

I was an Incest Fantasy Addict

Panzerfeck

Chapter 1

1

My name is Lucy and I am a 46 year old single mother, never married. I'm a short 5'2" grey eyed brunette, with quite an athletic body (I go running every day), but just enough of a handful up front and from behind.

I have a 28 year old son, who moved back home two years ago and stayed here after the divorce ending his three year long marriage also cost him his job with his ex-wife's mother's company. He never got back on his feet quite the same and now that he's trying to contend with much lower pay, we decided that he could just stay here and stop his mother from being so lonely.

It's cheaper for the both of us and leaves us with a little more in pocket. Plus, I'd do anything for him. God knows having a C-section just to have him earned me the right to keep him if I want to. And I already do pretty much anything for him but we'll get to that.

In the five years since Ed first moved in with then-girlfriend/destined to become ex-wife, Gina, life was lonely and boring. I found myself with little to no company outside of work. Being that I wasn't new to the world, yes I never gave up on trying to get myself a boyfriend, if not a genuine and un-creepy date once in a while.

It was rare to even find a man who was even interested in being a friend, which is the simple way I go about finding date and boyfriend material. But of course I was at the age beyond which everyone was already married, if not single for reasons that made me wonder. Maybe others felt the same about me, who knows, but the long and short of it was that I got stuck with vibrators instead.

As the women amongst you know, vibrators may not come with drama and dishonesty - true - but they also lack the excitement. For years that excitement was fuelled by porn and erotica. Gradually everything became "vanilla". I wasn't into anal, which is, like, 60% of all porn, and I wasn't into gay or bi or shemale stuff either. It was after I went through a depressed period, not being affected by anything at all, and losing my libido, that I happened upon some darker stuff.

And that brings us to how four years ago I started to get into taboo erotica, forbidden relations, and specifically mother and son incest sex fantasies.

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At first it began with reading the stories on Literotica. Everything I ever read or watched was on the Internet. My son's old laptop became my best friend and my social life, and my excuse for a sex life. But when I tried to find other sites like Lit, nothing else quite hit the spot!

Naturally, the way social media and the government like to scare you into thinking that somebody is always checking your search history from some dark, seedy CIA office cubical, that was the only thing that made me scared and reluctant to truly let loose with this guilty little pleasure.

I hadn't come as hard as I did with a decently written sex fantasy like I did on this site. It was new, dark, exciting. I couldn't believe that I was into this stuff, but sometimes the

way such a story will suck you in, teasing your curiosity and sometimes just building and building on chemistry and suspense, it slowly won me over. Within half a year I'd exhausted my favourite stories. I needed more. And I needed more than erotic fiction. I needed something more real, if not visual.

After getting in touch with a few of my favourite writers there I found out what their influences were and where they would go to find inspiration. Well the dam broke. It just so happened that this dirty little fantasy of mine wasn't such a secret. There were pages hidden in the annals of social media sites devoted to the filthy incest, and sometimes filled with real life instances of family who were deep into the habit (and each other).

Tumblr was an apocalyptic mushroom cloud of incest and mother on son sex. Reddit had endless groups devoted to it. More and more porn sites were starting to test the waters with their users. Incest was already by then a budding alternate niche. Granted, none of it was real, but that didn't stop it from being a lot of fun.

One of my favourite performers, for the record, has to be Rachel Steele AKA The Red MILF. We don't look alike, but we are similar. She has a bit more meat on her bones and slightly bigger tits. And I wear my hair in a ponytail most of the time, I do look younger naturally, and you're more likely to see me in black lycra leggings and a tee than silk gowns and lingerie.

I absolutely love her longer episodes; the ones where her son cums inside her when the condom breaks, so they just carry on having sex bareback in every other position to make it count. Those ones excited me the most. Because Ed was married and living the life elsewhere, it was around that point when I started to fantasise for myself, about me and him being in the same situation. Nothing fired me up quite like that, ever!

I fucked myself rigid thinking up all these different scenarios in my mind, but it was getting ridiculous. I was getting home at six, being in bed for nine, then finally falling asleep exhausted at between one and two in the morning. And yet I needed more...

I became bolder, searching Google for anything I could get my hands on, but nothing. I signed up to a porn site and it was there that I was given a link to a place called Motherless. I wasn't prepared for the sheer amount of incest floating around that website.

Within just over a year of getting into this new kink, I was a shameless incest addict, caring about nothing but mothers fucking with their sons, and I wondered; "honestly, what the fuck is my life anyway?"

I now had memberships to every major incest friendly site on the internet. I was joining groups just to read from mothers and sons who were trying to seduce each other and start sexual relationships with each other. I was a jaded whore if I sensed the slightest hint of bullshit. I needed the real thing.

I wasn't ready for the night Ed showed up on our doorstep with an overnight bag and the most tragic, defeated look on his face.

It took eight months for Ed to break out of his depression when the company kicked him like a bad habit. Mark my words, when we'd gone the polite and respectful way about trying to salvage something, I made sure that the horrid cunts feared my name. It wasn't fair. Ed's wife was cheating on him, all along, and he was the bad habit?

