

# Innocent Mom now Son's Slave Ch. 01

All the characters in this story are over 18 years of age. This is just a fantasy and not a real story. It includes strong themes of incest, romance, and BDSM. If you're not comfortable, please stop reading.

This part is more of a background story and prelude. There's not any sex in this part. If it's something you're not interested in, I'd skip to the last page. I do highly recommend you read it.

Jacinda is your regular 42 year old milf next door. She has gorgeous, shiny, long, natural, dark brown hair that goes down to the back of her elbows. Her nose is short but perfectly pointy. Her jawline droops in a curved v ending on her cute little chin. She has a tiny mouth and small-ish lips. Her big Disney princess eyes are the gateway to her soul. They're light brown in color with a vivid eye line that Jacinda keeps dark with about the only piece of make-up she usually applies, eyeliner.

Born in 1980, Jacinda grew up in a very conservative orthodox family. She wasn't much of a stunner in high school and was just your typical neighborhood nerd. She was a bookworm and upon completion of her high school, she got into a top college for a bachelor's in psychology. She had always been interested in the subject and her grades made sure she got into university with ease.

This is where she met her, now husband - Dan. Jacinda and Dan were classmates. They initially started off as friends and eventually became lovers. Dan was a typical jock, was on the college football team and all the girls were crazy for him. Dan came from a relatively rich family. He was 6'2" and strong, muscular with a wide frame. Quite overbearing in comparison to Jacinda who was 5'4", cute and petite with natural, average boobs. Dan was quite the ladies' man in his college. He had several flings with various girls and when it was learned that he was dating Jacinda, everyone wondered what he saw in her. Jacinda was obviously attracted by the attention showered on her by the hot, rich, college jock. Jacinda, being your timid, conservative, short little nerdy girl next door, really took a liking to Dan.

Having met Dan in her Junior year of College, they dated while in college for 2 years. Upon graduation, Jacinda landed a job at a top psychiatric research firm in California. Dan just went back home to his family farm in Texas. Long distance was not particularly going well for the two of them with email exchanges and long telephone calls. Jacinda would wait for hours for Dan to call. And when she would call his house phone, the butlers usually shrugged her off with an excuse of him being gone for a business trip with his father or on a golf trip with his brothers or friends. Jacinda wrote letters, emails, and IMs but would seldom hear back. But when Dan did call, she would rejoice upon hearing his voice. It would reinvigorate her as he reassured his love for her.

To address their long-distance concerns, Dan asked Jacinda to move in with him on his family farm in the middle of nowhere Texas. Jacinda albeit hesitant, given her high profile and promising job, did think about the offer. She was worried she wouldn't be able to work on her dreams. She was worried about paying off her student loans. She was worried about taking a chance. She was never someone who took a risk. All her life decisions had been calculated, thoroughly planned, and intelligent. But love just happens. Or so she was told. As a very conservative, religious girl growing up, Jacinda had saved herself for the right guy.

Dan also, to his credit had never taken disadvantage of Jacinda and respected her boundaries. However, having dated for almost 3 years now, the young blood and libido of both Jacinda and Dan were at their peak. Jacinda would read naughty books, and rent porn DVDs to pleasure herself in her small apartment in San Francisco. But she was eager to have that release. Dan was

well aware of this hurdle and decided to surprise Jacinda in San Francisco one day. She was overjoyed and believed her own inhibitions of being sure, Dan was the one. The second surprise came while they were having a stroll by the park overlooking the Golden Gate Bridge. As the sun was about to set, Dan pulled out a beautiful shiny rock, glistening in the sun's final dying light of the day, as it sparkled in Jacinda's now moist eyes. Dan proposed, and she obviously had to say, Yes.

Over the next few months, Dan and Jacinda got married at Dan's family farm in Texas in the summer of 2003. They spent their honeymoon in Europe. It was now early 2004. Jacinda, now 24, looked at herself in the mirror. Surrounded by a lavish bedroom, a mahogany bedroom set, the finest dressing table, and butlers at her service. In a vintage, yet modern ranch, overlooking pastures of open, wide, nature and thought to herself "How did I get so lucky?". Dan's father Daniel Sr. loved Jacinda, as the sweet, innocent yet smart flower that she was. He helped pay off her student loan. Dan had sacrificed his own game room in the basement and converted it into an office for Jacinda. Jacinda was working on a couple of licensing exams from her now-new office. Her license would allow her to see clients, as a qualified therapist and counselor. Things were going great for this young couple. They had sex regularly. Jacinda enjoyed the sex. Dan was good in bed. He wasn't well endowed with a huge dick, but he was fit and worked out regularly, and played sports.

They soon got the greatest news of their lives, Jacinda and Dan were going to be parents. Parents to a baby boy. Daniel Sr. was about to become a grandfather.

He had several estates, properties across Texas, a liquor business, a BBQ Sauce company, and obviously their family ranch which housed some horses, cattle, chicken, etc. Daniel Sr. had made his fortune with hard work and dedication. He realized Dan may not have inherited his dedication. Daniel Sr. had protected his properties and businesses with loyal staff that he looked after very well. After his wedding with Jacinda, Dan had begun showing quite a bit of interest in his father's properties and businesses. He would accompany his father to all the different offices, and work trips to learn the tips and tricks of the business. After his mother's loss to cancer in his teens, Dan appreciated how much his father had done for him. Despite being away on business, Daniel Sr. always had his son's well-being on his mind. He was overjoyed to learn that his daughter-in-law was such a perfect girl for his boy.

It was November of 2004, Jacinda, gave birth to a wonderful, healthy baby boy. The happiness in the Johnson household was beyond imagination. There was cake, confetti, song and dance, lights, and parties. All the arrangements were made by Daniel Sr.'s right-hand man and the family's trusted confidant, Mr. Gomez. Alberto Gomez was Daniel Sr.'s attorney, and friend and always had the family's best at heart. As Mr. Gomez was making preparations for Jacinda and the brand new baby boy to come home, he checked in with Daniel Sr. to ask about his whereabouts. Daniel Sr. and Dan had just got off their jet and were about to get into their car.

Mr. Gomez: Well Mr. Johnson, I should have you know, the car picking up Jacinda and the baby are on their way home and should be here any minute. Do you know how long you and Dan will be?

Daniel Sr: Oh Jeez, hang on tight, I'm guessing another 45 minutes from here. Our driver had called in sick, so I'll be driving myself.

(Mr. Gomez could overhear Daniel Sr and his son talk in the background)

Dan: Don't worry Dad, I'll take the wheel. But I don't think we'll be riding in the Escalade. That'll take us an hour at least.

Daniel Sr: Well then what do you say we do?

Dan: Why not get into my new Carrera, that you got me for my birthday earlier this year? You haven't taken a spin in it. And I'll show you why I wanted it so bad.

(Mr. Gomez interrupts)

Mr. Gomez: uhh... Mr. Johnson, that is a sports car and I'm not sure how it'll fair on these inner country roads.

(Dan yells into the cell phone)

Dan: Ahhh don't worry Mr. Gomez, its the same car I drove to the airport to get here last week. Don't you worry, we'll be there, just make sure the arrangements for the party are taken care of. I can't wait to celebrate tonight after closing that hospital deal.

(Dan hangs up on Mr. Gomez)

Daniel Sr: You certainly did really well in that meeting. I'm so proud of you son. You're starting to come into your own. We will make sure those abandoned buildings are turned into a state-of-the-art hospitals.

Dan and his dad get into his Porsche Carrera GT. A low sports car. As Dan begins to drive, Daniel Sr. poses a question.

Daniel Sr: So, what do we want to name this chain of hospitals we're about to build? Any ideas?

Dan: Same name as our newborn son.

Daniel Sr: And what might that be?

Dan: Hunter. Hunter Daniel Johnson.

Daniel Sr: Dan, I love the name for our son. But a hospital called Hunter? Seriously? How about we name it after Jacinda? Jacinda Johnson Healthcare.

Dan: Hmm... yeah that has a good ring to it too. Sure, that works.

As Dan and his father are en route to their home, Jacinda has already made it. She seemed a little disappointed that her husband and father of her child was not present. But she understood their work assignment and waited patiently for the festivities to begin.

Dan as usual was driving fast and he got a phone call on his cellphone, the name read - Cassandra. He disconnected the call without answering. However, the phone kept ringing. Cassandra kept calling. The 5th time the phone rang, Daniel Sr. pressed the green button.

Cassandra: oh Danny that was the best fuck of my life. I can't wait to see you again soon. mmmuah, did you get home yet?

Daniel Sr. was shocked and aghast and didn't know what to say.

Dan was embarrassed and just hung up and brushed it off as yeah that's an ex-girlfriend...

Daniel Sr. had no words.

It was a rather uncomfortable drive home. When they got home, Daniel Sr. pretended everything was okay. It was a joyous occasion and he didn't want to tarnish it with any drama. He was overjoyed with the birth of his grandson. He hugged both Jacinda and day-old Hunter rather lovingly.

Three Years went by. Hunter was now 3. Jacinda, 27. Dan, 28. Dan Sr. 60.

Over the years, Daniel Sr. had learned that Dan, his son, despite picking up the ins and outs of his business, was not the kind of man he was proud of. Daniel Sr. had on many occasions caught and learned of Dan's illicit extra-marital affairs. He had kept it all from Jacinda. Dan on his time outside of meetings frequently visited strip clubs, hooked up with escorts, and had affairs with various girls. Jacinda unaware of her husband's dark truths, had become a successful counselor and therapist in her town. She would often travel to nearby towns and cities for seminars. Hunter was growing up to be a naughty little boy. He was being brought up by a hoard of home staff at his service and obviously his own mother.

Jacinda realized she had lost the spark, the love, the honeymoon phase that she had with Dan. They had merely become partners in a relationship. But her faith had taught her that marriage is sacred and you do whatever you can, to keep your marriage. Despite things being good on the surface, Jacinda was deeply unsatisfied, loveless, and depressed. Her only spark of joy was her son.

Two years later, Daniel Sr. had a heart attack and passed away. His death was as sad as it was shocking. Dan was devastated by his father's death. He had already taken an affinity for alcohol. But now, his drinking had seriously affected his life. Jacinda was sad at her father-in-law's passing. She had the same affection and admiration for him, as he did for her. She knew her husband was not cut from the same cloth as his father. Jacinda could merely focus on her work and her son.

Dan's alcoholism had taken an adverse effect. He was becoming lousy in his office dealings. He was openly flirtatious with office staff and colleagues. At this point, Jacinda had an idea of his infidelity but wasn't aware of it for sure. Dan's father's death had left a huge void in everyone's lives. Jacinda and Dan would no longer sleep in the same room since Jacinda complained of his loud snoring and alcoholic breath. She had grown increasingly resentful of Dan. Once Daniel Sr.'s last rites, memorial, wake, and celebration of life were complete, Mr. Gomez asked for a personal meeting with the family. However, Jacinda was the only one in attendance at the reading of the distribution of Daniel Sr.'s will & estate. Mr. Gomez began reading a very personal, handwritten note dated December 2004, titled "A confession and apology, my dear Jacinda".

Jacinda heard every word and began sobbing her heart out at the very detailed confession from her now-deceased father-in-law. He was apologetic for hiding his son's misdeeds from her. Upon the completion of the letter, Mr. Gomez offered Jacinda a glass of water. As she was now aware of Dan's infidelity and her resentment, at that moment for him, had evolved into hatred, disgust, and anger. Mr. Gomez, despite being aware of Dan's behavior, tried his best to keep a straight face and as a service to the family and his mentor, Daniel Sr.

Just as Mr. Gomez was about to read the last will and testament of Mr. Johnson, Dan walked in through the door of their giant living room. He was stumbling, clearly wasted. Jacinda looked at him, the man she was once well in love with. The handsome, swashbuckling hunk from college, now with his beer belly gut stretching the buttons of his shirt. Hairline receded, dark under eye bags, cheeks full, pale. No wonder he had to pay for sex nowadays, she thought.

Mr. Gomez completed reading out and settling the estate. In a surprising move, Daniel Sr.

Johnson had left a majority of his wealth in the name of his grandson's estate. And the trustee for the said estate was none other than his mother Jacinda. This came as a shock to Dan. Who in his drunken stupor, got up from the couch, went towards Jacinda, and tried to slap her in front of the home staff and Mr. Gomez. But Mr. Gomez caught him before Dan could land anything. Dan pushed off Mr. Gomez and spat at him and Jacinda. Threw a shoe towards Jacinda which hit her in the lip, busting it, as Dan himself fell on the floor. The home-care staff immediately came to the aid of Jacinda checking in on her, as Mr. Gomez shrugged off his suit, helplessly. Reading out the last and final clause of Mr. Johnson's Will.

Daniel Sr. Johnson loved his son. And had purchased some land, a house, and a couple of cars for his son. Despite how he had turned out, he was after all his own flesh and blood, his son. All the life insurance proceedings would also go to Dan. However, Dan will no longer serve on the board of his companies and businesses, essentially firing Dan from his only job. But leaving him with enough money to live by himself for the rest of his life. Upon hearing this final line, Dan got up laughing manically and left the room.

Mr. Gomez: Jacinda, I'm so sorry. I'm sorry for everything. I knew about him. I practically raised him. But once he left for college, we had no control over him. I'm sorry he turned out this way. If you want to file for divorce, I'll represent you, pro-bono.

Jacinda: Thank You, Mr. Gomez. You're a godsend. I'm so dazed and confused right now. I don't know where to begin or what to do. And, and... none of this is your fault. It's kind of my own fault. I'm just so grateful for Mr. Johnson, he really cared for me while he was alive and after his death, he's still watching over me from the heavens. As for divorce, I don't think I want to file for divorce. It's just not something I've been taught. My faith, my upbringing, my culture....I....I... just can't. I don't know.

as Jacinda breaks down again...

Mr. Gomez: It's Okay, Jacinda. Please take care of yourself. I just wanted to be of any help I could be for you. I had promised Mr. Johnson, I'd be of service to this family until my last breath.

Jacinda: I appreciate it, Mr. Gomez. I just need to start thinking about how I'll handle all of these businesses, this multi-million dollar estate, the properties. I don't know any of it. And I have my own practice, what about that? I don't know where to begin.

Mr. Gomez: Jacinda, don't worry. Rest assured, your father-in-law and I had seen this day coming years ago and had prepared the best team for every business to take care of it. Every move and decision that Dan thought he made, was already set in motion by us. The businesses will be here to stay, as the Johnson name feeds thousands of loyal employees. You just focus on yourself, your practice, and Hunter.

(Hunter comes running in playfully as Jacinda picks him up and hugs him and kisses him).

Jacinda: Hunter. Oh, Hunter.... Of course. He's five and has almost grown up without a father. I feel so bad for him. I'm to blame for this. I brought him into this world, with a man like Dan. He doesn't deserve the toxicity, the negativity. From here on out, I'll breathe, I'll live for my son alone. My Son, Hunter.

[In the next part, we'll find out what happens in the present day.]

## **Innocent Mom now Son's Slave Ch. 02**

All the characters in this story are over 18 years of age. This is just a fantasy and not a real story. It includes strong themes of incest, romance, and BDSM. If you're not comfortable, please stop

reading.

In Part 1, more of a prelude, you learned how Jacinda, a sweet, young, innocent, smart, conservative girl marries a rich, handsome hunk she met in college and regrets it. They have a son, Hunter, now 18 years old. Present day.

It's 6pm on a Thursday evening, and Hunter is just returning home from a day out playing basketball with his friends. He has recently finished high school and is awaiting college offers and choices. It's a hot summer's day, early June and Hunter has sweat dripping off his forehead. He has that musky teenage scent lingering behind him. His clothes are dirty and hair messy.

Hunter walks towards the kitchen, as his house-help offers him some water. Hunter messes around the kitchen and fixes himself a nice cold drink of lemonade, by himself.

Now, 6' tall, Hunter has grown into a leaner, stronger version of his father at his age. The same father who he rarely sees anymore. The same father, he knows who doesn't care for him, or his mother. For Hunter, his mother, Jacinda, has raised him. He knows the sacrifices she has made for him. He's well aware of the estate his grandfather has left for him. But because of Jacinda's upbringing, Hunter is a well behaved, yet typical teenager. He doesn't drink, do drugs or smoke. He swore off drinking, having known what alcohol had done to his dad and his family.

Sipping on his cold lemonade, Hunter wipes a line of sweat off his forehead before walking upstairs towards his bedroom, when he notices his mom's bedroom door slightly ajar.

Curious to see if she's home, Hunter calls out for her "Mom....".

The silence piqued his curiosity as he knocked on the half open door, "Mom.... are you he...." Underestimating the strength in his own muscles, one knock opened the door as it slowly exposed his mom's bedroom.

Knowing Jacinda, her bedroom is very well kept. Clean, perfect, pristine, very OCD of her. Which is why, Hunter stopped in his sentence, looking for his mother, as he noticed something unusual in his mom's bedroom. A loose, silky, lingerie belt shone through the bottom up of her closet door, as it partially led into the closet through the bottom of the door. He got the answer to his initial curiosity, if his mom was in her room, but the slight peek at a shiny belt raised his curiosity a bit more.

Hunter turned around to go back to his room, only to be shocked to see his mom literally standing a foot behind him. As he turned, startled, the glass of lemonade in his hand brushed against Jacinda's right breast. In that slight momentary contact of 2 seconds, Hunter could feel the fabric of the bra Jacinda had under her white button up blouse, which unfortunately got doused in the yellow liquid out of Hunter's glass.

As a modest dresser, Jacinda showed no cleavage, her blouse ended right in the center of her collarbone and cleavage. The glass of lemonade now, empty lay on the carpeted floor. With its contents spilled over on Jacinda's white button up shirt, some on her neck, some on Hunter's arm, his shorts, his legs and most of it on the floor. Jacinda felt the cold liquid hit her exposed skin by the nape of her neck and it somehow felt relaxing to her, despite the initial shock.

Once the 2 second startle and 5 second tense, speechless stares were done, Jacinda spoke...

Jacinda: What th..

Hunter: Oh Sorry... mom I'm so sorry. I was just looking for you.

Jacinda now hastily wipes the lemonade off her shirt and neck, accidentally slid her finger into the top of her blouse, which made the top button pop off and the shirt opens just enough for Hunter to get a view of her rarely seen cleavage.

Jacinda: Oh Hunter! Look, you've made such a mess. You've got some on yourself too!

Jacinda rubs the liquid off his hands and shorts. As she's frantically brushing off the fabric off the bottom of his shorts, she notices the toned, chiseled legs her strong 18 year old son possessed. As she's bent at the hip, Hunter now has a clear view of his mom's hidden treasures.

Hunter has seen boobs before. Just on porn sites. Hunter had several opportunities to date girls, but he always seemed too timid to approach them. And had been somewhat of an introvert when it came to girls. Hunter lacked confidence. Hunter was still a virgin. All his friends made fun of him, but liked him as a standup gentleman. They knew Hunter would have their back in a fight and he was harmless to their relationships with girls. Hunter never had sexual thoughts about his mother, other than your typical, 'My mom's my first love' as a kid. He was always respectful and listened to his mother.

However, at the end of the day, Hunter is an eighteen year old, hormone raged, teenage boy who just played sports out in the sun and has his blood gushing through his body. It had to gush to his private parts especially when a gorgeous hot 42 year old woman is standing in front of him, bending down, cleavage on show. "Too bad" he thinks to himself....."She's my mother".

"HUNTER!!! Hunterrrr!!!"

He snaps out of his trance as he hears his mother call out his name. Noticing that he's growing quite the bulge in his pants, Hunter hurries to his room in haste and shuts the door.

"Ugh, Teenagers! He's made such a mess."

Jacinda thinks to herself. Jacinda calls out their house help, their maid to clean up the mess from the carpet and retires herself to her bedroom, closing the door behind her. As she hears the sound of the vacuum cleaner going off outside her door, she looks at herself in the mirror.

At 42 years of age, Jacinda still has a lot of her features from her youth. Her hair, still gorgeous, long, shiny, dark brown, except she's got some blonde highlights in her hair now, giving it a messy blonde-brunette look. She likes to keep it fresh and has a salon she visits often to get her nails, lashes and hair done. Age hasn't caught up much to her face, but does give her neck a light wrinkle of cellulite. Jacinda keeps busy working out in their home gym overlooking the green pastures and has maintained her fitness well. Her psychology degree taught her, a happy body is a happy mind. And she needed a happy mind with all that she had gone through in her life. Her eyes, still gorgeous as ever, now display a depth they lacked before.

Her eyes are the window to her soul and communicate a certain sense of unfulfillment. Her eyebrows had dropped slightly since her early 20s, giving her a sensuous, almost reclining look. Age did however play its part. Jacinda was no longer your average, thin, girl next door. She was now a well endowed full woman. Not fat, by any means. Her breasts had developed from a 36B to a 36C. They were by no means saggy. Just perfect, with a bit more to play with in the right areas. Her thighs had seen some growth too. Slight cellulite endowed her swaying hips and thighs. Her ass was well toned, thanks to the stair-master. She would get looks from guys at the cafe, while shopping or at the grocery store. Her butt protruded just enough for a jiggle if someone smacked it. Too bad this butt hadn't been smacked, or touched by another man in almost 15 years.

Jacinda began undressing to change into something more comfortable after her long day of Zoom meetings with her clients in her basement office, which she still works out of. Not to mention her crisp, new, white, cotton button up blouse was now partially sticky and yellow thanks to her son's lemonade.

As she undressed, one by one, unbuttoning her shirt, her mind gave her flashbacks of just a few moments ago. Visuals of her wiping the lemonade off Hunter's shorts and legs, when she noticed a slight bulge in his pants. She realized it was growing in his pants at every touch of hers. She realized her touch, her skin in contact with her son's, made him hard. As all the buttons of her shirt were off and she was about to take it off, she noticed some of the lemonade on her chest, neck, just above her heaving breasts, trapped under a fancy, lacy bra. Which gave her another flashback, to the moment she felt her son's hand and fingers brush against her breast. She could recount the feeling and feel it again.

It felt different, something off, so foreign to her. Her shirt, now in the laundry hamper, she begins unbuckling her pencil skirt from the side of her hip. Once the skirt comes undone, she looks at herself in the mirror, in her beige bra and panties. She is a sight to behold. A hot, sexy, middle aged woman. A soccer mom, except her son, was never into soccer. Just a mother, a hot, beautiful mother. Jacinda closed her eyes, to once again feel the touch of her young man's fingers across her breasts, she realizes, she's not just a hot mom. She's a woman. She's a gorgeous, stunning, sexy woman.

The flashbacks continued, and she kept thinking to herself..."Why did his shorts have a bulge? Was it his...thing? Was it... his penis? Did he get a boner?" What Jacinda failed to realize is, when she opened her eyes, looking at herself in the mirror. Admiring her own beauty, staring at herself from head, eyes, nose, lips, neck, chest, shoulders, breasts, midriff, belly button, hips, vagina....She pauses. "Oh! What's that?" Jacinda noticed a glistening shine around her pubic mound. Her hand instinctively slid down to check. And she soon realized she was wet.

She quickly removed her panties, locked her bedroom door. Now, clad in just a boring beige bra that's left some red stress marks on her shoulders and back, she lays comfortably on her bed and begins fingering herself. Jacinda was no stranger to playing with herself. She has sex toys she'd bought from her girls' trips with friends over the years. But she just preferred her own fingers. Jacinda played with her vagina, brushing through her 5 day old pubes that surround her vaginal opening. Her fingers open the lips of her vagina like the petals of a flower opening up on a pleasant spring day to face the sun. She rubs her pussy up and down, in and out, but she knows the one trick that's always worked for her. Her thumb now goes in circular motion just above the north side of her vaginal opening. The thumb goes round and round and she's instantly horny and leaking. Oh she was already leaking, but now, she's in the zone where her heart and her mind shut off and she's in the world of sexual self stimulation.

Jacinda had done this hundreds of times before, reading smut, watching porn on her tablet, imagining movie stars, sportsmen. But today was different. No matter how much she tried, she could only picture the man she just touched 10 minutes ago. The man who touched her, albeit accidentally. The man who had just turned 18. The man she calls her son. No matter how much she tried to get her mind off him, her brain redirects to her cleaning off his knees and legs, as his manhood grew in front of her. "My touch made his penis grow, and his touch makes me want to feel it even more. And here I am wet and masturbating." She thought to herself. "Oh God, I wish he wasn't my ssssonmm uaaaahghhhh" Just the thought of that man, being her son, for some reason, made her body react and she burst a fountain of her juices on the bed. Her fingers now wet from playing with herself. Eyes still closed. She had climaxed. And let out a wailing scream. The problem was, just as she was cumming, the vacuum cleaner outside her door had shut off. There was no muffling or camouflaging her yelp of passion. She had climaxed, but was she

satisfied? She looked in the mirror, and nodded in a profound "No, not satisfied".

As she stared in the mirror, looking at her almost naked body, laid on her bed, with fluids flowing out of her pussy. A realization hit her. She had just played with herself thinking about her son. This was taboo alright. But for her, being the ideal conservative, religious woman, this was beyond taboo. She was ashamed of herself. She immediately got off the bed, went into her five piece bathroom. Got right under the cold shower to wake her up from the shock of her actions. Regret, disappointment, shame washing all over her. Her boring, beige bra still on, she just stood under the shower for a few minutes, before hearing a knock on her door. Jacinda turned the shower off, covered herself in a towel. And put on a bathrobe on for good measure. The towel only covered her from her breasts to her thighs. The bathrobe gave back to her, the lost modesty a few seconds ago. \*Knock Knock Knock\* She heard the knocks again, her body still wet, her hair still wet, she hastily tied the waist belt of her bathrobe and went to open her bedroom door.

(Door opens slightly)

Jacinda: Who is it?

Hunter: Mom, it's me.

Jacinda: Hey Hunter, what's up? Everything okay?

Hunter: Yeah, that's what I wanted to ask you.. I heard a scream... Are you okay?

Jacinda: Uhghh Oh yea... Yes. I'm fine. It was just, uhmm.... a bug. You know how we get those in the summers.

Hunter, inquisitively investigating, walked into his mother's bedroom.

Hunter: Where? A bug? In your bedroom? Impossible, you keep it so clean and tid...

Once again, Hunter notices things unusual for his uptight mother. He notices a wet stain on her duvet. Her panties are just lying by the bed on the floor, which he only realizes after he'd unwillingly stepped on. His feet could clearly tell by the cold temperature that these panties had been wet. He jumps out to get his foot off his Mom's wet panties. And turns around to see her. Jacinda, meanwhile still trying to process her thoughts from her self stimulating session thinking about her son, who was now standing in front of her, just looked at him blank, as if she was lost in trance. As Hunter walked across from her entering her bedroom, she sensed the dirty, sweaty, lingering teenage musk this young man exuded from his body. The kind of scent that scientists call pheromones. The scent that she could smell and immediately felt a tingle, like a switch had been turned on. Hunter called her out again...."Mom, where's the bug?"

Jacinda: Oh honey, don't worry about it. It's gone now.... Okay, and sorry about the mess, I've just been so busy you know. My clients are wearing me out.

Jacinda takes a few steps closer to Hunter, who is still standing just a foot next to the wet, soiled panties that lay on the floor. Embarrassed about it, Jacinda picks it up in her hands and tosses it towards the laundry hamper sitting close to the closet door. The same closet door that had piqued her son's curiosity earlier. It still had that satin, silky, shiny black belt peeking out the door. Jacinda, not being very good at sports, missed her target and her panties didn't make the Laundry basket. They just fell next to the closet door, right by the satin belt.

Jacinda: Ugh, my aim is terrible... (rolls eyes)

Hunter: Hahahaa Mom, you should leave dunking things in baskets to me.

Jacinda: Oh I know, how good you are with the ball but you know this is Mommy's stuff... you know.. you shouldn't....

Just as she was about to finish her sentence, Hunter walks over to the closet door, picks up her soiled panties and places it in the laundry basket on top of the already soiled white cotton button up shirt. Jacinda was dumbfounded, and didn't know what to say.

Jacinda: Hunter! You shouldn't touch mommy's...

Hunter now picks up the black, shiny, silky, black belt and looks at his mom curiously...

Hunter: Mom.. What's this?

Jacinda: Hunter! That's uhmm... That's just my belt for my robe.

Hunter: Oh... It looks different. I've never seen you wear it. Is it like the one you're wearing right now?

Jacinda looks down at herself and notices her robe had come undone and was extremely loose since she had bent down to pick up her panties from the floor. The belt keeping her robe together was doing a terrible job. And since she had raised back up after picking up the panties and throwing it, the robe had slid slightly off her right shoulder, exposing the wet bra strap from her beige bra she had worn all day. Under the strap, was a clearly visible red mark, caused by the stress of the bra strap being on. Especially after getting wet, it was clinging, had slid off her skin and made an almost rash like redness along the strap. Jacinda looks back at her son, who is clearly staring at her exposed bra strap, with a rare look in his eyes.

Jacinda: Yes. Yes, it's similar. Just like this one. And I don't wear it all the time.

Jacinda covers up and fastens up her bathrobe.

Hunter: Well, it's a cool fabric. I think you should wear it more often. I'd love to see it.

Jacinda: Oh Okay, I will.. But I don't know if you should see it. It's not... nevermind. You stink young man, you need to go get a shower.

Hunter: Ahh ok yeah I know I need to. I'll go shower quick, see you at dinner.

As Hunter is walking out of the door, Jacinda begins unfastening her bathrobe. She couldn't wait to get out of that wretched bra. Right as she was thinking of the bra, Hunter pauses by the door, turns around.

Hunter: Mom, I think you have a rash or skin bruise of some kind on your shoulder.

Jacinda: Oh I know honey, it's just...I need to get changed and shower.

Hunter: Didn't you just take a shower?

Jacinda: Well. Yeah I did.

Hunter: Okay... does it hurt?

Jacinda: Hurt what?

Hunter walks towards his mother, slides the bathrobe slightly by her shoulder, pointing towards the red mark along the bra strap on her shoulder. As he slid the bathrobe exposing his mother's bra-clad shoulder, she felt his touch again. And Jacinda felt a bolt of electricity, once again. Especially when he touched the red itchy mark caused by her bra strap. Jacinda, still processing her thoughts and feelings, blurted out,

Jacinda: No, I like it.

Hunter: What? But that must hurt.

Jacinda: No, I mean. No it doesn't hurt. I'm good, Hunter. Go get freshened up.

Hunter: Ok Mom...see you in a bit.

Jacinda almost pushes him out of her bedroom. Locks her door, and tries to process everything that just happened. Is she overthinking it? Or did she just feel a sexual electricity flowing through her spine as her son, a man, a strong, masculine, sweaty man touched her neck, shoulder and especially that light temporary bruise on her shoulder? Jacinda was lost in thought but had to put up her best mom-face and get ready for dinner.

Dinner that evening was quite usual. There was some awkwardness with Jacinda, but she buried her thoughts deep down and pretended she didn't just feel a sexual urge because of her own son. Hunter meanwhile seemed unperturbed and in his usual mood.

\*\*\*

The Next Day: Jacinda was working in her basement office. It was 11:00am. Hunter was playing videogames with some friends in his bedroom. When he went to the Kitchen to grab a snack. Once again, the house-maid offered to help him with snacks or food and he declined. Hunter quickly fixed up a few sliders and chips with coke and went along his merry way.

Despite growing up in the luxuries of having a maid servant at home who would cook, clean and look after the house, Hunter did not like being served by these people. Because he knew they were just doing their jobs and getting paid for it. They wouldn't want to do this job if it wasn't paid. He also enjoyed cooking and being in the kitchen. He would often fix up various mocktails, cook new recipes, some even ended in disaster. But his mom always encouraged it. And she would enjoy watching him cook.

On his way back to his bedroom from the Kitchen, he noticed his mom's bedroom again. It was closed this time. Hunter went and dropped off the snacks for his friends who were deeply engrossed in killing aliens with their joysticks. Hunter walked out of his room, went towards his mom's room and knocked. No answer. He knocked again.....

Maid: She's not here. She's downstairs, in her office.

Hunter: What are you doing here? Stalking me?

Maid: No... I mean I..

Hunter dismisses the maid and she goes back to the kitchen. Hunter slowly opens his mother's bedroom door, walks inside and finds everything in perfect mint condition. No random panties on the floor, no wet spots on the bed, no black shiny belt creeping out from under the closet door. Hunter was still curious about that belt. It didn't seem like a bathrobe to him. He had never seen a

silky, shiny bathrobe before. "Should I open the closet door? If Mom finds out....Would she mind? I mean, I know it's not ok" He opens the door. Turns the light switch on, looks around, his eyes searching for that black shiny belt. But he couldn't find it. What he did find was a box on the shelf with a lock on it. Hunter didn't know what it was, but was confused to find a box that size with a lock. He returned back to his bedroom to join his friends, but before leaving, he took a picture of the box on his phone.

Jacinda ends her work day and retires to her room around 5:30pm. As she gets to the closet to change into her comfy clothes, she notices the light switch was turned on. Growing up conservatively, she always had a habit of turning off the switches in every room as she'd exit. So she was surprised to see the light in the closet on. She didn't think much of it, got changed into her night wear, which was just a comfortable loose t-shirt and shorts. She still had a bra on, because she didn't like her boobs swaying everywhere in public. As a private person, her bedroom was her inner sanctum.

That evening, at dinner. As the maid is serving Hunter and Jacinda, the mother and son have brief trivial conversations about their days and college applications for Hunter. After finishing their meals, Hunter asks,

Hunter: Mom, why do we have maids?

Jacinda: Well, honey... What do you mean? We've always had house help. They help out around the house so much.

Hunter: Yeah, I know. I mean, I know, we're wealthy, thanks to grandpa, and obviously you. Coz you do so much for me, but I just don't think we need them. The house-help I mean.

Jacinda: Well, okay and who do you think will cook around here?

Hunter: I can. You can. I've always loved your cooking mom, you rarely cook nowadays.

Jacinda: Oh you're such a sweetheart. I know, I miss it too. You know, I'll start cooking for you more. But the maids also help clean and tidy the house.

Hunter: Yea, but you always keep your room so clean and tidy. I swear you have ocd or something, you don't even let them clean your room.

Jacinda: Yeah I guess, but our home isn't just my bedroom Hunter. What about this huge living room, the kitchen and your bedroom, and my office? We have quite a big house for just the two of us.

Hunter: That's what I mean, Mom. It's just the two of us. We don't need to have maid servants. It's not like we're a huge family of 20. We don't eat that much, we don't dirty the place as much. I just think they're a waste of money. And besides it kinda feels like they're invading our privacy.

Jacinda: Hmmm I do see your point. Well what about Laundry,

Hunter: We can take turns and tag team it.

Jacinda: Dishes??

Hunter: We have a dishwasher mom, the maid doesn't even do the dishes herself.

Jacinda: Okay... gardening? Watering the plants?

Hunter: Well, they can still do that and not be in the house all the time. Besides, we'll only need them to do that once a week.

Jacinda realized her son was not wrong. She just didn't bother to change things around the house, since she inherited it all from her father in law. She could use some privacy around the home too.

Jacinda: Okay, Hunter. Let me think about it, maybe we don't need the house help that much after all. But, I will call them back if you keep dropping lemonades on the rugs....

Hunter: Oh yeah, Hahaha☹ hey it was more than just rugs, you got some lemonade on you too.

Jacinda: I did hahaha. How reckless of you.

Hunter: Oh Mom, I haven't even begun to get reckless.

Jacinda: Oh really? And how do you plan on getting more reckless?

Hunter: You dont wanna find out mom, I don't think you'd like it very much.

Jacinda: You can certainly banter, couldn't you. Isn't that how you get the girls at school?

Hunter: I wish. I'm actually the only one among my friends who doesn't have a girlfriend.

Jacinda: Nothing wrong with that, some boys find love later in life.

Hunter: No it's not like that, I mean. All my friends have done it, and I have not.

Jacinda: You mean, sex?

Hunter: Yeah, I don't feel bad about it. It's just that, I don't know, I feel I should have a girlfriend but I just don't know how to talk to girls at school. I feel like I don't have any confidence.

Jacinda: Hey no sex, isn't a bad thing. You should save it for your special someone. You don't need to mess around. But I understand honey, it would be nice if you had a girlfriend. And why don't you have any confidence?

Hunter: Well, it's kinda hard to talk about Mom. But you're a counselor, so I guess you'll understand. You know, I've grown up hearing these stories from you about Dad. And I know they're not stories, they're true. It's real. He is a loser and a piece of shit. And that's why I try too much to not be him. I know how hard you've worked to raise me. And I just don't want to disappoint you Mom. I try not to drink, I don't chase after girls, coz that's what made my dad lose everything, and most importantly You. And I don't want to lose you Mom.

Listening to her son vent, makes Jacinda extremely emotional. She tears up and hugs her son in a tight embrace. Jacinda felt as though it was her fault that Hunter doesn't feel confident talking to girls in school. Her pessimistic side blamed herself for everything. She felt this enormous guilt, and didn't want her son to lose out in life experiences because of her.

Jacinda: Oh no Hunter, I'm so sorry. It's all my fault. I should have never told you about him. He's toxic and a bad influence, I just wanted to protect you from those vices. You'll never lose me honey. You'll always have me. I'll do anything for you my son.

Hunter and Jacinda hold each other in embrace. Hunter was still seated in the dining chair and Jacinda had got up to hug him. Hunter's head was crushed into his mother's bosoms. He could yet again feel the fabric of her bra on his cheeks. Despite it being a non sexual, emotional moment for them, he could feel the growth in his groin. Jacinda, unaware of the monster she's causing in her son's pants, continues hugging him tight. Right as the sexual tension was growing for Hunter, the maid enters and begins cleaning up the dining table. Jacinda pauses, sniffs in her snot, wipes her tears, and politely asks the maid to now come in tomorrow. At least for a week or so. She looks back at Hunter, smiling and he smiles back, gets up out of his chair, hugs his mother tight and lifts her in his arms, up in the air off the ground. Jacinda, surprised and impressed by his strength, at how easily her 18 year old son could lift her, playfully pats him on his shoulder.

Jacinda: Put me down oh my god hahaha. Wow, look at you, you've grown so strong, lifting up your fat mother like it's nothing. Put me down hunter, I'm heavy, you'll hurt your back or pull a muscle.

Hunter: Fat? Really? Come on Mom, no way. Look at you! Your body is perfect. You look so good. You're definitely the hottest mom among me and my friends.

Jacinda: Oh shut up Hunter. Besides, it's not cool to call your mom hot.

Hunter: I didn't say it, my friends do.

Jacinda: Ah! Teenagers these days.

Hunter: Hey, I'm one too. And I agree.

Jacinda: Agree to what?

Hunter: To what my friends say about you. You're definitely hot!

Jacinda: HUNTER!! AGAIN!!!

Hunter: Okay, I won't call you hot.

Jacinda: Good!

Hunter: But hey my friends never said you were sexy, but I definitely think you're sexy!

Hunter playfully teases her and runs off to his room, leaving his mother with her jaw on the floor. She had just heard her 18 year old son call her sexy. She felt weird, didn't know what to think of it. It was definitely inappropriate, This is not how she raised him, but she also remembered what he had just told her. It's her own fault, she thinks, that Hunter doesn't have a girlfriend. And at 18 years old, teenagers are bound to have pent up sexual energy. Lost in thought, she walks into her room, and just as she had entered, she heard a knock on her door, still ajar. It was Hunter.

Hunter: Uh Mom. Is your bruise better?

Jacinda: What bruise?

Hunter: That thing on your shoulder from yesterday. It looked gnarly. I just wanted to ask if it's still hurting you. And if you need any help with it?

Jacinda: Oh that. No, that's not such a big deal. I'm fine.

Hunter: Okay, you sure you don't need my help?

Jacinda: And how do you think you can help?

Hunter: I don't know, maybe rub some moisturizer or lotion on it. You'll feel better.

It was an interesting proposition, she could use some moisturizer on that bra strap mark. But the problem is, those marks run all the way along her back, side of her breasts and shoulders. May not be appropriate for her son to do that. She didn't want to expose herself like that to her son.

Jacinda: Oh thanks honey, I think I'm good though. You go get some sleep. Goodnight.

Hunter left the room wishing his mother a goodnight. Upon entering his bedroom, he couldn't believe he had just called his mother sexy. For how conservative and closed minded she is, she didn't seem to mind much. Hunter had not thought about his mom sexually before yesterday. But lately, with no work, no school, not having a girlfriend, waiting for colleges to get back to him, he was bored a lot and always horny. Hunter had a secret. He watched porn to masturbate. That's not the secret, everyone does that. But Hunter had been watching porn for a few years now. And overtime vanilla porn just didn't do it for him. He would frequently watch hardcore, brutal, bondage, bdsm, and extreme porn. He had even paid for some websites. It was his kink, his fetish. But being a virgin he had only imagined doing those things. And the last couple of days, the subject of these imaginations, is just a bedroom away.

Hunter began surfing and jerking off his meat. Across the wall, Jacinda still reeling from guilt, somehow also felt a tingle of excitement. Yes she feels bad for her son not being able to expend his sexual urges. Yes, she feels guilty for telling him about his fathers past, but it was all she could have done. This was the first time a man had called her sexy in over 16 years, to her face. That man happens to be her 18 year old teenage son.

Jacinda, as usual, forever lost in her overthinking head, again felt a tingle in her shorts. Tonight, she did not wear any panties. Her bra was still on. She got undressed, again, this time taking her bra off. Looked at herself in the mirror. Completely naked. She turned to the left, and noticed quite the red mark left behind by her bra on her shoulders, across both sides of her back, and to the side of her boobs.

She also feels a conflicting taboo thought of somehow helping her son get his release. She feels guilty for her son missing out on an experience other boys his age enjoy. She wants to give her that, but doesn't know how. Yet selfishly, his sweaty teenage musk, his soft inadvertent brush, his rough touch across her shoulder, all brings her a tingling anxious sensation. This feeling of taboo, anxious, scintillating tingle, is something she had never experienced. The sensuous nature of this gorgeous woman's body, was asking her already sold heart to convince her uptight brain to let go a little, to live a little, to let loose a bit, to free a bit, to submit to the temptation, to give in, to lose her inhibitions, to loose control, to let a man conquer her.

Jacinda, now convinced within herself, that she has to be the retribution for her own doing. She has to right her wrong. She will take the responsibility of making her son feel better about himself. It's her job to make him feel self confident. And that begins by giving him more control. Making him make some decisions. That for Jacinda, starts with Hunter getting some power. The more forward and assertive he is, the better his chances of landing a girlfriend.

Jacinda didn't know what or how she was going to do it. But she prayed to her God and asked for a divine blessing to fulfill her wish. Her only wish, being the fulfillment of her son's wishes.

As she opened her eyes, it was dark outside. And it was beginning to rain. Jacinda put on her bra again. No panties. An old pair of short shorts, something she hadn't tried on in years. These shorts were about 5 inches in length. They started at her waist and ended just under her buttcheeks. She had a bit of flab around her hips, and it took her some effort to pull them up her waist. If she bent down or stretched, her buttcheeks would get exposed. She picked out a dirty, old, dull, olive colored, ribbed tank top to wear on top of the bra. Jacinda walked over to her son's bedroom. Standing outside the bedroom door, she saw the light reflected on the floor. So she knew he's awake, watching TV. She knocked. No response.

\*knock knock\*

No response

\*Knock knock knock knock\*

No response.

Jacinda presumed he had passed out for the night and thought she'd turn the TV off so her son can sleep peacefully. She softly twisted the door knob, and opened the door. What she saw next, was a mental image Jacinda could never get out of her mind.

There was her son, facing the other direction from her, watching a pornographic clip of a man, brutally slapping a woman's ass, barehanded. Hunter had his headphones on and didn't hear his mother's knock, or enter the room. He was busy stroking his cock, completely immersed in the giant screen displaying brutal, hardcore porn. Jacinda seemed dazed and confused at the sight. But her head tilted to the right to get a look at Hunter's hand. That's when she saw it for the first time. It was the biggest dick she had ever seen in her life. And she only had one point of reference, Hunter's father's. It was definitely bigger than his father's. Hunter's cock was long, thick, girthy and veiny. He had his entire palm around his shaft, and it still peaked at least 3 inches over his hand.

Jacinda, didn't know what to do. She wanted to keep staring at that penis, but she also didn't want to embarrass her son. It's the opposite of how she wanted him to feel. She wanted him to be more confident, more assertive, and take control. Jacinda slowly tiptoed out of her bedroom, closed his bedroom door. And stood outside of it. She just stood outside his bedroom, for seconds, minutes. Watching the reflecting light off of the tv on the floor, just waiting for it to end. But why was she waiting? She didn't know either. She was confused, startled and excited. She just saw a huge, beautiful, cock. The first phallus she had seen in a long time. She wanted to continue looking at it. Staring at it. She wanted to touch it. She wanted to hold it. She wanted to feel it. But this wonderful penis happens to be her own son's.

Jacinda waited for a good 22 minutes outside Hunter's bedroom before the light turned off. She waited. Stood in discipline. As if someone or something was forcing her to. But nobody was forcing her. It was her own will. Jacinda now noticing that the light was off, innocently knocked her son's bedroom door. She heard a stumble and some quick movements before Hunter finally opened the door.

Hunter: Oh hey mom. I thought you'd be in bed.

Jacinda: I thought you would be too.

Hunter: Well, if you really did think that, you wouldn't be here knocking...

Jacinda: Hah! You're right. I was just wondering. I will take you up on your offer.

Hunter: Which offer mom?

Jacinda: You know that offer, to put some of this moisturizer on here. (pointing to her shoulder)

Hunter: Oh! OHH! yeah uhm of course... yeah I'll be right there Mom. Just uhm, just give me a minute okay?

Jacinda: Sure sweetie, take your time. Don't make a mess...

Hunter wondered, what did she mean by that. Did she know? That Hunter had just masturbated and before he could clean up with paper towels, his mom knocked on his door. The timing just seemed too good to be a coincidence. Hunter's dick was still oozing some post jizz fluid. But he put on his basketball shorts, no underwear and no shirt, and walked over to his mom's bedroom. Knocked on the door. Jacinda was laying in her bed, face down, still wearing the olive green tank top, bra and short shorts.

Jacinda: Come on in honey.

Hunter walks in and couldn't believe what he was seeing. The moonlight in the distance emanating through the window displayed drops of falling rain. The sound of raindrops hitting the window, rooftop created quite the vibe. An occasional thunder and lightning illuminated his mother's bedroom. This was in contrast to the warm, soft light from the fixture above her nightstand.

His hot milf of a mother was laying on the bed, wearing short shorts, he could see the bottom of her buttcheeks bursting out of that thin fabric and the rest of it looking like two perfect round bread buns. She points at the moisturizer on the nightstand highlighted by the warm glow from the night lamp. Hunter picked it up, and squirted some of it in his palm, and just waited for his mom to give him some instructions.

Jacinda: What are you waiting for Hunter?

Hunter: Uhm I thought you were going to tell me what to do next.

Jacinda: Well, it was your idea honey. You offered it, so you should know what to do, right?

It didn't seem as much of an invitation, as it seemed like a challenge to Hunter. Those were the last words, Hunter got on top his mother's body. His knees parted on either side of her back. His nuts landed right on her lower back. His ass on hers.

He looked down at his mother's prone head, looking to her right, out the window into the rainy night. She looks so beautiful, no make up, all natural, just pure beauty. Her perfect skin, so soft, her cheeks with a rosy high, her neck, bundled up in three folds. Her shoulders, heaved as she breathed. And her breathing was soft and relaxed. Her eyes were closed.

Hunter got bold, slid his moisturizer doused hands under his mother's tanktop strap across her shoulder. He begun massaging her lower neck, shoulders, but the strap was clearly an obstacle. So without asking for permission, or inhibition, he gently pulled both the tanktop straps off her shoulders, letting them fall by the side by her elbows. His mother's sexy back now half exposed in front of his eyes.

The red marks left by her days of wearing bras, was quite visible. It was quite the turn on for the horny teenager. For some reason, he enjoyed watching her perfect skin crack slightly and turn

red. He wanted to touch it, feel the texture, sense her skin. He took another dollop of moisturizer and began massaging her left shoulder. Going from her neck, to her shoulder, to her forearm, to her upper back. And again, there were two major obstacles. When Hunter took the tank top straps off to the side, Jacinda didn't say anything. He was slightly wary this time though. This was her bra. He looked at her cute, innocent face, which had a gentle, calming smile on it. Even though she was not responding, she wasn't asleep.

Hunter decided to push his luck and slowly slid off the left shoulder strap of her bra. Now, her left shoulder, neck, forearm, and upper back was exposed. It looked absolutely beautiful. Jacinda's breathing had gotten heavier. The seamlessness of her upper left back was like a piece of art molded by the Gods themselves. Then there were the red marks of the devil, that damn bra. But maybe Hunter had a devil within himself. He began exercising the same act on the other side and slid off his mother's bra strap off her right shoulder too.

Now she lay almost topless, on her front. Her back, half exposed. Hunter took some more moisturizer and started applying it along the red marks left behind by her bra straps. He continued massaging her skin. He was really enjoying it, and it was clear with his cock growing again. It was now resting on his mom's lower back. But Jacinda was loving every bit of it too.

She liked the fact that her son was taking the lead, but what she enjoyed more was feeling his rough hands along her back and neck. Every Hunter's fingers softly touched her earlobes or cheeks, she would smile and let out a little gasp. Hunter was now getting bold and there was one last obstacle left. The clip. The clip that holds the bra together. That, and the dull, old, olive, tank top. It was uncomfortable getting to the bottom strap, which was hiding behind the tanktop. And that's the strap that had done the most damage to his mom's skin, since it was directly on the opposite side of her breasts. Hunter wasn't sure what to do. He asked his mom, and she didn't reply. Jacinda kept silent because she wanted to see how he would react and what her son would do.

Hunter: Mom, uhmmm I'll have to take this off. (Pointing at the bra strap in the back). I can't get under it.

Jacinda: Your idea hon. Your choice.

Hunter: But,...hmm. Okay.

Jacinda did not expect what her son did next. He was atop her back, but now he slid down lower, so as his crotch is directly facing her barely covered buttocks. She thought he would undo the bra and continue on. But no, Hunter had other ideas. Seeing as his mother had almost surrendered to him, without protest. He decided to try his luck.

Hunter put four fingers at the top of the tanktop, pulled it down, tucked his thumb at the bottom helm of the tanktop, so its entirety is bunched in his hand. The straps were already off on either side. Hunter pulled it towards him with force which made his mom, now seemingly trapped in this tanktop, literally get off the bed in the air. He pulled it so hard that the dull, olive green tanktop, completely tore off her body and was in his hands. The remnants of its rags lay under Jacinda's torso.

She was rather startled by his audacity, but shocked by his strength. The sudden roughness made her feel some sort of way. As much as she liked him taking control in this situation, she enjoyed being lead. This is something she had never experienced. Now, where this was leading, was still uncertain. But Jacinda hesitantly kept playing along with her son, encouraging him to be more confident and assertive. Hunter on the other hand, was like a mad king. After ripping off the tanktop off his mom, he had a huge boner again. Just minutes after nutting to some brutal porn. He was still faced by the gorgeous view of his mother's body, now almost half naked. All that was

left between her and nudity right in that moment was that thin bra strap in the center of her back, and five inches of thin shorts.

Hunter instinctively tried to undo his mother's bra. Her arms were still trapped to the sides by the bra straps off her shoulders by her elbows now. Due to his inexperience, it was taking him longer than expected to undo the bra. This made Jacinda chuckle sweetly under him.

Hunter felt embarrassed, and maybe it was rage, maybe it was haste or pure lust, he pulled the bra in the same way as he did with the tanktop. But the bra was stronger and wouldn't give in. Hunter was so strong at his pull, that his mother's entire torso now was lifted in the air, and she was arched from her lower back to her shoulders in a C-curve. Hunter had her ass and hips firmly pinned in bed with his own weight acting as an anchor. Jacinda let out a soft "Aaargh" in pain, but Hunter didn't care, he tugged at the bra once more, with a jerk and this time the clip gave through and flew across the bedroom. As his mother fell and bounced lifelessly on the bed.

Her breasts now, no longer covered by any piece of clothing, but still buried under her in the mattress. Jacinda was now breathing heavily, and gushing fluids down her vaginal walls. She was beyond wet. The combination of her son's rough force, along with his touch rubbing across her shoulders, neck and back, had turned her on more than ever. Hunter, sporting a huge boner that now rested firmly along his mother's buttcrack, was back to massaging his mother's back with moisturizer.

It was at this time, without his mother's knowledge, he pulled his cock out of his shorts. It was hard and standing in attention, defying gravity, pointing straight to the headboard above his mom's head.

He ran his thumb across the red, stress mark left behind by the bra. He gently ran his fingers across her neck, her left shoulder, down to the middle of her back, to the side. And as he was about to slide further down, he felt the soft mounds of his mother's heavenly breasts. He wasn't sure if that's a line he wanted to cross with his mother. He was tempted, but he could excuse himself of tearing her bra and tanktop as means to give her the moisturizer massage he promised. "Feeling up her boobs, may not have an acceptable excuse." He thought to himself. His horny train of thought was interrupted by his mom's sweet, innocent voice.

Jacinda: Are you done?

Hunter: Not really, I could go on a bit longer.

Jacinda: Hunter.....but...

Jacinda was interrupted by a feeling that made her pussy want to erupt. Hunter brought himself down on his mother's naked back. He was already topless. Jacinda could feel his manhood rest and press against her butt. He lowered himself, so his chest was now in complete contact with her back, her face still looking to the right. It had formed beads of sweat. Hunter used his fingers to slide some hair off Jacinda's face. The frequent pull and tug with force had made her hair messy and stuck to her moist skin. He could feel the heat emanating from her body. She could feel his teenage musk, and his breath get close to her neck, her ears, her cheeks. Hunter bent down, and kissed his mom on the cheek. An Innocent, sweet little kiss. But he didn't stop there. He kissed her forehead.

Hunter: You're beautiful Mom.

He kissed her ears.

Hunter: Thank you for this.

He kissed her earlobes, and gently brought his tongue out and started nibbling, sucking on his mother's earlobe.

Jacinda: No, Hunter, Thank You. You have no idea wha...

Hunter left his mother's earlobe alone and as she was speaking, put his mouth on her lips and began kissing half of her lips from the side. Jacinda had nothing to say, and didn't know what to do. Hunter kept kissing her, alternating between sucking and licking, occasionally biting her earlobe and gently smooching his mother's lips.

Jacinda: Oh Hunter. I think you should go back to sleep.

Hunter: Mmmmmhmm (Still nibbling in her ears)

Jacinda: Hunter, ok that's enough (chuckles)... Hunter it tickles (giggles) stop it....

Hunter, in an animalistic sexual frenzy, quits nibbling on his mother's ear, places his entire palm on the side of her face, almost pushing her head into the mattress, and directs his attention to her back again. This time, with his mouth. Hunter followed the same mark left by his mom's bras over the years, and started licking it in the same pattern as it appears on her back. His tongue could sense the foul taste of the moisturizer, but his tongue could also feel the skin of a woman. This sent a tingle down Jacinda's shorts.

Jacinda, this 42 year old beautiful, sweet, innocent, conservative, uptight, religious, hot mom, had her head buried in the mattress with pressure, her face and back licked and kissed by her 18 year old son. Her own flesh and blood was feasting on her. As much as Jacinda enjoyed being used and sexually wanted, the taboo fact that it was her son doing it to her, turned her on beyond anything she'd ever felt. As Hunter kept licking his mom's back, Jacinda exploded through her vaginal walls and squealed in pleasure under her son's strong hand. His hand firmly pushed her head down into the mattress. He may not have realized how strong his arms were. Hunter, unaware that he had just made his mother cum, felt that squeal sounded very familiar.

Hunter: Oooh so that's what I heard yesterday. I was wondering, a bug wouldn't get you to scream like that. What were you doing mom?

Jacinda, already spent by her intense orgasm, was getting questioned by her son. She had no answer for him. She remained silent. She felt her juices oozing out of her pussy soaking her shorts.

Hunter: Mom... answer me... Tell me, what were you doing yesterday?

Jacinda remained silent. But she did give a slight, satisfied smirk. This annoyed Hunter, and he asked again. He thought she was teasing him.

Hunter: Come on ma. You can tell me now. What were you doing yesterday when you screamed?

Jacinda, still silent, wouldn't answer him and kept breathing heavily. Hunter gently grabbed a fistful of her hair, and in a sudden motion, roughly pulled her up towards him. This completely shocked Jacinda. Her big beautiful eyes turned wide and almost popped out of her head as she was once again suspended mid air, back arched. Except this time, the pain was intensely felt, as unlike prior attempts, the thing by which her son was hoisting her torso up, was a part of her body, her own hair. As he grabbed her hair and pulled her up towards him roughly, she blurted out

Jacinda: I... I... I.. was playing with...myself. Arrgghh...(Wailing in agony)

Jacinda was now giving into her son's questions, as he clearly overpowered her and was manhandling her body. He still kept her body arched by holding her hair. Hunter had never been this hard before and he noticed, when he had her lifted up in the air like this, her breasts were wide open and exposed. Until this point, her boobs were crushed under her into the mattress, or covered by that godforsaken bra. Hunter hastily grabbed a handful of his mother's right breast with his right hand while still hoisting her up disdainfully with his left hand. He was now massaging and playing with her boobs.

Hunter: Playing with yourself? What does that mean?

Jacinda: Aaaahh I was... aaayye I was masturbating.... Honey please, that hurts.

(Hunter still kneading her breasts roughly)

Hunter: Oh so you lied to me?

(Jacinda remains quiet.)

Hunter: Mom, did you lie to me?

