

Dad, You're Fired

I had mixed emotions as I neared home again. My year at computer science school was finished and I was returning to work for my dad's company. That was the deal I had struck with Dad. He would put me through school as long as I paid back the costs by working at his company.

It sounds like a reasonable offer, but let me explain my concerns. My father has been a total prick to both my mother and me. My mom got pregnant in high school and I believe he's resented me and her since my conception. He has never had anything nice to say to either of us. Everyone calls me Jimmy, except for Dad. He calls me 'boy'.

I didn't realize the extent of his hatred when I was younger. He would leave for work at seven in the morning and get home at seven at night, eat dinner and retire to his home office. That left Mom to raise me, help me with my homework and attend all the school events. I was happy with the arrangement as I got along with my mom really well. We always had fun doing things together. My mom's name is Beverly, but I've always called her Mom.

It was when I became a teenager I noticed how poorly he treated my mother. I asked Mom a couple of times why he was always so mad. She told me he had to put all his energy into his work to provide a good life for us and the stress was hard on him. I don't think he ever physically abused her, only verbally. It was a line he knew he couldn't cross.

As mean as he was, she never said anything bad about him, but I could tell there was no love between them. Looking back on it, I don't know why he didn't walk away and leave us, other than the fact he got

pleasure out of using us to vent his anger. Their strained relationship enabled Mom and me to closely bond right up to graduation.

In my senior year, I applied and was accepted to several colleges. I was all set to attend one. I wasn't going to ask my parents for any money. Grants and loans were lined up to finance my education. Wanting to surprise Mom and Dad, I was going to tell them on my eighteenth birthday, which was in a few days.

Dad caught wind of it before I could tell them. The night before my birthday, he called Mom and me into his office. That's when he laid down the law. He told me he hadn't kept me around all these years to go away and work for someone else. I was going to a one-year tech school, he'd pay for it and I'd repay him when I finished, working for his company.

I informed him I wasn't really interested in computer science. He told me he didn't care about my concerns and this is what I'd do or my mother and I would be on the street the next day. So I agreed, to protect my mother. He had made sure she had no workplace skills, keeping her at home raising me and using her more as a maid than a wife.

Needless to say, there wasn't a lot to celebrate for my birthday the next night. Mom baked my favorite cake and we had a quiet celebration without Dad. When finished, she hugged me tightly, acknowledging my sacrifice for her benefit.

I was so close to Mom I didn't want her to suffer any more than she already had. Not only were we bonded as mother and son, but the last few years I had fallen in love with her, physically desiring her. She is very pretty, has long toned legs and firm thighs I would love to caress. Her breasts are not huge but look great on her small body frame.

I was developing stronger sexual feelings towards her the last year of school. I always woke up with morning wood thinking of the things I'd love to do with her. Each day after Dad left, she'd come in my room to pick up laundry and wake me for school. A couple of times I would wake up before she entered, moving the top covers over so just the sheet was covering me, displaying my tented stiff prick.

I looked through slits to see how she would react. She would usually pause, stare and continue working. I'm sure I detected a smile some of those times. It was exciting, passively flirting with my mother.

We ate breakfast together and talked each morning before I went to school. She began giving me a daily departing hug a few months before graduation. It was sheer bliss for me to hold her and it would make my day so much more enjoyable. When I arrived home from school, we'd have some time together to work on my homework or discuss a variety of topics.

She began to wear skirts that were several inches above her knees. When she sat by me on the couch, her skirt would rise up, revealing those luscious legs that were the cause of my morning wood. A couple of times I'm sure she was braless. I could see her nipples pushing out her blouse, which caused much discomfort on my part. After the first few times, I didn't try to disguise my stiff prick, allowing my pants to obscenely tent up. I wanted to silently and visibly let her know how much I appreciated her legs.

I still wasn't certain if she was flirting with me or just felt comfortable around me. She hadn't shown any signs she wanted to advance to a more physical relationship. I'm sure the thought of Dad suspecting anything kept her from doing too much. Before she prepared dinner each night, she'd retreat to her room and change to more conservative clothing, before Dad showed up. Whenever he was present, her mood and manner changed to servant status.

I was brought back to reality as I pulled in our driveway. I saw Mom running out to meet me. She gave me a tight hug exclaiming how much she had missed me. I came home every few months so it wasn't that long of an absence, but it was still nice to know I'd be seeing a lot more of her now.

Her skirt was shorter than ever and I could feel her engorged nipples pushing into my chest. She was definitely braless today. I hugged her tight, and kissed her neck, taking in the sweet fragrance that always emanated from her. I whispered, "I missed you, too, Mom. I'm glad to be home."

"Oh, Jimmy. I can't believe we're together again. I've missed my handsome young man so much," exclaimed my beautiful mother.

She backed up, giving me that smile that always made me feel so good, leaned in and quickly pecked me on the lips. She had never kissed me on the lips before. It was brief but exhilarating. I inhaled her fragrance and as I looked into her eyes when we were backing off, I detected nothing but love and warmth.

She told me to move my things back in my room and she'd prepare dinner. Dad was coming home early to talk to me. Maybe Dad was a better father now. He's never taken off work for my benefit. I thought maybe he and Mom were getting along now. Maybe it was my presence all these years that had caused him to fester so much hatred.

After I moved everything in, I fired up my computer and was surfing when I heard Dad's car pull in. I went to the dining room and sadly, he greeted me in his usual demeaning tone. "You get your junk moved back in, Boy?"

"Yes, Father. All moved in," I replied. I learned early I was always to address him as Father, not Dad.

He said, "Good, let's eat this slop before I talk to you in my office." He always had some insult about the meals, whether it be too salty, not enough salt, too raw, too done. Never a compliment from him as it showed weakness in his mind.

Halfway through the meal, he stood up, announcing, "This shit ain't fit for a dog, come to my office, Boy."

I followed him but not before I noticed the hurt in Mom's face. I wanted to run over and console her, but I knew there would be hell to pay for that. I did notice she had changed clothes and was wearing a long skirt and non-revealing blouse. Not braless I'm sure. I guess nothing had changed in the last year.

When I entered his office, I spotted a chair on the opposite side of his desk and moved to it. Before I could sit down, he said, "Don't bother sitting, you won't be here long."

He laid out what I'd do at the company. I would start in the IT department and since I wasn't much better than an intern, I would get paid twenty percent below the entry-level position. I'd also work five days a week, six hours a day.

He grinned as he snarked, "Since you're not full time, I won't have to pay you any benefits. I'm also going to inform accounting to deduct a chunk of your paycheck to reimburse me for your education." He smiled wide, getting enjoyment out of screwing someone.

It sounded bad, but at least I'd get experience, and I really did want to pay back the school costs, so I approvingly nodded.

He looked surprised I didn't object, fully expecting a confrontation where he could emerge as the dominant male. After a pause, he handed me several pages of things he had jotted down. He smirked as he proclaimed, "And to earn your board and keep I expect you to finish everything I've tasked you with on these lists."

I looked at the sheets. Apparently, he hadn't paid anyone to do any upkeep to the house or yard the last year and was going to have me do it for him, for free. It made sense now. At least he was sticking to his protocol of screwing me any way he could. Low wages, no benefits and now he was going to get a lot of free work done on the house.

I think I surprised him again when I smiled broadly and said, "Yes, Father. I'd love to work on these. I'll begin immediately. Thank you for helping me out."

It caught him off guard and his smirk turned nasty ugly again. He thought he'd upset me and be able to put me in my place again, which would give him the sense of power he needed to continuously exert.

He grunted, "That's all, get out of here and let me get back to work."

I gladly turned and left. I read through the project list and nothing looked painful. Actually, I was looking forward to it. The short hours at work and the list would allow me to spend more time with Mom which I cherished more than a paycheck. The fact it irked him when he saw I was happy was icing on the cake.

I started work the next day and of course, he had thoroughly briefed the IT department on how low I rated in the company. They assigned me to deal with workstation problems. A laughable job really, going around and helping users perform simple computer tasks. I would utilize none of the training I had been taught the last year, but I was not surprised.

Unfortunately for him, I enjoyed it. I got to be on my feet most of the time, rather than sitting in a cubicle like the other code monkeys. I met a lot of different people and befriended them. The bonus was the gossip and secrets I heard from everyone. It's surprising how many people are so grateful to have their machine working again that they will tell you anything.

I learned a lot in the first couple of weeks. The first revelation was that dear old dad wasn't a great asset to the company. He didn't contribute anything and had little input as to how it was run. His partners handled operations and they had professional managers running the company. They kept him around as a figurehead and the fact he was willing to spend twelve hours a day at the job giving the appearance of a hard working organization.

This was turning out to be a great job. I'd get up after Dad left for work and have breakfast with Mom. We'd talk or walk around outside discussing what I'd do in the afternoon. I'd arrive home at four and

work on the list. Mom would usually help me. She loved working outside and we thoroughly enjoyed our time together.

On hot days, she'd often work in shorts revealing her firm smooth thighs. Each night after one of these sessions, I would pound out an intense orgasm reliving the vision of her thighs and legs. After an item was crossed off the list, she'd reward me with a tight hug in appreciation. My attraction to her was so intense I could hardly control myself. Several times I thought I should tell her, but thought better of it, fearing damage to our relationship.

