

JASON & AMANDA - PASSION CH. 02

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Jason must solve the Mystery of his Mother's Assailant.

Incest/Taboo

4.59

5.2k words

Jason & Amanda -- Crimes of Passion Ch. 2

Note: This story contains non-consensual sex. Part 1 had some complications, which made this more of a grey area. Part 2 contains a rape scene. You have been forewarned.

* * * * * Cold Case

That night, as Amanda slept in bed with Jason, she dreamed.

Amanda was tied up and couldn't move.

As she regained her awareness, she realized...that it was not just a dream.

She was tied up to her bedposts. A man stood before her, wearing a ski mask in the dim light. Her window was open. She started to panic, and started to yell...

Jason nudged her awake.

"You were dreaming...and I think it was bad."

Amanda was still out of sorts as she said, "I was back in my room in the house I grew up in...and I was tied up." She looked scared.

"It's ok, I have you," Jason said as he pulled his mom in close and cuddled her.

Jason couldn't stand that someone had done this to her.

He seemed to be deep in thought. "Would it be ok if I asked you some questions about that night?"

Amanda relented. "Yes."

Jason said, "Is there anything you can remember about that day? Anything unusual? Like, where did you go? What did you do?"

"Nothing, really. It was the day after my high school graduation party, and some relatives were staying over."

"Interesting."

"Why is that interesting?"

Jason looked thoughtful, "For a crime like this to happen in your own home, while people were over...to pull that off, wouldn't that take some inside knowledge?"

"I mean...maybe...but that's impossible -- not with anyone that was in the house that night."

Jason continued, "...so, who were all the men staying in your house that night?"

"Well, it was just my cousin and my uncle that were over, besides my dad."

"Look, I'm not saying any of them did this to you, but could you humor me for a bit?"

"I suppose...but I think you're wasting your time."

"Well, you know me, when I find a bone...." Jason smiled.

Amanda finished. "...You can't let go."

* * * * *

The Investigation

I had the upper hand if any of the men that were in the house the night of the crime had anything to do with it. They all worked during the day, and since I took remote college classes, I was free to do whatever was necessary to clear them without any interference.

As for the suspects, there seemed to be two strong possibilities. Her cousin Alex and her uncle Joe. They were both over, visiting that night, and they would have both had opportunity, just by their proximity and knowledge of the environment.

As for motive, I didn't have to look far to consider a very simple one.

Amanda was one of the hottest women walking the planet as far as I'm concerned, and I could barely imagine what sexual magnitude she must have oozed with when she was 18 years old and dressing, as she said in her diary, like a slut.

I loved my Mom, and I needed to solve this crime to give her closure so she could take some of her power back.

I decided to start with Amanda's cousin Alex. Then her Uncle Joe. Since I knew where they lived and what to expect, it was pretty easy going sneaking inside and digging through their stuff.

It wasn't totally conclusive, but I had come up empty. Still, my gut told me I wasn't wrong. I had to be missing something.

Then it dawned on me. I hadn't actually finished investigating all the suspects.

Technically, her father, Tony, had been there that night. He was always there, so that made him less of a suspect, but I had to be thorough after all.

Tony was a big and kind man. He always seemed so youthful, even now in his mid-to-late 50s. I had always liked my grandfather. So you can imagine I was not feeling great about sneaking into his house while he was away at work.

His wife had passed away some years before, so I knew the place was empty.

I used the key he had hidden under a vase in the back. They had a large and very expensive house. They had really done well, I thought, as I crept through, pausing to examine Amanda's old room.

It was huge. On one side, it had a large double closet with ventilation slats on the front. As though that wasn't enough for one room, another similarly sized closet existed on the perpendicular wall.

The family she grew up with was definitely rich. Too bad my mom and I didn't see any of the spoils.

The room next to hers was the master suite -- the one her father still slept in -- where I intended to spend most of my time digging.

I explored every nook and cranny of that massive room. Almost immediately, I found a massive safe behind a large framed picture near the bed. Whatever was of value would most likely be in there..., and there was no way I was getting in.

