

# Incestuous Film

# Chapter One

My friend Tina had given me two tickets to a movie premier on Friday night, and I was dying to go. The only problem I didn't have a date.

My bastard husband had to go out of town, probably with his secretary. So I asked my friend Sally, but she had told me that she couldn't go either.

As I was driving back home from my Pilates class, I thought about who to ask and then it hit me, my son.

He would go with me if I asked him. I smiled thinking about my boy something had happened over the last year that had changed my entire view on mothers and sons.

About a year ago I'd started to notice Jason as more than just my son. I'd come home from the flower shop a little early, and he was out by the pool exercising.

He was doing push-ups, and he had on a tight pair of swimming trunks that left little to the imagination.

As I watched him moving up and down, the sweat glistening on his bare back, something stirred in me.

He stood after and stretched, and I watched him in awe, not being able to take my eyes away from his muscled chest and six pack abs glistening with sweat in the hot summer sun.

His tanned body was amazing, and without even realizing it I started to rub my pussy. I watched my only son then jump into the pool and swim around.

Then he got out of the pool. It was like slow motion as he exited the pool, the water cascading off of his perfectly chiseled chest. He stopped and shook his hair.

My eyes involuntarily moved lower towards his crotch area, and I gasped at the sight of his monstrous cock bulging through his swimming trunks.

My hands kept rubbing faster and faster, rubbing my pussy through my clothes until, finally, I actually had an orgasm just standing there watching my son through the glass door of our dining room.

After it had subsided, I chastised myself severely, screaming. 'That's your own fucking son, how could you do something like that!'

I hated myself for it, but I also loved the feeling of naughtiness at having done something so dirty like masturbating to my own son.

I vowed, though, to never let it happen again

Pulling into the driveway and thinking about that incident a year ago my pussy began to get wet.

I couldn't help it just knowing he was there in the house probably have dressed and remembering what had happened was simply too much for me.

I involuntarily began to rub myself sitting in the car outside. My pussy started to leak, and I took some of that sweet nectar and brought it to my lips savoring the taste.

Lost in my own masturbation, I began to rub my tits with my other hand. If it hadn't been for the loud truck going by our driveway, I probably would have masturbated right, there in the driveway of our house. As it was the noise brought me back to reality.

Once again I yelled at myself for thinking about my son. Then I got myself together went inside and asked him if he wanted to go to the premier with me.

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"Are you sure you don't mind, Jason?" Nicole asked as her son was finishing his burger.

"Of course not, mom, it sounds like fun," I said with a smile.

Truthfully I wasn't all that happy about having to spend my Friday night with my mother at a movie I probably wouldn't enjoy, but, being a loving son, I agreed.

Besides, I actually didn't have anything else going on Friday. So I pretended to be happy, for her sake.

Mom had been going through a tough time recently, and I vowed to try to help her or make her happy whenever I could.

A couple of months ago she had lost her job at the flower shop. It wasn't her fault; the store had simply closed. Competition from big retailers and the owner being too old to try and adapt forced the store into bankruptcy.

We didn't really need the money, dad made plenty with his finance business, but mom really liked working with flowers, and it gave her something to do every day.

However, that wasn't the only thing that had happened recently. She'd gotten a cancer scare too. It turned out to be nothing, but just the mere mention of the C word is enough to put anyone on edge.

My father, for all of the money he made, wasn't around very much anymore. It seemed that business for him was better than ever, but he never seemed to have time for us.

I was ok with dad not spending time with us, but I worried for mom. At a time when she needed him the most, he wasn't around for her. So, being the dutiful son, I took it upon myself to try and make her happy when I could.

Mom loved sappy romantic comedies, but she also liked to get dressed up and go out. The tickets, being an exclusive premiere, entitled her to VIP access to a small social gathering before the movie, and everyone would be in their finest attire.

This wasn't a Hollywood premiere with a red carpet or anything even close to that, but, for her, it meant a chance to look beautiful and socialize with other people, something she hadn't done as much since the flower shop closed.

At 19 years old and a sophomore at the local community college I wasn't all that thrilled about getting dressed up and then sitting through a dull romantic comedy, but I digress.

"What will I wear, mom, I don't have a tux?" I asked seriously.

"Stand up."

I did. She looked me over and frowned. "No, you wouldn't fit into your father's tux, you're much bigger than him. What are you doing this afternoon?"

I'd been sitting at the table doing homework, only wearing a pair of shorts. We'd been experiencing an Indian summer, and, even though it was late October, the weather was quite warm.

"I was going to go the gym, but I suppose it's not that important. Why?"

"Honey, you don't need the gym." She said, staring at me with a look in her eyes I don't think I had ever seen before, it was almost a hungry look. She bit her lip seductively.

"What?" I said.

"O-oh nothing," she said quickly coming back to herself and blushing a little.

"I just mean, you really have grown into quite a young man, Jason. I'm so proud of how you've always stepped up around here when I need you, and you really are in great shape."

"Thanks, mom." I smiled. I'd been working out since I was young. I played varsity football and baseball, one of the few to do that these days.

My lack of focus on one sport, and also the realization that, even though I was a decent athlete I was never going to play in the NFL or MLB, had led me to not try to get a scholarship to any school.

"You aren't so bad yourself, mom," I replied, and now it was my turn to blush.

'This is your mother, asshole!' my inner conscience screamed at me, but I couldn't deny it she did look fantastic for her age.

Hell, she looked incredible at any age. Years of Pilates and yoga had kept mom in great shape.

Her 5'1" frame contained a set of perfect D cup breasts just above a flat toned belly and perfectly shaped waist and ass.

If she were a playboy playmate, her measurements would look something like 34-24-34. Mom had lovely long brunette hair that came to the top of her back. She kept it straight in a style more fitting for a younger woman than one who's now almost 40.

I guess I'd always known mom was kind of hot, my friends always teased me about my MILF mom, but she was always just mom to me, nothing more. Until today.

Something about the way she looked at me had me looking at her like it was the first time, and I liked what I saw. 'Dammit, Jason, stop it! She's your fucking mother!' once again my conscience smacked me.

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Things had been difficult for me over the last few months, that much is definitely true. When the doctor told me she'd discovered something that looked like it could be cancer my world came to a screeching halt.

Losing my job at the flower shop was something that I could get over, but cancer, that was something that would have changed everything.

During the few days it took to get my results back, I took a good hard look at my life and what

I found was that I needed to change some things. First of all, I had allowed my husband to cheat on me for far too long. This is something that Jason never knew.

I don't even think that Charlie, my husband, knows that I've known about his infidelity for a long time.

Another thing that needed to change was my sex life. Charlie and I hadn't had much of one since he started to fuck his secretary. 'His secretary,' I thought. 'What a fucking cliché!'

So, when the biopsy came back negative, I decided to change my life. No more would I be the loving, loyal wife who allows her husband to cheat. I would find someone to fuck and get even. I just had no idea who.

I'd been hoping that maybe I could meet someone at the movie premier but now with my son in tow the chances were small. However, perhaps that wasn't such a bad thing.

Over the last few months, I had begun to see Jason in a different light. Regularly chastising myself for these wicked thoughts about my own son I simply couldn't help it. He has always treated me like a woman, I don't even think he knows he does it.

Jason does things like holding the door for me, pulls out my chair when we go out as a family, and listens to me when I am upset. Every one of these things is more than my husband does for me.

He is smart and always finds a way to make me laugh, not to mention he is hot as hell.

At 6'2" and easily 200 pounds of muscle, Jason looked almost like an underwear model.

He has his father's blonde hair but my blue eyes, but his body is what most people would notice first.

His muscled chest and washboard abs would stand out, even if he was wearing a shirt, which, at the moment, he wasn't.

Yes, my Jason had grown into quite the man. 'Get ahold of yourself, Nicole, this is your son!' I did my best, but, damn, he did look good!

Pushing these thoughts out of my mind I said, "Alright, we're going to rent you a tux, get dressed."

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So, I got dressed, and we headed down to the rental place. After explaining the situation to the clerk, she suggested that, for this occasion, we just go off the rack as there wasn't enough time to get me a fitted tux.

Mom selected a couple of different ones that looked like they fit. I don't know much about tuxedos, so whatever she picked would be okay with me.

I went into the changing room and began to undress. I put on the tux as best as I could and came out. Mom immediately laughed.

"Honey, you don't know how to put on a tux, do you?"

I smiled sheepishly, "No, I've never had to wear one, you know that."

She smiled back, "Come on, I'll show you." and she pushed me back into the changing room.

"Alright, take it off," she said.

"B-but, mom, you're in here. Go outside. I'll call you when I'm ready."

"Nonsense, I'm your mother. It's not like I haven't seen you before. Now, come on."

I did as I was told, stripping down to my briefs. I looked in the mirror and saw my mom staring at me again hungrily.

Again mom bit her lip, and I think I even caught her licking her lips, but then she shook her head and started to show me the proper way to put on a tux.

After putting it on and having me turn around a few times. She said, "Ok, next one."

"What's wrong with this one, mom?"

"Nothing, it looks great. But don't you know? Never buy the first thing you look at, always try something else."

"Okay," I said, going with her opinion. She helped me undress, and when she got my shirt off her hand lingered on my chest, and she began to rub it up and down just a little.

I don't think she even knew what she was doing, but I knew one thing... I liked it. Again my conscience yelled at me, but this time, I had a rebuttal, 'It's her that's making a move, not you.' and I couldn't argue with myself.