He was dosed up on antidepressants and sleeping pills a lot of the time, and on top of that, diazepam for his anxiety, which was the most scared I'd ever been for him in his life. I was worried however about the time he was spending at home, and often locked away in his room for hours at a time.

And apart from the looking after him, trying to keep him in good spirits, I was suffering myself from my sudden loss of privacy. Even if I had any, a lot of the time he would borrow the laptop (his anyway) and stay up all night talking to his friends online. That's what I thought anyway. Even if he watched a lot of porn, who was I to judge?

1.)I didn't realise just how relaxed I'd gotten, to the point where I failed to see what was actually going on.

2.)I totally failed to erase the browsing history, and it didn't occur to me that Ed might have seen every single dirty little secret that I thought was safe with me. That was until...

One day Ed asked me to drive him to PC World. Things were looking a bit brighter, he was getting paid again, and he wanted to buy himself a new laptop. When we were back at the house later, he brought me the old laptop and handed it over with a question that didn't have alarm bells ringing until when I was relaxed in bed and frigging off to some wholesome family inbreeding - a story about a boy trying to help his mother get pregnant after his dad's balls dried up...

'Mom, what's this Literotica site I keep seeing on your laptop?' he asked.

'What?' I asked defensively. 'Your mother likes the same stuff you boys do, you know.'

'Huh,' he shrugged, gave me one thoughtful sideways glance and then went back to his room to set up his new device.

And so that night, while I was filling myself in and getting off to the idea of this young man shooting his spunk into his mother and getting her pregnant when it hits me. The only way Ed was going to know about Literotica is if he saw the address bar pop up and he specifically saw the story title and the genre next to it.

INCEST/TABOO!!

The shame I felt - my cheeks burnt so hot that I could have turned off the bedside lamp and glowed in the dark. The only way around this was if I simply failed to ask, or to care what he saw. But what of the other sites? If he was looking for porn and finding it already in the bookmarks and search bar pop-ups, he'd have surely investigated and found nothing but incest upon incest...

And all of it mother and son incest porn!

That was the beginning of my downfall. The only thing that saved me from completely dying of embarrassment was one little fault in the way he reacted to my answer that day. He shrugged it off and said not another word, but he hadn't acted strange at all for the rest of that day either.

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I could try to just get along without a trip-up and I might have if it wasn't for those pesky slips!

You know the ones. Freudian slips. Sometimes they're just mistakes. Sometimes you don't have to be thinking of a word and you'll say something wrong. But I knew that I was slipping up and it was killing me inside, one fuckup at a time.

Through the day, if he was at home, Ed would leave his bedroom door open. He wasn't always choking the chicken,

I'm sure. That next day, which was a Saturday, he was at home, sleeping off the work week.

I let him, seeing as he could use all the rest he could get to come back from his depression. When he started moving around, I went into his room with the vacuum cleaner. I was about to kick him out so I could clean up, when I noticed a lovely aroma wafting through the air. I was no stranger to incense sticks. I used to use them too back in my stoner days.

Pleasantly surprised, I wished him a good morning and, spotting the incense stick pouring smoke up to the ceiling, I breathed in deeply and said, 'is that sandalwood?'

'I don't know,' he said, 'it had some weird novelty name like that-

I said, 'I love the smell of incest... ..'

Utterly horrified, I could afford not a grimace and not a single suspect move. I screamed and died inside as I

continued to fuss about his room, with a picture perfect smile. But I daren't look at him. I was simply aware of the last look on his face. Then he chuckled. I died inside, reaching for the power switch to the vacuum.

'Something on your mind, mom-

VRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRRR!!

Saved by the hoover...

Sadly, that was just the beginning. Twenty minutes later and the first floor was done and dusted, all but for the bathroom. I had no idea Ed had gone for a shower - Ed who now no longer locked bathroom doors at home for privacy like he used to. Because it was the middle of the day, he didn't even have the light on. So as I finished my own bedroom and headed for the bathroom to start hosing down the porcelain, I whacked open the door to head straight in. What did I find?

Not only was Ed butt naked and streaming with water like some perfume commercial porn model, he had the most absurd erection going on. By the time he could reach for a towel, which in the end I had to hand him, I'd more than just seen everything, I'd failed to take my eyes off his precious specimen. It seemed like an awfully long time.

But I'd fantasised about this boy, not that he will have known about it. And it was completely harmless, it hurt nobody. Nobody was abused in the making of that glorious orgasm, thinking about him fucking his mother deep and making her drench his balls in come. Nobody but me by self-infliction...

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Freudian slip followed slight misfortune, and vice versa, for the duration of that day and the next. It was becoming so much of a distraction that I couldn't seem to put a foot right. That ended in the literal sense when clearing out the shed for me, Ed had an accident, caused an avalanche of shit, which ended with the handlebars of his old BMX bike

swinging right into his dick and knocking the wind right out of him.