On the off chance there could be something else, and perhaps out of desperation before the trail went cold, I continued to look around.

My search finally proved fruitful in the unlikelyst of places.

As I investigated the closet, I accidentally knocked an old worn shoebox full of nicknacks to the floor. The closet was dark, so I used the flashlight feature on my phone to pick up the pieces.

As I put everything back in the box, I noticed the slightest edge of a line going up the backside of the closet.

I examined the closet further, and -- I'll be damned -- if there wasn't a secret doorway hidden there! The handle was easy to find once you knew it was there. I swung it open, and I bet you can guess where it went.

I stood inside one of the large closets in Amanda's room.

From my vantage point, I could easily imagine the clear view my grandpa had watching her change or maybe even watching her masturbating on her bed. I couldn't know for sure if he was involved in her rape, but it seemed more than probable.

I was disgusted with her father if he put her through all this, but a part of me understood the animalistic urges that he must have had. He was quite likely my father, after all.

I could understand how she must have been incredibly tempting with the way she looked and dressed. But he had gone far across the line, and I had to think of a way to make him pay.

The most obvious choice would be to call the police. There were big problems with that option.

First, I had no evidence suggesting my grandpa had actually raped her. All I could prove was that he was a pervert.

Second, even if I could prove it, I know my mom would never want to expose what had happened. She loved her father very much and wouldn't want him to go to prison.

Another idea popped into my head.

What if we leveraged this to hit him where it hurt and also solve a problem that had been nagging me?

If I could extort a sizable chunk of money from him, I could get some recompense for my mom. Since he had millions of dollars saved up, what would a couple million be to him if it meant staying out of jail?

There was just one problem with my plan. I actually didn't know for sure that he was the one who committed this crime, and I certainly had no evidence.

That's when I concocted a scheme. I would just have to get Amanda to go along with it. If I was right, we would be living on "easy street" together.

* * * * * The Plan

I walked Amanda through everything I discovered. She was shocked, to say the least.

She was certain that I was wrong but wavered a bit when she learned about the secret closet viewing station where her father most likely masturbated, watching her.

We agreed to go through with my plan, but if we needed to, we could pull the plug.

Amanda set everything up by placing a call and planning a night for us to stay over and visit.

That same weekend we arrived at my grandfather's house, unpacked our stuff, and set off to our respective rooms. Amanda stayed in her old room, of course, and I had one of the guest suites, which was quite lavish.

That evening, we had a great home-cooked meal, hanging out together and laughing with my grandfather, Tony. He was always fun to be around, and I would have never thought in a million years that he would be capable of something like I suspected if it weren't for that secret closet door.

Amanda did her part well. She was dressed over-the-top sexy. Her short silky skirt hugged her butt, and when she bent over to pick up a dish or get something for the table, it was easy to catch a glimpse of her panties and her insanely sexy butt.

That night, I snuck out of the guest room and waited in Amanda's closet. Not the closet that had the secret passage, of course, but the other one that allowed me a view of the room as well as of the other closet.

I turned on my video recorder and sat back in my chair, waiting to see if he took the bait.

Amanda did her job well. She slowly took her clothes off and pretended to check herself out in the mirror. She was naked and breathtakingly desirable. If her father was in that other closet watching, like I suspected he was, there was no way he would be able to resist what was in front of him.

Mom put on a skimpy nightgown, turned out the light, and climbed into bed.

It didn't take long to prove my theory correct. About 40 minutes later, the other closet door slowly crept open...and of course, a man in a ski mask appeared.

I felt pretty awesome sitting there, ready to burst out of the closet once the action started, just as planned. That is, until a second man entered the room, holding a gun.

Oh fuck, I thought. This is BAD. I never, in a million years, thought there was someone else involved. Worse still, having a gun in the situation had never crossed my mind. The dynamic changed dramatically. I would be lucky if we both got out of this alive.

All I could do was wait and watch in horror.