Jacinda was now enjoying the pain in her back, her neck, her hair being pulled and the way in which her son was treating her. But she didn't have an answer to his question. Jacinda remained silent. The last time Hunter didn't get an answer to his question, Jacinda found herself in the position that she is in. Topless, hair in a bunch used as a pulley to suspend her torso mid air, arched at her back, pinned by the butt.

After repeatedly meeting with silence, Hunter now paused from kneading and playing with his mom's right breast, and Smacked it hard from top to bottom, like a slam dunk. \*CHHAP\* The sound of his palm, smacking hard against his mother's breast, sent soundwaves across the bedroom. It sounded like a clap, but it was one sided. The smack was heard loud and clear, and woke up Jacinda from her trance of getting in unison with the pain.

"What's one way of escaping pain? Experiencing another" She thought to herself. She was not expecting her own 18 year old teenage son, who she raised to be a thorough gentleman to smack her. Let alone smack her on her sacred, tender breasts. The same breasts she once fed him with. She did not expect her taking up the offer of moisturizing her shoulders would lead to this point. But they had crossed some lines. Lines she would never have imagined could be crossed. These were boundaries, beyond her timid imagination, now well and truly abolished. To her, it was a power play, but it had now gotten sexual in nature. Her shock was now slowly devolving into a trivial surprise. Right as all these thoughts were going through Jacinda's mind, her son Hunter swung another firm slap across her right breast, this time causing a louder clap \*Chhap!!\*. She realized her silence meant more smacks.

Jacinda: Yes, yes. I'm sorry, yes I lied to you son. I'm sorry.

Hunter acknowledged her admission and apology. And yet, landed another hard smack \*CHHAP\* on her same right breast. Her tender medium sized boob now sported some soreness, some redness. She was dazed and confused. But Hunter was extremely aroused. As soon as the third smack landed, the sound of his palm meeting her skin, caused Hunter to ejaculate. And because of their position, Hunter's semen was aiming straight at his mom's back. He shot ropes and ropes of cum on his mother's back. Jacinda felt a warm, gooey liquid on her lower back. Hunter while

cumming had let her go and she fell flat and lifeless back in her bed. Now the bed sheets wet with her sweat, and orgasmic bliss.

Hunter was done. Jacinda was spent. They both realized what they had just done. Both mom and son didn't know how it happened, but they knew they both enjoyed it.

Was it Hunter's fault for offering to moisturize her shoulder? Was it Jacinda's fault for going over to his room, waiting for him to finish masturbating and handing him the moisturizer? These were questions they both didn't want to answer. Jacinda laid breathless, and gasping on her mattress. Hunter gets off her, puts his dick back in his pants. Took a couple of steps back and looked at this gorgeous view.

His own mother, his hot 42 year old conservative, uptight, religious mother, laying half naked with his cum on her back, dribbling away off to the side of her belly and hips. Rags and torn clothes hanging off the bed, half a bra on the floor. Her hair covered her face. The sweat made it stick to her face. She looks beautiful, in the night light. So pure, so sexy, simply gorgeous. Jacinda kept her eyes shut, she could hear Hunter's movements in silence.

He almost walked out of the door, turned back, bent down, and got close to his mother. Her eyes still shut. Jacinda could smell his sweaty, teenage musk as he got closer. She could not feel his breath on her face. Hunter slid the hair covering her face off her, placing it behind her ears. Got closer, and kissed his mother firmly on the lips. She doesn't reciprocate. He's still kissing her lips, trying to use his tongue. Jacinda lays there still. Unsure of what to do, how to react. Hunter kept smooching her lips.

Hunter now had learned a trick or two. He grabbed his mother by her neck, held her in a tight vice grip, which made her open her eyes and gasp for air. He brought her face close to his, and began kissing her mouth roughly. This time, she reciprocated. Jacinda kissed him back. Jacinda was kissing her own son. She felt embarrassed, "taboo, wrong, so wrong, I'm going to hell" she thinks. "But he is too. As long as he's there with me, my son. Hunter". She thought as she was now wildly kissing her son. Hunter was now surprised by the sudden burst of passion in his mother. They both kissed, saliva oozing and drooling all over both their faces. Their lips were drenched in saliva. Mother and son had become one. Jacinda felt the guilt. The guilt of turning her son into a boy with no game, no confidence. But tonight, she was proud of his ability to take control. Hunter pushes her back on the bed. And Jacinda deeply gasped for breath as her windpipe now had free flow of oxygen. Hunter whispered to his mom.

Hunter: Hey Mom, No more bras for you from here on out.

Jacinda: Yes honey. (She smiled, as she looked into his eyes)

Hunter: And I'm disappointed in you mom. You always taught me to speak the truth. I spoke a very difficult truth to you today. I opened my heart out, I was vulnerable. But you lied to me. And you know what happens when people lie, right mom?

Jacinda: (Confused) They uhmmm. They get punished. (Her sweet, gentle smile, instantly turning into a slight frown, as her eyebrows tensed up and dropped from each side of her beautiful face)

Hunter: So, mom, do you think your lie deserves a punishment?

Jacinda: I don't know Hunter.

Hunter: Yes it does Ma.

Jacinda: And you're going to punish me?

Hunter: Yes. Tomorrow. Please don't lie to me again. Now get some rest. Goodnight.

Jacinda watched as Hunter got up, turned around and left her bedroom. Leaving the bedroom door open. She slid her hands behind her back. Some of her son's cum had now dried out on her back. But she was able to scoop up some gooey goodness in her fingers. She brought it to her mouth, tasted it. It was intoxicating. Jacinda had just tasted the fluid that came out of her son's penis. She felt dirty. Yet so complete. For the first time in forever, she felt fulfilled. She was "satisfied".

Jacinda realized, as wrong and taboo as it was, she wanted this more than anything else. And if it helps her son become a better man, so be it. Jacinda was mentally, emotionally in submission to her son.

## **Innocent Mom now Son's Slave Ch. 03**

All the characters in this story are over 18 years of age. This is just a fantasy and not a real story. It includes strong themes of incest, romance, and BDSM. If you're not comfortable, please stop reading.

In Part 1 (the prelude), you learned how Jacinda, a sweet, young, innocent, smart, conservative girl marries a rich, handsome hunk she met in college and regrets losing him to alcohol and a frivolous lifestyle. She has a son, now 18 years old, estranged from his father. Her son, Hunter is her life and she brought him up as a single mom since he was five. Despite being separated from Dan (Hunter's father), she never legally filed for divorce. Dan is not in their lives and only occasionally visits or calls. She inherited a huge estate, ranch and properties from her father in law, while still practicing her own business as a clinical counselor. The Johnson family confidant, attorney and well-wisher Mr. Gomez helps with managing their businesses.

In Part 2, events unfold, attracting 18 year old, virgin, single, Hunter to the only woman he's always around, his mother. Jacinda also feels a certain excitement upon Hunter's bold touch. In a heart-to-heart, they open up to each other and become vulnerable, when Jacinda finds out Hunter has trouble being confident with girls, while all his friends have girlfriends. Having just finished high school and about to go to college, she tries to help him be more self confident and give him more freedom with decision making and taking control. However, this leads to them getting entangled in an intimate, sensual moment that changes the dynamic of their relationship and lives altogether.

---

Jacinda fell asleep rather easily that night. Without having to rely on melatonin. She had nature's happy chemicals gushing through her mind and body. She had just experienced a sensual and surprisingly painful yet pleasant physicality with her own 18 year old son, Hunter.

Hunter, on the other hand, felt this surge in self confidence. Being a timid young boy all his life, he enjoyed being the one to make his own decisions that would lead to events without repercussions. He slept like a baby that night, having felt a woman's body, tasted her lips, touched, roughly played with and even slapped a woman's breast for the first time in his life. This woman just happened to be his own mother.

He did have a hint of hesitancy and fear. "What if she wakes up and confronts him? What if she puts a stop to his advances? Did he go too far? Was it too much? Should he have slapped his mother's breast? Was he right in grabbing and pulling her hair? Did she actually willingly kiss him back?" Many thoughts and questions ran through his mind. Whatever happened, he thoroughly

enjoyed it and was willing to face the consequences.

Jacinda usually had a set morning routine. Wake up, use the bathroom, brush her teeth, freshen up, and do a morning facial skin care routine. Once she goes downstairs in her nightwear, she'd drink her morning lemon tea and coffee. She'd use the bathroom again, get changed into her workout fit. Go to the gym room in their lavish house, workout. Finish by 8:30, get showered and start her day of meetings and clients around 9:30. Every day was different with work. Not needing the money from her occupation, she did it to keep herself busy and genuinely had an interest in helping her clients who relied on her expertise as a clinical counselor.

Hunter, now enjoying his summer break, awaiting college admission letters was enjoying his life with his friends these few weeks. Playing sports, video games, hanging out with friends, going on bike rides, garage parties etc. He didn't have a set schedule these days and was just taking it easy. He worked hard in high school and graduated in the top 5 of his class. Hunter was a good student and his mother's upbringing made sure he was a respectable gentleman in his school social circles. Which also meant he wasn't the bad boy type that all the girls flocked to.

Despite his good looks and athletic body, he was single and wasn't your typical ladies man. He had his first kiss with his best friend from school and town Macy. But that was when they were 15. And Macy later came out as a lesbian. Hunter was still a virgin and had never seen a girl naked before. The extent of his sexual experience was watching hardcore, brutal bdsm porn on his computer, until last night. When he caressed, massaged, kissed, made out, licked and spanked his own mother. Using her body as if he had complete control over it. This was new to him and he thoroughly enjoyed the feeling.

Today was different. It was a Saturday. On Thursday, Jacinda and Hunter had that little lemonade spill incident which triggered their horniness for each other. Friday evening, post dinner, their lives changed forever.

Jacinda woke up at 6:30am as her alarm went off. She woke up alone in her bed, as she had for the last several years. It was a Saturday, so she didn't have to work. She felt this overwhelming feeling of satisfaction and fulfillment for some reason. When she tried to turn over and move to get out of bed, she felt the skin on her lower back feel uneasy and cracking a bit. That's the moment it hit her. It was not a dream, she didn't think it was. She knew it was real. It happened. She still felt some guilt. Not for what happened last night. But for what she felt was her fault over the years. Her retelling the stories of Hunter's father to him, which had made him resent his father so much, that he tried to not be like him. It was for his benefit, she was aware. Nobody wants to be a terrible person like Dan. But she didn't want her son to lose out on experiences in life that other kids his age were having.

She rubbed her lower back, scratching off her son's dried semen. It was now flaky and fell to her bedsheets. Jacinda walked into her five piece bathroom. To her left was a window that overlooked the giant backyard, with nobody in sight. To her right was her sink and counter with a mirror reflecting her topless beauty. She still had her old, tight shorts which were now soiled from her orgasm overnight. To the left of the counter and sink, was the porcelain toilet seat with an attached jet spray. To the left of the commode, was her large jacuzzi bath tub, in which she would often soak up on the weekends to relax, reading a magazine with a candle light. The jacuzzi tub was in the corner of the large bathroom. And straight across was the shower unit, with a glass door. Where she had a cold plunge just a couple of days ago, bra still on, to get the sexual ideas of her son out of her mind.

Jacinda, looked at herself in the mirror. Hair disheveled, she pulled her hair back and picked up a rubber band to tie her hair in a ponytail. Her brunette hair with dirty blonde highlights looked pretty in the morning sunrise behind her. She washed her face with her favorite high quality top of

the shelf face wash. Applied some moisturizer. Same brand of moisturizer that her son used all over her shoulders, neck and back last night. She smirked a little as she thought of the sensation of her teenage son's rough hands gently massaging her back. And then she remembered, it wasn't just his fingers that did the magic. It was his tongue. "Did he actually lick the moisturizer off my back? I wonder if he liked how he tasted." laughing to herself.

Jacinda, sat on her porcelain commode, and let out a loud stream of piss straight into the bowl. With her vagina working overtime the last 12 hours, Jacinda felt a relief as she emptied her bladder. After flushing and wiping off her pussy with toilet paper, she grabbed a towel, damped it under the warm water from the sink and began cleaning the mess her son made on her back last night. Dry, crusty, white goo was now off her pristine body and on the warm damp towel.

She got out of the bathroom. Looked around at the mess in her room. She did have OCD. It looked hideous, she thought. Jacinda, picked up the two pieces of her torn, ribbed, olive green tank top. Just 10 hours ago, these rags used to be one garment. She tossed them into the trash can. She found the bra laying on the floor next to her bed post. Picked it up and observed it. The string holding the cups together in the front had threads coming out of it. The clip in the back was missing and the bra had clear signs of damage. "That was one of my favorite bras," She thought. Jacinda trashed the bra as well. And as she was walking towards her closet, she felt a little sting on her foot. She looked down to find the clip that must have broken off her bra last night, shining and looking back up at her, as though teasing her like a thorn in grass. She picked it up, and placed it on her dressing table.

Going into her large walk-in closet, Jacinda picked out a bra to wear and had suddenly heard a loud whisper ringing in her ears "Hey Mom, No more bras for you from here on out" These were some of the last words her son spoke to her last night. It was his request and she wasn't one to listen to people, but this was her own son. She had to follow through. But was it just a request? Or was it an insistence? Was it an order? She put the bra back on the shelf. Jacinda picked out a loose white T-shirt with a blueish-green retro 80s print on the front. The shirt was modest enough. Went down to her hips. The neckline, albeit a bit wider than regular fitted t-shirts, just showed her collar bones.

Jacinda walked out of her bedroom, down the wide lavish stairs, through the living room, passed the dining table and realized her coffee wasn't there today. She looked for her maid, and realized she was the one who had asked the house-help not to come in today. This meant she would have to make her own coffee. Jacinda walked into the kitchen, which happened to be behind the wall of the dining area. Hunter was obviously still in bed. She heated some water in a kettle for her lemon tea and turned on the coffee machine with some freshly ground coffee. Grabbing her two cups of morning liquids, Jacinda sat at the dining table sipping on her lemon tea. Contemplating how today just feels different.

She had for the first time in years, felt happier and satisfied. She felt as if it was a new dawn. Not much had changed, but she was excited to see what the day brought. On a typical Saturday, Jacinda would workout, walk the dogs in the yard, meet up with some friends for brunch, watch a movie or read, play and practice some piano lessons. But today, with no house-help, she realized she would have to spend time cooking, doing laundry, cleaning up around the house and just regular chores. Chores she would enjoy doing as an OCD, upright girl in her younger days. But over the years she had lost the habit of.

As Jacinda finished her lemon tea, she began sipping her coffee when she heard the crank of Hunter's door opening. She could hear his footsteps on the floor above, as his hard, heavy steps fell on each step. He emerged, messy hair, still no shirt on for the young man, just as last night. He was sporting a different pair of shorts. "He looks so charming" thought Jacinda. Hunter walked towards Jacinda, she was smiling. She couldn't take her eyes off her 18 year old son. His

eyes, similar to hers, although stark black and deep. His hair, dark brown, in a messy fray, his wide shoulders, broad hips, lean belly, chiseled chest, toned legs. She couldn't stop admiring him. "Did I really birth this handsome hunk of a man?" She thought to herself. She couldn't stop smiling as he approached and walked in close to her, now standing to her right, while she's seated on the dining chair.

Hunter didn't smile, he looked down at her. As she was smiling and watched as his mom's eyes darted from his face, slowly gliding down to his waist. And just as she was about to say Good Morning, she gulped and noticed the huge tent in his shorts, now just inches away from her right ear. She could smell the musky scent of his groin. "Did he even wash his privates after last night?" She thought. She looked at the tent caused by his morning wood and remained speechless. This was awkward. This was awkward, because she hadn't been this close to a penis before. And this penis was her own son's, just a few inches away from her face. There was an awkward silence for about half a minute. The longest 30 seconds of Jacinda's life. Hunter seemed comfortable but didn't know what he wanted, he was still half asleep. To Jacinda's relief, he broke the tension in the air with a smile, looking directly into her eyes.

Hunter: Good Morning Mom.

Jacinda: Good morning, Hunter.

Did you sleep well?

Hunter: Did you sleep well?

(They almost spoke in unison and chuckled at the coincidence of them both asking the same question)

Hunter: Yes, I did.

Jacinda: I did too. I made some extra coffee for you, it's in the kitchen.

Hunter: Oh, thanks Ma. I was wondering what we'd do now that the maid isn't here.

Jacinda: Hey it was your idea. Do you regret it already?

Hunter: No, not at all. But it is nice to have someone bring you things, isn't it?

Jacinda: (laughing out loud, as her gorgeous lips open up, neck pins back, head up high facing the ceiling) Hahahahaha yes, it is...

Hunter looked into his mother's mouth admiring her perfect pearly white teeth as she laughed. He also noticed her tongue. The same tongue he had briefly tasted last night. He looked down at her shirt, it was a cool white shirt. He couldn't see her breasts or cleavage at all. Jacinda, got up from her chair, still chuckling, walking towards the kitchen.

Jacinda: Have a seat, I'll go get you your coffee.

As she was walking away, Hunter noticed her hips swaying, the shirt was long enough to cover her butt and he wondered if she was wearing any pants that morning.

Hunter: Mom, wait...

Jacinda, stopped in her tracks. And before she could turn back to face her son. Hunter was

already close behind her. He moved her hair off her right shoulder, placing it along the front of her left shoulder. He pulled at the hem of her shirt's neckline, pulling it down off her right shoulder, exposing the entire right side of her neck, shoulders, collarbone, back, down to her right forearm. Her breasts were still modestly covered under the print. Jacinda stood there like a mannequin. Hunter just observed her shoulders. He could see the side of his mother's face staring blankly towards the entrance of the kitchen. Her eyes were open, the mouth closed. No expression on her face.

Hunter was beyond overjoyed to learn that his mom had followed his instructions and was not wearing her bra. He was smiling ear to ear. He gently ran his fingers along her back, close to but not on the light pink hue that remained from the impression of her bra straps. The stress on her skin from her bra straps was slowly wearing off.

He then gently ran his fingers from her back, upwards to her shoulders. Getting closer, Jacinda could now feel his breath on her shoulders. He was holding her left arm with his left hand and his right hand now firmly grasped her shoulder. Hunter gently placed his lips on his mother's shoulder, right on the spot where he could still see a light pink hue caused by the bra straps. He kissed, and kissed more. At this moment, she closed her eyes, as she could feel his morning wood, now probing along her lower back, just above her tail bone. He didn't intend to touch her with his dick, but his penis was massive and he had a raging morning boner.

Jacinda felt a gentle push and Hunter let her go. She stumbled a step forward, before feeling a cool breeze on her lower back. Where she felt her son's raging morning wood a second ago. Looking back, she noticed Hunter had let go of her arm and shoulders after kissing it, but raised her shirt from the back.

Jacinda: Hunter....what are you doing honey? Let me go get you your coffee...

Hunter: Oh yeah, sorry mom. I was just checking to see what you were wearing. The shirt is kinda long and I didn't know if you were wearing any pants.

Jacinda: Oh Hunter... hahaha no need to apologize honey. You know your mom well enough, do you think I'll go around the house not wearing any pants?

Hunter: I don't know Mom, maybe you should. (He winked at her as he said that)

Jacinda: (Smiling, rolled her eyes) Oh quit it, you! You're too much...

Hunter: Am I now? I don't think I'm too much at all. I'm just enough. Just enough for you, my beautiful, gorgeous, sexy mom.

Jacinda looked down, blushing, shy and smiled ear to ear. She hadn't heard such compliments in a long time. Nobody had ever called her sexy. Not even her husband. Jacinda, was enjoying this new found attention from a handsome, hot young man.

Hunter: Hey Mom. I noticed, you aren't wearing a bra today.

Jacinda: Yeah, well... someone wanted it that way.

Hunter: And did that someone want something more?

Jacinda: (Now breathing heavier) I don't know....I....I....I don't know what he wants.

Hunter: Well, we talked about it, didn't we....

Jacinda: Oh yeah. But Hunter, listen can we please..

Hunter walked up to her, put his finger on her lips, so as to shut his mom up. He didn't let her finish her sentence. Jacinda, went quiet. She was about to protest, or maybe try to have a conversation with her son. But Hunter was in no mood. He made his mother shut up by a simple gesture of putting his two fingers on her lips and hissing "Shhshshhhshh" He turned her around again, so she was facing the entrance of the kitchen once more. Got close to her ears and whispered again.

Hunter: There's no escaping the punishment for lies. Now go get me that coffee mommy.

Hunter lightly tapped his mother's right butt, gesturing to her to hurry up and get his coffee. He took a seat on the dining chair.

Jacinda hurried into the kitchen and could feel the sexual tension in her rise again. This is the most horny she had felt in over 15 years. She put her arms on the counter as the coffee machine ground beans for a fresh brew. Putting her weight on her arms, she raised herself on her toes, widened her hips, spread her legs and put one hand down to her pussy. Wearing the same short shorts, she had an orgasm in last night. She could feel the spot getting damp again. Twice in 10 hours, she was turned on, by the mere touch of her teenage son. And he was learning the art of taking control faster than she had imagined.

She did want to have a conversation with him. But her heart, mind and body were at constant odds with each other. She didn't know what she wanted. Hunter on the other hand, was enjoying this new found control over his mother. She was becoming more and more lenient with him. She was getting more and more relaxed around his antics. She didn't protest much, and if she did, he was able to get his way.

Jacinda brought the coffee back to the dining table. Her shirt, still off her shoulder, almost like an asymmetric cold shoulder top. They both sat in silence, sipping their coffees. Hunter was still sporting his morning wood.

Jacinda: Hunter, listen. I love you. You're my son. And I just wanted to talk to you, after last night.

Hunter: Talk about what mom?

Jacinda: Ugh, you know, Hunter. What you did was very wrong. You were getting way ahead of your boundaries with your own mother. It's very sinful. And not okay. It's not how a son behaves with his mother.

Hunter: But Mom, you asked to help you with the moisturizer. And you said it was my call to help you how I wanted.

Jacinda: And that's how you wanted to help me? By ripping my clothes off? (Jacinda tried to keep a straight face, but was smiling on the inside and just the thought of getting her clothes ripped was turning her on again. She could feel her vaginal walls pulse and generate more fluids down her inner canals)

Hunter: Well, there were obstacles and I wanted to make sure I got the moisturizer right where it needed to be. And look, it already looks better today.

Jacinda was almost defeated and didn't know where to take the conversation. She did enjoy their little escapade last night, and his advances this morning.

Jacinda: Honey, what we did, was incest... It's inappropriate. It's a sin. It's wrong on so many levels.

Hunter: First of all, we didn't have sex. I'm still a virgin, so it wasn't incest. And if it's so wrong Mom, then why did you kiss me back last night? If it's so wrong, why didn't you put an end to it. You could have stopped me. But you didn't.

Jacinda: (looking down, couldn't see Hunter in his eyes, whispers quietly) I don't know...

Hunter: Answer me, Mom. Why do you want to pretend to be on this high moral ground now, when you could have exerted a boundary last night? Tell me mom?

Jacinda: (Still not able to look her son in the eyes, just staring into her cup of coffee) I... I..

Hunter: Is it because you liked it? Answer me Mom...Why are you quiet?

Jacinda knew her son was speaking the truth. It was the truth. She could have stopped him. But she liked it. She enjoyed how he treated her. She enjoyed losing all her inhibitions and allowing her son to control what happens. She was thrilled by the idea of not knowing what could happen next. All her life she had carefully planned every move, every act, her life revolved around a schedule, a clock, a calendar, a to-do list, a planner. She had severe OCD. For once, it felt nice to just give up control and live organically.

Hunter: Tell me, Mom! Answer me! You liked it, didn't you? What did you like the most? Did you like it when I touched you? Did you like when I ripped your shirt? Did you enjoy me pulling your hair? Did you like it when I kissed you? Or was it the three slaps on your boobs?

Every question her son asked had her answer hidden in it. She knew that he knew her answers. He just wanted to hear it from her. It was all rhetorical. But with each question, Hunter's tone got louder, his pitch got higher, there was a commanding firmness in his voice that she hadn't heard from him before. Her son was no longer the timid, introverted kid. He had suddenly evolved into a powerful enforcer. Jacinda was proud of her son. She loved him. And she broke her silence.

Jacinda: YES! YES!!!! ALL OF IT. I LOVED ALL OF IT. EVERY BIT. I LOVE YOU HUNTER! (Jacinda cried and yelled, standing up, out of her chair)

Hunter was slightly taken aback. He wasn't expecting his mother to confess her deep inner feelings. She was never one to do so. She had always followed what was right by society, her orthodox traditions, her conservative upbringing. She was an uptight, religious, conservative woman with high value in society. People looked up to her. She was a role model for many. She was very well respected. And yet, here she is, confessing to loving her son getting aggressive with her. Hunter also got up out of his chair. Jacinda was already standing up with tears in her eyes. A relieved smirk on her lips. Her cheeks were rosy pink with blood gushing through every vein of her body.

Hunter put his right hand forward, Jacinda instinctively gave her left hand in her son's. Hunter pulled her into his body, into a tight embrace. He was holding her by her waist, his hands behind her back, just above her hips on her lower back. The same area, where he had let out nature's juice from his penis last night. Jacinda had her arms now tightly locked behind her son's neck and wide shoulders. They were kissing passionately. Their lips were locked, eyes closed. Their bodies pressed against each other as if trying to be one and unite into one symbiotic synergy. As Hunter explored his mother's warm, tiny, full lips. She reciprocated by kissing his lips with passion and love. Their lips had parted, and tongues were now entangled with each other's. You couldn't tell whose tongue was which, as they both explored the insides of one other's mouths.

Jacinda and Hunter, Mother and Son were now lovers.

Their kiss continued for quite a while. Hunter could taste his mother's coffee through her tongue and saliva. He was practically sucking the saliva out of his mother's mouth. Hunter had literally just woken up and not brushed his teeth yet. Jacinda could clearly sense the foul morning breath emanating from her son's mouth. But she was so lost in love, passion and lust of kissing her son, that she inhaled the stench and began enjoying his morning breath. Hunter didn't care. He wanted to show his mom how reckless he can be, as he had promised her earlier. Jacinda, just accepted her son's breath, mouth, lips, tongue, saliva into hers as a gift.

He was practically a gift for her. A gift from her faith, her God, her values. She thought of him as a part of herself. She birthed him. They were connected upon birth. He was once inside her, a part of her. Jacinda, now had no regrets, no inhibitions, no boundaries with her son. She knew, she was his, and he was hers. They kept whispering and murmuring "I love you"s to each other at every opportunity they broke free from the lip lock to gasp and breathe in some oxygen before continuing the passionate attack on each other's mouths. This went on for quite a while. It was almost 30 minutes, that mother and son continued deeply, sloppily, passionately french kissing each other, smooching. Lost in a fantasy world. In a world, there was no coming back from. Except for Jacinda and Hunter, this was no fantasy, it was now their reality.

Hunter finally broke. And air finally passed between their two bodies. They both felt a cool breeze, after having been in embrace and a passionate kiss for thirty minutes. Jacinda's face was all messed up with saliva all over her nose, cheeks, jaw, chin. Hunter's was no different. Jacinda just chuckled, like a shy newly wed bride. Hunter smirked, staring deeply into her eyes. He felt like a new man. He felt like he had won an award. A trophy. And that trophy for him was this woman. A 42 year old, hot, gorgeous woman. With the most beautiful face, a tremendous body and a heart of gold. His own mother. She was his now. And he was vocal about it.

Hunter: Hey mom, you're mine. I love you. You understand? I love you. And you're mine now.

Jacinda: (Smiling gleefully) Yes, baby, I'm yours. I love you, Hunter.

Hunter: No mom. I mean it. I love you. Of course, as my mother. You've done so much for me. And I have a lot of respect for you. I love you more than anything or anyone else in the world. But now, I also love you as a man loves a woman. And when I say, you're mine. I want you, as mine. My woman. My girl. My mother, my woman.

Jacinda: (Teary eyed, smiling) I know what you mean honey. And I know, it feels so wrong to me. Yet so right. I thought I loved your father all those years ago, but it was all just a play. But today, I feel like I have found my love. And my love is my own son. I love you too honey. I'm yours. I'm your woman. You're my only man. I saved myself for the first phase of my life for a man who didn't care for me and chose alcohol and other women over me. But I'm grateful I met him. Because of him, I got you. And I'd saved myself for years since then. I devoted my life to you. When your grandfather passed, I promised him, I promised my faith, my God, I promised everyone, I promised myself - "I'll breathe, I'll live for my son alone" And I plan on doing just that.

Hunter smiled lovingly looking directly in her eyes.

Jacinda: I thought I would help you gain some confidence and help you learn to take control to get a girlfriend. You know, help you be assertive so you can muster the courage to ask someone out. But I don't know how I feel about that now. Maybe, selfishly, I just want you for myself. You have shown more than enough assertiveness with me. And I somehow want to continue that. I have never been led before.

Hunter: I don't want anybody else Mom. I just want you. All the girls at school, college are going to be typical skanks. Nobody values true love these days. They all have several options in class, on dating apps, and social media, DMs. But nobody values commitment. I see my friends date the same girls, passing around among themselves. Guys, girls both. Our values are different, mom. We appreciate love and commitment. You and I. And I commit to loving you.

Jacinda: Oh Hunter. I want that too. But I don't know how it'll work out. I mean, with our situation. I am your mother, after all. And everyone knows that. I don't know how society would react to our relationship, if we end up doing anything together.

Hunter: IF? What do you mean, IF? We just kissed for such a long time. And it was the best kiss I've ever had.

Jacinda: Me too honey....but..

Hunter: But what Mom, we're in love. It's clear as day. We want each other. And we'll be together. I don't care what society has to say.

Jacinda: It's not so easy honey. You have to go to university soon. We come from a big name, the Johnson family. We have and own several businesses. Thousands of lives rely on us for their paycheck. Such a taboo concept will never be accepted in society. What about the staff, what about Mr. Gomez? What about the hospitals....

Hunter: Hmm you're right mom. But I don't see a reason for any of them to know anything about us. Outside the house, we're Hunter Johnson and Jacinda Johnson. Son and Mother. But intimately, we're lovers.

Jacinda: I guess so. It's going to be extremely difficult, baby. And besides, I hate lying to people. What if someone finds out..

Hunter: Nobody will find out anything. Unless you tell them. And as long as we dont tell anybody, no lies are spoken. Besides, I remember someone lying to me yesterday and there was something to come for said someone. (Hunter smirks and winks at his mother)

Jacinda: Oh.... We can talk about it later...

Hunter: No we won't. We'll talk about it now mom. It's time for your punishment.

Jacinda was innately excited for this. But wasn't sure of what was to come. She was madly in love with Hunter. She hadn't had sex in forever. Her toys were helpful, but they're nothing compared to the real thing. She knew, if she had sex with her son, there was no coming back. Besides, she'd be taking his virginity. Despite how badly she wanted to fuck him, there were still some threads holding her back.

On the other hand, Hunter was your typical hasty, horny, hormone raged teenager with blood still pumping through his balls. He wanted to fuck this sexy woman in front of him, as soon as possible. He was not only excited to lose his virginity, he was excited to please his lover. He was looking forward to making love. He wanted to make passionate, sensual, sexy love. He wanted lust taking over both their bodies. He wanted to show her that she's his woman now. He wanted to own her. He wanted her in every way possible.

Upon Hunter's insistence, Jacinda once again shut down and didn't know what to do. She has these moments when Hunter takes charge, she freezes and allows him to take over her life. It was somehow exciting for her. She enjoyed letting go. And letting him have his way. It was an

unspoken word of consent. Hunter knew that. He was aware, she was not reluctant, just confused. And he was willing to take full advantage of her innocence. He didn't need consent with his lover, now mother. She was his to do as he pleased. Jacinda just stared blank at Hunter.

Hunter walked up close to his mother. Held her hand, led her into the middle of the living room. Their living room was a giant open hall facing the stairs leading up to their bedrooms. There were three large sofa-sets on three sides, and the open side faced the dining area. An expensive persian rug decorated the floor in the center with a vintage, mahogany glass top coffee table in the center. Hunter sat on the middle couch, facing the dining area. Jacinda stood in front of him, between the couch and the coffee table, facing him. Her back towards the dining area.

Hunter looked at his mother from top to bottom. Her hair, perfectly bound in a ponytail. Her eyes, heavy, teary and full of love. Her loose shirt still reeling off on one side exposing her right shoulder down to her forearms. Her right boob barely covered by the helm of the neckline of this shirt. Hunter's eyes went down slowly towards Jacinda's thighs. They were full and her inner thighs stuck together, leaving no space between her legs. Her long, toned, sexy legs down to her house slippers.

He put his hands between her legs by the thighs, and parted her legs. Jacinda now stood with her legs slightly wide forming an 'A'. Hunter slowly glided his palm across her left knee, slowly running it upwards and before he could touch the fabric of her shorts. He felt the sticky moist glistening liquid on his fingers. He just chuckled and looked up at her. Jacinda had her eyes closed, and head raised up to the heavens. Hunter figured his mother must have been turned on to leak these juices all the way down her thighs through those shorts.

In a surprising and yet authoritative move, he roughly yanked Jacinda's shorts down her waist. They easily came off and were already laying by her ankles. Jacinda's body shuddered and froze, as she was now standing almost naked in front of another man for the first in almost two decades. Her vagina could feel the cool atmosphere, now that her labia was out exposed in the open, however, still shielded from Hunter's eyes, as the long, loose shirt still covered her miniscule modesty that was left. Jacinda was reminded at that moment of how long it took her to pull these shorts up last night. They weren't the most comfortable as they were older and she had put on some cellulite around the hips since she had purchased them. But in contrast to the difficulty she had in putting them on, her son was able to yank them off her legs in a jiffy.

Hunter was now running both his palms along his mother's naked thighs and knees. His direction was gently going north. He realized the things he was doing to his mother were having an effect on her. She was enjoying his sexually charged activities with her. Using her as a mannequin and exploring her body. Maybe it wasn't much of a punishment for her. Hunter gently brought his hands up towards his mother's hips. His hands now winged on the front of his mother's crotch. His fingers firmly held her hip bone as he turned his thumb in circular motion, getting close to his mother's vagina.

Jacinda was so turned on, she could cum any moment. She was enjoying this foreplay that her son was performing. He didn't even know what he was doing was called foreplay. She didn't know where he learned this from, as he was a virgin. Hunter's thumbs gradually got closer to his mother's vagina. The same vagina that birthed him 18 years and some months ago. The same hole he emerged out of. This hole was sacred. This is where he entered the world. Hunter's cock was bursting out of his shorts and there was a wet stain of precum on his shorts. He gradually reached his thumbs to Jacinda's labia. Continuing the circular motion, he rubbed her pussy lips, parting them slightly, over and over again. Jacinda let out a scintillating hiss "ssssssss" as her son molested her body calmly and unperturbed. Hunter now stopped massaging and rubbing her pussy lips. His fingers were already wet with the juices secreted by his mother's pussy.

In another unexpected and sudden act of brazen roughness, Hunter suddenly grabbed his bottomless mother by the front hem of the neckline of her shirt and pulled her forward towards him. Lost in her ecstasy, Jacinda did not expect this sudden change in gravity and she fell over on him. Hunter pulled her shirt in towards him so roughly, that the neckline now stretched and got wider. It had given way to his strength and exposed his mother's barely covered breast on the one side, which now laid on his left shoulder, and his mother's head next to his.

Hunter caught a hold of Jacinda, so she didn't fall completely and laid her face down next to him, across his lap. Now he was still seated, her head to his left, facing down on the couch and her lower back, and butt were on his lap, legs to his right side. Hunter raised her shirt to expose his mom's naked backside. He remembered the visual from last night when he came on that same spot that was now inches away from his face. Jacinda could feel her son's hard cock poking her just under her belly button. She was extremely turned on.

The unexpected acts of rough handling continued when Hunter's animalistic stupor took over his wild sexuality and he bent his head forward, opened his mouth and grabbed a mouthful of his mother's protruding buttocks between his teeth. The ass meat in front of him looked deliciously tasty. Hunter was grateful for his mother's exercise regime, with years of stairmaster and squats that meant her full butt was perfectly firm and jiggly at the same time. It was pasty white, since it didn't get much sun, but perfectly round and toned with a bit of flab covering it.

Hunter, like a wild animal, devoured her left buttcheek by grinding his teeth on his mother's booty flesh and didn't let go. He was like an animal possessed, hunting its prey. The prey happened to be his mother, his lover, the woman who birthed him. As soon as Jacinda sensed the skin of her ass being violated by her son's teeth, she let out the same familiar scream. She was in agony. It hurt like hell. Hunter kept his bite on her butt and didn't let go for a few seconds. For those few seconds, his teeth ground deep into his mom's ass. He was trying to get as much flesh into his mouth as possible and hold it a while longer. Jacinda continued screaming and wailing in pain. She was also enjoying the pain. Her tears had dried up. Her face had a smile on it, despite the screams. After about 40 seconds of agony, Hunter let go of her butt from his mouth and smiled as he saw a string of his sticky drool from his lips down to his mother's ass. And on her ass was now a beautiful dark red tattoo that mimicked the formation of his teeth.

Jacinda let out a relieved gasp of air as she felt her butt get free from the vicious attack her wild son had inflicted on her ass. As she felt the gush of blood in her body rush to that spot on her butt, she was smiling again. She loved this sensation. The pain and the pleasure immediately following it. She felt like she had earned it. Not deserved it. Every pleasure was earned after a period of intense pain. That was the reality of life.

Hunter meanwhile noticed a cold wet spot on his right thigh. And realized, it was the juices from his mother's pussy leaking onto his lap. This excited him ever more and once his animalistic instinct was satisfied, he went back to his lust and drove two fingers of his right hand in a sudden jerk, straight and deep into his mother's vagina.

This act was so rough and unthoughtful that Hunter's nails caused a very visible red scratch on his mother's inner thigh. He was now, disdainfully fingering his prone mother's pussy. Jacinda had just barely escaped one assault on her body and without getting a chance to recover from it, felt another violation of her private parts at the hands of her own son. Hunter's fingers were now working like an unstoppable piston, roughly going in and out of his mother's pussy. Every unplanned insert of his finger would scratch the same spot on her inner thigh once again and the juices flowing out of her vagina would cause that scratch to burn even more. Hunter enjoyed roughly attacking his mother's pussy with his two fingers.

He had never experienced a vagina before. So he wanted to make sure the one he has now

claimed as his, was his to do as he pleased. Every in and out movement Hunter's fingers made, caused his mother to screech out a loud moan. It was as if she was being fucked by a raging bull, but it was just her son's two fingers. Jacinda's surprises weren't over yet, as Hunter now with great force buried his fingers in one strong motion deep inside his mother's cunt. She could feel the tip of his finger brush against the entrance of her cervix deep inside her vagina.

Having not been with any man in years, Jacinda's pussy was still as good as a young woman. It hadn't faced such an atrocious attack by any dick, hand, finger or dildo. Most of her toys were quite tame in comparison to the vicious assault her son had just enforced on her pussy. As such, Jacinda's pussy was quite tight and Hunter had trouble rotating his fingers inside of her, which is what he wanted to do. He was using his mother's wet, tight pussy as a science experiment. His fingers deep inside her love hole, he was probing and exploring the contents inside her pussy. His fingers rolled around to feel a ribbed pattern, a soft texture, some thinly lined tissues, a thick wall, and as he pushed his fingers downward, he felt a lining that split her vaginal ceiling into two with a button at the end of it.

Being inexperienced, he didn't realize he had just found what most men could never accomplish. He found it intriguing and kept pressing up to the lining and rubbed his fingers along in each direction like a pendulum, occasionally brushing the button he had just felt. Jacinda had never experienced such pleasure in her entire life. Nobody had ever fingered her, other than herself. And she could only reach in about one knuckle deep. Her son had his entire middle and index finger down to the digit inside her. And the playing around within her vagina made her libido reach levels of insanity. She was moaning, gasping, reaching for breath, drool falling out of her mouth, snot along with it, dried tears acted as rivers for more tears of joy and pleasure on her face.

Hunter finally continued playing with the button inside his mother's vagina and that's when she couldn't take it anymore and erupted all over her son's palm, hands, thighs. It was like a gush of liquid in spurts. Hunter was pleasantly delighted at this sight. His almost naked mother on his lap was squirting incessantly as a reaction to his play. He was proud of himself and felt more of a man than he ever did. He immediately collected some of her juices in his palm and brought it close to his mouth to lap it up. He was lapping it up like a puppy in haste. He loved the taste of his mother's squirt juice. He went in for more and there was more alright. He even licked his fingers. He could taste the salty, fresh goodness in his mouth.

Jacinda orgasmed for what felt like forever, but it was a good two minutes before her body began convulsing and her thighs and legs started to vibrate. This was definitely the most intense orgasm of her life. She almost passed out but was still in her senses. She had a deeply satisfied smile on her face. Now drenched in her own squirt, Jacinda just lay lifeless on her son's lap. Hunter wasn't sure what was happening, as Jacinda's body began to convulse and vibrate. He was confused and thought something was wrong with his mom. Out of care, he rested her body on the couch, got up from it and went down on his knees checking on his mother. Jacinda laid face up, on her back on the couch, still dazed from the most intense orgasmic bliss she had ever experienced. Hunter looked her in the eyes and tapped her face gently.

Hunter: Mom.... Mom... are you okay?

Jacinda: (barely waking up and yet smiling) Yes, yes honey. I'm alright. ...I'm just...

Hunter: Mom...what was that?

Jacinda: That was, my orgasm baby.

Hunter: I know that, I've seen it on the internet. I meant, your body vibrated and shivered. Are you okay?

Jacinda: That's what happens when a strong, handsome young man like my boy plays with his mom's untouched vagina after years, baby. You just gave your mother the best squirt in her life and it's just that... I had never experienced that before. So my body was just reacting to the orgasm...

Hunter: Oh...so you enjoyed it?

Jacinda: Absolutely, I did...

Hunter: Hmm...But the punishment wasn't supposed to be enjoyed. It was supposed to be a punishment.

Jacinda: Well, I did feel pain, when you bit me on the ass.... That was rather unexpected.

Hunter: There's a lot I want to do that'll be unexpected mom (Smirks with a wink)

Jacinda: Baby, I'm excited for it, but I'm just so spent right now. I've never had such back to back intense orgasms within a 12-hour span. You mom's old honey... I need some water.

Hunter: You're not old mom. You're so fucking sexy. You did leak a lot of water. Was that like squirt?

Jacinda: Hahaha (smiling and chuckling) it was honey...It's basically just pee. All women's squirts basically has a bit of pee.

Hunter: Wait....so you peed on me?

Jacinda: I guess...

Hunter: Well, here I thought it tasted delicious

Jacinda: You tasted it?

Hunter: Yeah and I loved it. It was salty and slimy, felt acidic but had a sweet after taste. I'd drink it again, if you squirted again.

Jacinda: Oh honey, I don't think I could. It's not often that women's bodies can squirt you know...It's actually very rare. Yet, somehow you've managed to make me squirt twice in the last 12 hours.

Hunter: Well, I guess I'll just have to keep you hydrated.

Jacinda: Thanks honey... I'm just going to lay here for a minute and recover okay? Are you done with your punishment?

Hunter thought about this. He had not ejaculated yet. He just got his mom off. He was still extremely horny. His raging boner now had leaked more precum that had mixed with his mother's juices on his now wet shorts. He wanted to punish her. He wanted to feel the satisfaction of making her mom do or feel something, some sort of pain that she didn't like. It would give him this sense of control and ownership over her. He thought for a second and took off his shorts, getting completely naked in a eureka moment.

Hunter: Well, mom, given that you ended up enjoying my punishment, while I'm here still hard as a rock. I think your punishment isn't over yet.

Jacinda was now worried. She had no energy and was desperately in need of water. She wasn't sure what her son had in mind. But once again, she wanted him to take the lead. She wanted him to be in control. She wanted him to do as he pleased. She wanted him to be confident. Except this time, she wanted his confidence and assertion for herself. Jacinda's eyes were now glued to her teenage son's monstrous 7" manhood. It was not only blessed in length, but thick and girthy. What kept her eyes glued was that it was uncut, pure, natural but because of being hard for so long, the foreskin had crawled back exposing his throbbing ping dickhead covered in precum and still oozing some slime. There were veins on his cock pulsating from the base to the end of his foreskin.

Jacinda: Well honey...what do you wa.....

Jacinda got cut off by Hunter's cock directly entering her mouth as she opened up her small innocent lips to speak. Hunter had roughly shoved his hard erect dick into his mother's tiny mouth. Jacinda had a small mouth, and Hunter's cock was huge, it literally stretched her lips wide. She felt like she was at the dentist with how wide her mouth was now stretched open. Her gag reflex was terrible and Hunter couldn't insert his entire phallus into his mother's small facial opening. He just shoved it in and out as his mother lay there motionless, lifeless, with almost no energy. Her eyes were opening wider and wider every time Hunter's pelvis got close to her face. Every instance of forward movement came as an attack to Jacinda's mouth.

She had surrendered and accepted whatever may come. Her son was violating her mouth by roughly facefucking her on her wide open living room couch. The sounds of "gluck gluck" and muffled "mmmmmh" "mmmgghrmmm" resonated throughout the hall. Despite the aggressive facefucking, Hunter had only managed to get about 4 inches of his dick in his mother's mouth. He tried to press forward and was met with futile resistance, yet a physical barrier, being the top and back of Jacinda's throat.

The final bits of hydration Jacinda's body could muster were now oozing out of her eyes for the nth time in the last 12 hours, as her tears began rolling off her face, to the side into her ears. Hunter, disdainfully continued inserting his dick in her mouth. He loved the moist sensation of Jacinda's mouth. She would swirl her tongue over his dickhead as it entered her mouth. Jacinda tried her best to not let her teeth scratch her son's dick. Hunter had never felt this sensation before. His hands were the only apparatus used so far to pleasure his manhood. Now he was roughly going in and out of his mother's mouth. His mother's was his new apparatus.

Despite not being able to go deeper in her mouth, just the foreign and new sensation on his sensitive dick, was enough for him to bust. He was getting close and he closed his eyes, continuing to piston in and out of his mother's mouth. He grabbed her ponytail, pulled it up so her head was now straight in front of his dick and erupted several ropes of semen all over her face. He kept cumming for quite a while. Each ejaculation spat on Jacinda's forehead, hair, cheeks, lips, some went in her mouth, some on her neck and some on her loose white shirt.

Once the ejaculation stopped, Hunter was exhausted too. He looked down at his mother. His 42 year old sexy, hot mom, laying bottomless, almost naked on the couch, with her juices around her pussy and abdomen, and his cum on her face. She looks gorgeous in that moment. He had thoroughly punished her, he thought. He enjoyed using her body for his pleasure. Jacinda was so exhausted, she had no energy to do or say anything. She just looked up at her son in a blank stare. He wanted to capture this moment, and ran upstairs to his bedroom to grab his phone.

When he returned, he saw Jacinda spoon some of his cum from her hair and forehead and lovingly brought it in her mouth to taste it. Hunter thought "Wow even in this tired, spent state, she wants to taste my cum. Maybe my punishment was still not enough". He stood in front of her

again looking down at her, as his semi flaccid cock dangled in front of his mother. Jacinda's eyes darted between Hunter's eyes and his penis. He smiled at her. And she returned the smile. She had the look of completeness on her face. Satisfied, fulfilled. Happy.

Hunter: Mom, do you still want water?

Jacinda: (now with a dry raspy voice, as her throat had just been attacked mercilessly by her son's dick) Yes honey, can you please....

Once again, before she could finish her sentence, her eyes bulged out of her head. Hunter's penis was raised up, aiming at her head and it began erupting yellow liquid which shot straight at his mother's forehead. Hunter began peeing on his own mother. He hadn't used the bathroom all night or this morning. Starting at her head, he slowly aimed his dick to her shirt, her pussy, her legs. She had now closed her eyes and mouth. Once again, Jacinda was not expecting this act from her son.

The stench of piss filled the room. Jacinda was covered in warm urine straight from her son's penis. This was the ultimate degradation for her. She had only indulged in brief, vanilla sex for a few years while she dated Hunter's father and in the first year of their marriage. At this point, she had no idea how much more her morals, her boundaries, her limits would be exploited in her attempt to fulfill her son's desires. The pungent odor of urine brewed overnight in her son's bladder now filled her nostrils.

She had closed her eyes in submission. In completely giving away control to her now adult teenage son. Even in that moment of humiliation, she felt as if she was of service. The flow of piss stopped and Jacinda opened her eyes, to look up at Hunter. She couldn't see him in front of her. She thought her complete humiliation and degradation was complete. She thought her punishment was over. And despite the depths of depravity her son had put her through, somehow she enjoyed every act her son had performed with her. Was he done? Did he go to grab her some water? No, her son was now standing behind her head, at the edge of the couch. She couldn't see him in her field of view. But she saw his hand approach from the top of her head.

He pressed her nose shut, so she couldn't breathe. This made her open her mouth gasping for air. And right at that moment, Hunter unleashed his golden shower again aiming directly at his mother's mouth, towering above her. He continued until her mouth was full, she was reluctant to swallow, but she had no choice in a feeble attempt to gasp for air. He held her nose until she had a mouthful of her son's pee. He let her nose free, when her mouth was filled to the brim, some piss flowed over and dripped to the side of her face, covering her face, seeping through her hair, going into her ears.

Her nose was now let free and she had no choice but to swallow the mouthful of piss she had just received as punishment from her son. Hunter still had a little bit left in him, and he aimed at his mother's mouth once again, this time coming back in front of her. This time, her eyes locked with his. And this time, she opened her mouth wilfully. As Hunter let go of another stream of his golden piss, Jacinda made sure to not break eye contact and swallow every last drop as much as she could. Yes it tasted foul. Yes it was dirty. Yes, she felt humiliated and degraded but she was also thirsty.

Hunter could have easily fetched his exhausted mother a glass of water from the kitchen. But he had better plans. He wanted to mark her as her own. He wanted to claim ownership of his mother, as his lover. As his property. As his woman. As his slave. All the BDSM porn he had watched had come in handy to take control of his woman, his lover. As the final drops of piss exited his penis, Hunter shook his dick to trickle the last few drops which again fell on his mother's white shirt. Now, having swallowed every last drop of her son's piss. Having tasted his

cum. Jacinda felt a sense of ownership. A sense of protection. This was her man. Her son was her everything. This was her life.

Hunter took some pictures and a short video of his hot mom laying on the couch almost naked, soaked in his piss and cum. He saved them for his own future entertainment. He looked at her once again.

Hunter: Mom....

Jacinda: Yes, Hunter?

Hunter: You're mine.

Jacinda: I am. I love you baby, but you've made such a mess on the couch.

Hunter: Mom, I think you should get used to it. I plan on making a lot more messes.

Jacinda: Well, we don't even have any house-help today.

Hunter: We have you. (He smiled)

Jacinda didn't have any plans for the rest of the day. It was only 9 in the morning. She had spent the last 2 hours playing dirty, sexual games with her son. She had spent the 2 hours confessing and making love to her lover. She had enjoyed every bit of it. The antithesis of her OCD, uptight, perfection was this depraved state of humiliation that she was now under. Her handsome hunk of a son had cast a spell of sensual ecstasy on her. What surprised her, was despite how much she was in love with her son, they still hadn't had sex. Her son was still a virgin. She had just tasted his cum. He just drenched her in his piss. But they hadn't had sex. They hadn't indulged in the most taboo of all acts. She wanted that. She wanted to have sex. She hadn't performed sexual intercourse in over 15 years. She was desperate. For years, she had buried her sexual urges within herself. And finally, she had found someone to explode her libido with. And that someone was her own son, Hunter.

Hunter: Mom, I love you.

Jacinda: I love you too, son.

Hunter: Mom, can I ask you something?

Jacinda: Of course baby....

Hunter: I want to have sex with you Mom.

Jacinda: That's not really a question honey.

Hunter: Maybe, I'm just telling you.

Jacinda: Just telling me?

Hunter: Maybe, I'm insisting.

Jacinda: Oh...

Hunter: Maybe I want to uhm... I want to command you.

Jacinda: Command me?

Hunter: Yes. I want to take control and make you mine. I want you, all for myself.

Jacinda: You already have me, baby.

Hunter: No, but Mom. I want to own you. Your body. I want us to have a special relationship.

Jacinda: What do you mean sweety?

Jacinda now having some fluid in her body, albeit her son's piss, had regained some energy to sit back up on the piss soaked couch. Now staring in her son's eyes, as he sat next to her, naked.

Hunter: Mom. I've never had sex. And I want to, with you. But the kind of sex I want to have is something you may not like.

Jacinda: Does it involve ripping my clothes off? Does it include pulling my hair? Does it include roughly fingering my vagina? Does your kind of sex mean you can take me anytime, anywhere? Does it mean you want to brutally facefuck me?

Hunter seemed kinda dumbfounded. As he had never heard such words from his mother's sweet, innocent voice. His mother in all these years barely even swore, let alone use words like 'facefuck'. He had maybe heard her say 'fuck' or 'shit' a handful of times. The answer to her questions was yes. It was rhetorical. She knew his answers to her questions. But Hunter wanted to take it a step forward.

Hunter: Yes, mom. All of the above. And the pee thing....

Jacinda: Hmm.. that was unexpected. Like a lot of other things you've done over the last 14 hours.

Hunter: I want to do a lot more with you mom.

Jacinda: Like what?

Hunter: You will know when the time will come. But for now, I want you to be my partner. I want you to be my girlfriend. My woman. My wife...

Jacinda: I'm still married, you know. I guess you can call it separated.

Hunter: Why not get a divorce...

Jacinda: It doesn't matter. We can't get married. We are Mother and son. You're my son, Hunter.

Hunter: Who cares. We'll just get married intimately. So I can claim you. I want you as mine. I want to claim you as my property.

Jacinda: Your property?

Hunter: Yes. I want you to be completely mine.

Jacinda: I am yours honey.

Maybe Hunter was having trouble explaining the kind of relationship he wanted to have with his mother. She was quite naive in a lot of ways.

Hunter: Mom, I want you to be my Sex Slave.

Those words echoed in Jacinda's ears. "Sex Slave". Her 18 year old teenage son wanted her, his own mother, as his sex slave. She was lost again. Defeated. Unsure of how to respond. She just looked down and kept quiet. Contemplating, overthinking. Jacinda had never thought about being anyone's sexual partner. The idea of being a sex slave had never even occurred to her. But this is what her son wanted. She had already crossed quite a few boundaries with her son in the last couple of days. They had confessed to being lovers. But they had not yet had sex.

"How is he thinking of such stuff?" she thought. "Was it all the hardcore porn he was watching? Where is he getting all these ideas? Why does he want me, his own mother, to be his sex slave?" These are questions Jacinda was trying to find answers to within her own mind. She realized Hunter was an 18 year old grown adult with pent up, bottled up, natural, sexual urges buried deep inside of him, very much like her own. And just like herself, he hadn't had any sexual exposure since early puberty hit him. Growing up almost without his father around, maybe he didn't have anyone to talk to. Maybe she lacked the skills to educate him on sex. Her pessimism blamed herself for telling him the reality about his father. The fact that he was an alcoholic womanizer who also paid for sex.

Hunter tried so hard to not turn out like his father, that he was extra careful when approaching or talking to girls. Always awkward and friendly. He didn't know how to take the lead. But he had this natural animalistic sexual instinct to him that had now received an outlet. And that outlet was his own mom, Jacinda. The only woman who he found attractive. The woman he knew would never leave him. The woman he loved and she loved him back. Jacinda convinced herself with these thoughts that it was her responsibility to give Hunter the release he needed. She would take the initiative to be the woman Hunter always dreamed of and yearned for. But Hunter's idea for her, apart from being his lover, was for her to be his sex slave.

Admittedly she was hesitant at the idea of being her son's sex slave. Yet, she wasn't opposed to it. The uncertainty excited her. The suspense was intriguing. Still smelling of piss and cum, she looked at him as a dollop of his semen dribbled down her hair, slowly clinging to her loose white shirt. He looked back at her and raised his eyebrows inquisitively. He was now asking questions, with his eyes. And this one was a Yes or No. Silence was not an option.

Jacinda: Baby...Honey... oh Hunter. I...I just don't know how we could.. I don't know if I'm ready.

Hunter: What do you mean mom?

Jacinda: Hunter, I don't know if I'll be able to.

Hunter: Able to what?

Jacinda: I don't know Hunter, whatever it is that you have planned or want...I'm old. I'm 42. I haven't been involved with anybody this way except your father for over 15 years, and now you. And your father was never this dirty...or...or.. Forward.

Hunter: I don't care about him. Please stop talking about him. As far as I'm concerned, he doesn't exist for me, or you. And you should get that divorce. You deserve it. You deserve your freedom. You don't deserve to have your name attached to that man. Your faith shouldn't be an issue anymore, considering the things you've done with your own son now.

Jacinda: Hunter... baby calm down. I'll think about it. I promise, I will. Just give me some time. It's

only been a day and we've crossed a lot of boundaries, too quick. I need time to ruminate and decide....

Hunter: Decide what Mom. I'll decide for you. Like I decided, you won't be wearing bras anymore. I'll make those decisions for us. And you're going to apply for that divorce. I'll talk to Mr. Gomez. You can't be completely mine, until you're married to dad.

Jacinda: Hunter, baby, that's not the only thing I want to think about. This whole sex slave thing, what does it entail?

Hunter: Hmm... so you're going to get that divorce?

Jacinda: Sure, if you so badly want me to get a divorce, I will. If that makes you happy. I want you to have me as yours Hunter. Forever, if you must. And I just want you to be happy and I'll do whatever I can for you to be happy and please you.