He wasn't seriously hurt but he made a huge fuss out of it, as would anybody I suppose. The size of his cock at full mast, from what I made out earlier, it would have been pretty hard to hit anything that wasn't vital.

Ed ended up on the couch, rage-quitting and leaving the shed and yard in a state of disarray. I told him to just relax and stop crying about it, fetched him a couple of painkillers and a glass of water. When I went to hand it to him, I slipped in both senses, or tripped rather.

'Here,' I said, handing him the water, with the pills in the other hand, 'let mommy make it wetter-

Suddenly, whoops, I lost my footing and everything went up in the air, dousing Ed's crotch in cold water.

LET MOMMY MAKE IT WETTER!! GEDDIT???

'Jesus Christ, mom, what has gotten into you,' he raised his voice to a despairing pitch.

'I'm sorry Ed, it was an accident,' I defensively retorted. 'I'll go get you a towel for your cock...'

'Mom, do you even hear yourself?' he shouted, gesticulating wildly. 'Do you see yourself?'

'What are you talking about?'

'You've mentioned, hinted, or casually suggested incest several times over the past two days alone. You can't put a foot right because you're always looking at my crotch since you walked in on me in the bathroom yesterday...'

'Buhh,' was my argument. 'Buhh,' and, 'Whuu,' and 'Blehh,' and finally, 'no I'm not,' and for some reason I was laughing, and so was Ed.

'Bullshit!' he yelled, trying to remain serious. 'Look, I didn't want to say anything, but it's obvious that I have to.'

'Please don't,' I cried through the laughter, knowing that he knew. I'd died of shame enough already.

'Mom, I know you're all about the incest porn, and it's flattering that it just happens to be all about the moms and the sons. Everybody enjoys a little bit of that once in a while, but not as shamelessly as you. And that's still fine, but...'

'But what?' I asked meekly.

'But you got dick on the mind and it's written all over your face,' he claimed.

'I do not have dick written on my face,' I screamed. 'There are no cocks on my face whatsoever!'

To this day, neither of us remembers anything in between that statement and the moment we finally picked ourselves off the floor, having laughed ourselves unconscious. I swear!

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So what can a mother say after that? The gig was up. He knew my secrets and he had known them for months. I wondered, as I mildly continued to die of shame, what he must think of his mother, although he claimed that everybody was into it. Either I didn't buy it or I didn't want to. Maybe he was trying to save me the embarrassment but it didn't work 100%.

All the while I was still wary of his habits, and yet I didn't have the password to his laptop, so I couldn't prove anything. However if he took it so well, then maybe it was his little kink too. Maybe I'd gotten him into it, when he was borrowing my laptop all that time after he first came back. Maybe he was into it all along, and therefore a lot more casual about it than I was. I did wonder.

On Monday morning I went out for my early run, decked out in my compression tights as usual. I hit the backstreets of the suburbs. Smoother roads there. The bicycle path and park were filling up a lot more with runners and stragglers lately. I never felt safe around people at around 6am, even if they did appear to be doing the same as me. Plus, half the attraction of running to me was leaving people behind. I didn't want the attention or the competition.

I got back home at quarter to seven, crept in so that I didn't wake Ed, kicked off my trainers and headed back to my bedroom for a fresh change of clothes. I was most of the way there when I noticed that Ed's bedroom door was open. Even if he'd been to the bathroom in my absence, he would usually close it behind him again, so I was left wondering.

I don't know why I crept, I really had no reason to. I crept up to his door and quickly peeked in. Ed's bed faced away from the door, so he couldn't see me. Thank God, because once I caught an eyeful of him masturbating that glorious cock, with one lube-drenched hand, my knees nearly buckled underneath me.

I couldn't turn away. I touched myself. I had an instant case of lady-wood, and I was tingling, throbbing, getting hot and slippery in the place I once pushed him from all those years ago. What the hell was with me? Did I have no shame?

I heard him moan, his hand working slickly, working the foreskin back and polishing his pink fireman's helmet. God, just imagine this was one of my stories. I walk in on him masturbating and sit at the side of his bed...

'Don't stop,' I tell him, 'please...'

My son slowly works back up to that same passionate rhythm, but the lube in his hand is getting all used up. So I take the bottle and I flip the cap, look him in the eye and say, 'here... let mommy make it wetter!'

In my mind, as I watch Ed masterfully working his slippery, thickly-veined, muscular pole - as my mouth runs dry because all moisture is now headed to the deep south - it's my hand working him over, and pretty soon after that, my mouth is going to make up for the fact that there is no lube left I that little plastic bottle.

I watch him drizzle some more over himself, and then he's smearing it in, and he's back at it, moaning and massaging himself and calling out...

'Ohhhhh fuck, mom, that's amazing!'

My heart stammers, then like the hind legs of a jack rabbit, it hammers and my adrenaline kicks in. As I'm standing right over him, fantasising about what I could be doing with my son and that cock right now, at the very same time he's fantasising about me and has no idea.