Back at work, I was helping out this kid at a workstation one day to remove a virus. I figured he was surfing porn, somehow avoiding the site protections our company had in place. After I restored everything, I told him he needed to take it easy on the porn sites. He laughed, not attempting to talk his way out of it. He said, "You know, I'm young. I'm horny. I've got to do it!"

I laughed, knowing how he felt. Interrupting our conversation, one of the busty secretaries swished by us leaving a heavy perfumed scent behind. He whispers, "At least your dad doesn't have to surf porn, she's going in there for their lunch and it's not food they'll be eating." I smirked and went on my way.

This bit of information was a real jewel. My respectable 'holier than thou' Dad was screwing the hired help. Mom was far prettier than the secretary, so it made no sense.

I thought it's time to investigate his lunch activities. After work, I went across town to a store known for the owners being tin-foil hat geeks. I made up a story I needed some surveillance cams that could be used in an office setting. They had just what I needed, spy book cameras. No need for motion devices for activation getting the ones you could program recording times. I paid for them with cash, which was probably overly cautious, but their paranoid behavior was starting to have an effect on me.

I had free reign of the company's offices since I was the IT guy that fixes the machines. I waited until I knew Dad was in another part of the building in a meeting. I walked right into his office with my bag of tools, not alerting anyone. The camera books were perfect for his office. He had shelves of books everywhere. I'm sure he had read none of them and they were there to impress any clients he might see.

A large couch was against the wall on one side of the office. Is this where they did the dirty? Not knowing for sure where any lewd acts would be performed, I scouted out several likely locations. I had previously set the timers, so I arranged the books inconspicuously in the bookshelves and quickly left, not arousing any suspicion.

All I had to do now was wait. I continued with the jobs at home with Mom and she routinely wore short dresses each day while we were working. I continued to tease her each morning and sometimes I'd leave a bare leg on top the sheet. I noticed she'd stare a while longer

when this happened. I kept thinking to myself to throw the sheet off one morning, displaying my hard prick jutting up, begging for her attention, but I thought that might be crossing the line.

After the cameras were in his office for a week, I decided to see what they had recorded. His weekly meeting on the other side of the building was in progress, so I walked in, pulled the books out and threw them in my bag and left, not staying in the room more than a couple of minutes. My pulse was rapid and adrenaline was pumping into my system. If anyone figured out what I was up to, there would be hell to pay.

I reviewed the drives after I got home. I had to give it to the old bastard. He knew how to enjoy his lunch breaks. Each day he'd screw one of the company sluts. The cameras captured some great fuck action. The sessions didn't last long and for most of the women, he got rid of them as soon he was done. He treated them as bad as he did my mother. I wondered what incentives he was adding to their paychecks for their services.

One secretary was the exception to this rule and they usually chatted before and after their sex liaison. I recognized her as the secretary of one of his partners. They would also kiss and act more affectionately together than the other women. I noticed he was attracted to women endowed with large breasts, most of them poorly augmented.

He had a thing for huge breasts. I don't know what he saw in them. The implants caused some of their breasts to be oddly shaped. Their tits hung down like cow's udders and their aureoles were stretched and

flat, very unappealing. Mom certainly didn't fit his tastes, giving one more reason for Dad to despise her.

I now had this tape I could use to destroy Dad, but what would happen to Mom? I've met his partners and they seemed like nice guys, but I'm sure they wouldn't stand behind Dad and would remove him in a minute if he was going to hurt the company. I also couldn't blackmail him in person as he'd take it out on Mom, knowing how much I care for her. I was stymied at this point, but my prick finally came up with a plan to hurt the old bastard and bring Mom closer to me.

I edited a video, showing only the faces of the women in his office. I created a fake email account and dispatched the clip to his business account. I knew he didn't trust anyone to screen his emails, but in case someone did get a look at the message, they'd only see some employee's faces. I was brief and told him to respond to me from a non-business account. I told him I wanted to discuss something personal with him.

The next day at work there was a lot of activity in the IT department. A couple of the hardware technicians were in my dad's office looking for surveillance equipment. I heard later they found nothing and was sure the old man had lost it. He told them he didn't know for certain if he was being watched, he just had a feeling.

He instructed them to install a personal recording system in his office and he would be the only one with access to the drives. There goes my option for obtaining additional footage, but I wasn't planning on it anyway. At least I didn't see any police come in. I guess he was scared enough to not divulge anything. After all, money would solve

anything. He'd wait it out and let the company pay some schmuck chump change to get rid of them.

Back home, I made another video showing all the juicy fuck scenes my trusty cameras had captured. Soon after I finished, I received a message from Dad from an email address I knew he used only on his cell. He never let that phone leave his sight. I'm sure there were all kinds of incriminating evidence on it. There was nothing in the body of the note. The subject line was 'as requested'.

I sent him an email with the attached clips, informing him if he didn't want the full video released to the public and his partners, he could not divulge our conversations. I also told him the video would automatically be released if a tracer hit this email address. I had no idea whether that is possible, but I knew he didn't know either.

I worked around the house before Dad arrived. He looked more stressed tonight and quickly left the table after a few bites, commenting on how bad the food was on his way to his home office. Even under stress, he could spew out his vile comments to his wife.

I finished a pleasant dinner with Mom and helped her clean the dishes. I retired early to my room and was surfing when his email came in. He was simple and to the point.

There is no need for threats. How much money would it take for me to acquire the rights to your videos? It can't be an amount so large as to arouse suspicion at my company. Or do you have something else you desire from your sick mind? You want part of the action, is that what you want?

I didn't immediately answer. I composed a reply and set up a timer to send it while I was at work tomorrow. I still wasn't certain the old bastard wouldn't suspect me. My email to him should make him feel better.

I don't want money and yes, I have a sick mind, but you do, too, fucking all those women when you have a lovely wife at home. All I want is for you to feel humiliation, much the way you have made those women feel. You're going to get a taste of your own medicine at the same time fulfilling one of my own fetishes.

One of my thrills is mother-son sex, so you're going to provide a movie to me starring your wife and son. It shouldn't be too hard to convince them, you being the powerful head of household. No need for hardcore, I can edit in those scenes, just film softcore and it better be believable or your sex video will be released to the public and to multiple divorce lawyers.

I will send in the various scenes to enact every day and you'll send me the completed video each night at the conclusion of filming. Once

finished, I will no longer be in contact with you. Our business will be complete.

The next day was work as usual. Arriving home early, Mom and I painted a section of the house, playfully dabbing paint on each other to break up the boredom. We cleaned up in time for Mom to change and prepare dinner.

Going to my room, I noticed a message notification from Dad. He didn't disappoint.

I don't have time to support your disgusting perversions. I'm prepared to pay ten grand to put an end to your blackmailing scheme. I'll even buy a couple dozen porn videos of whatever demented subject you have in mind and send them to you.

He really needed to take some negotiation classes. Composing another reply, I timed it to send when I knew we'd be eating. Short and authoritative, most likely the way he prefers to bargain.

No, you need to pay attention. If you don't begin tonight, the videos will be released tomorrow. Scene list attached.

Halfway through dinner, Dad's phone chirped, signaling the receipt of my message. He quickly read it, excused himself, giving the reason he couldn't stomach the food anymore and retired to his office.

I didn't bother going back to my room to look for an email. I wasn't going to drag this out. An hour later, Dad came out to the living room,

looking like he had a few more shots of scotch than usual. He sat down to talk to us, which was unusual for him to converse with his family.

At least he had enough sense to fabricate a good story. He announced, "People, we have a huge problem we're going to have to deal with. We acquired a company last year using some questionable tactics. In the process, the owner was stripped of everything and we pretty much destroyed his life. He solely blames me and has some proof that might hold up in court that could portray me in an unfavorable viewpoint."

Both Mom and I sat still listening to his story, not daring to comment on anything. We learned not to do that long ago.

He continued, "The bottom line is he could destroy me and financially wipe me out. We'd have no home or any money. I don't know how we'd survive. The only good thing is he doesn't want money. He only wants to mentally harm me. He evidently has seen how much I care for my family so he wants me to hurt my family, which in turn would be painful for me."

What a spin he put on that. It must have been hard for him to pretend he cared for his family. I bravely spoke up, "He wants to hurt us? It sounds like you should go to the police for protection."

That bolstered him as he could put me in my place. He spat, "No, Boy. You idiot. That's not how grownups deal with these kinds of problems. Don't worry wimp, you won't get an owie. We have to do what he requests or we'll be financially ruined. I can't allow it to happen to my family. I have to protect us."

I almost laughed out loud, but meekly nodded my head as if he'd won the argument. What it did accomplish was that it verified he was not going to contact the authorities.

He continued in a demanding tone as he spoke. The liquor had made him a man again, that and verbally beating up his idiot son. He explained to us how the blackmailer wants a mother-son sex video of his wife and son and it doesn't have to be hardcore, just some scene acting, which will be enough to cause pain to my poor dad because he loves his family so much.

Unbelievably, Mom dared to speak up as she muttered, "Mother and son sex is incest, which is criminal. Can't you pay him off or buy him some videos."

His face got redder than I thought possible. Not only had his son interrupted him, but now his shitty cook wife had the gall to speak up. I could tell he had made up his mind now. This was going to be done whether the blackmailer demanded it or not because we tried to stop it.