The man with the gun sat in a desk chair about eight feet from the bed. The other man stood next to the bed, quietly taking his clothes off. Judging by his height, this had to be my grandpa, Tony, as he was taller than the other men I had suspected.

His body was lean, muscular, and powerful. He had washboard abs and a tuft of slightly graying hair on his chest. He reminded me of a silverback gorilla staking out its claim.

He started stroking his cock as he watched my mother sleep.

My god, it was huge, as were his balls. I guess that's where I got it from.

Tony said in a deep gravelly voice that sounded quite different from his usually kind tone, "Get up bitch."

My mom turned and looked at him and then saw the other man in the chair.

Shock crossed her face as the man pointed the gun at her and said, "Do everything we say, and we'll let you live."

She must have calculated the same odds I had.

If I were to come out of that closet, which was in view of the man holding the gun, there was a good chance he would shoot me, if only out of sheer surprise. Not to mention the risk to my mom, having a loaded gun pointed at her by who knows!?

She or I could try to speak up and put a stop to this since we knew one of the men was Tony, but who was the other man? Would he start shooting if things went south?

It came down to this: It was better not to say anything for now.

We were fucked. All I could do was continue to watch.

Tony said, "Crawl to me over here bitch."

Amanda looked from one masked man to the other and saw no other recourse.

She climbed out of the covers and crawled to him, where he stood at the edge of the bed.

She wore that tiny, sexy nighty, and I could see now that wasn't helping the situation. It only made her look more enticing as the bottom didn't even cover her butt as she crawled.

"You're going to suck my dick now...and you better do it right!"

Mom reluctantly took his huge cock in her mouth.

Her face and mouth looked sexy as she moved smoothly up and down, looking up at him, putting on a show.

"Lick my balls, you fucking whore."

She gobbled his balls, slurping gently with her tongue as he moaned in obvious pleasure before she continued to bob up and down on his tool with her soft lips.

"Ohhhhhh...that's it bitch. You're doing so good."

The other guy unzipped his pants to release his cock. He began stroking it as he watched.

Suddenly Tony pulled back, releasing his dick from her hot mouth.

"You almost made me cum bitch. I bet you'd like that...but you know where my cum belongs, don't you?"

She said nothing, looking up at him expectantly.

He slapped her face. "Tell me where it belongs?"

She looked at him and said, "In my pussy."

"That's right. Now turn around so I can see that ass."

Amanda turned around, exposing her panty-covered pussy and ass to him. Her nighty was already above her hips, so all he had to do was pull her panties down.

He pulled them down but left them on her, just behind her knees.

Tony leaned forward, smelling the ambrosia-like tang of her pussy. "Ohhh fuck yeah, you're so wet for me now. What a good bitch."

Tony signaled for the other guy to come over to the bed as he said, "Now you're going to suck my friend's dick, and if you're a good girl, we might let you live."

He turned Amanda at an angle so the other man could access her from the head of the bed while Tony continued from the side.

I was able to see both clearly from my vantage point.

Tony slapped Amanda's juicy butt, enjoying the sound and watching it bounce before continuing. "You have such a nice pussy. I'm going to enjoy filling it up with my cum, just like last time. You'd like that, wouldn't you?"

He slapped her ass hard as she yelped, "Yes!"

It was hard to admit, but knowing what I knew about my mother, she was terrified but also probably enjoying this. It must have been very confusing for her.

She started paying attention to the other man's healthy cock as her dad started rubbing the big purple head of his dripping dick against her entrance.

She was glistening with wetness.

"Ohhhh fuck, yeah..." He said as he entered her. "You're still so fucking tight."

She gasped and let out a whimper as he pushed deep into her cunt.

Tony grabbed her gorgeous ass with his big hands and pulled her onto his spear as he pumped into her with fervor.

She moaned and made whimpering noises as he fucked her. The only thing that quieted her down was the fact that she was sucking the other man's dick while she was getting railed.

I'm ashamed to admit it, but my dick was throbbing. I couldn't help but rub it as I watched, both angry and turned on at the same time.