The grin on my face stretches painfully wide. I cover my mouth and back up into reverse, unintentionally bumping ass-backwardly into the wall. I turn then and hightail it on silent footsteps. And fuck it, if he finds out I'm home already, as I go turn on the shower, tough shit - payback's a bitch.

I head to the bedroom and get my work clothes, then to the bathroom and lock the door, deliberately, because I don't

want him walking in on me and seeing my hand down my tights as I fuck myself silly to the thought of his slick, lubed hard-on filling me deep and making me cry his name.

Ten minutes, he still hears me cry his name. Just as luck would have it, he calls back, sounding concerned and thinking that I've hurt myself and that I'm crying for help. In actual fact, I'm just a writhing orgasmic mess on the floor of the shower, deep cleaning my clit with the shampoo and a frenzied hand.

'You're hearing things,' I shout. 'I'm fine, go away!'

Chapter 2

1

That evening is the time we decide, off the cuff, to have that talk. Ed tells me he wants to talk while we're eating, but I put him off, not thinking anything about it. He tries again when we're in front of the television. Now I have nothing to fill my mouth, to act as the perfect distraction...

And I am very aware of the innuendoes you can all come up with off the back of that last statement!

Ed turns down the volume and says that he wants us both to be open and honest with each other, and that if anything feels embarrassing, then it won't be after we've gotten it off our chests. I'm apprehensive to say the least, but he's my baby boy at the end of the day and I do trust him and love him.

Then he asks me if I want to go first, as in to ask the first question. About what, I ask. He tells me that we should

probably talk about my porn habits, because he's aware that they can be unhealthy if they're not kept in check.

'I'm not talking about porn habits,' I refuse somewhat guiltily, remembering that I did get off on watching my own son masturbating, while also daydreaming about helping him...

Before masturbating to the idea of what it would be like to have hot sex with him!

'Mom, we laughed it off the last time, but it's obvious you were really uncomfortable with me knowing,' Dr Phil Jr. points out.

'Well duh, maybe because it was embarrassing for my son to find out,' I say.

'Because of the nature of what you're into?' he asks.

'Well yes there's that,' I say dumbly and lower my eyes to avoid his.

'I already told you that it's fine,' Ed reassures me. 'I like that stuff too if it makes you feel better...'

And there we have it, ladies and gents. Ed says it like it is. That explains everything.

'So that's why you were masturbating and moaning my name this morning,' I say defiantly, as though I've just solved the crime of the century - me, the worst hypocrite of all.

'You were there!' he calls me out, growing suddenly animated in his insinuation.

'I was there, you sick puppy, how could you?'

'I'm not ashamed, mom, you're very attractive,' he says. The little shit. 'Besides,' he adds, 'what's your excuse?'

He's not getting away with this. It's slipping through my fingers. I'm a dental hygienist not a fucking lawyer and it's all going terribly wrong already. 'I told you, Ed, I didn't want this discussion.'

'You like fantasising about sons and their moms, big deal,' he says. 'Do you fantasise about us?'

'I...' DON'T SAY IT!! 'I...' NOOOOOO!!

I cross my arms and tighten my lips together.

'Mom, I just admitted that I do!' He's about to lose his temper. I can't stand it when he loses his temper. It's not my responsibility.

'I have done once or twice,' I whisper ashamedly. Silence...

I storm off to the kitchen to make a drink, to do anything that gets me out of his spotlight, before he grills me lobster

red. He's followed me. I hear his voice, full of guilt and regret. 'Mom, I'm sorry, I don't want you to feel bad,' he promises. 'All I wanted was to make sure that you don't feel guilty and that you know there's nothing wrong with it. If it helps, I consent to it, okay?'

'What do you mean you consent?' I ask post-ragequit.

'I mean, if you like fantasising about us, then go for it. I'm flattered and amazed that we like the same thing...'

'Answer me one question then, Ed,' I take charge for once. 'You tell me when you got into this stuff, because I don't even remember how I did if I can be honest. I got bored and it just sort of ended up that way.'

He blows off some hot air, surveys the floor as he thinks carefully, and then gradually he makes up his mind to tell me with a "what the hell" kinda shrug. 'It was all over my laptop when I came back home. At first I was kinda shocked, like no way you could be into this stuff, and I felt bad because when I was a kid I was worried about why I used to have fantasies about my own mother...'

'That's normal for a kid,' I soften the blow.

'It's normal for everyone these days. You've seen it yourself. People all over the place are getting into it. But after a while it affected me and it excited me to think that you were affirming that it was okay. So I started to enjoy it too. When I got my own laptop I joined a few of your sites too. It's just sort of taken over everything else.'

My face must have been a sight to behold. Ed laughed and shrugged some more and said, 'well there you go, mom. We both share the same kinks. Is that so bad?'

I should have had the answer then. But I didn't see any. Was it so bad that we were wired the same way? We were blood after all. And although I did feel a weight lifted off my chest, I also felt more like something else had replaced it, and I didn't know what. My heart was lighter in weight, but heavier with a sense of grounding, or gravity, if that makes sense?