He calmed down, letting the blood drain back down to his fat neck, before he said, "Beverly, what part of softcore don't you understand? It's only a few scenes of skin and a depiction of a unnatural attraction between a mother and son. You should be good at that, you've been faking your affection since the boy was conceived. We're going to do this and we're going to start now. No more lip out of either of you."

We both nodded and waited for his instructions. The scene list I had sent to him was short as I didn't want him to think it was over the top. He had mom change into a shorter skirt, the short one she wore for me and a tight blouse. She still had on a bra but still looked sexy. He told me to go get some running shorts on. He filmed us while she paraded around the house and I was instructed to steal glances at her legs when she'd bend over to pick something up.

This was working out good. I didn't have to hide my leering anymore. He instructed us to accidentally bump into each other while doing routine chores around the house. He also had us hug several times at the door as if she was seeing me off or welcoming me home from school.

Then we moved to the couch to watch TV. She sat by me with our legs touching each other. I don't know if she noticed the goosebumps, but I figured it better for her to notice those than the rock-hard prick straining to get out of my shorts. I kept bunching up the material so Dad wouldn't get a glimpse of it.

He instructed her to act tired, curl her legs up and rest her head on my shoulder, accidentally touching my leg with her hand. I'm sure she felt the bumps. It was such a nice feeling when Mom touched and caressed my hairy leg for the first time. She was gentle when she stroked my thigh.

Much too soon, Dad told us to get up and do the last scene. This was one I was worried about. Mom was smart enough that she might suspect something.

Dad instructed me to retire to my room, take off my shorts and get in bed and act like I was sleeping. I was only to have a sheet covering me. I'm sure I saw a small smirk on mom's face. I wondered what she was thinking. Did she suspect I had something to do with this? After I left to go to my room, I heard them going to their bedroom. I couldn't hear them but I'm sure he was instructing her what to wear.

Mom entered with Dad following with his phone camera, recording our movements and actions. Mom was wearing a short bathrobe and although I was supposed to be asleep, I stared at her legs through slits. I'm sure the sheet tent got higher, but nothing was said.

Mom stood at the edge of the bed and smiled as Dad filmed the act of a mom checking out her sleeping son. She patted my shoulder to wake me up. Leaning over, she allowed her robe to part and I looked down to see the insides of her bare breasts. This was not included in our script, so mom had improvised much to my prick's approval.

As soon as I feigned waking up, Dad told us we were finished with tonight's list. He turned and went to his office to send off the video. Mom smiled, turned and left to go to her room. I soon got the email from Dad and the video wasn't great, but I didn't care. I came two times from the memories of interacting with Mom.

The next morning at breakfast, Mom didn't mention the previous night or anything pertaining to the filming. We talked as normal and I went to work. I had composed an email to Dad last night and timed it to be sent at a different time of day today.

Not bad for the first attempt. Your son and wife looked nervous. They didn't portray the loving mother-son relationship that I'm looking for. I want them to be more comfortable with each other. Tell them to practice while you're not there so they don't look so stiff during their acting. You'll need to re-tape the scenes I sent before.

Arriving home late afternoon, Mom and I worked on the project list again. Before Dad came home, Mom changed into her conservative clothes. We ate in silence and he left early for his office, probably to suck down more liquid bravery. He came out later and commanded, "I don't think you two did a good acting performance last night and we're in jeopardy of losing everything I've worked for all these years. You need to act more professional and from this point forward you need to practice the scenes while I'm not here so you do better. Beverly, you need to act more like a loving mother than the old hag you are."

We meekly nodded, knowing it'd do no good to argue. We changed to the same outfits as last night. We repeated the scenes but acted more passionate. On one of the hugging scenes, I ran my hand down to Mom's ass and lightly squeezed her firm cheek. Hot air gushed across my neck as Mom's excitement increased. Feeling braver, I kissed her several times on her smooth neck. Dad didn't say anything and kept filming, thinking we were trying to improve.

During the bed scene, I moved the sheet over to expose my leg as previously. The side of my ball sack was visible this time, but only from where Mom was standing. Dad was filming us from the other side, unable to witness my display. Instead of shaking my shoulder to wake

me up, she put her hand on my thigh and gently stroked it. When I pretended to wake up, she leaned down and lightly kissed me on the lips.

The couch scene was revised with Mom coming out dressed in a nightie to cuddle with me. She was clearly braless and although her proud breasts were covered by the sheer, blue fabric, they were perky enough to ride high on her chest. There was no sagging and I knew I was going to have to suck on those luscious mounds no matter how this went, just not tonight.

She curled up as before, resting her head on my shoulder, feigning sleep. As she leaned into me, her top pulled out and I openly stared down. My eyes traveled to the tops of her exquisite breasts to where her nipples were pushing out the material. I could see the edge of her dark brown aureoles but not her nipples. It was enough to cause my prick to harden.

Dad was still filming as I was stealing glances at her breasts. Following the script, I stroked her arm to wake her up. After she acted like she was awake, Dad left for his office. Mom got up to leave and her hand came down on my leg to get leverage to get up. Partway up, her hand slipped over to my hard-on and pushed down while getting up, her face not displaying any sign she was feeling her son's prick.

I watched TV in a daze, reliving the night's events. I was in heaven. Every time I looked at Mom, I desired her more. Did she intentionally feel my prick or was it a mistake? I couldn't figure her out, but the way Dad has controlled her all these years, I can imagine the turmoil she's feeling.

Dad came out later to go to bed and as he passed by me, he said, "Remember Boy, you two need to practice to get better. Don't muck this up for me like you have everything else."

I went to my room, saw the email notification, but didn't download the videos. They couldn't compare with the memories of her touching me. It took several hours of fantasy fucking to finally get some sleep.

I woke up to Mom shaking my shoulder. I opened my eyes to see her wearing her short bathrobe. She leaned down and quickly kissed me and said good morning. I looked puzzled and she said, "Remember what your father said. We need to practice our scenes. Get up and come get breakfast."

I watched her leave the room staring at the backs of her long legs while she was leaving. I threw on my shorts and went out for breakfast. We ate and afterwards, she hugged me, wishing me a happy day.

It was a good day at work thinking about our play-acting. I couldn't wait for tonight. Logging into my fake account, I stepped it up with my next message.

The acting is excellent now. You can proceed to more advanced scenes. Some of these new ones involve your son caressing your wife's breasts. Softcore filming involves intimate touching and for that matter, the mother should be

enthusiastic to fondle her son, too. Improvise where you feel appropriate. The hotter the scenes, the quicker this will be done and the sooner you can go back to fucking your sluts.

Mom was looking sexy as usual when I got home, hugging me tightly, pressing her braless breasts into me as hard as she could. I reciprocated, groping her ass and kissing her neck. While we were holding each other I looked into her eyes. Our love for each other was evident. I leaned down and kissed her fully on the mouth. I opened my mouth and ran my tongue on her lips. She, in turn, opened her mouth and met my tongue with hers.

We french kissed for what seemed like hours but was probably only a few minutes. When I released her, our eyes connected again, and I told her, "I love you, Mom. You have to know I would never do anything that would hurt you. If you want to stop what we're doing, tell me. We'll find another way out of this."

She gave me her smile that always melts my heart and said, "I love you, too, Jimmy. We need to continue what your father says. I have nowhere to go and I want to protect you as always."

It was true. She has always shielded me from Dad's abuse. From sneaking money to me, lying for me, helping me with anything I needed, she was there. She is my protector and I love her for that.

Suddenly, a thought materialized how this could proceed. "Mom, since we need to practice and we probably only have time to do one scene before Dad comes home, which one do you think we should work on."

All the scenes were fun for me, so I wanted to give her the option. She picked the couch scene, which of course, was one of my favorites. It was the first time I could see most of her breasts and the first time she felt my prick.

I wore silk shorts this time with no underwear, ensuring my bulge would be evident. She strode out in a pink see-through nightie. She was braless, and the bottom rose up so high most of her firm thighs were exposed. We sat close together holding each other, stroking each other's arms. Following the script, she stated she was tired as she curled her legs up and leaned into me, resting her head on my chest. I couldn't see her face but knew she was staring directly at my bulge struggling to escape my silk shorts.

Her billowy negligee opened when she leaned into me. It pulled out far enough away to expose her entire breasts capped with her blood engorged nipples. My prick stiffened as I leered at her luscious mounds. She knew what she was doing. Was she showing off her breasts for my benefit or was this some kind of revenge action? They begged to be held and caressed.

Having no desire for her to catch me gawking at her breasts, I stroked her arm, pulling her close so she couldn't see my face. In turn, she placed her hand on my thigh, gently caressing down my leg. Her display was an open invitation to elevate our relationship. As I was building up enough courage to reach in and cup her succulent breasts, Dad's car pulled into the garage.

She raised her head, smiled and kissed me on the lips pressing her tongue in my mouth. As she pulled away, she reached over to my bulge

and wrapped her hand around my silk-clad prick. Squeezing hard, she traveled up to my engorged head and twisted it. From her illicit fondling and the fear that Dad could walk through the door any second, my emotions raced in different directions. Releasing me, she turned and went to her room, but not before she gave me a sexy smirk. Hastily dashing to my mine, I heard Dad enter the house as I closed my door.

