

# Hurricane Gina

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*Enjoy*

(Matt)

My wife has had the same reoccurring nightmare for the three years of our marriage. I noticed her problems sleeping right away, but she wouldn't tell me what the problem was for a long time. It wasn't until about six months into our marriage that she finally told me what the problem was. She told me that every night, without fail, she would have the same nightmare. She said that in this nightmare, she would be stuck watching, but not being able to stop, something that absolutely terrified her. In her nightmare, every night, she would see me fucking her mother, in our bed, with her being forced to watch. She would hear me and her mother screaming out in passion, crying out how much we loved each other, and how much we loved fucking each other. In the dream, she said me and her mom would both talk about how much we enjoyed the fact that we had gotten away with fucking each other for years without my wife even suspecting. We would change positions, and finally, as we both were about to approach screaming orgasms, with me on top of her mom, my wife would wake up.

This completely floored me when I first heard this. I reassured her that I loved her, and that I would never betray her, and her mom loved her too. She said she knew that, but the dreams would never

go away. She couldn't get it out of her head. She said she knew the idea of me having sex with her mom was ridiculous, that we would never do it. After she told me this, we tried to get some more sleep. I turned away from her, to try to focus on falling asleep, and for another reason. I didn't want my wife to know the fact that her story had given me a throbbing erection. I didn't want her to know that this wasn't the first time the thought of me fucking her mom had passed through my head.

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My name is Matt. I met my wife Jenny in our junior year of college. We were 21 when we met, and we are both 25 now. She was funny, pretty, quirky, and one of the most intelligent people I had ever met. Once we met, we were inseparable. It wasn't long until we were living together, and soon we became engaged.

I learned a lot more about her once we started living together. I learned that behind a lot of her quirks were deep-seeded issues, mostly stemming from her relationship with her mother, Gina. Jenny's parents had split when Jenny was young, and I think Jenny blamed her mom for that. Their relationship soured from there. Her mom, Gina, had had custody of Jenny, and over the years, Jenny's resentment of her mom grew. She still saw her dad on weekends, and she wanted to stay there, but her mom insisted on having custody of her.

Jenny couldn't wait until college, so she could live away from home. She hated going home for the summer, so by the time she had her

first really big relationship, with me, she dived right in, and we lived together in the summer. When I found out more about her mom, I asked her if it was just the divorce that turned her against her mom, and she said that that was just the start. She said her mom was a control freak, that she wanted things done her way, or else. She was also real critical of all her friends and especially her boyfriends. It wasn't that her mom didn't care about her. Her mom clearly loved her, but her mom tried to run her life. Her mom had her claws in her. She needed to be free of her. Because of her mom, Jenny said, all of her boyfriends were driven away. Plus, she said, her mom would go out all the time, and would never say where she went. Jenny said that she felt like she was suffocating at home, and if she never interacted with her mom again, it wouldn't bother her.

I tried to say she was going a bit overboard, but she stuck by her stance. As you can imagine, with a person with as many parental issues as she had, it wasn't surprising that she was seeing a therapist every week. Her therapist, Dr. Jennifer White, had helped my wife sort through some of her issues, and Dr. White insisted that, since we were getting married soon, that she should involve her mom in the wedding in some way, to prove that Jenny was in control of her own life, and that her mom isn't as bad as Jenny thought. Dr. White thought, like I do, that Jenny was exaggerating how bad her mom was. As the wedding day approached, I became very interested in meeting Gina, and seeing the truth for myself. I had never talked to her on the phone. I had never even seen a picture of her. I was, admittedly, a bit nervous.

One of the main reasons for my nervousness, despite meeting Gina, was the fact that me and Jenny hadn't had sex in a month. We had a

good sex life, because we were both very much in love and very attracted to each other. Jenny was very pretty, with shoulder-length black hair, and a good body. I will admit that I am a breast man, and she did have a nice pair of b cups. Our sex life was good, but we both decided to not have sex for the month up to the wedding, so our wedding night would be special.

Jenny had called up her mom, and they talked for a good hour, catching up (they hadn't talked in months), and talking about the wedding. It seemed like the conversation went well. When Jenny talked to me after they were finished, she told me it went better than she expected, and she had asked her mom to handle the wedding pictures, and the photographers for the day. She said that her mom had told her that she would take care of it, and that she would head down here the day before the wedding. I was almost as nervous about meeting her as I was about the wedding.

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It was the day of the wedding and I was getting dressed up. Gina had gotten into town in the late afternoon, and Jenny went out and had dinner with her. When she got back, she told me that I would meet her mom before the wedding. Jenny had stayed with her friend last night, so there would be no bad luck. I drove to the church, and started getting prepared in a side room. I was checking out my suit in the mirror when I heard the door open behind me and someone stepped in and shut the door. I turned around to look.

There, in front of me, stood one of the most beautiful women I had ever seen.

I quickly looked her up and down. Her face was sultry and mysterious. She had penetrating eyes, and full, curved, sexy lips. Her face was done up in make-up, not too much, just the right amount. She looked absolutely gorgeous. Although she had no noticeable wrinkles, I could tell she was older, maybe in her mid-forties. She had dark black hair, down to her shoulders, and milky white skin. Then, I looked down at her body. Oh man, her body. This woman had the most massive breasts he had ever seen. And they looked natural too! They must be an E-cup! She flaunted her assets in a tight, black, low-cut dress, held up by two straining spaghetti straps. Her chest tapered down to her thin waist, which led to her perfectly curved hips. These led to her endless legs, and her high heel clad feet. It was all perfect. I looked up quickly into her eyes, as hers did the same.

"Matt?" she said.

"Yeah?" I responded. She smiled

"Hi, Matt, I'm Gina." She said. Holy Shit! This was my mother-in-law! She started to walk over to me and opened her arms for a hug. I did the same as she pressed herself against me. She wrapped her arms around me and pressed her chest into mine. Her breasts squished against me as we hugged. She held the hug longer than I expected. I could feel her breath on my ear as she whispered "It's nice to finally

meet you." I could feel my dick start to get hard as we finally separated.

"Well, let me get a good look at you." She said. She looked me up and down and cooed,

"Oooh, my daughter's done a good job. She found herself a real stud." I didn't quite know how to respond to this, so I just smiled.

"I hope you don't believe all the stories my daughter has said about me. They're not all true." She said with a smirk. I was now a little intrigued.

"Which ones are?" I asked before I could stop myself.

"I'll let you figure that out for yourself, honey. You'll have a lot of time to do so. I figure we'll have a long time to get to know each other. You might even be Jenny's first boyfriend that actually sticks around!" she said with a laugh.

I didn't think what she said was very funny, but that didn't affect her. She smirked and said, "Well, I better get the photographer ready. I'll let you get ready for the festivities." She said, her eyes darting down and back up quickly. She smirked and walked toward the door. I realized my dick was rock hard and was outlined against my tux. She clearly noticed it. She shook her perfect ass as she walked to the door. She glanced back at me and smiled as she walked out the door.

I was in shock at what had just happened. My soon-to-be mother-in-law was drop dead gorgeous and I could swear she was being insanely flirty with me. I started to think she was coming on to me, but I told myself that was crazy. But, I was rock hard by just being in her presence. I sat myself down to cool off. I couldn't stop thinking about Gina.

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The ceremony went perfectly. Me and Jenny became husband and wife in front of all our friends and family. We left the chapel to take some pictures, and then we headed over to the reception. That is where the problems started.

It was clear that at the reception that Gina wanted to be the center of attention. She sat down right next to us at our table and started to dominate the conversation. She was cracking jokes and telling stories, and I will admit she was pretty funny, and I enjoyed listening to her. Everyone at the table was having a good time, except for Jenny, who was getting exasperated at her mother. Jenny took me out to the dance floor so we could have our first dance as a married couple. As we danced, I kept stealing glances at Gina. As much as I knew it was wrong, I couldn't keep myself from glancing at her cleavage every chance I got. It was my wedding day, but I couldn't get my mother-in-law out of my head. I couldn't keep my eyes off her. As is custom, I later had to dance with my mother-in-law, Gina. It took all of my willpower to keep my eyes on her and not look at that tender cleavage of hers as were pressed together during our dance. I think she knew the struggle I was going through. Finally the

dance ended before she noticed my throbbing dick. Thankfully, I was able to get away from her, and stay away from her for the rest of the night.

Jenny and I finally reached our suite for the night. Once we were alone, Jenny started to vent on her mother.

"God, mom would not shut up! And did you see that dress? I swear to God, she was trying to make this all about her." Jenny said.

"Jenny calm down. You're exaggerating. She wasn't trying upstage you. It's all in your head." I told her. I was eventually able to calm her down. Soon we settled into bed, and we eventually started to have sex. Once I was able to get her mom out of her head, she was able to relax and enjoy herself. The sex was good, mostly due to the long buildup. Jenny was okay in bed. Right now, I was on top of her thrusting away. Unfortunately for us both, she wasn't the only one of us that had her mom in their head.

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We had our honeymoon, and it was great. We both were relaxed, and we had a great time. I truly knew we were soul mates by the time we returned. The problems didn't start till we got the mail.

Her mom had sent a box full of the wedding pictures. As Jenny opened it and pulled out the stack, she said, "This isn't as many as I

thought there would be." As she started looking through the pictures, she was becoming visibly annoyed.

"What is it?" I ask.

"My mom got the worst fucking photographer. I mean, the pictures of the ceremony are okay, but there are like, maybe twenty pictures of the reception. And they barely have us in them! Mom has to skimp out like she always does, on things that aren't about her. She is trying to ruin everything!" Jenny says.

"Honey..." I started.

"No, I am not exaggerating! You know what, I am going to call her and..." she said, trailing off as she left the room. She called her mom, and they got into an hour long argument about the photos. I got annoyed and went upstairs to nap. That night was the first night Jenny had her nightmare.

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Its three years later and very little has changed. As I said, she is still having the dream. We are both working, bringing in good money. She was getting better, but there are still a lot of times where she flips out and starts blaming her mom, like if something goes wrong, or if we have a fight. But Dr. White wass having a huge impact, and Jenny has gotten a lot better.

I had only met her mom once, at the wedding, but it had a huge effect on me. Not a day goes by that I don't think about her. She had the most perfect body I had ever seen, and I couldn't forget that. As much as I knew it was wrong, whenever I would fuck Jenny, I would picture her mom in her place, and that would get me going. But of course, I could never say anything about that to anyone.

It wasn't just me that found her attractive. All of my guy friends at the wedding teased me about the fact that my mother-in-law was such a babe. But it was all in good fun. All of my female friends were clearly jealous, as all they did was call Gina a slutty old lady who should dress her age.

Now I am not the type of guy who is attracted to older women unequivocally. It's just that I can appreciate beauty, and Gina is a beautiful woman. Plus, she's only 46. She's not that old.