From that point on we grew a lot more relaxed around each other. But in actual fact it was way more than just relaxed. The more we joked about our filthy little secret and laughed it off, the less I worried about it. I wasn't concerned with the light flirting either because I hadn't seen Ed this happy since he got married.

He wasn't the only horny teenager around the house, but whereas I still maintained my privacy, he started "sleeping" with the door open a lot more. Notably, his slippery wet masturbation sessions started to get a little louder, a little showy. I had the feeling he was trying to show off, and to encourage me to get into it.

And as the flirting got a little more touchy and verbally suggestive - things like telling me I was hot and to "flaunt it more in those tights", while trying to assert himself more as the man of the house - all I saw was an adorable dork who wasn't afraid to show off.

That was certainly the case when one night, as I was enjoying listening to him pleasure himself, he sent me a picture of his rock hard cock, up close and in luridly erotic detail. I came just thinking about it. My son was getting into my head and I was falling for it.

The next day he asked me if I liked the message he sent. I slapped him across the arm and stormed off grinning. The next night he did the same, including a little text saying "just thinking happy thoughts of my mom..."

The next morning I caught him at it again, masturbating after I came back from my run. Again I crept to his room and peered over the headboard to see him oozing on the lube and whispering my name. And again I went into the bathroom and masturbated myself into quiet hysterics, fingering myself deeper and deeper.

And then the next week it went up a notch. Another close-up of his huge uncut cock, bathed in lube. This time he chose the racy caption: "imagine this is what I look like after sliding the whole eight inches into my mom's incestuous hot wet pussy XXX"

'THAT'S ENOUGH OUT OF YOU!!' I wailed through the wall.

Twenty minutes later, he received a pic of my used "real feel" vibrator, wet with my juices, saying: "this is what you'd look like!"

3

Another month passed and whereas the flirting had plateaued and the come-ons had somewhat subsided, I was also aware that he wasn't trying so hard. It was cute at first, I'd go so far to say, but just as he was laying off, I was more relaxed and ready to give as good as I got, forgetting the strangeness of these circumstances.

For one I decided with his consent that a little roleplay to fuck with the residents of Motherless would be a good laugh. One night I linked him my user page and invited him to start a thread with me in one of the incest groups. We

told our fake story, about how he and I got over the parental boundary and became a mother and son couple.

He started texting me, as I was writing in detail the sex we would have at home, in his mother's bed, and affirmed what I thought.

"Mom, this is too hot. I mean, literally, you know I fantasise about this and you're driving me crazy next door..."

"How crazy, baby?" I replied, then, "Show me if you dare ;-)"

Once again, to add to my file of glorious hard cocks, I was faced with the hardest one yet. My mouth watered this time. I knew very well that crossing the line was getting to be a real and dangerous thing by this point, but my god...

I knocked on his open door ten minutes later, dressed in my snug white cotton robe, giggling after seeing him jump and attempt to hide his raging boner. 'After all I've seen you

want to hide now; really?' I asked. Then I remembered my daydream from that first morning...

'Don't stop,' I pleaded. 'I came to watch.'

'Seriously?' he gawked. I nodded, strolling to the side of his bed. Heart racing, thundering, galloping, I tried my best to remain calm and cool, and sat down facing him. Ed was bare naked, lying atop his bedcovers, his thick, long tool in one greasy hand.

'In fact,' I said, spotting the bottle of lube, which was now nearly empty, 'I was thinking...' Ed gulped the largest mouthful of nothing at that moment, hanging off my every word. 'That we might enjoy a treat, if you'd be okay with it.'

'Okay with what, mom?' he said, eyes wide open. I slid the robe off one bare shoulder then and flashed him a dark smile.

'If I watch you,' I said, 'and maybe you'd like to masturbate to something real for a change?'

I untied my robe and pulled apart the lapels to affirm to my naked, horny son that indeed I was completely naked underneath. Boy did he approve. Immediately he gripped tight the base of his cock and braced himself. He nearly came there and then, which turned me on something savage.

Down to my trimmed smooth pussy I motioned the lube bottle and drizzled some over my clit, hissing between my teeth as cold met hot, and then through the groove between my thick, protruding labia.

'Like what you see?' I asked. The look in his eyes said everything. 'Mmm-hmm, so do I,' I purred and leaned in to drizzle some more lube onto the head of his cock. I flashed my eyebrows at my son then and said, 'now let's take this nice and slow!'

Masturbating that night with my son was one of the most exciting experiences in my entire life, with the exception of giving birth to him. The latter was only slightly more terrifying, the former infinitely more satisfying and devoid of the unforgettable agony.

I'll never forget the talk we had afterwards, as though we were just two ordinary people lying in the afterglow of a beautiful experiment. It felt surprisingly natural at that point, and I felt as though Ed and I understood each other more as human beings and not only as family.

Gradually I went back to the website to see what commotion had followed us. Ed left a new link, to another forum thread describing the mutual masturbation session we had and how much he loved his mother.

A year earlier I'd have been mortified, in the literal sense. Now I was giddy with excitement that we had shared this with each other and then with the world. It felt dangerous and arousing at the same time. but nothing so ordinary about sex could have ever had the same effect.