Hunter: Good! Well, it would make me happy if you were my sex slave. My plaything, my toy. I want to own you. Use you. I want your body at any time. I want you as my partner. I want to claim you as mine.

Jacinda: Hunter, just those words... you turn me on so much. And yes, I'm willing to be your partner, your play thing. You were once a part of me. You came out of me. And your body was mine. Now, my body is yours. I just... I'm really scared.

Hunter: Don't be scared mom. We'll set up some rules. Some do's and don'ts. Some boundaries. Boundaries, we won't cross.

Jacinda: Easy for you to say. We've already crossed quite a few. Boundaries, I never thought I would cross in a million years. Boundaries that I didn't even know existed. You just pissed on me. Used me as your toilet. Urgh, just feels so dirty, yet so sexy just saying that out loud.

Hunter: So you're ready? Ready to be my sex slave?

Jacinda: Sure, I guess...uhmm. But, we have to set some limits. And, I really need to drink water, finish my coffee and take a shower. Plus, I have to clean up this mess and make sure this couch doesn't smell like your piss...(chuckling)

Hunter: (rejoicing with a huge grin) YEESS!! I love you mom. You're the greatest mother in the whole entire world. No, Universe. I love you!

Hunter kisses Jacinda, as she gets up to go to the kitchen to hydrate herself. She picks up her shorts on her way back, still half naked and goes up to her room, to tidy up. Hunter grabs a paper and pen and begins writing some things down.

...to be continued

## **Innocent Mom now Son's Slave Ch. 04**

All the characters in this story are over 18 years of age. This is just a fantasy and not a real story. It includes strong themes of incest, romance, BDSM and water sports. If you're not comfortable, please stop reading.

---

....continued from part 3. Please read all prior parts first.

Jacinda went back to her room. Tossed her tiny shorts in the laundry hamper. She had a skip and a hop in her step. For the first time in years, she was feeling young again. She felt sexy. She felt needed, wanted. And the man who wanted her, was her own son. He not only wanted her as a woman, as his lover, but now, his sex slave. And she had somewhat agreed. But she was still scared. She had decided it was time to file for divorce after years of being separated from her husband, Dan. Hunter's father, Dan. Who would seldom check in on them. He was a crumbling alcoholic, living off of his father's inheritance and spending it on alcohol and hookers.

Jacinda took her piss drenched loose white shirt off and tossed it in the laundry hamper. She undid her ponytail, walked to the bathroom and looked at herself in the mirror. Dried rivers of tears were clearly visible on her pristine, now flaky skin. Her skin was perfect. It was flaky, thanks to the dried semen ejaculated from her son's penis. She was also covered in his piss.

She felt naughty, dirty. It was so taboo. But she enjoyed going to the depths of depravity with her son. Jacinda, twisted her body to the right and could see the reflection of her backside in the mirror. She could see the imprint of her son's teeth firmly planted in red on her left butt cheek. She was already marked as his property. For the first time in her life, she felt like she belonged. She belonged to someone. She touched the bite mark left by her son, and oh it stung like hell. She let out a soft "oooochpph" as she examined the new addition to her body. Everything that her son did to her was unexpected and a surprise. But she thoroughly enjoyed it all.

Walking under the hot shower, she washed her hair off her son's semen and piss. As she was taking a shower, she began thinking to herself "Do I really want to be his sex slave? What did he really mean? What does this whole thing entail? What if someone finds out?" She was scared. Scared and anxious. On top of it all, she was excited. She finished her shower, rubbed lotion all over her body. Some more moisturizer on her face. Dried her hair off, applied coconut oil serum to her hair. That's how she got that gorgeous shine in her long, luscious hair.

She walked out of the bathroom, back into her bedroom with a towel wrapped around her. As Jacinda was about to walk to her closet, she noticed a folded paper laying on her bed. This sheet of paper wasn't here when she went into the bathroom earlier. Surely, Hunter must have placed it there. She did notice him writing something on paper on the living room coffee table. Curiously, she opened the sheet. And her pretty little mouth gaped wide open. Her jaw hit the floor and her big beautiful eyes bulged out of her skull as she read the title.

The sheet read as follows:

~~~~~

Rules for my Sex Slave Mother Jacinda -

- 1) Jacinda is Hunter's sex slave in every sense. Hunter is her owner. Jacinda is Hunter's property. Hunter is Jacinda's Master.
- 2) Jacinda is expected to do anything and everything, commanded by her Master. Any disobedience or discrepancy will result in a punishment of Master Hunter's choosing.
- 3) Outside the house or in presence of outsiders, Master and Slave may act as son and mother again, however, Master Hunter's orders still apply and are expected to be followed.
- 4) Jacinda can use her safeword at any point to convey her limits or put a stop to any act being performed. The safeword is "Magnets".

5) Master Hunter has complete authority over adding, removing or amending any rules as he may seem fit.

6) Slave Jacinda should no longer wear any bras in or outside the house. In private or in public. Panties are optional and up to slave Jacinda's liberty.

7) Slave Jacinda may continue to work her regular hours, but will have to cancel meetings and appointments as commanded by Master Hunter.

8) Slave Jacinda promises her undying love and monogamous commitment to her lover, her son, her master Hunter. She may not indulge in any romantic or sexual act with any person male or female, other than her Master, unless directed by Master.

"I'll add more as we get comfortable in our new relationship. But this is a start. I love you Mom"

-H

~~~~~

Jacinda had never imagined her life would take such a drastic turn within 2 days. She was reading a list of requests... or rather... rules... or... Orders from her Son. Who is now supposed to be her lover, her Master. Reading through the list, she felt embarrassed, humiliated yet extremely excited. She was genuinely excited for something for the first time in forever. The last time she felt this level of anxious excitement was when she found out she was pregnant. Pregnant with the same child, who has now grown up to be a strong, confident, assertive young man and her lover, Hunter. The same person, who she birthed and carried for nine months, was now going to be her owner. Her master. Was she ready to submit? Was she willing to be a slave? She wasn't sure.

Hunter didn't leave any room for negotiation in his commandments. Jacinda placed the paper on her night stand and went into her closet to get ready for the day. It was going to be a chores day, since the maids were told not to come in today. Which means, she was expected to cook, clean, do laundry and now, any other task her Master would assign to her.

Jacinda was trying to pick out something to wear for the day, but she couldn't decide on anything specific. For years, she didn't care and would just dress without much thought, yet looked absolutely stunning. But now, she was picking out her wardrobe with the thought of "What would Hunter like to see?" And that was a difficult decision. Despite being her son, she didn't know much about her son's preferences in a relationship or as a partner, let alone, as her owner. And that's when she remembered him asking about the silky, shiny, black, satin belt. That belt was a part of a short, black, sexy lingerie set she had purchased online a few years ago. But never got the opportunity to wear or try it. She wanted to get rid of it or throw it away. But now she was going to wear it, because her son, her master, wanted to see her in it.

Jacinda dug through a few lingerie sets and picked them out. It was essentially a robe, quite opaque. But had a flimsy, rich, shiny, silky material. It was very soft. She put on the black silk robe and covered herself. It connected just above her cleavage, properly hiding it. The belt went around the plugs along her waist and she was able to fasten it on her left side. She looked in the mirror and felt it was a bit short, ending just under her butt in the back, exposing her shiny, smooth shapely legs. It still looked really good, she thought. She obviously didn't wear a bra. She knew better. Bras were history as far as Jacinda was concerned. She had one last look at herself in the closet mirror, thought "That'll do" and walked out.

Jacinda picked up her laundry hamper and walked towards the laundry room downstairs, next to

the kitchen. She was loading up the washer and thought to check in with Hunter if he had any dirty clothes to wash. She skipped and hopped and went to her son's room. Her master's bedroom. Hunter was in the shower. She looked in his closet and found his laundry basket. Jacinda grabbed the basket and walked towards the washer to wash his clothes in the same spin cycle.

As she was loading up the washer, she noticed several underwear with obvious white teenage stains on them. Most of Hunter's boxers and underwear had stains of semen. It was dry and crisp. She picked out the last pair from his laundry basket. This was a pair of tight briefs with a pocket in the front for a jock-strap. She noticed this particular underwear was especially very dirty and had multiple stains in the front. She felt naughty and brought the underwear close to her nose. She could still smell the pungent stench of residual dried pee and crusty cum on this underwear. But there was something about sniffing her own son's musky, dirty underwear that was tempting. Jacinda bit the bottom of her lip in excitement. She could just imagine her teenage son wearing this underwear, playing ball out in the sun. This piece of cotton, strapped to his sweaty crotch, as his thighs and ass rub against its fabric. His penis oozing droplets of piss and remnants of semen drying on these briefs.

As her eyes were closed and she was lost in thought, Hunter walked into the laundry room. She felt his presence, this time he smelled fragrant. Fresh and crisp, out of the shower. He had a plain gray tank top on and a pair of shorts. Hunter looked at her and smiled. Jacinda smiled back at her son.

Hunter: Did you read your rules?

Jacinda: Yes, I did.

Hunter: And....?

Jacinda: It's uhmm interesting. I think...maybe I can try to do it.

Hunter: Good girl.

When Jacinda heard her son say "Good girl", it was like music to her ears. She grew up in a strict, uptight, conservative family. And she would rarely hear that from her own parents or any elder in authority at school or college. Now, her son was the one in charge of her. And he just gave her the sweetest of gifts. He acknowledged her. He appreciated her. He called her a good girl. She felt protected, cared, adored and loved by this man. This man, who is now her Master. Her own flesh and blood, her son. As Jacinda continued blushing in response to Hunter's "Good Girl" comment, Hunter came up close to her. He snatched his dirty soiled underwear from her hands, rolled it up bundled into a small ball.

Hunter: Open your mouth, Mom.

Jacinda: Hunter.... Wait..

Hunter: I said, open your mouth.... Slave!

As soon as that word fell upon her ears, it was like a switch turned on inside of her. Jacinda, naturally, voluntarily opened her mouth wide. She had a small, cute mouth with pretty lips surrounding them. Hunter tried to shove his dirty soiled underwear in his mother's mouth. Due to the size of her small mouth it wasn't fully going in.

Hunter grabbed her head from the back with his left hand, and began forcing the underwear

down her throat, into her mouth from the front. Jacinda was stunned but knew he was going to have his way no matter what. Even if she wanted to, she couldn't use her safe word "Magnets" at that moment, since her mouth was overstuffed with her son's dirty, sweaty, semen and pee-laden underwear. Once Hunter managed to get the majority of these bundled up dirty briefs in her mouth, there was still some part of the underwear's elastic waist strap falling out of her mouth.

Hunter looked at his mom top to bottom. He noticed she was wearing that black, shiny lingerie robe. He was happy to see her fulfill his wish. Her hair was wavy and left open. It was long, and reached the middle of her back. She had gorgeous hair. He looked down and noticed the belt tied to her side. That's the belt that piqued his curiosity and started all of this. He was grateful for that loose, shiny, black belt. His eyes gazed further down to his mom's glistening, sexy, legs. She had just applied lotion on them, so they looked extra smooth and soft. Hunter looked back up at her. His mother, his slave, Jacinda had no makeup on. Yet, she looked so pure, so innocent, so pristine. She was naturally beautiful. Her cheeks were protruding to the side, as he had stuffed her mouth with his underwear. Her tiny mouth still stretched wide with part of his briefs falling out.

Hunter went closer to her, grabbed an end of the black shiny belt tied to her left and pulled it towards him in one swift motion. The force of him pulling the belt meant it came undone and firmly in his hands. This made Jacinda turn around and do a 360 spin on the spot, and when she stopped to face Hunter back in position, her sexy, shiny, black robe was now undone. And she stood almost naked again, in front of her own son. Her master. She instinctively closed the ends of her robe and covered up her body. Hunter didn't care. As much as he wanted to see his sexy mother naked. He had another idea.

Hunter hoisted the black silky belt in his hands up towards his mother's face, while she was holding her robe together to hide her nudity. He placed the black shiny belt over her tiny mouth full of his dirty soiled underwear and tied a knot at the back of her head, under her hair. He tied the knot as tight as he could, forcing more pressure on the briefs in Jacinda's mouth. The black silky belt was now firmly in place. It may not be in the spot it was designed for, but it was where Hunter desired it to be.

Hunter: What are you looking at? Finish up loading the washer.

Hunter turned around and walked across towards the kitchen, leaving Jacinda in that state in the laundry room.

Jacinda felt humiliated once again. Her lust had taken over her day. In a matter of hours, she had become a sex slave to her son. She was now doing a trivial chore like laundry, almost naked, with the front of her body exposed, a dirty soiled teenage brief in her mouth, fastened by a black silk belt around her head. She felt like a caricature. A walking piece of meat to be used and abused by her son, as he pleased. If there was any momentary chance of her having forgotten what she was, there was a sudden reminder of her existence - a slave. A sex slave to her teenage son. There wasn't much sex or any actual sexual intercourse yet. But the way Hunter was treating his mother was beyond her wildest imaginations. She knew he would take her. She presumed he would lose his virginity to her. She just didn't know when and how. The suspense, the wait, the anxiousness is what excited her. And again, she began feeling that tingle in her groin.

Apart from the tingling sensation, she also felt some emptiness in her stomach. She realized she hadn't eaten anything all day. She was hungry. It was half past noon, both her and Hunter hadn't eaten anything since dinner the night prior. A lot had happened since dinner the night before. She felt like a bad mother, and didn't want her son to starve. Jacinda, after loading up the dishwasher went into the kitchen to fix up some sandwiches for lunch. That's when she heard the front door bell ring. Jacinda panicked and stood still. She wasn't expecting anybody. Jacinda was barely

clothed and was hoping whoever it was, Hunter would open the door and take care of it. She would call out for him, but her mouth was trapped and stuffed. She tried to call out for him, muffled. But obviously that wasn't going to be effective.

Hunter walked in the kitchen.

Hunter: Hey mom, someone's at the door. You should go get that. I got some work in my bedroom, I'll be right back.

Jacinda was now extremely confused. She didn't expect that from her son. How was she supposed to open the door, she couldn't even talk or ask who it was. She knew better than to undo the black silk strap and remove the briefs from her mouth. She knew there would be a punishment for such disobedience. That's when she realized, her master, her son, had just ordered her to go get the door.

Jacinda had no choice. She tried to cover up the front of her tiny, sexy, black, shiny robe as much as she could with her hands. Her mouth was still paralyzed by the underwear and black strap. She slowly walks to the door, looks at the door camera and it was a young-ish Pizza delivery boy. He looked rather young. Jacinda in all her modesty was not going to accidentally or purposely flash this young boy. But then she thought, "Who ordered the pizza? Maybe it was Hunter. Did he want me to flash this stranger?"

Jacinda was confused and she had to make a decision. She couldn't speak over the video-con bell camera to advise the young fellow to leave the pizza by the door, as her mouth was unusable. The delivery guy rang the doorbell again. The tension was rising and Jacinda made a flash decision. She slowly opened the door slightly, poked her head out just so her eyes were visible. The delivery guy was confused but offered her the Pizza. Now to accept the two boxes of pizza, she would have to free her hands off her robe that's keeping her modesty together, hiding her frontal nudity. Jacinda had no choice, and she did it. She hurriedly opened her arms out wide, took the pizza boxes from the delivery guy, who clearly saw Jacinda's gorgeous body completely naked in the front under the robe. His jaw dropped, and was pleasantly stunned. He had heard of Pizza dares, but always thought those were staged. Now he was a part of one. Jacinda quickly took the boxes in and closed the door behind her. The delivery boy went back on his merry way. But what he saw that day was something he'd never forget. He was definitely going to tell all his friends.

Jacinda felt an overwhelming sense of shame and embarrassment. Being exposed and naked in front of her new lover, Hunter was one thing, but she would never expose herself or flash a stranger. She felt so wrong and conflicted. She kept the Pizza boxes on the coffee table in the living room. Hunter came walking down the stairs with his phone in his hand. He had shot a video of Jacinda opening the door and flashing the Pizza guy. He showed it to Jacinda who was already quite annoyed and humiliated at this point and the fact that her son, her lover shot this video, made her question his motives. Her mouth was still covered and she couldn't speak. But she was gesturing something to Hunter with her hands pointing at him and the door.

Hunter: Calm down, Mom. You have just made the mistake of exposing yourself to a stranger. Someone other than your lover, your master. And as such punishment shall ensue.

Jacinda came back to her senses, calmed down and accepted her fate. This was a plan so Hunter could punish her. He forced her to make a mistake. He was playing a game with her. And Jacinda now felt at ease, knowing that her son, Hunter, her Master, was in complete control of not only her, but the situations around her. He was now influencing her decisions. She relaxed a bit while standing by the coffee table in the middle of the living room sofa sets. Hunter now sat back on one of the sofa sets on the side, since the one in the center was soiled with his piss and

his mother's squirt in the morning.

Hunter: Jacinda, my Slave. Are you ready for your punishment?

Jacinda nodded her head in affirmation.

This was the first time Hunter had called her by her name. He was her Master. He could call her anything he liked, she thought.

Hunter ordered Jacinda to lay down face up on the large coffee table in the middle of the living room. Jacinda, hesitant at first, didn't know if that was such a good idea. Or if the glass coffee table would hold. Her mouth was still bound shut. Her body half exposed, Jacinda did as she was told. Laying down face up in the middle of the giant glass table. With her black silk robe already undone, she was laying down practically naked. Hunter loved this view.

He picked up the pizza boxes and placed them on the couch to his side. He loved humiliating his slave mother. He watched her beautiful, curvy body. This was the first time he was able to have a good look at her nudity. He got up and observed his mother's luscious hair. Her pretty face, slender, yet stuffy neck, her shapely round shoulders, perfect chest, her heaving breasts that now lay flat, her toned midriff, her slightly puffy belly with subtle love handles, her curved hips, her cute bumpy fupa, her vagina, surrounded by some week old light brown pubes, her thighs, her smooth, toned legs. He could see a few red lines on her inner thighs going all the way up to her labia. He counted at least 3 strong red line and a couple of light ones. It reminded him of his vicious fingering attack on his mother's vagina from earlier that morning. His nails had scratched and left red lines along her inner thighs. She was a sight to behold. She was prettier, hotter and sexier than any woman Hunter had watched on his thousands of porn sites.

Jacinda just lay there, staring blank at the ceiling and the chandelier above it. She knew her body was beautiful and she could feel her son scanning her entire body head to toe. Hunter's shorts were showing signs of growth. Jacinda now moved her head in the direction that Hunter walked. Her eyes again, darting back and forth between his eyes as he devours her visually, and the tent in his pants. Jacinda wanted to see her son's dick again. She knew she was the one causing his rise. She wanted her reward and to Jacinda, her reward was her Master's blessed phallus.

Hunter could have easily given up his virginity and had sex with his mother right then and there, but he wanted to test his slave. He wanted to test her patience, her resilience and her willingness to serve him as her Master. He was playing mind games with her body as a tool. He was breaking her down internally to completely submit to him as he sensed there was still some hesitancy in Jacinda's voice when she unsurely accepted his proposition of becoming his sex slave.

Hunter completed one full round around the coffee table, admiring his mother's beauty. He settled back in the same couch he started from, with the pizza boxes to his right. He opened the first box. It was meat lovers, his mother's favorite. He closed the first box, switched positions and opened the second box. This one was pepperoni. His favorite. As soon as he opened the pizza boxes, the room was filled with the smell of bread, cheese, sauce and meat. Jacinda was starving and she could smell the delicious pizza just a foot away from her. But she couldn't eat it. Her mouth was still shut and bound.

Hunter: Mom, raise your hands up along your shoulders, behind your head.

Jacinda followed her master's instructions. The glass coffee table was large enough to hold Jacinda's body but once she raised her arms above her head, they dangled out the end of the coffee table almost leaning towards the ground.

Hunter: Open up your palms mom. Wide.

Jacinda obliged.

Hunter placed one slice of pizza on each palm of her hands, off the table.

Hunter: You are not to use or move your hands. Now, if these slices fall. Your punishment will get more intense, and trust me mom, you don't want that, plus you won't get anything to eat.

Jacinda thought, surely her son couldn't be that cruel. She was enjoying the powerplay aspect but he won't let her starve a full day. She wasn't willing to test that theory. Her arms already hurt trying to keep them perpendicular to the ground. And now with the pizzas on them to balance, she was trying her best not to fumble them. Hunter now placed the rest of the hot pizza slices on his mother's exposed naked belly, midriff, chest and boobs. It was something he had seen on the internet in one of those Japanese Nyotaimori restaurants with sushi. He always wanted to try one of those, but they lived in a conservative town and there weren't such places around.

Jacinda once again, did not expect such a unique, weird act by her son. He was using her as a human dining table. He was using her like a human serving plate. She felt objectified. She felt so small, powerless and worthless. But she had no way to protest. Hunter then got up and went into the kitchen. Jacinda lay there, on the coffee table, with pizza slices placed on top of her pristine body. It was a couple of minutes before Hunter returned from the kitchen. Jacinda's humiliation had reached new heights. She realized this really was a punishment. It was unlike anything she had ever done or experienced before in her boring 42 years of life. The humiliation somehow excited her. Hunter sat back on the couch, calm as he can be.

He had some hot sauce in his hands. He gave the bottle of hot sauce a good shake. The bottle read, 1 Million Scoville scale. Hunter always had an affinity for hot chinese, thai and Indian food. He could really handle his heat. Hunter got close to his mother's face. Kissed her on her forehead. That kiss calmed her down a little. It was a show of love. Yes, he was punishing her. But she realized she deserved it. She could have thought of an alternative without flashing the pizza guy. But she failed the test. She had accepted her position and was now smiling and willing for what was to come. Jacinda still had no idea what was on Hunter's mind. That's what made all of this exciting to her.

Hunter came down to Jacinda's now exposed armpits. She had clean shaved them in the shower the night prior. He sniffed her left armpit. It smelled pleasant, like some flowery fragrance he wasn't aware of. He liked how well kept, tidy and groomed his mother was. He took another sniff, of her other armpit. Then returned to her left armpit, planted a kiss on it. That was another foreign sensation to Jacinda. Her body was now reacting to Hunter's actions. The kiss on her armpit, tickled and she could instantly feel the insides of her vaginal walls working overtime. What happened next, was another first for Jacinda. Hunter poured about 3-4 teaspoons of hot sauce, unmeasured directly from the bottle, right on Jacinda's armpits. He doused both sides. The little spoon-like gap Jacinda's armpits formed since her arms were raised, held enough hot sauce for the armpits to act like makeshift tiny bowls.

Jacinda didn't feel much, just some liquid sensation on her armpits. But the hot sauce was 1 million scoville. That was hot. It clearly said on the bottle "Avoid direct contact to skin". Hunter now picked up a slice of pizza from his naked mother's hot body and began eating it kneeling close to her, directly over her face. He did this on purpose, so as to tease her with his slice of pizza. He knew she was starving. Since he was eating directly over her face, without a plate under him, any crumbs from his mouth and the pizza fell directly on top of her face. Jacinda kept her eyes open watching as her son continued munching on slices of pizza above her.

Once he was done with the slice from her chest. He picked up the slice of pizza from her boobs.

This time, he dipped it a little in her hot sauce covered left armpit. Jacinda felt a tickle. Which was a welcome distraction from the now aching pain in both her arms, as they fight gravity to remain straight up and balance the slices of pizza on her palms. Hunter was quickly done with her second slice, and picked up a third from his mother's midriff. He doused this one in hot sauce from her other armpit and began chomping it on top of her face. As he took a bite, a line of warm grease mixed with the hot sauce from the slice dribbled down on Jacinda's face. Luckily it narrowly missed her eyes and fell on her cheek. Slowly dribbling down across her face down to her neck, eventually vanishing behind her head in her hair.

Jacinda's jaw was now in tremendous pain too, as her mouth had been forced open for a long time now. She could barely keep her mouth open, but the soiled underwear inside her mouth had forced it. The black silk belt still fastened across her mouth added additional pressure on Jacinda's mouth. In this moment, Jacinda thought to herself, "She was truly and thoroughly a pain slave to her master."

Hunter continued his reckless abandon for his mother and munching on pizza slices using her as a human dining table. Eventually he was on his last slice, that he picked up from her belly. He doused this one in hot sauce again from her armpits, but this time, Jacinda felt a stinging itch and heat on her armpits. The hot sauce had done its job and was now reacting with the sensitive skin in Jacinda's armpit. Hunter continued eating his last slice of pizza even though he could now see his mom struggle for help as she could barely keep her arms raised up, balancing the slices on her palms. She was very close to giving up. Her armpits were on fire and her arms were in terrible pain. Her jaw hurt from her mouth being bound wide open for so long.

To Jacinda's respite, after consuming the last slice of pizza, Hunter took the pizza slices he had placed on the palms of his mother's raised arms and put them back in the box. He then undid the black silk belt from behind her head and let her head lose. This relieved some pressure off her mouth and hands. Jacinda's armpits were still burning. She thought her ordeal was coming to an end and she could finally get to eat her pizza. But Hunter had other ideas. He undid the black, satin belt but left his dirty, soiled underwear in his mother's mouth. He then used her silky, black robe that laid under her body on the table to wipe her armpits off the hot sauce. Hunter proceeded to grab the bottle of hot sauce again.

What happened next was unimaginable for Jacinda. Hunter pressed his mother's nose shut, just like he did in the morning to get her to open her mouth. This time however, her mouth was already wide open and stuffed with his dirty underwear. She had no way to breathe. Hunter began pouring the hot sauce straight into Jacinda's mouth, completely drenching his own dirty underwear in hot sauce. He knew as the underwear got doused in hot sauce, it would mix with her drool and saliva and she would feel the burn in her mouth.

Given the tiny size of Jacinda's mouth and lips, it didn't take long for Hunter's plan to work. Jacinda could now feel the inside of her mouth and lips burning hot. This was no longer master and slave play for Hunter and Jacinda. This was BDSM in its purest form. She had legitimately become his slave. Hunter wasn't making love to his mother anymore, he wasn't roughly taking advantage of her anymore. They hadn't even had sexual intercourse. He was torturing and humiliating her. And yet, somehow, Jacinda enjoyed her suffering just as much as Hunter did inflicting it.

Hunter then lifted his mother up in a jiffy and hugged her. She stumbled, and fell on him resting on his body. Her armpits and mouth were still on fire. Hunter licked the thin line of oil and hot sauce from his mother's face. And he subtly whispered in her ears.

Hunter: Mom, I'm going to fuck you now. We're going to have sex. Are you ready?

Jacinda was still reeling from the ordeal he had put her through just seconds ago. She was still trying to make sense of what had happened to her. The intense pain in her arms, burning skin of her armpits, hot sauce lighting up a fire in her mouth, while she's stuffed with Hunter's dirty soiled underwear. Not to mention, her body was covered in crumbs, grease and oil. She had just showered too. Jacinda had no option or an alternative, she just looked into her son's eyes. She trusted him. She had already submitted to him. She had already accepted him as a lover. She was his property, and he could do whatever he felt like with her. Jacinda looked deep into his eyes, mouth still stuffed with dirty, hot, spicy underwear, she nodded in the affirmative.

Hunter sat back on the couch. His mother was still standing confused, waiting for her next instruction. She watched as Hunter cleared the couch and opened up his mother's favorite Meat lover's pizza, took it out of the box and placed it on the glass coffee table. The couch was now vacant. He sat back on it.

Hunter: Mom, I just had lunch. I'm kinda full. I want to have sex with you. But I can't be too active right now or I'll throw up all the pizza. And you'll have to clean it all up. I want you to take my virginity.

Hunter got rid of his shorts, took off his gray tank top and was sitting on the couch naked. Jacinda looked at him, still confused and unsure. His intent was clear and his logic made sense. But what did he mean by "I want you to take my virginity? Is he asking me to take some power back?" Jacinda thought. He looked at her boy, sitting naked stroking his huge cock now on full display in daylight. She wanted that dick. She wanted it bad. That was her reward. She had just faced her punishment and she completed it successfully. Now, that gorgeous dick is her reward. Jacinda spent a few more seconds taking in the visual in front of her. Her son, sitting naked on the couch. Naked as the day he was born. She still remembered that day. It was only 18 something years ago.

And look at him now, such a handsome, chiseled young man. And she can have all of him to herself. What a lucky woman. She certainly was grateful. She felt fortunate to have this man as her lover. Her own son, her partner, her lover, her Master. She looked up, thanking the heavens, her faith, her Gods, grateful for giving her a son who could fulfill her, satisfy her, appreciated her, adored her, loved her and now controlled her. He gives her pleasure and now pain. But the pain she received was just a stepping stone to the ultimate pleasure. Now it was time for her reward, to give some of that pleasure back to her Master. She couldn't wait any longer to feel his dick.

Jacinda sprang into action. She faced Hunter, she wanted to kiss him, but her mouth was still stuffed and stinging hot. She got on the couch, parted her legs, and on her knees placed them on either side of Hunter's laps. She looked down at his giant dick now poking at her belly button. Jacinda lifted her body, held her son's dick under her, aimed at her vagina, and looked him in the eyes. And slowly, gently guided herself down on his penis. There was an eerie, nervous silence in the air. The contact of their genitals made a soft squishy sound as Jacinda exhaled heavily and sighed with a slight moan. Hunter could feel her breath on his face.

This was the first time Jacinda had felt a real penis, in flesh and blood going inside her vagina in over 15 years. She was having sex for the first time in forever. Her vagina was still very tight and Hunter's cockhead was huge, so she guided it in and out of him her cowgirl position, slowly. She gently raised her hips and ass to go up and brought them down on his hard dick. Balancing on her knees, her head now rested on his right shoulder. As she continued her gradual rhythm. It was still a slow pace. It was still new for them both.

Hunter couldn't believe it. His mom was having sex with him. She was fucking him. He had finally lost his virginity. And that too, to his own Mother. The one who birthed him. He could feel the tight, vice-like grip of her Vaginal opening on his dick. And as she slid down thanks to the natural

lubricant being her own pussy juices. He could feel a foreign sensation. The texture inside his mother's vagina was ribbed, soft, warm and moist. It just felt unique and yet somehow, it felt like home to him. He had never been inside anybody, but his own mother's pussy to him, felt like home. This intercourse was not rough. It wasn't hard. It was soft and sensual. Their bodies were feeling the electricity through their natural connection in their private organs. Hunter thought "This was the hole I came out of. And I'm going back inside it. Fucking it with my penis. My own mother. My woman. My sex slave." Hunter couldn't help but close his eyes and enjoy the stimulation he was feeling throughout his body. Losing his virginity was special. And this was a special moment for him and his mother.

Jacinda still had her back, shoulders and forearms covered with the shiny, black robe. Her front was completely exposed. Her sumptuous breasts had a cute little wiggle and bounce to them as they gently brushed Hunter's chin. Jacinda didn't have huge pornstar breasts, they were average, but shaped perfectly. Age had made them slightly full and soft at the bottom. Jacinda's nipples were hard and poking out, inviting Hunter to play with them. He was so mesmerized with the feeling in his cock, that he just watched as the spectacular twins jiggled and bounced up and down with his mother's movements.

Jacinda was lost in ecstasy as she kept moaning and mumbling and making sounds from her hot-sauce-doused dirty underwear stuffed mouth. With an occasional grunt if she inadvertently went too deep down on her son's giant cock. She was only able to take about half of his length so far. Her pussy already felt stretched by his throbbing girth. After about 18 minutes of nonstop, passionate, loving intercourse, Hunter gently held his mother's head and brought it in front of him, facing him directly. Her eyes were still closed as now her up and down movement had paused. Hunter was still halfway inside her. Hunter gently tapped his mother's face. She opened her eyes and returned back to earth. They looked each other in the eye.

Hunter now had his palms over Jacinda's breasts. They completely engulfed her mounds as he caressed and lovingly played with them. He looked to his left, at his mother's right breast. That was the tit he was smacking violently the night before. Today, he just wanted to feel them. Gentle touches, caresses, light squeezes. He was making love to his mom, as she rode his dick in cowgirl position. Hunter took her left nipples in between his index and middle finger, squeezed them together building pressure in her already erect nipples then pulled it towards him, giving Jacinda another little tingle of excitement on top of her ongoing euphoria. He then took her other nipple in between his lips and slowly tickled it in quick lateral movements with his tongue. Jacinda's nipples were one of her primary sensitive erogenous zones. Unknown to Hunter, he continued licking, kissing, playing and sucking on his mother's right boob. The same one he had violently smacked the night before.

Every time Jacinda felt Hunter's warm wet mouth and tongue on her rock hard nipples, she felt an electric tingle pulsing down her entire body down her spine, reaching her pussy which was now leaking profusely. Her son's contact with her crystal like hard nipples made her extra horny and she began her elevator movement on his cock again. She was tired with the pressure on her knees and hips but she was so turned on she wanted to fuck her son forever. As his fingers gently pinched and played with her rubbery pointed nipples she kept moaning and sliding up and down his dick. Hunter could visibly see a few bluish-green veins running across her breasts disappearing as they met her chest.

Hunter's tongue could now feel the texture of his mother's nipples. Another first and foreign sensation in his mouth. But it really wasn't his first. These were the same nipples he had sucked on as an infant. Jacinda was suddenly reminded of this as her eyes were closed enjoying her sexual bliss. She remembered Hunter as an infant baby locking on to her nipples sucking the milk out of it. When she breastfed him back then, before he began teething he would often bite hard on her nipples with his infant gums. She never imagined, 18 years and 6 months later history

would repeat itself. Except this time, it was much different. He wasn't sucking on her nipples or playing with her breasts for food. He wasn't sucking on her nipples because he needed to. He was doing it because he wanted to. And as much as he wanted to, Jacinda needed it more now.

Hunter kept sucking and playing with her nipples with an occasional kiss on her breasts and on her exposed, slightly protruding sternum between her tits. With his dick still buried upright in his mother's pussy, the realization dawned upon them both that as mother and son, their current physical attachments to each other's body was very natural. It felt like nature's plan. It was unusual and taboo, yes but as societal norms. The joy and fulfillment they both felt in that moment with their bodies entangled, genitals in union, breasts and mouths in play, was the greatest feeling they both had ever experienced. Especially when their hearts had already surrendered to each other. Everything just felt right.

Hunter: Mom, Thank you. Thank you for taking my virginity. I am yours, as much as you are mine. I couldn't have thought of a better person to lose my virginity to. You're special. This is special. We are so special. Our love is special, it's unique. I love you, Mom.  
Jacinda, still nodding in affirmation, had a gentle smile on her face as she looked at her son deeply lost in his eyes. She continues fucking him, this time picking up speed.

And Hunter too started giving up some pelvic thrusts to match his mother's rhythm.

Hunter: Aaaarghhh Moooooommm, I'm close mom. I'm gonna cum...

Hearing that, Jacinda's eyes went wide, popping out of her head. She didn't think of this. He can't cum inside her. She nodded her head left and right, to say No. Hunter got the memo. But he was still not cumming. Jacinda was tensing up now. She increased her pace, and Hunter matched her. She was bobbing and bouncing up and down on his lap now. With each thrust she could feel his cock going in deeper and deeper, little by little. Until it tickled the opening of her cervix and she let out a loud moan through the stuffed underwear in her mouth, as she squirted on his dick. This was the second time in 6 hours that she had an intense orgasm. She kept oozing gust after gust of pussy juice on Hunter's dick and his lap. This made the lubrication of their genital friction smoother.

Jacinda was now tired and spent, Hunter picked up the pace. And Hunter liked it rough. He suddenly introduced his teeth to her rock hard nipples and bit down on one, making her screech in pain through the stuffing in her mouth. He grabbed a fistful of his mother's hair with his left hand and pulled her head back down roughly towards the coffee table. Jacinda's torso was now stretched. Her back arched with the force of Hunter pulling her hair. With his right hand, he grabbed her throat. Placing it perfectly to use her jaw and chin as leverage, as he physically choked and lifted her on and off his dick using her neck.

This was wild, rough, intense, hardcore sex for Jacinda. She had never been fucked and manhandled like this before. Hunter was strong, young, powerful, he was using his right hand on her neck to choke and lift her entire body on and off his cock and his left hand to pull her hair to bring her back down. The elevator movement was successful but the pain his mother had to endure for his satisfaction was getting close to unbearable. With each upward thrust he was gradually making slight progress in pushing past the physical resistance his cock felt in her pussy. His 7 inches of manhood and girthy blood-fueled cock was acting as a tunnel boring machine digging deeper and deeper into Jacinda's narrow vaginal canal. Her moans and grunts got louder and louder in agony every time gravity pulled her down. Everytime she felt relief as she pushed herself off his dick, upwards, his chokehold on her neck lifting her entire body off him continued her painful session. After each thrust, as their genitals disconnected, Hunter held his mother's entire body weight with just her neck.

The hardcore, rough sex worked Hunter's ballsack into overdrive. He was now close to finishing and he knew not to cum in his mother, so he pulled out of her sore pussy, pushed her off and recklessly threw her body to the side on the couch and aimed his dick on the coffee table. Hunter started cumming ropes and ropes of white sticky goo all over the meat lover's pizza. He kept shooting and made sure not to miss the pizza. When he was finally done, he had some cum left on his fingers. He looked at his mother, spent, satisfied, sweaty, disheveled, dirty, tired laying on the couch. She stared back at him with a natural seductive look and a slight smirk. Her mouth, still stuffed with his dirty briefs. Her front exposed. She was still half wearing the silky black robe.

Hunter, with a little bit of cum on his fingers and palm, went towards his mother on the couch, bent down and wiped it all over her face. He loved his mother who had just taken his virginity. The first woman he ever had sex with, his mother. But she was also his sex slave. After rubbing off his cum on her face. Hunter removed his underwear from her mouth. Jacinda's mouth was still burning because of the hot sauce. And her jaw got some much needed relief. Hunter observed his underwear, it was smothered in hot sauce. He tossed it recklessly behind the couch. Hunter grabbed Jacinda by her chin, pulled her up towards him. She got up from the couch facing him. They embraced and kissed deeply and passionately. Hunter could now taste his mother's saliva mixed with the hot sauce. Adding extra heat to their lovemaking.

Jacinda: Thank you, Hunter. That was. Amazing. Just... beautiful.

Hunter: Thank you Mom. I love you. Now get to eating, you've got your favorite meat lover's pizza with a special topping, straight from your son's meat.

The mother and son laughed. Jacinda started eating her pizza. Even though it was her favorite pizza. She could barely taste anything as her mouth was already burning because of the hot sauce. She did enjoy her son's semen on her pizza. She felt young again. She felt naughty. Jacinda, even in her youth had never swallowed semen with her only partner in the past, her son's father. They had only indulged in vanilla sex, which was already overwhelming at the time for innocent, sweet, young, conservative Jacinda. Now, at her ripe age of 42, she was committing acts of sin she had never before imagined. She wasn't only consuming the substance ejaculated from her son's private organ, she was eating it with excitement as a topping on her pizza.

It was now 3:00pm. In the last 3 hours, Jacinda was subjected to her son's power games, the best sex in her life and a delicious pizza. Jacinda had just finished transferring clothes from the washer to the dryer. She was tired and she felt dirty and wanted to shower again, as she was covered in sweat, her own pussy juice, pizza crumbs and hot sauce. Hunter could care less, he was talking to his friends over the phone. They kept asking him to come hangout by the skatepark or play basketball, but he made excuses to decline their invitation. He was having way too much fun with his sex slave mother at home.

3:30pm

Jacinda was done loading up the dryer, cleaning up the mess in the living room and went back to her bedroom to shower again and change. Right as she was about to enter her bathroom, Hunter followed her in.

Hunter: What do you think you're doing mom?

Jacinda: Well, my lover got me all dirty again, so I need to go shower.

Hunter: And what makes you think you won't get dirty again, after you shower?

Another instance of Jacinda not knowing the answer to her son's question. She just stood there

innocently, with a sweet smile on her face, looking seductively in his eyes. She knew one thing, he was up to no good, when he asked these probing questions.

Hunter went close to his mother. Slid her black silky robe off her body. Now she was standing completely naked. So was Hunter. He didn't bother to dress up after losing his virginity. Jacinda was now excited again. She still felt slightly uncomfortable standing completely in the nude in front of her teenage son. She wasn't one for exhibitionism and always dressed modestly. But the last couple of days, her body was on display for her son's feasting eyes in one way or another. The only consolation in her subtle shamefulness was the fact that her son was also completely naked in front of her. His semi-flaccid penis dangling down between his legs. She never knew what Hunter had in mind. And that was thrilling to her, apart from the obvious taboo nature of their relationship. Hunter pushed his mother back towards the corner of the bathroom next to her Jacuzzi. He motioned her to get in it. Jacinda followed his orders.

Hunter: Kneel

Jacinda knelt down in the center of the Jacuzzi, as directed by her son, her master. There she was, Hunter's gorgeous milf. Naked, kneeling in the center of the Jacuzzi tub. Her fluffy, shiny, full hair, half resting on her shoulder, most behind her back. She sat down resting her butt on her heels, as her knees and toes touched the white, cold, porcelain underneath. Her tiny, slender frame looked appealing, as her unsure, anxious eyes looked up seductively at her son, her Master. She was a natural seductress with her gorgeous big light brown eyes, her naturally long lashes surrounding them. Her round shoulders shone as the bathroom light fixture above her illuminated her smooth skin. She was dirty alright, yet so pristine. Her skin looked like marble. Smooth and pure.

Her breasts were perfectly resting, as they gently raised up and down, following the rhythm of her tense, heavy breathing. Jacinda by no means had huge breasts. But they were just perfect for her slender frame. With age, her slender frame had become slightly full figured. With just the right amount of flab on her front-upper-pussy-area, some around her hips and thighs, some along her love handles, and some on her breasts. Her boobs weren't tiny, they were big enough to knead and massage in one palm each. Especially her son's hands, which were bigger and rougher than most guys. He was, after all, a very regular basketball player. Jacinda's areolas were the size of a pepperoni, a darker pink shade with a slight brownish hue. Her nipples, now hard and erect, partly due to the cold porcelain and air surrounding her. But mostly because she was so turned on by the fact that she was completely naked for the first time in forever, before her own son. There was hesitancy and shame but also excitement. Her nipples were hard and pointing out.

Still kneeling in the middle of the tub. Plenty of questions raced through Jacinda's innocent, complex mind. She was scared of her son's imagination. And that imagination had the power to frequently surprise her with an act that overpowers her convincingly. She enjoyed this thrill, this uncertainty, this good anxiety. It gave her goosebumps and butterflies in her tummy. She had a sweet, innocent, subtle smile on her face. In anticipation of Hunter's next move. She really needed to shower and get the crumbs, grease and cum off of her. But Hunter had other plans.

Hunter was admiring her beauty. He noticed her heaving breasts raise up and down following the rhythm of her deep, hard breathing. He could sense the anticipation of his actions excited her. This was confirmed when he spotted the pores on her skin open up and stand up as she had the goosebumps.

"She must feel cold," Hunter thought. He held his semi-flaccid penis in his hand, which looked like a smaller version of its former self. As soon as he touched his dick, Jacinda's eyes went from seductively staring at her son's eyes to his semi-flaccid dick, which still measured to be around 3-4 inches in his hands. Aiming it directly at his sexy, naked mother.

Hunter: Do you like my penis mom?

Jacinda nods her head up and down in affirmation.

Hunter: What do you like about it?

Jacinda: It's perfect. Your penis is big and long. So girthy and thick. I love how the tip is pink and huge and turns red when you're hard. And those veins that run along the side of your penis, Hunter. It's the best penis I've ever seen. And I've only seen your father's before this.

Hunter: Stop talking about dad! Why do you have to always bring him up...?!

Jacinda realized she had slipped up and made a mistake by bringing up her son's father. Hunter resented him. And this was no set up by Hunter, unlike before. This was no game. She made a mistake. A mistake she could have avoided.

Jacinda: I'm sorry Hunter, I didn't mean to. It's just that I haven't seen a penis in so long. Earlier when you were inside of me, I could feel it pulse inside my vagina. I just... I haven't had a real penis inside my vagina for so many years and....and...I just don't know if I can take all of you, Hunter. You're just so big for my vagina.

Hunter: Hmm.... We'll see about that. But you annoyed me by bringing up dad...And there's going to be consequences. I'll save your punishment for the right time.

Jacinda: I'm sorry baby, I've just had this longing for having a real penis inside of me, and earlier when I felt you, I just kept wanting more and more....I love your penis...

Hunter cut her off..

Hunter: Cock. Say Cock mom. Or dick.

Jacinda: Ok yes, I love your cock Hunter. I loved taking your dick in my vagina...

Hunter: Pussy, mom. Say Pussy.

Jacinda: I love your dick in my pussy, Hunter. I loved it when you were roughly facefucking me.

Hunter loved listening to his mother talk dirty in her sweet, innocent voice. She was always an uptight, conservative and classy woman. He could count a handful of times he had ever heard her swear and say 'fuck' or 'shit'. When she said 'facefucking' it gave Hunter a sense of pride. He had inculcated that change in her. She was breaking down in front of him. And he loved having that influence on his mother.

Jacinda: I want your dick Hunter. I just can't wait to have more and more of you. I love when your dick is all hard.

Hunter: Hmm...You've said that a few times now. You like it when it's hard. So do you not like it when it's soft, like right now?

Jacinda: No... Oh No, Hunter, that's not what I meant honey. I love it just the way it is. It's just that I've only seen you hard the last couple of days and honestly I didn't think someone could stay that hard and erect for so long, but your cock manages to stay firm.

Hunter: You're right. Mom, you're so fucking hot and sexy that watching you and observing you and playing with you, I've been very hard. I won't always be hard for you mom. And you have to accept the consequences of that too.

Jacinda wasn't sure what he meant by that last part. Hunter had cum a lot in the last day or two. On his mother's meat lover's pizza in the afternoon, on her face that morning and on her back the night prior. His balls were working overtime and needed time to recover. But that wasn't going to stop Hunter from having fun with his sex slave mother.

Hunter held his dick in his hand, still semi-flaccid. It was still aiming directly at his mother's face. Jacinda still had a smile on her face, as she had the best view in the world, her grown up, handsome, teenage son standing naked in front of her with his dick in his hand. Her eyes kept darting back and forth between Hunter's cock and his face. His face now had an evil smirk on it.

Jacinda looked at him confused, when suddenly a stream of golden liquid erupted out of Hunter's cock falling straight on Jacinda's lap. Hunter began peeing on his own mother, once again. Jacinda was not expecting this. She knew she was in for something devious her son had planned. But he had already peed all over her that morning and she thought it was just a one time thing. She seemed dazed and confused, her gentle, sweet, innocent smile was gone and her face had a look of helplessness.

Hunter's piss was now forming a little puddle under her knees and toes, as she sat in the middle of the porcelain jacuzzi tub, naked. Hunter raised his dick slightly so his stream of urine was now hitting the little triangle gap around his mother's groin. The sound of Hunter's golden stream of piss splattering on Jacinda's legs, thighs, hips echoed in the bathroom. Hunter continued his piss attack on his mother, as he slowly aimed at her belly button, gradually bringing the thin line of liquid directly on her breasts. The contrasting temperatures in the bathroom gave Jacinda a very unique sensation. The goosebumps she had on her skin moments ago thanks to the cold bathroom and porcelain tub, had now disappeared as the warmth of Hunter's pee drenched her body.

Jacinda now pulled her hair back with her hands to avoid getting her hair wet with Hunter's piss. She had already washed her hair once in the morning. Her lips were tightly sealed shut as she tried to avoid the splashes of piss going into her mouth. She felt humiliated beyond reasoning. Having grown up conservatively, just vanilla missionary sex was already exciting for Jacinda. The idea of introducing water sports in the bedroom was a hard boundary, Jacinda would have never crossed. But she had no choice, when Hunter pissed on her that morning. Like a lot of other boundaries, this mother and son had crossed another limit. Jacinda wanted to shower, and was getting one, just not from the spout she had imagined. Her shower head was replaced by a cockhead. The sticky crumbs and grease was being washed off her body by this yellow acidic goodness splashing over her.

Hunter continued peeing on his naked, kneeling mother as his stream now hit her chest, just under her collar bone. The splashes of his piss were already visible in tiny bubbles on her face. A pungent, acidic stench of urine filled Jacinda's nostrils, as her son continued to empty the contents of his bladder on her body, using her as a urinal. Jacinda had her head raised up high facing the ceiling and closed her eyes to save her face from getting drenched in Hunter's piss. She was still holding her hair back behind her head, with her hands to avoid getting any of his piss in her hair. Suddenly, the stream of piss slowed down and stopped. She thought her ordeal of humiliation and degradation was finally over.

Jacinda slowly opened her eyes and brought her head forward. Drops of her son's pee were dripping down into the jacuzzi tub from her elbows, shoulders and breasts. Her entire body from the neck down was drenched in yellow water that was brewed inside Hunter's bladder. Her eyes

now met her son's. Hunter was looking at the glorious visual of his mother's naked, wet body now shining and glistening in his own piss. What was formerly a small puddle was now a pool of golden beer-like liquid under and around Jacinda's knees and toes. Hunter admired his work. His sex slave mother was looking like a golden goddess surrounded by a pool of his urine.

Jacinda was not smiling anymore. Hunter got close to his mother. His dick was no longer semi-flaccid as the graphic visual of his mother's degradation with his piss had caused it to rise and get hard. He enjoyed making her do things she was uncomfortable with. He enjoyed breaking down her walls and boundaries. He was proud of himself. He felt this sense of ownership over her now. His sex slave was his to do as he pleased. He took another step forward. Hunter's erect dick was now casting a shadow on the porcelain tub. His mother's eyes once again darted back to his strong, hard dick.

Hunter: Hey mom, didn't you say you wanted my penis?

Jacinda, just nodded her head up and down in affirmation.

Hunter bent down and planted a kiss on his mother's forehead. Her forehead, face, hair and parts of her neck were still dry. As Jacinda had protected these from her son's sudden piss attack on her body. The kiss Hunter planted on his mother's forehead was full of love. It's just what she needed after being subjected to such humiliation. Hunter lingered on that kiss for a while, planting multiple kisses on her head. This calmed his mother down and she could feel the love he had for her in his kisses. These acts of kind, soft, sensual love after some brazen acts of roughness was Hunter's way of expressing his love. Jacinda found her lost smile back.

Hunter stood up straight again. His dick, now hard and erect inches away from his mother's face. Without any gestures or instructions or words, Jacinda got up from resting her butt on her feet, still on her knees. Her body came forward and her mouth engulfed Hunter's pink pulsating cock head. Jacinda had voluntarily taken her son's penis in her mouth. Still drenched in piss, smelling like a public urinal. Droplets of urine falling off her body. Jacinda was now gently moving her head forward and back, blowing her son. She was giving him head. She was lost in lust and love.

This was very different from the facefucking Hunter inflicted on his mother earlier that morning. This time, she was willing and loving it. It was slow and sensual. Jacinda loved the way her son's throbbing cock felt in her mouth. Her tiny lips looked perfectly tailor made for his dick. They fit on his shaft perfectly like a sock. She was swirling her tongue all around his cockhead inside her mouth. Hunter had never felt this sensation before. He was looking at her, as she passionately and wilfully took his dick in and out of her mouth. The warmth and moisture of her mouth was a foreign sensation for Hunter's dick. Due to Jacinda's small-ish mouth and Hunter's big cock, she was only able to take in about 3-3.5 inches inside her. Any more and it would have triggered her gag reflex.

The sounds of Jacinda's soft moans and sloppy 'gluck gluck' echoed around in the bathroom. Jacinda's wet body was now feeling cold again, since the warmth of Hunter's piss was cooling down. A cool tender breeze also hit her body from the open window. Hunter could see her get more goosebumps. As much as Hunter was enjoying his mother giving him a slow, sensual, loving blowjob. He liked it rough. He looked down at her, Jacinda had her eyes closed. She was completely committed to giving her Master, her son the best blowjob her small tender mouth could deliver. She was lost in love and performing her duties as a slave as earlier explained by her Master. Making him hard.

Hunter, however, had devious intentions as usual. He purposely planted the kisses on his mother's forehead, because he knew that would calm her down. He just somehow wanted to get her mouth around his shaft. As Jacinda's head was bobbing on her son's cock, he grabbed a fistful of his mother's hair at the back of her head. Then pulled and guided her head roughly

inward towards his groin. His dick could feel the back of her throat and Hunter's cockhead tickled Jacinda's tonsils which gave her an itch in her throat. Her eyes went huge, almost popping out of their socket.

She thought Hunter wanted to deep throat her. But instead of forcing her head in and out. He just held her in place so that his cockhead was directly touching the back of her throat. Hunter held this position for a good 15-20 seconds. Those 20 seconds felt more like hours to Jacinda who was locked in position and was now slapping her palms on Hunter's legs, gesturing him to let her go. Just then, Jacinda felt a warm salty sensation at the back of her throat. Hunter began another piss attack on his mother. This time, deep inside her mouth, so she had no escape. Jacinda was finding it hard to breathe and had no option but to swallow her son's urine.

Hunter held her head in place until he had emptied the entire remainder of his bladder's contents into his mother's mouth. Since he was hard, the force of his piss was much stronger than before when he peed on her body. Jacinda tried to swallow as much as she could but the force of piss filled her mouth and some of it dribbled out from her lips onto her chin, dribbling down to her neck and tits. She could feel the warmth inside her belly as she drank her son's pee. Hunter was now extremely happy. He let her head go. Jacinda gasped for air and fell back into the pool of urine collected in the tub, as it splashed all over her. The ends of her hair almost grazed the pool of yellow water in the tub.

She was now, not only thoroughly drenched in her son's piss, but also had some of it floating in her stomach. The pungent, salty acid taste now all over her mouth, completely getting rid of any remnants of the pizza she had for lunch or the hot sauce earlier. Laying in a pool of her son's piss, Jacinda looked up at her son. As he stared back at her with a satisfied grin on his face. She couldn't believe what he had done. He manipulated her into drinking his pee. She had no idea Hunter had this fetish. She thought all the BDSM porn he'd watched just involved rough sex. But Jacinda was just scratching the surface of her Master's plans for her as his sex slave.

Hunter: How did it taste mom?

Jacinda: It was.... Weird. I'm not sure if I liked it to be honest. Just salty and pungent. I can't get the foul taste out of my mouth.

Hunter: Oh that's too bad Mom. As my sex slave, you're going to have to get used to this.

Jacinda looked back at his face, shocked. This is something Hunter wanted to do more often with her. Jacinda couldn't say anything and just watched her Master, her son, as he towered over her.

Jacinda: I guess Hunter, I don't know how I feel about it.

She tried to get up out of the tub with piss still dripping off her body.

Hunter: You'll feel better about it eventually Mom.

Jacinda: (Sighs)..Well, what do you want to do now? Can I go shower now?

Hunter: Yes, you may mom. I like when you ask me for permission to do things like that. You're such a Good Girl. I love you, Mom.

'Good Girl'. Once again, when she heard him call her that. It was like a medal of appreciation. Jacinda instantly got her smile back on her face. Hearing her son, her master call her a good girl, meant she pleased him. She did something right. It was something she yearned for ages.

Appreciation. Acknowledgement. Affection. Something she never received. Words of affirmation, was her love language. And Hunter just gave her some words that made her heart full. It was like a shot of dopamine for Jacinda.

Hunter left the bathroom. Jacinda went under the shower again for the second time that day. It was now 4:45pm. It was almost time for dinner, she thought. Since Jacinda had given the maids and home-staff a few days off upon Hunter's insistence, she would have to cook for the two of them. Having performed various acts of sexual depravity with her son, she was more tired than usual, but also felt happier than she had ever been. She had found love. Jacinda had found purpose in her life. The purpose she promised herself all those years ago, was to breathe and live for her son, Hunter. That same son was now her lover, Master, her owner. And his happiness was of utmost importance, above her own. Jacinda was in complete submission to her son.

... to be continued

## **Innocent Mom now Son's Slave Ch. 05**

All the characters in this story are over 18 years of age. This is just a fantasy and not a real story. It includes strong themes of incest, romance, BDSM and water sports. If you're not comfortable, please stop reading.

(PS: Search for some clothing terms to get an image and visualize them)

---

....continued from part 4. Please read all prior parts first.

Standing under the rainfall shower head, Jacinda stood with her eyes closed and a million thoughts running through her mind. She was taking stock of the events that had transpired that special Saturday. Just the night before, her son, Hunter had taken unfathomable liberties with her body in the guise of massaging her upper back and shoulders with moisturizer to help with the red stress marks her bra had made on her pristine skin. This morning, they had confessed that they both enjoyed it and viewed each other more than just a mother and son, taking a chance on their lusty desires. Their love was unique. They wanted to be more than just mother and son and see each other as man and woman.

The same morning, her son had roughly ravaged her as a punishment for her lies. Then cunningly exposed her to a stranger, a pizza delivery boy and punished her again by using her as a human dining plate. She had finally had sex with her 18 year old teenage son. A man she loved dearly, her son, Hunter. She took his virginity. She felt proud and special for it. It was an achievement and an honor for her, that her handsome, sexy, hunk of a teenage son wanted her as the woman to be that special one.

Jacinda had thoroughly enjoyed every taboo act her son made her perform with him. She consensually followed through with his rough sex, his spanking of her breasts, his using her body as a muse. She felt a newly found excitement in her casually dull life. Since her husband's betrayal and choosing alcohol and hookers over her, she sacrificed her own sexual cravings for 15+ years to raise her son so he didn't turn out anything like his father. But when she realized her son was also fighting his own demons as a result of her care and overprotective style of raising him, she took it upon herself to be the outlet for his sexual frustrations. A lot of unexpected things had happened, but the most unexpected of them all was the fact that her son had propositioned her to be his sex slave. Having only vaguely accepted this, to make him happy, Jacinda was still somewhat unsure of how things would work and how the dynamic of their relationship would unfold in the future. For now, she was slowly but surely learning to enjoy being treated in the way that her son did. He treated her like a thorough sex slave. And she liked the

fact that he was taking initiative, asserting control.