After what seemed like forever, but was probably only a few seconds, Mom once again shook her head and stopped, but she did look up at me and our eyes met briefly.

There was electricity in that look we gave each other. We quickly looked away.

Then mom handed me the tux and began helping me put the new one on. Finally, I was dressed, and once again she had me model it for her.

"Looks good, Jason even better than the first one. This is the one. Now let me help you out of it. You don't want to damage it before the big night."

Again she helped me out of my tux, but, this time, there was a problem, a big issue in the form of my huge cock. I couldn't help it, everything that had transpired over the last few minutes had my dick rock hard.

When we got to my pants, there was no hiding it, so I just allowed her to continue as if it wasn't there. Of course, her eyes went wide as the tuxedo pants slipped down my leg.

My cock was bulging through my underwear. She helped me out of the pants, and, as her hands moved up to the shirt, she brushed the outside of my underwear, touching my engorged cock.

Neither one of us spoke the entire time, both of us trying not to acknowledge the enormous elephant in the room.

Eventually, I was back down to just my underwear, and mom carefully hung up the tux.

"Alright, I'm going to pay the clerk. I... ah... can buy you some time if you need to take care of that, honey." She said, pointing down at my cock.

I didn't say anything, just looked at her again. I realized at that moment that I would never look at mom the same way again. No matter what happened, this little experience would always be between us.

"No, that's ok, mom, I'll be dressed in a minute." She left the dressing room, and I quickly got dressed again.

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'Oh, my God! What the hell just happened?' I thought to myself as I walked back up front to pay for the tux. I couldn't

believe what had just occurred in the dressing room with Jason.

I hadn't been able to help myself. The mere fact that I hadn't had sex in months and the closeness that I've always shared with Jason must have led to this, I decided.

Immediately I felt guilty for everything that just happened, but there was a part of me that didn't, not at all, and my pussy responded.

Trying to be normal, I went up to the clerk and purchased the rental tux. Soon Jason came out of the dressing room, and we went home.

The car ride home was silent, both of us in our own thoughts. As horny as I was, I chastised myself for allowing things to go as far as they did. He's my son and I'm married, there simply is no way anything could be allowed to happen, and I was determined that nothing would.

The next few days were strange at our house. We saw little of my husband, which is not that unusual. Jason and I both tried to avoid each other.

Each of us not wanting to admit the attraction that we felt because we both knew it was wrong on so many levels. The only time I slipped was on Thursday the night before the movie.

I had come home late from the gym and a few drinks with friends. I was tired and wanted nothing more than a hot bath and my bed.

Coming up the stairs I heard the shower running, I knew it was Jason as Charlie had already left for his business trip.

I had to pass the bathroom on my way to my bedroom. As I did, I noticed that the door was open. I actually tried to make

myself not look, but it was like I had no control of myself. Passing the bathroom, I peered inside.

We have a glass shower that doesn't hide a whole lot.

Inside was my beautiful boy, naked and wet. As I looked, I self-conscientiously began to rub my pussy through my yoga pants. I also realized that Jason was masturbating.

He was slowly stroking his cock up and down, and his eyes were closed.

I couldn't take my eyes off his fantastic body, and his huge cock, it had to be at least 8 inches and thick too. 'God,' I thought licking my lips. 'What I wouldn't do to wrap my lips around that!'

I kept rubbing myself and repositioned my feet as I was about to pull down my pants and really give her a rubbing. As I moved

my feet, I hit my gym bag and knocked it into the hallway table.

"Hello!" Jason called out from the shower.

'Shit!' I thought, quickly ducking back from the door.

"Hey, baby!" I called out from the hallway. "Are you decent? I need to get past!"

"Ah... give me a minute, mom. When did you get home?" I heard the water stop and he exited the shower. He peered around the corner at me now.

"I just walked in the door," I said, now walking past him towards my room. He looked at me guiltily as the towel around his waist did little to hide his hard-on.

I couldn't help but look at his fantastic body just one last time.

"What do you want for dinner?" I asked, trying to make light of the situation.

"Whatever... How about Chinese?"

"That sounds great, honey. Would you mind ordering?"

"Not at all, mom, just let me finish up and get dressed."

I went to my room and closed the door. Leaning against the back of the door I sighed and closed my eyes. The image of Jason stroking his huge cock was embedded in my mind now, and I could think of nothing else.

Once again I had to get control over myself and keep telling myself, 'That's your son!'

I changed clothes, and we had a somewhat uncomfortable dinner together, neither of us saying much.

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After mom and I had eaten dinner, I went out for a bit to see some friends. Returning home, I noticed most of the lights in the house were out.

As I was going upstairs to turn in, I saw a dim light coming from the bathroom and heard a strange sound.

Walking past, I peeked in to see, and what I saw took my breath away. There was my mom, naked in the tub, masturbating. The room lit only by candlelight.

Mom's perfect tits heaving as she rubbed her smooth pussy. My cock involuntarily responded and began to rise.

Against every moral law, I continued to watch, and, without thinking about it, I reached down and started to rub my cock through my pants.

I watched her perfect body convulse as she brought herself to orgasm. Then something happened that truly changed everything for me. She said, "Oh, Jason!" as she came.

'Holy shit!' I thought, 'Mom's thinking about me!' It was all I could do to not just drop my pants and shoot my load all over the carpet. I couldn't believe what I'd just seen. Before I could even think about anything, she opened her eyes.

Quickly I ducked back out of the doorway and went into my room. I waited there for a while to see if my mom would knock on my door or acknowledge that she had seen me, but she never did.

I was afraid to jerk off in case she came to my room, so I fell asleep with a massive case of blue balls, both from earlier and now.

After class the next day I came home as quickly as I could.

I wanted to get ready for the big movie night with mom. Even though I hadn't really wanted to see the film when she first asked me, the last week had changed things, and I suddenly wanted to look my best tonight for mom.

I showered and shaved, then put on my tux with no problems now that I knew the correct way to wear it. Then I went down the hall to mom's room and knocked on the door.

"You almost ready, mom?"

"Almost!" came the reply then, "Come in here for a second, Jason!" I opened the door. Before me stood what had to be the sexiest woman I had ever seen.

Mom was wearing a black dress that would have stopped trains. Her nails and toes were painted red, and her hair was

perfect, but that was only for starters, her legs were spectacular. She turned around and asked me to zip her up.

Cautiously I approached her and, my hand shaking a little, I zipped her up, then my hand fell on her back, and I heard her let out a little gasp. Quickly moving my hand back, I yelled at myself again.

Then she turned around. "Well, what do you think?"

I had only one answer. "Stunning mom, absolutely stunning! Dad's a lucky man!"

She blushed. "Thanks, honey." She paused. "Let's not mention dad tonight, okay. Tonight's just about you and me."

I smiled, "You got it, mom. You really do look good, though."

"You're not so bad yourself" and then it was her turn to blush.

"Let's make this kind of a date. Whadda ya think? It'll be fun, just you and me on a date."

"Okay, sure, why not," I said, wondering what was happening but not really wanting to think about it too much.

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Jason was the perfect gentleman, holding his arm out to me and leading me to the car then opening the door for me. It was nice to be treated like a lady after being neglected for so long, but I couldn't shake the feeling that this was still wrong.

We arrived at the theater and went inside. Something wasn't right, though, there were far fewer people than I expected. We went over to the section that was set up for the people holding tickets for the premiere.

We soon found out why there were so few people. The girl explained to us that the movie we were supposed to see was never delivered. So many people just chose to go home.

They were planning on showing a horror movie instead, with it being the Halloween season, but assured us we could keep the tickets for when the real movie arrived.

She apologized profusely and said that we could help ourselves to hors d'oeuvres they had put out for the meet and greet.

I turned to Jason. "Well, whaddya think? We're already here. I hate scary movies, but we got all dressed up, and I really don't want to go home."

"Mom, this is your night, whatever you want to do."

'My boy, ever the gentleman.' I smiled. First of all tonight it's Nicole okay? Second, let's try and make the best of it."

We mingled with the few people that had decided to stay. I was so proud of Jason as he talked about school and his plans for the future. He really did look like a man tonight, not my baby boy.

Eventually, we were led into the theater, and only 12 people had decided to stay, so there were plenty of seats available. We chose the back row in case I really hated the movie.

I figured we could make an exit without disturbing anyone.

We sat down and waited for the film to start. The previews came on. We both laughed at one of them about a dog playing volleyball.

Soon the movie started. It only took about 5 minutes before the first big scare, and I grabbed Jason's hand without thinking about it.

He reassured me, and I smiled. Then I realized that the seats were the kind that the arm rests moved up and down. I had an idea. I lifted up mine and put Jason's arm around me.

"Is this ok, honey?" I asked, looking at him.

"It's okay, Nicole." I smiled as he used my real name but for some reason now I wanted him to call me mom. We resumed watching the movie. It wasn't long before his hand started to move up and down my arm. God, it felt good to have a man do that to me.

It had been so long since I was treated like this. I know I should have stopped it right then, but against all sound wisdom, I allowed things to continue.

He kept gently caressing my arm, sending goosebumps up my arm. I looked down and noticed that either he a bunch up or his cock was getting hard. Against all laws of nature, I made the first move.

I moved my other hand over to his leg. Just gently resting it there, not doing anything. Then his hand started to explore moving towards my breast. He hesitated then when I didn't stop him his fingers began moving under my dress towards my hard nipples.

Then the next scare happened, and we both looked at each other. The electricity we'd felt the other day in the changing room was there again, only magnified.

