom. How are you doing that?"

I pressed my nose against the top of his head and inhaled deeply. "Practice, sweetheart. Girls who *can't* do that with their pussies don't get rich men to marry them."

"Can you do it again? Like, as hard as you can?"

I beamed with pride. "Of course I can, baby."

I tightly clenched my butt cheeks together, smothering his dick in a blanket of snug, sweltering flesh. I remodeled his old bedroom while he was still inside, making my pussy as cozy and inviting

as he remembered it. I moulded my walls to his shape, squeezing around every vein and bulge so that I fit him like a second skin.

Owen gasped for air like I was dragging the life force out of him. "I-I think you have to slow down."

"Don't cum!" I begged. "Not yet."

My son looped his arms around my waist and held me securely. "Mom, I can't. You're so fucking tight, it's driving me crazy!"

I'd commanded that he hold back because I had a plan in mind. "Not yet! Let me milk you, and let's see how long you last."

"What do you mean?"

"Trust me. Just tell Mommy when it gets to be too much."

I slowly lifted my hips to put a bit of space between the two of us. When I raised up, Owen's cock was dragged from the depths of my pussy, leaving behind a horrible, empty space in my stomach. I plopped back down immediately, making a thunderous clap when my ass landed on his thighs.

As I had expected, that one stroke was too much for him. "Jesus, *now!*"

I quickly leapt off of him, relinquishing my hold on his dick all at once. Based on the way it seized wildly in the seconds following its release, I knew that there had not been a second to spare.

Owen pawed helplessly at my tits, groping the dangling udders like a comfort pillow while he whined for release. "Mom, please! I wanna cum so bad."

I felt like I was denying him a slice of cake before dinner time. I knew it was the right thing to do, but the loving mother inside of me - ironically, the same one *he* was inside of - wanted to spoil him to bits.

I stuck out my lower lip, pouting playfully. "Can you let me milk you a couple more times before you cum?"

Owen breathed deep, concentrated breaths. "I can try, but— fuck, I dunno. It's really hard!"

"I know *that*, baby. Mommy can feel just how hard it is." I reached down with one hand and caressed his cock, guiding the meaty spear back towards the mouth of my pussy.

In one smooth motion, I plunged Owens cock headfirst — and a very inflated head, at that - into the clutches of my creamy birth canal. It was a battering ram against my cervix, my womb the castle it sought to invade. With just as much speed as I had employed on the way down, I raised my hips again and dragged the snug, fleshy ring of muscle from the bottom of his cock all the way to the red, glistening plum that was its top. It twitched violently, aching for release that it knew it would not yet receive.

"Fuck!" Owen bellowed.

I could not contain my mischievous grin. Nothing excited me more than making a man -- specifically one I held in such high regard -- submit to the awe-inspiring wonders of my womanhood. I felt like a goddess, wielding my pussy like a weapon that could have brought entire armies to their knees.

I coiled my fingers around the length of Owen's cock, which was still steaming from its time spent cooking in my baby oven. The heat was tremendous -- far beyond what I considered possible of a human body. I gave the veiny pillar of meat a few tentative squeezes, careful not to set him off.

I giggled. "That was close."

"Why are you teasing me?" Owen wailed like his life was on the line.

"Because it's fun!" Seeking greater fun, I playfully scolded my son for his overeagerness. "You sound awfully willing to creampie a woman whose birth control situation you haven't asked about. I hope you're being a lot safer with those skanky university girls!"

Fear washed over his face. "Are you... could I really? I don't— I mean I didn't even think about that. What if I—"

"What if you *what*, sweetheart?" With the utterance of those words, Owen finally realised that I had once again plugged the mouth of my vagina with the head of his cock. One more move, and he would slide right back in.

"Wait, just wait! I'm so serious. I'm gonna cum at any minute, please."

"Please, what? I taught you better manners than that." I dipped my hips and swallowed half of his dong with my greasy fuck-pocket.

"Jesus Christ, mom! Please tell me if you're on fucking birth control! Please!" The fear in his eyes was very real.

I chortled, holding a hand over my mouth to stifle the ugly sound. "Oh my God, Owen! Of course it's a safe day! You really think I would make you father your own little brother?"

"I don't know! I'm obviously not thinking straight."

"Well, don't worry. I'm sure that my pussy would be safe for you to dump your babies into."

He breathed a sigh of relief. "You scared the crap out of me, you know."

"I know! That was part of the fun!"

I rolled off and lay next to him in the bed. I shuffled onto my back, and clamped my legs together. "No more fucking for you, young man. Once you settle down, you can put your cock back inside."

"So... what do I do until then?"

I spread my legs, peeling open my syrup-soaked curtains. I pointed to the lush, mangled jungle of straw-coloured fur. "You eat."

Owen scrambled between my legs with fervent lust in his eyes, hungrily eyeballing my splayed-open cunt with an unmistakable dribble of saliva in the corner of his mouth. He hooked his arms under my legs and pulled me closer, strapping my pussy to his face like a wet, bushy feed bag. The blonde fuzz was matted to my skin, and decorated with a spattering of honey droplets, each of which glistened in the golden mane like gems in the yellow fluff above my pussy.