What Jacinda didn't realize was that her son's interest in hardcore, wild, BDSM porn had trained his mind and body to want more than just vanilla sex. She had also failed to recognize that her own sexual appetite and libido had found an outlet and was unleashed over the last couple of days. Jacinda was your girl next door, average, conservative, uptight, OCD, classy woman. Everything had to be planned to perfection, clean, tidy, organized. The sexcapades with her son had been completely opposite that. She found herself to be thoroughly pleased after every instance of pain that he inflicted upon her. She loved the burst of dopamine she felt post an act of degradation unleashed upon her. She had begun to like the humiliation she was receiving. So much so that, as soon as he left her surroundings, she was left wanting for more and wondering what was next.

Jacinda's shower thoughts continued as she was beginning to embrace the slut that resided deep inside of her. She was coming to terms that her humiliation was a gift. A gift to her submissive side. Everyone has a different sexual expression. Hunter's was rough, brutal, dirty. And hers was submissive, soft, accommodating, docile and self-abasing. They complemented each other perfectly. Just moments ago, she was pissed that her son had peed all over her using her as a human urinal and even forced her to drink it. It definitely wasn't her favorite, but instead of being apologetic, he asserted his dominance by suggesting she would have to get used to it. And that dominant side of her son was what she was working towards. It made him more self confident and sure in himself. That made Jacinda proud. She now wanted to be the perfect submissive slave her Master had asked her to be.

After she had finished her second shower for the day. Jacinda walked out of the cold bathroom into her bedroom, towards her closet. She stopped by the mirror on her dressing table again. This is where she would often have talks with herself and observe her body. She noticed she had a very rare glow on her face. There was a sparkle in her eye. Her lips were naturally grinning. Her cheeks had a rosy shine on them. The stress wrinkles on her forehead had disappeared. Jacinda was happy for the first time in years. She was happy, satisfied, and content. She felt like a void in her life had been filled. She felt complete. This was a different Jacinda looking back through the mirror. One who had a newfound purpose in her life. One who was willing to try and act out on forbidden desires.

It was now 5:15pm. Jacinda was thinking about what she wanted to cook for dinner. She entered her closet to make a difficult decision, which was easy until just a day ago. What to wear to please and look good for her master, her son? Jacinda raided through her closet of expensive shirts, tops, blouses, dresses, nightwear but couldn't find anything that she thought would appeal to him. Her instructions were clear, no bras and panties were up to her discretion. She figured by the kind of lust-filled day they both had, whatever she wears would eventually probably be taken off of her in a rough fashion. Just then her eyes stumbled upon that locked box on a shelf. The same locked box Hunter had curiously observed a couple of days prior when he breached her private inner sanctum and was rummaging through his mother's closet.

Jacinda opened up that box. It was a few sexy lingerie and nightwear pieces that she had purchased years ago, but never had the chance to. She would often just buy sexy lingerie, undergarments and jewelry to feel better about herself. She wasn't a shopaholic, but like some women, shopping was a stressbuster for her. Jacinda would often try on these clothes and model in the mirror for herself, since she didn't have anyone to model for. But now, she had found her lover, her man. Someone who would appreciate her and cared about what she wore and how she looked. Her son, her master, Hunter.

Jacinda opened the box and found a few items in it.

- A maroon colored Silk Criss-cross-back Chemise Nightgown (silksilky)
- A lace bordered Pearl's backless sexy nightdress gown (from Intimate diamond)
- A Two-piece dark green Heart Printed Pure Silk Camisole Pjs set (silksilky)
- A light rose-gold colored, Momme Maxi Lace V-Back Pure Silk Dress (silksilky)
- A pearl white Pure Silk Belted Wrap Womens Robe (from silksilky. Very similar to the black one she had on earlier that day)
- A charcoal-light-gray colored, Spaghetti Strap Pure Silk Camisole Pjs Set (also from silksilky)
- And a Black V-Notch Bikini Set (Rihoas)

Clearly, Jacinda was a woman with great, classy taste and pure silk being her favorite material. It was smooth and felt easy on her smooth skin. Jacinda had totally forgotten about these sets that she'd purchased some years back and had no opportunity to wear them. Her son had already seen her in the silky black robe with the belt, so she figured she wanted to try something else that's also comfortable. The winner that evening was the two-piece dark green colored "Heart Printed Pure Silk Camisole Pjs set". The material was smooth, shiny and the heart prints were in white, like polka dots on a shiny rich green fabric. Jacinda packed the rest in the box and left it unlocked and wore the green silk camisole Pjs.

The camisole still fit her perfectly and ended just under her belly button exposing a thin line of her waist. The two thin straps that went over the shoulders were a bit loose and barely stayed up. The tiny bottoms of this Pj set were particularly sexy as they tapered on the sides and back, leaving very little covering for her smooth, sexy legs and thighs and easily exposing the bottom of her bum. It however had ample coverage for her groin.

Jacinda got back out of the closet and looked at herself in the mirror. The green camisole PJs looked really cute and sexy on her. She didn't look 42 at all, more like a hot girl next door in her late 20s. Jacinda's hair had dried off by now and she decided to add a bit extra to her look tonight for her Master. "He made love to me in my most natural, unkempt state. He makes me so happy, he deserves me at my best" she thought.

Jacinda put on some dark eyeliner under her eyes. Rolled her natural, luscious lashes. Used a curling iron to give a slight curl and bounce to the ends of her long hair that reached the middle of her spine. She also put on a darker shade of salmon pink lipstick and some silver earrings to complete the look. She looked exquisite. The perfect mix of sexy, cute, homely and ravishing. Any man would get a boner just looking at her face, but the choice of her Pjs made sure that boner would erupt.

It was now 5:45pm. All this while, Hunter had been in his room, recovering from the two huge loads of cum his teenage balls had delivered. He was on his computer sending in more applications for colleges and universities. When he sent in his final email, he contemplated what life would look like if he got an acceptance letter from one of these universities. Hunter would have to move away to the campus, separating him from his mom. He had just begun a brand new, exciting relationship with his sexy milf of a mother and he wasn't willing to let that go, ever. To Hunter, she was his girlfriend now. His first love. His lover. His sex slave. And suddenly Hunter had an idea.

Jacinda started walking towards the kitchen to fix up dinner. She found some chicken in the fridge and thought of cooking up grilled chicken, mashed potatoes and gravy. A simple home

cooked meal that she hadn't cooked in a while. Something Hunter really liked too. As she had begun cooking, Hunter called out for his mother walking down the stairs towards the living room.

Hunter: Mooomm... Hey Mom...

Jacinda hurriedly walked out of the kitchen towards the living room.

Jacinda: Yes honey...

Hunter literally just stopped in his tracks. He couldn't believe the sight in front of him. His mother, his sexy milf mom, Jacinda was standing by the doorway to the kitchen wearing a sexy dark green silky shiny camisole pj and tiny bottoms. Her shapely legs looked sexy, her tiny bit of belly oozed out of the bottom of her camisole, just above her Pjs and her delicious arms, armpits, shoulders, chest and neck were exposing her smooth skin. As she was walking towards him, he noticed the loose thin string from her left shoulder just fell to the side clinging on her forearms. Hunter instantly had a hardon. Jacinda couldn't really tell how hard he was since his jeans did a good job covering his manhood, but she knew by his stunned face, sparkling eyes and drooling mouth half open that he liked what he was seeing.

Hunter: OH MY GAWD MOM. You looked absolutely ravishing. So fucking sexy.

Jacinda: (Blushing and smiling ear to ear) Thank You Honey.... I thought I'd put something a bit different on for my new lover, since you've always seen me in my work clothes.

Hunter: Mom, I love what you're wearing. And your eyes, your eyes just look so sharp. Gosh, you're beautiful. Your earrings are so pretty. Your top is fucking sexy, I love how it shows your arms and shoulders. Your hair looks full and curly at the bottom too! Much different than this morning. You look so fucking hot mom.

Jacinda blushed, and hurriedly walked close to Hunter and kissed him straight on his lips with her arms around his neck, slightly raising herself on her toes. Her 5'4" frame was much smaller compared to Hunter's 6' athletic body. Hunter held her by the hips and his hands involuntarily slid inside her camisole feeling up the smoothness of her skin by her waist and lower back. As they continued their liplock in a passionate embrace, now their tongues dancing with each other, Hunter slid his right hand in his mom's tiny silk bottoms and noticed she wasn't wearing any panties. This made him smile and he trapped Jacinda's lower lip in between his teeth. Not chewing them, just holding them as Jacinda closed her eyes, her tiny lips still trying to smile.

Hunter slowly bit into her bottom lip making her moan in the kind of pain she had begun to accept and enjoy. As Hunter played with his mother's lips and tongue, his hands were now firmly over her left buttock and he gave it a gentle squeeze, which made Jacinda wince in agony. This came as a surprise to Hunter since he had only lightly squeezed her butt. As he continued running his palms and fingers along her ass he noticed a rare uneven surface on her butt and he recalled his brutal, feral bite that he laid on her ass that morning. He now understood why his mother squealed and shuddered in pain, as the temporary wound inflicted by his savage teeth was still fresh. Those same teeth were now gently chewing and biting on Jacinda's cute little lips. He wanted her to feel the pain but didn't want her to bleed. So he let her go and air finally passed between their bodies.

Jacinda was still smiling despite the pain in her lips and the skin on her ass. Her lower lip now showed signs of wear and tear swelling ever so slightly, appearing fuller than 5 minutes back. She was yearning to hear someone compliment her. And hearing those words in her son's voice was like music to her ears. She was incredibly delighted that her son loved what she was wearing and appreciated the effort she had put into her appearance for that evening. He noticed the little

things and that's what she loved about him. His attention to detail.

Hunter: Mom, are you cooking?

Jacinda: Yes honey. I'm making some grilled chicken, mashed potatoes and...(she gets cut off)

Hunter: Mom, let's go out.

Jacinda: Now? We can go after dinner honey, I still have to walk the dogs anyway.

Hunter: No, I mean, for dinner.

Jacinda: Honey but I just started cooking.

Hunter: Yeah, but we can cook tomorrow mom. Let's go out. I want to go out with you. I've never been on a date before with a hot girlfriend you know.

Jacinda: Baby, I understand, but you know we don't have many restaurants in the area and people around here know us. I just don't know if... (Hunter cuts her off again)

Jacinda was scared of going out in public with her son, since their relationship had graduated from just a son and mother to lovers. She would definitely feel awkward in public knowing the things they have done. She was also worried about people that knew them in their small town, learning about their little secret. It was all still pretty new for them both and she didn't want to lose it.

Hunter: Don't worry about it. Just follow my lead. And I'm not asking. Remember, you're still my slave.

In their break since the bathroom golden shower episode, both mother and son had briefly forgotten their new contract. They weren't just in a loving relationship. They were not just lovers. They were also Master and slave. And Hunter had that sudden recollection when Jacinda was protesting his wish. He felt his power over her growing and he loved to dominate her. He was never this persuasion before. And now he just asserted his will, and his slave mother followed along. Jacinda was so lost in her soft romantic mood that she had forgotten she was now a sex slave to Hunter. And as soon as she heard him say the word 'slave', the switch in her turned on. Her inner submissive slut rose from the ashes and showed up to accept her destiny. The wide grin from her face was now a subtle, soft smile. As being a sex slave to her son, came with the fear of the unknown and painful consequences but also excitement of the pleasures in store for her.

Jacinda: Okay baby... I'll go get changed, while you pick a restaurant.

Hunter: No need.

Jacinda: What?

Hunter: No need to change. I love what you're wearing. Just keep this on.

Jacinda: But Hunter... I've never gone out like this in public. It's showing off too much.

Hunter: I don't care. Maybe you should start dressing sexier for me. When I'm with you, I expect you to dress sexy for me. And right now, you've dressed the sexiest I've ever seen you. And we're going together so keep it on.

Jacinda: Okay honey, just uhm.. Just bear with me. I'm not used to wearing such clothes and... I... I don't know, it's scary, Hunter.

Hunter: No need to be scared. I'm with you.

Jacinda could have melted in that moment, when she heard him say that. "I'm with you". His subtle reassurance meant so much to his introverted, unsure woman. He was with her, as a protector. As a lover. As her boyfriend. As her Master. She suddenly felt safe in his presence. He was right! There was no need to be scared. Other girls wear these kinds of clothes in public. The difference was, Jacinda was in her forties and a very classy, conservative woman in a conservative and orthodox town. Going out with her son, wearing such clothes was definitely going to raise some eyebrows. She found it extremely attractive how Hunter would switch gears from being this naive young teenager, to a stern authoritative stubborn dominant to a sweet loving, caring lover. Just two days ago, the boy who was her son, was the man she was falling in love with over and over again. Heart, Mind, Body and Soul.

Hunter: Mom, go get the car ready, I'll be there in a min.

Jacinda went to her garage and got into her luxury SUV, started the car and brought it around to the front entrance. She waited for Hunter, sitting at the wheel staring blankly in the distance. Still contemplating the risks involved in going out for dinner with her son, wearing her skimpy Pjs. She saw Hunter close the front door with their two dogs on leashes, walk towards the car and just as Hunter was stunned watching her earlier, Jacinda, now had a sparkle in her eye looking at her son. He had a full sleeve white dress shirt on, his hair was waxed and set nicely. He had black trousers on with a dark brown leather bomber jacket and white sneakers. He looked like one of the handsome guys from the chic-tv shows she watched. Her romantic grin was back on her face as her heart kept pounding, staring at her own son looking handsome, sexy, macho and very classy.

Hunter got both their dogs (Tuffy the Golden Retriever and Morty the rottweiler) in the back seat and got into the car next to his mom.

Hunter: Alright mom, let's go.

Jacinda: Honey, where are we going?

Hunter: Mario's. You know the way? Or do you need me to map it for you?

Jacinda: I know it honey. Good choice, I love their food.

Hunter: Me too! And I know Italian is your favorite.

Jacinda couldn't help it but her smile was getting wider and wider. Her son was giving her so many butterfly moments. He remembered things about her that nobody cared about. 'He's like the perfect boyfriend' she thought.

Hunter: I'm the best boyfriend mom.

Jacinda in a flash turned her head sideways, looked at him with surprise and mouth agape. He just read her mind.

Jacinda: I was just thinking that, how did you...

Hunter: What can I say, I told you, I'm the perfect boyfriend.

Jacinda: Mmmhmmm... I think you are honey! So, are you my boyfriend now?

Hunter: I guess, I am. But Mom, I'm a better Master.

Jacinda couldn't keep up with his banter. His confidence was growing and it was showing in the way he talked. The fact that he kept reinforcing him being her Master, her owner, gave more mystique to what he had planned ahead. It kept Jacinda excited and on her toes. Just driving to Mario's Italian restaurant, she was already beginning to feel a tingle in her vagina. It was the first time Jacinda was going on a date too. And she had nervous jitters, despite her date sitting right next to her. Her date, who she had known since the day he was born. It was her own son. The drive to Mario's was quite uneventful as the mother and son had trivial chats about the dogs and food. It was now dark outside and they reached the restaurant in 20 minutes. As Jacinda parked the car and was about to get down, Hunter grabbed her left hand to stop her. He got out of the door, went around the car, rolled the windows slightly down so the dogs in the back could get some air. Then opened the door for his mother like the perfect gentleman.

Jacinda was in awe and admiration of her date, her lover, her son. He was a thorough gentleman. Despite all the rough and wild activities he had put her through that day, his soft, respectful nature wasn't lost. She was beginning to think she had found a Master and lost her son, but that wasn't the case. Hunter asked for his date's hand and Jacinda politely obliged with the sweetest, most innocent smile on her face. The couple now walked towards the restaurant, hand in hand like lovebirds on honeymoon.

They were greeted by the hostess, who was a young, tall, hot girl with dark hair. Mario's was an upscale establishment and the hostess gave Jacinda the look, who was seemingly wearing nightwear PJs for dinner at 7pm. She looked back at Hunter, who was dressed like a charming gentleman and gave him a welcoming, warm smile.

Hunter: Table for two please.

Mary(Hostess): Welcome to Mario's Italian Cuisine. We are super swamped today, it is a Saturday night after all. Let me check if we have a table available.

Mary goes into the restaurant.

Jacinda: Hunter, see I told you I should have changed. Did you see the look she was giving me? Ugh I'm so embarrassed...Everyone here is dressed fancy and I have my butt hanging out.

Hunter: I like what you're wearing mom, and that's all that matters.

The hostess returned to escort them to a table. Their table was to the corner by the glass window overlooking the valley nearby. They weren't secluded by any means, but they had a nice booth. It was busy but not very loud as the space was vast. As Hunter and Jacinda got seated in their booths across from each other, the waitress arrived to greet them.

Ally (Waitress): Hiii! My name's Ally, I'll be taking care of you tonight. Are you celebrating any special occasion?

Hunter: Yes, we are actually. It's uhmm... It's our first date.

Jacinda was beyond embarrassed and just looked out the window with a naughty smirk on her face. She was also blushing at the same time and looking at Hunter from the corner of her eye, seductively. Meanwhile, Ally the waitress looked confused, since Hunter looked very young and

Jacinda definitely didn't look like she was 18 or 19. She was a hot and attractive woman and strangers who didn't know her would assume she's probably late 20's at best.

Ally (Waitress): Oh! How exciting. Wow, good for you. Well is there anything I can get you started with for drinks? (Looking towards Jacinda)

Hunter: Yes. She'll have your house red wine, please.

Jacinda wasn't expecting that. She did drink, very rarely. Only on trips with her girlfriends or if there's a cocktail party or fundraisers. She was surprised that Hunter spoke and ordered for her.

Ally looked at Jacinda to confirm. And Jacinda looked back at Hunter to check. Hunter just smiled and nodded. Jacinda looked back at Ally and nodded her head in affirmation. Ally went on her way to get the wine and took their order for dinner.

Jacinda: Hunter!! I wasn't planning on drinking tonight.

Hunter: You weren't, but your Master was planning on getting you a drink tonight. A gentleman doesn't allow his date to leave the date DRY.

There were certainly multiple innuendos in Hunter's words. Jacinda could feel the nervous butterflies in her belly again as she couldn't stop smiling. She couldn't wait to eat and get out of the restaurant. She felt so out of place wearing her sexy green camisole Pjs. Her thin camisole straps were essentially a tiny string like a shoelace and kept slipping off her shoulders. Jacinda would innocently and repeatedly pull them back up. Everytime that happened, blood rushed to Hunter's dick. Some of the men in the restaurant were staring at her and couldn't take their eyes off of her. Hunter noticed that too. As the mother and son were having some trivial conversations, Jacinda's wine had arrived.

Hunter: Mom, finish the entire glass of wine in one go.

Jacinda: Honey, I can't, I've never. I'll try.

Jacinda lifted the wine glass to her tiny little lips and began chugging down the wine. It took her a minute and a couple of pauses, but she managed to finish the glass of wine in its entirety. Hunter signals the waitress to get another one. Once again, Jacinda is asked to down the second glass of wine. And the third. Jacinda would usually only drink 2-3 drinks max. So she had already reached her limit. The wine was doing its magic already. Her eyes were getting droopy and there was a perennial grin on her sexy face. Her eyes had a sheen on them now. She was definitely more than buzzed after three glasses of wine in quick succession. Hunter called for another drink.

This time, noticing that the hot milf had already chugged three glasses in a matter of 10 minutes, Ally looked at her and double checked.

Ally (Waitress): Ma'am, are you sure you want another one? You feeling okay?

Jacinda: (clearly showing signs of intoxication) Hey why don't you go do what my Mas....my sso... my ssssexy boyfriend tells you and go get me another glass of wine. \*Burps\*... Please.

Ally(waitress): (Rolling her eyes) Welp. Okay... if you say so.

Hunter was enjoying the show. He had never seen his mom get drunk as she was always poised and had tremendous self-control. But that night, he was the one in control and she was his slave.

The wine was making Jacinda lose her inhibitions. She was getting loose and carefree.

When the waitress brought the fourth glass of wine, she purposely put it a little farther than Jacinda, closer to Hunter. Which worked his favor. He held the glass in his hand and offered it to Jacinda who tried to take the glass off his hands. But he slapped her hand off. Hunter brought the glass closer to Jacinda's now wine-colored lips. And she took a sip out of it. He was feeding her wine with his own hands.

Jacinda was drinking wine out of the glass from Hunter's hands. Their food arrived and Hunter accidentally (or so she thought) dropped the glass of wine on the table. Luckily the glass didn't fall to the floor, but the wine spilled all over Jacinda's mouth, chin, neck, chest and on her hot, dark, green, thin camisole. Some of it dribbled inside her camisole onto her breasts. Jacinda was already drunk and turned on being on this date with her lover. Her first date in forever. She had anxiety, good anxiety and it was making her horny. The touch of wet wine connecting with her skin and sensitive breasts, made her nipples hard and poke out through the flimsy thin silky material of the green silk camisole.

Hunter got out of his chair, picked up the glass and placed it on the table. Then took Jacinda's napkin, folded it around his fingers and wiped her neck and chest with it. There was still wine spilled over her chin that was dribbling down to her neck. Hunter, now out of his seat, with people watching around them, got close to his mom, who was staring seductively at him with her sharp, mascara drawn eyes. Hunter starts licking his mom's neck and chin to taste the wine off her smooth skin. He was using his own tongue to clean up the wine off his mother. Once he had licked her chin and reached her lips. He practically started smooching and french kissing her. Jacinda was already turned on and her hand naturally went to the back of Hunter's head and grabbed his hair to push him in towards her to kiss him deeply and passionately.

The tables around them and waitress Ally were awkwardly staring at a young teenager kissing a relatively older woman rather exuberantly. Jacinda was lost in lust and was obviously intoxicated. She took Hunter's hands in her's and guided it towards her chest. Hunter instinctively entered his hand down her camisole's neckline and grabbed Jacinda's boobs. He could feel some wetness on her boobs and he picked up the napkin again, guiding it in her camisole to wipe her boobs clean. Her boobs weren't exposed but anyone close to them could see the young teenager's hands inside this gorgeous lady's top fondling her tits. Once their kiss broke, Hunter went back to his seat across from Jacinda and as Jacinda's eyes opened from her lust-filled makeout session, it suddenly hit her that she was in public when she saw 20 plus eyes staring at her. Some with lust, some with envy, some with disgust and some with judgment.

Jacinda tried her best to get herself together, eyes closed, took a deep breath, smiled and began eating her food. Hunter chuckled at her and loved that the alcohol was having an effect on her. He also enjoyed the thrill of making out with his mother and fondling her breasts in public. It was another first for Hunter and it happened to be with his favorite woman, his mom. The 18 year old just had his first taste of alcohol in the best way possible, through his sexy mother's skin. He didn't like the taste of wine but the taste of Jacinda's skin was delicious and intoxicating to him.

Jacinda's dark green, silky camisole's tiny thin string strap had now fallen off her shoulder on her right side, facing the window. If her camisole got any lower, it would expose half of her breasts. She was already showing a bit of cleavage, more than she ever would in a public setting. As they were finishing dinner, Jacinda suddenly felt a strange feeling on her thighs. It was as if something was trying to get up her thighs.

She looked down and noticed Hunter had his foot extended from under the table, sitting across from her and was wiggling his sock-covered toes to tickle Jacinda's thighs. He kept pushing further until he reached the hem of her tiny ultra short pajama bottoms. They were really short

from the back but had decent cover on her pussy. As Hunter continued pushing his toes up her legs, he was now scratching the same spot he had scratched earlier that morning with his fingernails while roughly finger-fucking his mother's vagina. Hunter knew he was now getting closer and closer to her pussy.

Jacinda was trying to eat her rigatoni, but was distracted by Hunter's horny games. She tried to eat while glancing back at Hunter and down to his toes touching her inner thighs trying to get into her pants from the short bottoms. It had been a few minutes since Hunter was attempting this maneuver to no avail. Having been intoxicated and extremely turned on, Jacinda had now realized what Hunter was trying to do. And for some reason, as her brain tried its best to refrain from, Jacinda succumbed to the needs and excitement of her lust filled body and heart. She gently brought her hands down to the hem of her shorts, opened them up from the bottom creating some space between the flimsy silky pj material and the smooth, tender skin of her inner thighs.

This allowed Hunter's toes to wiggle through and reach inside her shorts from the bottom. Jacinda now voluntarily spread her legs open a bit wider, without any direction from Hunter. It was seeming like she wanted in on these sexual games as much as her son did. Feeling her son's toes slowly wiggle through and reach the side of her labia, gave an extremely tingly feeling to Jacinda. Her kiss earlier, the wine spilled in her shirt and the general romantic vibe of her date night had already got Jacinda leaking some juices down in her crotch. Hunter was now able to reach her labia on her right side. His toes briefly made contact with Jacinda's vaginal lips as he tried to wiggle a bit more to get access to her pussy.

The extent of things that were inserted in Jacinda's pussy were her own fingers, her husband's dick, her 2 sex toys, and as of this afternoon, her son's dick. Now her son's toe was a completely unique and foreign sensation. Jacinda was thoroughly enjoying exploring these new territories of sexual wilderness with her son, that too out in a public setting. The wine had made her lose a lot of her inhibitions and she was having the best date of her life. To further allow the passage of her son's toes into her pussy, Jacinda got up out of her chair slightly, loosened her bottoms on the side so that his toes were in and sat back down. Now Hunter had a clear, unobstructed passage into his mother's vagina.

He suddenly stopped as his toes felt a wet spot surrounding her vaginal lips. He obviously knew she was extremely turned on and leaking. He began inserting his toes into her vagina. As soon as it breached her vaginal opening, Jacinda shuddered a little and gave a slight moan. A moan loud enough that tables surrounding them could hear it. Right then, the waitress arrived to take their plates and ask if they needed anything.

Ally(Waitress): I take it you won't need anymore wine anytime soon? (looking at Jacinda who just smiled and nodded as Hunter continued slowly fucking her pussy with his big toe)

Hunter: We'll just get the check(bill) please.

Ally(Waitress): Okay. You sure you guys don't need any dessert?

Jacinda had now closed her eyes and shuddered suddenly as she felt Hunter's toes wiggle left and right inside her vagina as he continued pushing through deeper. Her pussy had now engulfed all of his big toe and second toe. There wasn't any room for any more, but the way Hunter wiggled and moved his toes in her pussy made her feel things no penis or fingers ever had.

Hunter: Oh No, we're good. My dessert is right here in front of me. (staring at Jacinda)

Ally laughed and went to grab their check.

Jacinda got close to Hunter to whisper to him.

Jacinda: Hunter. Please let's get out of here.

Hunter: Why mom? Chill, we're almost done.

Jacinda: I just want to get out of here honey.

Hunter: Why, what's the hurry.

Jacinda: I NEED YOU IN ME! I WANT YOUR PENIS. (Jacinda said out louder than she had hoped or imagined)

Again, people around them gave her a judgemental, confused look. Ally returned with their bill.

Ally (Waitress): Alright lovebugs. Here's your check.

Hunter stopped playing with Jacinda, his sock now slightly wet around his toes with his mom's leaking pussy juice. Jacinda paid for the dinner as she was his mother. Again, confusing Ally. She assumed it was a sugar mama situation. As they were about to leave..

Jacinda: Hunter, baby please wait by the car. I need to go use the restroom.

Hunter: What for?

Jacinda: What do you mean...to you know. I gotta use the restroom. To pee..

Hunter: Oh. Yeah, no you don't need to. Come get in the car.

Jacinda: But baby, I really need to go.

Hunter: No. Get in the car. Are you going to disobey your Master? You know what happens then....

Jacinda really had to use the bathroom, but she knew better than to disobey her master, or punishments ensue. As much as she liked his punishments. She felt like holding in her pee was punishment enough already and that's what he wanted. She wasn't going to oppose him. They walked back to their car. Hunter kissed his mother on the lips before opening the passenger seat door for her to get in. Hunter was driving this time and Jacinda took the passenger seat on their way back. Jacinda had a few drinks in her and Hunter was more than capable of driving.

Hunter: Did you have fun mom?

Jacinda: I did. It was the best date in my life. So exciting.

Hunter: I'm glad. You were getting quite turned on there for a minute.

Jacinda: For a minute? You're so naughty. You know exactly what you were doing to me. I'd been excited throughout the dinner, since we got out of the car.

Hunter: I could tell. We gotta do something about that soon, don't we mom?

Jacinda shyly smiled looking back at him. Hunter suddenly brought his hand on his mother's naked lap. Jacinda immediately closed her eyes as she felt another rush of lust and she knew

Hunter was up to no good. He gently rubbed his hands along her thighs as he was driving. Jacinda, intoxicated, with her bladder full, really wanted to pee. She was afraid if she got too horny, she might accidentally pee in the car. She already cleaned and vacuumed their living room sofa set to get the stench off pee out of it. And didn't want to repeat the chore on her upscale leather car seat as their house help was going to be off indefinitely. But Hunter didn't think of these things or plan ahead. He liked to live in the moment. And in that moment, his sexy mother was sitting next to him looking gorgeous as ever and he wanted to play with her beautiful body.

Hunter then took his hand up to his mom's face. He held her chin, inserted his thumb in her mouth and Jacinda instinctively began sucking his thumb. After a couple of minutes of her sucking his thumb. He dragged his wet thumb out of her mouth, gliding it along her cheeks, to her neck, to her shoulders and pulled down the thin strap of her green silk camisole off her shoulders. It fell to her elbows. He loved the look of his mother's upper chest, neck and shoulders exposed. He ran his fingers along her shoulders, forearms and chest, eventually feeling up her left boob from under her camisole. Jacinda had her eyes closed and sat motionless as her son was devouring her body with his hands feeling her up sensually.

As they took the final turn towards their house, Hunter inserted his hand inside Jacinda's tiny shorts from the helm. The same way he had his toes up her shorts earlier in the restaurant. This time his fingers easily reached her vagina as he began gently kneading and playing with the lotus lips of her vaginal opening. He kept rubbing her pussy and noticed his mom had now hoisted her head back, eyes closed and was breathing heavily. He could feel her wetness as there was now also a wet spot on her tiny pj shorts. He kept playing with her labia, pinching it, rubbing it, tugging it, pulling it. As they pulled into their private driveway. Hunter stopped the car in the middle of the road leading up to their garage door. It was a long driveway and they still had another 100 meters or so to go. Jacinda thought they had arrived and opened her eyes to look at Hunter.

Hunter stopped playing with his mom's pussy, and brought his fingers out. They were sticky and slimy with Jacinda's vaginal secretions all over them. Hunter could see a spider-web-like-sticky string forming from her shorts to his hands as he brought his fingers close to his own mouth. Jacinda kept staring at her son, as he took her cum laden fingers and shoved them in his mouth to taste his mother's vaginal slime. She was so turned on and now, so was Hunter.

Jacinda: Hunter, baby let's drive to the garage, why did you park here?

Hunter got out of the car. Let the dogs out from the back seat. It clicked to Jacinda that in her lust filled euphoria she had forgotten about the dogs and their walk. Luckily their driveway was surrounded by grass on either side. It's where Hunter and his friends would occasionally play flag football and she'd let the dog's play in the sun. It was an extended version of their giant front yard. Hunter then asked his mother to get out of the car and she did. They split the dogs, with each of them holding one leash and walked the dogs into the grass on the side.

It was now past 9pm and the moonlight was shining. Jacinda was looking sensual and seductive. She had that horny look in her eyes. But she also wanted to use the bathroom really bad. Not as bad as she wanted to have sex with her son. Hunter was aware how horny his mother had gotten throughout the dinner. As they were walking the dogs, both the dogs were done doing their business in the yard. They walked them back to the car. Hunter got both dogs in the back seat again, and as Jacinda was about to get in the passenger seat, Hunter held her forearm from the back to stop her.

She turned around, faced her son. Her strong, 6 feet tall, chiseled, masculine son. Her lover. Her date for the night. Hunter turned his mother around so she was facing him. He then put his hands in her tiny shorts, this time through the waist, so as 4 fingers were in her shorts and his thumb was out, gripping it firmly. Then he began walking towards the grass practically leading his mom using her shorts like a makeshift leash. He was sort of dragging her and Jacinda followed his

footsteps, confused as to what was in his devious mind. But this is what excited her. Hunter was unpredictable when he took control and got this assertive.

They walked to the middle of the lawn on one side. Hunter stopped to face his mom again. They were staring into each other's eyes. As the look in Jacinda's eyes changed from romantic to curiously horny and excited yet fearful. And the look in Hunter's eyes was now of his newly minted title of Master. He suddenly yanked his mother's tiny shorts down with force. The tiny shorts now fell to the earth and Jacinda stood bottomless in the middle of an open grassy yard. There wasn't anybody in sight for at least a mile in each direction. But still Jacinda had never been this exposed outside of her bedroom. This both excited her and made her nervous.

Without her son's instructions, she instinctively got out of her shorts and stood bottomless, with her pussy on display, glistening with her own leaking juices in the moonlight.

Hunter: Mom. Jacinda. Slave. I want you to crouch down here and pee.

Jacinda looked at Hunter, astonished. "Did he just ask me to pee out here in the open?" She thought.

Jacinda: Here? But Hunter...

Hunter: No buts. Do it. Now.

Jacinda, still hesitant, took one look all around her to make sure nobody was watching. She could see her own house some distance away. No other civilization in sight. She did really want to pee, her bladder had been holding it in the entire ride from the restaurant. Jacinda followed her Master's orders and crouched down to the ground. She had shame in her eyes. Not only had she never peed in public, but had never peed in front of anybody. And now her son was standing right there, in front of her. She couldn't get any piss out for a few seconds. Must have been performance pressure. Jacinda felt humiliated again, degraded. Her own son, her flesh and blood, her master, was making her urinate out in the open in a public place.

She felt inhuman, almost like a dog. Her own dogs just did their business in the same grass, not too far from where her son had her crouch down. She was so nervous and humiliated, Hunter could see a small bead of tear forming in her eye. After a few more seconds, the sound of 'hiisssssss' filled the air as Jacinda's warm stream of pee hit the earth under her. Her head bowed, looking down. Her warm piss mixed with the soil and grass on the earth beneath her, emanated a unique smell. She didn't want to look at Hunter. Just then, Hunter, her son called her out.

Hunter: Mom. Look up here.

As Jacinda looked up at him, Hunter had his cock out in his hands and he was hard. Maybe watching her pee out in public like a dog made him hard. He got close to her and made sure she maintained eye contact, as she continued to pee. Hunter then slowly inserted his penis in his mother's mouth.

Hunter: Start sucking like a good slave.

She knew what to do and began bobbing her head up and down on his dick, giving him a blowjob. Jacinda was just afraid, hoping he wouldn't repeat what he did in the afternoon, and pee in her mouth. She definitely did not like that. Hunter enjoyed his mom's warm mouth on his dick. She was still not able to take all of it in but she tried as much as she could.

Jacinda was now finished peeing. Hunter noticed that and pulled his dick out of her mouth. He made her stand up again, right next to him. Her tiny green silk pj shorts still lay close to the spot she just peed in.

Hunter: Mom, go pick up your pajama shorts. Without using your hands or feet.

Jacinda looked at her son confused. He always had weird, outlandish requests. Except they weren't requests, they were orders. Orders, for his slave, his mother, Jacinda. Jacinda, still confused, walked towards her fallen shorts that were disdainfully slipped off of her moments ago. She knelt down close to her shorts and was thinking of how to pick them up. The only solution she could think of was to use her mouth and teeth to grip them. She bent down towards her shorts laying in the muddy grass. Brought her mouth close to the silky fabric, grabbed it by her teeth and lips, gripping them properly and quickly stood back up with them hanging out of her mouth.

Hunter: Bring them here to me.

He was standing just a few feet away but he made her bring him her shorts that he made her pick up with her mouth. Jacinda did as told and got close to Hunter. Who pulled the green silk pajama shorts out of his mom's mouth and threw them in the little wet puddle she just made with her piss. The pajama shorts landed right in her piss puddle. Once again, Jacinda was startled and confused about what he was thinking or wanted. She just followed along in anticipation to see what he would do next.

Hunter then proceeded to hold his cock, aim it at the same puddle where his mom just peed, which now had her tiny green silk pajama shorts and began pissing on it. He was peeing directly on his mom's pajama shorts that she just had on a few minutes ago. They were already soiled and dirty by laying in a puddle of her own pee, but now he was making sure the sexy little pj shorts got completely drenched in his piss too. Jacinda kept watching him in awe.

Once he was done peeing on her pj shorts. Hunter looked at his mom again. She had fear and excitement in her eyes as she stared back at him, awaiting his next move. She wondered what he was up to after completely destroying her new, sexy, tiny, green, silk pajama shorts. It's the first time she had worn them too and she loved how she looked in them.

Hunter: Mom, pick them up again. Same way as you did earlier.

Jacinda: No way! Hunter... come on.

Hunter: Did you just oppose your Master's instructions?

Jacinda: Hunter...please. They're dirty, they're destroyed. They're drenched in our urine.

Hunter: So? You've tasted mine already. And it sounds like you're in for a punishment. My slave doesn't seem to be following orders.

Jacinda was reminded of her position yet again and reluctantly got down on her knees. Trying to balance herself so she doesn't fall in the puddle of piss. She bent down again, getting her head close to her piss stinking dirty pajama shorts. She was somehow able to grab them in her teeth. But she had to get really close to the puddle of their pee. There was a stinking, pungent smell emanating from the puddle. Jacinda somehow picked it up in her mouth and walked towards Hunter. He loved the sight. His mother holding her tiny sexy pj shorts which were drenched in their piss.

Hunter: Good Girl! Now, keep them in your mouth. Get in the car. We're going home.

Jacinda couldn't believe the extent of her humiliation. She followed her son as they walked back to the car, piss drenched shorts still in her mouth, drops of pee dripping from the shorts as they hit her chin and chest walking towards the car. On top of that, Jacinda was already naked from the waist down. Sitting on her leather car seat bottomless. Now her wet pussy was leaking juices on the car seat. Holding her piss drenched pajama shorts in her mouth felt dirty as they kept squeezing the combination of her and her son's pee in her mouth, overpowering the taste of her dinner from earlier.

Once they reached home, Hunter parked the car. He ordered Jacinda to go to her bedroom and remain the way she is. She was allowed to remove the piss drenched shorts from her mouth and he left it up to her to trash them or throw them in the laundry hamper. He asked her to wash her mouth and clean up, while he got changed. Instructions were clear and Jacinda obliged.

Jacinda sat on the edge of her bed, still bottomless, with her green silk camisole pj still on. After a few minutes, her son entered her bedroom, naked. She was pleasantly surprised since he said he was going to get changed, but he came in naked with his semi-hard dick dangling like a pendulum. Jacinda couldn't stop visually devouring her son's chiseled body. He was so handsome and sexy to her. Her eyes ran all over his face to his broad shoulders to his hard chest, his slightly visible abs, his muscular arms and her favorite, his penis. He had a slight V shape around his pelvis which made him look so hot to her.

Hunter: Mom, I had a great time tonight. Did you?

Jacinda: I did. But the shorts and piss thing was okay....

Hunter: Hmm... as I said, you'll learn to like it.

Jacinda remained quiet.

Hunter: Mom, I have special plans for you tonight. But I need to know, if you trust me.

Jacinda: Of course I trust you honey. You're my son.

Hunter: I am. And you're my Mom. My beautiful, gorgeous, sexy, hot mom. But Mom, you're also my sex slave.

Jacinda: mmhmm...

Hunter: Say it. I need to hear you say it.

Jacinda: (Nervously, but with a smile) I.... I'm your...ugh. I'm your sex slave.

Hunter: Good. And as my sex slave, you and I are going to have a lot of fun. But do you trust me?

Jacinda: I do Hunter. As I said, you're my son. My lover. I love you.

Hunter: I'm also your Master. Do you trust me as your Master?

Jacinda: Yes. Yes, I do.

Hunter: Good. And you remember your safe word?

Jacinda: Yes, Magnets.

Hunter: Good.

Hunter then walked close to his mother, grabbed her hair pulling her head back roughly. This made Jacinda wince a little and she let out a light screech "aarch". Her mouth remained slightly open with a hint of smile still on her face. Hunter then gently tapped the left side of her face with tender light slaps.

Hunter: Open your mouth, mom. Wide.

Jacinda's mouth was already open as she was reeling with the pain his hair-pulling was having on her. She opened up wide. While her son was pulling on her hair roughly and her mouth open, he suddenly spat inside her open mouth. Jacinda could feel his thick, wet spit roll on her tongue as it slowly went back towards her throat, thanks to gravity and the pull her son had on her hair. Jacinda instinctively swallowed, as a happy Hunter had a grin on his face. He let his mother's hair go. Jacinda felt humiliated again, but the sexual tension between them was heating up. She had been worked up and horny all evening and the blatant disregard for her by her son was connecting her with her inner slut. Her submissive side shone, as unlike her earlier encounters in the day, she had a perennial excited smile after each act of degradation by her son.

Hunter then slid her thin camisole straps off her shoulders on both sides. He wanted to get her naked as soon as possible, he loved her body. Jacinda just stood motionless, allowing her son to take the lead. Something about him being in control of her and her body just felt right to her. Until earlier that day, she was trying to make sure he would take control and be assertive. Now, he had evolved to dominate her as a piece of meat.

Hunter: Mom, get on the bed.

Jacinda quietly climbed on her mattress, on her beige colored silk sheets. She wasn't lying down flat, but more reclined on the headboard as her back and head rested against it. Hunter turned around and left the room. He returned a couple of minutes later with a bottle of red wine from their wine cellar and a one gallon bottle of water. He opened the bottle of wine and handed it to his mom. Hunter began drinking the water from the gallon bottle himself.

Hunter: Drink. As much as you can.

Jacinda who was already intoxicated from her 3 glasses of wine earlier at dinner, quietly took the bottle from her son. She obeyed his orders and began drinking straight out of the bottle. After a few gulps she paused. The bottle was a quarter empty. She wanted to give it back.

Jacinda: I think that's enough, Hunter.

Hunter: More. Drink more. You're going to need it.

Jacinda was spellbound and was unsure what he meant by "You're going to need it". She followed her Master's commands and continued drinking. Within a few minutes she had gulped down three quarters of the wine bottle, before she couldn't take it anymore and began coughing.

Hunter had meanwhile gulped down most of his bottle of water. Almost a full gallon. He realized Jacinda had more than reached her limit and took the wine bottle out of her hands, placed it on her night stand along with his water bottle.

He got on the bed and got close to Jacinda and started kissing his mother flush on the lips.

Jacinda, now drunk and horny began wildly mouthing Hunter's lips pulling his face deeply into her own. This was their most passionate and deep liplock yet. Their tongues were swirling exploring deep into each other's mouths. Hunter could taste the wine off his mom's lips and tongue. Their saliva exchanged and merged with one another. It was no ordinary smooch or french kiss, it was wet, dirty, wild and sloppy. There was heat and passion. Jacinda could feel her heart beat faster and sense Hunter's heartbeats too.

Hunter slowly unlocked his lips from his mom's mouth and planted kisses on her cheeks, her nose, her eyes, her chin, slowly going down her neck. Every kiss had passion and love. It wasn't just a peck, it was full and wet. He had smothered his mother's face with his saliva and she cherished the feeling of being loved like that by her son, her lover, her Master. Hunter reached his mom's neck and began swirling his tongue around to taste her skin. Her smooth skin was the delicious dessert he wanted to feast on for a while. His kisses turned into licks and eventually sucking parts of her neck. At one point he sucked on the left side of her neck so deep and for so long, holding her skin in his mouth, that when he let it go. There was a visible love-bite on her neck. He looked at it with pride and kissed it again.

Jacinda had her eyes closed and was just lost in ecstasy of being passionately loved by her son. She felt the slight pinch on her neck as he left a lasting impression of love on it. Hunter's hands were playing with Jacinda's waist under her camisole and his lips now reached her shoulders. Jacinda had her hands wrapped around her son's head as he made passionate, sensual love to his mother. This is the kind of sex she had never had. This is the kind of love-making she was yearning for years. And now she had it. She was so grateful for her lover, her son. Hunter's lips and tongue made movements above her collarbone.

Hunter had begun smothering his mom's shoulders with his saliva as he sucked on her shoulder hard, just like he did earlier on her neck. This time using a bit of his teeth on her tender, smooth skin. Jacinda could feel her son biting down on her shoulders with his sharp teeth, yes it was painful, but oh so pleasurable. She somehow wanted to feel more of him. She wanted him to dig in deeper. She now wanted him to give her more pain. And their natural telepathic connection meant Hunter dug deeper into her flesh and bit on her shoulder hard.

When he finally let her shoulder free, he could easily spot a dial-clock-like red mark left on his mother's left shoulder. The clear imprints of his teeth were now visible on her otherwise, smooth, clear, tender skin. He ran his fingers along the newly inflicted wound and could feel the texture in her skin broken into. Jacinda hissed and sighed in pain and pleasure. She was now thoroughly enjoying her son planting these marks on her body with his mouth. Maybe it was the alcohol or maybe she was intoxicated with love and passion, but her pain threshold was now subsiding and she suddenly wanted more and more of his abuse on her body.

Hunter then separated from her body and looked at his mother lying in front of him. She looked gorgeous with her ever so light make-up. Her eyeliner and mascara still intact, her silver earrings still on, her sexy green silk camisole now had their straps fallen off to her elbows and she was completely naked waist-down. Her camisole had risen slightly to her midriff given Hunter's now huge boner rubbing against her belly while he made love to his mom.

Jacinda opened her eyes as she felt his body separating from hers, looking at him towering over her, she made eye contact with him with a gentle smile and a naughty look on her face. Hunter's seductive look transformed into an evil grin as he suddenly grabbed his mother's brand new silk camisole from her chest and roughly began ripping it apart. This time it took him a few seconds unlike the tank top from the night before. He was still strong enough to tear off her camisole from the center causing a rip in the material from her neck to its hem around her belly. And what was once a beautifully knitted, sexy, dark green, silk camisole, now just a ragged jacket.

Jacinda's torso was now exposed and her godly body was on full display for Hunter to devour. He immediately buried his face on her left boob. The same left boob she fed him with as a baby. The same breast whose nipple he had rubbed and played with earlier in the afternoon while she fucked him. He began kissing and sucking both her breasts like a rabid dog. He was practically feasting on his mother's boobs. Hunter took her nipples in his mouth, sucking it viciously. Her nipples were one of Jacinda's erogenous zones and it made her mad as her son was roughly devouring her breasts.

At this point, Jacinda's hands had naturally dropped down to her own pussy and she was rubbing her vagina with one hand and trying to touch her son's mammoth cock. She finally got a hold of it and could feel how rock hard he was. It was like she was holding a telephone pole or a steel rod, except it was pulsating as he sucked on her nipples. Hunter had now switched his attention to his mom's right boob, got her nipple in his mouth and began sucking that one, while his other hand was pinching, rubbing and tugging her left nipple. The passionate heat from both their bodies as they explored their natural lust and desire for each other was scorching. Sweat had begun to form on their bodies, precum was leaking from Hunter's dick and Jacinda's pussy was oozing slimy white liquids.

Hunter introduced his teeth on her right nipple and chewed it down deeply making her shriek in pain. She could feel his teeth breaking into the skin of her already hard nipples. Her nipple was now sore and began turning red. Hunter kept biting down on his mother's nipple as deep as he could. Hearing her shriek in pain was music to his ears and he was getting harder with her screams. Tears of joy and pain simultaneously began flowing down the sides of her face, dragging down the eyeliner and mascara. He finally let her nipple go to observe and admire his work on her body.

His own mother, his 42 year old sexy mom, Jacinda, his slave, was lying naked with just the strings of her now torn camisole around her elbows, her body glistening with sweat, her gorgeous hair disheveled, a pretty bluish red mark on her neck, a stark red bite mark on her shoulder, her left nipple red and sore. He loved the sight of his sexy slave of a mother in this condition. Jacinda stared back at her son with a satisfied yet horny smile on her face. Hunter slowly pulled himself lower under her waist. He picked up both her legs, lifted them up, resting them on his shoulders and inserted his rock hard cock in his mother's waiting, wet vagina. She immediately closed her eyes again as she felt the tip of his cock enter her glistening, moist pussy. She could feel the veins of his dick rubbing along her labia as it entered the most sacred hole in her body. Hunter leaned forward with her legs raised on his shoulders in missionary and began fucking his mother as his hands went back to playing with her boobs. This time the sex wasn't slow and sensual, Hunter was in charge and he was in control. He was fucking her hard and fast and Jacinda kept moaning in pleasure. She could feel his dick go deeper and deeper inside her pussy. Her pussy was still unable to take all of his 7 inches. But he managed to go deeper than he did that afternoon.

Hunter took his mother's hands on each side in his hands, and pinned them down against the mattress. He was fucking her pussy vigorously and with pace. He managed to keep getting faster and faster and deeper and deeper. Jacinda could barely handle his dick as she was moaning and now screaming. She was making sounds Hunter had never heard before. She wasn't one to dirty talk but Hunter wanted the receipt to her amazing fucking.

Hunter: Hey mom....how's it feeling?

Jacinda: So good Hunter, so good. This is the best feeling I've ever experienced in my life.

Hunter: And why is that mom?

Jacinda: Because you're having sex with me.

Hunter: And who am I mom?

Jacinda: Hunter. My son. My handsome, sexy son.

Hunter: What are you doing mom? What is happening right now...

Jacinda: My son is having sex with me.

\*CHHAP\*

Hunter suddenly raised his right hand up and brought it down disdainfully across the left side of Jacinda's face with force. He just laid a rough, hard slap on his own mother. Jacinda was startled and stunned. It was another unexpected consequence of her giving up control in her relationship with her son. The sound of his palm meeting her face reverberated throughout the room.

Hunter: (As soon as he slapped her) Talk dirty to me mom.

Jacinda: I'm having sex with my son... Hunter.

Hunter laid another slap on her face, the same way as before. All this as he's madly fucking her pussy raw. The heat in Jacinda's vagina was scorching and Hunter could feel the heat and moisture surrounding his penis. He knew she was extremely turned on and also slightly intoxicated.

Hunter: I SAID DIRTY. DIRTIER MOM! (He yelled)

Jacinda: (Screaming) I....I'm fucking. My son, Hunter is fucking me. He's fucking me oh soooo hard...so gooddd...

After the unexpected second slap on her face. Tears began rolling down Jacinda's eyes. There was a clear dark river flowing out of her eyes on either side of her face. Her mascara and eyeliner are now running down with her tears. Hunter loved that look. She looked extremely sexy, disheveled, abused and roughly fucked. Jacinda's face was now gushing red with the blood circulation in her body at an all time high. With her vagina on fire and her son roughly fucking her she was on cloud nine. It was literally the greatest feeling she had felt in her entire 42 years of existence.

Hunter laid another slap on his mother's face as she continued getting roughly pounded by his dick. She didn't know why he was slapping her but she wasn't complaining. It somehow felt good to her. It definitely hurt as her cheeks were now stinging and there was a very visible red print of Hunter's 4 fingers on the left side of her face. Hunter continued his brutal fucking and swung another slap on the same side of her face. This time, making Jacinda scream in agony. He smiled at every contact his palm made with her cheeks. He enjoyed the sound of his hand smacking her face. He loved hearing her scream in pain like that. It just made him more horny.

Jacinda couldn't believe her son was slapping her face like it was nothing. She had never been slapped in her entire life. But as soon as his fourth slap landed. The sting sent a tingle down her spine reaching her vaginal walls making them work overtime. Again, she was beginning to enjoy the hard, rough, brutal fucking her son was inflicting on her. Her body was no longer in her control. Her mind had transcended in another dimension where she was see-sawing between pain and pleasure. Her own 18 year old teenage son had turned into a pain slut and was treating her like a real sex slave. Roughly slapping her and brutally fucking her pussy raw and wild. She

was in sensory overload.

Hunter: Do you like it when I fuck you mom?

Jacinda: Yes, Yes Hunter. I love it. I love how you fuck me.

Hunter: Do you like HOW I fuck you mom?

Jacinda: urghhh aahh ahh oh my gaawdd yess... I love how you fuck me baby. I love how rough you are. How you use me.... I love the way you treat my body..arrghhh...

Jacinda was now grunting, moaning, shrieking, screeching, screaming, making all sorts of sounds as her body moved up and down rhythmically, dancing to her son's cock.

Hunter: What do you like the most mom?

Jacinda: I like when you play with my breasts... I like how you fuck my vagina

\*CHHAP\* Hunter lands another hard slap, but this time back-handed, hitting the right side of Jacinda's face. Her left cheek got some respite, but since this one was backhanded, she felt his knuckles connect hard with her cheeks and cheekbone, hurting it more. She yelled out loud as the intense pain caused her to feel another amazing sensation in her pussy. But she wondered why she was slapped again, so brutally.

Hunter: I told you to talk dirty to me mom....Say Pussy.

Jacinda: Yess...Yess..Sorry Hunter....

Hunter laid another backhanded slap on her face. This one was just as hard as the last which shook his mother's head wildly to her left. Her right cheek was now showing subtle signs of abuse. Again, she was dumbfounded and surprised why she was slapped.

Hunter: It's master, for you... my slave.

Jacinda: arhghh.... Yess... I'm sorry Master. I love how your dick feels in my pussy master. I love how you fuck me roughly. I love my master. I love you. Please fuck me forever.

Hunter switched hands and swung another hard slap on his mother's face again.

Hunter: Slaves don't make demands. Slaves just say Thank You.

Jacinda: Yesss..I'm sorry Master. I love how you fuck me so roughly Master. Thank You for my brutal fucking Master.

Hunter now switched his target and swung his open palm flat and hard on his mother's right breast. Her face had already turned red with brutal slaps on both sides. And now her boobs were under attack. As soon as his hand made contact with her right breast, it jiggled and her nipples instantly got harder poking out upwards against gravity.

Hunter: What else do you like about your Master fucking you, Bitch?

Another first for Jacinda. Only occasionally some bullies in school had called her a bitch. Jacinda was a sweet, nice, highly valued woman all her life and was rarely swore and abused at. Now, in the midst of a brutal sexual intercourse with her own son, her master had referred to her as

"Bitch". He wanted her as a sex slave and he got that wish. She was just barely getting used to him calling her by her name or slave, instead of mom. And now, he just called her 'Bitch'. A word that was so taboo for her growing up. It was a bad word. And her son just casually used it while slapping her face, smacking her tits and fucking her wet pussy with his hard cock. Jacinda, as a slave to her son had no other choice but to answer her Master.

Jacinda: I.... I love... I love everything about it, Master. mmmmmhmmm I love how you bite me... I love how you play with my nipples and suck on my boobs. Aahhh ahaha arghh I... I love when you give me pain Master... I like when you slap me.

Jacinda didn't know what made her say all of that. But all of it was the truth. Her brain wasn't thinking anymore, her body was reacting to the overwhelming sensations rummaging through it. It wasn't the uptight, conservative, classy woman talking anymore. It was the submissive slut inside of her speaking the truth. Jacinda had just realized she had confessed to her deepest inner desires. And she had done it in front of the one man who could give her the pain and pleasure she yearned for. As a counselor by profession herself, she realized this was her therapy.

Hunter was already steaming and getting close to cumming while fucking his mother so rough, hard and brutally. But when he heard his mother confess, she actually enjoyed the brutality he was inflicting on her, his inner sexual beast went wild. He began laying more slaps on his mother's face. This time, repeatedly, back to back, one after the other. There was no counting anymore. Jacinda's head kept bobbing up and down as her son was pistoning in and out of her wet hot pussy, but now her head was spinning left and right with each strike that landed on her face.

Jacinda was so turned on that the repeated slaps and hardcore fucking made her erupt juices on her son's dick. Hunter could feel her inner vaginal walls tighten and wrap and squeeze his cock, as she oozed squirt after squirt of warm slimy water on his dick and thighs. The bedsheets under them were drenched. Hunter stopped his slaps and looked down to see the puddle his mom had formed under her ass. He pulled his cock out, her legs were already raised over his shoulders, he pushed them further back, stretching his mom in a way that her feet were now next to her own shoulders. This made her pussy position upwards and Hunter leaned his head down on the entrance of her love hole. With each gust of vaginal juice Jacinda squirted Hunter tried to get it in his mouth and lap it up as much as he could.

Jacinda was now spent. She had her third orgasm of the day. And each one, more intense than the last. This one was by far the wildest and intense orgasm she had ever had in her entire existence. She was tired, satisfied, happy and roughed up by her son's dick, his mouth and his hands. Jacinda had a satisfied grin on her face with her eyes half closed. Wet black lines running across her face, a mix of her tears and eyeliner plus mascara. Both her cheeks, red with hand prints on them showing signs of hard slaps. A visible blue mark on her neck, a red bite mark on her shoulder, the skin of her left nipple cracked, red and swollen, her right breast tan and red in comparison to her left. Her pussy, fupa, belly, pelvis, thighs, love handles, hips drenched her own juices.

Hunter loved the visual of his slave in front of him. His own mother, his sex slave, after a rough and brutal fucking. She had just climaxed, overwhelmed and had almost passed out. Her body had never taken this much sensory stimulation before. The multiple sensations of pleasure, sex and pain were more than she could handle. Her eyes were half open and she laid motionless on the bed. Hunter was at the peak of his horniness. He knew he had just made his mom climax, but he was left wanting more. He was still hard and ready to go. He tapped her face to try to wake her up from her state of sexual bliss. But Jacinda was in a momentary hibernation, somewhere in between passing out, sleep and an unfathomable emotional, physical release. She sported a weak, satisfied smile.