Changing to a clean pair of shorts, I went to the kitchen to eat. Mom had changed back to her robe, still looking sexy as ever. Dad looked nervous like he had bad news to give us, but didn't say anything. Instead of going to his office to swill down a shot of liquor he ordered, "Tonight, some of the scenes might make one or both of you uncomfortable. Remember, my reputation is at stake and I expect both of you to perform adequately. I'm going to go over the scenes with each of you privately, so it'll look more natural when performing."

I wasn't sure what he had planned. When we were alone, he explained the scenes to me. He had taken my advice in the email and had improvised. Not only was I going to feel mom's breasts tonight, he told me to suck on them and I had better be enthusiastic. Expecting his commitment would soon be finalized, he made it clear we had to step up our game. His final instructions were that we needed to converse more to make it obvious we are a son and mother in love.

Knowing what he wanted to hear, I answered, "Yes, Sir. I won't let you down." He sighed in disgust, hoping I would put up a fight, so he'd have a reason to verbally assault me. Turning quickly, he left to talk to Mom.

Once we were together in the living room, Dad told us we were only going to do a few scenes tonight and hopefully this would be the final night. He re-emphasized that we had to put on a good performance, so this hellish ordeal could come to a close.

The first scene was of me sleeping in the bed again with the sheet exposing my leg. Mom entered and I saw her stop and look at me. Not knowing what instructions Dad had given her, the anticipation was killing me. She was wearing a two-piece lingerie set. The silky skirt barely covered her panties and the top was pushed out by her bare, perky breasts, exposing her smooth midriff. This was by far the sexiest outfit so far. She knew it, too, from the sexy smile that formed on her face when she saw my bulge lurch at the sight of her.

She gracefully swayed to the side of the bed and when she would normally reach down to shake me awake, she held the edge of the sheet and pulled it off, exposing my hard prick and bloated balls. She deeply inhaled and continued to stare at my crotch. Placing her hand on my leg, she gently stroked up my thigh. She leaned down and pressed her lips to mine. I opened my eyes as her mouth closed on mine and we were soon passionately kissing, obviously not like a normal mother and son.

How much had Mom improvised with her script? Or was it Dad? It actually made sense, once I thought about it. What better way for Dad to embarrass his son. He was using Mom as a tool to make me feel uncomfortable. His hatred for both of us shielded the fact that we were actually enjoying the process.

My part of the script was supposed to start when Mom kissed me, so I began acting. Raising my hands to her midriff, I locked onto her ribcage. Her breathing was short and rapid as my fingers gently squeezed her sides. Moving my hands up under her top, I kept traveling along her smooth skin until both hands were filled with her firm breasts. They swelled as she sucked in a long breath of air.

Content to halt my progress, I gently caressed them, lifting and squeezing her meaty mounds. Exploring further, my fingers trapped her aroused nipples. While we still kissed, I twisted and kneaded her sensitive tips. We struggled to keep our mouths together as our excitement elevated.

I involuntarily groaned when I felt Mom's hand cup and squeeze my balls. As Mom's hand traveled up my shaft, I remembered Dad telling me we needed to make sure it was obvious we were mom and son. We were too silent.

Breathing heavily, I croaked, "Oh, Mom. That feels so good. You are so gentle and loving."

Mom must have been told the same as she immediately picked up on it. "My breasts have never had such a gentle caressing. Do you like holding your mother's tits? Do you think they're too small?"

She was obviously throwing out remarks to upset Dad. Bolstered by her comments, I replied, "They're perfect, Mom, so firm and hard. I love the size of them. I hate women with oversized, sagging, cow tits."

She smiled as she firmly gripped my prick, quickly stroking up and down. She huskily uttered, "This is firm and hard, too. Did your old mother get you in this state, Jimmy? Are you hard for me?"

I didn't answer her. I pressed my mouth back on hers as we tongue fucked each other. As I twisted her nipple, she'd try to unscrew my sensitive cock head. We were signaling how to please each other through our actions. I've never felt so bonded to mom.

Dad finally interrupted our moment when he said that was enough. According to my script, the next would be even hotter, so I wasn't too upset having our enjoyment halted. Changed into a short robe. I entered the living room as scripted. Mom was lying on the couch wearing a thin robe. It was closed but her nipples could be seen pushing up the material. They were still hard from our last scene.

She was pretending to be sleeping. For this scene, I was supposed to sneak up and and leer at my unsuspecting mom. I marveled in her beauty, yearning to stroke her partially exposed thighs, but that wasn't part of the script. I gently untied her belt and pulled the soft material away from her breasts. The original script was written with her sleeping until I touched her stomach, but Dad had improvised and was going to have me wake her by sucking on her breasts.

I'm not sure if she was aware of this part of the script change so I didn't know how she'd react. If it was solely in my script, she might have no idea I was about to feed on her breasts. I leaned down and deeply inhaled her wonderful fragrance. I would've been perfectly happy feeling and squeezing her breasts but orders must be obeyed. I lowered

my mouth to her firm mound and sucked her nipple into my mouth, swirling my tongue around the sensitive tip.

She gasped and abruptly opened her eyes at the sudden pleasure she received from her son. Sensing her arms moving, I expected her to pull me off. Instead, she reached up to hold my head and pulled me tight to her breast.

"Oh yes, Jimmy. Suck your mother's breasts. It's been so long since you've nursed on me. Your mouth and tongue feel so wonderful."

I raised my other hand up and massaged her other breast and nipple. I switched my sucking from one breast to the other, giving each equal time. She was rapidly breathing, barely able to talk from the stimulation. My prick was coated with precum and was hard as a rock. All too soon, she pulled my head away and pulled me up to kiss her. We passionately kissed while I groped her breasts.

She croaked, "Jimmy, that was wonderful. I love the way you sucked on my breasts. You have me so excited and I think you may have a problem, too." Reaching in the opening of my robe, she wrapped her hand around my stiff prick. After a few more kisses, she murmured, "Jimmy, you have given me so much pleasure, can I look at your penis? I want to see how my baby has grown."

Removing my robe, I straddled her on the couch. She leaned up so we were face to face. We hugged, pressing our hot bodies to each other. As she kissed me, she reached down and fondled my stiff staff. According to my script, we were done with this scene, so I wasn't sure if I should

pull away. Dad had given Mom different instructions though. I remained hard, anticipating Mom's next part of the video.

She broke off our kiss and while still holding my prick, she pushed me so I fell on my back, causing my prick to stand straight up. Mom leaned down and popped the head of my upright rod into her mouth. I let out an unrehearsed exclamation I couldn't control. "Oh god, Mom, I can't believe you have your mouth on my cock."

Mom continued lowering down my pole. She couldn't get the entire length in and I wasn't going to insist she take any more than she wanted. She had her hand wrapped around the base, squeezing my shaft while bumping it with her mouth as she expertly sucked my hard prick.

I wasn't going to last much longer. "Mom, you have me so excited, I think I'm going to..." Mom released my cock before I could finish.

"We can't have that, can we? My boy is going to doggy-fuck his mother. Mommy needs some love from her son."

This was the cue for the final scene. This one wasn't going to be that great because Dad said this would be fake. We would assume the position and pretend to be having intercourse.

Mom rose up, smiling and licking her lips. Pulling out a condom package, she ripped it open and rolled it on my stiff prick. She said,

"Jimmy, we can't have you getting your fertile mother pregnant, can we? You have to use a condom whenever you fuck your horny mother."

She was following the script closely now, emphasizing the mother-son aspect. She moved to the floor and got down on her knees keeping her short robe on. This was so the camera wouldn't catch the fact she was wearing panties. Before I positioned behind her, I leaned down and kissed her, fondling her full breasts one last time.

I pulled her robe down so it would cover her panties, but her unrestrained breasts were hanging down so I could caress them while we simulated sex. Moving behind her, I raised her robe over her ass and inched up until our legs touched, placing my hard prick on top of her panties clad pussy. Reaching around, I massaged her breasts while acting like I was fucking her.

"Oh, Jimmy. Your giant prick feels good in my hot pussy. Your mother's pussy. Do you like fucking your mommy?"

I twisted her nipples and although we were only dry humping, I was close to filling my rubber with hot sperm. I replied, "Yes Mom. Your pussy feels wonderful. I love fucking you like this. You're so tight and slick, I'm getting ready to come, Mom."

She exclaimed, "I'm ready! Fuck your mother. Stuff me full of your hard cock, Sweetie!"

As I twisted her nipples and humped her, Mom reached back underneath and firmly clamped onto my prick, stroking it as hard as she could. She captured my sensitive head, twisted it, before going back to rapidly stroke my pole. Several dozen strokes later, the rubber was filled with a load of hot cum. Mom milked me dry, with Dad never noticing.

Sticking to script, I shrieked, "Oh, Mom. I'm coming. I love you so much. I love fucking my hot mother."

Holding my prick tight to her panties clad gash, she used it to stroke her clit in order to bring herself to climax. She screamed, "Oh god, I'm coming on my son's cock. It feels so good. I can't get enough of your hard prick."