Dr. White had said that Jenny was very close to moving past her issues, but in order to completely move past her issues, she would have to confront her mother face to face. Dr. White wanted to meet with Jenny, Gina, and myself, separately. I said okay, and after Jenny called up Gina, Gina said she would as well. This meant that Gina would be staying here for a few days. Well, not here specifically, but she would be getting a hotel room nearby. Jenny was not ready for that just yet. As the day approached Jenny grew more and more nervous.

The plan was for all of us to meet at Dr. White's office on Friday. I should describe her for a moment. She is probably about thirty years old, and pretty attractive, in a bookish sort of way. She was someone whose life was her work. I couldn't imagine her letting loose. She has dark brown hair, always kept tied up behind her head. She probably has a good body, but she wears professional clothes, so it's hard to tell. Not that I'm looking at these things, but, hey, I'm a guy. She's great at what she does, and that's all that matters.

Jenny and I were waiting in the office. I was holding her hand as we waited for her mom to arrive. We looked at each other and smiled. I heard the door open, and turned to watch a vision walk through. Gina walked in, and she looked better than ever. She was wearing high heeled brown leather boots. Her creamy legs led up to a tight, brown knee-length skirt. She had a tight, white blouse, which highlighted her two best assets. There were a few buttons unbuttoned to reveal a fair amount of perfect cleavage. Her blouse almost looked see-through. She wore a stylish leather jacket. She turned and looked at us. Her face looked just as sexy as before. No wrinkles and a sexy pout. Her hair was stylishly cut, with a single blonde streak highlighting it, making her look even sexier.

Gina didn't know the specifics of why she was here. All she knew was that Jenny was afraid of her getting in the way of our marriage. She probably thought it was about her control issues. She didn't know the extent of Jenny's fear of her.

"Hi guys!" she said happily. She gave me a tight hug, slightly scrubbing her breasts against my chest. I swore I could feel her

nipples. It must have been accidental, though. She turned and gave her daughter a curt hug. I had to hide my erection as I sat down and waited for the secretary to call one of us.

"Jenny, you can go in now." The secretary said. Jenny turned and kissed me as she sat up and went into Dr. White's office. As soon as she was out of view, Gina moved to the seat next to mine that Jenny just vacated.

"So, Matty, how've you been?" she asked. I couldn't help but take a glance at the creamy valley of her cleavage. They looked bigger than ever. I glanced up to her, and if she noticed, she didn't say anything.

"I'm good. Things are good." I said.

"You're such a good husband." She said, rubbing my arm, "I know it's not easy putting up with her."

"I have had no problems with her, at all." I told her.

"Sure, babe. I'm sure you don't." She said, as if we were saying some coded message that I didn't understand. I looked away.

"Did you miss me?" she asked.

"Sure." I told her. "I want us all to be closer."

"Mmm, me too. I wish we were much closer." She said. Everything this woman says sounds like a come-on. That just must be the way she is. We made small talk as we waited for Jenny to finish. In about forty minutes, Jenny walked out.

"Your turn." She said to me. I kissed her as I stood and walked into Dr. White's office.

"Hi, Matt." Dr. White said as I walked towards her. I shook her hand as I sat down in a chair across from her. She crossed her legs as she sat down.

"I hope you don't mind if we record this session." She asked.

"Not at all." I responded.

"Good." She said, "Now, let's get right into it. Now, what are your thoughts about the dreams your wife has been having?"

"Well, I just kind of think that maybe it's just her issues with her mom bubbling up. I don't think they have a direct meaning." I told her. She nodded.

"I believe your wife's dreams are more literal than you might believe. Do you find your wife inadequate in any way?" She asked.

"No, of course not. She satisfies me in any way you could ask for." I replied.

"There's a difference between satisfaction and truly fulfilled desires. Do you think there is something you feel you are missing out on?" she asked.

"I'm fulfilled by her. I love her." I said. She paused before speaking.

"Matt, you can be honest with me. What we discuss stays between you and me." She said, sensing that I'm not telling the whole truth. "I know you love her. But you can love someone that maybe doesn't fulfill everything you hope for." I paused as I take what she said in.

"Well, I guess I kinda wish she would loosen up a bit. I wish maybe at times she was a little wilder." I said.

"Wilder in life in general, or maybe wilder in your personal life?" She asked. I think, and then answer, "Both." She nodded.

"So you like women who are a little wilder?" she asked.

"Well, sure."

"But you don't consider Jenny to be wild?"

"I wish she was wilder."

"Why did you marry a woman who isn't closer to the type of women you're generally attracted to?"

"I've been with wild women before. I've never met one who fulfills me the way Jenny does. Wild women serve their purpose, but I've never met one who challenges me, who laughs with me, who makes me feel as much love as Jenny does."

"What if you met a woman who balanced this wild side, but was able to also have a truly fulfilling relationship? Would you pursue this woman?"

"Are you asking if I would cheat?"

"Yes."

"Of course not. Do you think I am the type of man who would cheat on his wife?"

"What I am saying is that your wife might sense this lack of complete fulfillment, and she worried that you may seek it somewhere else."

"Absolutely not. I would never cheat on Jenny" I said emphatically. She nodded.

"What do you think of Gina, your mother-in-law?" She asked.

"To be honest, I barely know her. From what I've seen of her, I have no problems with her."

"What you've seen?" she inquired.

"Yeah, what she's done while I'm around her. What did you think? Did you think I was talking about how she looks?" I asked.

"Do you find her attractive?"

"Um, well, sure, she's pretty attractive." I stammered.

"Interesting." She muttered.

"What?" I asked.

"Well, most men, when asked if an older woman is attractive, will qualify it by saying "for her age", but you did not."

"I meant nothing by it."

"Do you find older women attractive?"

"I'm attracted to attractive women. It doesn't matter if she's older"

"So you're not opposed to being with an older woman?"

"If I were a single man, I would not be opposed to it I guess."

"So if you met Gina, and you were single, would you pursue her?"

"Uh, I don't know. That's not a situation I'll have to worry about. Cause I'm married."

"Matt, to be perfectly honest, I think you are attracted to your mother-in-law, whether you like to admit it or not. Your wife's dreams did not start until after you met her mom. I think that she might have noticed something between you two, something that may not have deliberately been done, but something nonetheless. I think she picked up on this, and is subconsciously worried that she might not be enough for you."

"Are you saying my wife believes her mom is more my type?"

"I believe you are primarily attracted to older women. You might not have fully realized this or come to terms to this, but I believe it to be true."

"That's ridiculous. I've never been with an older woman. I like younger women. Why would I want to be with an older woman?"

"Exactly. It's forbidden fruit. Young men don't usually pursue older women because there's a stigma. Most think that a guy who has sex with older women has mommy issues, but I don't necessarily believe that."

"What do you think?"

"I think men that pursue older women like great sex. And, for the most part, attractive older women know exactly what they are doing. They know what they like, and they know what men want. Younger women generally are more afraid to let loose. Older women are more sure of themselves. They know what to do, and they do it well. Older women go wild"

"Are you saying older women are better at sex?"

"For the most part yes, I believe that to be true. Mature women know great sex, and will be satisfied with nothing less."

"And you think I'm into this?"

"Yes, I do."

"What makes you say that?"

"I'm good at my job."

"Answer the question."

"I don't think one meeting between you and her mother would be enough to keep these dreams going. I think you showed an attraction to her at the wedding. But, for these dreams to keep going, she would need to see something that reinforces this line of thought. I think maybe you've done things during your marriage that made your wife think you are into older women. Maybe she's noticed you check out an older woman, on more than one occasion?"

"This is totally not what I thought this would be. I don't check out older women. I'm not into them, at all. It seems like you're trying to convince me that older women are better in bed. I don't know why, I mean, you're still young. I don't generally hear younger women telling me that men are better off pursuing older women."

"I'm not saying that. I'm just saying I understand what they have to offer."

"I'm not into MILF's, or mature women, or whatever you want to call it."

"Have you ever masturbated to MILF porn?"

"What?"

"You heard me."

"I mean, sure, I've seen some MILF porn. I don't make it a point to look at it."

"Are you sure about that? Would you say you come across MILF porn often?"

"I guess it comes up a bit every time I look at porn, but not always."

"And what do you think of it?" I didn't know how to reply to that. I generally like seeing younger women when I look at porn, but, whenever a MILF appears, it's a whole different animal. Did I notice that their bodies were generally better than their younger counterparts? Did I notice that they fucked harder than younger woman, that they were rougher than any younger girl could dream

of being? Did I get the sense that the male porn stars enjoyed the MILF sex a lot more than with the younger women? No, I couldn't admit this.

"It's porn. It's not rocket science." I replied simply. "Why are you bringing MILF porn up?" I asked.

"I think you have an untapped MILF fetish. I think you subconsciously check out older women. I think your wife senses this and this manifests itself in her fear that you want to have sex with her mother." She paused, and then continued. "I'm telling you this not because I believe you should pursue your fetish. Of course you shouldn't cheat on Jenny. I'm saying you need to understand what's happening, so you can move away from it and focus all of your attention on Jenny."

"I don't have a MILF fetish!" I told her. She smiled.

"I think our time is up."

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I walked out shaken by my interaction. I don't know where she got this idea that I was into MILF's but that's simply not true. I've never had sex with an older woman, nor have I ever wanted... well, maybe there was once or twice. Yes, I've had fantasies about Gina, but, who wouldn't? She's perfect. That, round, heart-shaped ass. Her gorgeous

face. Those massive, perfect, MILFy breasts. To just get the chance to avail myself in her MILF flesh, losing myself in it. Wait, what?

I walked out and saw my wife smile at me as I entered. I gave her a small smile as I sat next to her. Gina didn't wait as she stood and walked into Dr. White's office. I looked over my wife's shoulder as we hugged and watched Gina's ass sway sexily as she walked.

I didn't go into specifics about what we talked about. I just told Jenny it went well. We waited for Gina to finish her meeting, and then we would all go in together and talk to Dr. White.

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(Dr. White)

Gina didn't bother to shake my hand as she sat down. I couldn't help but take in the MILF beauty. She was breathtakingly gorgeous. I didn't blame Matt for being attracted to her. Like I told him, I could respect what MILF's have to offer. And this MILF, she was offering the full package.

"So, Gina, describe your relationship with your daughter." Dr. White asked

"Well, it's been difficult. I can't say it's been easy. In many ways, she's been a disappointment. That's not to say I don't love her. I do. Every time I've tried to make something out of her, she's fought me on it, and rejected all I've tried to teach her." Gina said.

"What kind of things have you tried to teach her?" I asked.

"Oh, things about acting like an adult woman, not a child. I've tried to teach her things about getting a man. Looking good, how to flirt, etc." Gina said.

"And these are things that you are good at?" I asked.