Tony growled, "I'm going to give you my seed and knock you up again, but you have to cum for me first." He clearly had no way of knowing she was already pregnant with my baby.

Mom began to mewl louder as he thrust. She was going to cum.

The other guy started grunting loudly as he came into my Mother's mouth. "Ohhhh fuck, yes...drink it slut."

She swallowed his load and then tensed up as she came, a womanly roar coming from her throat. "Uhhhhhhhhgggnnn."

In a husky voice, Tony said, "Ohhhh, that's it bitch...You've earned this."

He thrust deep all the way into her and pulled her ass tight against him as he came, "Ohhhh fuck yeah...take it all bitch!"

His huge balls were tight against his dick as they pumped his enormous load into his daughter's orgasming pussy.

His thick cum poured out of her pussy onto the bed and continued to leak down her legs. It was no mystery why it had taken only that one time for Tony to impregnate his daughter.

He shot a monster load.

The other man was starting to put his clothes back on as Tony looked over his handy work.

The unknown man set the gun down on the desk so he could use both hands to dress. That provided the opening I was waiting for.

Silently I walked out of the closet towards the desk and picked up the gun. It was a nine-millimeter. I pulled the slide and heard a bullet go into the chamber.

Everybody stopped.

"Take your fucking masks off, you fucking pieces of shit."

Both men removed their masks. As I suspected, the second person was my great-uncle Joe.

He said, "Uhhhhh, hey Jason...this isn't what it looks like."

"That is the dumbest shit you could say in this situation."

Joe continued, "It was your grandpa who put me up to this. Let me tell you--"

"Shut the fuck up," I said.

Uncle Joe continued to babble, so I pistol-whipped him. He slumped to the floor, quiet at last.

I turned to Tony. "First, you're going to put your clothes on, sit over there," I pointed to the desk chair, "and then you're going to do exactly as I say."

Tony put his pants back on and sat down.

I pulled my phone from the tripod in the closet and held it up. "See this?"

He nodded.

"I've recorded everything that happened here, including right now with you taking your mask off. There's evidence on here that proves conclusively that you raped my mom 18 years ago. Do you have anything to say for yourself?"

He looked down, clearly distraught now that he had been caught. He said simply, "I did it."

At this point, Amanda was sitting on the bed with the sheets pulled around her, clearly ashamed. She couldn't look at me.

I continued, "Before I give you my instructions, I want to know why you did it. You had to have known I was your actual son, right?"

He looked sheepish as he said, "I know it was wrong. I know...and this is no excuse...If I just had a different daughter, this could all have been different. I told her to stop dressing like a slut...but she wouldn't...and she was so hot. I mean, look at her!?" He turned his head towards my beautiful mother, huddled up, crying on the bed.

I punched him in the jaw, and he went down hard.

"Listen, you fuck. She never asked to look the way she does. You could have seen it as a blessing. Instead, you fucking hurt her. I am so close to just pulling this trigger right now...."

He got on his knees; tears began to stream down his face. "I'm sorry, Jason--"

I interrupted, "You don't need to be sorry to me...you need to apologize to her," as I pointed my finger.

He turned to face my mom. She stopped crying and looked at him, her face wet with tears.

Tony said, "I'm sorry honey...I know I'm a terrible piece of shit."

I put the gun to his head. "Say the word Mom, and I'll end his life. I'll say I walked in on this scene and took the gun. It was self-defense. It will all check out as I'm sure this is Uncle Joe's gun."

Tony babbled frantically, "Please...please, baby...I didn't mean to hurt you...please." He began sobbing. "Please...just...let me live!"

I looked at her. "What do you say? We can change the plan easily, and I'll have no regrets."

Her mood shifted as she thought about it, saying, "Let me think about it."

Amanda's glare was intense as she spoke to her father. "You fucked me up pretty badly, letting me think it was me that brought all this on to myself. How dare you!?" She was suddenly ferocious with anger.