I could feel her pelvis contracting as she released. Pulling back, I wondered if Dad thought we were too realistic. As I withdrew, he had to notice the filled rubber threatening to slip off my prick. His mind was thinking only of finishing the deal as he said, "Okay, that's it. I'm sending this off and we should be done. If I see any more of you two naked, I might just puke."

Leaving for my room, I noticed Mom stayed in the living room, relaxing after our simulated fuck session. I wondered if she was glad we were done, too. Would she regret what we've done? How would our relationship proceed now? My attention was broken when I heard the email notification. I watched the videos this time to see how much Dad had witnessed. He had captured mom's enraptured face perfectly. There was no faking the pleasure that was displayed on her face. I wonder if Dad noticed or cared. He must have been proud of himself,

thinking he was in the clear. It was time to push him a little further. Not bothering to time release this note, I sent it immediately.

Congratulations, you've gone through quite a bit of humiliation. I hope this teaches you a lesson. The fuck scene was marginally good; however, every mother-son coupling must include missionary sex so they can show their love by kissing each other while climaxing. Send the final scene tomorrow night and our contract will be done. Don't let them slack off. It has to be a realistic enactment.

An hour later, Dad called us both to his office. He was not happy, hearing that he wasn't done. He barked, "We have only one more scene tomorrow night and it's a simple one. Don't fail me. You two need to be perfect so we can finally conclude this."

We both nodded in agreement, knowing better to verbally answer him. We turned and left the room, closing his door behind us. When Mom parted to leave for her room, she smiled and said, "Sleep tight tonight, Jimmy. It looks like we have another big day tomorrow."

Her eyes were lustful. She seemed really happy that we were going to do another night of role-playing. Was she enjoying our time together or playing along to please Dad? I couldn't figure her out, but I wasn't going to push her when I was getting plenty of enjoyment in the process.

The next morning I was awakened by mom stroking my hard prick. She had on the same two-piece nightie and when she leaned down for our kiss, I reached up under her top and fondled her bare breasts.

After a few minutes, she pulled back and smiled. She chirped, "Practice makes perfect." Moving off the bed she told me to meet her for breakfast. We ate and walked around the yard holding each other close. Hating to leave, I trudged off to work and dreamed of how tonight would proceed.

Thankfully, the workday went by fast. Mom greeted me again with a hug and a kiss. We didn't have much time for anything else as Mom wanted to clean up Dad's office before he came home. While she worked in the kitchen, I went to my room, grabbed a DVD version of the sex tape and went to his office. I inserted it into his player, turned it on and paused it where he's plugging one of his sluts. I left the controller on the arm of his chair, hoping when Mom came in to clean, she'd think he'd left the player on from last night.

I went back to my room and heard her finish in the kitchen. Not long after, the sounds of a vacuum came from his office. After thirty minutes she exited and went to the kitchen to prepare dinner. I took this chance to sneak back into his office. The monitor was off as was the player. I turned it on and hit the eject button. Nothing came out, so she must have kept it. I had never intended to show Mom the evidence, but I believed she needed to know the truth and maybe she'd be more at ease around him, knowing she had something on him.

As soon as Dad made it home, we ate in silence before he went to his study. He spent a couple hours in there tonight. Since there was only one scene left, he figured it wouldn't take long so he'd get good and drunk to finalize the deal. When he finally emerged, he was obviously shit-faced, but still acted like he was in control of things.

He commanded, "Okay, you two. The only scene tonight is you have to simulate missionary style sex. Nothing fancy. Act like you're enjoying it, yelling out your filthy incestuous comments so the pervert can get his jollies. Let's do it right here on the living room floor and get it over with."

I was surprised if not shocked when Mom dared to reply to him. "I think it'd be more authentic if we did it in our bed. You know, a son takes his mother in her own bed. The sheet will hide the bottom part of our bodies. It will be more realistic to have it in a bedroom, rather than a living room floor."

Dad was either drunk or thought it made sense as he said, "Beverly, that might be the first good idea you've ever had. Okay, both of you change and let's do it."

I wore my short robe again with nothing underneath. My prick lurched when I saw Mom was wearing the same two-piece lingerie outfit. Did she know that it was my favorite? Of course, she did. She always took notice when my prick saluted her, upon seeing her.

The scene tonight was simple. Make out a little, progress to their bedroom and simulate missionary sex. Starting out with a hug and a

kiss, we quickly escalated to groping each other's bodies. We awkwardly danced our way to their bedroom. Pulling away, she crawled under the thin sheet and motioned me to the bed. With a really sexy smile, she pleaded, "Jimmy, could you do something for your mother? I'm lonely and need a man's love. Come make love to your Mommy."

I strode closer, removing my robe as I neared the edge of the bed. Mom shifted to meet me and quickly latched onto my prick, stuffing it into her hungry mouth. She swirled her tongue around the head until it was rock hard. She backed off, ripped open a condom packet and rolled the rubber over my stiff prick, making sure Dad got it all on camera, according to our script. Smiling wide, she held the bottom of her nightie top and lifted it up and over her head and tossed it to the floor. My prick bobbed when her perky tits were displayed.

"Come into bed with me, Honey. Please?" my mom seductively said. I slithered under the sheet and moved on top of her, pressing my rubber encased cock on top of her nightie skirt. She pulled the sheet down to our waists so Dad could film a son sucking his mother's breasts. I leaned down and kissed her and reached up to fondle her full breasts. She held me tight, sensually stroking my back. It was so relaxing, feeling her gently stroking, squeezing and massaging my body as we were kissing.

I lowered down until I latched onto a nipple. I sucked hard and could feel her writhe beneath me. Her breathing was fast and there was no disputing she was sexually excited. I wonder if Dad was capturing this. I looked over and it didn't look like he was paying attention. He was

having a hard time staying conscious. He must have had more shots than normal.

Mom began her rehearsed lines. "Oh, Honey. Your mouth feels wonderful. You suck your mother's tits so good. I get so turned on when you tease my nipples. It's so nasty for a grown son to suck his mother's tits. Oh yes, I'm going to come from your tit sucking."

I could feel her bucking her pelvis up. She was coming from me feeding on her breasts. I'm positive she didn't fake it, she was having a mini-orgasm. I felt so proud of bringing Mom to a climax from my foreplay. I released her breasts and moved up to kiss her. She wrapped her arms tight around me as we kissed as lovers, not as a normal mother and son.

Our mouths parted and she reached down and held my rubber-encased prick. She said, "Please, Sweetie. Let your mother guide your prick to my hot pussy. Your mom needs a good hard fucking from her son."

"Yes, Mom. I need to feel your hot cunt squeezing my prick. I want to fuck you so bad. I love you so much."

I kissed her, waiting for Mom to start our sex simulation. I felt her hands travel down to our groins. She pushed up on my waist signaling me to lift up. I raised up and I could feel her move her silk skirt up to expose her legs. She reached around and with a firm grasp on my ass, pulled me down.

Our groins mashed together. My legs were between hers and she squeezed her firm thighs tight against me. I gasped as I felt my prick resting on a hairy mound, my mother's pussy. I had no idea when she removed her panties, but I was grateful. I felt her forest of pussy hair on the bottom of my rubber-encased prick as it was mashed between us. My ball sack was resting against her wet slit.

Our kissing became more frantic. Thinking of my prick near her bare pussy, I increased the pressure on her nipples. She gasped for air, her body bucking up as I stimulated her tits. Her hands traveled down to my prick, firmly clamping around the base. Hooking her fingers under the rubber, she quickly pulled it off. My bare cock snugly rested on the top of Mom's hairy pussy.

It was exquisite and I was surprised it didn't feel like the coarse, crinkly hair I expected. Instead, it was like being lodged in a bed of Chinchilla fur. I moved my hips around, grinding my bare prick deeper in her soft nest. Fearing I would come from imagining how close I was to her cavern, I switched to other thoughts to calm down.

Mom had a different agenda as she pulled my prick to her pussy and ran it up and down her groove. It was so hot and slick and I could feel the fat lips surrounding the head of my prick, attempting to pull it in. She let out a loud groan, not caring whether Dad could hear.

She pulled away from our kiss, briefly looked over to Dad who was had his head down, barely able to keep the phone camera up and pointing at us.

She screamed, "Oh, Jimmy. I need your fat cock in me. I want my son's hot cock in my pussy. I need to feel you in me."

Dad didn't stir. Confident he was passed out, she quit running my prick through her slit. Was she going to stop now that Dad was passed out? My cock was close enough to enter her, a simple shove would make all my dreams come true. I waited to see what Mom had planned.

Holding my prick aimed at the mouth of her hot pussy, she reached around to hold my ass and pulled me in as hard as she could. My rock-hard cock easily slid in, separating the hot folds of her cunt as it plowed into her hot depths.

I don't know how her loud groans didn't wake up Dad. Her arms pulled me tight as she fought to catch her breath.

It felt like hot, slick, pulsating velvet. I was finally fucking my mother. This was my ultimate dream come true. I had my prick completely buried in her and she was loving every inch of it. Once my balls hit her pelvis and I was bottomed out, I stayed in and lovingly kissed her. I was so excited, I can't believe I didn't instantly erupt. I can't describe the sensations I was feeling with that first fuck with my mother.

We were bonded as only an incestuous mother and son can be. The ultimate sin had been committed with her husband, my father, a mere ten feet away. I pulled out to her entrance and rammed it in again. I continued to assault her sex-starved pussy. I pounded her to make up for the loss of sexual love she had been without for so many years. She was finally getting the fucking she deserved and craved.