I don't think either one of us could stop what happened next, as we leaned in and kissed each other. At first, it was light, but as our hormones took over, the kiss turned into something more, something animal.

We both explored each other's mouth with our tongues. Jason's a good kisser.

We made out for a few minutes like teenagers at a drive-in, both of us moving our hands over each other's bodies. Finally, we broke our kiss and once again looked at each other.

"Wow!" he said.

"Wow indeed!" I repeated, smiling. I know that what we just did was wrong, but, damn it, felt so right.

"N Nicole." He started to say, but I put a finger to his lips and shushed him.

"This is a date, remember, just go with it and let's dispense with the Jason and Nicole stuff now it's mom." And I promptly kissed him again, a kiss no mother should ever give her son, but it felt so good and so right.

"I want you," I said.

"Whatta ya mean, you want me?" Jason asked, probably knowing the answer, but wanting clarification, given the fact that I am his mother.

I grabbed his crotch. "I mean, I want to fuck you! I want to feel my son's massive cock in the same pussy he came out of" and kissed him again while my hand began to rub and stroke him through his pants.

He didn't need an invitation, as his hands began to grope my tits through my dress. We kissed and fondled each other for a few more minutes. Once again I whispered in his ear.

"I want to fuck you. Now!"

He looked puzzled, then looked around. "Here?"

"I can't wait any longer, baby, this has been building for far too long! Besides, there's nobody around us."

The theater was, indeed, mostly empty. The 12 people, including us, who had decided to stay, were mostly towards the front of the place, and everyone seemed to be highly engrossed in the movie.

I gave Jason no opportunity to think about things as I reached over and began to undo his pants. I got down onto my knees and faced him.

"Stand up, baby!" I instructed. He did, and I maneuvered his pants down to his ankles exposing his massive cock to me. He sat back down. I licked my lips and immediately dove into his lap.

"Jesus mom you are fucking crazy," Jason said with a smile.

"Oh, baby you have no idea. Wait till you see what I do next." With that, I dove into his lap and began to give him the best blowjob of his life.

In all of my almost 40 years, one thing I had learned to do well was suck cock, and now my son was going to be the beneficiary of all my years of experience.

Starting with the huge mushroom tip, I licked and swallowed the little treat of pre-cum oozing out of his cock. I licked up and down the veiny shaft, loving the feeling of his warm cock on my tongue.

He truly had a magnificent cock.

I worked my way down to his huge balls, taking each into my mouth and sucking, making a popping sound as I released each ball.

The movie was too loud for anybody to notice, or, at least, that's what I hoped. The truth is I really didn't care. I was beyond horny by this point.

The fact that I was doing this to my own son, and in a public place with people nearby, had my pussy literally dripping.

Months of no sex and the immoral reality of what I was doing had reduced my inhibitions to zero. I was going to fuck my son and fuck him good, no matter the consequences.

I felt like a porn star as I continued to lick and suck his massive cock. Finally, I moved my mouth to the top, licking and swallowing his pre-cum.

Then I perched my head above his cock, opened my mouth, and impaled myself on his huge dick. The incredible feeling of his cock sliding over my tongue, hitting the back of my throat, was tremendous.

It had been a long time since I had deep throated anybody, and never with a cock the size of Jason's.

I gagged myself for at least a minute on his dick before I finally came up for air, gasping and spitting as I did. This did cause at least one person to turn around and look in our direction.

The seat provided cover for us, but they could still see Jason sitting there. Thinking quickly, he grabbed his Coke and pretended to choke on it.

Satisfied that it was just somebody who had his pop go down the wrong pipe, the man turned back to the movie.

I never once stopped sucking his cock. It was unbelievable that Jason kept a straight face for the man as I played with his balls again, massaging them with my hands as I continued my assault on his beautiful dick.

I worked my way back up his hot veiny shaft covering his cock in saliva as I worked. I licked all around the tip, slurping and sucking his massive mushroom head.

Again I opened my mouth and gagged myself on his dick, feeling his cock slide over my tongue and once again onto the back of my throat. I still had one more trick up my sleeve, and it was time to make my son feel something I guarantee he had never felt before.

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'Jesus, mom's a fucking freak!' I thought, as she deep throated me. I'd been with my share of girls but never had I had a blowjob like this one. She was a cocksucking master.

I couldn't believe it when she took my entire cock into her throat and then she left it there for what felt like an eternity. Nothing I had ever felt in my life could compare to this.

I realized if she did it again I didn't think I could keep from cumming, especially after the last week. I had almost cum at

the store, and then again yesterday when she caught me in the shower.

I had always shot massive loads, in fact, I had an ex-girlfriend who liked to watch a little porn, and she had nicknamed me Peter, after the cumshot master himself, Peter North. However, after this past week, the buildup of cum in my balls had to be massive.

After I was convinced that the man who had turned around and looked at me had returned to the movie, I relaxed again and focused on what mom was doing to me.

It took everything I had not to moan with pleasure at her worship of my cock. Then, just when I thought it couldn't get any better, she did something that had me on the verge of cumming in seconds.

Once again she perched her head above my cock and drove it into the back of her throat, the amazing feeling of my cock

deep in her throat was reason enough to cum, but then she began to almost a purr.

She made some kind of noise that caused her throat to vibrate in such a way that felt unbelievable. I couldn't help it, I let out a gasp. I said, "M-mom!"

She understood and quickly released my cock. Then she said, "I want it all over my face, baby give mommy your cum."

Wanting to please my mother, I stood up aiming my cock directly at her face and stroked just a few times, then it came like a fucking explosion. I squeezed the tip, forcing my cum to shoot with even more power than normal.

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I'd been waiting for this for a long time, I realized. I had always loved getting a facial from a guy. There's nothing like

watching the cum spew forth from the tip of an engorged penis.

This was my son, and I wanted this to be better than all of the other facials I'd ever gotten, he didn't disappoint me.

I watched as his enormous cock began to pulse, the huge mushroom tip of his dick only inches from my waiting mouth and face. Nothing could have prepared me for the force of his first blast of cum.

It struck me just above my left eye, and the ricochet went directly into my hair.

The next shot hit me directly in the right eye, causing me to close it. His third shot hit me right on the left cheek, splashing cum all over my ear and hair.

He hadn't even begun, though. The next shot was aimed at my forehead again, but it missed me and landed on the seat

behind me. Incredibly he kept pumping more and more shots of cum at me. One went right into my mouth, and I greedily swallowed that one.

The one after that hit my neck and dripped down onto my dress. 'Oh well, that dress is ruined.' I thought devilishly. Then he aimed upwards again, and most of the thick rope landed right in my hair, with a little on my forehead.

Jason was doing his best not to groan as he shot rope after rope onto my waiting face, but he still let out a few loud gasps of pleasure.

Thankfully for us, the movie had gotten loud, as on the screen the killer was now chasing the young bombshell around with a meat cleaver.

His cum finally started to diminish as he kept pumping his cock.

There was still plenty striking my face, but just not as much as a couple of seconds ago. Ultimately he finally stopped cumming, and, when it was all done, I was literally covered in cum. I felt so sexy and dirty kneeling there with cum literally dripping down my face.

I had a wicked idea. "Grab your phone, honey!" I instructed. I wanted to remember this moment for the rest of my life. He needed no further instructions as he snapped photos of me smiling and licking my lips with his cum soaking my face and hair.

When he was done, I asked to see the pictures. What I saw took my breath away. My face and hair were covered in cum. I could still barely open my right eye, and it was starting to sting a little, but I didn't care, this was incredible.

Both my eyes had cum either in them or right around them. My mascara had run down my cheeks from the depththroat, and the cum and my eyes had made them red.

My cheeks had drops of cum on them, and my nose had one drop just sort of frozen in a half drop. My hair, though, had large white beads of sticky cum all over it. There was even one drop of cum dripping from my ear and the small earring I had in it.

The dress I was wearing would forever be stained, as his cumming had diminished the drops hadn't quite made it to my face and landed on the front of my dress.

Also, the huge shot that hit my neck, most of that had landed on my dress, and some had even leaked down onto my bare breasts underneath. I could also see in the picture the cum that had landed on the seat was now dripping down towards the floor.

This was absolutely fantastic to see myself covered in his cum, I felt so sexy and naughty. My inhibitions were completely gone, because instead of trying to clean myself up I stood up and unzipped my dress, stepped out of my pumps and removed my dress.

'Fuck it!' I thought. I'd worry about my dress later. I now stood in front of my son completely naked with my face and neck still dripping cum.

I climbed into my seat and put my bare feet up on the chair in front of us and started to play with my pussy. My face still plastered with my son's cum. I said.

"Honey, I know you're only 19, but have you ever eaten pussy before?" I asked, as my fingers began to rub the outside of my now very wet pussy.

It took him a second, as he was still recovering from his own massive orgasm, but instead of responding to me he kicked off his own shoes and socks, removed his pants from around his ankles, and got down on his own knees and started to lick my pussy.

He started by licking all around my lips, taking his time lapping up the juices flowing from my bare cunt. I had kept my pussy shaved since I was his age, loving the image of my naked pussy on display to the men who got to fuck me.

Jason continued to slowly lick around my pussy until his tongue eventually found its way inside my cunt. He used his fingers as well, working them in and out in a teasing manner.

"Oh god, baby, that's so good!" I said.

Smiling, he began to work both his tongue and fingers faster, using a technique that I wouldn't have thought possible for a boy his age.