"Just look at me, darling. Do you think I have problems getting a man?" Gina said with a giggle. I thought, not at all. This is a woman who has no problems getting men interested.

"What kind of men are you interested in?" I asked.

"I'll put it this way, Doctor. I haven't had sex with a man older than 30 in sixteen years."

"So, you're into younger men?"

"Absolutely."

"Have you ever thought why?"

"Well, as men get older, around thirty, they start thinking they should act like a big tough guy. I like my men to do what I tell them. I want them to treat me like a queen. Younger men do this."

"So, if a man starts fighting you for control, do you break it off?"

"Yes. I know what I'm doing. When men think they know better than me, then they don't deserve me."

"So, it's about control?"

"Yes. I'm not an easy woman to get along with. But to those who understand their place, the rewards are fantastic."

"So the ideal man for you will be young and easily controlled. Submissive." I said in almost a whisper.

"Absolutely. Ideally, if I could meet a man, maybe 25 or so, and could cultivate him, turn him into the man I need him to be. To dominate him, so he truly knows his place and will never fight me back. That man will be my mate forever." Gina said, with a fire in her eyes.

"What do you think of Matt, your son-in law?" I asked, almost subconsciously seeming like a suggestion.

"He seems like an ideal candidate." Gina replied.

"So you're interested in him sexually?" I asked, surprised at this woman's honesty.

"Yes. He's good looking, and he is quite enamored with me."

"What makes you say that?"

"Whenever I'm around him, he can't take his eyes off of me."

"He's checked you out?"

"Did my daughter tell you about her issue with the wedding photos?" Gina replied.

"Yes, she was disappointed that there were not enough photos of the reception." I replied.

"There were more photos, you see. I thought I'd spare her the images of her husband checking me out. Staring at my ass. Looking down

my cleavage. Staring at me over his wife's shoulder. Needless to say, few photos made the cut." Gina replied.

"So, how does this make you feel?"

"Do you think I should defer him to my daughter when he's so gagging to be taken? To be stolen from her. Who am I to not let nature take its course?" Gina explained.

"So you think it's inevitable that you and your son-in-law will have sex?" I asked.

"Absolutely. I plan for us to start fucking this weekend." Gina said simply.

"Excuse me?" I asked.

"I'm gonna fuck Matt this weekend. I'm going to steal him from my daughter. And you're gonna help me." Gina explained.

"Why do you think I would help you?" I asked incredulously.

"Listen, Dr. White." Gina interrupted, "I know what you're gonna tell me. You're gonna say that I shouldn't do this. I shouldn't betray my daughter. But you know deep down, that this is what is meant to happen. My daughter is inadequate in every way. And that stud of a

son-in-law of mine? He belongs with me. You've talked to them both. This is what they all expect to happen. Right?" I hesitated.

"Tell me!" Gina insisted. I couldn't violate their confidentiality, could I? Could I deny the fact that this was going to happen, whether I wanted it to or not? There was no point not telling her. Gina was not the type of woman to be denied.

"Your daughter dreams about you, and her husband. Having sex. Night after night, she dreams about it." I said. Gina smiled. "And Matt? Matt is into older women. He doesn't accept it, yet, but he will."

"You're damn right he will. He will accept his place soon. And you will help. You need to tell my daughter that she has to leave me and Matt together, alone, for the weekend. She needs to believe that we can be trusted not to fuck each other. It'll give me time to fuck him, to show him his true place. With me. Fucking me. Day after day. He needs to see that I'm the woman he's been waiting for. An older woman who will dominate him, who will run his life, who will give him everything he's ever wanted." Gina said, nipples hard.

"Why would I do this? Why would I betray Jenny? She's my friend." I said.

"Because you want to see it happen as bad as she does. I'm sure that as soon as you met me, you've been able to think of nothing except the image of me and my son-in-law, in his bed, fucking the shit out of each other. It turns you on. I can tell. That's why you brought us

here. I'm sure there was a moment when Jenny told you about me, and you realized I'm the type of woman who deserves the best. You know that a man like him deserves the best. A younger man fucking an older woman is the pinnacle of sex. And if they are betraying his stupid wife, her daughter, it's that much hotter. As a therapist, you surely know this. You don't realize how much power you have over these weak minded fools like my daughter. Imagine the power you could have, to change their lives to suit you. Look at you. You're clearly smart, attractive. But you don't use it. Imagine how incredible it would feel to take advantage of some insecure woman, worried that she is not good enough for her husband, and suit it to your own needs. Imagine the power you would feel by establishing your superiority over her by fucking her man, betraying her trust. That kind of sex is life--changing. Once you have that kind of sex, you'll just keep looking for more. You won't be able to stop." Gina monologued, like an evil villain.

"Is that what happened to you?" I asked, nipples hardening despite my horror at her words.

"It's been sixteen years since I've had sex with a man that wasn't married, or in a relationship. I fuck taken men. It's not even hard anymore. That's why I'm gonna fuck Matt, my own daughter's husband. The ultimate betrayal. I already know he'll be a challenge, but when I get him, he'll do whatever the fuck I want him to do. He'll be the perfect mate for life." Gina explained.

"Will you mate with him?" I asked.

"Absolutely. What a waste it would be to have Jenny be the only child I've brought into this world. I'm sure I can do better." Gina answered.

"You talk as if you hate your daughter?" I asked.

"I love Jenny, but she needs to understand her place. And if I have to steal her husband to do it, I will. It is my duty as a mother to teach her. She'll be better off." Gina replied.

"Why do think I should betray her?" I asked again.

"It's gonna happen, whether you want to or not. You know that. So why not get in while you can? Accept your place in this process. Like I said earlier, there are rewards for people who accept their place." Gina said.

"What rewards?" I asked.

"Once I start fucking Matt, I can bring you in. I can teach you so much. You have potential darling. You have so much power that you don't even realize. A few years under my tutelage, and you can be like me, a woman that all men are gagging to fuck. A woman like that, that truly understands her power, can get any man they want. All you need to do is allow me to be alone with him. That's it. If you do, you'll become part of my world. I'll teach you using Matt. Imagine Matt and us two, in a threesome. I'll teach you what you're capable of with him. He'll do whatever I tell him. He'll fuck his wife's

therapist, because I'll tell him to. Imagine, a threesome, with a handsome, big-cocked young man, eager to do what he's told, and his mature, hot-bodied mother-in-law. Imagine the possibilities." Gina said, laying out her dark designs. I was speechless, turned on.

"Dear, I think our time is up." Gina said.

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(Matt)

The secretary called me and Jenny into Dr. White's office where Gina was waiting. Dr. White was deep in thought, and she looked a little flustered. I sat next to Gina, and Jenny sat next to me. Dr. White looked up at me, then, as if coming to a decision, she started to talk.

"Well, I think this all went very well." Dr. White started, "And after meeting you all, I've come to a conclusion on a course of action that I think will be beneficial to all involved." Jenny looked at Dr. White hopefully. Dr. White exhaled, than continued.

"Jenny, I've realized that you have absolutely nothing to be worried about. I've talked with Matt, and Gina, and I know that these are two people that care about you very much. They love you, and they don't want to hurt you." Dr. White said. Jenny smiled a little, but didn't seem convinced.

"That's it?" Jenny asked.

"Not quite." Dr. White replied. "I can see you're not quite convinced of what I'm saying. So, I think we should do a little exercise to prove you have nothing to be afraid of."

"What kind of exercise?" Jenny asked.

"I think it would be good idea for Gina and Matt to spend some time together, alone." Dr. White started. Jenny started to protest, but Dr. White stopped her. "Jenny, you will not move past this unless you know that Gina and Matt can spend time together with nothing bad happening. You need to trust both of them, and believe in them, and not have to worry that anything will happen. The best way to do this will be if Matt and Gina spending the weekend together. From tonight to Sunday evening. If you do this, you will be so much happier. You will be able to live a full and happy life with two people who support and love you very much. Will you do this, Jenny?" Dr. White asked.

Jenny thought deeply, and, gathering up the courage, replied "Yes. Okay. Let's do this." She squeezed my hand tightly as she said this.

"That's great. Just great, Jenny." Dr. White said with a smile. She glanced over at Gina, who gave a nearly imperceptible nod. Dr. White glanced at me.

"Besides Matt, I think this will give you a chance to get to know Gina better. I hope you don't mind me saying, Gina, but she told me how unhappy she is that she barely knows the man that makes her daughter so happy." Dr. White said.

"Yeah. Definitely." I said, unsure of how good of an idea this really was.

"I look forward to it." Gina said.

"Where will I go? Should I get a hotel or something, or go out of town?" Jenny asked.

"Well, Jenny, I had a thought." Dr. White started. "Jenny, I consider you a friend. A good friend. And, if you don't think it's inappropriate or unprofessional, maybe you could stay at my place. I know we've always talked about meeting outside the office. This would be a good chance to do that."

"That would be great." Jenny said happily. "So, when does this start?"

"Well, you guys were my last for the day. So, we should probably head out now." Dr. White stood up, as do we. She started to grab her things. We followed her out as she started to close everything up. She let her secretary go, and we walked down to the lobby of the building.

"Excuse me for a sec." Gina said. "I left my bags over there at the security desk." She sauntered over to the desk and the guard stammered as he handed over her bags. Her hips swayed as she walked back over. We walked out into the parking lot.

"Well, I guess this is where we split up." Dr. White said. She stood next to Jenny, as I stood next to Gina, as we faced each other, about to separate. Jenny walked over and hugged me. "I'll see you Sunday, baby." We hugged each other tightly. Dr. White shook Gina's hand, and as the hug ended, she shook mine. Jenny turned to Dr. White.

"I need to run home first. I need to get some clothes, and supplies. I hope that's okay?" Jenny asked.

"Well, I was kinda hoping for a clean break here. I didn't really want us all to go to your place then split up." Dr. White explained.

"Don't worry." Gina started, "Matt's gonna take me out to dinner. That should give you time to get your things before we get there." I was taken aback by Gina's decision, but I accepted it, thinking she was a very forward type of woman.

"Works for me." Dr. White said.

"Did you drive here, mom?" Jenny asked.

"No, I took a cab. So, I'll be riding with Matt." Gina said, glancing at me.

"So, I guess this is it." I said. Everyone nodded in agreement. Dr. White started walking to her car, and Jenny began to follow. She looked over her shoulder and gave me a cute little wave.

"Have a good weekend!" She called out. I now stood next to Gina, as they walked away. I nervously looked over at Gina, and she looked at me.

"Let's ride." She said.

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I drove through town, heading towards a classy little local restaurant I've taken Jenny to a few times. I glanced over, and couldn't quite take in the fact that my passenger seat, usually occupied by Jenny, was now occupied by Gina, her gorgeous looking mother.

"I think you can drive faster than that, Matt." Gina said.