It led me to thinking, which led me to touching, which led to harder things, which I imagined whilst flicking through Ed's beautiful stiffy gallery. Numerous times over the next month we masturbated for each other. It would end in a friendly kiss. And each time that kiss was a split second longer, and a little more suggestive.

I began to try to get him to read more and to spend time away from all the sex photos and videos. They didn't always work for me, but the way I saw it, maybe it would cause him to cool off a little and to take a step back before we went any further.

I suggested one story to him, about an adopted boy coming of age that goes in search of his birth mother and ends up experiencing something called Genetic Sexual Attraction, which develops into an explicit sexual relationship, and then quickly into a May-December romance. I ended up having to explain what it was to him when he came back raving his appraisal and asking what it meant.

'Do we have this GSA?' he asked.

'No, honey, it's something between blood where the family bond is never established,' I explained.

'Then what about us? Are we just naturally attracted?'

'Maybe,' I supposed. 'Maybe also lonely and horny and kinky; but I'm still your mother,' I declared with authority. 'I'm not a living fantasy. You can't go all the way with me, understand?'

'There was actually something I wanted to talk to you about there, mom,' he then said in a hushed tone. I crossed my arms and prepared for the next bombshell.

'What is it?' I said and sighed.

'I'd really love to play with you again soon, but do things a little different...'

I was all ears. I shouldn't have been. God I was such a pushover!

'This happens once and once only,' I remember saying. Then again, I said that a lot. Who was I kidding?

Ed was all out of lube. I felt bad for him, because for what I was about to do, he'd be stroked raw by the end of that Saturday afternoon. We were on my bed this time and my legs were spread all the way open for him, my naked athletic body on show for him yet again.

At first there was silence, just expectant breathing and a quiet buzz between us as the vibrator throbbed over the hood of my clit. It was about the same size as Ed's. Funny that it should be his bright idea. For twenty long minutes I tested his patience, toying with myself quietly, playing the waiting game. Then he spoke.

'Now guide me inside you, mom,' he said as I circled my sopping cunt and began to dip shallowly into my pretty pink. 'Please, mom, just the tip...'

I'd heard that one a few million times. I wanted to laugh. I suppressed the urge and smiled wickedly at him, then licked my lips. 'You want to feel what it's like, baby?' I asked. 'Keep stroking and stay hard for me...'

Ed masturbated slowly, gently, using his dry foreskin to carefully pleasure his helmet, and as he did, I slowly began to fuck myself in front of him, sinking to the halfway mark and noting the effect it was having on my perverted son.

Shortly after I was buried in myself at the balls and coming all over this silicone toy, but trying not to lose control of myself in front of him. I didn't expect him to lean forward and to ask me to remove the vibe from my pussy. When I did, he managed to shock me yet again.

Taking the vibrator out of my hand, he put the base to his nose and inhaled, essentially smelling the scent of my arousal, getting off on my lady-lube. Then he put out his tongue and so slowly, with such deliberation, my son licked my juices straight off my rubber cock, keeping my gaze all the while.

'You little perv,' I said, absolutely stunned.

'I was wondering what your pussy tastes like, and now I know,' he said with a straight face.

'And how do I taste?'

'Delicious...'

Secretly I came again, right in front of him. I could blame that for messing with my mind, for making me do what I did to get one over on him.

'Take your hand off your cock,' I suddenly shouted. 'Right now,' I commanded when he didn't do as I told him to the first time. He looked hurt and instantly remorseful, and finally did as he was told. Before he could open his mouth to apologise, I leaned in, inhaled the scent of his pre-ejaculate, whispered, 'two can play at that game,' and proceeded to milk him with my lips and tongue, bathing him in hot saliva and pumping the come from his balls.

We were running out of boundaries to hide behind...

6

I was angry at my son, but probably more so at myself that afternoon. There was no denying that I got off on what happened, especially the thought of him tasting me, and then me tasting him to the extreme of swallowing his load. I'd lost control.

That was exactly it though. My son's seed was swimming around in my digestive tract and I was a lowdown whore. I spent the evening deleting most of my accounts, knowing that I'd gone too far this time. If the authorities ever caught wind, I don't know what would be worse, being treated as a sex predator, or having my son taken to prison.

I was distracted by a phone call. It was him. I picked up and cleared my throat to let him know I was there. He spoke uncertainly.

'Mom, it's Ed. I'm staying out tonight. I figured you could use some time alone, and so could I. We'll talk soon, but I just want you to know that I love you and I hope you can forgive me. I took it too far. I made you do what you didn't want to...'

But that wasn't true. If I didn't want to do any of this, I wouldn't have. It was the shock of the outcome and the realisation that, before you know it, you've just gone further than your mind can comprehend.

Every night I fantasised about letting him into me, about bouncing on the end of his cock, like the incestuous mother I only dreamed that I could be. What did I do all this time? I tempted chance, I pushed the envelope, and I tested the waters to see if we could make this a reality.