The pure incestuous nature of what we were doing and his apparently expert ability to eat pussy had me wanting to scream. I looked around and grabbed his pants lying on the seat next to me and removed his underwear. I stuffed them in my mouth to stifle my cries of pleasure.

The aroma of his pre-cum on the inside of them smelled wonderful. I was still making muffled sounds as my orgasm built. Remembering that I squirt, I said. "Jason, honey, you better take off your shirt or that tux will be ruined!"

He stopped his massaging of my pussy and unbuttoned his shirt, then he removed his t-shirt, and now he too was completely naked.

I kept rubbing my pussy as he stripped, and the sight of his magnificent muscled chest had me moving my fingers faster and faster. He then resumed his work on my cunt with new intensity.

Working his fingers in and out, his tongue curling and touching that special spot every woman has. Soon I felt my orgasm coming.

"Get ready, baby!" I cried, spitting out the underwear and rubbing my tits. The force of my orgasm struck him almost as hard as his cum had hit my face.

He stopped opening his mouth and drinking the nectar from my pussy as it hit his face dead on. My cum splattered all over his face and neck, dripping down his smooth chest onto his hardening cock.

The sheer force of the squirt was so powerful some of it went over his head and landed on the seat in front of us. Nobody was sitting there, of course.

I had a sudden wicked thought that whoever would be cleaning the theater tonight would be in for one hell of a surprise, cum from both of us was now dripping from the middle seats of both the back two rows.

My orgasm continued for another minute or so. I closed my eyes and allowed the waves of pleasure to overtake my body.

My breathing was heavy now, and I probably had cried out in pleasure.

Once again the movie saved us from being discovered, as the soundtrack had risen again with the on-screen killer's presence. I didn't care at this point, this was the single greatest sexual experience I'd ever had, and it wasn't over yet.

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"Mom, you're so fucking sexy!" I said and moved in to kiss her. I didn't care that her face was still covered in my cum as I gave her another hard and long kiss, our mouths once again interlocking with each other as if they were made to fit.

I kissed her long and hard as her orgasm subsided, one hand on her fantastic D cup tits and the other stroking my cock. I whispered to her.

"You are the sexiest woman I have ever met, mom, and I need to fuck you... Now!"

She smiled and licked my lip with her tongue.

"Bring it, baby."

"Get up on the seat, on all fours, mom." She did so her sexy ass and legs and feet now on full display for me.

"That's perfect!" I said, stroking my cock while lifting up another armrest so I too could maneuver myself up onto the seat.

I placed one bare foot on the cold theater floor with my left knee up on the seat. Then I slowly entered her dripping pussy.

She moaned. "Oh fuck, Oh Jesus!" as my huge cock slowly penetrated her. I couldn't believe it, she was tighter than some of the girls my age I'd fucked.

I would soon find out that she had another trick up her sleeve that would make it feel even tighter.

I saw her grab my underwear again and stuff them into her mouth to try and keep from moaning even louder. I kept pushing my cock in further and further until with one final massive thrust I found the bottom.

I heard her cry out a muffled scream as my cock found the back of her pussy. Even with her mouth full, it was loud. I looked around, and, miraculously, nobody seemed to notice, apparently engrossed in the movie.

I smiled a little realizing that if anybody had turned around, they would see a very naked man pounding a very naked woman on top of the theater seats.

I began to slowly move in and out, never fully coming out of her pussy, just bringing the tip to the edge then plunging back in as hard and fast as I could.

\*\*\*\*\*

Shit, I had never in my life felt so full. His massive cock split my pussy like nothing I had ever felt before. I realized that my own son was now the biggest cock that I had ever taken.

At first, it hurt just a little, but my experienced pussy knew how to take a cock, and soon as he found his rhythm I began to really enjoy the pounding he was giving me.

He kept increasing his speed and force while I pushed back on him, this was incredibly intense as we both forced his huge cock in and out of my wanting pussy.

Soon we were making unmistakable smacking sounds as our naked bodies collided with each other. Our luck had run out,

though, as a man who was about 4 rows in front and on the left of us turned around and saw us.

He looked me dead in the eyes, then looked back at the movie. Then he turned and looked at us again. I winked at him and licked my lips seductively.

He quickly turned back to the film but kept looking back at us. I think that he eventually started to jerk off. We had turned the theater into a porn theater, I thought wickedly.

The incredible feeling of Jason's dried cum all over my body and his huge cock penetrating was so much that I wouldn't have cared if the police had come in and shined a light on us.

We were both going to cum again, even if it was the last thing we did.

Jason kept fucking me doggy style for another 15 minutes or so before I pulled my trick on him. Years of kegel exercises had made my pussy like a steel trap.

As he slowed a bit, I squeezed and locked his massive cock in my pussy.

"Oh fuck, mom!" he cried out loudly without even thinking. I smiled, I knew the effect that had on men, and my boy was no different.

He kept trying to push his cock in, but my tight pussy muscles pushed back against him creating a feeling of such intense pleasure for both of us.

I relaxed my muscles and allowed him to fuck me harder. He kept plowing into my pussy even harder and the smacking sounds got even louder.

I lost all abandon now and started to cry out.

"That's it, baby, fuck mommy good!" Not caring about who could hear me or the repercussions if they did.

My moans of pleasure grew until I was screaming with pleasure while his huge cock continued to fill my pussy.

"Fuck, that's so good, Jason! Slap mommy's ass!" And he did, hard. The smacking sound was loud enough to alert almost everyone in the theater now, but I didn't care, I loved it.

This was the single dirtiest thing I had ever done, and I didn't want this feeling to ever stop.

He smacked me again, then pulled my cum soaked hair back and brought my lips to his.

We kissed while he slammed my cunt even harder. Then he whispered into my ear.

"You are the sexiest bitch on the planet, mom, I fucking love you."

I smiled and reached back and pinched his nipple. "You better give me a gallon of cum up my pussy, you sexy stud!"

Then I cried out. "I'M FUCKING MY SON" loudly.

Loving the nasty forbidden ramifications of what I had just done. I think I even heard someone say "Oh my God."

He kept plowing into me for another minute or two, my orgasm was coming, I could feel it if he could hold out just a little longer.

"Oh god, mom, I can feel it coming!"

"Try to hold out, baby. I'm almost there!" he kept fucking me as I kept squeezing and, after another couple of minutes, I said.

"Come on, baby, give it to me! Give mommy your hot cum!  
We'll both cum together!"

Neither of us cared at that moment that most of the patrons had now begun to turn around. All we cared about was each other and the incredible pleasure that awaited us.

I looked over and noticed another man and woman looking at me.

"Come on son give me that hard cock, fuck me harder like a good boy." I licked my lips at them as the force of Jasons fucking caused me to move back and forward.

Finally, we were both ready.

We both cried out loudly as our mutual climaxes happened only seconds apart.

"Oh fuck, mom, I'm cumming!" Jason cried out, as I felt spurt after spurt of hot sticky incestuous cum coat my pussy.

Seconds later it was my turn to cum, as he was still blasting my inner pussy with sperm.

"Oh, fuck, baby, I-I'm cumming!" I screamed, as the most intense orgasm of my life hit me.

Wave after wave of pleasure washed over me as I climaxed and squirted, all the while Jason was sending blasts of cum into my pussy. The feeling was beyond incredible.

Our mutual orgasms were simply too much for my pussy to hold and the mixture began to leak out my pussy down onto the seat below. Jason kept slowly fucking me as our orgasms finally slowed and then stopped.

"Oh my god!" I said breathlessly, as he bent down and kissed me, brushing my sweaty cum filled hair away from my face.

We kissed like that for a while, his naked ass bent over my naked body, kissing and tonguing me furiously.

We weren't done by a long shot. However, people had begun to notice now. I saw one woman grab her husband and walk past us with a dirty look.

I sat my naked ass back on the seat and tried to catch my breath, wanting this feeling of complete lecherousness to never end.

I was covered in my son's cum from head to toe, I was completely naked, my face looked like I'd been crying, it was all red and puffy, and I had incestuous cum leaking from my pussy.

The feeling of complete randiness was incredible, but logic set in and I said, "Baby, we gotta go." realizing that if she told someone or called the cops, we could be in a lot of trouble. As

far as I know, incest is still illegal in every state. Not to mention lewd acts in public.

I looked around the theater for a second just as the credits started to roll on the screen and people began getting up from their seats. The ones that hadn't seen or heard us would soon be in for a surprise in the back row.

I noticed an exit sign along the left side of the theater down towards the front. I could only hope that it led to the parking lot. Quickly I grabbed my ruined dress and shoes. Motioned Jason to do the same, and we began getting up from our seat, still very naked.

I didn't want to wait to see if the police had been called so I figured getting out of there was our first priority, I would worry about getting dressed in the car if we made it that far.

We ran barefoot down the ramp of the theater, and I couldn't help but blow a kiss to the man who had initially caught us

fucking. His cock was out, and I could see cum on his shirt as we ran past.

I smiled and kept moving. We made it to the exit. I paused for a second, hoping our luck hadn't run out and pushed on the bar.

It opened without any alarms going off. 'Thanks for small favors.' I thought as we ran down a small hallway to another exit door. Our luck had run out again.

This time, when I pushed the bar on the door, a huge blaring sound poured out of a lock on the door. The door did open, though, and we ran out into the cold night air.

I quickly looked around, looking for the car. I couldn't see it anywhere. It was Jason who saved the day, though.

He said. "Wait, mom, we're on the other side of the lot. Our car is around front." he grabbed my hand and pulled me to the right.

We ran barefoot and buck naked all around to the front of the building, never stopping until we got to the car.