But Hunter didn't care. He was her Master, and she was his slave. And it was her duty to please her Master. He wanted to get his release. He got up out of the bed. Pulled his mother's motionless body perpendicular to the bed, so her feet were facing the right side of the bed, and her head rested on the left. He pulled her out towards him a bit more so that her head now leaned a little off the edge of the bed. Gravity made her hair fall and the tip of her hair touched the carpet on the floor. Hunter stood in front of her, as he once again adored his mother's sexy naked body lay in front of him. His cock now directly facing her head.

Hunter manually opened her mouth with his hands as she was still half immobile. He inserted his dick inside her mouth such that his balls were now hitting her nose and forehead. Given the small size of Jacinda's mouth, he was still not able to get the entire length of his cock in her mouth. He loved the feeling of his mother's warm, moist mouth on his dick. This time, the feeling was unique as her mouth engulfed his cock, upside down. It was different than that morning, when she was in a similar spent state and he roughly facefucked her. It was different than when she was voluntarily blowing him in the bathroom that afternoon. It was different than when she gave him a blowjob out in the open yard.

He wanted Jacinda to know and feel that she was his slave. He wanted to give her the pleasure and pain she so desired. But he was unable to do so when she was half out of her mind, almost passed out. He looked to his left and found his gallon of water bottle on the nightstand. He picked it up and emptied it on Jacinda's chest, neck, and her face, while keeping his dick inside her mouth. The cold temperature of water on her scorching hot, steaming, sweaty body woke her up from her state of limbo. And the first thing she noticed upon returning to her senses was Hunter's perineum and ballsack. The world was upside down and her mouth was full.

Jacinda returned to her senses and realized Hunter was facefucking her. She had no recollection of what had happened between the rough face slaps, her orgasm and now. Hunter, realizing his water pouring trick worked, began thrusting his pelvis in and out of his mom's mouth. Except now, he wanted to make sure he gave her the rough facefuck of her life that she deserved. His 7 inch cock started pistoning in and out of his slave's mouth, but again was met by the back of her throat just a few inches in. But Hunter was now in no mood to stop.

He continued facefucking her, as Jacinda had now grabbed the back of his thighs to balance her head and not fall out of the bed. She was going along with his hip movements and trying to give her son the best blowjob she could. But due to the physical limitations of her mouth she could only take in so much. Hunter then grabbed a hold of both her boobs, such that his left hand grabbed her left tit and his right hand grabbed her right. Since her boobs were average sized, he wasn't able to use or palm them as leverage to grab and push his cock in her mouth further. So he got creative and pulled on both her nipples instead.

Hunter now had a hold of Jacinda's erect, rubbery nipples and he pulled and held them up high so her breasts made a pointy conical shape. He was using them to grip her body and shove his dick in her mouth deeper and deeper. After a few pistoning attempts he suddenly smacked his mother's chest hard. This time, it didn't sound like a slap, but the sound was more bassy.

Hunter: Open up your throat for your Master, slave.

Jacinda didn't know how to, so she tried to mimic the swallowing motion. That was it. Hunter gave her another hard push and his cock had found the free entrance into her throat. She could feel a heavy lump form in her throat and it hurt really bad. It made her cough but she couldn't since the passage of air was now blocked by her son's cock going deep inside her throat. Hunter looked down and could clearly see the outline of his dick going in her throat, making a mound on her neck. His dick felt like it was entering a canal that was gripping tighter than anything else he

had ever felt.

Jacinda had more water running out of her eyes now that her tiny food pipe had expanded with her son's massive cockhead entering it. Hunter was now successfully facefucking his mother but also brutally deepthroating his sex slave. As Hunter pulled his dick out, Jacinda winced and coughed and turned her head and body to the side to spit out the drool and cough that had formed from her throat because of her son's deepthroat abuse. She spat out some drool on the carpet below. Hunter continued tugging on her nipples and roughly pulled her head back in place to continue violating her throat.

He shoved his dick in her mouth again, to meet with the same resistance as earlier. And he landed another firm, hard smack, this time on her right boob. She knew what he wanted and she tried to swallow his cockhead again. It made his dick slide in her throat with ease one more time. Jacinda was learning what he wanted and she was now a willing slut to let her Master use her tiny face and throat. Hunter had now picked up rhythm and continued his assault on his sex slave mom's throat. Everytime he thrusted in, he saw her neck swell knowing that was his dick causing the pipes in her neck to expand. Hunter continued to deepthroat his sex slave mom until he was ready to cum.

He didn't pull out and kept his dick deep inside her throat, while Jacinda felt the veins of his cock throbbing in her mouth and throat muscles. Hunter came loads and loads directly into his mother's throat. Which naturally gushed down into her belly. Once he was done cumming, he pulled out and roughly put her back up on the bed. Jacinda was still coughing hard since her tonsils were tickled by his cockhead as it slid deep in her neck. She could sense the slimy, sticky goo down her throat and she tried her best to swallow. There was no taste of his cum, since she didn't get any on her tongue. All of his cum went directly into her esophagus down into her stomach. Hunter was tired and spent too and looked at his sexy mom as she was disheveled. She looked spectacular in her roughed up, sexually used and abused form.

Hunter wanted to capture the moment and ran out to his room to grab his phone. Meanwhile Jacinda had tremendous pain in her neck and throat. Her face hurt with the countless slaps her Master son unleashed upon her. Her pussy was sore with the long, rough fucking his giant cock gave her. She felt thoroughly used and abused. She was humiliated. She was tired. She was fucked like a proper pain slut. Like the sex slave that she was to her Master, her lover, her son, Hunter.

Jacinda was thirsty and wanted some water to soothe her throat and her general exhaustion, but her son had just emptied the last bits of water on her face and body to wake her up from her orgasmic bliss. Hunter returned and took some pictures of his mom and she smiled as she saw him take pictures.

Jacinda wanted to drink water but all that was available was the bottle of red wine with a little wine left in it. She definitely didn't want to drink wine anymore. So she looked at Hunter.

Jacinda: Hunter...Baby that was the best fuck of my entire life. Thank You, my Master. But Master, I'm thirsty and my throat hurts. Can I have some water please?

Jacinda had now experienced this twice. She was aware of Hunter's pee fetish. But she was hoping he would go get her some water.

Hunter: I see. Did you enjoy your dessert, slave?

Jacinda: (Smiling) Yes, I did Master.

Hunter: Was it sweet?

Jacinda: I don't know Master, I didn't get to taste it. It went straight down my throat.

Hunter: Maybe you haven't tasted it yet.

Hunter walked close to his naked mother, picked her up in his arms like a baby, and walked into the bathroom. As she was in his arms and their sweaty bodies touched, she had a feeling he was going to make him drink his pee again.

Hunter placed her on the toilet seat in the bathroom, as if she was peeing. But made sure she was scooted back on the seat so there was room between her and the front rim of the commode. Hunter then took his dick out and aimed at the gap between her belly and front rim of the porcelain bowl and began peeing into the bowl. Jacinda expected him to raise his stream and pee all over her again like he had done before. She was just expecting it and instinctively closed her eyes and opened her mouth. She was thirsty after all.

But Hunter continued peeing perfectly in the bowl. Jacinda could hear his piss splash in the water in the toilet bowl and some drops splashed on the bottom of her bum and close to her sore, glistening pussy. Hunter then raised the stream of his urine slightly so it was brushing her week old pubes and labia. She thought 'this is it, he's going to start peeing on me again'. But no, Hunter just got her pussy and pubes wet with his piss and was done. Once his stream stopped, his mother looked at him confused. Again, her expectations were wronged and he managed to surprise her. Little did she know, there were more surprises in store for her. Hunter now helped his mom back up on her feet. She thought he was about to flush. But instead, he asked her to kneel down in front of the toilet bowl.

Hunter: You're thirsty mom?

Jacinda nodded, with a confused look.

Hunter: Well, your bowl is full of delicious dessert and water. It's time to lap it up.

Jacinda couldn't believe the depths of depravity her son, her master, was forcing her to go to. She looked at the yellow, piss filled toilet bowl. She just stood there contemplating, waiting on her knees. When suddenly, Hunter grabbed her hair in a bunch, held it all together so none of it fell in the toilet bowl or touched the water and forced her head close to the toilet bowl. Jacinda could now smell the same acidic, pungent stench of urine as she was inches away from the contents of her son's bladder. He then guided her head further down until her lips were touching the yellow pool of urine.

Hunter: Drink it. Lap it up Mom.

Jacinda took her tongue out and began lapping it up like a dog. She was beyond humiliated and degraded. She was drinking her son, her Master's piss out of a toilet bowl like an animal. And her son was forcing her to do it. But she was thirsty. The warm liquid going down her throat actually felt somewhat soothing to her. And she began lapping it up more and more trying to get as much as she could without getting any piss on her face or hair. Hunter watched as he enjoyed the visual of his slave mother's head in the toilet bowl, as she lapped up his piss like a dog.

Once Jacinda was satisfied, she pulled out of the bowl and wiped her mouth with toilet paper. Her thirst was quenched. She looked up at Hunter who helped her to her feet. Looked directly in her eyes and hugged her in a tight embrace. Jacinda melted in his arms, tired, spent, sweaty. Their bodies stuck to one other.

Hunter: Mom, today was the happiest, greatest day of my life.

Jacinda: Me too honey.

Hunter: I love you mom. I love you, Jacinda.

Jacinda: I love you too Master

Hunter: Let's go to bed mom.

Jacinda nodded.

Jacinda: Hunter..... Master...

Hunter: Yes ma?

Jacinda: Baby, can you sleep in my room, with me?

Hunter: I thought you'd never ask.

Jacinda's sweet, innocent smile returned. She wanted him. She loved him. She wanted his touch. She was tired of sleeping alone for years. Jacinda washed her face, used mouthwash to get the pungent pee breath out of her mouth and got ready for bed.

Hunter had already got on his mom's bed and was under the duvet. Jacinda slowly slid into her bed. They could both feel the cold wet bedsheets under them. Wet with Jacinda's vaginal excretions. Wet with their sweat. Their bodies embraced and connected again. Hunter was big spooning his mom. She felt safe, she felt protected, she felt owned. But more importantly, she felt loved. Love that she had never experienced in her life.

Jacinda looked at her alarm clock next to the night stand which read 11:45pm. They had been fucking for almost the last 3 hours. She had been up for 18 hours and had experienced one of the most eventful days in her entire life. In those 18 hours, she had climaxed and orgasmed three times, bathed in piss twice, drank it twice, blew her son twice, deepthroated once and used, abused, humiliated, degraded like a slut slave countless times. Just in a span of 2 days, her life had flipped upside down. But she had never been happier. She felt complete. She felt like she was finally living up to the purpose of her life. To love and serve her son in any way she could. She had found true love and finally embraced her inner desires. She had found the beast who could tame this beauty and her inner animal. Jacinda had accepted her son as her Master and owner of her body. She had given in to him. She was committed to his love and pain. She had turned into a complete submissive slut. A sex slave to her son.

.... to be continued.

(This part got a bit longer than I had planned. Please leave comments and feedback. Thank you for reading, enjoy)

## **Innocent Mom now Son's Slave Ch. 06**

All the characters in this story are over 18 years of age. This is just a fantasy and not a real story. It includes strong themes of incest, romance, BDSM, male domination, fem humiliation and water sports. If you're not comfortable, please stop reading.

After a few more parts, I may switch the category of this series to BDSM, instead of Incest.

Quick Note: I received positive and negative/constructive feedback on prior parts and appreciate every comment. Most requests were for them to make a baby, that's definitely on the cards and coming soon in further parts ☹ Please read all prior chapters to understand the psyche and motives of the characters. Thank You! Grateful for this community, now enjoy.

---

...Continued from Ch. 05

Hunter and Jacinda slept in her bed that night. They had an eventful last couple of days. Especially that Saturday, was by far the greatest day in their lives. They had committed acts of sexual depravity that were extraordinary for a couple in love, let alone a mother and son. Jacinda had accepted and embraced her inner submissive slut. Hunter had thoroughly and roughly used, abused, fucked and sexually devoured his mother, who was now his sex slave. That night, both mother and son slept peacefully in love with their sweaty bodies in touch with each other all night. Jacinda felt safe, protected, cared for in Hunter's arms. She also felt like that's where she belonged, in her Master's arms. She felt owned by a man who loved her dearly.

It was now Sunday morning. The sun from Jacinda's large floor-to-ceiling glass window was gleaming onto the white covers, under which the naked bodies of Hunter and his mom lay. Jacinda's face had a natural gleeful and content smile on it. And to either side of her smiling lips were her cheeks which showed sore redness from her son's brutal slapping the night before. Jacinda was facing Hunter as they were sleeping in a tight embrace. Hunter's left leg was raised over his mother's hip and his semi-flaccid cock touched her pelvis. The sun hit Jacinda's face first, waking her up from her peaceful night of slumber in her lover's arms. She opened her eyes to spot her son's face an inch from her. She could feel his breath on her face.

This was the first time in almost two decades that Jacinda woke up next to a man. A man who was not only close to her physically, but in every aspect of her life. This man was her own son. Now, her Master. Staring at his peaceful sleeping face, Jacinda had the biggest grin on her face. She was overwhelmed with love. There were streaks of dry mascara running along the sides of her face. Another residue of the ferocious love making the mother and son had performed the night before. Jacinda gently placed her lips on her son's and gave him a good morning kiss. She was so in love with her boy. She got out from under his heavy leg, removed the covers and sat on the edge of the bed. Glancing at her clock, it read 9:30am. This was the latest she had slept in in a while.

She noticed a wet spot on the carpet under her, by the bedpost. It reminded her of the drool and cough she had spat out after her son had roughly deepthroated her. Her throat was still sore, just like the rest of her body. Jacinda was not used to sexual intercourse, let alone a sex session as intense as she had with her son. Her soreness also had to do with the fact that she had quite a lot of wine the night before and as an occasional drinker, she needed to make sure she stayed hydrated. Her sexcapades with her son had made her excrete a lot of bodily fluids. Tears, drool, spit, sweat and most importantly the multiple gallons of intense orgasms she had.

Jacinda got up and walked to her bathroom. She sat on the toilet seat for her early morning piss and was again reminded of the inhuman humiliation from the night before, when her son, her Master made her drink his piss out of the toilet bowl. But thinking back on it now, she had a smirk on her face. She had begun to enjoy her own degradation and felt naughty, quirky, sexy about it. That's the most important personality change within Jacinda. This once sober, upscale, pious, traditional, prude woman was now beginning to feel sexy, naughty, dirty. She was beginning to feel like a woman again. She had embraced her submissive slut and sexuality. And she only had her son, Hunter to thank for it.

After going about her morning bathroom business and washing her face, Jacinda walked over to her dressing table. She took her earrings off. Observing the reflection in the mirror. She watched herself standing naked. Her long, thick and luscious brunette hair with blonde highlights, disheveled, uneven, sticking to her face, flowing down to the middle of her back. Her face had redness on both her cheeks. Her left cheek especially had a light pink imprint of Hunter's four fingers. Her right nipple was sore, swollen and red. Her right breast looked tanner than her left. The love bite on the left side of her neck was now bluish-green with a hint of purple. The solid bite mark on her left shoulder was turning dark red, with clear imprints of Hunter's teeth. Her vagina was sore and she could clearly see redness around her pussy lips along with a few light pink scars running down from it to her inner thighs, caused by her son's nails.

She looked thoroughly used, abused, marked by her owner, her Master, her son. She smiled thinking about the act, the pain that caused every mark on her once pristine, smooth skin. But the marks were not only on her body. Her mind had submitted and committed to her role as her son's sex slave now. And she was so in love with him that she couldn't wait for his next authoritative command. She found his power, his blatant disregard for her hesitancy, extremely attractive.

Jacinda picked out a loose gray tee shirt from her closet and wore some tight black leggings. As she was getting the leggings up her thick hips, she felt her ass stinging. There was one more mark she had forgotten about. The deep bite her son had laid in on her left buttock as he was wildly biting it down the day before.

Jacinda went to the kitchen to get her morning routine started. She made two cups of coffee, for herself and her son. She thought of making breakfast since they were both tired from last night's intense, marathon fucking. Their dinner must have burned through right away. Jacinda started her preparations for pancakes. She knew Hunter loved pancakes, since he was a child.

Around half an hour later, Hunter woke up. He woke up alone in bed and couldn't find his lover, his mom around him. He had slept in late and felt refreshed, energized. But he was disappointed to not find his new sex slave in bed with him. As brutal as his way of making love was, Hunter loved soft, sensual cuddles. He got out of bed, went to his bathroom, walking naked across the hall as he could smell the fragrance of fresh pancake batter in the air. Hunter completed his morning routine of brushing his teeth and emptying his bladder. While peeing, he recalled that was the first time in over 24 hours that he had used something other than his mom to piss on. It made him smirk and wish he would have held it in a little longer so he could use her again. He put on a pair of basketball shorts and nothing else.

Hunter walked into the kitchen downstairs and could see his mom wearing a loose gray shirt. Its neckline was modest, once again ending just under Jacinda's collarbones. The sleeves were long and came up to her elbows. The length of the shirt was down to her butt and covered her protruding booty easily. He noticed Jacinda pouring some pancake batter on the griddle. There was a unique, satisfied smile on her face; something he hadn't seen on his mother in a long time. Her gorgeous, shiny, thick hair was messy but freely flowing. Apart from the smell of fresh, sweet pancakes, there was now the sound of the batter sizzling on the griddle stove top. Hunter used the opportunity to slowly tiptoe behind his mother.

He quietly stood behind her as she was making pancakes and softly placed his arms around her waist, hugging her from behind and his head resting on her right shoulder. He immediately began kissing, licking and nibbling on the exposed skin of her shoulder, neck and earlobes. This side of her shoulder was still smooth and pristine, unlike the other side where he had left his mother a temporary red tattoo of the imprints of his teeth. Jacinda immediately put her hand on his head and chuckled.

Jacinda: Good morning baby... Did you sleep well?

Hunter: Good morning mom. Yes. It was the best I've slept in forever. I think it had something to do with a hot milf sleeping with me.

Jacinda (Chuckling): hahaha oh is it now. Well, I'm glad honey. I slept so peacefully in your arms baby. It was like a dream.

Hunter: This is nothing less than a dream, mom. I have my dream girl in my arms right now.

Jacinda found it very interesting how sweet her son could be. This same boy was brutally deepthroating and slapping her face while roughly fucking her last night. The contrasting energy in his love was surprising yet so intriguing to her. She wanted both, she loved both. Hunter, meanwhile, noticed his mother's cheek showing some signs of his abuse. He got close to it and placed a kiss on her right cheeks. And brought his tongue out to lick his mom's right cheek.

Jacinda: aahh (let's out a soft sigh, still smiling)

Hunter: How does it feel mom?

Jacinda: mmhmmm....It....it stings a little.

Hunter switches sides and moves to her left to kiss her left cheek and repeats licking it.

Hunter: And this one?

Jacinda: That too honey. And all the other marks on my body.

Hunter: But do you like them?

Jacinda: I do. I can proudly wear them as my accessories. They complete me. They're a part of me. They're my gift. I earned them. Thank You, Master.

As soon as Hunter heard her say that, his morning wood was hitting its stride again and Jacinda could feel it on her leggings covered ass. She flips a pancake, as Hunter continues grinding into her ass from the back and kissing his mother's neck and tasting, nibbling on her ears.

Hunter: I love you mom. I love my sex slave.

Jacinda: I love you too Master.

Hunter was loving the fact that Jacinda was the first to call him 'Master' today. This was quite the contrast from her hesitancy the night before. She was still getting used to their new relationship. But Hunter found it rather comforting and relaxing that she had accepted him as her Master.

He suddenly smacked her right butt over the leggings. Making Jacinda jump a little. It wasn't nearly as painful as some of the slaps she endured on her face the night before. Just surprising enough for her to shudder. Hunter laid in another spank on her right ass, as he roughly grabbed her left breast with his left hand. Jacinda's boobs were still sore from the smacking, sucking, vicious nipple pinching and tugging from last night. And the reckless grab her son had on her left tit made her moan with pain.

Jacinda: Am I being punished again, Master?

Hunter: No mom. I'm just playing with my slave's body. But there is a punishment in store for you soon.

Jacinda: What's the punishment for? Have I done something to upset you? I don't think my body is ready, maybe I need some time to rest honey....

Hunter continued kneading her left breast disdainfully, as he was now licking and kissing the spot on her left shoulder where he dug his teeth into her smooth skin. Jacinda placed some cooked pancakes on a serving plate and poured another batch of batter. She was curious to hear what she did that would call for a punishment. She thought cooking her Master's favorite breakfast would earn her a reward.

Hunter: Well, I woke up alone this morning and my sexy mom wasn't around me.

Jacinda: Oh...I....I..err.. I thought I'd make my handsome son his favorite breakfast. Maybe it would earn me a reward.

Hunter: Reward huh? What kind of reward?

Jacinda: I don't know, I hadn't thought about it yet.

Hunter: Well, you should think about it. Because IF you do please me, I will reward you. But for now you have a punishment in store for today. You wanna know what for?

Jacinda: Is it because you woke up alone and I wasn't around you?

Hunter: That's not all mom. As my sex slave, you are to wake me up every morning by taking care of my morning wood.

Jacinda's eyes grew wider as she heard that. It was certainly exciting to wake her son up by treating his morning wood. But she was excited because it meant every morning, she would get to see, feel and play with her Master son's hard, erect cock. She had heard that a penis is hardest first thing in the morning. It was tempting and she bit her lower lip seductively just by the thought of getting to see her Master's erect penis.

Jacinda: I would be honored to take care of your morning wood, Master.

Hunter: By take care, I mean, I need your mouth on it every single morning. And whatever it spits out you accept it into your mouth as your reward for waking up your son happy. Just wishing me a Good Morning won't cut it anymore. You have to make my mornings good and better, is that clear?

Jacinda: Yes, Honey.

Hunter: I will also accept waking up with your lips on mine, or your nipples in my mouth. Maybe we'll modify the rules as we go. But for now, you get what I want.

Jacinda: Absolutely baby. I'd love to.

Jacinda flipped her new batch of pancakes, as she felt another stinging spank on her right butt making it jiggle. Hunter let off her body, grabbed his cup of coffee and watched as his sex slave mom prepped pancakes for him. He didn't like her gray shirt. It was covering too much. So were her leggings.

Hunter: Hey Mom. I'm going to buy you some new clothes to wear. We're going to go shopping later today.

Jacinda: Okay Honey, that's fun. I love shopping. Is there something you don't like about what I'm wearing?

Hunter: Well, you had the sexiest, cutest outfit on last night. That green camisole pj set was so hot. But this gray shirt and those leggings remind me of Jacinda from 3 days ago. You know, that Jacinda who was just my mom. And not my lover, my sex slave. As my lover and sex slave, I expect you to dress as such.

Jacinda loved hearing those words from her son. Yes, a lot had changed in the last couple of days. But every time her son referred to her as his sex slave, it would make a tingle inside her vagina. She loved being claimed, owned by her son. And he was getting better and better at keeping her love hole lubricated by natural juices all the time.

Jacinda: I'll wear whatever you want me to wear honey.

Hunter: If it were up to me, I'd love to have you naked all the time. So I can just fuck you silly any moment I see you.

They had just risen from bed and Jacinda wasn't planning on having sex this morning. However, his dirty talk was already turning her on. She loved the thought of being used and fucked anytime, anywhere by her son.

Jacinda: Well, I wouldn't be opposed to that Hunter. As long as nobody is around and I'm not working with my clients.

Hunter: Yeah, but It's also fun to undress my slave. And even more fun to rip and tear her clothes off to expose her delicious skin.

Jacinda was now getting worked up. His logic was sound and his words were turning her on more and more. She now had their breakfast ready.

Jacinda: You definitely have a point there baby. You're welcome to take my clothes off now if you don't like what I'm wearing.

Hunter was intrigued by the idea. And he loved that his mother was now offering him to undress her. He badly wanted to get her naked too. His morning wood was still hard and he could tell Jacinda was getting worked up. He could tell by her naughty smile that the 10 hours of sleep was enough to get her vaginal walls to restart their job. But Hunter was also smart enough to know, not to give that sort of power in a sexual relationship to the slave. Master decides when and how the slave should be undressed.

Hunter: I'll think about it, when the time is right.

Jacinda was slightly taken aback. She thought her invitation to undress her would be taken positively and Hunter would rip her clothes off. It cast a small shadow of doubt in her mind. And her overthinking brain went into overdrive. "Does he not want to see me naked anymore? Was it just a one night episode? Is he giving me a break? Why doesn't he want me? Am I not attractive enough for my Master? Was it my choice of clothing?"

Being her usual pessimistic self, Jacinda thought she must have lacked something that her new lover was already getting tired of her after just one day of sexual debauchery. She brought the

pancakes to the dining table, with some melted butter and syrup. Hunter stayed behind briefly. As Jacinda was setting up the dishes for their breakfast, Hunter walked behind her, grabbed her by the neck facing her back and said..

Hunter: Stay still Mom. Don't move.

Jacinda placed the dishes down and stood still as commanded by her Master. Jacinda wasn't sure what he was about to do but the unknown is what excited her the most. He had managed to surprise her countless times in the last couple of days and whenever she assumed what was about to happen, he would one-up her and surprise her with a completely new direction of sexual frenzy. Jacinda heard the sounds of \*zip\* \*zip\* twice. She was still unsure what was going on. Other than Hunter's hand around her neck, their bodies were not touching.

She heard the \*zzip zzip\* sound again but again, nothing was touching her body. Suddenly Jacinda could feel a tug on her loose gray tee shirt around her abdomen. And now there was a cool breeze of air on her back. She looked down and saw her son's other arm coming around. But what she noticed was not just his arm. And now she knew what the sounds were coming from.

Hunter had stayed back momentarily in the kitchen to grab a pair of scissors. He held his mother by her neck and had begun cutting and snipping horizontally through her loose gray tee shirt. He started chopping it off around the middle of her back, carefully making sure he avoided cutting her hair. Then continued his cut around her side and eventually to the front of her shirt just under her boobs. He went around her body in a 360 and did a sloppy cutting job but finally managed to split her tee shirt up vertically so as the bottom half of her gray shirt was now completely cut off and fell to her ankles.

Jacinda looked down and saw that her once long, loose gray shirt was now cut from the middle and split in half. It had turned into a crop top. Her midriff was now exposed and so were her lower boobs. Her nipples still stayed covered, but barely. She could feel a cool breeze around the middle of her back. She had no reaction and continued standing still, as her son controlled her costume now..

Jacinda's black tight leggings were still on and high-waisted. She had them pulled up above her slightly thick pubic mound, covering her lower belly. The elastic strap of the leggings were just above her belly button. Hunter didn't mind the leggings as much, but he was feeling rather creative with his fashion statements that morning. And he had the best model he could ask for, his sexy, hot, gorgeous 42 year old milf of a mother.

Hunter: There you go. Now that shirt is somewhat acceptable.

Jacinda: (Giggling) I think I kinda like it.

Hunter: Mom, turn around and face me.

Jacinda did as told. Now they were facing each other and Jacinda had a wide smile on her face. She seemed to be enjoying the attention her son was paying to her appearance and her costume choices. Hunter's kick of creativity didn't end there. He kneeled down in front of his mom with the scissors in his hands. He waved the scissors in the air \*snip snip\*. Now he was directly facing Jacinda's pubis. Her high waisted leggings were still covering half her abdomen.

Hunter: Spread your legs, Mom.

Jacinda did as told. She thought he was going to roughly yank her leggings off of her and get her

naked. He had taken off her shorts twice last night and that's what she was expecting again. But once again, he surprised her with what he did next.

Hunter now used the fingers from his left hand to gently catch some material of her leggings from between her legs, dangerously close to her vagina. As soon as he caught the flimsy material, Jacinda shivered a little. She was now scared. She was aware that her son had shown time and time again, a scary animalistic, wild and brutal spurt of energy. With a scissor in his hands being this close to her vagina, she was genuinely scared he would hurt her. But Hunter wasn't an idiot to cause any harm to his lover, his mother. He genuinely loved her and as much as he liked inflicting pain on her body, he was aware she was enjoying it too. He had her safety in mind all the time and did not want to lose his lover. He still strangely felt this power trip when she would flinch in fear or hesitate to perform certain tasks he asked her to. The sexual sadist in him would get off with that feeling.

Hunter gently used the scissors in his right hand now, to just cut a tiny slit around his mother's vagina. The scissors were sharp and easily cut through the thin, stretched material of Jacinda's leggings around her vaginal lips. Once a small hole was created, he cut through a bit more, then threw the scissors behind him. Now, Hunter inserted his fingers from both his hands in the newly created hole and split it wide open tearing through her leggings.

Now her leggings were split wide open between her legs and had a giant hole exposing her vagina, inner thighs, her asshole and some part of her butt. Jacinda instantly felt a cool breeze on her pussy lips and breathed heavier. Hunter looked satisfied and noticed her pussy wasn't as wet as the night before. He gently rubbed his fingers around the lips of her pussy. He wet his fingers using the saliva on his tongue, and brought it back to rub his mother's vaginal lips. He then noticed the three pink scratches drawn on her inner thighs by his nails the day before. And gave them a gentle caress. This made Jacinda flinch again and breath heavier. She was getting turned on again by her son's touch.

Hunter was done destroying Jacinda's costume that morning and stood up in front of her. He looked at her exposed midriff and slight underboob. She looked hot with her new makeshift gray crop top.

Hunter: Mom, your hair is so thick and luscious and pretty. But I want it in a ponytail right now.

Jacinda did as told. She grabbed an elastic rubber that was around her wrists and began tying her hair in a bunched ponytail. As she raised her arms up high behind her head to make her hair as per Hunter's insistence, the crop top got raised from the front exposing more than half of her boobs. Hunter was now staring directly at her exposed nipples. It's literally the reason why he had her tie her hair in a ponytail. To see if raising her arms would expose her nipples to him. And he was successful. He loved getting a peak at her red, sore nipple. He still had her left nipple to play with if needed, which looked relatively undisturbed.

Hunter: Time to eat Breakfast Mom! I love pancakes. Thanks for making my favorite breakfast. You'll get your reward soon.

Jacinda smiled knowing there was a reward coming for cooking her son's favorite breakfast. They both sat down on the dining chairs to eat breakfast. Jacinda could feel the leather from the chair seat on her exposed pussy. Hunter had already begun eating. He spread butter on his pancakes, and poured some syrup. As he took his first bite, he spoke while chewing the pancake in his mouth.

Hunter: (with a mouthful) Mm..Delicious Mom. Just like you.

Jacinda smiled. She still hadn't begun eating, as she was trying to settle into her chair in her newly edited clothes.

Hunter: So... for your reward, since you didn't think of anything, I have a suggestion.

Jacinda: And what is it honey?

Hunter: It's this hard dick between my legs.

Jacinda's smile grew wider. That's exactly what she wanted. She wanted to touch and feel his dick as soon as she had felt him grind her back earlier in the kitchen.

Hunter: The problem is, I'm eating right now and then I may get busy playing video games with my friends or basketball. So, if you want your reward. Now's the time to take it.

Saying this, he scooted up, dropped his shorts to the ground as they bunched around his ankles and sat back down. Hunter had no plans with his friends yet. He just wanted to test his sex slave mother and see what she would do.

Jacinda immediately got down on her knees, got under the dining table, close to Hunter's legs and she could spot his big fat morning wood resting on his ballsack, between his thighs. She gently placed both her arms on his knees, caressing him and slowly sliding her hands to the outer side of his thighs, hips and eventually to his back, as she got her head as close as she could between his legs. Once in position, she picked up his dick with one hand and placed her horny mouth on his swollen pink cock head.

Jacinda's small little mouth was once again wrapped perfectly like a sock on her son's manhood. It was his morning wood and it was extremely hard. This dick had over 10 hours of rest and his balls had more than recovered to fuel his dick to make him hard. Hunter nonchalantly continued eating his breakfast as he felt his mother's warm mouth on his dick. She bobbed her head up and down on his cock and was enjoying the feeling of her son's dick in her mouth. She swirled her tongue all around it and especially played with the tip of his dick.

Since Hunter was uncircumcised, the extra folds of his dick were particularly of interest to Jacinda's mouth as her tongue explored the anatomy of this thick, long piston in her mouth. She would use her tongue to flick his foreskin. She was loving playing with her son's dick. Her eyes were closed and she was moaning as she tried to map out the length of his dick with her tongue. She was so horny and turned on now, that her nipples were erect again and her vagina was once again moist. Jacinda continued sucking her son's cock as he continued with his breakfast.

Occasionally, Jacinda would get his manhood out of her mouth, stare at it as her drool mixed with his precum glistened on its tip and dribbled along the length of his cock to the base. She took her tongue out and began licking from the base of his dick where it connected to his scrotum and gently slid her tongue along his dick to the tip. Once she reached the tip, she would engulf his penis with her drooling, wet mouth. Hunter loved the feeling of his mother's wet, warm mouth on his dick. He had thought about receiving a blowjob under the table as he ate. The fact that it was his own mother giving it to him was something he couldn't have imagined just 2 days ago.

As amazing as the blowjob was, Hunter tried his best not to come. Jacinda was committed to making her son feel better. She loved the feeling of his dick in her mouth and continued kissing, sucking, licking his cock. Her saliva had completely drenched Hunter's cock by now.

Once Hunter was finished with his breakfast. He brought his hand under the table and put it on

his mother's head, signaling her to stop blowing him. She got the signal and pulled him out of her mouth. They couldn't make eye contact as Jacinda was under the table. Hunter grabbed a hold of her ponytail and pulled it out from under the dining table, almost dragging his mother out. He pulled her up to stand in front of him and could see her saliva drool from her mouth down her chin.

Hunter: It's time for you to eat your breakfast mom.

Jacinda was so horny and turned on now, she wanted to continue blowing her son and playing more sexual games with him. She had really enjoyed playing with her son all the time over the last day. And now that he ordered her to eat, she was slightly disappointed.

She got back on her chair and began spreading butter on her pancakes. When Jacinda reached for the bottle of syrup, Hunter pulled it out of her hand. This confused Jacinda as she was confused about what he was about to do. Hunter then opened the bottle of syrup, stood to her right and asked her to open her mouth. Jacinda did as she was told.

Hunter: Mom, you know, you're the sweetest, most amazing woman I know. You're my favorite human in the entire world. I love you dearly. You have done everything in your life perfectly. Played every role as best as you could. And even now, as your son's sex slave, you've been the best sex slave I could have asked for. I think you deserve a reward. But since you're already so sweet, I don't think you need this syrup.

Jacinda loved hearing these sweet words from her son. She loved him so dearly. She still had her mouth wide open looking up and her face tried to smile in that state. Then she saw what Hunter was up to. She watched with her mouth wide open as her son squeezed the bottle of syrup and drizzled some of it on his hard, erect cock. Jacinda had a feeling of what her son wanted and for the first time, her guess was correct.

As she had predicted, Hunter grabbed her ponytail again and directed her head with her open mouth now along his hard cock smothered with sweet, slimy, sticky, syrup. If this was her reward, then Jacinda was over the moon. She loved the feeling of her son's cock in her mouth. And now that it was covered with syrup, it tasted even better. Jacinda now had engulfed his cock and was sucking it and licking it vigorously. Once, all the syrup from his dick was on her tongue and down her throat, Hunter squeezed some more syrup on his dick for his slave mom to lick and suck it off him.

Jacinda got as much syrup in her mouth as she could. She loved sucking her son's dick but with the added texture of the slimy syrup made her mouth slide in and out even better. For the last day, she had sucked his dick three times, but was only able to take in about half of his 7" phallus. And Jacinda's perennial strive to make her son, her Master, feel better meant she was trying her best to slide his dick in her mouth as deeply as she could. The slippery slime of the syrup was acting like a lubricant as it slipped in and out of her mouth with ease.

Jacinda was voluntarily trying to go deeper and deeper on Hunter's dick. Her throat still hurt from the rough depththroat the night before. Jacinda still tried to swallow her son's cock. She was somewhat successful and she made some progress in taking a bit more than she had before.

As his mother continued sucking his syrup covered cock, Hunter took one of the pancakes from Jacinda's plate, and took a huge bite out of it. He had a large part of the pancake in his mouth, almost about a quarter of it. He had it bunched up in his mouth and began chewing on it. He made sure not to swallow though. He chewed and chewed on the warm, delicious pancake his mother just cooked for him. Then, Hunter suddenly pulled on his mother's ponytail, yanked her bobbing head off his cock. This sudden jerk sent some sweet, sticky drool flying up in the air.

Hunter still had a hold of his mother's ponytail as she faced the ceiling. Their eyes met and she could see Hunter chewing on the pancake. Jacinda's mouth, chin and neck were covered with her own spit, saliva and syrup. Hunter then put his right thumb on her chin to open her mouth. She obliged and had her mouth wide open looking up staring at her son.

Hunter bent down, got close to his mother's mouth and began spitting the chewed pancake directly into her mouth, from his own. He unloaded all the pancake he had chewed on into her mouth. Jacinda had another unexpected depraved act performed on her. He then closed her mouth.

Hunter: Eat your breakfast mom.

Jacinda began chewing the second hand morsel of pancake in her mouth. There wasn't much to chew on and she just swallowed it down. She could feel her throat still hurt from the deepthroat she gave her son the night before, as she swallowed the pancake. Hunter loved watching her swallow the morsel as he saw her neck muscles move and the love-bite he had marked on her neck twitched. Hunter continued the process and squeezed more syrup on his dick and directed his mother's head towards his cock, using her ponytail as a pivot.

As Jacinda started sucking again, he broke another piece of her pancake and began chewing on that. Once he was satisfied, he pulled her head off his cock, made her open her mouth and emptied the contents of his mouth into hers again. Jacinda willingly accepted the morsel of chewed pancake with her son's saliva in it and gladly chewed on it a bit more before swallowing it. This continued until Jacinda had eaten three full pancakes, each one premasticated by her son with the syrup coming from his dick.

Nothing about this food-play was sexual in nature, not to Jacinda at least, other than the cocksucking. But it was definitely a new experience for her. And it was dirty, yet so satisfying eating a morsel out of her son's mouth. She had never done any of these things before and wondered where her son was getting these ideas.

Once the premastication and feeding his saliva infused pancakes to his mother was done, Hunter was still hard. Jacinda was now full. But she still couldn't get enough of her son's cock. And this time before Hunter could pull her ponytail to his dick, she voluntarily began wildly sucking his dick. She was now going up and down his length very fast and strenuously. She wanted his cock in that moment, more than anything else in the world. Her underboob was flapping around under her now new crop top. Jacinda now had both her hands working around her son's huge cock along with her mouth trying her best to get him to cum. Her ponytail now flopped around and Hunter loved the feeling of his mother vigorously going hard on his sticky, wet, sweet dick.

Finally, Hunter was getting close to finishing. He held his mother's ponytail and dragged her head holding it around his shaft. Then he placed his left hand under her chin and right hand on her head as he began skullfucking his mother ruthlessly. Jacinda had her eyes closed and wanted this. She had some pain in her neck and shoulders as she had been bobbing her head on her son's cock for a while now. She was impressed at his stamina and how long he was able to stay hard.

Hunter suddenly paused as he held his mother's head on his cock with her mouth around his cockhead. He had reached his limit and was cumming ropes and ropes of semen directly into her mouth. This was the sweetest his cum had tasted to Jacinda so far, since it was mixed with the pancake syrup. She made sure to swallow every drop without force or instructions from her master. And after he had spent every last drop of semen into his slave mom's mouth, Hunter's penis now had gone semi-hard. He was tired, yet very fresh. This was now a good morning.

Meanwhile Jacinda now, off her son's cock, stayed seated on her dining chair, licking her hands off any residual cum, syrup or her own saliva. She had thoroughly enjoyed her very unique breakfast through her son's mouth and his penis. She wasn't exhausted by any means, in fact she felt rejuvenated with a ton of energy. Despite the slight pain in her neck by bobbing her head on her son's cock. Jacinda had a very fulfilling breakfast and her craving for her Master's cock was complete. She was happy as a daisy and her face was glowing, despite the remnants of red cheeks from her slaps from last night.

Hunter: The pancakes were delicious mom. Thank You.

Jacinda: They were indeed. And the syrup was my favorite. (Jacinda said with a smirk)

Hunter: Well, since the maids are still off, I guess you have to clean up right?

Jacinda: Yes I do.

Hunter: Okay, I'm going to go take a shower. Why don't you clean up around here.

Jacinda: Yes, Master. See you soon, baby.

Hunter left the dining hall upstairs to his bathroom for a shower. His bathroom was a little smaller than Jacinda's. As Hunter got into his bathtub and turned his shower on. He was thinking about his new life with his mother. He loved her more than anything else in the world. He had found his first and only true love. The woman, who would love him back no matter what, because she was his own mother. He could do anything and she would still love him. Their love was unconditional and something that could never be taken away.

He realized he was only 18 and might be moving away for college soon. But knowing how much love he had for his mother and how much she loved him back, it scared him. It scared him to move away from her. It scared him to separate from her. He knew college was important. But he felt like he had found the one true love, most people never find. He had found his soul mate. And his soulmate was his own mother, Jacinda.

As a man, his primary attraction to a woman in the most primal sense is to fornicate and repopulate. And Hunter had a lump in his throat getting emotional with the thought of bearing kids. He didn't know if his mother could or even wanted to have any more kids. She had sacrificed her entire life for her one child, which was himself. But now, Hunter was thinking about making his woman, his own mother, the mother of his children. It was complicated. But love is complicated.

She was a great mother, and he knew for sure she would raise any other kids like she raised him. His mother was 42, is it even possible for her to have any kids at this age, he wondered. He was 18, did he want kids at his age? He didn't have the answers to his own thoughts. All he knew was that he had his one true love, his soulmate, his lover, his mother. And he wanted her to be the person he spends the rest of his life with.

Hunter's style of making love was very brutal and rough. He loved the soft cuddles and sensual love making, but because of his BDSM porn addiction and spending his formative teenage years watching dirty, rough porn from the depths of the internet, his mind had developed an affinity to hard sex.

This wasn't normal and he knew it. Most people spend their entire lives without being able to act out on a handful of their fantasies. And here he was, having just committed his love to his

mother, within two days, they had already been involved in many of his weird, outlandish sexual fetishes.

The most surprising thing to him, was the fact that his otherwise traditional, pious, upscale, conservative mother had a hidden submissive side to her. And she was more than willing and able to participate in these games he played with her. He realized, despite all the brutal slapping, pissing, spanking, hair pulling, biting that he had inflicted on his mother's body, she had not once used her safe-word "Magnets". He noticed that morning that she had completely submitted to him and was loving being his sex slave.

While the water was running down on his head, Hunter had his eyes closed, lost in these thoughts. Just then he felt two slender wrists come up on both his sides from behind him and hug him. He then felt the hands glide from the side of his abdomen, upwards to his chest, finally settling around his chest as he felt soft, cushion-like-tender balloons on his back. The next sensation was a sweet, innocent kiss on his wet, right shoulder blade. He knew it was his lover, his mother. And he could feel her skin stick to his wet body, he knew she was naked.

Jacinda had walked into her son's shower to shower together with him. Hunter turned around, hugged his mom and placed his manly lips on hers as the water from the shower flowed over both their heads. It was as if they were kissing in the rain. Their tongues danced with each other, as they exchanged saliva. Jacinda's long, luscious hair was now wet as her son continued making passionate love to her. Jacinda kept kissing his mouth, his chin, his nose, his cheeks. Hunter's hands slowly slid from the top of her back down to her waist. He could feel the slight bulge of her tummy around her waist. He grabbed on to her slight love handles and pulled them up. This made her chuckle. He loved every bit of flesh and skin on his mother's body. Jacinda wasn't fat by any means, neither was she skinny. She had an average body with slight thickness around her waist, hips and thighs due to age.

Jacinda: (giggling) Are you playing with the folds of your fat mother's tummy?

Hunter: I'm playing with the body of the hottest woman in the world. Mom, you are the most beautiful woman in the entire world. I love you.

Jacinda's smile knew no bounds as she continued making out with her son with more passion than ever. The mother and son kept kissing under the shower. Hunter's hands now reached her ass, squeezing it. Again, giving her a slight sting on her left butt that he had bit into the day before.

Hunter then took a bit of liquid soap in his hands and began rubbing it on his mother's back. He was lathering up her sexy back and as he got lower, he noticed his mom had slight hints of butt dimples above her tail bone. Jacinda got some soap in her hands too and began soaping up her son's chiseled chest. She applied more soap to his abs, his pelvis and down to his penis.

Having just recently cum loads directly into his mother's mouth, Hunter's dick was now flaccid and a bit sore. Jacinda's tender hands worked like magic as she played with his soft dick carefully. She washed around his balls and got in under his scrotum around his perineum. Hunter meanwhile continued soaping and washing down Jacinda's back. He loved the shape his mother's back made as her spine had a slight dent in it going down to her buttcrack.

Hunter's hands got more liquid soap and he turned his mother around, bent her down and began slowly lathering up her ass. The soapy, bubbly water went down the crack between her buttocks and Hunter dragged his fingers in between her buttcrack. He now had his fingers around his mother's puckered little tiny asshole. He made sure to wash it well and just kept his fingers outside of it. Her butthole looked really cute with tender lines pointing in all directions from the

little hole in the center. It was pink and gradually turned reddish brown as the skin got closer to the opening.

Unbeknownst to Jacinda, when he touched her buttock with his soapy, slippery hands, her body involuntarily twitched. She had never felt this new sensation. Nobody had ever touched her like that. She was obviously an anal virgin. Hunter had plans for this cute little puckered buttock, but he was in no hurry. He turned her around to face his mother's vagina. He could still notice the scratches of pink lines drawn by his fingernails from the day before.

He noticed his mother had week-old pubes around her pussy. Hunter grabbed his own razor and began shaving her pubes off. He made sure to be careful and continued shaving around her labia, up to her pubis and between her vagina and her buttock. Jacinda looked at him with so much love as he was working away on his mother's body. She felt like the child in this relationship. Being fed, being washed, being cleaned, shaved, being told what to do. And she wasn't complaining. Her body was her lover's and now her Master. As the owner of her body, he had every right to do anything he pleased.

Once Hunter was done shaving off his mother's pubes, he stood up. They were both done showering and getting cleaned. Hunter turned the shower off. Hunter was about to grab his towel by sliding the shower curtains to the side. But Jacinda stopped him.

Jacinda now got down on her knees in the bathtub, looking up at her handsome son. He looked absolutely hot to her. With his wet hair, droplets of water on his body, still naked. She couldn't take her eyes off of him. For the first time since their new relationship began, Hunter was now confused as to what his mother was up to. 'Why did she stop me from grabbing my towel? Why did she kneel down?' he wondered. His answer came soon enough, as Jacinda looked up at her lover, her son with a sensual smirk on her face.

Jacinda: Master

Hunter: Yes mom?

Jacinda: Master....I'm.....I'm thirsty.

Hunter couldn't believe what he just heard. His mother was hinting at him to do what he had put her through the day before. Until last night, she seemed like she wasn't a fan of Hunter's obsession for water sports. She definitely didn't like him peeing on her when she laid on the living room couch. She wasn't thrilled when he made her drink his pee in her bathroom and drenched her in a pool of piss in her tub. She wasn't too happy when he made her pick up and hold her piss drenched shorts in her mouth. And not to forget the way he made her drink his urine out of the toilet bowl like a dog the night before. But now, his mother was asking him for it.

Hunter stood there, still surprised. They had just showered and cleaned each other up. If she meant what she meant, she wanted him to pee on her. And that would make her dirty again. Was this really something she wanted? Hunter was willing to find out.

He smiled and pointed his flaccid penis towards his mother. Her long, wet hair stuck to her shoulders, her back and her boobs, as she knelt in the bathtub a foot away from her imposing son's legs. Hunter held his penis in his hands and began peeing on her head. The first stream of urine directly hit the top of her head, drenching her hair, slowly flowing down her forehead, dribbling down her face. Hunter loved watching the yellow, acidic liquid flow down his sexy mother's beautiful face.

He slowly brought his stream lower to her mouth. Jacinda had her eyes closed and now opened

her mouth. Hunter's stream of piss was now shooting directly in her tiny mouth as it filled up pretty quick now making splashing sounds, almost as if she was gargling it. Once her mouth was full of her son's urine, Jacinda swallowed it with a smile and opened her mouth again. Hunter meanwhile made sure to aim his stream of piss all across her shoulders, her breasts, her tummy, her legs, then brought it back up to her mouth.

Jacinda now had her tongue out as she was hastily asking for her son's piss to fill her own mouth. Once again, she swallowed the warm, pungent contents of her son's bladder. After another gulp...she moaned and exclaimed "mmmmmmmm". Hunter was pleasantly surprised at the change in his mother's attitude towards his pee fetish. But his bladder was now empty. And her mother's entire body from head to toe was now drenched in it. More importantly her stomach was filled with his piss.

Hunter now grabbed a towel and got out of his bathtub, as Jacinda stayed in there still kneeling.

Hunter: Mom, are you okay?

Jacinda: Yes baby. Better than I have ever been!!

Hunter: What made you want to ask for my pee? I thought you didn't like it

Jacinda: Well, baby I learned that my Master likes it and if I want to be with my lover, I should learn to like it. It's still not my favorite. But if it makes you happy, I'll gladly drink it honey.

Hunter: Mom, I love you. You're the greatest lover but an even better sex slave.

Jacinda smiled as wide as her tiny mouth was able to. She now wore the title of "sex slave" with pride. She got up from her kneeling position, walked out of Hunter's bathroom, while still drenched and dripping in his piss. She walked over to her bathroom, naked, still covered in her son's piss from head to toe. Jacinda's body needed to relax and recover from her countless physical excursions over the last couple of days. She turned on her bath, dropped a bath bomb, some flower petals and bath salts in her tub with hot water running and soaked in her large round jacuzzi tub. The same porcelain jacuzzi tub her son had filled with his piss and made her forcefully drink it. Today, she was a willing urinal for her son. His sex slave mother.

Find out what happens the rest of that Sunday and the week ahead in the next chapter.

...to be continued

## **Innocent Mom now Son's Slave Ch. 07**

All the characters in this story are over 18 years of age. This is just a fantasy and not a real story. It includes strong themes of incest, romance, BDSM, male domination, fem humiliation and water sports. If you're not comfortable, please stop reading.

---

...Continued from part 6.

It had now been two days since Jacinda and Hunter sparked a strange attraction towards each other. Once a mother and son, were now a woman and man, madly in love. Their relationship took a new turn just a day ago when they confessed their love, had sex and performed more acts of depravity than they had ever imagined with each other. Hunter's obsession with BDSM porn in his formative teen years had made him use his own mother in extremely humiliating ways. Jacinda had initially accepted his request for her to be his sex slave with hesitancy and doubt, assuming

it may help him become more self-confident and feel more self-assured in himself. But over the last day, she loved experiencing her own humiliation. She was now completely committed to her new role as her son's sex slave. The inner submissive slut she never knew existed was now taking over.

Jacinda relaxed and laid in her hot jacuzzi tub for almost an hour. She had voluntarily asked to be peed on and drank her son's piss after they had a romantic shower together and washed every nook and crevice of each other's bodies. Still new to water sports, she was trying to like it, as it wasn't her favorite. But she knew her son had a pee fetish. Jacinda was genuinely the happiest she had ever been in her 42 years of existence. Her son, her handsome, strong, macho, sexy son was her everything. She had pledged when he was 5 years old, that she would live and breathe for him. Now that he was 18, she was more than living up to that pledge. She was proud of him. Proud of him for taking control, being decisive and proud of him for claiming his woman, which happened to be his own mother. She loved her son, her Master.

Jacinda got out of her Jacuzzi, rubbed lotion and moisturizer on her face and body. She applied another skin-soothing cream on the parts of her body where her son had left marks of their passionate lovemaking. She wore these marks proudly. They were a part of her and represented the love between her and her Master. They represented that she was owned and claimed by her man. She belonged to her son, her lover. A sense of belonging and protection she hadn't felt in 19 years.

She dried her hair and approached her closet to pick out something to wear, when she heard her phone go off. It was a text from her son. The text read:

"We're going out shopping mom, wear something nice"

Jacinda was excited. She loved shopping. On any other Sunday, she would go to her place of worship first. God and religion had always been important to Jacinda. She had tried to inculcate some of her religious, conservative values in her son, but given the modern era and his peers, her son was agnostic, like most of his friends at school. Jacinda wanted to confess her sins to her lord. But her Master's new order meant they were going shopping.

With how her life had changed over the last 72 hours, she was bound to choose her Master over her God.

It had been a while since Jacinda last went shopping. Work kept her busy. In the little town they lived in, there weren't many good shops for her eclectic taste. They would have to drive some 40 minutes out of town to the nearest outlet-mall to find stores with a good collection of brands.

Despite her excitement to go shopping, she was scared. Scared because she would be going out with her son. This wouldn't be a problem, except now, her son was her lover. Her man, her Master. And that was scary. She didn't want anyone to find out about their taboo sinful relationship. She recalled going to the Italian restaurant with Hunter the night before. And how excited and horny she was during the entire date. They even kissed and made out in public. Hunter had his toes in and around her vagina as they were having dinner.

The thoughts of being played with and made love to in public were very taboo for otherwise conservative Jacinda. But after the thrill and excitement she experienced the night before, she was once again looking forward to going out in public with her son as her man.

Jacinda went through her closet and had a predicament of what to wear. They were supposed to go shopping, out in public. She still had some redness on her cheeks from Hunter's slaps during their passionate and brutal sex the night prior. The love-bite on her neck was easily recognizable

as a mark of passionate lovemaking. It had turned bluish-green. Her left shoulder still sported the imprints of her son's sharp teeth, like a red clock dial.

Jacinda picked out something she would usually wear when she went out by herself or her girl friends. A 'Blue Textured Floral Short Sleeve Deep V Neck Midi Dress from petallush' (google it for an image). She hoped her son would like it. It was flowy with a floral print on its thin polyester material. The midi dress pretty much covered her entire body, only exposing her half her legs a few inches under her knees and her arms from her elbows down.

The dress covered Hunter's bite mark on her left shoulder. It had a tapering yet modest V-neck which didn't show any cleavage. She had a thin silver necklace with a pendant shaped like the sun around her neck. It landed just above the end of the V-neck on her chest. She was also wearing a pair of clip-on silver earrings with a diamond engraved design, hanging half an inch from her earlobes. The same earlobes her son was just tasting and nibbling on in his bathroom an hour ago. Jacinda also put on her eyeliner and mascara and had applied slight makeup on her cheeks to hide and camouflage the red-ish hue left behind from her son's rough slapping. A nude, light pink lipstick completed her look for her outing.

There was one little predicament. She wasn't supposed to wear a bra as directed by her Master. However, the material of this dress was really thin and almost transparent in the sun. It was also very flowy and a strong wind would raise her dress up from the bottom exposing her butt and vagina. So Jacinda put on a pair of matching blue colored lace panties so she doesn't flash anyone. She still wore no bra and could not really see her nipples through the dress in her bedroom lighting. But she knew with brighter lights or out in the sun, if someone peeked carefully they could easily see the outline of her breasts and her nipples, given her pepperoni sized areolas.

She looked really pretty in the dress as she walked out of her bedroom with her purse hung on her shoulder. She went down to the kitchen to fill up a couple of bottles of water for the road, since it was going to be a long 40 minute commute. When she got out of the kitchen, she noticed Hunter walk down the stairs. He was wearing a pair of skinny dark blue washed, ripped jeans and a short sleeved white cotton shirt with some flower prints on it. Perfect for the warm, sunny June weather they had that weekend. Hunter had his hair waxed and gelled in a messy top and he had his sunglasses on. Jacinda couldn't take her eyes off of him. He looked smart, dapper and extremely hot. She was proud that she had this handsome man as her lover.

Hunter took one look at Jacinda and exclaimed,

Hunter: Wow Mom! You look so pretty.

Jacinda: Thank you honey. I wasn't sure you would approve, I'm glad you like it. You look hot too baby! My boyfriend is so handsome. (giggling)

Hunter: Well, I haven't approved it yet. There's one problem mom. This dress, it's too long. And the sleeves..... Mmmmm I don't know.

Hunter then grabbed the pair of scissors from the dining table that he had used that morning. Jacinda looked at him confused and worried. He approached his mother, bent down and began slicing her flowy floral dress from above her knees. He went around her and cut the dress all the way around, splitting it in half exposing his mother's knees and thighs. The rest of the ragged helm now lay around her ankles. The long flowy midi dress was now akin to a short mini skirt. It just ended about 5 inches under her pelvic bone, exposing most of her thighs. Hunter could see the three thin pink lines he had inflicted on her inner thighs, with his nails from his rough fingering the day before. He seemed pleased at his new work, but he wasn't done.

Jacinda: Hunter, honey I have never gone out in public like this. It's showing too much baby.

Hunter: You did have ultra short pajama shorts on last night mom. The bottom of your butt was hanging out and you were fine. Don't worry, I'll be with you.

His reassurance was stern and masculine. It made her feel safe and protected again. Hunter then turned his attention to Jacinda's sleeves, he began chopping them off around her shoulder. The thin material around her upper arm was now also on the floor. He had converted the top half of her dress into a sleeveless top. He then raised her arm and placed a kiss on her armpits.

Hunter: mmmmmm you always smell so good Mom. You looked so pretty in this dress. But now you also look like the hot milf that you are.

Jacinda's smile gleamed as she heard those compliments from her son. It was still very new to her coming from a man. And this man was her lover, her own son. She agreed she looked hotter. She just was never dressed to look hot when she went out before. Now she was the girlfriend of this hot young teenage hunk and she understood that she had to look hot and sexy to go out in public with her lover. She was his property after all and he can make her dress any way he wants.