Tony winced and looked down at the ground, awaiting his judgment.

She continued, "But, there's really not a whole lot that can be done about the past...and there is one thing that came from all this...my amazing son." She smiled at me, her deep brown eyes penetrating my heart.

She had decided. "I'm going to take the money."

"OK, I said."

I handed Tony a piece of paper containing a bank account I set up for this purpose. "You're going to take that piece of shit, brother of yours, and get out of here until tomorrow so that we can pack our things. Then you're going to head over to your computer or bank, whichever is easier. Finally, you're going to transfer two million dollars into that account."

Tony looked terrified as he said, "But that's almost everything I have..."

"You're lucky I am letting you live. If you fuck about, you'll be going to prison, and I can tell you, you are going to get a lot of time for all this shit."

Tony let that sink in for a moment.

He got up, grabbed the remaining clothes they had left, and pulled Joe up. They staggered out of the room and down the hall.

Joe mumbled, "What happened!?"

Tony replied, "Shut the fuck up and just move," as he shuffled him down the hallway.

When the front door closed, and they got into Joe's car and left, I turned to Amanda.

"I'm so sorry -- I fucked that all up...Are you OK!?"

She turned to me and hugged me tightly. "You didn't fuck anything up...thank you!"

"Thank me? I misjudged this whole thing...if I had just dug a little further, I would have figured out that Joe was also--"

"Shhhhhhh," she said, putting her finger up to my lips, "let's get cleaned up."

I led her to the massive shower in the guest suite. We had packed a change of clothes and toiletries, so it made the most sense just to use the much more accommodating setup at Tony's house.

I led Amanda into the large marble shower, which had plenty of room for us both. I led her to the warm water, where I proceeded to wash her body gently and with love.

She cried off and on as we made sure all traces of her dirty family members were off of her or in her. My dick was still hungry after all it had witnessed, but now was not the time.

I caressed and cleaned every inch of Amanda's stunning body as a way of showing her how much I loved her.

* * * * *

When we got home, I checked my account. Tony didn't disappoint. We were two million dollars richer. I guess I could check that off the list.

I led Amanda to my bedroom. I thought she would want to fall asleep right away, but she had a lot on her mind.

She sat on the bed in her pajamas next to me, staring down and looking a little dejected. I was having none of it.

I lifted her chin so she was looking at me with those alluring eyes of hers.

I said, "What's wrong?"

"How can you look at me the same after what you saw tonight?"

"It wasn't your fault...none of this was."

She seemed to be struggling with what to say next until she responded, "But...you saw...you saw...I liked it. I really am a slut..." Tears welled up in her eyes and then began to flow.

"You are the way you are because of what happened to you. You never brought any of this on yourself, including when you were a young girl."

"But...I--"

"No. You didn't ask to be made this beautiful. Did you?"

"Well...no...but--"

"...and even if you dressed provocatively and liked getting attention, that doesn't mean you deserve to be raped, does it?"

Tears were streaming down her face.

"You are the most lovely person I've ever met. You could no more be bad than the world could spin in the other direction...You're my angel."

Amanda shuddered as she cried. She really had thought there was something wrong with her.

I stroked her lush hair and held her as she continued to cry, saying, "It's ok baby...it's ok. I'm here..."

After a long while, her tears subsided. I continued to reassure her with caresses.

She looked up at me, her eyes glimmering brightly, "I love you, Jason. I love you so much it hurts."

I kissed her softly and said, "I know...I truly do feel that."

Still, I could tell there was something else holding her back. "Do you want to tell me what else is on your mind?"

"I do, but...." She looked away again, her lip quivering. "But you know...I don't think...I can stop...uhhhhhmm." She struggled but ultimately continued. "I don't think I can stop liking what I like...if you know what I mean?"

She was so cute. At that moment, I fell in love with her again.

"Amanda, you don't have to stop liking what you like. You just have to know that you are truly valued and that there is nothing wrong with you as a person just because you enjoy acting a certain way sexually."

"There's not?"