Now I'd lost control and scared him off, and scared myself out of my mind.

'Ed?' I said. But he was gone. Well fuck that, I thought. This wasn't some dumb soap opera. I called him back

immediately. To my surprise he actually picked up; and for that, so did the tone of his sad, dejected voice.

'Ed, I'm sorry,' I said calmly. 'I love you and I care about you and that will never change. But we need to talk about what happened and where we're going. It was a shock to the system and I'm scared of damaging us if anything. Do you understand?'

'Of course, mom. I feel the same way,' came the reply.

'You don't have to stay away tonight,' I went on, 'but if you have to, I understand. Better sooner than later though, okay?'

'I'll speak to you later,' he said and hung up.

7

Two o'clock in the morning I received a message from Ed. I didn't even want to open my eyes, thought I hadn't yet

slept a wink. I sighed heavily and rolled over, picked up my phone and there it was...

"Are you awake?"

Was I?

"Wide awake."

"I'm nearly home. Please come and talk to me when I get there X"

Well I wasn't going to dress up for him. And I wasn't going to sit in my chair like some angry, haggard old mother. And I wasn't going to open the door to him either. Instead I was stood on the porch at twenty past, in that same white cotton robe, shivering at the coolness of the night air that found its way underneath. When he came, I kissed him on the cheek, told him not to stress, and let him in.

He headed to the living room. I told him no, heading up the stairs. So he followed. And I took my time, heading into my bedroom and switching on the main light, and invited him in to sit down in my computer chair.

'I'm going to say this once, for the both of us,' I said coldly. 'The website stuff stops. And I mean the hard stuff. It went too far. It isn't right...'

'I agree,' he said soberly.

'We could get in serious trouble even just pretending, if we were caught out,' I added. Again he agreed - no fuss, nothing. 'Otherwise, I guess we have to talk about where we're headed,' I said, looking at him bleakly. 'We're out of control.'

His shoulders slumped. I felt terrible. He probably felt as bad for me as I did for him, though, and I imagined that if we were any other family, we might already be at each others' throats. But we weren't any ordinary family. I knew that now.

'Ed, all I can think about is what we both know we want to do and what I'm trying to prevent us from doing,' I said. I approached him and knelt at his feet, then took his hands in mine. 'And I'm trying to prevent it because I don't want to make a mistake that can't be fixed.'

'What do you want, mom?' he asked.

My eyes dropped wide. I looked at him with a sense of incredulity for what was about to come out of my mouth. I humoured him and myself at once when I admitted, 'oh, I want us to fuck like you wouldn't believe.'

Ed laughed and almost like a child. He looked away, red-faced and tired, but laughing with gay abandon.

'But if and/or when we go down that road, nothing will prepare us for the weird shit we're gonna feel,' I gathered. 'Do you feel me?'

'I feel you, mom,' he resolved with a sigh.

'So...' I trailed.

'So...' he followed.

'Why don't we sleep on it for now and work it out maybe tomorrow,' I suggested. And we did, together in the same bed. Ed climbed in, wearing his boxer briefs. I turned out the light, shed my robe and went to him naked, where we lay holding each other; no more words.

8

Sunday morning came with a faint buzz of a headache. On the other side of those blinds, the morning was dull and colourless, but my bed was warm, especially with the man lying next to me. As I rolled around, I found him watching me intently. I pouted my lips and went for his, where we met in a good morning smooch.

'Feel better?' I asked, smiling wanly.

'I feel a lot better, thanks mom,' Ed said with a resigned smile.

Good! That was good and I said so myself, then asked his plans for the day. He shook his head, telling me that he was here just for me, and that he wasn't going to run off again.

'Good,' I said again. 'So have you made up your mind?' He knew what I was talking about. For the sake of being thorough, I went ahead and spelled it out anyway. 'Could you handle having sex with your mother?' I prospected, searching his eyes.

His answer was that he kissed me. He kissed me and again, and then I reciprocated, responding to his taste, his smell, his sleep heat and the feel of his flesh against mine. 'Good answer,' I managed to say in between kisses, 'find out for yourself the fun way...'

We did a lot of kissing. I never expected that if I would end up having sex with my own son that there'd be a lot of

kissing. But hey, we do love each other, and kissing is addictive, and also you can't have morning sex without it.

But I was about to initiate sex with my own son. I couldn't seem to get that out of my head. The only way to do so, I knew, was to just go ahead and break the taboo.

We were kissing a long time, getting hot and heavy. I remember Ed's mouth all over my body as we whipped away the covers and made do with the heat we were generating between us. My hand would not leave the impressive tent in his boxers, but I knew that moment had to wait. It was going to be a special moment.

From my mouth to my neck and throat, from my shoulders to my tits and down my belly, he kissed me and lit me up with electrical surges of excitement all over. I looked down when he was finally at my thighs and grinned as he inhaled my musk of arousal and looked back to me for approval.