We must have beaten the other people out of the building, because just as he was clicking the door opener, I saw people starting to exit the doors.

We jumped in and turned the car on, blasting the heater. I was still cold and naked and wet, but a part of me was scorching as well.

I opened the sun visor and looked at myself in the mirror. I smiled as I said to myself. "You fucking slut, you just fucked your own son." I also realized at that moment that we weren't done, not by a long shot.

The night was still young and I was still very horny. We also had a lot of years of catching up to do. Yes, the next few weeks and months were going to be something special indeed.

I smiled and then began to put on my dress as Jason tried to put at least part of his clothes back on.

# Chapter Two

Nicole

I'm sitting here in the car and thinking about the last 2 hours of my life. A friend had given me tickets to a movie and, having no one to go with me, I asked and took my son (Jason). Over the last year, I had begun to feel a forbidden attraction to Jason and tonight it had all come to a head.

"Jesus, Nicole. What the fuck did you just do!!?" I asked myself.

Not only had I just fucked my own son, reason enough for me to go to hell, but I just had to push the envelope by doing it in a public place.

Feeling dirtier and sexier than ever before, I had begun to yell out, "I'm fucking my son," to everybody in the movie theater. What we had done could have had serious repercussions on our futures.

It was entirely possible that somebody in that theater knew us, not to mention the fact that my son and I had risked being arrested for public indecency and incest. I am sure that some shrinks would have a field day with me over this entire scenario but at the moment, I just feel ashamed.

I just couldn't believe my own actions. Why had I allowed those things to progress so far that I would do such a thing? Well, for one thing, Jason is hot as hell!! I smiled at that thought, it really was true.

Jason is a complete stud in every way, from his fantastic body to his gigantic cock. Maybe another reason was how Jason always looked at me and treated me. He has always made me feel like a woman in a way that my husband stopped doing a long time ago.

As I looked up at the vanity mirror and saw my face plastered with dry cum, another thought occurred to me...maybe I am just a slut? I have enjoyed sex during my entire life.

Charlie and I used to fuck nearly every day...sometimes several times a day. Early on in our marriage, Charlie and I had even experimented with swingers. I know, from the satisfaction I was able to provide those lucky men, I am pretty good in bed.

It wasn't until the last few years that he actually began to stop enjoying sex. Even though I have strayed a few times during the 20 years we have been married, I considered myself a loving, loyal wife.

One of the times was with a young man who came to work at the flower shop. Staying late to help the owner, who was out of town, he and I had given in to our attraction to each other and fucked like bunnies in the back room. I'm sure my asshole of a husband has probably cheated on me, too.

Was this my way of getting revenge on Charlie for cheating on me and neglecting me? By doing something so unforgivable as to fuck our only son and broadcasting it to

people who might tell him? So, maybe I am a slut? Maybe it was more than that?

I know for a fact that several of my friends have cheated on their spouses, mostly because of neglect and loneliness, but why had I chosen my own son to cheat with? And why in public?

I also know that some women actually enjoy going to porn theaters in order to allow men to have their way with them. The feeling of making multiple men happy is a turn on for these women and makes them feel fulfilled.

Truthfully, I didn't really know why I had done those things with Jason but the tingling in my pussy told me I wanted more. Maybe I really am some kind of depraved, cum hungry slut.

If this was true, then I was going all the way, tonight! Tomorrow was another day and I would worry about the consequences then. Glancing over at Jason, I realized I wanted

to fuck him again and I wasn't waiting until we get home because waiting may change things, it might become real.

I wanted to make tonight last as long as possible and I had another really nasty idea. Looking back in the mirror at my cum-covered body, I realized there were no more maybes.

"I am a total slut!!" I said to myself.

As Jason and I started to drive away from the theater, we saw people yelling at a man who was obviously some kind of manager. I ducked down, as we passed, so they would only see my son driving our car as he pulled out onto the main road.

I didn't want the night to ever end and I had some nasty thoughts about how to keep it going. It was only 10:00 PM, the night was still young. Leaning over, I whispered in Jason's ear as my right hand began to play with his cock.

"How much cum do you think you have left in those big balls, baby boy?"

He smiled and said, "I'm 19 years old, mom, and sitting next to the hottest woman on the planet. I think I could easily manage 2 or 3 more loads today, provided I have a little time in between."

Oh fuck, I thought. It was so great being with a young man. Their stamina is unmatched.

"Good, baby, because I have a very naughty idea. Are you hungry?"

"I love to eat...", he said, while cupping my covered pussy with his hand.

"Oh, honey, you are nothing like your father. He rarely eats my pussy anymore."

I slid over as close to him as the configuration of the car would allow. Then I hiked up my dress, exposing my bare, naked pussy to him. His fingers found my dripping pussy lips and slowly worked their way into my cunt.

I reached over and unzipped his fly, exposing his rock hard cock to me. We continued like this all the way to the restaurant. Pulling into the parking lot, we somehow managed to park the car without wrecking and then we passionately made out for a few minutes.

Our tongues were exploring each other's mouths like it was our first time. He started to massage my tits through my dress, and I moved my other hand inside his shirt to caress his rippling muscles. After a few minutes, I pulled away.

"Hold on big boy, I want this to last!"

He looked a little hurt, but another quick squeeze of his cock assured him there was more waiting. I had been to this place

before, with friends. "Billy C's", it was called. Billy C's is similar to the place Mia and Vincent go to in "Pulp Fiction."

It was perfect for my needs, as they always used tablecloths and I wanted to have some under-the-table action with my son. We made our way inside. The place wasn't very crowded. While Jason got us a table, I found my way to the bathroom.

"Find a table in the back please," I said as I went.

I knew the place had a front and a back and I was hoping the back wouldn't be too crowded. The maître d' looked at me funny, no doubt wondering what was all over my face and in my hair.

"Are you ok miss?" she asked with a puzzled look on her face.

"Had an accident with ice cream," I said, smiling and looking at Jason.

She might have suspected what it really was all over my dress, face and hair but my guess is, even if she did, she quickly dismissed the idea. After all, who would come into a public place covered in cum from head to toe?

\*\*\*\*\* Jason

Watching mom tell the maître d' that my cum was ice cream made my cock instantly spring back to life. I don't know if it ever softened in the short time it took to walk inside but, at that moment, it was like a piece of steel.

Hopefully the woman wouldn't notice the huge tent protruding from my pants. The lady informed me that the back room would be closing soon and that the whole restaurant would be closing at midnight.

That left mom and me about an hour and a half to do whatever mom had planned. I looked at the maître d' and thought, she's not bad for an older woman, either. Maybe if I play my cards right. Hmmm.

"Are you sure you can't let us have a table in the back room?" I asked, using my best sexy voice and flashing a \$100 bill at her.

"Well, as long as you promise not to make us all stay late," she said, smiling back at me.

The lady had beautiful eyes and a great body.

The woman, like my mother, had dark brunette hair, a nice set of D's and, from what I could tell, a great ass. Maybe even a better ass than my mom's!

"I promise, we'll behave," I said with a wink as I handed her the bill. "Tell the waiter or waitress that there is more where that came from," I added.

"I will. If you don't mind me asking, who is that lady you are with?"

She was obviously fishing to see if I was single or not. Before I could answer, Mom returned from the lady's room and put her arm in mine.

"He's my son, and we are on a date!"

Mom smiled as I looked at her and the mischievous look in her eyes said all I needed to know about what might be coming soon. Her hair was wet and she had washed the cum off of her face.

Mom had also done her best to clean her dress but I could still see a few spots, here and there, that she couldn't get off. The thought of cum staining her dress had my dick leaking pre-cum in my pants.

I could only hope that there wasn't a wet spot coming through them. Once again the maître d' looked at mom quizzically then smiled, realizing that I might still be available. I am sure

that she didn't realize my mother was actually telling the truth about us being on a date.

"Aww, that's so sweet...a young man taking his mother out. I wish my boy would do something like that for me."

Mom looked at me with love and lust in her eyes.

"Yes, my Jason is quite a young man. Quite a man!" she corrected herself as she gave my ass a squeeze. It took all I had not to make a sound.

\*\*\*\*\* Nicole

My son and I were led to the back area of the restaurant. There was only one other couple sitting there as they were eating desert. We sat down in a booth and were given menus. We sat on opposite sides from each other.

As I looked at the menu, I also slipped off my shoes, slid down in my seat and stretched my legs over to his crotch. Slowly I massaged his cock, through his pants, with my toes. My husband hated feet however I had noticed earlier, when I was barefoot, that Jason had glanced down at my feet more than once.

Just as I was getting a rhythm going, the waitress came over. She was a cute girl, about Jason's age, and I noticed him checking her out as she walked over to our booth. Her tits were smaller than mine however I imagine it didn't matter to her.

Her blonde hair, blue eyes, and fit body were probably the object of many guys' fantasies. I increased the rubbing of Jason's cock, under the table with my bare feet, not caring if she could see or not.

If the waitress did see, she didn't let on. I ordered some appetizers for us to munch on and we both ordered a coke.

I didn't need any more "liquid courage" to fuck my son.

"Unzip your fly, baby," I said, after she left.

He obliged, releasing his monster cock from his pants. Now my sexy feet could actually start to rub him. I worked my way up and down his dick with my toes.

Somehow I managed to put the huge mushroom tip of his cock between my toes. He leaned back with ecstasy as I massaged his cock and balls with my feet. Then he grabbed my right foot with his hand, bent down, stuck his tongue out and licked my painted toes.