"I'm going the speed limit." I told her. We were on a little used highway on the outskirts of town, and it was pretty deserted.

"C'mon, Matt. Live a little." Gina said, "Please, for me?" She added with a little pout. I stepped on the pedal and sped up to ten miles over the limit.

"I think you can do a little better than that." She said. I sped up even more. I was now going ninety in a seventy zone. I never went this fast.

"That's a good start, Matt. I'll tell you what, Matt. On the way back, you let me drive. I'll show you how to really do it." Gina said.

"Okay, that's fine." I agreed nervously as I slowed back down. We took the turnoff towards the restaurant, and within a few minutes, we were pulling into a parking spot. We got out and walked inside together. We walked towards a cute girl waiting at the podium up front.

"Two." I told her. She glanced at me, and the hot-bodied older woman next to me, and gave us a confused look, but that quickly passes, regaining her professionalism.

"Follow me." She said. Gina stepped in front of me, and I couldn't help but notice her perfect round ass highlighted by her tight skirt. She shook it as she walked. We reached our table, and as the girl walked away, Gina looked at me expectantly. I realize what she is waiting for, and I pulled out the chair for her. She smiled and thanked me. She removed her coat and set it over the chair before she sat down. As she does, her shirt pulled up and revealed the fact

that she was wearing a thong, and the thong created a perfect whale tail leading under her skirt. I was in a daze as I walked to the other side of the table.

It just seemed like such a contrast. I have never met an older woman who wore a thong. Most of the older women I encounter are frumpy, overweight women, well past their prime. I couldn't imagine any of them wearing thongs. I don't want to imagine what kind of underwear they wear to be honest. But this woman. She was wearing a thong and she was pulling it off. I've only really known younger girls to wear thongs. I've never known an older woman to have a visible whale tail. Most younger girls are not that brazen. The only ones that do that are kind of slutty. My mother-in-law couldn't possibly be a slut, could she? Nevertheless, she was confident enough in her looks that she felt she could compete with girls half her age. She might not be wrong about that.

I smiled at her as I looked across the table. This place came across as kind of romantic. I couldn't shake the feeling that this wasn't just two people catching up. I couldn't shake the thought that this is a date. A mature woman on a date with a younger man. A MILF on a date with her son-in-law. I shook my head, clearing away these thoughts.

We caught up and chatted as we ate. It was going well. She wasn't being as outwardly flirty as she was the last time we met. We shared a bottle of wine as we ate. I had a surprisingly fun time. I didn't feel like I was talking to an older woman. I talked to her as I would talk to any other woman. Time flew by until I realized it was two hours later. The waitress placed our bill in the center of the table and

walked away. Gina made no move towards it. She just locked eyes with me, waiting for me to make a move.

"I'll get it." I relented. As I grabbed the bill, she smiled at me. I covered the bill and the tip, and once we finished off the wine, we made our way out. She shook her butt at me as she walked. I noticed she gave the girl at the front a smirk as she walked. The girl flashed a disgusted look at Gina. I was confused by this as I walked out. I made my way to the driver's side, until she turned and out her hand on my chest.

"Uh uh. You promised." She said, holding out her hand. I didn't know what she was talking about. Then, I remembered. I pulled out my car keys and put them in her palm. She smiled.

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"Holy shit! Slow the fuck down!" I ordered her.

"HA HA! Never, babe!" She yelled back, shifting gears with her right hand. This woman was nuts. She was driving 110 on the highway, a road other people were on. She was passing people right and left. People were honking and flipping us off.

"Gina, slow down! We could get pulled over." I told her.

"It'll be fine, baby." She said, laughing. We finally approached the off ramp we had to turn on, so she slowed down enough to make the turn. Amazingly enough, we were able to reach my neighborhood without getting arrested. As she pulled into my driveway and put the car in park, she turned and said, "That's how it's done."

I carried her bag into the house as she took a look around. Then, suddenly, she turned and looked right at me.

"So, do you fuck on the first date?" she said, staring holes through me. I immediately start to choke on my own spit. She started to laugh.

"Honey, I'm joking. What have I been trying to tell you? You need to loosen up." She told me. "To be honest honey, I'm beat. I think I'm ready to turn in for the night. Mind showing me where I'll be sleeping?" she asked.

"Yeah, of course." I told her. I led her upstairs and took her to the guest room. She looked in, smiled, and turned to me.

"Thanks, honey." She said, giving me a peck on the cheek. "Good night." She told me, closing the door. I felt disappointed for some reason. I didn't know why I felt like I expected more to happen tonight. Everything felt strangely calm after such a busy day. It was an unusual calm after the storm. Part of me realized I might be in the eye of Hurricane Gina. The worst might still be coming. I headed over to my room and decide to go to bed early, too.

I tossed and turned, not really able to get comfortable. It's gonna be one of those nights. I could tell already. I decide to pull out my laptop and cruise the internet a little bit. I started to think back to what Dr. White told me. Why did she try to insist I had some MILF fetish? It was like she was trying to push that idea into my head. Trying to instill into me that I am into older women. I'm not. I mean, yes, I find Gina to be unbelievably attractive and sexy. I think somehow Dr. White could sense this. I wasn't attracted to Gina because she was an older woman. I was attracted to her because she was hot. Being older didn't hurt matters. Her sexiness combined with the fact that she was 46 and as hot as anyone I'd ever seen didn't hurt matters. The thought of all the experience she must have. She had a body that no younger woman could compete with. Only an older woman could have a body like hers. Massive yet perky breasts. A tight, round ass. A gorgeous face, with not a wrinkle on it. Long, curvy, sexy legs. Gorgeous hair. An older woman has to conquer the affects of nature itself to look as good as she does. She had to work damn hard to look that good. But the reward was worth all the work. Her reward was that hot fucking body. And with a body like that, lots of sex was inevitable. I have no doubt that Gina gets laid constantly. She must know all the right moves. She must know what's good and what's bad. She must be an expert in sex. And with all of the sex she has, it was impossible to not constantly be flirting. That kind of thing can't be turned off. No MILF could turn it off. Taking this all in, I came to a realization. MILF's must be the peak sexual creatures.

I suddenly realized I was rock hard. I had gone to a page full of porno. It was one of those pages that had lots of different types of

porn for the choosing. I scrolled through it till I found a link MILF section. I clicked on it and entered the world of MILF pornography.

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Two hours had passed, and I was still at it. I had never realized the addictive qualities of MILF porn. I couldn't stop. I had to consume it all. All those perfect MILFy bodies, fucking those younger men harder than they've ever been fucked. I viewed all kinds of rough stuff that only MILF's could do. I had to close my computer and really take it all in. My hands were on my rock hard nine inch dick, jacking as hard as I could. Just the thought there was a perfect MILF two doors down from me drove me over the edge. I came all over myself. I came down from this, and could barely keep my eyes open. I just passed out, covered in my own juices.

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Okay, so maybe I had a bit of a MILF fetish. That's not so bad right? It doesn't change things. I still love my wife, and would never cheat on her. Not even if a MILF threw herself at me. It's just a bit of a fetish. I could understand that. Maybe that's what Dr. White was getting at. I had to own the fact that I had this fetish, so I could understand it for what it was, and keep it in its place. It would play no part in my relationship with Jenny. Dr. White knew that Gina was a MILF without even meeting her. She knew that I would have to separate the fact that I have a fetish for the exact type of woman Gina is, with the fact that she is my mother-in-law. I obviously couldn't do anything with her. I had to keep my fetish in check to build a healthy

relationship with her, which would allow Jenny to trust her. I guess Dr. White really did know what she was doing.

I had been lying in bed thinking about these things. I had woken up a few minutes earlier and had been trying to sort out my feelings. It was nearly eleven. Those hours in bed jacking off to MILF porn felt like I was in that late-night tunnel vision, getting fixated on one thing, and not really thinking clearly, out of exhaustion. Now that I felt I had sorted everything out, I got up and jumped in the shower.

I got cleaned up and got dressed. I walked by Gina's room, which was empty. She was clearly already up. I braced myself to see her again as I headed downstairs. But I could not find her. I looked through all the rooms, but I can't find her. As I walk through the kitchen, I heard a splash. Oh, she must be in the pool. I stepped outside to face her.

She was swimming laps with surprising ease. I admired the fact that she has clearly kept herself in great shape. I watched her swim for a minute until she noticed me and slowed down. She floated in the deep end and looked at me.

"Morning, Matt." She said with a smile. "Care to join me?"

"Um, not now, maybe later." I replied.

"Good, I was about to get out anyway." She replied. She swam towards the ladder. She started to climb the ladder, and I gulped as her body started to appear. She was wearing a powder blue bikini, and it should have been no surprise that it was skimpy. Her top was two patches that covered only a small portion of her sizable chest, connected by some tiny strings. And, oh my God! She was wearing a thong. Her ass was just hanging out there, begging to be appreciated. She was studying my reaction as her body appeared, and believe me, I was appreciating. She stepped out and walked towards me. My eyes couldn't help but lower and watch her breasts jiggle and bounce in just the right way. My eyes were drawn in by her endless cleavage. She walked by me with a smirk as she walked towards one of the pool chairs to grab her towel. I could not help but let my eyes follow. Her ass was just perfect, and the way she walked just highlighted it. I just wanted to reach out and grab it. As she dried herself, she kept one eye on me. I looked up into her eyes to acknowledge the fact that I knew she was watching. She kept her body uncovered, daring me to look back down upon it. But I held out and maintained eye contact until she wrapped the towel around her waist. She smirked as she walked inside. I was planted to the spot, unable to move. The image of my hot-bodied mother-in-law in a teeny bikini was something I could never forget. I don't think I could go inside and face her after what I had just witnessed. I don't know how long I stood there until Gina called out from inside.

"Hey, Matt, you hungry? I thought I would make us lunch." Gina said. I shook my head clear.

"Yeah, sure. That's sounds good." I replied, and started to head inside. Luckily, she was fully dressed at this point. She had cleaned

herself up. She was wearing a tight black blouse, tight-enough where her breasts seemed like they were pouring out, bursting to be free. She wore a short, tight, jean skirt, which hugged her ass. I tried to clear my mind of her body, but it was hard. I sat at the table as we made small talk, as her hot body floated though the kitchen. She quickly finished up, and we ate our meal together, sitting across from each other, not talking much. You could feel the tension in the room, and I'm sure she could too. As we finished, I offered to clean up the dishes. As I did so, she called out to me.

"Hey, when you're done come out to the living room. We should talk."

"Okay." I replied. We've been talking. What else does she want to say? I took as long as I could on the dishes, until I could avoid her no more. I entered the living room. She was sitting on the loveseat, so I'm forced to sit across from her, on the couch. She looked right at me as we sat in silence.

"What are you afraid, Matt?" she asked, sensing my nervousness.