Hunter then inspected her breasts and was happy to learn that she wasn't wearing a bra, following his instruction well. He could see the outline of her areolas as he got near her chest and pinched her left nipple softly, making Jacinda moan.

Jacinda: Mmmhmmmm Hunter....

Hunter: Ready to go, my sexy, hot slave mother?

Jacinda: mmhmmmm yes Master.

They got in their car. It was past 12:30pm and the sun was shining bright as Hunter began driving and Jacinda was in the passenger seat. Her newly edited short floral blue dress now got pulled up higher than expected once she sat down. Her laps were entirely exposed and Hunter was able to get a peak at her matching lace panties from between her legs. As they were driving to the outlet mall around 40 minutes away, it was also almost lunch time. Hunter was getting hungry. So he pulled into the drive-way to a McDonalds.

He placed an order at the speaker for two cheeseburgers combos. But before pulling up to the next window to pay and pick up their food, he turned to his mother. She looked absolutely adorable. Since he had never been with a girl before, Hunter wanted to flaunt his new, sexy, beautiful girlfriend. Looking at her gorgeous, full hair with those silver earrings and that necklace, he thought of a naughty idea. He put his finger in the V of her neckline just under her necklace's pendant and pulled the dress down as much as he could, partially exposing her boobs. Once he let it go, the dress pulled back up in its place, but the V had now widened and Jacinda was showing off ample cleavage.

She felt really shy and embarrassed. She had never gone out in public wearing such low-neck dresses. Her once modest floral full midi-dress, was now a short mini skirt barely covering her panties. The sleeves were cut off and now she was showing off a quarter of her round, shapely boobs, including some of her chest in between them. She had a blushing, shy smile on her face.

Just then Hunter pulled up to the next window to get their food, as the attendant was about to pass on their bag of burgers, Hunter held Jacinda's face in his hands by her chin, turned her over to face him and planted a big, hard, french kiss on her mouth. He was really going at her lips, as

he opened up his mouth and engulfed both her lips, sucking on them. The drive through attendant kept staring with a smile. He could clearly see the hot piece of ass sitting next to this young teenager. As Hunter grabbed the bag of food from his hands, the guy just gave Hunter a thumbs up and Hunter winked back at him.

Jacinda: Hunter!! You're so naughty, that was so embarrassing.

Hunter just laughed at her predicament and handed her the bag of their food. They ate as they were driving to the mall. Jacinda picked out a french fry from her tray and fed it to Hunter. He wasn't expecting this but he liked that she was serving him food and literally feeding him, as he drove. Jacinda took another french fry and fed it to him.

Jacinda: Do you want some ketchup honey?

Hunter: No, but I want a special sauce.

Jacinda wasn't sure what he meant by that. But she wanted to guess and took another french fry, put it in her own mouth first. It got soggy and wet, then she fed it to Hunter.

Hunter: Mmmhmmm now that was delicious.

Jacinda continued feeding him fries that she'd taste first for a few more fries. Then, she thought of another idea. She spread her legs wide, pulled her panties to the side, inserted a couple of fries in her vagina just on the surface. She wasn't gushing wet, but there was some moisture around her pussy. Jacinda made sure to get something on the fries and fed those to Hunter. Hunter was enjoying watching her and he loved tasting fries covered in his mother's saliva and now vaginal sauce.

Hunter: That one tasted better mom.

Jacinda: I'm glad you liked it baby.

Jacinda was trying to like and play along with the kind of dirty games she had learned her son, her Master enjoys.

Eventually the fries were over. They ate their cheeseburgers rather conventionally. And they had finally reached their destination. Once parked, both mother and son got out of their car, walked into the air conditioned building of the outlet shopping mall. There were all kinds of stores in this mall. Hunter was leading his mother and she was following him. It was not as busy as they'd thought for a Sunday.

Every man that she would pass by, gave Jacinda a second look. She felt like all the eyes were staring at her, given her sexy appearance. Hunter felt proud walking hand in hand with his mother, now his hot girlfriend. It gave him a sense of pride that he was with a hot woman. The hot woman, being his own Mother and now, sex slave, Jacinda.

Jacinda spotted one of the stores she usually shopped at - Macy's. She signaled Hunter to go into it. But her son had other plans. He continued holding her hand and pulled her in another direction until they reached a nightwear and lingerie store called "Intimate Diamond". Jacinda had butterflies in her tummy. She was anxious. She had never been in such a store and did most of her nightwear shopping online. There were barely clothed mannequins displaying the latest trends in sexy nightwear and upscale lingerie just by the entrance of the shop. What spiked Jacinda's anxiety was the fact that she was entering this place with her boyfriend who just so happened to be her own son. "I wonder when was the last time a mother and son walked hand in

hand to a lingerie store" she thought.

Upon entering, Hunter was greeted by a hot, tall, blonde girl wearing a red bodysuit top and black shorts. She was sexy with her red lipstick, her hair had curls at the bottom. She was wearing absolutely nothing over her bodysuit and her nipples were poking out. She introduced herself as one of the salesgirls at the store. Her name was Tarra.

Tarra: Hello there! Welcome to Intimate diamond, can I help you guys find anything?

Hunter: Well, yes actually. You see, my girlfriend and I are looking for some of your latest collections.

Tarra looked at Jacinda who also had her nipples visible through her semi-transparent flimsy top. She thought the woman looked a bit older for this hot, young guy she walked in with.

Tarra: Oh for sure. Follow me...by the way, what does your girlfriend look like?

Hunter: She's right here. This hot babe is my girlfriend.

Jacinda couldn't contain her smile. She was shy and blushing. Her cheeks were flushed. She couldn't believe her own son had just introduced her to a stranger as his girlfriend. On top of that, he called her a 'hot babe'. Jacinda in her embarrassment wasn't able to make eye contact with Tarra. While Tarra was staring at Jacinda from head to toe, still wondering how this average-looking older woman was this hot stud's girlfriend.

Tarra: Oh! Okay...I thought...never mind.

Hunter: What, did you think she was my mom?

Tarra: Oh, no no.. I didn't mean... I was just...(changes topics) Well, here this is our latest summer collection. The fitting rooms are just behind this wall. Let me know if you need anything, I'll be by the counter. (Saying so, Tarra winked at Hunter and walked past him brushing her fingers over his shoulders seductively.)

Jacinda was beyond embarrassed when Hunter jokingly asked Tarra if she thought Jacinda was his mom. Little did she know, she actually was his mother. Jacinda noticed Tarra somewhat judging her and flirting with Hunter. Tarra definitely thought Hunter was a hot stud and she was certainly attracted to him.

Jacinda was looking at some of the sexy lingerie on display. When Hunter brought one set for her. It was a "Valentina's Sexy Backless Nightdress" by Intimate Diamond lingerie nightwear set. Hunter asked her to go try them on in the fitting room behind the wall. Jacinda did as told. Jacinda was nervous about trying on the set. She had never worn something so sexy and exotic outside of her closet or bedroom. She wanted to please her boyfriend, her son and went into the changing room to try them on. As she took her makeshift short mini dress off, she could overhear the salesgirl talking to Hunter. She couldn't make out much of what they were talking about but she could hear the girl laughing.

Jacinda quickly put on the nightwear lingerie set and was astonished at what she saw in the mirror. She looked absolutely stunning and incredibly hot in it. It was a black, satin, laced lingerie. It covered half of her boobs in the front with some transparent lace work on her midriff. The front of the night-wear was modest as it went down to just under her pelvis covering most of her tummy. Ending with a more transparent, border lace design just a few inches under her pubic mound. It was so short, if she bent down, her butt would be exposed.

The nightdress, as the name suggested, was completely backless and exposed her sexy back. The strings that went from her armpits behind her neck criss-crossed behind her neck and connected back to the side of her boobs, completely exposing her back. There was a little bikini-bottom styled lace to tie on either side of her hips, which kept the front and back connected. The back was literally just covering part of her bubble butt with more lace design to end just under her ass.

Jacinda didn't want to get out of the fitting room. She felt almost naked wearing the lingerie nightdress. She called out for Hunter.

Jacinda: HUNTER!!! Baby I'm ready.

Hunter: Coming!

Hunter was excited to see his mother in the lingerie set he had picked out. He knocked on the door.

Hunter: I'm here.

Jacinda: Is it just you baby? This uhm...This set shows a lot of skin, I'm not comfortable coming out.

Hunter: Just open the door.

Jacinda: Ugh Ok.

Jacinda nervously opened the door with her head peeking out. Her eyes darted left and right scanning the area to make sure nobody else was there. Once she was sure no one was around, she slowly walked out wearing the sexy backless nightdress.

Hunter's jaw dropped as he watched his hot mother wear that sexy lingerie. She looked sensuous and alluring. He instantly had a boner in his pants. Her exposed shoulder now clearly showed his bite mark on it. He was so turned on.

Hunter: Turn around mom.

Jacinda made a 180 and faced the mirror in the fitting room. She had a direct view of Hunter's face in the reflection, who was eyes her sexy, exposed back from top to bottom with his mouth wide open. He loved the sight of his mother's smooth skin exposed with the flimsy lace material covering just the parts they needed to. He was so turned on with the racy lingerie, he instantly grabbed her by the hips, pushed her in and off they went inside the changing room. Hunter pushed his mother's body on the cold mirror in front of her, as he began kissing the back of her neck, then shoulder blades and slowly kissing down her spine across her exposed back.

Jacinda had her eyes closed and her face planted on the mirror, as her breath steamed the mirror by her face. Her son kept kissing her exposed back and occasionally licking it. When he reached her butt dimples, he licked around her tailbone and undid the lace tied on the side that kept the back connected to the front of the lingerie. This made the bottom fall off and hang to one side, exposing the blue lace panties Jacinda was wearing from home.

Hunter swiftly dragged them down to her ankles, raised her right leg and took his dick out of his jeans through his zipper. Jacinda was pinned to the glass mirror in front of her with her eyes closed, enjoying the sensation of her son's tongue and rough hands all over her back. She was standing practically naked now with the lingerie only covering her boobs and belly in the front.

Hunter took some spit in his hands and felt his mother's vagina from the back between her legs. She was already turned on and very moist down there.

He then slowly aimed his dick at his mother's love hole and began shoving his cock head in and out of her. Jacinda was now being fucked in a public place for the first time in her life, by her own son. There wasn't much dialogue between the two, just soft grunts of passion as Hunter started pumping in and out of her from the back. This was also the first time Jacinda was being fucked from the backside. She had only ever done it in missionary and occasionally, cowgirl. Her son's big fat cock was now giving her unique sensations in her vagina. Hunter's dick was hitting angles and spots she had never felt before. This was making her moan even more after each grunt.

As the mother and son continued having raunchy, steamy sex in the fitting room of this lingerie store, the salesgirl, Tarra came looking for them. She heard noises from the fitting room area. She wasn't aware that Hunter had now entered the fitting room with his mother and was wildly fucking her, pinning her to the mirror. Tarra inquired from the other side of the fitting room door.

Tarra: Ummm..excuse me, are you alright? (talking to Jacinda)

Jacinda: (trying not to moan) uhhh...ummmm yess. I'm ....fine.. I'mm...just...It's ahhh ahh, this nightdress, is ahhh mmm too tight.

Tarra: Oh, ok, I can find you a bigger size.

Jacinda: Mmm... ahh No... I think...mmmhmm this..will...do.

Jacinda tried her best not to moan while responding to the sales girl as her son's penis was lodged deep inside her vagina.

Tarra: Alright then.

They could hear Tarra walking away.

Hunter: Nice save, Mom.

Jacinda just smiled and was enjoying the rough pounding her son was laying into his sex slave mother. He continued licking, sucking and kissing her back and neck. And after a few more thrusts, he pulled out. He wanted to cum but he decided against it. Hunter's mouth had got Jacinda's back wet with his drool and saliva now glistening all over her naked, exposed back.

What surprised him was that as soon as he pulled out of his mother's wet vagina, she immediately turned around and got down on her knees to take her son's cock into her mouth. Jacinda was now licking and sucking his dick wildly while wearing the sexy backless nighty. Her beautiful, full hair was flocking all over the place. Then suddenly, Hunter grabbed a bunch of her hair in his hands and pulled her up close to him and kissed her drooling mouth. Some of her drool and Hunter's precum got on the lingerie set's front.

They finally stopped kissing and Hunter quietly whispered.

Hunter: We still have all day mom. Trust me, you'll get a lot of my dick soon.

Jacinda smiled but was disappointed. She wanted her son's cock in her mouth and in her pussy now. But her Master had different plans. She felt so naughty, fucking in the changing room of a lingerie store. She had never been so shameless or adventurous before. Now, she was loving every little adventure with her hot, horny boyfriend, her son. She noticed some of her drool and

Hunter's precum on the lingerie's front.

Jacinda: Well, I take it we're buying this one? You seem to have liked it baby.

Hunter: Mmhmm We're definitely getting this one. We already marked it as ours.

They chuckled as Hunter put his dick back in his pants and walked out of the fitting room. Jacinda changed back into her blue makeshift sleeveless, mini-skirt dress and got out of the fitting room. Hunter and Jacinda continued browsing through the store when Hunter gave her another lingerie nightwear to try on. This one was "Pearl's Backless Sexy Nightwear" by the same brand.

Jacinda went back to the fitting room to try this new set on. It was polyester and lacy, similar to the previous one. This one had a plunging neckline and thicker lace straps to go over the shoulder. It connected in a V at Jacinda's lower back, with a slit open around her butt, literally leaving her entire butt exposed. It came with a thong too. Jacinda thought this new lingerie nightdress was more raunchy and tantalizing than the last, since it left her butt completely open with a thin string of the thong going along her buttcrack. The plunging neckline exposed almost all of her boobs with just enough transparent, lace covering for her nipples. Her side boobs were completely on show.

She thought if Hunter saw her wearing that, he would absolutely fuck her brains out wildly in the fitting room. Despite how much Jacinda loved getting fucked by her son's huge cock, she knew he had a tendency to go into beast mode and get too rough. She wasn't sure that was a good idea at that moment. So, she changed out of "Pearl's Backless Sexy Nightwear" set quickly and into her blue floral dress again. Just then, she heard a knock on the fitting room door.

Hunter: It's me. Open up.

Jacinda opened the door and let Hunter in.

Hunter: Why didn't you try it on?

Jacinda: I did, it looks great.

Hunter: Well, I wanted to see it.

Jacinda: You'll see it eventually when you get home baby.

Hunter: Hmm... I really wanted to see it. You know, this is going to warrant a punishment. Don't forget, you're still my sex slave, Mom.

Jacinda gave a naughty smirk. She was now excited and looking forward to the punishment. Not having her son's beautiful penis in her mouth, her hands or in her vagina was punishment enough for her.

Jacinda: I just thought it looked really good and if we had sex again here we would get too loud and somebody would find out, so I thought maybe I'll wear it for you at home honey.

Hunter: Oh you will be wearing it for me at home. But now, you've disappointed me a little. So you'll have to face the punishment.

Jacinda: Punishment, right now? Can we do it at home honey, please....

Hunter roughly grabbed his mother's hair in the fitting room and pulled her hair back. He could see her pretty, silver, diamond-engraved, clip-on, earrings she was wearing. Since they were clipped on, he took one out in his hands and did the same with her other ear. Jacinda wasn't sure what he was doing. And this was her favorite part. The excitement, the anticipation, the build up to her being used and dominated by her son, really turned her on. It gave her goosebumps and butterflies in her tummy. She was already turned on by the brief fucking earlier and now her upcoming punishment was turning her on again.

Hunter then yanked the front of her floral dress top down exposing both her breasts entirely. Jacinda watched him closely as her son now took her clip-on earrings, opened the clip gently and clasped it on her left nipple. Once the clasp fastened on her left nipple, she could feel the pain run from her nipples to her boobs and eventually all over her. The tight pinch, these clips made on her tender, sensitive nipples was an overwhelming sensation for her.

Hunter then took the other earring and repeated the same process on her right nipple. The same right nipple that he had turned sore and red from biting the night before. It was still red and sore and the skin was almost breaking out. Jacinda winced in pain on that one and let out a mild shriek in agony. The earrings were small, around half an inch. And poked outwards more than her nipples would. Hunter then pulled the neckline of her dress back up covering her boobs.

Now, Jacinda was not only in pain from her nipples, but her otherwise medium sized 36C breasts suddenly poked forward half an inch outward. Considering how flimsy and transparent the material was, anybody could tell her nipples were clamped on with something. She was not only in pain but also was shy and embarrassed to go out in public now. Hunter finished his job and kissed his mother on the mouth, before leaving the fitting room.

Hunter: Meet me at the checkout.

Jacinda just had raunchy, risqué sex with her son in the fitting room of a lingerie store. She was now walking out and about in public, exposing all of her legs, a huge amount of cleavage and her clamped nipples were poking out through her semi-transparent, floral, blue dress. Now, she was feeling like a real sex slave again. Her romantic boyfriend was right there with her, as her protector, but she knew there would be eyes on her entire body, especially her boobs. The embarrassment and shame was washing over her.

As they approached the checkout counter, they were met with a familiar face again.

Tarra: Did you find everything you were looking for?

Hunter: We certainly did, thanks for your help.

Tarra: (Now looking at Jacinda and her sharp protruding nipples through her shirt) Are you okay ma'am? You seemed to be uncomfortable in the change room there.

Jacinda: Oh yes... uhm.. I'm fine.

Once their billing and payment was complete.

Tarra: (talking to Hunter) You should come again soon. Maybe by yourself sometime.

Hunter: I would, but I don't think your store has anything for men.

Tarra: (Winking at him) Well, when you think about it, everything in our store is for men. The women are just models. And if you want to try something on a different model, you know where

to find me.

Tarra was clearly flirting with Hunter, right in front of Jacinda. And Jacinda did not take kindly to that. As much humiliation her son puts her through as her Master, he was still her lover. They were lovers, man and woman. Most importantly, he was her son. And Jacinda was now possessive over her son.

She came up close to him in front of the salesgirl and began wildly kissing him. Jacinda was all over his face, madly kissing and smooching his lips. It was a sloppy, wet smooch on his mouth. Their tongues met again and their eyes were closed. This mother and son were now making out in front of the store clerk, Tarra. Tarra just rolled her eyes, and excused herself walking away from them.

Hunter was pleasantly surprised at the sudden burst of raunchy enthusiasm in his mother. He wasn't complaining, he loved when she partakes, even if he liked to be in control. Once their lips separated,

Hunter: Wow mom, you really are a great kisser. That was awesome.

Jacinda: Good. I want my boyfriend all for myself. I love you honey.

Hunter figured his mother was envious and possessive over him, because of how much Tarra flirted with him. They walked out of the store together, with Hunter's arm around his mother's waist. As they're walking around the mall to find their next store...

Hunter: Mom, that girl was hot no doubt. But she's not as hot as this sexy milf by my side. Were you jealous when she was flirting with me?

Jacinda: I guess I was honey. The way she was looking and talking to you, I heard her laugh with you when I was in the fitting room getting changed, it just made me uncomfortable. I love you and I love how our relationship has changed in the last couple of days. I just fear it will all go away if you find a pretty young girl your age.

Hunter: You don't have to worry about that mom. There may be prettier, hotter girls in the world. But none as hot and gorgeous as you.

Jacinda: Hunter, let's be honest, I've only been average all my life. Even in my younger days, in university and now. I'm nothing special. I'm not fat, I workout but I'm not slender like I was in my early 20s. After I had you, I put on a bit extra around my hips and as I'm getting older it's just harder to get rid of these stubborn little love handles.

Hunter had his arm around her waist and grabbed her love handles and squeezed them in his hands.

Hunter: You mean these, mom? I love these. Just more of you to love, more of you to grab, more of you to have fun and play with.

Jacinda blushed at her son's brazen compliments for her. Her insecurities about her own body were the things her lover appreciated. At the same time, she was nervous and embarrassed being grabbed like that in public with her nipple-clamped earrings poking out through her semi-transparent top and her thick thighs and legs exposed out in public. Hunter continued...

Hunter: Besides, what sets you apart from these other hot younger girls is the fact that you are authentic and genuinely you. All these girls have so much makeup on, they get butt and boob

implants, tattoos, fake tan, piercings in an attempt to stand out and get attention. But when they all do it, they blend in the crowd. You, you're different. You're all natural. You're beautiful just the way you are and I want nobody else in the world other than you.

Jacinda was getting teary eyed listening to her son sing praises of her beauty. She never thought she would be appreciated the way he was after the initial years of her relationship with his father. Once they got married she had nobody to appreciate her and cherish her. Now, all these years later, her own son loved her more than anybody else ever had.

Hunter: Don't forget, Mom. There may be many girls around me, pretty, hot, sexy. But they're just girls. You, you're my Mother. My own Mother. And that's special. They can never beat that. My mom is the only person in the world I want to be with. I love you.

Jacinda couldn't hold it any longer and jumped into her son's arms to push her lips firmly on his. She was so in love with his words, she had stopped caring that they were in a public place. PDA was another taboo for her conservative, traditional values growing up. And here she was, madly, passionately kissing a man, 24 years her junior. And this man happened to be her own son.

As they stood by the fountain in the middle of the shopping mall, the mother and son continued their lip lock that felt like forever. Their tongues fondling each other, tasting each other's saliva. Jacinda had her eyes closed and her arms around the back of Hunter's hair and his neck, while he played with her waist, slowly grabbing her butt. Hunter continued going lower and his hand now firmly on her left butt. The only thing separating his palm and her naked butt were her light blue lace panties and the thin material of her floral short mini-skirt.

Hunter, in his passionate liplock with his mother squeezed her left butt, which made Jacinda moan and shudder and break their kiss. She felt the sting from his teeth that he had firmly marked on her ass from the day before. It was still fresh, still sore, still hurt. But a couple of seconds after the initial agony, she just smiled staring directly into her lover's eyes. She had tears in her eyes with all the love her son was showering on her with his words. Words of affirmation was her primary love language after all.

Jacinda: Oooph.. that one's still fresh... stings a little.

Hunter: And, do you like it?

Jacinda: (Smiling) yes I do.

Hunter: That's another thing mom. You're not just my girlfriend and lover. You're my sex slave mother.

Hunter said it out rather loud, out in public. Which again made Jacinda nervous and embarrassed as her eyes darted around to make sure nobody heard him.

Jacinda: Let's go to the next store baby.

They continued shopping for a couple of hours making loads of purchases. Roaming around the mall as lovers, hand in hand, kissing, hugging all throughout their time there. The new lovers couldn't keep their hands off of each other. This was the first time in Jacinda's 42 years of life, someone had accompanied her for shopping. She would usually go alone or with a couple of her girl friends.

Hunter took special interest in what Jacinda was going to wear. As her lover, her Master and her son, he wanted to make sure her natural beauty accentuated in anything she would wear. Their

shopping trip included purchasing a number of things. Lots of silk and satin camisoles, some ribbed tank tops, lots of crop tank tops, some flowy crop tank tops. A lot of spaghetti strap tops, some high-waisted skirts and shorts. A few tube tops, a bandeau top, lots of bralettes. The bralettes included some that were crochet, some pure cotton, some silk, some polyester. Some low-cut tops in many colors. A few bodysuits.

Hunter also made sure to buy a few wrap dresses, a shift-dress, some A-line short dresses and a sheath dress. He loved watching his mother in off-the-shoulder dresses and mini-dresses. They got her a few bodycon dresses and a couple of rompers, a few sandals, some stilettos, some open toe heels and lots of accessories in necklaces, earrings, waist-chain, body chains and anklets. The wrap and mini-dresses were all low-neck with a V at her chest.

On the contrary, Hunter only purchased a wrist-watch for himself. As they were walking out towards the parking lot, finished with their shopping trip, Hunter noticed a shop with no banner on it. It was just a gray wall with no display and just a door that had a sign that read "Enigma Toys". Both Hunter and Jacinda were perplexed as to why a "Toy shop" didn't have aggressive branding and popping colors to attract kids. Curious to find out, Hunter tried to open the door, but it seemed to be locked. There was a white bell to the right of the door, which Hunter pressed. Jacinda stood behind him with her hand in his. The door opened and the mother and son walked into this unknown, creepy looking store.

As soon as they walked in, they were greeted by a black curtain and a lady wearing an all leather body-suit and cat-mask, checking their ID's. She looked at them funny when she noticed Hunter's ID showed his date of birth in 2004 and Jacinda's 1980. Once their ID-checks were complete, she led them in behind the curtain.

As soon as they walked in, Hunter and Jacinda were in absolute shock and awe. They had just entered an adult, sex-toy store. Looking around, they could find a lot of pocket-pussies, dildos, vibrators, catheterization simulators, kegel weights, blow up dolls, condoms, lubricants etc. Hunter was extremely curious and his mother, Jacinda standing behind him was nervous and shy. She had never been to such a store and her small collection of dildos and vibrators were all ordered online. She was embarrassed not only to be physically present in an adult sex toy store, but also anxious and excited to be there with her own son.

As they continued walking and surfing through the store, they went past another red curtain separating that second with the next. That's when Hunter's eyes popped out of his head. They saw handcuffs, riding crops, canes, chains, anal hooks, buttplugs, cages, bondage chairs, benches, a sex swing, a spanking bench, a hanging bondage stockade, an allen's cross, a medieval dungeon suspension bar, some spreader bars, collars, armbinders, nipple clamps, electrostimulation wands, clit suction toys, sex dolls, spanking paddles, enema kits and a lot of accessories.

Jacinda was completely in shock. She had never seen any of these items and was very confused how one would use them. More than her confusion, she was curious how anybody would use any of these items and furniture. She looked at Hunter with her mouth agape and scared nervousness all over her face.

Hunter had not seen any of these toys and devices in person, but he had watched lots of extreme BDSM porn and was familiar with how most of these devices worked. He felt like a kid in a candy store. He was excited and wanted to try all of those items with his sex slave mother. He could tell she seemed rather tentative and unsure about it all but that's the look that got him more excited. He loved when she was shy, nervous, fearful, it would turn on the sadist inside him.

Jacinda: Hunter, these things look scary, I don't know what any of these are. Let's get out of here.

Hunter: I see. Well, I want to look around a bit more. Why don't you take some of these bags and go get the car started. Drive it over here and I'll see you by the entrance.

Jacinda gave her son a kiss on his lips and followed his instruction. While his mother was away getting the car, Hunter explored the store a bit further.

Jacinda dumped her shopping bags in the trunk and sat in the driver's seat of her car. She was still curious about the sex toy store. As she sat on the driver's seat looking down, she noticed the clamps from her nipples poking out. These weren't nipple clamps, but her clip-on earrings. They were still makeshift nipple clamps that were tightly fastened on her. She was in a bit of pain on her nipples but now had gotten used to the pain. Unless she accidentally touched it. Her nipples felt sore and she had almost lost feeling in her nipples at this point. They were clamped on to her for over two hours.

Jacinda drove to the front entrance of the mall and saw Hunter walk out with two giant black bags. He wasn't holding those earlier and she wondered what he might have purchased. Hunter placed the bags in the trunk and walked over the driver's side. He wanted to drive. As Jacinda exited the driver's seat, he stopped her.

They were now standing just outside the entrance of the shopping mall. There were a few people entering and exiting and a few cars driving around across the entrance in the parking lot. Jacinda stood by the car door as she saw the imposing figure of her six feet tall son get close to her, so she was trapped between him, the car and the open car door. This position meant she was somewhat sheltered, but they were still out in the open in a public area.

Hunter then flicked his mother's left nipple, which snapped the clipped-on earring off her. As soon as the nipple was set free and the clip-on earring fell to the ground, Jacinda felt a spark of electricity run through her now sore nipple and jitter all over her body as she squirmed in pain. She could feel the blood rush to the front of her nipples and the pain kept growing with every passing second. Jacinda had her eyes closed now trying to feel and get over the pain. Her breathing got faster and harder when suddenly she felt another shock in her right nipple. This was the same right nipple her son had brutally bitten into the night before. The skin was already cracking and when he flicked the earring off this time, the skin in the front of his mother's right nipple finally gave in.

Jacinda had never experienced this kind of seething pain before. She could literally feel her sensitive right nipple get sore and its skin getting fluffier as blood flow resumed to it. Now that the skin on her nipple had a slight crack, there was a tiny hint of a bloody red line clearly visible on it. Jacinda's tits were still covered by the flimsy material of her dress. Hunter then made way for her to go around the car and take her seat in the passenger seat.

They began driving back home, as Jacinda sat there still feeling the pain in her nipples. Her nipples were already extremely sensitive and an erogenous spot for her. With such pain in her nipples she was feeling somewhat turned on again.

Hunter: Did you have fun shopping mom?

Jacinda: I did honey. We bought a lot of stuff. But baby, a lot of the dresses and tops we bought, I don't really wear those kinds. They show a lot of skin.

Hunter: But mom, wouldn't you wear those for me? I'd love to see you in those.

Jacinda: If it'll make you happy, I will wear them for you honey. I just don't know if I can wear them outside or while I'm working with my clients.

Hunter: We'll see. If I'm around, I want you to be in one of those dresses or tops back there.

Jacinda coyed with the thought of wearing such sexy dresses for her son. She knew he wanted to see her naked at all times, but the fact that he took the time and effort to pick and choose specific clothes for her, made her feel special. She felt cared, loved just like a princess. Just then, she remembered the two bags he carried at the end. Curious to find out what they had, she asked.

Jacinda: Honey, what's in the other two bags that you got there on your way out?

Hunter: Oh yeah. I bought us something special. You'll find out soon enough, Ma. Don't worry about it. It's going to be a surprise.

Jacinda loved her son's surprises. As painful, shocking and humiliating as they could be. It kept her excited and on her toes in anticipation.

Hunter then looked to his right towards his sexy mom. Her cleavage on display, her thighs and legs exposed. He noticed a tiny dark red spot on her light blue dress, just around her right breast. He wasn't sure what it was. Jacinda sat with her eyes closed with her hands by her side. It was as if she was meditating or thinking deeply. While he was driving, her son drew his hands close to her chest, shoved his palm inside her neckline and grabbed her right boob trying to investigate the maroon colored spot on her dress. As soon as he exposed her right boob, he could now see a little red drop of blood, slowly oozing out of his mother's right nipple.

With his brutal biting of her nipple and having those nipples clamped for 2 hours then roughly flicking them off, the skin on her right nipple had given through and had started bleeding. When he saw her face, he could see she was in pain because of it. As much pain he liked to inflict on his sex slave, he still loved his woman and his mother. And he didn't want to do anything without her consent and acceptance.

Hunter: Mom, are you okay?

Jacinda: Yes, honey, I'm fine.

Hunter: Mom, your nipple is bleeding a little bit.

Jacinda: Yes, I noticed. It'll be fine.

Hunter: Are you sure? Does it hurt?

Jacinda: Yes baby. It hurts.

Hunter: You know, you could just use your safeword anytime, right?

Jacinda: I know honey. But I don't want to. Not right now.

Hunter: There's a drop of blood on your right nipple and you said it's hurting. You sure you don't want to stop?

Jacinda: No. I like it. I like the pain my Master gives me. It makes me feel things. It makes me happy. Yes, it hurts, but it's just so satisfying. It's turning me on baby. You can do more to me, Master.

Hunter couldn't believe his mother just said all of that. Just two days ago, she was a modest, average, vanilla, conservative mother next door. And all the rough, sexual games he had played with her, had now turned her into a submissive pain slut. The perfect sex slave. She had embraced her inner masochist and was inviting him to unleash more pain on her body. She wanted her own son to give her more physical pain.

Hunter was shocked, but this change in his mother's attitude towards their new Master-Slave relationship was turning him on. The fact that his mother was literally bleeding and she wanted more pain from him, made his inner sadist horny again. The blood rushed from his brain to his heart to his dick. Hunter was now sporting a giant boner and he was getting uncomfortable containing it while driving.

He opened up his zipper, rolled his underwear down and pulled his cock out as he was driving. Jacinda's eyes were still closed, unbeknownst to the fact that Hunter had her favorite reward, his large penis, hard and dangling out of his zip, resting on his lap.

As he continued driving, Hunter put his hands on his mother's exposed knee. Her right boob with a slightly bleeding nipple and cracked skin still out in the open. He slowly glided his palm across her inner thighs, to her belly, to her boobs. He continued feeling up his mother's smooth skin and kept his hands on her exposed neck. He wasn't choking, just feeling up her skin. His touch in combination with the pain in her nipples was making Jacinda horny again.

Suddenly Hunter roughly grabbed his mother's hair in a bunch, held her head and dragged her torso towards his dick. This made his mother open her eyes. She was startled in the sudden change in her balance and as she opened her eyes, her son's massive cockhead was right in her face. She knew exactly what she was supposed to do and engulfed his big, hard cock in her tiny mouth. She instinctively began bobbing her head up and down on her son's penis, while his hand rested on her head.

Hunter was now receiving roadhead from his own mother. They were cruising along the highway now, just a few minutes away from their home. Jacinda committed to her blowjob and continued blowing her son all throughout the way. She loved feeling her son's cock in her mouth. She swirled her tongue over the tip of his dick. Her tongue played with the foreskin on his penis. Jacinda cherished having her son, her Master's penis in her mouth. She took it as a blessing, as God's gift. It's something she had missed almost her entire life. And she finally had this delicious, hard cock that she could call her own. She tried to go as deep as she could on her son's penis but she could only manage to get about 4 inches of his dick in her mouth. Still quite a bit more than what she was able to the day before.

Hunter had great stamina, thanks to all the extreme, rough, bdsm porn he had watched throughout his teens. He only mostly got off on rough, brutal sex. He loved the feeling of his mother's mouth on his penis, but it wasn't enough to get him to cum. He stayed hard throughout the drive with his mother's mouth on his dick. His jeans were soaked with her drool and his precum.

They had finally arrived home. Hunter pulled his mom off his dick.

Her mouth, her lips and her neck were smothered in her own saliva and his precum. Her arousal was all over her face. She was extremely horny now. There was a dark blue wet spot on her light blue lace panties. Hunter and Jacinda picked up all the bags from the trunk and entered their home. As soon as Hunter shut the door, he grabbed his mother by the back of her neck, and roughly turned her around to plant his lips firmly on hers.

He was as turned on as she was. He had now fucked her in the fitting room of the lingerie store,

got her to suck his dick on the drive over and had not cum yet. His balls were burning with fire and Jacinda was burning in desire. Hunter's inner beast was ready to unleash. He had a ton of pent up energy and libido to explode on his sex slave mother.

He stopped kissing her beautiful face and looked her dead in the eyes. She was just as horny as he was.

Hunter: Mom, go upstairs to your bedroom. Get naked. I'll be right there.

Jacinda: Yes, Master.

Jacinda was so excited, she knew she was going to have sex with her son again. She couldn't wait to get his dick in her vagina. She literally ran in haste upstairs to her bedroom, got herself out of her makeshift blue mini-dress. She took off her panties which were now soaked in her own precum. And got on her bed. Now, sitting naked. She just had her necklace on, the makeup on her face and nothing else.

It was 5pm. Jacinda sat on her bed with her door wide open. Her son walked in, naked as the day he was born. She had the widest grin on her face. She was horny and excited for what was about to happen. The anticipation was driving her sexual energy off the walls. Hunter walked in naked, but he had the same mysterious bag from earlier in his hands. The bag, whose contents remained unknown to Jacinda. Hunter pulled out a satin scarf looking cloth out of the bag and walked over to his mother, as she sat on the bed naked with a smile. She was like a kid looking to play.

The cloth was long, shiny and looked soft. This was confirmed when her son tied the scarf around her eyes and fastened it at the back of her head under her hair. She was now blindfolded. This excited her more. Jacinda's peak sexual energy exuded when she was anxious and unaware of what's to come. The blindfold served exactly that purpose. Her eyes being closed, she had no idea what was about to happen. The anticipation was heating up the sexual tension in the air.

One of Jacinda's five senses was now disabled and she had to only rely on her hearing, touch, taste and smell. She suddenly felt her son grab her left arm and pull her to one corner of the bed. She felt a cold, metal sensation on her wrist and heard a clicking sound. The cold metal was now all around her wrist, like a bangle. She felt a similar sensation on her right arm a few seconds later. Then both her feet as her body was now naked, bound and spread-eagled on her own bed. And the perpetrator for her position was her own son. Her Master.

Her excitement grew and she heard her son's breath very close to her left ear. Hunter began whispering into his mother's ear.

Hunter: Mom, do you accept me, Hunter Johnson, your son, as your owner and Master?

Jacinda was now breathing hard and heavy. Her breasts heaving up and down slow and hard. Her body had already begun fuming and steaming with sweat.

Jacinda: Yes, honey. I do.

\*SMACK\* The sound of skin connecting with skin reverberated across the bedroom. Jacinda had just received a hard, tight slap on her left cheek. It was so hard that her head swung to the right and her gorgeous hair was now covering her face. Hunter moved to her other ear.

Hunter: I asked, do you accept me, your son, as your Owner and Master?

Jacinda: YES. Yes I do, Master!

Hunter: Good Girl!

Her two favorite words "Good girl". This made Jacinda smile again and her breathing continued to be hard and fast.

Hunter: Do you trust me, my dear sex slave mother?

Jacinda: Yes. I do, Master!

Hunter: Do you know your safe word?

Jacinda: Yes.

Hunter: What do you want from your Master?

Jacinda: I want your Penis, Master. Please give me your dick!

Hunter: You'll get your reward in due time. But what do you get before it?

Jacinda: Pain, Master! I want some pain. Please hurt me, Master. I love it when you slap me and pinch my nipples.

Hunter was now getting turned on and his inner beast was unleashing. He grabbed a riding crop from the black bag and swung hard at his mother's midriff. As the end of the riding crop made contact with the skin of her abdomen, it made a loud spanking sound. What it also did was send a shiver down his mother's spine and she shuddered in pain.

Jacinda yelled at the top of her lungs as she felt the stinging slap of the riding crop on the upper part of her belly. Hunter smacked another whip a little lower to the left side of her tummy, just above her love handles. This made the skin around her pristine smooth skin of her belly jiggle a little. Hunter loved watching his mother's skin and flesh jiggle and respond to his actions.

Jacinda let out a loud shriek in agony as she felt the second smack land to the left of her belly. As her scream subsided, she felt another hard blow from the riding crop, this time just above her vagina, around her fupa. This third smack sent a stinging electricity in all directions across Jacinda's body. Her vagina was instantly oozing liquids prematurely and so were her eyes. Tears began dribbling down the side of her face, dragging along the black mascara and eyeliner with them. Her scream got louder as she felt another smack just under her pussy on the inside of her right thigh.

This fourth spank of the riding crop landed right on the same bruise left behind by her son's fingernails during the finger fucking episode of the day before. This one particularly hurt because again, her inner thighs were a sensitive zone for Jacinda. It was one of her primary erogenous areas along with her nipples and the sting she felt gave her an out of the world sensation. It made her body react in strange ways as her right leg had started shivering now.

Once again, Hunter's sadist self loved watching his mother's body react to his spankings. When her thighs began vibrating, he took a pause and dropped the riding crop. He jumped on the bed, in between the V created by his mother's spread eagled legs. He bent down, and put his mouth on her inner-left thigh. He started kissing her inner thighs, which made Jacinda get hornier and hornier by the second. Hunter pulled his tongue out and began tasting his mother's smooth, sensuous skin, slowly dragging his tongue upwards.

He continued tasting his mother's delicious skin and rolled his wet, drooling tongue on the scratches made by his own fingernails. There were still light pink streaks which he began licking. And his tongue finally reached the spot where he had just spanked her with the riding crop. That spot on her inner thigh had now turned red. It felt warm on his tongue. Warmer than her already heating up body. Jacinda could feel a painful sting on that spot, but her son's warm tongue with his cold saliva worked like an ointment on her skin.

Hunter was now very close to his mother's clean shaven vagina. He remembered shaving it clean that morning in the bathroom. Jacinda could feel her son's warm breath on the bottom of her pussy. He slowly approached his mother's vagina and began kissing all around her labia. He had reached the gateway to the hole where he emerged from 18 years and 6 months ago. He had reached the sacred love hole that birthed him.

Hunter placed his mouth around his mother's labia and pushed his tongue outwards through the gates of heaven into her vagina. Jacinda had never experienced this before. She now had fingers, dildos and her son's penis enter these forbidden doors before. But now it was her own son's moist, tender, soft tongue exploring the entrance of her pristine pussy. Hunter dug his tongue deeper and deeper inside his mother's moist, hot pussy. As he continued to explore the depths of this cave with his tongue, his fingers were now playing with the skin on her belly.

He brought his thumb closer to the top of his mother's clit, just above the opening of her pussy where her labia connected and began rolling his thumb in a circular motion. This was the same motion his mother would perform on herself when she would play with herself. She was surprised her son was performing the same action, since she had never shown him this trick. That's when she realized their sexual union was inevitable. It was a godsend. They were meant to be together. They were not only Master and slave or lovers or mother and son. They were soulmates. Being her own son, Hunter was hardwired and born with this rare knowledge of his mother's body, despite never being with a girl.

This realization, along with the pain from the riding crop and the foreign sensations of her son's tongue dancing around inside her vagina was giving Jacinda another episode of sensory overload. Her tears continued rolling down her face and she was now screaming and moaning with a mix of emotions. Pain and pleasure combined to give Jacinda's vagina one huge spray of juices as she blasted off a stream of orgasmic bliss directly into her son's mouth, which happened to be right over her pussy.

Hunter's tongue and his thumb seemed to have done magic on his mother's private organs. She had climaxed on his face, giving him a fresh taste of the sexual lubricant brewed inside her vaginal caves. Hunter was beyond excited to taste the delicious juices oozing out of his mother's vagina again. He loved tasting every inch, every part of her body and everything it secreted. Just as Jacinda continued her climax, orgasming over and over again with bursts of liquid gushing out of her forbidden hole, her eyes were going numb again and her eyelids rested to cover half of her eyeballs. She had once again transcended to deep paradise between passing out, sleep and an exhausted emotional release of sexual chemicals. The shot of dopamine and serotonin rushing to her brain sent her in a momentary lapse of comprehension.

Hunter realized what happened. He undid her blindfold to see her eyes, if she was still awake. His face now covered his mother's sexual juices. He was proud of himself for again getting his mother off. But once again, he wanted his sex slave mom to make sure she finishes him. Knowing that her pussy was now drenched and well lubricated, he got forward, pulled her thighs up, bending her knees and inserted his dick in his mother's vagina for the second time that day and fourth time in the last 48 hours.

Jacinda's wrists and ankles were still bound by the bedpost and she was half out of her senses as her son continued pounding deep thrusts in her vagina with his huge cock. He was now towering over her and he let his body fall on hers. His face was facing his mother's as her eyes were still half closed. He wanted to wake her up, so he swung a hard slap on the left cheek of his mother with his right hand. It struck her hard and made her head swing to her right. Her thick, luscious hair now flew in all directions, but mostly sticking to her sweaty face.

Jacinda had still not returned to her senses. Her son who was now fucking her wildly laid another slap on the other side of her face with his left arm this time, swinging her head to her left. She was still out. Hunter slapped her again. And still no response. He then looked down to her exposed breasts. Especially her right nipple with the cracked skin. He grabbed that nipple roughly, pinched it hard and pulled it up disdainfully. That sent unbearable pain all over his mother's bound body as she returned back from dreamland and her arms and legs began flopping around with excruciating pain in her right nipple.

Hunter was once again successful in making her feel her inner pain slut. She was now wailing and screaming in agony as her son continued pounding her pussy. She looked at her Master's face and gave a wide grin, showing him how much she loved having him inside of her.

Jacinda: Master....Please promise to fuck me forever Master.

Hunter: mmhmmm you know I will mom. I love you my sexy little slave slut.

Jacinda: I love you too Hunter.

Upon hearing that, Hunter smacked her right breast again, landing another hard spank to her right nipple. Sending another current from her now bleeding again nipple all over her body.

Hunter: It's Master for you, my slut.

Jacinda: Sorry, Master.....Please punish me more... I love it when you slap me Master. I want more Master please...

Hunter was turned on but also stunned that despite so much pain his mom wanted him to inflict more. He was now out of ideas. His dick was hard and deep inside her vagina, he had slapped her face hard. Used the riding crop on her various spots on her body. He had tongue fucked and eaten out her pussy. He had tormented her right nipple so much that its skin cracked and had begun bleeding. But she still wanted more. This sexy slut of a mother who had never experienced anything more than vanilla sex two days ago was a real masochist, submissive pain slut.

This realization, paired with the feeling of her steaming naked body underneath him and the warm, moist vagina gripping his cock, made sure Hunter couldn't control his penis anymore. His balls had been through enough that day and he ejaculated. Hunter came tons of semen while his giant dick was still lodged deep inside his mother's vagina. He moaned with pain and grunted with every burst of semen he shot out straight in his mom's pussy. He was tired and spent as he pulled his cock out of his mother's pussy, slowly.

Jacinda could feel the hot jizz on the insides of her vagina. She could feel her pussy getting full of warm, sticky cum. She could feel it oozing out of her. Hunter took his fingers as he saw the white goopy slime flow out of his mother's vagina, collected it in his fingers and brought it close to her face. Jacinda hastily pounced on her son's semen to taste it. To Hunter, this was the best sex he had ever had with his mother. And it was only the fourth time he ever had sex with his only partner, his sex slave mom.

Jacinda could now feel a bunch of liquids oozing out of her body. Tears from her eyes, drool and spit from her mouth. The combination of her juices with her son's semen from her vagina and a tiny line of blood from her right nipple, as it dried out towards the side of her right breast.

Once he had cum, Hunter rested for a minute and observed his mother's sexy, spread naked body again. Her cheeks were once again showing signs of abuse from his slaps. Her body had five red spots and lines caused by the brand new riding crop. A thin dark red line flowing off to the side of her right breast from her nipple. He was once again proud of his work. But this time he was proud of his sex slave mother and he made sure to tell her that.

Hunter: Mom, you're the best sex slave I could have ever asked for. I love you. And I'm proud of you.

Jacinda: I am yours baby. You own me. I'm your sex slave and you're my Master. You can do whatever you want with me.

That gave Hunter another idea. He unclasped the cuffs which had his mother bound to the bedpost. Both her ankles and wrists were now free. He then got off the bed, picked his mother up in his arms like a baby, just like he had done the night before. Except this time, instead of taking her into the bathroom, he took her out of the bedroom and carried her downstairs.

Jacinda was confused where he was taking her. She was exhausted from his rough, brutal fucking. Her body was being carried around like it was paperweight by her strong, handsome, teenage son. Hunter carried her across the living room hall, opened the front door, walked into their front yard and gently placed Jacinda on the mowed lawn in their front yard.

It was now 7:20pm. They had been hardcore fucking for almost the last two hours. The Sun was setting and the sky was barely lit during this twilight hour. Jacinda could feel the cold, prickly grass on the back of her body. The scent of the earth was all over her now. This was the first time since the night before that they were naked outside the house. But this time, the mother and son were both stark naked, without any piece of clothing out in the open.

Jacinda laid on the lawn, her hair a disheveled mess, her body roughly used and abused. As her son stood over her with his now limp penis and exhausted sweaty body. He held his penis in his hand, aimed it at his mother lying in the grass and began peeing on her. The golden stream of urine exited his penis and hit his mother straight on her boobs first, washing away the thin, red line oozing out of her nipples. The stream of piss then rolled over her tummy, her belly button. He then aimed his pee at her pussy and thighs, washing away his own semen from her labia.

Eventually his piss went towards her chest, her neck and her head. Jacinda closed her eyes, as her son continued peeing on her entire body and now her face. She opened her mouth voluntarily to capture as much golden shower as she could. The liquid contents brewed in her son's bladder were now directly filling up her mouth as she gulped and drank it down, flushing it down to her stomach. Hunter was peeing on his own mother out in the open and making sure she drinks his golden piss. He loved using her as a human urinal and she was making sure she learned to like it. Once he was well dehydrated, he offered his hand for his mother to stand up, like the thorough gentleman that he was.

Jacinda stood up facing her son. She was drenched in his piss, sore red nipples, sore red cheeks, sore red body, sore red roughed up pussy. She leaned in and kissed her son flush on his lips. Hunter too embraced his mother and kissed her passionately on her mouth as their intensely, rough, brutal and extreme sex session came to an end.

The mother and son walked hand in hand, back in the house and into her bathroom. Jacinda

turned on the bath in her Jacuzzi tub and they soaked in it to recover from their wild sexual encounter. While soaking in the tub they start talking.

Hunter: Mom, I came inside you tonight.

Jacinda: Mmhmm you certainly did honey.

Hunter: Well, yesterday you nodded your head in denial, saying you didn't want me to.

Jacinda: I did. I just didn't know what we were doing and where this all was going.

Hunter: And do you, now?

Jacinda: To be honest, not really. I've just never felt this way before the way I feel with you now. You've always been my son and you've always been a good son. Never in my wildest dreams I'd have thought I'd be doing any of the things we've done in the past couple of days, with anybody, let alone my own son. But when you started taking control of me, when you started dominating me, when you suddenly changed from my boy to my man. I just felt like you're just the man I needed all along in my entire life. You're the kind of man I was brought up to worship. You're the man I want to be with and feel at home with. You changed from being my son to my lover and eventually my Master. Master of me. Owner of my body. I belong to you. And that's something I'd never felt before. A sense of belonging. I have a newfound purpose in my otherwise stale, stagnant and boring life. And whatever we have going on, I just don't want it to end honey. I want it all the time. I want you, I love you.

Hunter: I love you too mom. I'll never leave you, you know that. I'm yours as much as you are mine. You'll always be my mom but you're also going to be my lover.

Jacinda: And...

Hunter: And what?

Jacinda: Can I always be your sex slave too?

Hunter: (chuckles) Mom! I never thought.... It's like a flip in you has switched. What happened?

Jacinda: It has switched honey. I've begun to love how you treat me when we're doing it. I'd never felt such pain before. And my body just gives me so many different overwhelming sensations. It's just unimaginable. And I love feeling every inch of me, be it pain or pleasure. As long as it's a mark by you. I'll wear all your marks happily. I think I kinda like pain. I like it when something hurts. I can't explain it.

Hunter: You've explained enough. And I'm glad you do mom. You know, when I said I wanted you to be my sex slave. I really didn't know what I was doing or what I really wanted. I guess I just meant I wanted to always have sex with you. But since I'd never been with a girl, or never had sex, my idea of sex only came from the porn I'd watched. And I've only ever watched dirty, extreme hardcore dungeon porn. That's why, in that sex toy store. I was so excited, it was all the things I'd seen in those movies.

Jacinda: So you know how those things work?

Hunter: Some of them.

Jacinda: Is that what you brought in the black bag?

Hunter: Some of it. You felt a couple of things from it today, didn't you? Did you like it?

Jacinda: The blindfold was my favorite. The restraints and handcuffs felt limiting. I don't get to touch and feel you. The stick thing really hurt.

Hunter: The riding crop? It's supposed to hurt.

Jacinda: It did, it stung so bad. (giggling) But see Hunter, I would have never experienced any of this, if it wasn't for you. I'm just so grateful for you. I think God gave me you as a gift all those years ago when I birthed you. And this past Friday, God gave me another gift in you as my lover. I'm just worried how things will work in the long run honey.

Hunter: What do you mean?

Jacinda: Well, you're going to be off to college soon. You have your life and career ahead of you. You're going to some day take over all these businesses your grandfather set up. You have to work with Mr. Gomez to learn it all. Oh My GOD! Mr. Gomez, what if he finds out about us. He's supposed to be here tomorrow morning to get my signatures on some papers. Hunter, please we can't let him find out about us. Please.

Hunter: Relax mom. He won't. I respect him a lot. He's devoted his life to our family. For you and me. I'll behave when he's around. But will you behave? My sex slave? (winking at his mom)

Jacinda: I'll try my best Master (Giggling, winking back)

As the mother and son continued to soak in their large jacuzzi tub, relaxing and recovering from their wild sex session. They were still ironing out some of the nuances of their newly formed relationship. And the next day was a Monday. Jacinda had to work from her office and had Zoom meetings, while Hunter had an online interview with a potential college. Hunter also had a basketball game with friends to go to that evening. Their life changing weekend was now over.

How their new relationship works with their daily lives....find out soon!

To be continued...

## **Innocent Mom now Son's Slave Ch. 08**

All the characters in this story are over 18 years of age. This is just a fantasy and not a real story. It includes strong themes of incest, romance, BDSM, male domination, fem humiliation and water sports. If you're not comfortable, please stop reading.

---

...Continued from Part 7.

It was Monday morning, 6:15am.

The 42 year old pure, pious, traditional, conservative mother, Jacinda, had her life turned upside down just a couple of days ago when she had a brief physical encounter with her son, which reignited her dormant sexual flame. She had indulged in many dirty, unthinkable, taboo acts with her own 18 year old son. But these last 72 hours had also been the best of her life. She had accepted her son as her lover and her man. But more importantly she had now accepted and fully committed her role as a sex slave to her Master, her own son.

It all started as an attempt to make her son more confident, self-assured and assertive so he could get a girlfriend, but now, she wanted her newly dominant and commanding son all for herself. She wanted him to learn to take control and he was just doing that and much more. After their steaming hot and extremely rough sex the night before, Hunter and Jacinda had an honest, heart-to-heart conversation as they laid naked in her bathtub. The mother and son slept together in Jacinda's bed again, still naked and cuddling.

At 6:30am Jacinda's alarm went off. It was a part of her daily routine (described in ch 03). Her morning routine now had a very important addition to it. Her son wanted her to wake him up with a special instruction every single morning going forward as his sex slave. And Jacinda wanted to be a good mother and sex slave to her lover, her son. As her eyes cracked open and she turned the alarm off, Jacinda could see her 6 feet tall, naked, son sleeping next to her under the sheets.

She slowly pulled the covers off of their bodies and he was now laying stark naked next to her. She loved watching his hunky, chiseled body as she sat up on her bed and turned to face him. His penis was already semi-hard first thing in the morning. Her task's instructions were to "take care" of his morning wood. And she knew only one way to take care of it. Jacinda slowly bent down and leaned forward towards his groin and lightly kissed on the bottom of his thick shaft.

She now had her knees bent, digging into the mattress, next to his chest, her feet close to his head and her head above his pelvis. Jacinda's gorgeous, full hair was now flipped on one side, sticking to her son's abdomen as she continued kissing her son's penis from the bottom upwards to the tip. Once there, she opened her tiny little mouth and placed her pretty little lips gently on her son's cockhead. Jacinda loved the feeling of her son's penis inside her mouth. It was huge and she couldn't fit all of him in her mouth, but she loved swirling her tongue around and tasting the sensitive skin of his penis.

Jacinda began bobbing her head up and down on her son's penis and started enjoying the blowjob she was giving him. Hunter was still asleep but his dick got harder and harder as his mother continued on with his morning blowjob. Once he was at his hardest, Jacinda needed to use both her hands to cover the base of his shaft, taking the top half of his penis in her mouth. She would try to go as deep as possible and there were still three inches left outside her mouth.

Jacinda now had her own drool leaking out of her mouth as she continued blowing her son. Feeling her warm mouth around his shaft first thing in the morning woke up Hunter from his long, peaceful slumber. As his eyes opened and he looked down, he could see his mother's nude torso stretched along his to his right, with her head on his dick. He could now see the little red mark on the left side of her tummy, one of the residual marks from when he had smacked her body all over with his new riding crop.

Hunter was pleased to see his mother in the nude, first thing in the morning, following his instructions and waking him up with a blowjob. His dick was already hard and he woke up horny, but watching the delicious, smooth skin of his sex slave mother blowing him as her body moved rhythmically with her head bobbing up and down his shaft, turned him on more. Jacinda continued to work her tiny magical mouth on her son, loving the feeling of his big, hard dick in her mouth. And suddenly she felt a rough hand on her thighs.

She paused her blowjob to look to her left and noticed her son had woken up. What happened next however, she did not anticipate. Hunter was now awake and horny and watching his sexy, naked mother. He grabbed her hips and thighs from his right, lifted her body weight up entirely and positioned her right on top of him in 69 position. Now, Jacinda's left leg bent at the knee was over by Hunter's left arm. She was now in a much more comfortable position to blow him than before.

Since she was slightly taken aback by him lifting her bodyweight and positioning her that way, she had briefly paused her blowjob for a handful of seconds. Just then she felt a hard, loud \*SMACK\* on her right butt.

Hunter: Keep going Mom.

Hunter just laid a hard spank on his mother's butt which now stood four inches from his face. He could easily spot the brutal red remnants of the bite he had laid into his mother's left buttock, a couple of days ago. Once Jacinda felt the spank on her right butt, her mouth instantly pounced back on her son's penis and she resumed his morning blowjob.

Hunter then pulled her up more towards his face and now he was very close to her vagina. He could smell the beautiful scent emerging out of his mother's forbidden love hole. Just above it, was the flowery pink hole of his mother's anus. He grabbed her buttocks in his hands and spread them as wide as he could to the side. Jacinda felt her buttocks stretch wide open and could feel a cold breeze in combination with her son's warm morning breath on the sensitive puckered skin at the edge of her anal cavity. In addition to this, her son's left hand was directly on the sore bite mark on her left butt which still stung.

Jacinda's blowjob continued, as Hunter now leaned forward and placed his mouth at the bottom of his mother's vagina, such that his nose was directly on the edge of her asshole. This is the part of her body that had never felt any other sensation but her own fingers. It was the most remote part of her body and now her son had his nose and lips buried in it. Hunter's tongue peeked out as he now began lapping up his mother's labia while she sucked his cock. His nose pressing down just under her anus. Hunter was surprised his mother's anus didn't give the foul smell he had expected, in fact it smelled like her bath soap and body lotion.