Because of the angle at which we were sitting, all he could do was lick my pretty feet with his tongue. I realized that, somewhere in the future, I would get a full-fledged foot worship out of him.

It was evident that Jason liked feet as much as I did. He abruptly stopped and sat up in his seat, putting a napkin in his lap as the sexy blonde waitress was returning with our drinks, a plate of mozzarella sticks, chicken wings and French fries.

Seeing and smelling the food, I put my bare feet back on the floor and also sat up in my seat. After the waitress left, we munched for a few minutes but I was hungry for something else. I dropped down onto the floor, under the table, and crawled over to Jason.

I put one hand on each knee and began to caress his muscled legs, rubbing up and down. Then I moved my hands up to his waist and began to work his pants down. He lifted his ass, allowing me to slide his pants and boxers all the way down to his ankles.

I removed his shoes and pulled his pants and boxers off entirely. Now I could once again give him the blowjob he deserved.

I started with the tip, which was now almost dripping with pre-cum, licking and swallowing the savory treat and working my way down the shaft as my tongue rolled over the veins in his enormous cock. I reached his nuts and began sucking each ball into my mouth, one at a time, then releasing it.

This created a very noticeable sucking sound but the people who were sitting back here near us were now leaving.

I continued my worship of his cock, running my tongue all the way back up to the top. Using my hands to massage and stroke his dick, I kept bobbing up and down, spitting on and rubbing his massive cock, causing Jason to moan in pleasure.

"Mom, she's coming back."

"I don't care," I said and kept up my assault on his dick.

He grabbed his overcoat and threw it onto his lap which included me. I almost laughed as the jacket landed on top of my head.

"Hi," he said to the waitress.

"Hi, how is everything?"

"Everything is g-great," he said as I kept licking and sucking his dick.

"Where is your mother, in the bathroom?" the waitress asked.

"Yes, she had to go powder her nose," Jason lied, using the oldest excuse in the book.

"My name is Becky."

"Nice t-to meet you, B-Becky. I-I'm Jason."

How he kept talking, with me swallowing his cock, is a testament to the incredible man that he is. I never let up running my tongue up and down his shaft and using my hands to jerk him the entire time he talked to her.

"So, where do you go to school?" Becky asked.

"B-Berkley," he said.

"Oh, yeah? Do you like it?" Becky asked.

"It's okay, w-where do you go?" he asked.

He kept talking to her...What did she major in? Where was she from? Did she have a boyfriend? Had he really just asked this girl if she was single while I was giving him a blowjob?

You little shit. It was time to remind him who his cock really belonged to.

I moved my head back up to the top of his dick and then impaled myself onto his cock, loving the feeling of his huge cock sliding through my teeth, over my tongue and all the way to the back of my throat.

I forced it in as far as I could, actually choking myself on his cock. Jason involuntarily moved his hand to the top of my head and pushed his cock into my mouth even further. He also let out a grunt at the same time. The unmistakable gagging and gulping sounds, of me swallowing his cock, came from under the table.

"Oh, man, are you alright?" I heard Becky ask.

"OHH-y yes, I'm fine. I think I just got a crammmp, that's all. D-do you think I could get s-some water p-p-p please?" he asked shakily.

I kept working his cock with my throat muscles by making a vibrating sound.

This is a trick I had learned years ago, it was one of my "go-to moves" and almost guaranteed to make a guy cum. However, this time, there were two problems.

One, I couldn't loudly make the sound, as I normally would, to fully create the vibration technique because of the waitress being there. And two, I had actually thoroughly gagged myself onto his cock.

Never in my life had I taken a cock this deep into my throat and, add to that, the massive size of his dick...I literally couldn't breathe. I tried to breathe a little through my nose but the simple fact was, I needed to come up for air and soon!!

"Sure, right away," Becky said.

As she left to get him his water, he removed the coat, exposing my head and his cock, again. I waited for as long as I could before lifting my head back up, his cock sliding over my tongue and out of my mouth.

"HUUUUUUUUUUUH," I let out a deafening breath.

Gasping and struggling for breath, I saw stars for a couple of seconds. My saliva was dripping from my mouth and down onto his engorged mushroom head. I spat a couple of times onto his cock as my hands stroked it.

Looking at his cock, the head looked like it was going to explode. I don't think it could have been any harder. The huge mushroom tip looked almost purple as I kept stroking it. I licked the tip, running my tongue along the hole, causing Jason to almost jump with pleasure.

\*\*\*\*\* Jason

"Jesus, mom, that was fantastic!" I said, stroking her hair.

My cock felt like it was going to burst. Never in my life had it been this hard. The feeling of that much pressure in my cock was like nothing I had ever felt.

I kept stroking her hair as she continued to tongue my balls and lick my cock. I could feel my sperm start to rise and was about to tell mom when I saw Becky coming back through the door from the kitchen.

"Mom, she's coming back."

Mom sadly released my cock from her mouth and quickly crawled up to her seat, while I covered my cock with my jacket, and wiped her mouth and face with a napkin.

"Here you go, Jason," Becky said and smiled as she handed me the water.

"Thanks, Becky," I replied, giving her a smile.

"I think this will definitely help."

"Is your leg feeling better?" Becky asked.

"Yes, thank you." If she only knew which "leg."

"Are you alright ma'am?!" Becky gasped while looking over at mom.

Mom was okay, although she didn't look it. Her eyes were bloodshot and puffy, and the new mascara she had applied in the bathroom had run down her face again.

"Yes, I'm ok, thank you. I just got a little sick in the bathroom," mom said as she smiled.

"No, not from here! We had some Hors-d'oeuvres earlier and I think something didn't agree with me. But I feel fine now, thank you," mom added upon seeing Becky's eyes widen.

"Okay, if you say so," Becky replied but not entirely convinced.

"In fact, Becky is it?" The waitress nodded, "I think we will each have dessert. What to do you think, Jason?"

Mom looked over at me and licked her lips as her foot had made its way back to my cock. I guided her lovely foot with my right hand as my left remained on the table.

"Yes, mom, that's sounds great. I would love some dessert."

"How about apple pie ala mode?" she asked Becky. She obviously knew they served that here.

"Are you sure, ma'am?" Becky asked, "I mean, you just told me you had been sick."

"Yes, I'm sure Becky. My appetite seems to have returned."

As mom said this, her other foot made its way into my lap, too. If Becky had been paying any attention, she would have noticed an unmistakable motion going on under my jacket.

"Okay, I will be right back with your desserts."

As soon as she left, I moved mom's feet and stood up, still naked from the waist, down. Moving over to mom's side, I stood in front of her seat as she moved back against the wall, her legs and feet now pointing out of the booth.

I grabbed her feet and placed both of them on my cock, my bare ass facing anyone who might walk into the room at that moment.

She began by working her right foot up my shirt, massaging my stomach with her soft foot as her left foot worked on my balls. Then she moved both of them to my cock and started stroking it with her soft soles.

Watching her painted toes and delicate soles move up and down on my cock was like something out of a dream. I don't know why but I have always liked feet.

I guess everyone has their fetishes. My fetish was feet and mom had some of the sexiest feet and legs I had ever seen. She obviously moisturized them daily because they felt like velvet on my cock.

Her perfectly manicured toenails were painted a dark red to match her fingernails and dress. I loved watching the wrinkles in her soles maneuver around on my massive dick as she worked them back and forth.

"Oh fuck, mom! That feels so good!"

She continued to work my cock with her feet until we heard the kitchen door opening before I hurriedly got back to my seat. Becky came over with our desserts and set them on the table. She barely looked at mom as she trained her eyes on me.

Before she left the table, she looked down into my lap and must have noticed the huge hard on I had under the jacket because her eyes went wide. I moved a finger to my lips and made a shushing gesture, my eyes going to mom.

There is no way Becky would have thought that my raging hard on was for my mother and not her. Becky smiled and seductively bit her lip, giving me a wink as she went back to the kitchen.

As soon as Becky was out of the room, mom resumed her work on my cock, with her feet, under the table until I couldn't take it any longer before standing up.

"Get up, mom."

"What?"

"Get up, I need to fuck you. Right fucking now!"

"Oh my God!" mom said.

She stood, quickly. I grabbed her dress and literally ripped it off of her. The zipper in the back broke and tore all the way down. Mom merely shrugged it off her shoulders and stood there in front of me, totally naked, biting her lip in an unbelievably seductive way.

"Oh fuck, Jason, this is so hot!"

I grabbed my shirt and ripped it open, buttons flying everywhere, and allowed it to slide off my shoulders. Now both mom and I were, once again, totally naked in a public place and about to fuck each other.

"We're going get caught, baby," mom protested...just a little.

"I don't fuckin care, do you?!"

She smiled and kissed me hard as she grabbed my cock and stroked it. I realized the total outrageousness of this situation but we didn't care if we got caught. The only thing that mattered, at that moment, was that we each cum.

I used my arm to push the cups, plates and food towards the wall side of the table. I worked my way down her neck and to her fantastic D cup tits, rubbing and massaging each one as I sucked both nipples into my mouth, one at a time.

"Oh fuck, baby!" mom moaned.

It occurred to me, as I was licking and sucking on her very hard nipples, that I had once sucked these very same tits 19 years ago. The thought turned me on even more, if that was possible.

\*\*\*\*\* Nicole

Oh my god, Jason was sucking on my nipples like an animal and I loved every second of it. After Jason had finished with my tits, he turned me around and forced my body, face down, on the table. I loved how he took charge of me and manipulated my body to do his bidding.