"Oh, Mom. I love you so much. Your pussy is so hot and tight. It's squeezing my hard cock as I go in and out. You are so hot. I love fucking you, Mom!"

She could hardly speak but replied, "Yes, Jimmy. Your cock is filling me so completely. It's so much bigger than your father's. You are a much better lover. I love you so much. Fuck me hard, Jimmy. Fuck your mother as hard as you can!"

I quickly glanced at my dad to see if he heard my mom improvising on the sex talk. He didn't acknowledge anything. I almost felt sorry for him. I was fucking his beautiful wife he hadn't loved for decades. Here was a beautiful, sensual woman he could have been fucking all these years. I didn't feel sorry for him for long remembering the hell he's put us both through.

I shifted my concentration back to pleasing my mother. I gripped her shoulders and used them to leverage a fast pounding into her hungry, sopping pussy. I was close and wasn't sure if I should pull out. She pulled the rubber off, but maybe it was to get better contact. Had she really wanted us to fuck with no protection? I knew the feeling of my bare cock on her hot pussy was far better than being encased in rubber. Maybe she wanted more intense stimulation and wanted me to pull out and come on her stomach. Was she doing this for revenge from the DVD or did she crave a thorough fucking from her son?

As I do so often, I was over thinking. She sensed my cock enlarging, grabbed my ass and held me in her, helping me pound her tight hole.

She cried out, "Oh, Honey. Come in me now. Spray your hot seed in your mother. Fill me full of your fuck juice. Oh, I'm coming so hard."

That did it for me. Her cunt was pulsating with orgasmic spasms. I had a hard time pushing all the way in. Her pussy walls were contracting and trapping my prick. I rammed as hard as I could. She held on to my ass cheeks to hold me in deep as her muscled walls continuously squeezed my shaft. My balls knew it was time and sent it's payload up and out the head, coating her entire cavern with hot, sticky sperm.

I continued to stroke in and out, spurting out a big glob with each push. Her pussy was still contracting after my last spasm. I left it buried after I was done, savoring the feel of my mother's pussy wrapped around my cock.

I collapsed on her and we held each other close, looking into each other's eyes, acknowledging the love we had for each other. I kissed her lightly.

The quiet moment must have signaled Dad that something had changed. He came to, trying to focus his eyes on us. He said, "Okay, looks like a wrap. I hope it's good enough for the pervert. I'm getting tired of watching you two fake your enjoyment."

As he was leaving, Mom whispered, "Well, if it's not good enough, we might have to keep practicing until we're perfect." Her smile left little doubt that we would be doing another repeat performance.

I returned her smile while pulling out of her, allowing a river of sperm to flow out the mouth of her hot pussy. I left to give Mom enough time to change the sheets so Dad wouldn't notice a pool of cum on the bed. I went to my room, not expecting Dad to be sober enough to send a video.

I was surprised to see his message thirty minutes later. The video was crap as expected. Thankfully, the sound was so low our talking couldn't be heard over his nauseous breathing, as he was trying hard not to puke up his valuable scotch. The camera had shifted to show only our heads. I'm sure he didn't do a review, sending it out and hoping his ordeal was over.

I made up the final email and quickly replied so he wouldn't start reviewing the video. I released him from the commitment, assuring him his sex video would be destroyed and he was free to do whatever he wanted. All debts paid.

I went to sleep exhausted, dreaming of nothing but my beautiful mother. I woke up with Mom's mouth wrapped around my cock, sucking it to full hardness. I guess she wanted to practice some more. She was adorned in my favorite nightie and I was getting harder, anticipating reaching up under her top and fondling those breasts. She was astride me this morning.

When she pulled her mouth off my stiff prick, she crawled up and leaned down to kiss me. Reaching down, she clamped onto my prick,

lined it up with her oily pussy and lowered down, filling her completely. She exhaled loudly as if my prick had hit her lungs. She fucked herself up and down my pole, twisting around, getting maximum contact with her clit. She was using my prick to rub her sensitive spots. I reached up and twisted her nipples as she ground on my shaft.

She leaned down to kiss me as she was humping up and down my hot cock. I thrust up when she lowered down, increasing her pleasure. She was nearing climax. I reached around her to pull her to me. We fucked hard and were rutting like animals in heat. We locked our lips together in a lover's kiss and her pussy clamped down on my prick in orgasm. I followed suit and began spurting up into my mom's hot pussy. When finished, she fell on me and I held her close, letting her relax after her hard climax.

Neither of us had spoken yet, so I began with, "Good morning, Mom. I think I'm going to love the way you wake me up in the mornings."

She was still lying on me resting. Without raising her head, she said, "Oh, Jimmy. I love your cock so much. You are such a wonderful lover."

After she was rested, she got up and we went to eat. After breakfast, we talked for a few minutes before I went to work. Nothing new at the job. I noticed one of Dad's sluts going to his office at lunch. He was back in the saddle, back in full command of the ship. I didn't care. I had Mom.

Skipping out early, I went home to find Mom eagerly waiting for me. She was smiling, as usual, hugging and kissing me to welcome me home. She said, "Jimmy, the last time I got to pick which scene we needed to practice. It's your turn."

I had to think this over. The final bed scene was everything I could ever dream about. I mentally replayed the other scenes and my prick hardened up as I was thinking about the doggy style fuck we simulated so once again I let him have his way. I pleaded, "If you don't mind Mom, I was thinking we needed some practice on the doggy style acting we did in the living room. It didn't feel like we performed that scene well."

She broadly smiled and said, "I know, it wasn't comfortable and it didn't look too realistic with my robe on. That's the choice I would've picked too. Come with me."

She led me into their bedroom. She was anxious as she unbuttoned my shirt and removed it. Removing her blouse, she exposed her proud, perky tits. Wrapping her arms around me, she hugged me tight and kissed me. We separated and she finished stripping, removing her skirt and panties while I removed the remainder of my clothes. Both nude, she wasted no time melding her bare body to mine. My hard prick was trapped between our bodies and was already leaking.

She ended our kiss, positioned herself on the bed with her ass high in the air. She spread her knees out, causing her hairy pussy to open wide, begging for her son's cock. It was glistening wet and I could smell her intoxicating sex. She had her head pushed down on the bed, watching

me stare at her and joked, "Are you just going to stare at your mother or practice stuffing your hard cock in her?"

I smiled, moved behind her and ran my hands up and down her wonderful thighs. She was moving her pelvis in anticipation of a good fucking. I stroked her smooth flesh while staring at her open, hairy pussy. I hadn't seen her hot cunt this close before and I was mesmerized in its beauty. This was my mother's pussy, waiting for me, her fat lips glistening with precum juice.

I reached up and ran the edge of my hand up and down her slit. She moaned. I pinched the fat lips between my fingers, massaging them, pulling them, increasing the pleasure she was experiencing. I pushed a finger deep into her pussy finding her hot and wet inside. I pushed another, then another finger in deep and began finger fucking my hot mother.

She was humping back at me as if a prick had penetrated her. Each time my fingers bottomed out, I bumped her clit with my thumb. It was filling with blood. Her moans had turned to loud groaning as she gasped for air. I barely heard her as she whispered, "Please, Jimmy. Please fuck me. Don't tease me anymore."

I eased my fingers out and her pussy clamped down as if trying to hold them in. Guiding my cock to her slit, I ran my spongy head around her juicy opening, lathering up her furry mat above her hot slit. Placing my head on her clit, I rubbed it back and forth, further stimulating the most sensitive part of her pussy.

She was having trouble breathing, panting heavily, her groans becoming louder. She was bucking her hips back trying to capture my prick and swallow it with her cock-hungry cunt. I couldn't deny her any longer as I slowly jabbed my spear into her tight pussy.

It was scraping walls that hadn't seen this much attention for years. She experienced mini-orgasms on my descent, squeezing my cock as it went deep into her cavern. When I was in to the root, I leaned over her and grabbed her sensitive breasts, mauling and pulling them. I pulled back out and rammed back in.

She let out a yelp. I did it again. She shrieked again but louder. Each time I'd plunge in she'd let out a scream of pleasure. The position of her pussy was causing my shaft to scrape her most sensitive parts.

I worked on her nipples, pulling and twisting them as I continued my assault on her pussy. There were loud, squishy sounds escaping from her pussy as both of us were secreting sex juices at a rapid rate. My prick was coated with a frothy mixture of lubricating oil. I released her nipples to hold her hips to fiercely pound into her.

"Oh, Mom. This feels so damn good. Your pussy is so tight and hot in this position. I'm not going to last much longer. I'm going to fill you up with hot sperm."

She screamed, "Oh yes, Jimmy. Fill me. My hot pussy needs a good quenching. Your prick feels so good. Cum with me. Now!"

Her pussy was the first to clamp down. I was proud of myself that I could bring my hot mother to climax before I did each time. My prick didn't wait long. After her first orgasmic contraction, my prick starting spewing out hot sperm into her hairy hole. I kept ramming into her as if I was trying to stuff my sperm up into her as far as I could. My balls were empty, but I was still pounding. I wanted to keep going until I knew Mom was done. Finally, I could feel mom relax as her pussy quit contracting. She was finished.