Jacinda always kept her hygiene immaculate. Her tidy, clean and orderliness applied to how she took care of her body too. As Hunter continued eating out his mother's pussy while she was sucking his cock, they were making love in 69 for the first time. Hunter was already very hard and his mother's mouth and tongue were doing wonders on his dick. He hadn't deep throated her since Saturday night, but he really wanted to. He was just distracted by his new discovery, being her beautiful, flower-like, tiny, puckered butthole.

Hunter suddenly stopped playing around with his mother's vagina and pulled his tongue out from his own birth-hole. He then pulled her downwards and now opened his mouth wide to place it directly on top of her asshole, such that her anus was completely surrounded by his mouth. Jacinda felt the foreign sensation of his tender, soft, fleshy tongue now rolling around the sensitive skin around her anal opening. This was a completely foreign sensation for Jacinda and she was surprised, in just two days her son had now found her third most erogenous zone. Her asshole. Hunter was now orally devouring his mother's asshole as she was committed to blowing his dick.

He was so turned on and hard with the sensation and the unique taste of his mother's anus in his mouth, made his pelvis thrust upwards deeper into his mother's mouth and he just shot a giant stream of sperm jetting deep into her throat. Jacinda was not expecting him to erupt at the time as she was still feeling the new sensation on her anal cavity. Now she was suddenly greeted with the warm, salty, gooey excrement brewed in her son's testicles. As her mouth was filling up, she tried to swallow and gulp down as much of his cum as she could, but some of it mixed with her own saliva and drooled out on her son's shaft.

Hunter was cumming ropes of jizz in his mother's mouth, but he continued eating out her ass. It didn't taste foul to him, in fact he found it somewhat tasty, since it had a floral scent to it. At this point, Jacinda just rested her head around her son's now semi-limp cock touching her lips,

resting on his scrotum. Jacinda wasn't tired, she was fresh as a daisy but loved being in touch with her son's penis. On top of having her favorite reward so close to her, she was overwhelmed with the brand new sensation of his tongue and mouth on her asshole.

The continued tongue assault on her asshole meant, Jacinda's vagina was now starting to leak and secrete juices on her son's neck and chest. She didn't realize how wet she had gotten as her son was eating her ass out. Jacinda had her eyes closed now and she was thoroughly enjoying getting her butthole tasted by her own son. She was lost in her lust when suddenly she was reminded of her position as a sex slave, when Hunter swung his right hand, hard and firm flat on his mother's right butt once again.

This spank was so loud and hard, that immediately post-contact there was warmth oozing out from the skin of her ass and he could see her smooth, pristine skin show signs of redness. He loved watching her buttcheek jiggle and slowly change colors and wanted to speed it up. So he landed another hard blow, \*CHHAPP\* slapping his mother's right buttock. And one more \*SLAP\*. After a couple of loud \*SPANKS\* Jacinda had started moaning and yelling in pain.

Hunter could now see a clear imprint of his palm and four fingers on his mother's right buttcheek. Just then, he pushed her off of him, disconnecting his suction like mouth from her tiny asshole. Jacinda was sweaty, horny and breathing hard and fast. Hunter abruptly got off the bed to the left, facing the window. His mother observed as the muscles on his sweat covered body were sparkling in the sunshine gleaming in through the window. Hunter grabbed his mother's hair and pulled her up towards him forcibly.

She was now standing up by the bedpost, half a foot away from his imposing 6 foot tall naked body. Jacinda had a horny, smirk on her face as her head was bent low but her eyes looked up at his. He still had a bunch of her hair in his hands and then he yanked her hair one more time towards the bathroom. He led her to the bathroom, almost dragging her like an animal.

Jacinda loved being overpowered and manhandled like this by her own son. She liked it when he got into his beast mode and treated her like a ragdoll and played with her body like he owned it. She loved it because she had accepted him as her owner. And he could do anything he wanted with his mother's body. She followed her son to her bathroom. Once there, he spoke,

Hunter: Thanks for the great morning mom. Now, start your morning routine.

Jacinda was surprised again. She followed his direction. They had already been playing for a while and she was getting late to get to the kitchen and get ready for work. Jacinda got to her counter and pulled out her tooth brush, as she was about to wash it, Hunter grabbed it from her hand, leaving Jacinda confused. He was standing next to her counter, by the toilet. He began peeing into the toilet bowl. Jacinda thought he wanted her to get under his stream, but she didn't move. She was stunned and wanted to see what he did.

Hunter then washed the head of his mother's toothbrush in the stream of his urine, making sure it was drenched in his piss. Once its bristles were satisfactorily wet with his urine he handed it back to her. She took her now piss drenched toothbrush and squeezed toothpaste on it. Once Hunter was done peeing, he just stood there watching his mother, as she brushed her teeth with her toothbrush that was now doused in her son's piss. Once she was done brushing her teeth. She was about to wash her face, but now Hunter grabbed her by her hair again and roughly yanked her down low. Jacinda got down on her knees close to the toilet bowl.

Hunter roughly dumped his mother's head deep inside the toilet bowl. This gave her flashbacks of a couple of nights ago when he had her lap up his urine from the same toilet bowl. But instead of forcing her to drink it, he was now forcing her entire face down into his piss filled toilet bowl.

Jacinda had her eyes closed and her face was now an inch deep in the dirty water of her own toilet bowl.

Hunter then flushed the toilet while holding his mother's head in the bowl. The water gushing in from around her washed her face, hair and ears. Once the flush was done, he pulled her out. Jacinda had to hold her breath in all this while and she finally breathed a sigh of relief and inhaled deeply. She had just gone through a new humiliation by her Master. And after coming out of it, she was still smiling looking up to him. She felt dirty, naughty and wrong. But she had committed a lot of dirty acts in the last couple of days, each one more exciting than the last. As soon as she got up, she spoke.

Jacinda: Thank you Master. I love having these new experiences with you and how you dominate me.

Hunter hugged her and kissed her on the top of her head.

Hunter: Go get ready mom. Make me an extra coffee too.

He then left for his room to freshen up and get ready.

Jacinda now stood by her sink counter, looking in the mirror. Her hair was drenched wet, her face was wet and she had a wide grin on her face. Her son had just eaten out her ass, while she gave him an early morning blowjob. He had then made her brush her teeth in his piss drenched toothbrush and drowned her head in his own piss, flushing it down. It was the ultimate humiliation and degradation for any woman. But her smile showed how shameless and perverted she had gotten just in a matter of a couple of days. She enjoyed being treated like a sex slave by her son. She was loving the brand new experiences and sensations he put her through. She could feel herself again, in her otherwise boring, orderly, stale life.

Jacinda washed up her face, freshened up and went forth to the kitchen to kick off her day. Jacinda poured her morning lemon tea and coffee. As she was drinking her lemon tea, it reminded her of the lemonade incident that had kicked off the series of events which led to her submission to her son as a sex slave. It was only appropriate for a spill of lemonade for the mother and son to spark a feeling of attraction towards each other since a major part of their sexual play involved her son's piss which looked like lemonade.

Jacinda chuckled at her own thoughts as she saw a text on her phone. It was from their trusted confidant, family attorney and business operations chief - Mr. Gomez. (More background in Ch. 01).

The text read "Good Morning Jacinda, hope you had a good weekend. I'll be over around 9am. Don't want to interrupt your work day. I have some papers for you to review and sign. See you soon"

Mr. Gomez was a close friend and associate of Hunter's grandfather, Jacinda's father in law. He was close to the family and would visit the mother and son every week. He would also keep in contact with Dan, Hunter's father, who Jacinda was still married to.

Lost in her naughty thoughts, Jacinda was now slowly panicking how her and Hunter would come across with Mr. Gomez. She obviously didn't want him to find out about her illicit relationship with her own son. Hunter was after all the heir to his grandfather's estate. Upon Hunter's insistence, Jacinda had also asked their house maid to not come in to work indefinitely. This worked in their favor since it allowed Hunter and Jacinda to play their depraved sexual games in the house and as recently as the night before, even outside the house.

Jacinda returned to her room. Took a shower, as Hunter had just finished his shower and was now drinking coffee in the dining room. When Jacinda was done she walked to her closet and saw the shopping bags from their shopping trip laying around. Jacinda was now in a new predicament. Was she going to wear the same clothes she usually did, or should she pick a new outfit from the bag that Hunter bought for her yesterday? She would have to be on zoom calls for work, but Mr. Gomez was going to be around. She couldn't possibly wear one of the more risque outfits Hunter liked, in front of Mr. Gomez. It would show too much. She thought of a solution. She'd wear something more formal until Mr. Gomez comes but when he's gone she can change into another outfit Hunter would like.

She put on a 'Short Sleeve Collared Neck Stripe Shirt With Buttons' that went down to her waist. And a pair of 3/4th jeans. It showed none of her cleavage with the top button ending just around her collar bone. She wore 3 thin necklaces with various pendants and a pair of earrings to complete her casual look. As she walked out towards the living room, Hunter, who was now sitting at the dining table, looked at his mom. He thought she looked beautiful. Jacinda was a bit nervous to face her son. But she was willing to explain.

Jacinda: Hunter, baby. Mr. Gomez is about to be here any minute. I just put this number on until he's around okay honey?

Hunter: You look beautiful Mom.

Jacinda breathed a sigh of relief. She thought Hunter wouldn't approve.

Hunter: But.... I made all this effort to pick out new outfits on our shopping trip yesterday and you pick that shirt?

Jacinda: But Hunter...What if Mr. Gomez...

Before she could finish her sentence, she saw Hunter get up and walk towards her. Jacinda was now fighting with her inner submissive slut and the reverent woman that she was. The anticipation of what her son was about to do was exciting to her and sexually charged. At the same time, the fear of his actions jeopardizing their relationship being known to Mr. Gomez.

Hunter walked over to his mother and began unbuttoning her shirt from the top. He noticed she was not wearing a bra and that made him smile. At least she followed that instruction. He had now unbuttoned the top 3 buttons of her shirt. Jacinda just stood still for him to finish doing what he wanted to. Hunter paused after the fourth button. He had 3 more to go.

He put his hands close to Jacinda's neck and caressed her neck, especially the love bite mark left behind from his passionate sucking of her skin. His hands touched her skin softly and his fingers roamed around her shoulders, her collar bones, her chest. Then in a sudden quick and rough flash, he swung his hand downwards. This sudden act of force ripped his mother's shirt from the middle and broke all the remaining buttons.

Jacinda's shirt was now unwearable. It had no buttons and hung open from the front, loose. Her tits were on display and so was her chest, her midriff and her belly. Her tiny little belly made a slight pudge over the waistband of her denim jeans. Hunter roughly grabbed his mother's left breast and tugged at her nipples to pull her close to him, making her squirm and moan in pain. "Aaargh" she yelled.

Just then, they heard the doorbell ring. Mr. Gomez was here. Jacinda panicked and looked at Hunter dead in the eyes with fear and panic. Hunter just casually smiled, roughly grabbed his

mother by the neck pulled her in close to him to kiss her on her mouth. Jacinda who was now panicking in fear didn't necessarily reciprocate to Hunter's kiss. Mr. Gomez was right at the door as her son was roughly kissing her with her shirt wide open exposing her nude front torso, with broken buttons from her shirt laying on the floor. The tension, nervousness and fear was washing over her.

\*DING DONG\* The doorbell rang again. Hunter looked towards the door camera and could see Mr. Gomez standing with an office briefcase in his hands. He then let his mother loose and whispered in her ears.

Hunter: (whispering) Go upstairs, and wear something that'll make your Master's dick hard again.

Jacinda turned around and literally ran upstairs, as Hunter walked towards the door to welcome Mr. Gomez in. As soon as Hunter opened the main front door, Mr. Gomez smiled at him and came in to give him a hug. As they hugged he could hear Jacinda's bedroom door shut in haste.

Mr. Gomez: So good to see you young man! Look at you, wow you're all grown up. Have you been working out?! You seem to have put on some muscle.

Hunter: Good to see you too Mr. Gomez. Yea I work out occasionally. Mostly just basketball ya know.

They begin walking towards the living room sofa sets. The same living room sofa sets where Hunter had roughly finger fucked his mother, before cumming on her face and pissing all over her. The same living room sofa set where he lost his virginity to his mother as she rode his dick and he had treated her like a human dining plate.

Mr. Gomez: Good Good! Well, your mom seemed to be in a hurry. Let's catch up. What's new with you? Any responses from colleges?

Hunter: Yeah I've applied a bunch. I have an online interview from one university. I'm confident I'll get in, I was in the top 5 in my high school.

Mr. Gomez: Well that's great to hear! You know Hunter, your mother is so proud of you. She has sacrificed a lot for you. What a great woman. I just wish I could help her more in any way I can.

Hunter: Oh I'm aware, Mr. Gomez. I love my mom. And I'll make sure she gets everything she deserves and everything she has missed all these years. Including things she didn't know she wanted.

Mr. Gomez seemed confused at Hunter's response. But Hunter was being cheeky and naughty. Meanwhile Jacinda was now rummaging through her shopping bags in her bedroom. They all had skimpy dresses and sexy clothes that she wouldn't wear out in public or in front of Mr. Gomez. She finally picked out a plain white cotton tank top with a thin strap that went over her shoulders. There was one huge problem with this tank top, it easily exposed her shoulders which had a mark of Hunter's teeth imprinted on it. It also showed her neck, which had a hickey on it. Jacinda felt embarrassed to go out in front of Mr. Gomez. But she wanted to make sure whatever she wore, made her son's dick hard.

She thought maybe just the plain white tank top wasn't enough. She obviously wasn't wearing a bra and even though the tank top didn't directly expose her nipples, anyone could tell by her flopping breasts that she didn't have a bra on. To spice up her outfit a bit more, Jacinda took off her jeans and put on a short striped skirt that ended just halfway through her thighs, exposing most of her legs.

Jacinda walked down the stairs to the living room as Mr. Gomez and Hunter were chatting. Mr. Gomez took a glance at Jacinda and had to look carefully. He was in complete shock. He had never seen her in such an attire. Jacinda would always dress conservatively and modestly. Now her legs were exposed, her arms were exposed, most of her chest was on display and she was showing a hint of cleavage too! He thought she looked hot but was very taken aback by the unexpected change in her fashion sense.

Mr. Gomez: Oh uhm.... Hi Jacinda....You uhmm. You look different.

Jacinda tried to keep a straight, brave face. Her eyes kept darting between Hunter's and Mr. Gomez. Hunter had a smile on his face and she could tell he loved what she was wearing.

Jacinda: Mr. Gomez good to see you!

Mr. Gomez: Jacinda, are you alright?

Jacinda: Why, yes Mr. Gomez? What's wrong?

Mr. Gomez: Well, its just that.. No I mean...

He notices the red bite on her left shoulder. Remnants of the hardcore love her son had unleashed upon her. Mr. Gomez continued...

Mr. Gomez: What's that? It looks like a bite.. Do you need to go to the Doctors?

Jacinda: Oh that, oh yeah no that's nothing. Just playing with the dogs, you know how they get sometimes.

Mr. Gomez: Well if it's a dog bite, you better get it checked out.

Hunter: Oh don't worry Mr. Gomez, we already got it looked at over the weekend. She likes it.

Mr. Gomez: She what?...

Jacinda: He meant...I...I like the dogs too much. Playing with the dogs, I like it. it's okay Mr. Gomez. It stings a bit but it'll be okay..

Jacinda gave Hunter a smirk and a look. She was so embarrassed. Hunter was now playing games with his mother in front of Mr. Gomez. This cheekiness and naughty play of words made Jacinda feel very uneasy with excitement. She was dreading Mr. Gomez finding out about the incestuous relationship she had now formed with her son.

Mr. Gomez: Well ok I'm glad you were there Hunter. You know Jacinda, it's a big house and you live by yourself. I'm glad Hunter's around. I worry for you sometimes.

Jacinda: There's nothing to worry about Mr. Gomez. Hunter's an adult now. He's the man of the house. He keeps me protected.

Mr. Gomez: I'm glad. I was just telling him he's grown up to be quite the stud.

Jacinda: Isn't he handsome? He makes his momma proud!

Jacinda takes a seat on the couch on the left, Hunter on the right and Mr. Gomez on the giant couch in the center. They're all facing the glass coffee table in the center of the three large

couches. The same coffee table Jacinda lay naked on just two days ago. As Mr. Gomez sat down, he smelled something funky in the air.

Mr. Gomez: (\*sniffing in the air\*) Do you smell that? Smells like piss...

Jacinda: Oh yeah, the dog's they pee everywhere if we forget to take them out for a walk.

Hunter: Yeah we forgot to take them out yesterday coz we were dealing with the bite thing you know.....

Mr. Gomez: Oh darn dogs. Causing a ruckus in the house.

Jacinda: Oh no we love them.

They finished signing the papers. As Jacinda bent down to sign the papers, Hunter and Mr. Gomez were able to see through the neckline of her tank top. Her breasts were hanging out and they could tell she wasn't wearing a bra. Mr. Gomez was stunned at this once conservative, pious, religious woman's brazen show of skin, in front of him and her own son. Her neckline from her tank top was plunging and if she bent any lower, he could have easily seen her nipples. Once the signing of the papers were complete.

Mr. Gomez: Welp, that'll be all. Is there anything else you guys need from me? Don't hesitate to ask.

Jacinda: Actually, I did want to talk about one thing Mr. Gomez. I've been thinking and uhmmm.. I remembered your offer from all those years ago. When Hunter's grandpa died. You know when Dan, did what he did and... {read part 1 for context}

Mr. Gomez: Yes, yes, I remember Jacinda. You don't need to recall bad memories from the past. I know what you're talking about.

Jacinda: Well, I think I'll take you up on your offer and uhm... I think I want that divorce from Dan.

Mr. Gomez: That's surprising, Jacinda. Are you sure? After all these years? You and Hunter seem to be happy here. Did Dan do something again?

Jacinda: oh no, he hasn't. But that's precisely why. It's been so many years since that wretched day. We've had no contact, our marriage basically didn't exist after the first year Hunter was born. And besides, as you said, Hunter and I are very happy together....er... I mean... here. We're happy.

Mr. Gomez: Alright Jacinda. I'll gladly represent and it should be a fairly easy case. I'll get the papers ready and bring them to you next week. We'll draft out a notice to send Dan.

Hunter interrupts in haste...

Hunter: Why, Next week? Can we do it sooner Mr. Gomez?

Mr. Gomez was surprised at Hunter's intervention. He wondered what interest he had in his parent's divorce.

Mr. Gomez: I just proposed next week since I come once a week. If Jacinda wants it sooner, I can try to get the papers ready in a couple of days. What do you say Jacinda?

Hunter: Yeah, what do you say Mom?

Jacinda: Sooner, the better I guess.

Hunter and Jacinda bid farewell to Mr. Gomez by the door. Mr. Gomez walked out very confused. He sensed something was off. Jacinda wearing provocative outfits, the bite on her shoulder, the stench of pee on the couch, them being hasty and impatient for the divorce after pushing it off all these years. He couldn't make sense of it. Given his devotion to Hunter's late grandfather he had committed to help out Jacinda and the family the best he could. As soon as Hunter heard Mr. Gomez's car leave, he turned towards his mother who was looking exquisite, almost like a young girl in her mid-to-late twenties.

Hunter walked towards her..

Jacinda: Hunter! You're so naughty. I was so embarrassed. I hope he didn't feel anything was wrong with us.

Hunter: What do you mean mom? Is anything wrong with us?

Jacinda: No I don't mean wrong... just you know, we're no longer just Mom and Son.

Hunter: Oh I know, we're lovers. I'm your Master and you're my slave.

Jacinda smirked. Her heart was pounding when Mr. Gomez was around, especially with Hunter being mischievous during the conversation.

Jacinda: I am, baby. Can I ask you something?

Hunter: Yes Mom.

Jacinda: Why did you push him for the divorce so quickly? I mean it doesn't really matter..

Hunter: Because mom, as long as you're married, you can't be completely mine.

Jacinda: I'm already yours Hunter. (she walks over to him and kisses him on his lips)

Hunter: You're my lover, you're my mom and you're my sex slave. We've just started Mom. I want us to be a lot more.

Jacinda had an idea what he meant. But she knew that thought was impossible. If her son meant for them to get married, that was out of the question for her. She was his mother first and it's impossible in her mind to marry your own son.

Jacinda: Well, honey I have to go work. So I'm going to change again. Aren't you getting late for your interview?

Hunter: It's at 10am. And it's only 9:20. You don't need to change mom. You're going to keep this outfit on for the rest of the day.

Jacinda: Hunter, it's just a skirt and this very plain white tank top. I'm not even wearing a bra.

Hunter: Are you wearing panties?

Jacinda: Of course baby.

Hunter walked over to his mother, got down on his knees, raised her skirt up and roughly yanked her panties down to her ankles.

Hunter: Not anymore you're not. You don't need panties when you're going to be on zoom meetings all day. They'll only see your top anyway.

Jacinda: But honey they can see this (pointing at her left shoulder's bite mark and her hickey) and this... It's not professional baby.

Hunter: I think we've already established that shoulder mark is a dog bite, haven't we mom? (smirking at her)

Jacinda: But Hunte...

Hunter: No buts. Did you forget, you're still my sex slave mother?

Jacinda heard that and the switch in her flipped again. She was silenced and went into her basement office to kick off her work day. She had committed to her role of a sex slave to her son.

Hunter finished his college admission interview. It went great. This particular university was a highly reputable school in Jacksonville, Florida. If he got accepted, Hunter would have to move there. Hunter sat by his computer, contemplating the future, while his mother worked with her counseling clients in her basement office. Most of Jacinda's meetings were also on zoom, she would have her counseling clients and some important meetings with the businesses her father in law had left for her and Hunter.

The Johnson family had no shortage of money. Hunter was aware of this but he understood the importance of education to be able to lead the business in the future. His mother, Jacinda had raised him with those expectations, that one day he would be in charge of all their ranches, estates, businesses, properties and hospitals. What she had never imagined or anticipated was, before all of that, he would be in charge of her body.

Hunter sat at his computer fiddling around with the idea of being in Jacksonville, FL for college. It was a city campus and the university had multiple buildings across town for certain classes. Hunter pulled his phone out to a text from his friends to play basketball later that afternoon. He hadn't played since last Friday. The weekend had changed his life drastically too. He was now way more confident, assertive and dominant. His dominance over his own mother had crossed a lot of lines, but he was thoroughly enjoying his new found power over her.

When Jacinda explained how she had started enjoying her humiliation and began loving the pain, it confirmed in Hunter's mind that she wants this as much as him. He was sad he would have to leave it all for college education. He didn't want to stay away from his submissive, sex slave mother. She had begun enjoying her own humiliation at the hands of her son. She was still the most gorgeous woman in the world for Hunter. He had to think of some way to keep connected with her.

Hunter texted his friends back confirming his attendance to play basketball. He knew they were going to ask him questions about his absence over the weekend. While he was on his phone, Hunter went through his phone gallery and saw the pictures and videos he had taken of his naked mother laying in bed, exhausted after their brutal sex on Saturday night. Her body covered with sweat and marks of their passionate lovemaking; her face red with his slaps. Watching his beautiful mother in that state, made his dick hard again. He was horny again and loved the way his mother looked after she was drenched in his piss or covered in marks of his rough handling of her body.

It was now 12:15pm. Hunter went to the Kitchen, made two sandwiches, one for his mother and one for himself. He enjoyed cooking. After he finished his sandwich, he took his mother's lunch downstairs to the huge basement where she worked out of and used as her office. He heard through the door she was talking to someone over a video conference call. Must be a client, he thought. He quietly opened the door with the sandwich plate. As he walked in, Jacinda saw her son walk into her office with a sandwich in his hands. She assumed he had made it for her and it made her feel so special.

Nobody, other than housemaids, had ever cooked her a meal. And now, her son had made her lunch knowing she was busy at work. She was impressed by his ability to make her fall in love with him over and over again as her man. Hunter placed the sandwich on his mother's desk, as he overheard one of her clients discuss their sad life. Jacinda tried her best not to look at Hunter and focus on her client but he was so hot and handsome, her eyes naturally danced around to the 6 foot tall, stud muffin.

Hunter sat in the chair across from her for a few minutes, while Jacinda continued talking to her client on her laptop. He had his phone pulled out. He was staring at the picture of Jacinda lying on their living room couch, with her top ripped, bottomless, vagina exposed, recently orgasmed, face covered in cum and body and hair in his piss. He then turned his phone around so she could catch a glimpse of the embarrassing picture on her son's phone. She remembered him taking a picture but wasn't expecting to see it while she was trying to focus on her client.

She was now distracted and had a naughty, yet embarrassing smile on her face, as her eyes continued darting back and forth between her client on her laptop and Hunter's phone showing her disheveled, sexy body drenched in her son's piss. Hunter slid the image to the left and now his phone displayed a picture of her lying naked on her bed. This one after they had hardcore, rough, extreme sex with Jacinda's face red with her son's slaps, the bite on her shoulder fresh and red, the hickey shining on her neck, her right nipple red and sore from his biting and pinching. Jacinda was now getting excited thinking back to that night, as she looked at the picture of her humiliated, roughed up nudity.

The client noticed she was looking elsewhere and had a smile on her face while they were sharing something very deeply painful. Jacinda didn't want to come across unprofessional and began empathizing with her client on Zoom. She tried her best to not look at her handsome hunk of a son sitting across the desk from her. But she could see his actions from the corner of her eyes.

Hunter put his phone back down on her desk. He got up out of the chair and began undressing. He made sure to take his shirt off rather slowly. He then slowly undid his zip and unbuttoned his jeans. He made sure to not break eye contact with his mother as he was undressing. He was doing this on purpose to seduce her. Jacinda was now getting very uncomfortable and restless. She was conflicted. She was a top rated and highly revered counselor and out of her professional courtesy she wanted to focus on her client. But her son getting naked in her office, across her desk, was very tempting. She also wanted to just watch him undress, because now, she was getting horny.

Jacinda had her asshole eaten out, her breasts played with, her lips kissed, her face flushed down the toilet bowl with her son's piss in it that morning. She had been horny all morning but hadn't yet climaxed. Her pent up arousal was reaching its tipping point.

Hunter had now gotten completely naked as his mother continued to battle between trying to focus on her job and her sexy, naked son in front of her. Hunter then crouched down and disappeared from Jacinda's field of view, blocked by her laptop screen. He had crouched down

under the desk and was crawling towards his mother's legs. Jacinda felt his hands on both her exposed legs as he slowly caressed his mother's legs, rubbing his palms and fingers along her skin slowly moving up her calves to her knees to her thighs. He then forcefully opened his mother's legs wide as she jerked in her seat with the unforeseen stretching of her legs.

Jacinda tried her best to keep a straight face while on the zoom meeting with her client. Her legs now stretched wide, she could feel her son's hands slowly glide along her thighs up towards the hem of her short skirt. Hunter now had his hands behind Jacinda's hips, above her butt. Jacinda loved every touch her skin made contact with her son's. He was calmly and gently circling his fingers over the smooth, naked skin of her hips. He then leaned forward and Jacinda could feel his warm breath on the inside of her thighs. She could sense him getting closer to the hole in her body he came out of 18 years ago.

His head was now buried under his mother's short skirt as his mouth made way towards her sacred opening. Jacinda had now begun breathing heavier, when she felt her son's lips smooch her pubic mound and around her pussy lips. Hunter loved sniffing his mother's vagina. She always smelled amazing and he made sure to inhale as much of her feminine scent as he could. Planting more wet kisses around her outer labia, he now pulled her pelvis closer into his head. This made Jacinda scoot down a bit lower in her chair.

Jacinda continued on with her meeting, as her son was now about to perform oral sex on her vagina. His tongue was now out of his mouth as he played with his mother's labia. He tickled it with his tongue. He was making swift lateral movements on the outer lips of her vagina. Jacinda could feel the soft, warm, moist sensation on her sensitive pussy. She was now getting extremely turned on. Her vaginal walls were vibrating again trying to secrete her love juices. Her nipples were getting hard and easily poked out through her thin white tank top.

Hunter entered his tongue inside his mother's vagina and he could taste the delicious folds and skin of her lovely hole. He was now hastily eating out her vagina like a dog. His tongue worked its magic trying to go as deep as it could in his own mother's cunt. He would occasionally attempt to suck and pull her pussy into his mouth. Jacinda was now struggling to keep a straight face with her client. She tried her best to suppress the pleasure she was feeling from her son's magical tongue on her privates. Her moans were subtle and subdued. Her hand instinctively went over Hunter's head, playing with his hair.

Jacinda's meeting was supposed to end at 12:30pm and it was 12:28pm. Hunter had been eating out her pussy like a hungry animal for the last 10 minutes. Hunter's eyes were closed and he loved the smell and taste of his mother's vagina in his mouth. His tongue was making a lateral motion flicking the gates of her pussy and then he would push it deep inside her, to lick and taste her. Occasionally he would move his tongue upwards flicking her clit.

Jacinda was now extremely turned on and wanted to desperately play with her son's dick. She already had his tongue in his birthplace, but wanted his dick to enter her too. Jacinda's eyes were on the clock and she couldn't wait to get off her meeting so she could squeeze his head deep into her crotch. Her tight, tiny vagina was working in overdrive. It had begun leaking juices of pleasure and love mixing with her son's saliva. Hunter could feel a small puddle of wetness on his chin and on the chair. He knew his mother was turned on.

The two minutes it took to finish her call felt like two hours. Hunter could hear the client say "Goodbye and thank you, Jacinda", before hanging up the zoom call. As soon as Hunter heard the call end, he introduced his vicious, brutal teeth onto the tender lips of his mother's vagina and bit the top half of her pussy firmly. His sharp teeth now had a strong grasp on his mother's labia which made Jacinda's eyes pop out of her head as she let out a loud yelp and bellowed out with pain and pleasure.

Jacinda was waiting for this moment, for her meeting to end so she could push his head into her pussy. Instead, now she was trying to push his head out, but the more she pushed, the more her pussy lips stretched, as the folds of her tender vaginal skin were firmly in grasp between his teeth. Jacinda's vagina was now hurting, but it was also on fire and about to erupt the volcanic juices they were brewing all morning and all night. Hunter continued biting his mother's vagina, inflicting more pain on it.

Once he let go of her, she sighed and stopped wailing. Her breathing was hard and fast, tears formed in her eyes thanks to the brutal biting of her genitalia by her son. Her wailing had subsided into a squeal. Hunter had stopped biting his mother's vagina but he once again began attacking the tender folds of her pussy with his soft tongue. Jacinda now grabbed his head and pulled it into her pussy.

Now that her client's meeting was over and she had an hour break for lunch, Hunter's hand went behind her skirt's waistband to unclasp it, taking it off. Jacinda was now sitting bottomless, naked from the tummy down. Hunter loved the view of his mother's fat upper pussy area. The little bit of tummy and loose skin she had, really aroused him a lot. She had that skin because of him, as an after effect of carrying him in her womb for nine months, all those years ago.

Hunter watched as his tongue's movements made her stomach squirm with excitement. He watched the deep hole of her belly button expand and contract with every deep breath she took while his tongue was tasting her vaginal juices.

In an unexpected, rapid move, Hunter grabbed his mother's hips from behind her butt and lifted her body on his own, standing up. Her legs now rested to the side of his shoulders. Her entire body weight was on his strong, muscular arms. Jacinda was startled as she was suddenly lifted up in the air, turned and roughly placed on her large mahogany desk with papers and her notebook on it.

Hunter had lifted his mother's body in his arms, turned around and laid her down on her desk while still attached to her glorious vagina. He was now standing as his mother lay on her work desk. His face still buried deep inside her pussy. He continued eating her out. His hand then went up to her white tank top. Jacinda was now sweating in the sensual heat erupting from her body. The sweat made her tank top somewhat see-through. Hunter grabbed her left breast from over her tank top, squeezing it tightly in his hands.

Within a few seconds, he pulled the plunging neckline of her brand new white tank top and pulled it down from her chest. He pulled it so roughly that it was now by her belly button, stretching the thin, filmy material. This gave Jacinda flashbacks of the first time he had pulled her ribbed, olive green tank top from her back, in the guise of massaging her back with moisturizer {in Ch. 02}. That was the moment their inner sexual animals took over and changed their lives.

Hunter's forceful pulling of his mother's tank top exposed her breasts and had completely defeated the neckline of her tank top. It was now destroyed and half torn with the neckline no longer being able to stay in place, keeping her left breast exposed. Jacinda had her eyes closed, cherishing every swirl, every motion her son's tongue made in her pussy.

He abruptly stopped going down on her and stood up. His face was wet with her precum and his own drool. His chin was drenched with their liquids. Jacinda opened her eyes to look at her son, her Master and smiled. Hunter smiled back deviously and raised his hand to land a hard smack on his mother's left breast.

As soon as it landed, her boob jiggled and Jacinda let out a loud cry in agony. Her left boob was now stinging. Her pussy was still on fire with the oral exploitation by her son's mouth. Hunter

observed as her labia was now red and sore and he could clearly see the imprints of his teeth, deeply marked on her pussy. It wasn't the same as the bite mark he had left on her shoulder, it was fresher, deeper and darker red in color. Her moist pussy was now glistening. Hunter then pulled her legs forward toward him and went in between her legs with his hard cock and began his first sexual intercourse with his mother for the day.

He was now fucking her, in her office, on her work desk, next to her laptop. Jacinda got what she wanted all this while. Her son's penis in her vagina. She loved feeling his large cockhead in her sore pussy. Her vaginal walls engulf his cock head perfectly. "God made my vagina the perfect size for my son's dick" she thought. "Every part of me was made and designed perfect for my son" she thought. Just as she was making sense of the feeling of her son's big, hard dick in her pussy, she felt another rough, hard hand on her right breast. \*SMACK\* This one smacked louder than earlier. As Hunter continued the deep and rough fucking of his mother's vagina. He loved slapping her face and her tits. It aroused him when she reacted in a welcoming submissive way.

He continued his assault on his mother's vagina with his dick and her boobs with his slaps. He kept slapping them left and right, top to bottom, nonstop for the next 15 minutes while he was fucking her rough and raw. Jacinda's eyes were teary but with every smack of her tits, her smile grew wider and wider. With every slap she felt on her tits, she would moan and yell louder asking her Master for more. She had become a thorough pain slut. Jacinda was becoming one with the pain she felt in her pussy, in her tits, on her nipples. The brief bursts of ecstasy she felt after each smack gave her immense pleasure. This was her dopamine. This was her therapy. It made her happy.

Her body was now over stimulated with pain and pleasure. Her son had inflicted enough abuse on her meaty breasts. They had turned a darker shade of red. Almost as if she went tanning and only got her boobs tanned. Her pristine, smooth skin was sweaty. Her boobs were sore and red.

Hunter roughly grabbed her nipples in his fingers and used them to pull her body deeper towards him, making his dick go into new depths inside her vagina. He was now able to feel a tight knot towards the end of where his dick had reached inside his mother's vagina. He continued to grip her tender nipples to hold her in place and grip her body to go deeper inside, but couldn't go past the knotty tissues he felt inside her. His large, rock hard penis had just been introduced to the opening of his mother's cervix.

The tickle Jacinda felt at the entrance of her cervix in combination with the intense pain by the twisting on her nipples made her vagina erupt flames of orgasmic bliss all over her son's cock. She was cumming and blasting streams of her vaginal juices all over her son's dick. Hunter had never felt the tickle he had felt at the end of his cockhead. It was a unique sensation for him too and that made him shoot out loads of cum in his mother's vagina again. This was the second time since the night before that he had cum inside his mom's pussy. But this was the first time the mother and son had orgasmed at the same time.

Jacinda was worn out and exhausted with the rough fucking she had just taken in her office on her work desk in the middle of the day. Hunter was happily satisfied after putting his mother through another painful session of hardcore sex. She had tears rolling down the side of her face, as her partially exposed torso with the stretched tank top showed signs of slaps and abuse. Her boobs were a shade of red. Her smooth skin around her thighs shined and glistened with her own juices. Jacinda had an appeased, satiated smile on her face. Unlike the last couple of times her son had made her climax, she did not have a momentary lapse in consciousness this time. Maybe her pain threshold was growing, or maybe her body was getting used to the overwhelming sensory stimulation.

Jacinda: Thank You Master. You keep giving me so much love and so many new sensations. I

can't thank you enough, Master.

Hunter: I love you, my sexy little pain slut. My sex slave mom.

Hunter got on top of his semi naked mother's body and planted a deep, passionate smooch on her mouth. As their lips touched, they opened up wide to taste each other's tongues. The same tongue that had been buried deep in her vagina. Jacinda was the happiest she had ever been in years. All thanks to her son.

Hunter: Are you tired mom?

Jacinda: Not tired. Just....so content. So full, in more ways than one (chuckling at the fact that her vagina was flowing with her son's semen)

Hunter: I guess you won't need that sandwich then?

Jacinda: Oh I'm still hungry and its still lunch time. I'll need it to regain some energy. And you're so sweet making your mother a sandwich. You really care about me.

Hunter: I hope you like it. I'm gonna freshen up and head out to play basketball with my friends.

Jacinda: Okay Honey. Stay safe. I love you baby.

Hunter: I love you too mom.

Jacinda couldn't get enough of her handsome hunk of a son, as she watched him pick up his clothes and walk out of her office naked. They just fucked roughly and he just made her cum, but she still couldn't take her eyes off his hot, chiseled body. She wanted more and more of him all the time.

She was also trying to get her mind around the fact that he made her a sandwich for lunch. And they just spent her lunchtime madly fucking like bunnies on her work desk, in her office. She thought she was in heaven. Getting her ass licked, pussy eaten, thoroughly and roughly ravaged by her lover, her own son. As rough as his sexual play was, he was still a sweetheart and a gentleman. He made her lunch. The contrast in his expression of love, really made Jacinda admire him more.

It was now 1 pm and Jacinda had to get it together before her next meeting. Her tank top was now useless. She just put her skirt back on and went upstairs to her room to pick out another spaghetti top. She liked the way she looked in those. She thought she looked younger. She liked the way Hunter wanted her to dress. She could tell she looked sexy but more importantly, he loved the way she dressed now and he wanted her to dress that way. Even if he was gone now, she wanted to be the kind of woman her son would love.

Hunter drove off to play basketball with his friends. Jacinda freshened up, ate her sandwich and continued on with her work day of more counseling clients on Zoom.

It was now 5:30pm. Jacinda had just finished work. None of her clients had asked but they were clearly able to see the bite mark on Jacinda's exposed left shoulder. She was wearing it with pride now. Hunter had still not returned. Jacinda missed her Master. She sent him a quick text "I miss you honey. When are you coming back home?" She was like a girl who was newly in love. It was all still pretty new. It was only Monday and their relationship had changed this past Friday. She was maybe in the honeymoon period of her relationship with her son. Except she knew this man his entire life. The man was her own son.

Jacinda went to her bedroom again. Still wearing the thin beige camisole and the same striped skirt as earlier. She looked at herself in the mirror. She thought she looked hot and younger. It didn't matter how she looked to her son, but Jacinda certainly felt younger. She felt a new wave of positivity and energy in her life. She had a perennial smile on her face now. She was madly in love. Just then she noticed the two black bags that Hunter had brought at the end of their shopping trip. (Ch. 07). She was still curious as to what the contents of those bags were.

She opened those bags and was left speechless. She emptied the contents of those bags on her bed. Jacinda was amazed and stunned at what she saw. Hunter had made these purchases after he had dismissed her to get the car around the front. And in that time he had bought the following items which now lay on Jacinda's bed. An electrostimulation vibrator wand, Nipple Clamps, Butt plugs, Lots of Lube, A remote-controlled vibrator, Nipple vibrators, Nipple suction device, a flogger, a paddle, two different riding crops in different sizes, handcuffs, a leash, two whips, some ropes, an enema kit and a spreader bar. Jacinda did not know what most of these items were but could take a guess about how some of them would work.

Looking at all these toys and devices somewhat scared her. "Did he buy these to use on me? Does he know how to use them? How bad must these hurt? Some of these look weird," she thought. The idea of these items being used on her was scary for her but also excited her just as much. Her fear was of the unknown. But the anticipation of the unexpected is what excited her the most. She had already had a lot of fun indulging in brand new experiences with her son over the last couple of days. And the thought of getting to play with and use some of these toys was certainly intriguing to her. She wanted to try it all.

Jacinda was excited to embark on this new journey to experience more hardcore, rough, brutal, BDSM sex with her son, her Master. She was willing to go deep into the depths of depravity as her son's sex slave mom.

...to be continued.

## **Innocent Mom now Son's Slave Ch. 09**

\*\*\*All the characters in this story are over 18 years of age. This is just a fantasy and not a real story. It includes strong themes of incest, romance, BDSM, male domination, fem humiliation and water sports. If you're not comfortable, please stop reading.\*\*\*

\*\*\*WARNING HARDCORE BDSM IN SECOND HALF\*\*\*

---

...Continued from Part 8.

Jacinda packed the sex toys and devices back in the black bags. She set out to walk the dogs in the front yard. It was getting closer to sunset, 6pm in the evening. As she was walking the dogs, She noticed Hunter drive in through the gates. When Hunter drove in, he noticed his hot, sexy mother in the yard wearing the thin, flimsy spaghetti top with tiny, thin strings going over her shoulders. Her short, striped skirt was still on. The same short skirt Hunter had his head under earlier that afternoon as he hastily ate her pussy out. Hunter didn't arrive alone though, he had his two friends Jake and Ryan with him in the car.

Jake was sitting in the passenger seat and noticed this hot woman in Hunter's large front yard walking the dogs.

Jake: Holy Shit dude. Who's that sexy piece of ass walking the dogs? Did you hire a new maid?

Damn, she's hot.

Hunter immediately got very protective of his mother.

Hunter: Dude shut it! It's my mom.

As soon as Jake mentioned the hot woman, Ryan leaned in from the back seat to get a peek at the hottie in the yard.

Ryan: Really? That's your mom? No Way. I've met her before, she always wears those full, long dresses. When did she get so uhm....open?

Hunter: Stop staring at her man. She's my mom. And I don't know, it's the summer. She must just be feeling hot or something

Jake: She better feel hot when she looks that hot.

Hunter: Jake quit it before I kick you out the car and punch you in the face.

Ryan: Whooaoh chill Hunter. What's gotten into you? You seem so aggressive.

Jake: Yeah you were super aggressive and bossy at the game earlier too.

Ryan: I mean, it worked in our favor. We won, so I'm not complaining.

Jake: Yeah sorry Hunter, I didn't mean to be creepy. I just didn't recognize her.

Hunter parked his car and Jacinda noticed the two other boys going in the house with him. Hunter tried his best to not express how hot he thought his mother looked, in front of his friends. This annoyed Jacinda. She had put on the thin spaghetti top on purpose so her son would like it. But he pretended to ignore her or not notice. She was confused but also understood that he had his friends with him, so maybe he was trying not to embarrass her in front of them.

Jacinda finished walking the dogs and went back in the house. It was getting close to dinner time so she decided to cook something. She wanted to check if the boys were staying over for dinner. Jacinda went upstairs to Hunter's bedroom. She could hear them play video-games and knocked on the door. Hunter opened.

Jacinda: Honey... I was wondering if your friends are staying for dinner?

Hunter: Uhhh... I don't think so mom

Hunter didn't want them to stay for too long because he was already getting turned on by his mom wearing the sexy spaghetti top. He couldn't wait for them to leave so he could devour his mother's delicious body again. But the boys wanted to keep their friend's hot mom in their view as long as possible. She was their new favorite neighborhood milf now.

Jake: Hi Mrs. Johnson!

Ryan: Hey Mrs. Johnson...

Jacinda: Hey boys, I was about to cook some dinner and was wondering if you boys wanted anything.

Jake: Actually, I don't mind. I can stay for dinner. I'll just text my mom.

Ryan: Yeah Mrs. Johnson, if you don't mind... I've never tried your cooking. We'd love to stay for dinner.

Jake: Yeah Hunter always gets us snacks that he makes or whatever the maids cook.

Jacinda: Sounds good! I'll get right to it. It's spaghetti and meatballs. Hope you guys like it.

Jake: Thanks Mrs. Johnson!

Hunter: Uhhmm.. Okay Mom.

Jacinda: You boys have fun. Hunter, I'll call you when dinner's ready.

Jacinda left the room to head downstairs. And as she turned around, her short skirt swirled and flashed the bottom of her bum. Hunter couldn't take his eyes off his mother's sexy body all along. And especially when she turned flashing her ass, he had an instant hard-on. Not only was she wearing something that he liked, but she wasn't wearing any panties. He could clearly make out by the spaghetti-top that she wasn't wearing a bra.

He wanted to get his hands on her as soon as he could, but his friends were here and now, with Jacinda's invitation, they were going to stay back longer for dinner. Hunter didn't like the fact that Jacinda offered them to stay for dinner and he made it known in the best way he could. He texted his mother - "You're in for a punishment tonight mom. Be ready"

Jacinda heard her phone beep when she reached the kitchen and started cooking. As soon as she read the text, it gave her a tingle in her nether regions. Her lips instantly went between her teeth, biting it in anticipation for her son to play his role as her Master again and punish her. She was unsure what the punishment was for.

While Jacinda was busy cooking in the kitchen, Hunter couldn't focus on his game and kept losing to his friends. He couldn't get the image of his mother's brief upskirt out of his mind. He had just roughly fucked her, eaten her pussy and smacked her tits to redness six hours ago. But it had been six hours. In those six hours, he had played basketball, got sweaty and had a ton of energy in him. He just badly needed his sex slave mother.

Hunter: Goddamnit! I keep losing. You guys carry on. I'll be right back.

Jake: Where are you going?

Hunter: I uhm..I just...uhm.I'm just gonna check if mom needs any help. The maids are off for a few days.

Ryan: Alright dude. Jake lets go, next match.

Hunter left his friends in his bedroom and made sure to close the door. He went downstairs to the kitchen where his mom was cooking spaghetti and meatballs. "How fitting" he thought, "She was wearing a spaghetti top while cooking spaghetti". He walked slowly to surprise her. She was busy boiling the noodles and was making the sauce in a pan. Hunter quietly got behind her and hugged her from behind with his arms going around her on her belly. Jacinda was pleasantly surprised and she smiled, knowing it was her son.

Jacinda: Ooh! Well, hello Master.

Hunter had his head on her right shoulder and was kissing her all over her exposed right shoulder, slowly going up her neck. Jacinda loved it when he kissed and tongued her neck. It really turned her on. She now had her right hand in his hair as she continued stirring the pot that was cooking the sauce.

Jacinda: Baby...your friends are here. What if they... (She gets cut off)

Hunter: Shshshh!! I've been waiting to get my hands on you for so long. As soon as I drove in and saw you with the dogs outside. You look so fucking sexy mom. I love what you're wearing. And no panties. Ugh I just want to fuck you hard right now.

Jacinda had never been grabbed and groped like this before. She was cooking dinner and her son's friends were upstairs in his bedroom. Hunter was kissing, licking and nibbling on her neck, shoulders and ears now. She was slowly getting turned on. His hands ran all over her belly from under her spaghetti top and they slowly slid up to her boobs under her spaghetti top. Hunter had just brutally slapped her tits, while madly fucking her just a few hours ago and her boobs were still sore and red. Especially her right nipple which had taken a lot of abuse over the last two days. Jacinda squirmed in pain as soon as she felt his hands on her breasts and he squeezed them.

Jacinda: Ouch! Arrhghhh...That hurts baby.

Hunter: Mmmhmmm and do you like it?

Jacinda: Oooowweiiiiiee Yes Yes I do Master.

Hunter: Well then, let it hurt. You know your safeword.

Jacinda: Mmmhmmm...

Jacinda understood her son was in a mood and she was getting turned on too. Her boobs were hurting and the skin on her tits was still warm and stinging. They had been roughly spanked, slapped and abused just a few hours ago.

Jacinda was now able to feel her son's rock hard dick on her lower back. Her breath got heavier and she loved feeling her son's touch on her body. His mouth was still working away on the back of her neck and side of her face.

Jacinda: Honey...what if your friends...

Hunter: Don't worry, I shut the door. We'll hear them if they come out of my room and we could hear them walk down the stairs if they do.

Saying so, Hunter pulled up his mother's skirt from behind, raised her right leg up and placed it over the kitchen counter. He got his dick out of his shorts, he was hard but not his hardest. He tried to fuck her from behind in doggy, but he was having difficulty aiming and finding her vaginal cavity. Just then, he felt her hand on his dick from under her legs and she guided it into her vagina by bending forward.

He was impressed at how flexible she was. Despite the slight amount of thickness by her fupa, love handles and hips, she was by no means fat or overweight. She kept fit and flexible with yoga and her home gym. Her vagina was still tight despite all the brutal fucking it had taken over the last 3 days.

As soon as Jacinda felt her son's dick on her pussy, she felt more pain quiver through her body. Thanks to the vicious, hard bite his teeth laid on her labia earlier that afternoon. She could still feel her sore vagina lips which showed clear signs of his teeth biting them deep. Once again, the pain and pleasure in combination with love and fear was all over Jacinda's heart, mind and body.

Hunter was now having sex with his own mother in the kitchen while she was cooking. His hands played with her sore, red tits from under her spaghetti top. His drooling mouth was now kissing, licking and sucking on his mother's right shoulder, neck and her earlobes, occasionally kissing her right cheek. She had her head turned towards him and tried to kiss him but her mouth remained open trying to gasp for air as her breathing got harder and faster. She tried her best to suppress her moans, so as to not alarm the boys upstairs. But she couldn't control exerting some muffled sounds of pleasure. "Mmmhmm" "oooooph"

Jacinda's pussy was taking a pounding while she tried her best to cook and stir the pot of sauce. Hunter's dick was now rummaging in and out of his mother's tight, wet vagina. His hands ran all over her naked, smooth skin under her shirt. Jacinda was getting wet and loved being dominated like this by her son. Their sexual relationship had gotten to a point now where her son was taking her anywhere, anytime like she's a walking sex doll for him to fuck, use and abuse. She was his mother, his woman, his lover and his sex slave.

Hunter continued his assault on her tiny vaginal opening with his dick. He loved the warm, mushy, squishy feeling inside his mother's pussy. As he continued fucking her raw, his pent up horniness was reaching its boiling point. He suddenly pulled out of his mother's wet vagina, roughly grabbed her hair, turned her around and pushed her face down to his dick.

Jacinda understood what he wanted and got down on her knees. Her sole purpose was to live for her son now and she was a willing sex slave and pain slut for him. As soon as she was on her knees she opened her mouth to try to get his dick in her mouth and suck him. But Hunter pulled her hair away from his penis. She seemed confused. She really wanted to taste his cock. She loved having him in her mouth. The taste of his sensitive skin on his penis was a unique sensation inside her mouth. She loved swirling her tongue around and inside his foreskin. But at the moment, she wasn't able to do any of that. The more she tried to lean in to suck his dick, he would pull her hair to keep her head away from her. He was teasing her and her face now showed wanton desperation to get a dick in her mouth.

She looked up at his eyes in surprise and need. Her face clearly begged for him to shove his large cock down her mouth. She opened her mouth, still staring at him. Her son leaned forward, bent down towards her and rolled a wad of saliva in his mouth and spat in his mother's open mouth. He could clearly see his thick white spit land on her tongue and slowly roll down the back of her throat. Hunter now had a devious smile on his face. His mother just swallowed his spit in anticipation of getting his dick in her mouth. But he had other ideas.

After swallowing her son's spit, Jacinda looked back up at him and opened her mouth again. Only for her son to repeat the act. Hunter spat in his mother's mouth once again. This time, however, she didn't swallow. And she continued staring in his eyes. He still had a firm grasp over her gorgeous thick brown hair with golden highlights. Since she didn't swallow this time, Hunter swung his right hand on his mother's face and slapped her hard. The slap shook her head and her left cheek was burning again with the sting. She had now developed a liking for his slaps on her face.

She now understood what he wanted. Jacinda, like an obedient sex slave, swallowed her master's spit for the second time. After she swallowed, she didn't open her mouth this time. Hunter spat on her face again. This time his spit landed next to her nose just under her eyes. She

looked beautiful with his spit on her face. She was already wearing no make up that day. Hunter then got closer to her and whispered.

Hunter: Do you want my dick in your mouth, mom?

Jacinda: Yes please.

Hunter: Do you want to taste your own pussy juice on my dick?

Jacinda: Yes baby, please....

Hunter spat on her face again. This wad of spit landed on the other side of her face, by her nose slowly dribbling down to her tiny, pretty lips.

Hunter: Beg for it. Beg your master for your reward.

Jacinda: Please Master, Please let me have your penis in your mouth.

Hunter spat on her face again. This time, it landed firmly on her forehead.

Hunter: You know, I like when you talk dirty to me, bitch!

As soon as Jacinda heard the word "Bitch" she felt a strong tingle in her cunt. She was getting roughly manhandled, slapped and humiliated. Yet somehow, each act of her degradation caused her to enjoy it even more.

Jacinda: Please Master, can I have your cock in my mouth...Please master, please give me your dick.

Hunter was satisfied with her pleading and used his free hand to rub his spit all over her face. Her face was now washed and shining in her son's saliva. Hunter then slowly drove her head into his groin. His dick was waiting to enter his mother's mouth. Jacinda felt her son's cock on her lips first. She started kissing it and slowly engulfed his huge cockhead in her small mouth. Her lips and mouth were now perfectly sleeved over her son's penis. She began bobbing her head up and down on her son's cock.

As she was blowing her son in the kitchen, the oven beeped. The meatballs were ready. Hunter now took over the duties to stir the sauce pan, while his mother sucked his large cock. She was getting better and better and sucking dick with enough practice in the last three days. Her mouth had not tasted a penis for over seventeen years before this. She was still not able to take in all of her son's cock, unless he roughly used her head to deepthroat her. But he hadn't done that since last Saturday.

Hunter was getting close to cumming and he finally finished in his mother's mouth. She could taste the gooey white ejaculate float in her mouth. She loved how it tasted. The texture was unique and unlike anything she had experienced before. Hunter pulled out of his mother's mouth and put his dick back in his shorts. He yanked her up, still holding her by her hair. Jacinda had a mouthful of her son's semen. And she looked in his eyes lovingly as she proceeded to swallow it all. Hunter was happy and satisfied.

Hunter: I guess you got your dessert before dinner, mom.

Jacinda smiled back.

Jacinda: I certainly did. It was delicious.

Hunter: I'm glad. You're still going to get your punishment tonight, Mom.

Jacinda: Baby, I don't understand...What did I do?

Hunter: You've been a bad girl, Mom. You invited Jake and Ryan to stick around. And I wanted to finish gaming and come fuck you hard.

Jacinda: Oh I'm sorry honey, I didn't know. But you just did what you wanted to.

Hunter: That doesn't mean you won't get punished.

Jacinda: I think I deserve it, Master. You can punish me however you want, whenever you want.

Hunter: Good girl.

'Good girl' Once again, as soon as Jacinda heard that. All her walls broke down. She had already submitted to her new role as a sex slave to her son. But just hearing that made her want to give in to any humiliation her Master wanted to inflict upon her. She loved being her son's lover and sex slave so much.

Hunter: I'm going back upstairs. Let us know when the dinner's ready.

Jacinda: Yes, Master (Smiling)

A few minutes later, dinner was ready on the dining table. Hunter, Jake and Ryan took their seats. Jacinda began serving them. She was still wearing the same loose spaghetti top and the tiny skirt. Her legs were on display for the young teenagers to feast on. So was the bite mark on her left shoulder. As Jacinda began serving the boys, she bent down ever so slightly to fill their plates with spaghetti, meatballs, salad and garlic bread. And every time she bent down, Jake and Ryan got a good peek at her deep cleavage.

Jacinda's boobs weren't massive, which made it easy to peek through her plunging neckline and get an eyeful of her nipples. Her breasts were also red with the rough slapping by her son. Jake and Ryan couldn't get their eyes off their friend's mother. They never thought she was hot or attractive before. Just last week, they thought she was just another average mom. She was religious, conservative and very traditional. She would always wear dresses that showed nothing more than her arms and neck up. But now her sexy body was on full display.

Once dinner was done, Hunter made sure to send off his friends as soon as possible. Despite just cumming in his mother's mouth just an hour ago, he wanted to get to playing his dirty domination games with his new sex slave. Hunter went to drop off his friends. On his way out, he texted his mother -

Hunter (Text): "I'll be back in 30. I want you to wear the new nightwear lingerie we bought last night. 'Pearl's Backless Sexy Nightwear'. When I'm back I want you on your bed wearing that"

Jacinda knew exactly which lingerie he was talking about. She quickly cleaned up the dining area, turned on the dishwasher, and went into her bathroom to take a shower. She freshened up, applied lotion on her body, moisturizer on her face and some more skin soothing cream on her wounded right nipple, breasts, bite mark on her left shoulder and some on her new bite mark on her vagina. She pulled out the brand new lingerie set that they had bought on their raunchy shopping trip the day before. It was the "Pearl's Backless Sexy Nightwear" from Intimate

Diamond. (Described in Ch. 07 or search for it)

Jacinda knew Hunter was going to punish her tonight. Which meant she was in for a special painful session. And Jacinda had now started looking forward to her rough, painful sessions with her son. After every hint of pain she felt, there was a rush of pleasure that took over her body. She had never felt or experienced so much lust, desire and pain in her life. Her sexual tryst with her son had taken over her life and she was now dedicating her life to being his lover and sex slave.