I knew that I had wanted to push the envelope here in the restaurant but what we were doing went beyond just under the table play. We were going to fuck again in a very public place and the feeling had my pussy dripping with anticipation.

My ass was facing outward as he stroked his cock once more and then slowly entered my hot, sloppy wet, pussy, again. Fucking me doggy style for the second time today, his cock felt incredible in my pussy.

The incredible feeling of fullness from his massive cock was fantastic as he began to develop a rhythm. He lifted my right leg up and put it on the table, my bare foot hanging off the edge.

"Oh fuck, baby, that's it.! Fuck mommy's cunt!" I said as he began to plow into me.

The glasses and dishes on the table started to move from the force of our fucking. The glasses of water shaking on the table reminded me of Jurassic Park when the T-Rex arrives. He was fucking me for about 5 minutes before...

"Oh my god!!"

The words had come from the kitchen entrance door. It was Becky, the waitress, and she had walked in on us fucking. She stood there with her mouth open looking at our naked bodies fucking.

"Don't stop, Jason!" I ordered and he began to fuck me again.

"Ah, what the hell?!!" Becky said as she walked toward us.

Her expression was one of outright confusion but she never took her eyes off of Jason as his huge cock kept slamming into my cunt.

"W-what is going on?" she asked again but her eyes told a different story. She liked what she saw but, given the situation, her confusion was understandable.

"I'm fucking my son, baby! What does it look like?" I said with a smile.

Once again her mouth stood open as Jason began to actually pick up his rhythm. It seems he liked getting caught. I figured that if she hadn't run out of the room by this point, maybe we could turn this into something else.

"Stop, Jason," I said as I moved and his cock slid out of my pussy.

I kneeled down and began to suck his cock, using my hands to jerk him. I once again deep throated part of his cock only this time with a different purpose in mind.

I wanted his cock well lubricated for what I wanted next. As I was sucking Jason's beautiful cock, I looked over at Becky.

"Honey, would you like a taste?" I asked.

Her eyes widened, and she hesitated. I could see her mind weighing the possibilities and after about 10 seconds, she made her decision. Becky moved over to us and reached out to touch Jason's bare ass, squeezing his cheeks for a second or two.

"Oh, my god, it's so firm!!" she said.

She knelt down and almost pushed me out of the way as she took Jason's cock into her mouth.

"Be careful, honey. He's big!"

Becky didn't even flinch as she began to work his cock with her mouth and hands. I could tell Jason liked it, too, as he began to start moving his hips forward and back a little, almost mouth fucking her.

This generation amazes me. They are so much less inhibited than my generation.

Even though I was a bit of a slut in my time, if I had walked in on somebody fucking, I would have run away, embarrassed, probably to go fuck myself but run away nonetheless.

This girl, however, had gone from shock to sex in about a minute. I watched her suck my son's cock for a bit while I rubbed my pussy.

She could have her fun but his cock belonged to me and I would soon remind them both of that. I moved my hand over to her head and stroked her blonde hair as she sucked Jason's cock, then I gently pulled her head off his cock and towards my mouth.

"Kiss me, honey," I said to Becky.

She hesitated for about a second and then kissed me passionately. The sensation was incredible. Kissing a woman is completely different than kissing a man. Our mouths and tongues explored each other sensually. She tasted like cherries and I kept rubbing my pussy as we kissed.

"Oh fuck, that is so hot!!" Jason said as he stroked his cock.

I broke our kiss and once again dove back on Jason's cock, spitting all over it.

"Now, baby," I said, turning around and spreading my cheeks. I wanted to do something so nasty. Something I had only done a few other times.

"Fuck my ass!"

"Holy shit!!" was all he could say as he stroked his cock.

Becky sat down in the booth, facing Jason and I, and watched as Jason slid his cock all the way into my sloppy wet cunt to lubricate it before moving the tip to my asshole.

She hiked up her skirt and pulled her panties down and off of her smooth legs. She lifted and spread her legs and began to masturbate as she watched the action unfolding just inches from her.

"Jason. Becky. Take your time, honey," I said.

I felt the enormous mushroom head of Jason's cock begin to slowly penetrate my ass. Inch by inch he eased his cock inside my asshole. The feeling was one that I hadn't experienced in a long time and while it hurt a little at first, it was a good pain.

He kept slowly pushing his cock inside my asshole while I pushed back. Finally, about half of his cock was inside me and he began to slowly thrust back and forth. The pain began to subside and soon I loved the feeling of fullness from having a cock in my ass.

"Oh my god, baby, you're so fucking huge!" I said as his cock entered me deeper.

After a minute or two, he finally shoved his huge cock all the way into my ass. With one massive thrust, he bottomed out in me...his pelvis hugging my ass.

"OHH! OHH!" I groaned as he hit the back of my ass every time he rammed his cock into me.

Seeing stars for a second, I leaned down onto the table and pounded it with my fist.

"Mom, are you okay?" Jason asked.

"Y-yeah, just give me a minute, baby," I said through the pain.

It hurt and felt good at the same time. He stopped his thrusting for a moment allowing me to recover. Becky lifted up my head and kissed me, again.

"You two are so fucking sexy!!" she said, as she played with my tits and kissed me. I was ready now!!

"Okay, baby, come on, fuck my ass!!" I instructed Jason.

He began to start fucking me again, working slowly, moving his huge cock back and forth inside my asshole. He never let

it exit completely, just bringing the bottom of the helmet of his dick-head to my asshole, before thrusting back in. He had just started to get into a pleasurable rhythm.

"What the fuck is going on here?!!" the maître d', asked.

She had been walking through the room, on her way to the kitchen, and saw all three of us. She too had a look of shock and awe on her face but her eyes were narrowed. I gave her, basically, the same answer I had given Becky.

"My son is fucking me in the ass, what does it look like?" I said sarcastically, licking my lips.

"Don't you fucking stop, Jason!" I told him as I felt his rhythm slow.

"Y-you can't just," the maître d' said, apparently not knowing what to do...the situation completely absurd.

"I-I mean this-this is a public place!" she finished. "This is fucking crazy!" she said.

I didn't like the look on her face but didn't really care.

I felt like a porn star as Jason's fucking had picked up and the incredible feeling of his cock in my ass, combined with the situation, had my orgasm building like a volcano about to erupt.

"I-I'm calling the cops," the maître d' said, regaining her composure. "This is downright obscene."

"And you're fired!" she said as she looked at Becky.

Becky gave her the finger with one hand while continuing to frig herself with her other one. She apparently didn't care, either, as she continued to work towards her own orgasm.

The maître d' began to make her way back towards the front of the restaurant just as my orgasm hit me. I felt complete and total ecstasy when it hit.

It was like nothing I had ever felt before. I thought my previous orgasm was the best but it was nothing compared to this. My knees buckled and I almost fell, if not for the strong hands of my son who caught me and kept me steady, as waves of pleasure hit my body like a Tsunami.

I squirted female cum all over the floor and table as I experienced my first anal orgasm.

"Mmmm!!" is about all I could get out as I whimpered like a kid.

This was beyond incredible. I haven't ever felt this good in my entire life. If I died or were arrested at this very moment, I would have no regrets, whatsoever.

Jason stopped his thrusting and allowed me to experience my orgasm. His strong arms were on either side of my flat, naked stomach, holding me up while his giant cock remained buried deep in my ass. After a minute, I regained my composure.

"Come on, baby, we don't have long. I want you to cum all over me," I said.

He needed no further instruction as his thrusting began again, increasing in speed and power.

"That's it, baby, harder!" I cried wanting, needing him to cum.

I knew the bitch (maître d') must have called the cops by now, but I didn't care. I had to feel his warm cum all over my body, again.

"Becky, show Jason your tits!" I cried as my body was bounced hard off of the table because of Jason's furious thrusting.

She hurriedly grabbed her white shirt and, just as Jason had done earlier, ripped her blouse open, causing buttons to fly everywhere. She took it off, exposing her fantastic braless tits to us.

While not as big as mine, she had a robust set of C's. However, to my slight dismay, her tits were much perkier and firmer than mine. I wish I was 19 again, I thought as I looked at her fantastic, tight and perky tits.

You could have balanced a cup of coffee on them. Lost for a second in her tits, I regained my composure, again.

"Come on, baby, fuck mommy's ass! I want that hot, sticky cum all over me!" I shouted to Jason.

Sweat was beginning to form on his brow as he increased his thrusts. He was in incredible shape so, for him to sweat meant he was working really hard.

"Yeah, you like fucking your mom in public, don't you?" I said pushing back against his cock, forcing him to actually work.

"Oh my fucking god!" I said as he hit me with one more giant thrust that once again bottomed out against my ass.

But this time, he didn't stop. I could tell he wanted to cum so badly. I once again saw stars. I did not care though, because the feeling of pain and pleasure mixing together caused me to realize that I might be able to cum, again!

"Oh, Jesus, baby!" I cried out feeling another orgasm building.

"Mom, I'm going to cum!" Jason screamed.

"Wait! Hold out for just a few more seconds, baby. I 'm almost there, too!" I cried out.

"OHHHHH!!" was all he said.

Looking back I saw him close his eyes. It only took about 10 more seconds for me to reach another incredible orgasm.

"OHHHHHHHHHHHHH, fuck!!" I screamed as the orgasm hit me.

There was just a little squirt this time but the orgasm itself was deeper and more intense. My quivering body proved to be too much for Jason.

"Oh my god, mom, I can't hold it any longer!!"

"Cum on my back!" I barely breathed out through my orgasm.