"Um, nothing." I stammered.

"Honey, you look terrified." She said with a smile.

"I'm fine." I replied. A pregnant pause fills the room. Then, the humor disappeared from her face.

"You know I can help you?" she asked.

"Help me. With what?" I asked, confused.

"I know what you are going through. I know it's not easy." She replied.

"What's not easy?" I asked, still confused.

"It's never easy to the first time. But believe me, once it happens, it'll get much easier. After awhile, it won't bother you at all." She explained.

"What won't bother me?" I asked impatiently.

"Cheating." She said simply.

"Excuse me?!" I replied in disbelief.

"I know you think what your feeling is a bad thing. I know that you feel like its wrong for you to feel the urge to cheat on your wife. But believe me baby, it's not. It'll get easier. Eventually, cheating won't even bother you. You'll be free." Gina replied. I stood up in anger.

"How dare you Gina! What makes you think I want to cheat on my wife?" I yelled out.

"Matt, please. Don't be a child. The way you stare at me is all the proof I need." Gina responded.

"So Jenny was right about you, huh? You're just gonna throw yourself at me, is that it? You're attractive, yes. I'll give you that. But you expect me to cheat on my wife simply because you're hot? You're sadly mistaken." I argued back. She simply smiled. I continued, "What kind of woman does that? What woman would try to convince her son-in-law to cheat on his wife, her daughter, with her? How evil must you be to do that? What kind of person does that?"

"Matt, you have no idea how much you're turning me on right now. Seeing you now, so high and mighty, and knowing where you're gonna be soon. It's so hot." She paused, clearly turned on. "Make no mistake Matt. I'm not nice. I'm not one of these vapid airheads who think they can hold onto a man because they laugh together, because they have cute little dates. That line of thinking is quite simply wrong. I know how to hold onto a man. You hold onto a man by fucking them into submission. Doing things that these young girls are simply not capable of. Fucking men so good that that they don't know any better, fucking them so good that they'll do whatever you want. You are mistaken about many things. You will fuck me because I'm hotter than my daughter. It is in your nature to fuck the most attractive creature, and you know that's me. It doesn't matter that I'm not nice. That I'm a complete bitch. That's not enough to stop this from happening. And one last thing. You said I'm throwing

myself at you. You are wrong. I am not throwing myself at you. When I've said what I have to say, you're going to be throwing yourself at me."

I was stunned, just stunned. This woman was evil. Pure evil. Just a complete bitch. And so arrogant. She's got another thing coming.

"Get out." I ordered her, pointing to the door.

"But, Dr. White insisted that we spend this weekend together. For Jenny's sake. If you kick me out, Jenny will start asking questions. She'll get paranoid. You know her. Even if nothing happens, if I do leave now, she'll think that something did happen. She won't trust you or me. If you kick me out, it is the beginning of the end for your marriage." Gina said. Matt searched his thoughts, and knew what Gina said to be true. He lowered his arm.

"There you go Matt. If you're going to make it through this weekend, you're gonna have to work with me." She said. Matt didn't know what to do. He was in the viper's nest. And there was no escape. He couldn't leave, because what would stop her from leaving too? She no doubt would, which would ruin everything as well. He really was trapped with her. The only way out was to resist. "Please Matt. Sit down." She asked. He had no reason not to comply, so he sat. He looked at her with hate in his eyes.

"Why are you doing this? Why are you trying to ruin our lives?" Matt asked, referring to him and Jenny.

"I'm not trying to ruin your lives. If I get what I want, everybody wins. Jenny will be past her issues with me, not knowing what's about to happen between us this weekend. I'll win, because I'll be getting your nice, fat cock whenever I want. And you'll win, because you get to be with the woman you always dreamed of, plus maintain whatever relationship you have with her. I say that, because you know and I know, if we start fucking, she'll never catch on. She trusts you. And if this weekend goes well, she'll trust me. This allows us to do whatever we want behind her back. And she's too naïve to ever figure it out. Quite honestly, my daughter is not very smart. I bet you, that even if she catches us, I bet we could convince her that it was a dream. She's that fucking stupid." Gina explained. Matt shook his head.

"You're crazy! Why do you hate your daughter?" Matt asked.

"I don't hate her. I resent her. She is a lesser woman than me in every facet imaginable. She feels inadequacy every moment of every day, because in her heart of hearts, she understands that her husband is not satisfied by her. I bet she has noticed that wandering eye of yours. It'd be hard not to. I bet she noticed how hard you got whenever a hot, mature woman walked by. You wave that huge dick under the noses of all those older women and not expect her to notice. How hard you got whenever she mentioned me. Why should a woman, who knows she's not good enough for her man, be allowed to have him when I am clearly more deserving?" Gina said. Matt was speechless.

"Let me lay it out for you. I am clearly hotter than my daughter. I've got better hair than my daughter. I'm prettier than her by a long shot. Long, smooth, legs. Better than what my daughter's got. My ass is rounder, firmer, and juicier. My tits, well, just look at them. 44EE. All natural, baby. Wait till you see them in the flesh. My nipples are just begging to be sucked on constantly. You've never seen anything that'll compare to these. And my pussy? I've given birth, but it's tighter than anything you've ever felt. Tighter than my daughter's that's for sure. And, on top of the fact that I'm hotter than my daughter in every way, I'm more confident, I'm smarter, I'm funnier. Not even to mention the fucking. I've heard her fuck her little boyfriends in the past. My daughter is the type of girl to just lay there and take it. Right? My daughter will never take over in the bedroom in the way you need. She will never push you down and fuck the shit out of you. She will never take control the way I will. And believe me Matt. I will control you. Not just your sex life, your entire life. You will do whatever I say. You will worship me. And in return? I'll fuck you. Hard. I'll fuck you, day after day, hour after hour. I'll wear you out."

Matt's jaw was on the floor. This woman was pure evil.

"But it won't stop with the fucking. No, it'll go farther than that. With the amount of fucking we'll be doing, it'll be inevitable that I'll end up pregnant. Imagine, your mother-in-law's belly growing with your children, while your wife wonders why she just can't get pregnant too. It'll be because I'm going to leave no sperm in those balls. I'm going to milk you dry."

"You're wrong. I won't do it." Matt denied.

"Why are you fighting your instincts Matt? Every instinct in your body is telling you to fuck me. Why fight nature? Your huge cock and my tight cunt were made for each other. You were meant to be with me. Every one of Jenny's boyfriends, every one, left her they met me. They knew, once they saw me, they could do better than my idiot daughter. I never fucked them, but I could have. They understood their instincts and they accepted them. Why can't you?" Gina asked.

"You're just, evil. A terrible person. A slut, a bitch, a cunt." I told her, trying my best to offend her so that she would stop.

"None of that changes anything. In fact, it makes it all the more sweet. I am all of those things, but that's not enough to stop you from where this is heading. I'm so fucking hot, that even though I'm an evil, terrible, slutty, bitchy, cunt, you'll fuck me anyway, and you'll love it. You'll love me." She said with an arrogant expression on her face.

"You're a terrible mother. Jenny is lucky that she is nothing like you. I love her. I'll never love you." Matt replied.

"You're right, I am a terrible mother to her. But I'll be a good mother to you." Gina replies.

"Excuse me?" Matt replied, stunned by this statement.

"Oh, haven't I told you this part yet? From now on, you won't call me Gina. You will call me mom." Gina replied. She let this sink in.

"You'll forget all about your own family. I'll be your mommy now. I'll take good care of you. I'll tell you what to do. I'll run your life, like a good mother should. My son, you belong to me now. You're mine." Gina insisted.

I need to get out of here, now. Damn the consequences. I don't care. I stand up and start to head for the door.

"Matt, look at this." She called. I had one hand on the door handle, and against my better judgment, I looked back.

Gina had raised her feet onto her chair and spread her legs. Her black-panty covered crotch was exposed to him. She was wearing a thong, of course. My eyes couldn't help but stare. As I did, she reached down and pulled her panties aside, revealing her pussy to my leering eyes. My eyes grew wide. Her pussy was perfect. Just a little bit of neatly trimmed hair was above her pussy. A perfect landing strip. My hand loosened on the doorknob.

"It's okay, Matt. Don't be afraid to stare. You can come closer if you want." Gina purred. I gulped and stepped back into the living room. I now stood in front of her, staring at her cunt. "Don't be afraid, son. Get on your knees so you can get a better look." I was hypnotized by the sight of her naked cunt. I couldn't resist. I got on my knees to get a better look. I was now within a foot of my mother-in-law's naked

pussy. It was perfect. I could not take my eyes off it. Just seeing a part of her nude, finally, was enough to give me chills. I couldn't take my eyes off of it. The sight of it was addicting. As I breathed in deeply, I could smell the sensual scents her pussy exuded. It made the hairs on my neck stand up, and it made my dick throb. Her pussy was wet, ready to be fucked. To be worshipped.

"It's time for you to make your choice, son. If you stand up, and walk away, I'll stop. For good. I'll admit that my daughter's love is greater than anything I could offer. I will lock myself in my room until my daughter arrives, and once she does, I'll leave. Then, you will never have to worry about me again. I'll stay out of your life. Your wife will be cured, and you'll never have to deal with the temptations I offer again. Because believe me, if you turn this down, you will never get another shot. Or, you could make the other choice. To stay with me, to enter my world. The world where I dominate you, where I run your life, where we fuck, constantly. You will experience unimagined pleasure. To do this, you just have to do one thing." Gina paused. She looked down into my eyes as I looked up into hers.

"You have to put your mouth on my pussy, and suck."

I let her words sink in. She could be out of my life. I could escape. This was my chance. But escape was the last thing on my mind right now. As we looked into each other's eyes, she saw my decision before I did.

I put mouth onto my mother-in-law's pussy and started to suck.

"Oh, FUCK YES!" she screamed out loud. She grabbed my head, forcing me deeper. My tongue stabbed in and out of her, collecting her juices. They tasted so good. She ground herself against my mouth, her juices painting my face. My tongue circled her clit before my mouth surrounded it.

"OH, FUCK ME. You are so good. This is where you belong. On your knees. Pleasuring me." She called out, her words heavy with lust. As, I nibbled and flicked on her clit, I could sense her orgasm was close. She pushed my face down as her orgasm exploded. "FFFFUCK! YOU FUCK! YOU MADE ME CUM YOU SON OF A BITCH!" she screamed out, as her juices squirted out of her pussy into my mouth. She shoved me back onto my back. I couldn't believe what had just happened. I had sucked her off. I had made my own mother-in-law cum with my mouth. For a second, I panicked, wanting to escape. But then I realized there was no escape. It was already over. I was fucked.

Gina looked down at me with a smug look on her face. She had beaten me, and she knew it. She stood in front of me, skirt still above her waist.