His tongue waded through the sodden trench, pushing my lips apart. He licked upwards from the freshly fucked hole towards the glimmering pink pearl at the top. When he reached the sensitive

button, he gingerly flicked the top of his tongue against it. Gradually, his licks became slower and more methodical, encompassing a greater breadth of my vagina with each long, generous swipe of his tongue.

Where his fingers gripped my thighs, long stretch marks appeared in my skin, displaying how pliable my flesh was.

Mike had not eaten me out in years. I had forgotten how much I enjoyed having somebody eagerly thrusting their tongue into my gooey center, poking and prodding into every corner. Owen accepted the opportunity to burrow his tongue into my molten core as deep as he could, exploring places where even my husband's fingers had scarcely tread.

Owen sloppily devoured my pussy with such ravenous intent that I was sure the taste and scent of my honey would forever be burned into his memory. It delighted me to know that for the rest of his life - no matter who he dated or married - he would never forget the flavor of his mother's nectar flooding his taste buds.

Shivers crept down my spine, melting my nerves until all I could feel was sweet, sensational ecstasy dripping over every inch of my brain. As talented as my son was at eating pussy, I knew it would not be enough to sedate the harlot that yearned to claw her way to the surface. She needed exactly what I did, so I made her demands known.

"I need you to fuck me, Owen." My voice was pathetic all of a sudden, cracking under the weight of my request. Our roles had completely reversed.

He peered over the mound of fur atop my pussy and wiped the pearlescent slime off of his chin. "Do you want to ride me again?"

I shook my head. "You choose, sweetheart. You can have me however you want me."

Owen rose up from between my legs, bringing his lips - still glossy from the thin layer of juice that was painted on them - up to mine. I spread my legs to make room, inviting him to kneel in front of the altar he had so lovingly worshiped just seconds before.

His cock had not softened one iota. He used it to poke the opening of my pussy. I believed he was trying to insert himself with just the thrust of his hips, just as I had while riding him earlier— no hands.

Alas, he didn't a lifetime of sexual experience at his disposal. All he managed to do was push his rigid cock through the deep, drowned valley between my chubby pussy lips. They were happy to be of service, and clung to the side of his dong like a pair of plump, fluffy buns whose only purpose in life was to hug the meaty sausage he had stuffed between them.

"Here, sweetheart. Let me guide him in." I lifted my knees up to my chest, changing the angle of my entrance.

Owen pushed forward, and that time his cock plunged into the pink, drooling maw right away. He groaned for mercy, reduced to rubble as soon as he felt my cunt squeeze him again.

I rubbed the back of his neck with my thumb, intentionally timing each stroke with a methodical clenching of my powerful cunt muscles. I wanted to milk his cock as thoroughly as I did his soul, imparting a sense of safety through my gentle head pets that I hoped would bring him back to a time before any of life's worries had been allowed to rest their weight on his innocent shoulders.

I rubbed his temple with my thumb, massaging it in small circles. "Does that feel better?"

"Uh-huh," he grunted.

I wrapped my legs around the small of his back. It was the same way I had done with his father on the night he'd impregnated me, unwittingly providing me with a gift that would return to the very spot it had been created a mere twenty years later.

"How does it feel? Pick *one* word." I had enjoyed his singular word choice earlier, and wanted to see what he came up with given our current circumstances.

"Just one?"

I gazed up at him longingly, accentuating each of my following words with a kiss on his chin, cheek, and adorable button nose. "Just... one... word!"

Owen thought for a moment, shifting his dick inside of me to get a feel for his environment.

"Warm," he announced.

I giggled happily. "You know why, right?"

He shook his head.

Despite how freaked out he'd been about getting me pregnant, I figured he trusted me enough to know that that wasn't going to happen - which meant that the *fantasy* of knocking me up might be on the table. "Mommy is in heat right now," I faux-explained, "so her body wants very, very badly to have a baby put inside it."

"You're gonna let me come inside you?" The elation on his face was all I needed to confirm that I had made the right choice. Nothing on Earth filled me with as much joy as his beautiful smile.

"When you're ready, of course I am," I said while I tightened my legs around his back. "But, not yet, right? You still have to fuck me, honey."

Owen borrowed the incestuous crown that I had been royally hogging all evening. "You wanna see how hard your baby boy can pound your Mommy-muffin?"

I kicked my toes excitedly. I was as proud of his words as I was turned on by hearing them! "Oh my god, yes! Good boy! Keep that energy and fucking *fuck* me!"

He needed no further encouragement. He thrust his hips forward, driving his cock into me in an even stroke. The way down was already drenched with plenty of slippery honey, making his descent to the bottom akin to that of a weighted anchor. The heavy mass landed deep in my belly, the knob flattening against my cervix.

Owen withdrew his cock from my pussy so quickly that the vacuous space it made in the bottom felt like my stomach had dropped. Before I could miss the feeling of fullness, he plunged back into my soggy sheath and reminded me how incredible it felt to be stuffed to the gills.