He thrust a few more times and then finally pulled out of my ass. There was an unmistakable popping sound as his massive cock came out of my asshole.

He stroked just a few times and then the first colossal rope of cum incredibly missed my back entirely and landed on the back of my head, striking my hair with astonishing force.

It felt like a huge drop of water had hit me and caused me to move my head forward a bit. His second and third blasts hit just a bit lower, most of it landing on my smooth sweaty back.

Some cum rolled off the side of my back and onto my tits before dripping off of my nipples and landing on the table.

My orgasm continued as Jason's cum hit me. The feeling of my orgasm, combined with being struck by my own son's cum, was indescribable.

I heard a moan to my left and saw that Becky had reached her own orgasm.

Her eyes were closed, her fingers were furiously fucking her shaved pussy and her moans of pleasure sounded like a

whimpering puppy. I smiled, thinking that this was all like something out of some filthy porn movie.

Jason's dick continued to produce cum as he kept jerking and shooting his slowly diminishing ropes of cum onto my naked body.

His cum struck my ass cheeks and my quivering asshole. I felt a few drops slowly run into my asshole before Jason shoved two of his fingers inside my ass, too.

All three of our orgasms slowly came to a halt and our breathing was heavy as we stood there. My very naked son was standing there and slowly pumping his cock.

My equally naked body was propped up on the table, covered in cum and half naked Becky was slowly rubbing her bare pussy. Jason then grabbed my hair and gave me another hard and sensual kiss.

"I love you, mom," was all he said.

"I love you too, baby."

Then we heard sirens approaching and I saw the bitch (maître d') come back into the room as she started yelling.

"Come on, get the fuck out of here!! I called the cops and they are coming. You better get going, now!!"

Then she started coming at us with something in her hand. It looked like mace.

"Come on, baby, let's go," I said as I looked down at my ruined dress. "Fuck it," I said when I realized I had to leave naked.

Jason grabbed only his keys, phone and billfold as Becky led us to a rear emergency exit. We ran to our car, our bare feet making smacking sounds on the pavement as we ran.

"Good luck guys and thanks for the best orgasm I've ever had,"  
Becky called out to us.

"You're welcome, baby, we'll see you again," I called back.

Jumping in, Jason hurriedly started the car and gunned it out of there. I still had cum dripping down my back and I could feel it smearing onto the leather seat of the car.

We pulled out of the parking lot and made a right turn just as I saw flashing lights approaching from the opposite direction.

"Slow down honey, we don't want to look suspicious."

He did and soon we were heading down the road. No cops had followed us, yet.

"Oh my god! That was so fucking close!" I said as he drove down the road.

We had done it again. Our insatiable lust for each other had resulted in another public fucking. I thought about what could have happened.

The thought that we had come so close to being arrested had my pussy dripping once again.

I reached over and started to stroke Jason's cock as he sat, naked, in the seat beside me, trying to drive. It didn't take long before his cock started to rise again.

I adored looking over at his naked, sweaty body sitting in the driver's seat and his now rock hard cock. We drove for a bit down the road before I just couldn't take it anymore. Once again not caring about the consequences just my insatiable need to fuck my son I said.

"Pull over, baby,"

"What?" He said.

"Pull over, right now."

"Mom, are you sure?"

"Yes, I don't fucking care. I have to have your cock in me, again!"

He pulled the car into the nearest lot. It just so happened to be a parking lot at a strip mall. Jason parked the car in the first spot he could find.

It was under one of those big lot lights about 300 feet from the stores. I got out of the car, sat my bare ass directly on the hood and started to play with my pussy.

"Come and get it, baby," I said as I licked my lips.

Jason wasted no time bending down to eat me. His tongue began by circling all around my pussy lips. His left hand rubbed and caressed my pussy and flat belly as his tongue entered my pussy for the second time that night. His right hand stroked his cock.

"Oh god, that's it, baby!" I moaned.

I looked down at my naked, sweaty body and it glistened from the light of the big lamp. Watching Jason eat my pussy and stroke his cock, while I felt the pleasure of his tongue, had me heading towards another orgasm in minutes.

"Oh, fuck, here it comes, again!" I cried out.

Jason picked up the speed of his tongue and I began to squirm as I felt the first wave of my orgasm hit me.

"Oh fuck!!" was all I got out before I started squirting, again. The first blast of my love juices hit Jason square in the face, striking his chin and mouth and dripping down onto his muscled chest. I squirted, again. This time, striking his neck before the powerful orgasm began to subside.

All I could do was whimper with pleasure as my naked body lay sprawled across the hood of the car and my orgasm finally quelled.

It took about a minute for me to come back to reality and as I looked at Jason, I saw his naked body glistening with sweat and my love juices. He was still stroking his cock and he smiled at me as I looked at him.

"Ready for your turn, baby!?" I smiled devilishly and spread my pussy lips open for him.

"Come to mama!"

He wasted no time pulling me forward a bit on the car hood and quickly shoved his cock into my pussy. He began thrusting into me slowly at first, soon after picking up speed and intensity.

He leaned down and kissed me hard as he continued to plow into my pussy. The pure nastiness of what we were doing soon had me heading for another orgasm.

I started to cry out in pleasure, instructing him to fuck me harder and faster.

"Come on, baby, fuck mommy!" I said reaching up and pinching his nipple.

"That's it, fuck your mom like she's a porn star!"

He was really plowing into me now and the car was actually moving a little from the sheer force of his thrusts. I could feel another orgasm starting to rise when suddenly, over the

sounds of my screaming and the smacking of our naked flesh, I heard sirens.

"Oh, fuck, baby, I think we might really be in trouble now," I said as Jason continued to fuck me hard.

I looked and, sure enough, I could see flashing lights out on the road. As I watched, a police cruiser pulled into the parking lot and headed straight for us. Fuck it, I thought if we were going to be arrested I was going to make sure my son had one last cum.

Jason, now seeing the cops, started to slow his pounding of my pussy.

"Don't fucking stop!" I screamed at him.

"Don't you dare fucking stop!"

I was so close and I could tell he was, too. He smiled and kept fucking me even harder, his rhythm fast and furious as he slammed into my cunt. Jason was really breathing hard, trying desperately to cum before the cops arrived.

"Oh, fuck, mom, I'm going to cum!" he cried out.

"Hold on baby, just a little longer," I said, my orgasm almost there.

Finally, just as the cops stopped by our car, I felt my orgasm.

"OH MY GOD!!"

The pure debauchery of what we were doing, combined with Jason's fantastic pounding of my pussy, had me writhing in pleasure. The waves of elation I felt were like nothing I had ever felt before. I thought I had cum hard earlier in the night but this was incredible.

"Oh, fuck, mom, I can't hold it anymore!!" Jason yelled, pulling his cock out of my pussy and unloading onto my body as the cops got out of their car.

This was his fourth cum of the evening! The first rope hit me in the neck, almost making it to my face. The second rope struck me on the left tit, splashing down between my breasts.

He kept sending ropes of cum across my belly, covering my flat stomach in warm, sticky cum. The police officers, one male and one female who had started to walk over to us, now stopped.

Their mouths hung open at the scene they had just witnessed as Jason's cock continued to trickle cum onto my naked body.

"Alright, you two, the fun is over. Let's go," one of the two cops said.

He began to walk over to us as Jason leaned down and kissed me one final time.

"I love you, mom, no matter what happens."

The police officer had nearly gotten to us when, "ALL UNITS, ALL UNITS. WE HAVE A CODE 10-00, OFFICER DOWN. I REPEAT, CODE 10-00, OFFICER DOWN. ALL PATROLS RESPOND."

"Shit, let's go!!" he said, turning back to his partner.

"You two are lucky, this time. Now go find a fucking room!"

They jumped into their cruiser and sped out of the lot, lights and sirens blaring. I looked down at my naked, cum covered body, then up at Jason. Our eyes met and we both broke out into laughter.

"Holy shit, mom, we must be the luckiest two people on the planet," he said, still laughing.

"Yeah. Maybe we better go home though. I think we've pushed our luck far enough for one night," I said, as I jumped back down onto the cool pavement.

Since the incredible desire and lust had worn off, I was actually a bit chilly. After all, I was completely naked, covered in cum and sweat and standing in the parking lot of a mall at midnight. I was going to get back to the car when Jason stopped me.

"Wait, mom. I just want to do one final thing."

He reached into the car and came out with his phone.

"I just want to remember this for all time."

I smiled as he took pictures of me. The camera captured his cum dripping off my body as I leaned back onto the hood of the car and spread my pussy for him.

I posed for quite some time before we switched. I took pictures of him, trying to capture his smooth, sweaty, squirt covered face, chest and body but especially his yummy cock. His dick began to rise again and my pussy started to get wet.

"Oh, fuck, Jason. We better stop," I said, handing the camera back to him.

"But mom, maybe we could fuck just one more time?" he asked, starting to massage my tits with his hands.

"No, baby, we've succeeded in pushing the limits far enough for one night. Let's just go home, okay? Then we can fuck like animals all night long."

"Promise!!?" he asked.

"Promise. Besides, I still have a few tricks I haven't shown you, yet," I said as I licked my lips seductively at him.

He smiled and jumped into the car.

"Come on, mom, let's go home!!" he yelled, excitedly.

I smiled as I slid my naked ass back into the car. This had been one hell of a night and one hell of a new chapter in our lives. As I sat in the seat and looked over at my naked son and his huge cock, I realized the future was looking very bright and it was also going to be very hot as well!!