"Get straight up, on your knees." She commanded, her voice indicating how turned on she was. I comply, straightening up while still on my knees, sitting on my own feet. She sauntered over and stood directly in front of me. She grabbed both sides of my face and continued to move forward. Her pussy rubbed my chin and continued forward till it settled on my mouth. I was facing straight

up, staring into her pussy. My tongue leaped out into her pussy, as if by instinct. My mouth surrounded her pussy again as I resumed sucking my mother-in-law's pussy. While the first session was fast and quick, this was slow paced, and sensual. She was in no hurry to get off. I ran my tongue through the inside of her pussy lazily, over the lips, and over her clit. My tongue ran through her small strip of pubic hair, like a cat cleaning its fur. She let me really get acquainted with her pussy till I knew my way around. I stared up at her. Her eyes were lidded with lust. Her hair looked a little messed. Her chest was heaving, causing her breasts to look like they were about to burst out of her shirt. Suddenly, she pushed me away. She turned around and bent over, pointing that perfect ass of hers at me. She looked at me over her shoulder and pulled her ass cheeks apart, causing her asshole to appear, covered by the tiny string of thong that was splitting her ass. I stared at her, stunned.

"Do it!" she ordered. I had never done this before. But I couldn't resist. My face moves forward and buries itself in her ass. My tongue immediately bursts out of mouth and connected to her asshole. I was fighting with her thong until I had to bury my mouth voraciously into her ass crack, trying desperately to get that string into my mouth. I finally did, and was able to use my tongue to pull the string over her right ass cheek. This gave me unencumbered access to her asshole, which I returned to licking. I could not believe myself. I was rimming my mother-in-law's asshole. What the fuck is wrong with me? Any man that lets a woman make him forcefully rim her has truly been conquered. Totally owned.

"Oh. You dirty boy! You do that so well." She complimented. I kept going as she moaned louder and louder. She quickly pushed my face

out of her ass, turned back around, and shoved her pussy back on my face as she started to cum.

"OHHHHHHHHH! SHIT!" she yelled out. I swallowed her cum again. I'm getting addicted to the taste. She grabbed my face in her hands again as she stepped back. She leaned down and shoved her tongue in my mouth. Her tongue was everywhere, taking in her own taste off my tongue. She was such a good kisser. I had never been kissed like this. I continued to make out with my mother-in-law for a few minutes before she pulled away and I was able to catch my breath.

"Now, my son, you truly know where your place is. Where you truly belong. Now stand up!" She commanded. I complied.

"Take my hand, son." She said, holding hers out. There was no use resisting anymore, after what I just did. She had beaten me. I placed my hand in hers. She smiled. She turned and held my hand in hers over her shoulder and started walking. We ascended the stairs. My eyes were transfixed by her fleshy ass, jiggling in front of me as we climbed. We reached the second floor and she led me towards my room. We walked into my room and she pushed me in front of her and slammed the door behind us and locked it. I felt trapped. Trapped in a room with my busty, evil mother-in-law. She jerked her skirt back down into its proper place.

"Take off your clothes." She ordered. I exhaled, and then pulled my shirt over my head.

"Mmm, nice." She complimented, taking in my bare chest. "Now the pants."

I undid my belt buckle, unzipped and let my pants fall to my feet. I stepped out of them and pull off my socks. All that was left were my boxer-briefs, clinging to my engorged dick. It hid nothing from her. I paused.

"Do it!" She hissed. If I did this, if I took them off, there was no turning back. I would be betraying my wife. There was no doubt of that. If I exposed myself to her, it would be only a matter of time before my dick would be buried in her no-doubt tight pussy and I would be forever lost.

"Show me your cock, son." She commanded. There was no way out of this. I could not say no to my mother. I stuck my thumbs into my boxers and lower them slowly. The root of my thick, nine inch dick appeared. My boxers dragged along the length of my dick until the head escaped and my dick bounced into the open air, exposed to my mother-in law at last.

"Oh, you tease." She tittered, taking in the sight of my dick. "How dare you carry that monster around and waste it on my pathetic daughter? How dare you not use that to please a woman who deserves it and knows how to take care of it? Well, no longer. Your cock will never go wasted again." She walked toward me until she

was a foot in front of me. She pushed me down and I fell back onto the bed.

"Take your cock in your hands. Both of them." I complied, unable to resist. "Now stroke that fat cock. Slowly. Close your eyes and just take it all in. Let that cum boil in your balls, but don't you dare cum!" I started to jack my dick in both my hands, at a slower pace than I ever have before. The pleasure was incredible. My dick was rock-hard, dripping pre-cum all over. My dick was almost numb the pleasure is so great. I heard footsteps as she walked out of the room, then I heard her walk back in. I felt her weight on the bed as she leaned onto it. All of a sudden, I felt a dripping on the head of my cock as a liquid poured all over it. Baby oil! My mother-in-law was pouring baby oil onto my rock hard dick as I was jacking off. Unbelievable. The pleasure was almost too great as I groaned out loud.

The baby oil amplified the pleasure I was feeling.

"Son." Gina whispered into my ear. "I have been a total bitch all of my life. I've treated so many people terribly. My ex-husband. My daughter. All the men I've fucked. All of those men's women. They all hate me. For good reason. Every single man I've had sex with, I've ruined. They've never been able to find the pleasure that I could give them without even trying. No woman compares to me, and all of those men turned into mindless slaves of their own sex drives, fucking as many women as they could, but being truly pleased by none. I've ruined marriages. Women hate me because I've ruined their so called 'true love'. I've used men to get where I am today. I've

taken their money, I've taken their gifts. I've left them in ruins with a smile on my face. My daughter can't have a normal life because of all the damage I've done to her psyche. Most people would absolutely hate me for this. But not you, you dirty fuck. I've done all of these bad, bad things, and how do you respond? You become my slave and start fucking my brains out. That's what you do. That's what you think of me. My reward for being a bitch to everyone I know my entire life? Getting fucked and pleased in ways most people will never dream of. I get the good things in life. That's what I get." My dick was throbbing as her evil speech ended. I didn't know how I hadn't cum yet.

"Take your hands off your dick." She told me. I just couldn't. The pleasure I feel was too great. She grabbed my wrists and pulled them off, slamming them on the bed above my head. My hips humped off the bed, searching for anything to give me the pleasure I needed. The pleasure I was feeling faded a little as my hips fell back to the bed. She released my hands, and I left them in place, afraid to disobey. I felt her weight leave the bed. A few moments passed in silence.

"Open your eyes!" she yelled out. My eyes opened and reacted to the dim light. I looked around, and they settled on the sight of my mother-in-law, with her hands on her hips, standing in her underwear. Thin black, lacy bra, with her breasts pouring around the edges. Her tiny black thong. My eyes widened, drinking her body in. I felt a spurt of pre-cum reflexively shoot out of my dick.

"Well, since you've gotten so well acquainted with my pussy, my ass, and even my asshole, it should be no issue if I just peel my thong off,

right?" she asked. I nodded. She turned around, and then twirled her head back around. As her hair twirled around, Gina stared at me with an unbelievably sexy smirk. She looked so free, so sexy, so wild. She reached down, and stuck her thumbs under the strings of her thong. She bent over at the waist and lowered her thong. The string splitting her ass appeared. A string that had been in my mouth earlier. It was released from her ass and soon fell to the floor. Her pose was so sexy. She stood up straight and turned around. Her pussy was exposed to my eyes again.

"So that just leaves one thing. Well, two things, technically." Gina says giggling, as my eyes stared at her tits as they bounced with her laughing. She stepped closer to me. "And most men will do just about anything to see these. But seeing these comes at a price. Once you see these, other pair's of tits will do nothing for you. You will be satisfied by nothing less than perfection. These tits will control your life. These will be your reason for living. This will be your final chance to walk away. Now choose. Your wife or my tits?" she finished, leaning onto the bed, pressing her tits towards my face. Her cavernous cleavage was presented to me, forcing my decision.

"I choose you. Your tits. Just please, let me have them." I pled with her.

"What was that?" she asked girlishly.

"Show me your fucking tits!" I growled at her. She smiled. She leaned back, reached behind her, and unclasped her bra. She held her bra in place, just for a moment, then let it drop. And there they were. Her

massive fucking tits, and they were bare. They leapt off her chest, perfectly round and perky. There was shockingly little sag. These tits had truly conquered nature. Her hard nipples were pointing outwards, begging for a mouth to surround them. My mother-in-law's tits were perfect. She wrapped her arms under them, presenting them to me. She knew what a momentous occasion this was for me, so she let me stare for a few minutes, letting me take them in. She then cupped her hand under her left breast, the flesh oozing through her fingers, as she pointed her nipple at me.

"Open your mouth." she asked softly, knowing no force would be necessary. That nipple held my eyes, her question giving away where that nipple will soon be. My lips parted, and I opened my mouth wide. Her nipple closed the distance and formed a perfect seal with my mouth. My natural instincts took over. My cheeks hollowed as I sucked her nipple hard into my mouth. I just kept sucking trying to get as much of her tit into my mouth as I could.

"Oh, fuck yeah, just like that. Bite it! Bite that nipple! OH, FUCK YES!" she screamed out as I bit on her nipple as hard as I could, because I knew that's how she would like it. I sucked and chewed on her tasty nipple. I tried to reach up to touch them, but she forced my hand back down. This went on for minutes, before she finally pulled away from me, her nipple popping out of my mouth. My mouth tried to follow, but she held me back. She twisted her torso, forcing her other nipple against my mouth. It rubbed around my lips until I was able to get it into my mouth, I resumed sucking and chewing. At first, sucking her nipples was driving me out of control, causing me to want to voraciously possess her breasts and body. But she held me back, forcing me to continue to suck, only letting me suck. I calmed

down as I realized that suckling her nipples was having a strange affect on me. It was lulling me into a daze. I was in a dreamlike state as she switched between nipples, and I barely noticed. I just kept chewing on nipple. I don't know how long this went on. An onlooker would have seen a handsome, big-dicked young man, nude, covered in a sheen of sweat, reduced to an almost catatonic state as a gorgeous older woman forced her nipples into his sucking mouth. It just went on and on.

All I know was that when I became aware of my surroundings again, when I was realized there was no longer any nipples in my mouth, it was dusk. I was lying on my back. Then, I felt it. I felt a hungry mouth sucking my dick. I looked down and saw Gina, on all fours, with her bobbing mouth surrounding my dick. She took it out and started to stroke it. My dick was standing tall, pointing at the ceiling, covered with my mother-in law's saliva. Her full lips parted as she rubbed them lazily around the head of my dick, using my pre-cum as lip gloss. She bobbed a few more times, before taking it out once again and resuming her stroking. She planted wet, juicy kisses all over it as she started to speak.