I gently pulled out, helped her down to the bed and moved behind her in a spooning position. We were in bliss, gently stroking each other after our hot, incestuous coupling. Giggling, I whispered, "I don't know, Mom. I think we could have done much better. I think we might need more practice."

She took my hand and guided it to her breast, encouraging me to caress her soft mound. Softly, she said, "Most definitely, Honey. We might have to rehearse daily until we get it right."

After resting, I went to my room and we changed for dinner. Mom wore a short skirt and a tight blouse showing off her perky, braless tits. Dad arrived and we ate in silence. When done, he said he needed to talk to both of us in his office. We were to wait ten minutes before entering. After he left, Mom and I looked at each other, trying to figure out what he wanted to say this time. The blackmail threat was over, so what could he have to say now.

We went in and stood while he acted like he was intently reading a document on his desk, but I knew it was a display of power making us wait without acknowledging us. He finally looked up with his usual look of contempt and began with me.

"Boy, I don't think it's working out with you in our IT department. You're just not ever going to be smart enough to do the company any good. I'm moving you to shipping, where you'll be doing local deliveries. Your hours will be eight in the morning to six at night. You'll have a two-hour lunch and I'm switching your new job to a contract position so we still won't have to pay you benefits."

I'm sure he was expecting me to object so he could put the hammer down, but I didn't. I nodded in agreement. It didn't bother me much, as I liked physical work better than office work anyway. The only downside was my time with Mom was going to be significantly shorter. I didn't have to worry as he turned to her.

In a look of total disgust, he ordered, "Beverly, it's time you start supporting this family. I've made up a list of employers I've talked to and I want you to meet with them tomorrow to try to get a job. They're on the other side of town, so leave at least an hour early to get there on time. And wear some better clothes, you look like a slut. For god's sake, put on a padded bra, no one is going to hire a flat-chested, unskilled, old hag."

I could see Mom's face reddening as Dad humiliated her in front of their son. I was hoping she wouldn't get mad enough that she'd bring out the sex DVD to shut him up. Mom is smart though and I think she probably realized I had something to do with it and she knew the

consequences would be harsh. She took it in, mainly to protect me as always.

He turned back to me and said, "You'll begin next week. The guys at IT told me they need you to finish a workstation upgrade this week. Wrap things up as fast as you can."

There was no upgrade. I had made friends in the department, so I figured they were giving me another week of easy work.

He spoke to both of us. "Do you both understand what I've told you?"

We both nodded. That wasn't enough for him. He yelled, "I want you to verbally tell me you understand my instructions. Now!"

I quickly said, "Yes Father, I understand completely. I'll wrap up my IT duties as fast as possible."

My mom quipped in after me with, "Yes, Dear. I'll dress more appropriately and will meet with the employers tomorrow."

He was satisfied he had fully dominated the situation. He was in complete control again. Someone had tried to upset his happy life and he was pissed off. He found a way to release his anger, venting to the family he pretended to love so much.

Mom and I turned to leave. After I closed the door, Mom reached over and held my hand. She was trembling, visibly upset. I didn't care if he came out or not. I pulled Mom to me and hugged her, consoling her. We gently stroked each other's back while hugging. I leaned down and gently kissed her. We parted and left for our rooms, not wanting Dad to come out and catch us.

This was an unfortunate turn of events. It looked like my time with Mom was all but gone from my life. I blamed my prick for thinking up the whole blackmail stint. Sex with mom probably would have happened anyway. He had to have it sooner. He had to rush it. I made a mental note to quit taking advice from that ignorant prick.

I wondered how I could get another job and support Mom and myself, but I'm sure Dad would use his power to crush us. We were stuck, it was hopeless.

Mom had already left for the other side of town when I got up the next morning. I ate and went to work. The IT manager told me Dad had come in and told him about my reassignment. My manager told me how sorry he was and wished he could have kept me. As I suspected, he told Dad the fake upgrade story to give me a mini-vacation at work.

So I went back to my usual routine and was helping people with their workstations. I was working on one of them when I happened to see the partner's secretary involved with Dad sitting at her desk. She wasn't working on her computer but reading a book. It was the woman I was sure was in love with Dad. They were much more affectionate in the videos and after having sex, she would linger at his open door not

concealing her affection, as if she owned him. I wondered if she knew he was fucking other women at the office.

Dad had essentially ruined my life, so I thought now is the time to make his life more miserable. I knew I couldn't try another blackmail attempt as he'd think it would never end and take action against Mom or me to avoid a messy divorce. He had plenty of money, connections, and no moral values. He wouldn't hesitate to hire someone to silence one or both of us. I needed to find a way to protect her.

The user assigned to the workstation I was working on was gone, so I pulled out my thumb drive containing Dad's sex video and plugged it into a port. I remotely logged into the secretary's computer using my admin rights. When she looked up from her book, I loaded up a video viewer on her machine and played the sex video. It caught her eye and she stared at the screen wide-eyed. She quickly looked around to see if anyone was watching. The first scenes were of her and Dad. She tried to stop the player by hitting various keys on her keyboard, but I had it locked out. She was powerless to stop the playback.

The video proceeded to the other women he was screwing. The look of alarm on her face told me she didn't know she wasn't the only one he was seeing and I could see the realization she knew she wasn't so special after all. Her face was turning red and she looked angry. When it was done, I closed the program and gave her back control of her workstation. I removed the thumb drive and quietly exited the cubicle.

When I got home, Mom wasn't there to greet me. She was either on the road or at interviews. I worked in the yard, finally ending up in my room, surfing for jobs in other states. Mom arrived home in time to fix

dinner for Dad. He arrived home early and was happier now that everything was going his way. I surfed most of the night still trying to find a solution.

The next few days were hard to go through. It felt like a hopeless situation. There did seem to be some activity at work. Company lawyers met several times with the partners and Dad. They were probably acquiring another company, fucking over as many employees as they could. That would be Dad's favorite part of the job.

Dad and Mom acted differently at dinner tonight. Dad wasn't spewing out his vile comments and Mom looked genuinely happy. Could they have possibly got together again? After all this time. It didn't seem feasible, but I guess it could happen.

Around midnight, I was jolted awake, hearing the garage door open and soon after, heard Dad's car leave. I wondered if the company acquisition had taken a bad turn. I was too tired to think about it since I had stayed up late, surfing for opportunities. I quickly drifted back to sleep.

Completely out of it, I was having a fantastic dream being with Mom. Of course, she was sexily cloaked in my favorite outfit. Only it wasn't a wet dream. There was a hot mouth massaging my hard prick. I recognized it as Mom's skillful cock sucking. She had a firm grip on my stem, going up and down, sucking as if she was trying to milk a hot load of sperm out of it.

I was going to feign sleep and enjoy the wonderful blow job but decided to fully wake up to enjoy her performance. She paused as she sensed I was waking up. As I opened my eyes, I was met with mom's hairy gash lowering down to my face. I had just enough time to reach up to guide her wet snatch down to my waiting mouth.

I licked up and down her wet slit, sucking her fat cunt lips in my mouth and squeezing the sensitive flesh with my lips. It had an instant effect on her. She increased her sucking, spending time on my blood-engorged head, swirling her raspy tongue on it. She'd lightly scrape the sides of my shaft with her teeth as she bobbed up and down.

We continued pleasuring each other until we were both panting and having trouble gasping air while our mouths were assaulting each other's sex organs. She had never completed a blow job so I wasn't sure if she wanted to finish with a fuck instead. I couldn't ask her as my mouth was busy devouring her sweet pussy.

I humped my hips, trying to signal to her I was ready to come. Mom intensified her sucking, firmly holding my hard prick in her hot mouth. Her other hand cupped my balls and began massaging them, rolling them between her fingers as if to convince them to spill their load. It became obvious she was going to suck until I released.

I ran my hands up and down her firm thighs holding her leaking pussy against my mouth. I loved the feel of her hot flesh. I was getting turned on from stroking her body. I needed to concentrate on pleasuring Mom.

I began a brutal assault with my tongue on the sensitive parts of her pussy.

My prick was starting to expand, getting ready to spew out the hot load stored in my balls. I found her clit and swirled my tongue over it causing my mom to moan and groan on my cock. I took her sensitive nub between my lips and massaged it, bringing her to orgasm. Her juices were freely flowing as I continued my assault on her pussy.

Her intense orgasm caused my prick to reciprocate. It unloaded a stream of cum that hit the back of her throat. She gulped it down and continued to milk my spurting prick, swallowing each load as soon as it was released. We continued to remain silent as we concentrated on cleaning each other's genitals.

When done, she pulled off, turned around and melded her body to mine, lovingly stroking my chest as we recovered. I broke the silence with, "Wow, Mom. That was fantastic. I don't think I've ever come so much. I loved eating your pussy. I could get used to this."

She replied, "I loved it, too. Your sperm is like nectar to me. I'll never get enough of it. I know we have never completed oral sex, so I wanted to do it today for you. I wanted you to have a special memory from your room before you leave. My pussy has never felt so satisfied. You are a wonderful lover."