'Now taste me properly,' I told him, lifting a leg out of the way for easy access. The first lick sent a bolt of lightning through my abdomen. The second, longer and more

deliberate, caused a moan to escape my mouth, and then before I knew just how in out of my depth I really was, he continued to eat my pussy out like I was a piece of ripe, juicy fruit and I commenced to come repeatedly into his mouth.

I was trickling, dripping, burning like lava inside. He went on to stoke me and to tempt another eruption with two easy fingers, sliding in and out, fucking me so tenderly and fluidly. All the while he moved his lips and rough, slimy tongue onto the hood of my clit and snogged me into a frenzy.

The next thing I knew, my thighs were clamped around his neck and I was having a seizure, unable to control my body anymore. The lightning bolts striking me up and down were now all headed in one direction; to where his mouth connected to my sex, while his fingers beckoned me to come ever closer.

'Come up here,' I commanded and gathered myself, my senses, and my breath, as Ed came to me on his knees. No

more fucking around, I decided. I was going to prove that I could always give as good as I could get.

Seductively I peeled him out of his briefs, letting his thick, juicy cock spring free and with the talented tip of my tongue (see what you missed fuckboys), I tossed him into my mouth and enveloped the head of his cock with my thirsty lips before I went on to worship him with a mouth full of hot alkaline saliva.

As my son watched on in amazement, his very own mother wetly pumped and sucked his length into her mouth, lapped at his shaft with my long smooth tongue like a cat after its milk, and I slurped and gagged, did all of the nasty shit that women do, and looked him in the eyes with appreciation.

I withdrew and basked in the aftertaste. He was delicious and we would taste out of this world mingled together. I smiled approvingly. This was it. 'I'm ready for you,' I purred. 'Are you ready to mate with your mommy?'

And how do I describe the next forty minutes of out of this world sex with the man I brought into this world?

Sizzling, seething hot, so deep and meaningful, so dangerous, taboo and exciting; it was impossible not to fully let go from the moment I straddled him and sunk down inch by inch from his fat pink helmet-shaped glans, such a long and exquisite ride down that long and smooth, but ridged shaft, all the way down to where we touched final base together.

'You're in me,' I cooed, shivering with the incredible magnitude of such an act. 'Ed, my baby, you feel so fucking right inside me, I can't move and I'm coming,' I cried and laughed both. We kissed a while, just letting it sink in, while he stayed rigid inside me, but oh so deliciously.

For such a long time there was nothing but the ragged breathing between us as we gazed at each other, and then gradually, the incestuous beast in me pulled my strings and I was sliding slickly up and down his shaft, living for real the many fantasies I'd had about him, and some of those we shared with each other.

'Jesus fuckin' Christ, you're soaking me,' he gawked, looking down to where we joined and plunged and slid together. I knew it. I could feel it. Already I was gushing and squirting my fluids and they came out of me a shameless loud, wet sloshing as I moaned and groaned with him.

Ed turned me onto my side while I was still straddling him, shifting one leg over his shoulder for deeper access. I didn't see it coming or realise what he was doing until now face to face we were confessing our deepest loves for each other, our lips meeting. And lord above, I cannot describe how easy and deep and fast he fucked me like that. I was hopeless in his clutches now that he'd taken control. And to think that I was the one who asked him, if he could handle to have sex with me.

Every five to ten minutes consisted of us swapping control for submission, otherwise recuperating in slow sensual positions. Even then, I couldn't imagine that any other man could make love like Ed. We were spooning, my petite body wrapped up in his from behind. Even with the added cushion of my butt his beautiful cock devastated my

sloshing, slippery hot pussy. So much deep kissing, I was in heaven, just coming and coming.

I whispered hoarsely to him, 'I can't have your babies, son.' Strangely he got harder, immediately.

'I'll pull out and put a condom on,' he suggested. I grabbed his butt and kept him there, as if to say "don't you dare leave me now".

I shook my head, looking straight at him. 'No, you don't understand. I physically can't have children, so, uhh...'

'I guess that means-

'You're welcome to try your best, baby boy,' I winked, mashing myself into him, and feeling him expand inside. 'I've already had you down my throat. Now I want you to pump mom's pussy full of your come.'

My son didn't disappoint at all. He did just as I wanted, him on top, my legs around his waist and my hands cupping his beautiful butt. We were nothing but spellbound by each other, rutting, mating, breeding - call it what you like. It was so intimate, just a boy and his mother locked deep in the heat of disgusting, exhilarating, loving, illegal incestuous lovemaking. When he came closer to joining me, in coming for all we were worth, I smiled wondrously and asked, 'well, what do you think?'

His answer: he exploded deep inside me, with enough sperm to have caused me quintuplets...

Laying together, sweating, spent and happy, one he caught his breath, he turned to me and smiled like all the world was new again. 'Yeah, mom, I think I can handle us having sex from now on.'

What a waste my son had seemed. That cheating bitch, though, she played herself. He was mine now. He told me so. And ever since we've enjoyed the most satisfying sex together on top of the amazing relationship we have. God

bless this perverted world, for teaching this mother and her son to love just a little harder.

Yes, I was an incest fantasy addict. But we're keeping it real now!

THE END