"Son, I must admit, I've never had anyone suck on my nipples like that. You must really love them if you suck on them so hard, for so long. I just wanted to show you my appreciation." Gina said to me. She resumed sucking my dick. Her mouth felt so good. It was wet and tight, and her tongue felt like it was in three places at once. She was able to take my dick all the way down, her chin resting on my balls. She stared up at me, enjoying my reaction. Then she started to suck hard. Her mouth was sucking me so hard it felt like I was going to rise off the bed. Then, she slowed down, and lazily ran her tongue

all over my dick. It was without a doubt the best blowjob I had ever received. She removed her mouth again and resumed her gentle kisses on his dick. She popped my balls into his mouth one at a time. She was holding me on the edge of a massive orgasm. Her mouth left my balls and started to speak again.

"Like I said, I wanted to show you my appreciation." She started, planting kisses on my dickhead between sentences. "You made me cum several times, just by sucking on my nipples. So I thought I would suck on you a little bit." Kiss. "But I'm not going to let you cum just yet." Kiss. "Your sperm would be wasted if I swallow it." Kiss. "I can think of better uses for it." Kiss. "I think the best use for all this tasty sperm would be for it to be deep inside my pussy," Kiss. "flooding me," Kiss. "trying to inseminate my eggs," Kiss. "trying to get me pregnant." Kiss. "Don't you agree?" Kiss.

"Yes. YES! I'll do whatever you want! Just fuck me." I screamed out, my voice hoarse.

"But, just so were clear." Kiss. "You want to get me pregnant, right?" Kiss. "You want me to have your babies?" Kiss. "You want to breed with me?" Kiss. "Breed with your own mother-in-law?" Kiss. "You want your mother-in-law to be the mother of your children?" Kiss. "Is that what you want?" Kiss.

"Yes! I want to get you pregnant. Yes, I want you to have my babies, all my babies. Just please, FUCK ME!" I yelled out, delirious, but meaning every word.

She lifted her hand off my dick with a flourish and rose up. She crawled over me on all fours. It was at this point that I realized how swollen my balls felt. Keeping me on edge for so long had backed up so much cum in my balls that they felt twice their size. I needed to cum so fucking bad. She was now straddling my dick. She reached down to point it straight towards her pussy. She rubbed the head up and down her pussy, and through the hair above it. She finally settled it at the entrance of her pussy.

This was it. The moment of truth. I was about to fuck my own mother-in-law. How did I get to this point in my life? As much as I hated to admit it, I always knew it would come to this. I had put up many fronts to guard myself from the truth, but Gina had blown through my defenses. Sex with my mother-in-law was inevitable. I was too proud to admit the truth. I had never been satisfied by my wife. I had always discreetly checked out any hot older woman that I happened to meet. And once my perfect, MILF, mother-in-law came into the picture, the future was clear. The day of my wedding, I was a naïve young man, with a bright future ahead of him. If that Matt had been told that his future rested with a woman 21 years his senior, he never would have believed it. I'm not into old ladies, he would have said. But as I layed here, poised to become my mother-in-law's sex slave, I realized one thing: I couldn't be happier.

Upon that realization, Gina lowered her pussy until my whole nine inch dick was buried in her pussy. Her pussy was so wet. So tight. So fucking tight. This was the greatest experience of my life. Her tight pussy massaged my dick as she sat there unmoving, her juices dripping down my balls. Then, she started to flex her ass. We both

moaned out loud at this. She started to slowly rise on my dick, then fall again. She maintained this slow pace for an excruciatingly long time. Her pussy shucking up and down my dick was driving me nuts. My hands rose to her hips, helping her in her fucking rhythm. The pace started to speed up as the fucking became more brutal, more violent. She would bounce on my dick furiously for a period of time, and then would grind on it when she sat all her weight on it when it was buried fully inside her.

Finally understanding my place, I reached up and cupped her tits in my hands. They oozed through my fingers as they had through hers. I squeezed again and again, finally indulging myself in them after so many years of wanting to. They did not disappoint. They were soft, they were smooth. They were firm. They were perfect. I reached towards her nipples and tweaked them, causing her to moan out loud. I wasn't doing this for myself. I was doing this for her. I was trying to get her to cum. I was more concerned with her orgasm than mine. I now truly was her sex-slave.

The fucking went on and on. The best fuck of both of our lives was nearing its inevitable climax. Both of our voices were hoarse as neither of us were able to contain our moaning. Surely the neighbors could hear. Surely they knew that some serious fucking was going on here. And as Gina ground down on my dick, as her ass flexed down against me, and as I squeezed her tits hard and flexed my hips back, simultaneous orgasm hit us both.

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH. FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! OH, SON! I'M CUMMING." Gina yelled, having the biggest orgasm of her life.

"OH YES! OH FUCK YES. MOMMMMMYYYYY!" I yelled, cumming harder than I'd ever had. All the semen that Gina had induced in my balls shot deep into her tight cunt. It just kept shooting and shooting, seemingly never ending. Both of us maintained our orgasms for over a full minute until my balls were blessedly empty, and Gina fell over, out of breath. She collapsed onto my chest, as our sweaty chests comingled. We both were catching our breaths. Gina moved her face up to mine and looked deep into my eyes. She saw love, lust, and complete devotion. I was the one for her. I was her true mate. I looked up into her eyes. I saw a mixture of dominance, lust, respect. I was never as satisfied as I was at this moment.

As the sun set and we were bathed in darkness, she pulled away from me and moved her mouth to my ear. She whispered only three words.

"We're not finished."

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(Dr. White)

I wondered what the hell had happened to me. How did that woman, that skank, get me under her spell like that? She convinced me to assist her in her sick plan to steal her daughter's husband. And I did it! What the hell was wrong with me?

She surely sensed my lack of a sex life. So what? I don't need to have lots of sex in my life to be happy and fulfilled, right? I mean, I have the body for sex, but I was always more interested in my career than sex. I've had my fair share of partners, but I never had that life changing experience that some people claim to have. It was just an awkward, uncomfortable dance.

For some reason, what this woman had said appealed to me. Dominating another woman's life, stealing her man, supplanting your superiority over her. For some reason, that really turned me on. And obviously, people don't exactly think their clearest when they are turned on. This slut, Gina, wanted me to enter her world, where she has lots of sex, dominates men, and ruins lesser women's life. Anyone who had the lack of a sex life that I did would be turned on too, right? Gina wanted me to teach me to be like her. To be a slut, a skank, a cunt. I couldn't possibly do that, could I? I'm not that type of person. I'm a professional. I'm a doctor.

But the thing that bothered me the most was the guilt. I had lured this poor guy, Matt, into a viper's nest. What have I done? She insisted that she would seduce him. But he's not that type of guy. He clearly loves his wife with all of his heart. Sure, he had a MILF fetish; no one blames him for that. But, his mother-in-law was a perfect bodied, slutty MILF who was out to get him. I hoped I didn't ruin his marriage.

And Jenny. Poor Jenny. She was such a lovely, sweet woman. After meeting her mom, it was understandable why she had so many

issues. But she was so nice, and a great friend. The fact that I may have ruined her marriage tore me up inside.

I couldn't sleep. The guilt was tearing me up inside. There was no other choice. I had to know. I had to know if Matt was able to withstand the force of nature that is his mother-in-law.

It was around midnight. Jenny was asleep in my guest room. I quickly get dressed in jeans and a t-shirt. I sneak into the guest room. Gosh, Jenny has a smile on her face. She was sleeping a contented sleep. I tiptoed over and grabbed her keys off the side table. I snuck out of the room without her even moving. I walked out to my car and got in. I pulled out and start to drive.

I knew where Matt and Jenny lived, so it was a pretty short trip. All the lights were out, which was a good sign. I shut my car door quietly, and headed towards the front door. I unlocked the door quietly and stepped in, hoping the neighbors didn't see. I kept still and listened for any signs of life. I started to hear a constant creaking coming from above. Oh no. I was in a daze as I stepped up the stairs. The creaking was getting louder. I stepped up to a door and heard the creaking coming from behind it. I couldn't just burst in. I realized the bathroom next to this room might connect to it, so I opened it quietly and stepped in. The creaking got louder, and I realized there was an open door on the other side of the bathroom, leading to the bedroom. I tiptoed over, preparing for the worst. I turned and looked in.

With the room lit by moonlight, I was able to see everything in disgusting clarity. I saw Gina, that total bitch, covered with sweat, bouncing on her son-in-law's dick, which was buried deep in her ass. I stumbled back in shock. My legs collapsed under me, and I fell to a sitting position on the toilet. I sat on the closed lid, and realized I was surrounded by blackness, with no danger of being seen.

Unbelievable. That arrogant, evil bitch was right. She said she would do it, and she did. Bitch. How could she? How could she do this to her daughter? Although looking at that huge dick buried in her ass, I couldn't say I blamed her. I couldn't blame him either. Bitch or not, this woman was hot. His hands were constantly squeezing her massive breasts, which could be seen even from behind her. Bitch. What did this bitch do to deserve those massive breasts, that perfect ass, that smooth creamy skin? Why does she get all the luck?

As much as I hate to admit it, watching this scene was hot. I originally thought I was watching an unbelievable betrayal, the end of a marriage. But I realized that's not what this is. This was a master class in fucking. I was watching a true master at work. Like watching Da Vinci paint. Or Mozart compose. I was watching Gina fuck. Maybe I could learn something.

The ass fucking lasted for several more minutes. I had never considered anal as a viable sex option. I thought it was a thing only done in porno. But Gina was making it look amazing. Maybe I might try it someday. She moaned out loud as she came, but Matt didn't as he continued burying his huge dick in her tight ass. As her orgasm

passed, Gina lifted herself off. She immediately twirled around and buried his dick down her throat, deep-throating him.

Unbelievable. This bitch did ass-to-mouth. That was disgusting. But she sucked his dick with relish. She kept sucking and sucking until finally, Matt's balls tightened up and he came into her waiting mouth with only his dickhead inside of it. His large amount of semen collected in her mouth as she swallowed gulp after gulp until she finally pulled her mouth away. I realized what she did, sucking a dick after having it in her ass, was not about pleasure. She got nothing out of it. It was about fearlessness. It was about power. There is nothing he could do to faze her. This bitch was good.

I thought it was over, as Matt looked exhausted. But Gina leaned down and surrounded his softening dick in her fleshy tits. I thought she was fighting a losing battle, because she was at it for twenty minutes, and even though I couldn't see his dick, he barely moved. Suddenly, he pushed her away, revealing his once again rock hard erection. Unbelievable. She bent over, her ass pointed straight at me. He got behind her, and pushed his dick into her tight pussy. He put his hands on her hips and started pounding away. Even though he was in the power position, I could tell she was still in control. As the fucking became more frantic, he leaned down and started squeezing her tits. He associated her tits with his pleasure. He needed to squeeze them to fully take pleasure in her body. Finally, he came, humping her hard, releasing his seed in her assuredly tight pussy. He fell onto his back, exhausted.