I was puzzled with the 'leave' comment, but I didn't pursue it. She got up and told me to put on a robe and meet her for breakfast. When I got to the kitchen, she was wearing one of her short robes, loosely tied in front showing her inside cleavage. As she moved around, her robe

would open and I'd get a flash of her hairy pussy. We ate and talked like old times, enjoying each other's company. It felt so right with her, I didn't care about anything in the world but being with her.

After we cleaned up, she came over to me and said she wanted to talk to me in her bedroom. I hesitated, knowing I was running late and didn't want Dad to have an excuse to hammer me. I reluctantly told her, "Mom, I have to get going or Dad is going..."

She put her fingers on my lips to stop me. She quietly told me, "Jimmy, you're not going to work today. This is important. Follow me. Please?"

Her pleading eyes melted my heart as she said it. I didn't care about my job. I wanted to see what was bothering Mom. She held my hand and led me into her bedroom and stopped by the bed. She turned to face me and we lightly kissed. She untied my robe and pushed it off my shoulders before she removed hers. She wrapped her arms around me and looked up into my eyes.

"Jimmy, I have so much to tell you. I'm not sure where to start."

I could see she was in distress and turmoil. Her eyes were watering up and a tear slid out and rolled down her cheek. I reached up, wiped it off and gently caressed her cheek.

"Please hold me, Jimmy. I'm so conflicted right now. I need you to hold me tight."

I pulled her in close and caressed her back. Her body melded into mine as she pressed in as tight as she could. After she composed herself, she pulled back and quietly said, "Pick me up, Jimmy. I want to look you in the eyes while I tell you everything."

I lifted her right leg up as she wrapped her arms around my neck to hold on tight. She jumped up, wrapping her legs around my waist while I held her firm ass cheeks. Her nipples were pressing into mine as we were eye to eye now. She was lighter than I thought she'd be and I had no trouble holding her up with one hand while the other stroked her smooth back.

"Jimmy, your father left for good and won't be back. Ever. One of the secretaries at work filed a sexual harassment complaint with one of the partners. When they investigated all involved, the women quickly divulged everything and demanded hush money once they saw their money boat sinking."

I guess a woman's scorn is powerful after all. The little sex video paid off big time. I knew his partners and figured he'd not survive this kind of stunt. Hurting the company financially would be reason enough to jettison him from their tight network.

Mom continued, "They had enough to destroy him. Evidently, he had signed a strict morality clause in his initial contract. That and the women's testimonies could strip him clean in a divorce. They made it clear they would use the substantial power of their lawyers to ensure he never worked again if he didn't agree to everything they said."

She paused and I kissed her gently. She held tighter and rested her head on my shoulder. I could feel her mat of pussy hair on my stomach. My hard prick was standing up, trying to lodge itself in the hot pussy directly above. I was still stroking her ass and back with my other hand while I held her up.

She continued whispering in my ear now. "They demoted him and transferred him to another state and he is to never return or contact either of us. I've been working with their lawyers for the last few days. They let him take his car, clothes and ten thousand dollars to start a new life. They gave me everything else, including his partnership in the company."

"Oh, Mom. That's such great news. You're finally getting everything you've deserved all these years. I don't know how you stayed with him this long." I kissed her again.

"Jimmy, that's why I'm so upset. I'm so selfish, but I have to tell you now. I could have left him. There was no reason to stay. I did it for you, Sweetie."

I kissed her again as if thanking her for protecting me. I admitted, "I know Mom, you have always taken care of me. I love you so much for it."

She looked me in my eyes again, tearing up. "That's the problem, Sweetie, I think I did it to keep you close to me. The more you saw him mistreat me, the more we bonded together. I'm so selfish. I think I did it to keep you with me because I love you so much. I was afraid of

losing you if you thought I didn't need you. Do you see why I feel so bad?"

She had a lot of guilt built up. I could see why she was upset. I brought my other hand down to the other ass cheek so I could control her body. I confessed, "Mom, I bonded to you, not because of Dad or any of his actions, but because I love you. I've had the same thoughts, hoping you wouldn't leave him so we could be closer." I kissed her open-mouthed, my tongue searching hers.

She groaned as if a great weight was lifted. I gently lowered her until my prick was lodged into the mouth of her wet pussy slit. I kept lowering her until my prick was fully engulfed. I let it soak in her wet cunt as we kissed. I moved over to the bed and gently laid her down, still rooted in her clasping pussy.

She left her legs wrapped around me and kept her pelvis elevated while I started a slow, deep stroking. We were enjoying the slow sensual fuck sealing our love for each other.

"Jimmy, I told the partners I didn't want anything to do the company. They were more than pleased to pay out your Dad's stock options to me and guaranteed me his annual salary for the next twenty-five years in exchange. They were worried about how this would affect you too. They told me you could take as much time off as you needed to recover."

I increased my pace causing Mom to moan louder and her pussy was responding, getting wetter and hotter. "Yes, Mom. I'm going to need a

lot of consoling. It's going to take a lot of mother and son bonding to forget the terrible loss of my loving father."

She smiled wide as she panted and managed to tell some more of her story. "I have enough money, Dear. I can pay for a house for you, a business or if you want to go back to school. I want to make up for what harm I've done to you. Please let me repay you."

The comment about leaving my room hit me. She felt so guilty she was trying to make up for it by giving me an escape. She still couldn't cross the forbidden taboo line and commit to a lasting relationship. The sex must be some form of payment for her guilt.

I turned back to the task of fucking this woman I loved so much. I pounded harder and mauled her breasts, squeezing them, causing her pelvis to gyrate around in excitement.

Then she meekly said, "Unless of course, you want to move in here for awhile."

I kissed her, twisted her nipples, and continued to pound her hot pussy. She unwrapped her legs and spread her knees out to the side giving me more access to her sloppy pussy.

"Mom, I don't need money or a house. I have all I want, right underneath me."

Her moaning increased as she experienced mini-orgasms hearing what she wanted to hear but was afraid to ask of her son. Her pussy was quivering as I hammered in and out.

"Oh, Jimmy. You fuck me so good. Your prick feels so hard. I love you so much. We're going to have to be careful though if you stay with me. We can't let anyone know what we're doing. It'll be so hard not being able to display my love to you in public."

She was humping her hips up trying to lodge my stiff prick deeper into her convulsing pussy.

She was ready to cross the taboo line. It was hard for her to fully commit to me though. She was still worried about society's negative view of mother-son incest. I wasn't going to let her suffer anymore. We loved each other and I was ready to commit to her.

As I continued to furiously fuck her, I whispered, "Mom, it won't be a problem. I'm not going to stay here."

I could see the conflicting, confused look on her face. I quickly continued, "You won't be staying here either. We're moving to another town where no one will know. us. We're going to live as husband and wife. I'm not going to sneak around and worry about concealing my love for you."

Her pussy contracted in another mini-orgasm, realizing how her son wanted her as much she wanted him. I was nearing an orgasm. Not

only was I fucking the love of my life, but our love was also continuing to grow.

"Oh, Mom. Your pussy is so tight and wet I'm not going to last much longer. I love you so much. I'm going to treat you the way you should have been respected all these years. We're going to enjoy life and make love to each other as often as we can. We'll raise our children with the love and care they deserve."

"Oh yes, it will be so wonderful. I'm ready, Dear. You have me so hot I can come any time." She was gasping for air and rapidly stroking her hands up and down my back, pulling on my ass to help with the pounding I was giving her.

I could see her thinking about what I said. She looked into my eyes and questionably replied, "Children?"

"Yes, Mom. Our children. You're going to be the mother of our offspring. I'm going to keep filling your hot pussy with potent sperm until you're pregnant with my child," I told her as I began my final assault on her pussy.

I raised my arms to wrap them around her, hugging her close as I kissed her. I was going to fill my mother's fertile womb with baby batter and she was completely receptive. Our love had elevated to a higher level.

Between gasps of air, she croaked, "Yes, Sweetie. Fill me with your seed. I'll have as many babies as you want. I love you so much. I'll give you whatever you desire. I'm coming. Fuck your mother hard. Coat my hot pussy with your thick, hot sperm. Oh, Jimmy. It feels so good. Fuck me, you wonderful motherfucker!"

I put my mouth back on hers and we began to frantically tongue fuck each other in conjunction with my stiff prick slicing into her tight pussy. This was the way to make love, kissing the one you love while romantically coupled.

My cock expanded and my cock head was quickly filling with blood. I prided myself on getting my mother to orgasm first each time, but I wasn't going to hold out any longer. As our tongues were fucking each other, my balls sent its first load of hot sperm up the shaft and out my fat head. As soon as it hit my mother's pussy walls, her orgasm commenced, clamping down on my shaft as I continued to pound her pussy.

We continued our fierce fucking until we were both drained. I left my prick buried in her now loose and sperm filled pussy. I softened and slipped out, allowing a pool of fluid to pour out of her satisfied hole.

I lay down beside her on my side and she moved to her side facing me so we could gently caress each other, lightly kissing in the afterglow of our intense, incestuous coupling.

As the blood returned to my main brain, all the recent information poured in. I realized we suddenly had a fantastic future ahead of us.

The lengthy emotional sex with my hot mother had exhausted me. I rested my head on my mother's chest and she placed her hand on my head stroking my scalp. I began to fall asleep not thinking of how much we had to do in the next few weeks, but of how many different positions I was going to fuck my hot mother.

THE END