I fell into a trance, hypnotized by every increasingly potent stroke. Owen treated my pussy like his own personal sex toy, mercilessly pouring his energy into each mighty thrust. My cervix was nothing more than a spongy wall for him to bounce off of when he hit the bottom, but she deeply cherished her job.

I dug my nails into his back, heedless of the claw marks I was surely leaving behind when I dragged them up his spine. He fucked me as hard as he could, and I did not keep my immeasurable enjoyment a secret. I wanted him to know how well he was doing, just as I had on the sidelines of his house league soccer games.

"G-gooOOod boy, just like th-th-*that!*"

My enormous tits bounced wildly around my chest. They came close to giving me a black eye on more than one occasion. It was impossible to contain the mountains of jiggling flesh as they collided with each other. Without asking my son to slow down, the only recourse I had was to pray that they were too busy bumping into each other to come toppling down on me.

Owen compressed his body on top of mine, burying his face against my neck while he lay on top of me like a weighted blanket. He held me against the mattress, daring me to feel claustrophobic. I was not a fan of small spaces, but under his colossal form I felt completely at ease.

With his body weight resting on mine, his hips were free to swing back and forth with as much force as he could muster. Each time he slammed into me, making thick ripples in my wobbling tits, I was surprised by how much force a boy his age could generate.

As if to challenge the loud, salacious slapping of his hips against my naked thighs, my waterlogged pussy made her voice known. The impact of his cock plunging into my stomach, followed by the stiff, veiny column being quickly yanked out of me, produced a provocative slurping sound that echoed noisily around the room. I could practically hear the strands of syrupy juices snapping, trying in vain to tether us together each time he raised his hips.

Owen was muttering expletives under his breath, using them as a meditative chant to channel his focus and delay his orgasm for even *one* more thrust. I saw how hard he was working, and could no longer force him to deny his body the pleasure it longed for. I wanted him to feel good, even if it meant our night would end. The greatest desire I had felt all night washed over me— all I wanted was to give him what he needed.

"Are you ready, sweetheart?" I whispered into his ear.

His reply was swift and urgent. "Uh-huh. Can I?"

"Can you *what?* Ask Mommy nicely." I would not have been true to myself if I hadn't taken that final opportunity to tease him.

"Can I *please* cum?" he whined like a petulant child, refusing to slow his rampant stroking long enough to hear my answer.

Lucky for him, it was an invigorated "Yes!"

My son collapsed on top of me, a powerful orgasm tearing through him like a hurricane. From head to toe, his body tensed up and spasmed erratically, jerking and writhing as the tendrils of euphoria crept through his brain, infecting everything they touched.

Owen's cock spewed hot, gluey cum into my pussy like a firehose. The flame that burned in my loins could not be put out, but was happy to let him try. He dumped another helping of thick, potent syrup into me, ejected from the tip by a flex that was so powerful I half expected to see it bulging in my abdomen through my stomach.



"*Oh, oooohhhh, fuck!*" I squealed.

I clenched my pussy around him, coaxing out every last drop that I could. I'd been serious when I'd told him that I wanted to milk him, and once I had the chance to use my cunt muscles for their intended purpose, I wasted no time.

The bottom of my pussy became a basin for cum, giving the sticky, gelatinous goo a bowl in which it could rest. My cunt was a stockpot full of hot, bubbling soup that would only grow more delicious the longer it was allowed to marinate. Each throb of his cock stirred the slurry of semen and gooey cunt honey that churned within me.

Owen's orgasm lasted far longer than his father's ever had. For many long minutes we lay in a passionate embrace, our bodies rhythmically beating in tune with each other. His dick softened at a remarkably slow rate, allowing me to feel every faint trickle of semen spill out of my loosened pussy when the seal around him gave way. Even after a few minutes of dedicated pussy hugs, he was still half-erect.

I tapped him on the shoulder. "Roll on your side so we can cuddle."

Owen froze. "But, the party?"

I shushed him. "Not yet. I want to enjoy this for as long as I can."

He flopped onto his back and held out an arm for me to crawl under for shelter. I nuzzled into him, brushing my cheek against his chest to rub my scent on him. He was mine, and I wanted to mark him as such.

"I can't believe we just did that," he mumbled.

"Me neither, and with everybody right downstairs!" I loved the feeling of sneaking around behind everybody's back.

Owen kissed the top of my head. For that brief moment, everything in my life was beautiful—perfect. All good things must come to an end, however -- some of them earlier than others. The "good thing" I wanted desperately to cling to - cuddling my son, his cum still pickling in a brine of pussy nectar - was ripped away in an instant.

All it took was one footstep on the top of the hallway stairs, and a loud, booming voice that called out to me from the other side of the door. "Care-bear? Are you up here?"

My husband's footsteps trudged down the hallway, each menacing step bringing him closer to our bedroom. I froze in horror, clinging to my son like he was the last life jacket on a sinking ship. I knew that no matter what happened next, I would have him by my side. What I did not know, however, was how my husband would react to the sight of his wife of two decades cuddling naked in bed with their son—equally naked, and his partially hard cock still glistening with honey.

Owen's eyes were wide with uncontrollable fear. "Mom, what do we do?"