"No." I looked at her sincerely, "I accept you the way you are."

"You do?" she said with a hopeful look on her face.

"Yes...and for the record, I love the way you are...if you know what I mean!?" I couldn't help but smile. I thought to myself, dear God, what did I do to deserve...this!?

"You're not just saying that to make me feel better?"

"Amanda, if you need to be a slut, you can be my slut."

With an earnest look, she said, "I'd like that."

Her eyes were shining with love as she leaned in and began to kiss me tenderly.

She said, "I feel so safe with you...and so loved. I want you to feel how I feel."

She pulled her pajamas off, spreading out on her back, exposing her splendor.

I know I'd said it so many times, but I couldn't help it as I said, "My God, you are so beautiful."

"This is all for you, baby," she said, her smile vibrant.

She reached down and grabbed my dick, which was already hard.

She whispered, "I want you inside me, honey."

I placed my throbbing erection against her moist lips, kissing her and feeling her tongue move with mine inside my mouth.

She grabbed my butt with her hands and pulled me forward, sliding me into her soft, lubricated tunnel.

Her warmth and embrace made me feel complete and fully loved.

She whispered, "I want you to use me however you want...I trust you."

I took her boob into my mouth, sucking on her nipple, which became hard instantly.

Enjoying the intimacy and in no hurry at all, I responded, "What if I want to suckle from your tits when they fill with milk?"

"Ohhhhhhhh, I'd like that," she breathed.

I said, "What if I want you to have another baby after this one?"

"That's not a hard one, silly; I was already planning on that." She giggled.

I wanted to stay inside her forever. She felt like an angel, the way her pussy milked and caressed me with love.

She wrapped her athletic legs around me and dug her nails into my back.

My balls felt so full and tense. They would need release soon, and they were conditioned at this point to get what they wanted -- to fill the dark-haired beauty underneath me with my sperm.

As if she read my mind, she said, "I don't want you to worry about me at all...I want you to cum as soon as you are ready."

I began to pump, looking down to see my cock being sucked into her delicate and sacred mound. It still was crazy to me that I got to cum inside such an exquisite vessel.

She said, "That's it, baby...give me your seed."

I felt myself getting close as my shaft pushed into my mom, feeling her cunt squeeze and milk me.

I grunted, "Ohh fuck mom... ohh fuck.. I'm cumming."

My balls exploded as I pressed deep into her, feeling her hold me tightly.

She cooed in my ear, "That's it...give mommy your cum...fill my pussy."

My cock sprayed wads of sticky cum into her insatiable pussy.

I passed out, completely drained, as my mother snuggled me, caressing my hair with her loving hands.

I drifted off as she cooed, "Shhhhhh...go to sleep. Go to sleep, my baby...."

We slept together through the rest of the early morning and awoke to a new day.

A day when Amanda could finally accept her unique self, and I could begin my new life with my most unusual mate.

* * * * * A New Beginning

With the money I extorted from my Grandfather, we were able to start a new life in a new town, far away from anyone that knew us. It wasn't much of a loss since we came from a small family, and what remained we didn't want anything to do with as a result of their violating my Mother.

Amanda and I became inseparable as we set up our new life together. Amanda joked that she was my housewife, and she acted the part. But always, she knew my favorite thing was to cum inside her, which I did every day.

I loved going places and doing things with my Mom, and since we had moved, nobody knew us.

Nobody ever second-guessed our relationship since I looked many years older than I was, and she looked years younger than she was. At best, one might have thought I was the younger of the two, but you would place us within five years of each other age-wise.

My Mother thrived on being compliant. Over time, she abdicated any power she had as a parent over to me. I was able to make our money work for us with some smart investing.

Since she was pregnant, Amanda didn't seek employment as a trainer in our new town, though she planned on it after she had the baby.

Her belly swelled as her pregnancy became more prominent. After another couple of months, her breasts became swollen as she produced milk.

During our daily love-making sessions, I soon learned the joy of breastfeeding. But that is a story for another day...