Again, I thought it was over. I watched as she lied next to him, and pushed her turgid nipple into his mouth. He started to suck. I couldn't tell if he was asleep or not. I just watched him suck on her nipple for what seemed like hours. She held his head against her breast, and rubbed his hair, in almost a maternal way. This woman was brilliant. She utilized her breasts in every way possible to pleasure him. She was truly talented. Finally, Matt started to show signs of life. He started to stir, and started to growl like an animal. He savagely started to chew and bite on her sweaty breasts and he pushed her around onto her back. He got between her legs. I watched his ass flex as I started to watch him pound away at his mother-in-law's pussy. I suddenly realized my hand was down my pants, rubbing my clit. I watched as Gina wrapped her legs around him. The sex was getting nastier. Getting rougher. Getting better. This was pure animal sex. These two were rutting like animals. Suddenly, Matt's dick popped out of her pussy. He growled like a wounded animal.

"Shhh, its okay son. Just stick it back in. It's okay." She whispered. I watched her soothe him like a good mother would, as he was able to get his dick back into her cunt. Their rhythm changed after that. Their hips rolled with each other, fucking at a perfect pace.

These two were fucking in a primordial rhythm, a rhythm of two animals. These two were fucking in mating rhythm. These were two animals, trying desperately to breed. Both of them started to sweat profusely as the fucking maintained its violent rhythm. His mouth continued to devour on her hard nipples.

Their relationship was clearly defined now. Her, a voracious sexual hurricane, had broken down the young man below her into the perfect slave. She had used her incredible sexual appeal and created a slave whose devotion would last for the rest of their lives. She had created him. A proverbial mother and son.

She lunged for his mouth and put her tongue right where it belonged. Right down his fucking throat. They French-kissed for what felt like hours, but was in fact only minutes.

They ground together until I watched his ass cheeks flex and I heard them both scream out in ecstasy. He came deep inside her again. I quietly came too, one of the best orgasms of my life.

As Gina held her son-in-law in her arms, he passed out for good, Gina stared over his shoulder, somehow sensing my presence. Finally she looked away, and I was able to sneak out. When I went in to that house I hated that woman for what she was doing. Leaving, after seeing her at work, my feelings about her could be summed up in one word.

Respect.

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Jenny was very bubbly and excited as I drove her back home, to where her mother and husband were. This was my second time

driving to this house this day. It felt like I had just left after watching Gina fucking the shit out of her son-in-law. This was a big moment for Jenny. This was the moment where she would find out whether she could trust her mother-in-law. She obviously couldn't but would she figure this out? Her reaction was key. We pulled into her driveway, and we walked towards the front door. As we approached, Gina opened the door. She looked radiant, wearing a tight pink blouse and jeans. She looked freshly fucked to me. (In fact, Matt and her had just taken a shower, together)

"Hey." Her mother said excitedly, holding out her arms. Jenny scanned her face then, gave her a curt hug. She saw her husband behind her mom. She walked over to him and asked:

"How did it go?"

"It went great. I missed you so much." Matt said to her, leaning down and kissing her. He looked more relaxed than I'd ever seen him. Definitely freshly fucked. She scanned around, scanning for anything amiss. She looked over at her mom, and then she started to tear up.

"Mom, I'm so sorry. For everything. I'm sorry I never trusted you." Jenny said, running into her mother's arms. They hugged tightly. Gina smirked evilly at Matt over her shoulder. It was at that moment that I lost all respect for Jenny as a woman. Her husband and mom had clearly fucked each other. It was easy to see. Yet she remained clueless. I had never realized how gullible she really was.

"Honey, I want to move closer to you guys. I want to be part of your lives." Gina said to her daughter.

"Mom, that would be great." Jenny responded.

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(Matt)

Three months had passed since that day. And life was great. My wife, Jenny, was happier than ever. She slept easy. No dreams anymore. Her and her mom were like old friends, chatting and talking all the time. I loved having Gina close by. It made things easier. It would be tough to be her sex slave if she lived hundreds of miles away.

I have never been happier than I am now. I am now the sex slave of a 46 year old woman, but the term slave was misleading. Quite frankly, I'd never felt more free. The happiest times I've had recently were when I was with Gina, serving her, doing as she pleases, fucking her. Trust me, we have no problems finding time for each other. My wife was too clueless to ever figure it out. I can't count the times I've fucked her mother while she waited patiently in the next room. I've lost so much respect for her intelligence. I still love her, don't get me wrong. But she was not my primary concern anymore.

Dr. White had told Jenny she wanted to do follow ups with both me and Gina. Jenny was fine with it, because she loves us, because she trusts us. I walked into the waiting room of Dr. White's office. The secretary looked up at me.

"You can go right in. She's waiting for you." The cute secretary told me. I smiled and nod. She's cute, but not my type. She's like 23, way too young for me. I opened the door to Dr. White's office.

Sitting on Dr. White's couch is Gina, totally nude. No matter how many times I saw it, I can never get over the sight of her hot body. She smiled. I looked over at Dr. White, waiting patiently. I closed the door. Gina looked at Dr. White.

"Okay, sweetie, it's time for your next lesson." Gina told her.

Within minutes, Gina was riding my hard cock on the couch she was just sitting on. I was nude as well, as Dr. White sat to the side, her hand up her skirt, 'taking notes'. I stared forward at Gina's tits as she rode me. I rubbed her three-month pregnant belly, just beginning to show.

"Think about this, guys. If Jenny had said nothing, had she just dealt with her issues like an adult, then her nightmares wouldn't have come true. I wouldn't be fucking you now." Gina started, then "Who am I kidding, I would have fucked you eventually anyway." We all started laughing.

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I had hoped to be able to balance my life as a sex slave with my marriage to my wife. I should have expected this to happen, for Gina's controlling side to show though. I didn't realize she was trying to make a point. She was beginning the end of my marriage.

We were fucking in my marital bed, me and Gina, of course. Gina had Dr. White sitting in the bathroom for some reason. I was getting worried because I knew that Jenny would be home soon from work. I think Gina knew what I was thinking, but I knew better than to say anything.

So, Gina and I were fucking, her back to the door as she was riding my cock as I cupped her breasts, her favorite position. I was close to cumming.

"Son, I can't believe we've gotten away with fucking for so long." She told me. "Jenny doesn't suspect a thing."

"That's because she's an idiot, mommy." I told her.

"I know, babe. Tell me you love me, son. Tell your mommy you love her." She said.

"I love you, Mommy. I love your body. I love your dirty fucking mouth. I love fucking you." I told her. There wasn't much time.

"Mommy loves you too, baby. Mommy loves you too." she told me.  
"Now make me cum. Make your mother cum"

Sure enough, I heard the door open. I looked over and saw Jenny register what she saw. Horror, shock, and disbelief passed across her face. I watched her eyes roll up into her head, and she blacked out. I tried to lean up to help her, but Gina forced me back down.

"Cum in me now! Do it!" she commanded. I couldn't disobey and I started to cum, hard. I was exhausted by the time I finished. Dr. White checked on Jenny. She then called an ambulance.

I didn't realize the extent of Gina's plan till we got to the hospital. Jenny was fine, physically. But Gina told me to lie, to tell her that I had been in the room alone when she came in and passed out. Dr. White backed up the story, telling her that she had a recurrence of a dream, this time as a hallucination. She suggested she check into a mental health institute for some tests. Jenny seemed skeptical at first but she then believed us. She trusted us. I couldn't believe what happened. Jenny had caught me fucking her mom, and we had convinced her she had dreamt it all up. When I realized how naïve Jenny truly was, I realized my love for her was fading.

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Jenny stayed in the mental health hospital for two months. They wouldn't let her leave until Dr. White gave the okay. The day she was released, no one was able to pick her up. I couldn't find time to retrieve her, so she took a cab home. I knew what she was hoping to come home to as she walked inside. She headed upstairs to our room, to face her fear. I heard her footsteps, and I knew exactly what was going through her head as she approached our room. To be able to go in our room and not see her nightmares come to life. She pushed open the door.

There, on the bed, lied three sweaty naked bodies. On me and my wife's marital bed, Dr. White's nude form bounced on my dick. I'm sure Jenny noticed the fresh tramp stamp above her perfect ass, illustrating her status now as a true slut. I was holding Dr. White's firm DD's as she rode me. I'm sure Jenny then saw her mother's nude form next to us, her belly clearly bulging in pregnancy, her hand on Dr. White's back, assisting her in making this fuck happen. Jenny blacked out again.

Dr. White committed her again. They had concluded that she could not tell fantasy from reality. She was going to be held indefinitely until she could be cleared for release. Jenny lived in the asylum, in a near catatonic state.

This time, I was not going to wait around for her. I had the divorce finalized quickly, and immediately married Gina. Word spread quickly about this unholy union. Gina wasn't afraid to be public about it. We got many confused stares when we affectionately called each other mom and son as we went out into town, on dates, and at

the movies. People were confused when they saw me, this vibrant young man, furiously making out with this slutty older woman. But there was nothing they could do. My friends disavowed me. I knew what they said. How could I leave my lovely wife for some old lady? They would never understand. My parents disowned me. But that was okay. I had a new mommy now.

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(Dr. White)

I was talking to one of my patients, a young woman. To be perfectly honest, I was hardly recognizable anymore from the woman I use to be. My hair was down in a sexy new style. I wear clothes more flattering to my hot body. I carried myself with a new attitude, something wilder. Plus, today, I was in a great mood, because I had unloaded one of my patients, Jenny, on one of my colleagues, a stupid young woman who would never be able to get through to Jenny.

I have benefited greatly from my training with Gina. Gina had taught me how to fuck, how to dominate, how to be the type of woman a man can't resist. I now had all the tools, but no practical experience. I had never stolen a man. For a second I thought about making a move on Matt, and try to steal him from Gina. But I realized I didn't want to do that. She worked hard for him. She deserved him. I respected her too much to try to take her man. I realized I had stopped paying attention to my patient.

"I don't know why, Dr. White, but I take out all my bad feelings on him. He's such a good man. He doesn't deserve it. When we're happy, it's great. Here, let me show you this picture. It's my favorite picture of us. Why can't I let myself be happy? What do I have to do to change?" the patient said. She handed me a picture. I looked down to a smiling young man. He was handsome, well-built. An ideal candidate. I was ready for this. Gina had no idea the monster she created when she trained me. My decision was made. I gave her my recommendation.

"I think I should meet your husband."

*Author's note: Most of my stories will not be this long, or quite this dark. I intend for most of my stories to have the wife blissfully unaware as her husband cheats. But the way this thing was going required for her to find out. Also, I'm not planning as of now to continue the Dr. White story, but I won't rule it out.*