Jacinda sat in front of her dressing table and mirror. She didn't apply any makeup and could see a light pink hue on her left cheek, leftover from her son's slaps. She applied light eyeliner and some mascara. She put on a pair of 'twisted flame Gold earrings'. Jacinda observed herself in the mirror. She looked absolutely gorgeous. This 42 year old milf was stunningly hot, sexy. There was a mix of heavenly grace and elegance with raunchy allure to her. She heard the front door open and hopped on her bed. She could hear the heavy footsteps of her son up the stairs. The anticipation was killing her.

~~~~~WARNING HARDCORE BDSM AHEAD~~~~~

If you're not comfortable, Please do not proceed to read. Move on to the next chapter or last paragraph. This part maybe belongs in the BDSM category but the story is based around incest elements at its core.

~~~~~WARNING HARDCORE BDSM AHEAD~~~~~

Jacinda was anxious, thrilled, excited and already turned on, by the mere thought of the unknown actions about to unfold between her and her son. Hunter entered her bedroom. He was wearing his shorts and a tee shirt. As soon as he looked at this mother sitting on her bed. His mouth remained agape. He was lost in her beauty. She looked so innocent, sweet and beautiful, yet seductive, tempting and sultry. Just by looking at her, Hunter was hard.

The lingerie nightwear was perfect and showed off much of her side boobs. He could see a hint of red on her boobs from the side. It was deep-necked and left little cover just for her nipples. It ended barely under her vagina and had her back almost entirely exposed. The lacy straps of the dress went over her shoulders and connected way back down by her tailbone. There was a large slit in the middle of her butt which left her butt almost entirely exposed only to leave a thin line of the thong she was sporting.

Hunter couldn't hold it in him any longer. He had just cum in her mouth a couple of hours ago in the kitchen. He got close to his mother sitting on the bed. She looked at him with a nervous, anxious smile with her head down and her eyes staring into his soul. Her eyes looked sharp. Her hair was loose and open and went back down the middle of her back. She was simply ravishing.

Hunter went closer to his mom and kissed her flush on her lips. Jacinda reciprocated. She was so excited for this time. She knew it was her time to have sex with her son again. She enjoyed every intercourse they had so far. Their lips tasted each other's tongues. Their tongues exchanged saliva. When suddenly Hunter grabbed his mother's lower lip in between his teeth and roughly bit her down hard. Jacinda squirmed and moaned slightly as she could feel the smooth, silky skin of her lips being cracked by his vicious teeth. Hunter applied more pressure with his teeth on his mother's lower lips, and the tender skin on it finally gave in. Jacinda could taste a bit of her own blood as her lower lip was dug into the inside of her mouth. Hunter finally let her lips go.

Jacinda: Was that my punishment, Master?

Hunter: Oh No my dear slave. That was just the beginning.

Jacinda: Hunter, baby. I've been a bad mommy. I need you to punish your sex slave mother, Hunter. Please Hunter.

Jacinda was so turned on and lost in desire, she was practically begging him to hurt her. Hunter then dug into the black bags full of toys that Jacinda had laid out and explored earlier. He pulled out a new pair of handcuffs and handcuffed just one hand, leaving the other cuff dangling. He made her stand up. With her sexy nude back exposed, Hunter planted wet, sloppy kisses across her spine, starting from her neck all the way down to her buttcrack.

Hunter: Walk out to the staircase. Don't go down, just stand there.

Jacinda had no idea what he was up to, but she did as told and waited anxiously. Just waiting to get a glimpse of her son made her red with heat. Her libido was bursting out of her pores. She now stood next to their large stairs and balustrade, leading into their living room. The staircase had poles on either side of it with a railing hand rest. The hand-rails were about six inches wide and angled downwards until the end of the stairs where it met two more poles.

Hunter walked over to his mother, picked her up in his arms like a ragdoll and laid her body prone on top of the thick hand-rails. It was difficult for her to balance her entire body weight, face down on the six inch wide bannister, especially when gravity and the angle of her new base was dragging her downwards. To counter this, Hunter tied his mother's leg with the ropes through the poles at the top of the stairs, such that she wouldn't get dragged along the handrails all the way to the bottom of the staircase. He then clasped the other handcuff through the railing so her hands were locked in place under her and supported her body from falling off.

Now Jacinda was lying prone, face down balancing her entire body just on her chest and tummy with her legs fastened around the rails and poles. Jacinda was scared but also very impressed with her son's creativity. She was nervous of what he was about to do. She had passed by these stairs with her hands resting on the hand-rest railing all her life. Plenty of times a day. But she never expected to be laid out on it, semi naked, in sexy lingerie, with her hands cuffed and legs tied on it. She felt like a pig about to be roasted.

Hunter: Are you comfortable mom?

Jacinda: Yes honey. I'll manage, I think...

Hunter: Good. And do you trust me, Mom?

Jacinda: I do Hunter.

Hunter: You're about to feel a whole lot uncomfortable. Remember, you can use your safeword anytime. And I love you.

Jacinda: Hunter. Baby, I love you. But I want you to do anything you want with your mother's body. Make me feel things Master.

Hunter: Don't forget your safeword.

Jacinda: Mmhmm...

Just as he heard her humm of approval,, there was a loud \*WHIP\* sound in the air. It echoed throughout the living room and the staircase. It took about three seconds to register but Jacinda now felt a sudden, strong sting on her back. In a few more seconds, the sting grew more intense

and now hurt beyond anything she had been through in the last three days. It just felt like one line on her back but the pain reverberated across the skin of sexy, nude back. She let out a loud squeal in pain from the stinging sensation.

Hunter had just whipped his mother with a 4 feet leather whip on her back. He wanted to see her reaction and check if she was able to bear the pain. He patiently waited for his mother to scream out the sting she had just experienced on her back. After waiting enough for her scream to subside, he swung the whip again, strong and hard directly across her back. The sound of leather on her tender, smooth skin of her back made his dick hard, like a genuine sadist. \*WHIP\* Once again, it took Jacinda a couple of seconds before she could feel the sting from the leather's brutal contact on her back. She yelled out loud in pain. Tears had now formed in her eyes.

Hunter: Mom, are you okay?

Jacinda: (crying in pain) Yes Master

That's all the confirmation he needed, as he swung again across the middle of his mother's back. \*SWISH\*. This one sounded different as it landed right in the middle of her back. Jacinda now yelled in agony instantly as she could feel the skin on her back burning. Hunter was now able to see three very distinguished, noticeable streaks of red on his mother's otherwise perfectly pristine back.

Hunter: That was three whips Mom. Can my sex slave take more?

Jacinda: (Sobbing in agony) Mmmhmm.. I...ughh..I think I deserve more, Master.

Hunter landed another whip on her back and she squirmed and shuddered in pain. Jacinda was being brutally whipped on her back by her own son and she was thoroughly enjoying it. She was still wearing her backless nightdress. Hunter now spread open the back lace of her lingerie that connected the back to the rest of her nightwear. It now left her buttocks exposed. Jacinda continued to moan and cry in pain. As the newly formed whip marks on her back were settling down in her once smooth, clear, pristine skin.

Hunter had now switched his tools and picked up a paddle. His mother's naked butt was in front of him. A thin line of black string ran across the middle of her buttcrack. It was the thong that came with this "Pearl's Backless Sexy Nightwear". As much as Hunter loved his mother and now his girlfriend, his lover, he was extremely aroused with the pain he was inflicting on his subject. His inner sadist complemented perfectly with the hidden masochist that lived within Jacinda. Jacinda had now finally recognized her true self. Her inner self. Her submissive, masochist, sex slave self who enjoyed humiliation and pain.

Hunter: Mom, you know I can stop anytime. But I want to make sure you're enjoying this as much as I am. I need you to give me a receipt after every blow. I need you to thank your Master for the pain and pleasure. Okay?

Jacinda: Yes, Master!

Hunter used the paddle to land a hard blow on his mother's ass. Her skin on her left butt was already slightly red thanks to the vicious bite her son had laid into it a couple of days back. Now with the paddle striking it hard, made a loud spank sound, which caused Jacinda to squirm again and she let out a yelp in pain.

Jacinda: aaaarghhhhh Thank You, Master.

Hunter smiled and spanked her ass with the paddle again. This one, harder than before. He loved how his mother's protruding butt jiggled as the paddle connected with her skin. He was already hard. Just as this blow landed, she shrieked loudly in pain.

Jacinda: eeeeehaaaaarghh!! (crying) Thank you, Master....

Hearing her scream and thank him, made Hunter's already hard dick leak some precum. He noticed that and took his fingers to the edge of his cockhead to collect some of his precum. He used his wet fingers full of his precum and rubbed it all on his mother's abused back. He made sure to especially caress the four red stripes on her back caused by the whip. Right as Hunter's hands made contact with the striped red marks on her back, Jacinda writhed and shivered. Those four lines of flesh were where her skin had cracked and now stung really bad.

Jacinda was now in a new dimension of pain. Her back was burning and so was her ass. Her butt was red with the paddle spanking but her back was what hurt her the most. The whip had really caused visible damage to the smooth skin on her back. She was crying and there were streaks of black eyeliner and mascara running down her cheeks. Hunter was in a fix. He wanted to continue with his assault on his mother's body, she hadn't used her safe word yet. It was really turning him on and he had reached a point where he could have cum just by inflicting pain on her without having to fuck her or touch his dick. But that would be too easy and he decided to play with his mother's sexy body a bit more.

Hunter landed one last paddle spank on Jacinda's ass, which made it jiggle a bit more and she was now wincing and wailing in pain. Her hands and legs shook vigorously as a result of the pain and stink she felt in her ass.

Jacinda: Thank you, Master....aarrghhhh!!!

Her son stopped spanking her with the paddle. He could see her buttocks turn a pink shade of red as the red stripes on her back from the whip had now turned darker and almost maroon-brown. He untied the ropes and unclasped her handcuffs to help her back on her feet. The pain across her backside along with the way she was bound all this while made Jacinda stumble a bit before she could regain her footing. She practically fell in her son's arms.

Hunter had her in a tight loving embrace, but his hands gripped her freshly abused back which hurt her more. Hunter was surprised at his mother's pain threshold. As much as he loved having a sex slave who was a thorough pain slut, he cared for his mother and loved her dearly. Not only as a mother, but as a lover and a girlfriend. He didn't want to injure her badly. But his expression of love was just rough, hard and brutal. It was something he had discovered in his sexual escapades with his mother. And he had now realized it was something his mother enjoyed too.

They held each other for a couple of minutes, allowing Jacinda to breathe and somewhat recover from the intense pain she felt from the paddle and whip on her backside. She felt cozy, warm and loving in her son's arms. Just when she thought her punishment was over, Hunter grabbed a bunch of her hair from the back of her head and pulled it back. She was now facing him with a straight face. Her face had black rivers of tears running along them. Her bottom lip had a hint of red with the blood from inside her gums, when Hunter bit into it. She was staring directly in her son's eyes as he had her hair pulled in a bunch.

In a rapid sudden move, he let her body fall off balance from his own and holding her hair, began roughly walking up towards her bedroom. The 42 year old MILF was now literally being dragged along the carpeted floor by her hair. Her son was dragging her along as if she was a ragdoll. The pull on her hair was intense and she yelled and shrieked in pain, but held his hand that was grabbing her hair to diminish the pain a little. Her freshly paddled ass was now being dragged

and brushed along the carpet which made it sting more.

Once in her bedroom, Hunter let her hair go and dug into the black bag of toys again. Jacinda was now breathing frantically and had immense pain all over her body, but she wasn't going to give up. She stood up and tried to rest on the bed. She didn't want to lay on her back thinking it would hurt her more if her fresh wounds would make contact with the bedsheets or her duvet. Hunter then picked out a couple of items from the black bag and walked towards his sexy mother. He took a minute to observe her beauty.

In her disheveled, used and abused state, he found his mother the sexiest. Her hair was roughed up, bunched in parts and wild, unkept. Her face had dark streams of her tears. Her lower lip now swelling up after his bite. Her neck showed signs of his passionate hickey. Her left shoulder clearly showed the imprints of his teeth. Jacinda's torso was still covered with the sexy night-dress. He walked over to her and gently slid her straps off her shoulders, exposing her perfect, sore, red tits. He then roughly pulled it off of her. He had already undid the part that connected the front to the bottom. The sexy lingerie was now off of her body. She was only wearing her thong that came with it.

Hunter observed as the marks from his riding crop whippings were still showing remnants on her body in a light-pink hue. He then grabbed the string of her thong and roughly pulled it up such that the thin string of the thong disappeared in her buttcrack and her vagina. The rough pull and pressure it applied on her pussy made it hurt more. She already had a bite mark on her pussy. The flimsy thin material of the thong gave away and Hunter's 42 year old gorgeous mother was now sitting naked in front of his very eyes. She was hot, beautiful, pretty, cute, sexy, gorgeous, ravishing. She looked absolutely stunning. And all the marks of brutal bdsm play on her body just added to her natural beauty. To Hunter, the marks made her sexier.

Hunter: Get on the bed, face down mom.

Jacinda: Hunter, baby my back stings a lot. That whip really dug into my skin Hunter.

Hunter: Do you want to use your safeword yet?

Jacinda: No. Punish me baby. Please use me, Master.

Hunter: Good girl.

'Good girl' her favorite words in her son's voice. That was all she needed to rejuvenate and endure more punishment. She was loving the brazen roughness with which her son was using and abusing her sexy body. She did as he wanted and laid on her bed, flat. Her striped back now faced the ceiling with the red pelts clearly showing the abuse the whip had caused on her back.

As Jacinda laid in her bed face down, she was facing the window. There was a hint of rain and the warm light from her nightstand was all that was illuminating her pristine, smooth skin. She was in the same position as the dreadful night she had offered her son to apply moisturizer on her back. That was the night that kicked off the series of events over the last three days that had led to her feeling her own self now. She was in the same position as that night. Except today, she was her son's sex slave and her more than a handful of marks to show his ownership over her.

Just as Jacinda was reminiscing about the events that had unfolded since that last friday night, she felt a cold sensation in her buttcrack. She didn't realize what it was until a few seconds later when she felt another dollop of cold liquid in between her legs, right on her sore, bitten vaginal lips.

Hunter was applying lube in his mother's pussy and her asshole. She could now feel his fingers caress her nether regions between her two holes. His fingers worked like magic, spreading the lubricant in and around her buttole. He was massaging her buttcrack. Her buttole cheeks jiggled and shined in crimson, with the paddle hits she had taken just a few minutes earlier. The soothing coolness from the lube was really turning her on. She was already leaking her vaginal juices down her inner thighs.

Hunter continued lubing up his mother's buttcrack and vagina. He took some more lube in his fingers and went closer to his mother's battered red buttole cheeks. Out of nowhere Jacinda felt another new sensation. Something she had never experienced before. Her son, her Master, Hunter now had his finger not only close to her puckered little pink asshole, but he had begun digging into it. She instantly felt uneasy and made it known.

Hunter: Hunter....Baby not there please...

As soon as he heard his mother protest, Hunter smacked her already beaten up back roughly with his rough, open palms. The slap was loud and abrupt. Her already stinging back had now another slap that made her scream in agony one more time. But this time she knew what it was for. She knew better than to protest and responded appropriately.

Jacinda: Thank You, Master! And I'm sorry..

Hunter: Good slave. Don't forget, I'm your Master and I own your body. Who owns your body, My sex slave Jacinda?

He asked his mother as his index finger tried to enter the tightest cavity in his mother's body.

Jacinda: You, Master. You own my body.

Jacinda felt another loud spank, this time on her already padded, beaten up buttole cheek. She yelled out in pain once more.

Hunter: And who am I?

Jacinda: You're my Master. My Son. My Hunter. You own me baby. My son is the owner of my Body. You own your sex slave mother. Use me, degrade me, hurt me Master. Pleaseeee!!

Jacinda's acceptance of her son as her Master and owner was like music to his ears. His dick was now rock hard and ready to erupt. The sadist in him was now vigorously jerking himself off with his right hand, as his left hand tried to spread the lube in his mother's buttcrack and in her asshole. Jacinda could feel her son's index finger penetrate her virgin buttole hole. She could feel the cold gel from the lube go inside her anal cavity along with her son's finger. She was moaning and squirming with a mix of pain and pleasure.

Hunter had successfully inserted his index finger in his mother's asshole, deep until his knuckle. He was now rotating it in her asshole and trying to free and open up her hole. He swiftly removed his finger and watched as his mother's puckered little tiny asshole went back in its original form and closed the gap. Hunter brought the finger close to his own nose to smell the insides of his mother's ass. It definitely had a foul stink to it, but not as bad as he had expected. Despite his love for water sports, Hunter was never into scat and wasn't planning on it. He just wanted to completely experience every part of his woman, his mother.

Jacinda breathed a sigh of relief as Hunter's finger exited her anus. She wasn't used to anything entering that hole. In her 42 years of existence, that cave was only used as an exit. And now her

son's finger had given it a new direction. Just as she was thinking about what a relief it was, she felt more cold lube being applied to her anal cavity. And now she felt two fingers try to penetrate her tiny, tight, virgin hole. Hunter wasn't able to fit both his fingers in her ass. He was having trouble trying to open up her anus.

He then went back to his index finger and as it was about an inch deep in his mother's anus, he tried to force his middle finger in. He made sure to stretch her buttocks to maximize the gap in her anal cavity and make sure he was able to insert both his fingers. This stretched out Jacinda's butthole more than it ever had. And Hunter was now successful in exploring this new tunnel in his mother's body.

He had successfully inserted both his index and middle finger in her asshole. He tried to dig deeper into it, but was met with some resistance as Jacinda was now involuntarily trying to clench her butt.

Hunter: Shshshshh....Relax Mom. If you don't relax, it's going to hurt more. And I don't want to tear open your asshole now.

Jacinda: (sobbing) I'm....trying...I'm trying Master.

Hunter was now able to get both his fingers, two knuckles in deep. He held his fingers in place and took them out slightly. He repeated this process and was now finger fucking his mother's tight, tiny anus. This was a completely new sensation for Jacinda. The skin in the opening of her butthole had never experienced such friction before and it was sending new sensations to her brain. Just as Jacinda was trying to get used to being finger banged in the ass by her son, she suddenly felt both her son's fingers go deep inside her anus in a flash.

Hunter brutally assaulted his mother's anal cavity in a rapid move. It was painful for Jacinda but the new sensation was also exciting and sexually arousing to her. She was trying to find pleasure in the aftermath of each painful experience. She was now moaning as her son continued finger fucking her asshole. He was trying to make sure that hole is loose, before his next step.

Jacinda felt her son's fingers exit her anus and once again, she breathed a deep, hard sigh of relief. She felt more cold lube on her butthole. Then she felt his index finger again, but this time, she felt his other index finger too. Hunter now had his index fingers from both hands in his mother's asshole and was trying to pull the skin to the side to stretch out her asshole. Jacinda could feel the skin on the entrance of her anus stretch as wide as it could go. She felt like he was ripping it apart.

Hunter was successful in getting his mother's asshole slightly used to anal insertions, even if it was just his fingers for now. He had spread her anus wide and got over her butt to take a look at the cavity. He could see her tiny puckered ass open up by his fingers and a deep, dark tunnel disappear into the oblivion. He coughed up a wad of drool in his mouth and spat right on his mother's asshole and watched as the drool slowly entered and dribbled along her butthole going into it. He spat again in her anus and this time it landed perfectly, going deep inside it. Jacinda could feel some liquid going in her asshole, she just wasn't sure what it was. She was still trying her best to not scream in agony as her anus was being stretched with force by her son.

Hunter then let go of her butthole and got on the bed. He was resting against the headrest as Jacinda was still face down, next to him. Hunter's cock was rock hard with the sight of his mother's disheveled face, wild hair and roughed up abused back and ass. He grabbed his mother by her hair and brought her face close to his cock. She instantly knew what to do and began sucking her son's dick. This was her favorite part. While she was sucking his dick, a familiar smile returned to her face after what had seemed like an eternity of enduring pain in the forms of whips, paddles, slaps, spanks and anus exploration. Jacinda felt like she was finally being

rewarded by her Master for offering her his penis.

Jacinda began hastily kissing, licking and sucking her son's huge cock. She loved the feeling of his large cockhead in her mouth. Hunter was feeling the insides of his mother's warm, moist mouth on his dickhead. Jacinda swirled her tongue around his cock and in between the folds of his uncircumcised foreskin. Hunter was already very hard and was leaking precum which had now mixed with his mother's drool and saliva. He had her hair grabbed in his hands and was forcing her mouth up and down on his dick.

Jacinda had almost no energy left; she was in pain all over her body, wet and glistening, leaking juices from her vagina, by the assplay Hunter performed on her. She was blowing her son with no abandon and loved every sucking second of it. It was reinvigorating for her.

Hunter grabbed his mother's hair with both his hands, and in one swift motion shoved her head down into the bed, while thrusting his dick up her throat. Jacinda couldn't breathe anymore and was now being choked by her own son's massive cock. Her teary eyes were bulging out of her face as she was now staring directly in her son's. He had a devious smile on his face.

Hunter: Try to swallow mom, just like the other day.

Jacinda tried to mimic the swallowing motion with her throat and now she could feel her son's giant cockhead form a lump in her throat past her tonsils. She was now deepthroating her son. Hunter grabbed her hair roughly and was again wildly shoving her head in and out of his dick, but this time his entire seven inch cock disappeared inside his mother's tiny mouth, majority of it going down her throat. She was making sounds he had never heard her make "gluck gluck" gulping down his dick.

Hunter then held his mother's mouth on his dick, while it was buried deep in her throat and ejaculated straight down her food pipe. He could feel the muscles in her throat contract and expand as she tried to swallow his sperm. He kept cumming and cumming while his mother was practically choking on his dick. Jacinda's throat was in tremendous pain and as soon as Hunter let her mouth go, she pulled her head up and started coughing. She was coughing and grunting a lot of drool, in combination with her saliva and her son's cum came gushing out from her mouth lying on her chest and belly dribbling down her neck.

Hunter looked at his mother and she looked like the perfect, gorgeous sex slave. Wet drool flowing out of her mouth, her hair in a mess. Her back showed four solid red stripes and ass red with the paddle spankings. She looked thoroughly used and roughed up.

Jacinda: Master, thank you for my punishment and reward.

Hunter: Reward? What reward?

Jacinda: Your penis..... I mean..Dick, Hunter. Your dick is always my reward. And everything that comes out of it.

Hunter: Ooohh I see. I'm glad you like it mom

Jacinda: Like? No, I Love it!!

Hunter: The punishment too? You took a lot this time. Are you okay?

Jacinda: Yes. I'm...I'll be fine. My back is on fire baby. I think, I'll need you to rub some more moisturizer in like the first time (chuckling)

Hunter: I'll make sure to soothe your wounds just as much I'll inflict them mom.

Jacinda: But baby, what if I want you to give me more.

Hunter: You want more, right now? You're insatiable.

Jacinda: I'll take more whenever you want to baby. You own me. Show no mercy. If I can't take it I'll use our safeword.

Hunter: Hmm.. I'll think about it. Now come up here and let me taste your tongue. I'm going to cuddle you to sleep in my arms Mom.

Hunter was shocked to hear his mother ask him to give her more pain and punishment. She was willing to take more despite all the rough handling of her body. She was turning out to be a true pain slut and loved every mark on her body. Hunter knew, this was all new to him as much as it was for his mother. And for her, she was enjoying being his submissive little pain slut. But he had to make sure to pace their rough, BDSM play. He didn't want to injure her for good and wanted to take care of his sex slave.

Jacinda on the other hand was insatiable now. She was getting addicted to her son's brutality. She was loving every sting, every slap, every pinch, every strike. She was addicted to the pain and more-so to the pleasure that came after it.

Hunter pulled up his mother's beautiful body and they kissed each other for a long time, lying in her bed, naked and sweaty. They made love, cuddled and passed out after an intense and rough night. Jacinda felt safe in her son's arms. She was once again pleased to learn that as much pain he liked to inflict in his sexual beast mode, he was always being careful with her. He showed care, affection and love as much as he showed reckless, raunchy brutality. She knew this was her man, her protector, her lover, her Master. Her son was the owner of her body.

The mother and son, now lovers and master-slave, slept peacefully smiling in each other's arms that night. Jacinda had another long day of work ahead. Hunter was awaiting the results of his interview from the college in Jacksonville. Mr. Gomez had applied for Jacinda's divorce with Hunter's father, Dan. Things were moving in a new direction in the lives of Hunter and Jacinda. Once, a small town, middle aged, average, conservative mother, was now her teenage son's lover, sex slave and pain slut.

## **Innocent Mom now Son's Slave Ch. 10**

\*\*\*All the characters in this story are over 18 years of age. This is just a fantasy and not a real story. It includes strong themes of incest, romance, BDSM, male domination, fem humiliation and water sports. If you're not comfortable, please stop reading.\*\*\*

---

...Continued from Part 9.

After an evening of an extremely brutal session of BDSM sex, Jacinda slept in her son's arms as the little spoon. The mother and son, now lovers and Master-slave, slept peacefully feeling each other's sweaty, naked bodies. That night was the first time Hunter slept cuddling his nude mother when he couldn't feel her smooth, soft, pristine skin. Because, that night, the skin on her sexy back was broken into but the assault on her by his whip. He could feel the red striped wounds on her back, as it stuck to his chest. Hunter's dick rested above his mother's butt. Her butt had also taken quite a bit of punishment with the paddles.

Once, a small town, middle-aged, average, conservative mother was now her teenage son's lover, sex slave and pain-slut. Just like every other role she had played in her life as a daughter, a faithful wife, an ideal daughter-in-law and great mother, she had accepted her role as her son's sex slave and was performing her duties as best as she could. Despite all the punishment and brutal slaps, whips, nipple clamps, piss she was dealt with by her own teenage son, she still hadn't used her safe word. Partly because she was enjoying every feeling, every sensation of pain and discomfort in her body. She had disconnected from her own needs for years and was finally feeling herself again through the pain and pleasure her son gave her.

The lives of Hunter and Jacinda had completely transformed this past Friday, when their brief physicality evolved into a loving relationship with intense, wild and rough sex. Jacinda, with the help of their family's trusted confidant, attorney and business manager had applied for a divorce from Hunter's father. Hunter just had an interview from one of the top universities he had applied to and was waiting on more correspondence from his applications. As much as the mother and son were enjoying this newly formed relationship, there were hurdles and hiccups in their near future. Hunter would soon move out for his four year degree and that would separate the lovers from each other.

They could obviously facetime and video call but their physical closeness was the thread that bound them together.

It was now Tuesday morning, 6:30am. Jacinda's alarm went off to kick off her morning routine. Which now included waking up her son with a blowjob. As Jacinda leaned towards her alarm clock to turn it off, she felt a stinging pain in her back. The thin red lines of cracked skin inflicted by the whip were being stretched, sending currents of pain across her body. Most wounds are sore the morning after, and this was no different. She turned to face her son and looked at his handsome face. Just absorbing the attractive face of her naked lover sleeping next to her, had a remedial effect on Jacinda.

Jacinda was now smiling, taking in the gorgeous naked body of her lover. She slowly crouched up on the bed and took the covers off of them. She watched as her reward, her son's dick was semi-hard. She knew her master's cock was waiting to enter her mouth, first thing in the morning. It was what her son wanted and it's just what she was about to do. Jacinda had dried streaks of eyeliner running down her face. She drank some water from her night stand. As soon as she swallowed, she felt tremendous pain in the back of her throat. It suddenly reminded her of the rough deepthroating she was on the receiving end of last night.

She took some more water in her mouth but did not swallow it, leaving it in her mouth. Jacinda got on all fours on her bed and leaned forward to face her son's gorgeous dick close to her mouth. She then proceeded to place her leg on the other side of his body to mimic the 69 position they were in the morning before. Now, her red, beaten up ass was close to Hunter's chin, her vagina brushed against his chest and her boobs were on his pelvis as Jacinda bent forward to gently hold her son's penis in her hand. She used her hands to gently roll the foreskin of her son's penis down and expose his light pink cockhead.

Jacinda's long, thick, luscious hair was messy and flowing across her abused back. The sun was gleaming in through the large window. Jacinda had her son's penis surrounded by her palms and fingers now and she was gently giving him a soft handjob. Her mouth was still full of water. She watched his semi-hard penis with a greedy smile. She slowly brought her mouth towards the tip of her son's cock and kissed it. Then she engulfed her son's penis in her mouth, trying her best to not spill the water out.

Hunter instantly woke up with this unique cold feeling on his exposed, sensitive dickhead. It was

something completely new and he had never felt anything like it. As his eyes cracked wide open, he was greeted with the view of his mother's battered, red, buttcheeks, cute butt dimples and her beautiful, sexy back with four red streaks of his carnage from the night before. He immediately knew it was another good morning, as his mother was waking him up with a blowjob.

Jacinda continued blowing her son with the water in her mouth and rolling her tongue around his cock while it was in her mouth. After blowing him for a couple of minutes, she pulled him out of her mouth and swallowed the water, which was now induced with her son's dick. Once she swallowed, she gasped and let out a satisfying sigh of relief "aaahhh". Hunter grabbed his mother's hair from behind and pulled her head closer to his mouth and on him. This made her body twist to the right as she lost balance while her knees were still firmly planted on either side of his body and her ass was on his chest. Her body was completely twisted in a 180 as Hunter brought her head close to his, grabbing her hair and began kissing her mouth. The twisting of her torso caused the folds of her love handle to stick out and the injured skin of her back was stretching more, sending more signals of pain to her brain.

Hunter sucked on his mother's lips and once again bit down on her swollen lower lip. This made Jacinda moan in pain. Her lower lip was bleeding the day before and her son's teeth had reopened the skin on her gums. Hunter kept sucking and nibbling on his mother's mouth, lips and tongue and Jacinda reciprocated by letting her son take control and use her body anyway he wanted. She enjoyed submitting herself to him and loved when he would crave her sexually.

Hunter: Thanks for the good morning mom. I love your mouth on my dick first thing in the morning.

Jacinda: Good morning, my handsome, sexy, son.

Hunter: That felt different, with the water...I felt good.

Jacinda: Well, I wasn't done yet honey.

Hunter: Oh I know Mom, neither am I.

Saying so, he pushed her head down back to his cock. Jacinda instinctively put her pretty little lips back on her son's penis, which had now grown harder. She was now blowing her son with love and passion. Her eyes were closed as her head bobbed up and down on her son's cock. Hunter loved the feeling of his mother's warm, moist mouth on his dick. He was living a dream, getting a wonderful blowjob first thing in the morning, by his own mother. His sex slave mother. He looked down as her shoulders and her back jumped up and down in unison with her head on his dick.

He loved watching her back show signs of his punishment from last night. He never thought his mother would turn into such a painlut. He recalled after brutally whipping her back and paddling her ass, she was still asking him to give her more pain. He realized she was loving every bit of feeling and new sensations he was inflicting upon her. Just then, Hunter slowly put his palms on the upper part of her spine, between her shoulder blades. His palm now gently rested at the top of the couple of red streaks of agony that designed his mother's back now.

Jacinda flinched a little when she felt her son's rough hands on her fresh, sore wound. Hunter gently slid his hand along her spine, slowly bringing it down to her butt. He was gently caressing her back as she continued blowing his rock hard cock. Hunter was now getting very horny, so was Jacinda. Jacinda expected him to go down on her and eat her pussy again like the morning before, when they were in a similar 69 position. But as usual, her son had different plans.

Hunter watched as his mother's nude buttcrack lay 6 inches away from his nose. He could clearly see her sore, red buttocks. He placed his hands on her battered buttocks and pulled her ass wide. As soon as he touched her, he could feel the warmth of her buttocks compared to the rest of her body. It was sore and had a lot of dotted red marks on it, thanks to the vicious paddle attack on it last night. Jacinda was now wincing in pain and moaning with her mouth full of her son's cock. Hunter's rough hands on her battered butt were already agonizing, but when he pulled her buttocks wide to expose her pretty, little light pink puckered asshole, she felt a combination of pain and pleasure. She could feel a breeze of cool air flow on her asshole.

Hunter got close to her asshole and his mother now felt his warm breath on the entrance of her asshole. He then coughed up a wad of saliva in his mouth and spat on her ass. The spit landed right above her asshole, slowly dribbling down to collect around the opening of her tight little hole. Jacinda was trying her best to not get distracted by the mix of pain and pleasure she was now feeling in her backside, while trying to focus on using her mouth to make her son cum.

Hunter spat again, directly on her asshole and this time, roughly inserted his index finger in her asshole. As soon as she felt a foreign object violate her from behind, Jacinda let out a loud shriek and pulled her mouth off his cock. Hunter immediately smacked her already roughed up back with his left hand, while his finger was now two knuckles deep in his mother's asshole. Jacinda felt another sting of pain with the smack on her battered back and instantly went back down placing her mouth around her son's dick.

To make sure such a discrepancy in her service as a sex slave doesn't occur again, Hunter now lifted his right leg and put it over the back of his mother's neck, and his left leg on top of his right, to lock her head in place. Now, Jacinda's neck and head was pressured by his legs locked on top of her. She had no way to pull her mouth off his dick. Jacinda continued blowing him, but didn't have much room to raise her head up.

Holding his mother's head in that locked in position with his legs, Hunter then used his finger to fuck her asshole again, just like he had done the night prior. The difference was, he hadn't used any lube this morning. His saliva and spit was the only lube he used, which meant his mother's asshole was being roughly fucked by his index finger. Her anal cavity was never used as a passage of insertion and was extremely tight, which made it difficult for just the one, thin finger to go in and out of her consistently. Hunter remembered he was successful in penetrating her asshole with two fingers last night.

He spat on his fingers again and this time, with no warning, in one swift motion, roughly inserted his index finger and middle finger deep in his mother's anus. This made Jacinda squirm and wiggle but she had no room to move or get away. Hunter kept her head locked in and applied more pressure on her head with his legs, which made his cock completely go inside his mother's mouth, entering her throat. Jacinda was not expecting this and was once again choking on her son's massive seven inch penis with her already sore and used throat.

Jacinda was now choking and suffocating, since the passage of air, water and food to her inner organs was now clogged by her son's dick, while he was roughly fucking her asshole with his two fingers without any lubrication. Hunter continued his assault on his mother's anus with his fingers gushing in and out of her asshole. Jacinda's face was now getting tense and losing color, because of the suffocation. Her eyes were bulging out of her head, her mouth was completely full, her lips touched the base of her son's cock and her nose was shut by being forced on her son's scrotum. There was no way she could breathe or swallow.

Hunter kept finger fucking her ass more and suddenly left his two fingers in her anus, and attempted to insert the index finger of his other hand in her tiny, puckered hole too. He was having some difficulty trying to get it in but he stretched her asshole wide with the one hand and

was finally able to get it in. Meanwhile, he was so focussed on her butthole that he had forgotten about how tightly he had locked and forced his mother's head on his dick. It had been at least a minute and there was no movement on his rock hard dick. He was able to feel the thin membranes of his mother's throat on his cockhead massage his dick.

Jacinda's face which had turned pale was now turning blue and the veins on her forehead were now pumping slowly but were now visible. Hunter finally let his legs go off his mother's head and rested to the side, which made her head involuntarily pop off his dick. His dick flew out of her mouth as Jacinda's head laid motionless on Hunter's thighs, with drool, saliva, snot, cough and precum from his dick leaked out of her mouth and her nose. She had almost passed out and it took her a few seconds to regain consciousness. As soon as she did, she felt three fingers in her asshole now. Hunter stretched anus wide and spat inside it again, then began finger fucking her butthole again.

The sudden burst of oxygen to her brain, in combination with the recent suffocation and now the sensitive erogenous skin in and around her anal cavity being stretched and fucked mercilessly by her son's fingers, made Jacinda scream in pleasure as she let out a jet stream of orgasmic volcano on her son's chest, neck and chin. Hunter couldn't believe it. He was oblivious to the fact that his deepthroat chokehold had made his mother momentarily passout and the attack on her otherwise untouched anus had caused her to shoot out a fountain from her vagina.

Once her orgasm subsided, Jacinda was trying to catch her breath as she laid motionless on her son's thighs. Hunter stopped finger fucking his mother's asshole and pushed her prone body off his own. She was now sweaty and tired. He was covered in her vaginal juices. Hunter got out of the bed, picked up his mother in his arms again, like a baby. And took her into the bathroom. He placed her in the middle of the giant, round, porcelain, Jacuzzi tub and stood over her.

Jacinda was now smiling. She laid on the cold porcelain tub on her tummy. Her sexy battered back faced the ceiling and her son stood over her between her legs. Hunter held his dick in his hand as he watched his sexy, naked mother covered in his punishment and carnage and began masturbating himself. He continued jerking his dick and ejaculated with ropes of cum flying all over her body. First landing on her hair, her neck, some on the red streaks of cracked skin on her back and some on her butt. He made sure not to miss her body and aimed it perfectly so the last few drops of cum landed right on her ass.

After he was done cumming on his mother's prone body. He held his dick and began emptying the contents of his bladder which had brewed overnight. He started peeing on his mother's prone body with the stream hitting her head first and he slowly aimed it down to the back of her neck, her back. He made sure to pay special attention to the red stripes on her sexy back and sprayed his urine all over it. His piss slowly flowed down to her ass and he made sure to aim the spray directly on her buttcrack.

Jacinda's recently opened buttcrack could feel some of her son's pee seeping into it. Jacinda was also feeling a slight sting initially as her son's piss hit the cracked skin on her back, but as her back began getting drenched in his piss, it actually acted as some sort of remedial lotion and made her injuries feel better. Her own son's semen and piss were soothing lotions for the brutal spanks and whips he had laid on her back. Once Hunter's early morning piss was completed. He noticed the jacuzzi tub was filled with his piss. And there was a pool of his golden shower around his mother's prone body as she laid in the middle of it all, some of it seeping underneath her body and collecting under her face.

He was also standing in the jacuzzi tub and noticed his own feet were drenched with his piss. His mother still laid in his pool of urine, motionless as Hunter walked over to her face and now standing very close to her head. His feet were an inch away from her nose. Jacinda's eyes were

closed. She could smell the foul stench of yellow, acidic contents of her son's bladder all around her. Hunter used his piss drenched feet and brought his toes close to his mother's pretty, little pink lips. He touched her mouth with his piss drenched toe.

He loved using his sex slave as his human urinal. Once Jacinda felt her son's piss drenched toes touch her lips, she opened her eyes and leaned forward to suck on his toe. This 42 year old milf mother up until last week had not had basic vanilla sex in over 17 years and was now sucking her own son's piss drenched toe, laying in a pool of his piss after he had cum on her, depthroated her and finger fucked her virgin asshole. She was so content. She felt fulfilled. She felt like she was of service. She felt used and abused, but happy and proud. She was proud to be her son's mother. Proud to be her son's lover. And proud to be her son's sex slave.

Jacinda continued kissing, licking and sucking her son's piss drenched toes. She enjoyed this dirty, degrading, humiliating act so much that despite him not forcing her, she was now leaning in and voluntarily licking her son's entire foot. She was kissing his piss drenched toes and feet. Hunter wasn't complaining when his sex slave mother was voluntarily doing things that were sexually arousing to him as a dominant Master. These were things he hadn't even watched in the hardcore BDSM movies. He realized, just like he was hardwired from birth to love and fuck his own mother, knowing all of her erogenous zones and knowing what turned her on, she was hardwired to be a sexually submissive pain slut to her master, her owner, her lover, her son.

Hunter: Do you like your new morning routine mom?

Jacinda: I love it baby. I just wish I had nothing to do and we could live like this forever.

Hunter laughed out loud.

Hunter: Me too Mom. And I wish we could. I'd love nothing but to wake up next to you everyday.

Jacinda: (Still sucking on his piss drenched toe and licking his feet) Hunter, baby, I want more than just that honey. \*Licks\* I want more of this.

Hunter: You want to lick my piss drenched feet?

Jacinda: \*Mmmm\* mmmhmm that and anything you want to do to me. I'm yours.

Hunter bent down, lifted his mother's prone body up holding her in his arms. Her entire naked body was drenched in his piss. Hunter hugged her and held her in his arms in a tight embrace. His hands running all over her battered back. Jacinda's face reached his chest and she continued planting loving kisses on her son's chest and shoulders.

Hunter: I love you mom. I want to really be with you all the time.

Jacinda: Me too honey. I can't live without you. I've never been this happy, ever in my entire life.

Hunter ran his hands and fingers across his mother's back, feeling her cracked skin, as she sighed and hissed. The streaks of red inflicted by Hunter's whips were still fresh, sore and stung. Hunter: I'm going to let you rest for a bit mom. Let your body heal a bit before I shower more brutal love on it.

Jacinda: But Hunter...Baby.... I think...I think, I can take it Master. Please don't show any mercy to your sex slave.

Hunter: Mom! What has gotten into you.

Jacinda: I don't know baby, I just love how you roughly handle me. When I wince and moan and scream in agony, you make me feel one with myself. I never knew this part of me existed and you made me feel it. You made me realize who I am and made me connect with my inner naughty animal. I want it all, all the slaps, the bites, the whips, the toys. I saw all the toys you got in that black bag. I don't even know what most of them do or how they work, but I'm excited to try those on with you. You can do anything with me honey.

Hunter: I will use those on you Mom, soon enough. I just think, your body needs some time to recover.

Jacinda: Use me honey, use me, degrade me, abuse me.

Hunter: I love when you get like this mom. I do enjoy playing with you, roughly using you and fucking you madly. I like it when you feel the pain. It makes me so hard and turns me on. But I also know I love you. And I want to keep you safe. I'll protect you. You're my lover and my sex slave, and on top of it all, you're my mother. You've taken care of me for all these years and I'm going to take good care of you now.

Jacinda had tears in her eyes. Their roles had reversed. Just a few days ago, Hunter was her son who she would mother and take care of. Now he was her owner and Master. But he was also being protective of her. He loved whipping her, brutally slapping her, fucking her, biting her. But he also loved holding her in his arms, cuddling her, caressing her. He treated her body with disdain, degraded her, humiliated her but only when he wanted her sexually. He still loved her as a woman and respected her as his mother. The complexity in their lives and additional roles was overwhelming for them both. But they both knew they couldn't live without each other and wanted each other more than anything else in the world.

The mother and son showered together. Hunter made sure to clean his mother well. They made love in the shower. They didn't fuck or have sex, just made love. He paid extra attention to her back and ass. He made sure to be careful with her back. Once they were done with their shower, he applied some healing ointments on her back and butt. She no longer smelled like a public urinal, instead she had a sweet, floral scent to her. Hunter also helped her apply moisturizer on her breasts and lotion all over her body. He loved the view of his mother's body painted in his harsh, brutal wounds but he also loved her beautiful, soft, smooth skin.

Jacinda put on her "Glossy Pure Silk Short Robe For Women" by Silksilky (search it) since it was smooth and didn't irritate her freshly whipped back. She was already ordered to never wear bras again. Jacinda did put on a pair of black lace panties. They finished their morning routine rather uneventfully.

It was now 9am. Hunter cooked eggs benedict for him and his mother for breakfast. They finished their breakfast and were just sitting on the living room couch, cuddling when they heard the doorbell ring. Hunter was wearing his basketball shorts and a tee shirt. He went to get the door but noticed on the door security camera who was at the door and stood still for a couple of seconds.

Jacinda: Baby, who is it?

Hunter: Stay on the couch, mom. Don't get up.

Jacinda: But Hunter, who is it?

Hunter: It's Dad.

Jacinda was shocked but not in a good way. She hadn't seen Hunter's dad in a while, not since a couple of days before Christmas. And it was now the middle of June. He would also never show up unannounced. Hunter and Jacinda weren't expecting anybody this morning, but Dan was the last person they thought would show up. It was no longer his house. He grew up in it with his father, Hunter's grandfather Daniel Sr. But for the last 15 years, he had lived by himself with his father's inheritance, blowing it up on hookers and alcohol. (Read Ch. 01 for reference).

Hunter opened the door and his father barged in yelling for Jacinda without acknowledging his son standing at the door who he hadn't seen in six months.

Dan: Where is she? Where the fuck is that skank...(Notices her by the couch) YOU BITCH!!! What the fuck did you do?

Jacinda was scared and stood there silently. Dan started walking close to her yelling obscenities at her with a paper in his hand.

Dan: Gomez sent me this today. What the fuck is this shit?

Jacinda: th..that's ..just Dan. calm down. I..I don't know...

Dan: DIVORCE??! You want a Divorce, now? You fucking Cunt. You stole my house, my friends, my family, that's not enough for you??... What do you want now?

Jacinda: I..err...

Jacinda was petrified. She wanted nothing from her husband. They practically had no relationship for 15 years. But she was terrified of him in that moment more than anything else, because the reason she wanted a divorce is the fact that she had started a lovely incestuous relationship with her own son. Dan's son, Hunter. As Dan continued yelling and spitting obscenities at Jacinda, he was getting extremely aggressive and close to her.

Jacinda: I don't want anything Dan. I just want a Divorce.

Hunter: Dad, calm down. And stop yelling at her like that.

Dan: (Looking at Hunter and pointing at him) You shut up, this has nothing to do with you. Stay out of it. Don't tell me what to do, I'm your father.

Little did he know, his son had everything to do with the divorce notice in his hands. He continued yelling at Jacinda and called her various names.

Dan: Look at you, you fucking skank, you're barely dressed. Is this how you dress in front of your son, you fucking slut. Why do you want a Divorce from me now? After all these years. I left you alone, didn't I?

Hunter: Dad, stop calling her that. Calm down.

Jacinda begins sobbing right there.

Dan: You stay out of it young man. You have no idea how angry I am right now. Ask your mother...you and her wouldn't have any of this if it wasn't for me. She only got this luxurious life, the maids, the cars, this big house, it's my house. She charmed my dad and stole it all from me.

Jacinda: (sobbing profusely) That's not true, Dan you know it...

Dan: Shut up you slut. Why the divorce now? Are you fucking somebody else? Did you find a new man? By the way you're dressed, it certainly seems that way, fucking bitch!

Hunter had heard enough. He tried to calm his narcissistic father down, twice. Jacinda was terrified and crying, except these were tears of horrible toxicity his father had caused her over the years. He couldn't take it anymore and just as he watched Dan aggressively flailing his arms getting closer and closer to his mom, he grabbed his father by the arm and pulled him towards him.

Dan was surprised with the strength in his son's arms. The years of alcohol and terrible lifestyle had caused him to gain a lot of weight. He had lost his hair and had dark circles around his heavy eyebags. He was no longer good looking, like he was in his college days when he started dating Jacinda. Dan had now lost his temper and tried to push him away, Hunter did fall back a couple of steps. This made Jacinda cry out for her son.

Jacinda: Hunter....Careful.. Dan, stop it!

Dan turned back around and was about to walk towards Jacinda. He was already aggressive and in a mood. When suddenly he felt his arm being grabbed again from behind him. And this time, Hunter had a firm grasp on his father's arm. Hunter pulled Dan's arm and swung his right hand in the air about to take a swing at his own father's face. With his palm closed in a fist and his hand raised up high, Hunter was about to punch his own father. But he paused and stopped in his tracks.

Just the thought of the onslaught about to be unleashed on him by his son, had Dan flinching for a second and fell back a couple of steps, tripped on the couch and fell to the floor. He stumbled and got up from the floor, realizing his son could have punched him out if he wanted to. He was taken aback by his son's strength and muscles. Dan could have never imagined he would be in a physical altercation with his own son.

Hunter: You stay away from my mother, you understand?

Dan stumbled back up to his feet and began walking away from Jacinda. His face had a look of shock, disgust and fear on it.

Dan: You....You...you're gonna hit your own dad huh? You're gonna punch your own father?

Hunter: I could, I really want to. But my mother didn't raise me to be a loser piece of shit like you.

Dan: Oh I'm the piece of shit???? And what about that skimpily dressed skank there. Who's she spreading her legs for?

Hunter was now furious.

Hunter: (In an angry, stern, assertive voice) You stop talking to her that way. You treat this woman with respect.

Jacinda just stood there with tears in her eyes. She was awestruck at her son's commanding tone and assertiveness towards his father. Dan fearfully just took a couple of steps back away from both his wife and son.

Hunter: You are right, she would have none of this without you. Not the house, not the luxuries

and none of the sorrow and distress either. She spent all these years without anybody to give her any bit of joy or happiness. She spent her entire life in depression and regret. Regret of marrying you. She sacrificed her job and career to be with you and you chose alcohol and hookers over this beautiful, perfect woman.

Dan couldn't believe what he was hearing. He had never heard his son talk like this. Hunter was always quiet and timid. He was resentful of Dan. Every dinner or occasional meetups they would arrange, it would just be Dan talking about his life. Hunter just spent time with him because Dan was his father. Dan's ego, his narcissism was the sole reason for his own loneliness and downfall. His reliance on alcohol and his narcissistic tendencies had made him completely delusional. Hunter continued...

Hunter: We're lucky grandpa had some sense and made sure he took care of mom before he passed. You would have run all the businesses into the ground. I'm going to tell you one last time, and yes it's a threat. You leave me and my mother alone. Sign the divorce papers, finish the process as easy as it could be. If you cause anymore chaos or trouble in our lives, I'll personally make sure I forget everything my mother taught me and put you in the hospital.

Dan: Are you listening to this Jacinda? This is the monster you've created. He wants to kill his own father. Good job, you failed as a wife and you failed as a mother.

Hunter had now totally lost it and started walking towards Dan, grabbed him by the collar and pushed him hard, towards the door. Dan fell to the ground, easily overpowered by his teenage son.

Dan: Get off me. Dont get closer. I'm leaving. I don't want to be here anyway. You both have lost it. You want a divorce Jacinda....You got it. But remember, you're not divorcing me, I'M DIVORCING YOU!!! Fuck off and live your pathetic life.

Dan goes towards the door.

Hunter: Get out of here and never come back, asshole. I'll pretend I never had a father. My Mom is everything for me. I'll take care of her, I'll be there for her. You didn't deserve her. You never deserved her. I'll make sure she's happy for the rest of her life.

Dan rushed out the front door and left. Hunter waited by the front porch to watch his father get in his car and drive away. He shut the door, locking it behind him and returned back into the house. He noticed his mother sitting on the couch, with her face in her hands, sobbing in despair. Hunter goes closer to his mother to comfort her.

Just as Hunter sat next to his mother with his arm around her back, she turned to him, grabbed his face and started madly kissing him. Jacinda's lips met her son's and they kissed softly, passionately with so much love between them. There was absolutely no rough or raunchiness to this kiss. Their lips just met each other, feeling each other's skin. Hunter could taste his mother's tears that had slowly dribbled down to her beautiful, tiny lips. They sucked on each other's lips with their eyes closed, tasting each other's saliva. Their lip lock lasted several moments, as the mother and son were lost in the immeasurable love for each other.

Hunter broke their long, passionate smooch. He held his mother's face in his hands and she had her hands around his head. Jacinda was no longer crying. Her tears had dried up on her face.

Hunter: Mom, are you okay?

Jacinda: (nodding her head affirmatively) mmhmm...

Hunter: Were you scared?

Jacinda nodded again.

Hunter: You don't have to be scared mom. I'm here for you. I'll always be here for you.

Jacinda started crying again and hugged her son resting her head in his arms. Hunter embraced his mother and ran his hands over her head, caressing her hair. They stayed in that position for a few minutes. Jacinda felt safe, she felt protected. She felt at home, at peace in the arms of her son. Her lover. This eighteen year old man who was just a boy until yesterday, just stood up to his father, her husband, for her.

Jacinda had so many emotions running through her mind. Not only was she afraid of her husband finding out about her incestuous relationship with her son, but she was afraid he would do something physically aggressive and attack her or Hunter. As the events unfolded in front of her own eyes, nobody was physically hurt in the brief altercation, but Hunter had easily overpowered his father and threw him out of the house. He was more of a man to her, than his father ever was or could be. In that moment, she noticed how much of a masculine stud her son had turned into. He wasn't only physically impressive, but he stuck to his values. The values she had inculcated in him. He held back and controlled himself, before striking a blow to his father. He could have easily punched him out, but that could have caused even more trouble. What if Dan went to the cops?

Jacinda knew her son's physical strength, she had personally felt it in his slaps, spanks and whips. But that was different, it was consensual, it was sexual and passionate for her. Besides, he was doing it to his willing sex slave mother.

As the mother and son stayed cuddled up in a deep, loving embrace, millions of thoughts were going through Jacinda's head. Now, Hunter had taken over as the man of the house. He was her protector. His words kept ringing in her ears.

When he said - "My mother didn't raise me to be a loser piece of shit like you."

It was true. She wanted her son to be nothing like his father, and he was nothing like him. Hunter was a way better man than Dan ever was or could be.

When he said - "She spent all these years without anybody to give her any bit of joy or happiness."

Also true. She had lived a sad life. Her days and nights followed the same boring pattern for years. There was no excitement in her life. When she would smile, there was heartache behind it. She was never happy. She was suffering for years, despite having all the luxuries. She had lost herself. She was disconnected from her core self. And Hunter, her son, had helped her find her back. He was the one giving her the happiness she had felt in the last few days. The happiness she deserved.

When he said - "My Mom is everything for me. I'll take care of her, I'll be there for her."

Jacinda had no doubt her son meant every single word he said. She was proud to call him her son. He was everything for her, just like she was to him. And he was taking care of her. More than anybody ever did or ever would. He proved it that morning, after a night of passionate, hardcore, intense and painful BDSM sex, he made sure to give his mother some time to relax. Despite the intensity in his sexual expression, his love was tender and sensual. He genuinely cared for her and her well-being. And once again, he protected her from Dan. He was there for her. This was

the perfect, ideal man. And she had this man in her arms.

When he said - "I'll make sure she's happy for the rest of her life"

This is the one that got her. It pierced her heart with a golden arrow. She had made one promise years ago, that she would live and breathe for her son. And her son had just announced that he was going to make sure she's happy for the rest of her life. Jacinda felt blessed for having birthed such a good son. She loved him dearly. But what did he really mean by it? She was 24 years his senior. He was just starting off his life and about to go to university. They were mother and son. Their relationship was wrong. Their relationship would never be accepted by anybody. That scared her. Selfishly, she wanted him forever, but she knew she couldn't have him. 24 years is a huge gap. Besides, it was her own son.

Jacinda: Hunter...

Hunter: Yes Mom. Are you feeling better?

Jacinda: A little. Just staying here in your arms, feels like a dream baby. You're still my son and not much has changed, yet so much has changed.

Hunter: It has Mom, we're no longer only mother and son. You're my love Mom. I love you. You're my girlfriend.

Jacinda: I love you too honey. You just keep surprising me over and over again and just now, right when I thought I'd seen it all, you made me fall in love with you more and more.

Hunter smiled, still running his hands through his mother's hair, caressing her beautiful face.

Jacinda: Can I ask you something baby? What did you mean when you said earlier "I'll make sure she's happy for the rest of her life?"

Hunter: I said what I said and I meant it mom.

Jacinda: But Hunter....'forever'? Do you know what that means?

Hunter: I do Mom. You're my girlfriend. And I don't ever intend to break up with you. I love you, my love is pure.

Jacinda: Oh Hunter, honey...I love what we have going on too. I love you so much. But I'm 42, you're 18. It's just, I don't know... In twenty years, I'll be 62, you'll still be 38. You have more of a life to live than I do Hunter.

Hunter: Stop that Mom. I said what I said. I want to spend the rest of my life with you.

Jacinda: Hunter...but you can find a nice girl and get married to her and start a family. I don't know if I can give you that. I don't want to waste your life honey.

Hunter: Waste? You're not wasting anybody's life. You've wasted your own life, mom. And it wasn't even your fault. You being in my life is only going to enrich my life. You have given me everything and now I want to give it back to you in the only way I know how. You've said it before, I make you happy and I want to continue that. I want to make you happy, forever.

Jacinda: Ohh Hunter...But you're going to get married one day...

Hunter: Yes, I know. And I'll propose to you, when the time is right.

This shocked Jacinda to the core. She was awestruck. She was still trying to process what he just said. He said he was going to propose to her. "Did he mean he wants me as his wife? He wants to marry ME? Did he really mean that? Is that why he was pushing for their divorce?" She had a million questions running through her head and the answer to all of them was simple. He wanted his own mother to be his wife.

Jacinda: Hunter...How could we? I'm your mother.

Hunter: And my lover. My sex slave.

Jacinda: Yes baby, but we can't...

Hunter: Why not?

Jacinda: It's just so wrong honey....

Hunter: And everything we've done so far? That was wrong too mom. But it just feels so right, doesn't it?

Jacinda: Yes it does, honey. But Marriage, it's different. It's sacred. What will everybody say? People know we're son and mother. Your friends, my friends, Mr. Gomez, our families...

Hunter: You're my only family Mom. The only one I care about. Friends come and go, we can always make new friends. Mr. Gomez won't need to know. He's going to retire soon, he's already in his seventies.

Jacinda: Honey, we have to think about this carefully. You're going to college soon.

Hunter: Yes I know. But I said what I said mom. I'm going to marry you one day. You can think about it all you want. A man proposes, it's upto the woman to say Yes or No.

Jacinda: Oh Hunter. I'm just worried about you. I don't want you to lose out on experiences in life. College is an experience. What if you meet a nice girl there? I'll be fine, I'll live my life like I have all these years. You should eventually get married, have kids, start a family. I'll always be your family, I'm your mother.

Hunter: Why can't I have kids with you Mom?

Jacinda: HUNTER!! Are you even thinking honey? I'm your mother. You want to have kids with your own mom?

Hunter: Well I have cum inside you a few times now, Mom. There is a possibility.

Jacinda: That, you have. I didn't think about it in the moment. Gosh, you make me feel so good when you're inside me. But I think we should be safe. My period is about to start anytime now. Besides, I'm 42 and old, I don't even think I can have kids even if I wanted to.

Hunter: That's a bummer. I was hoping to knock you up.

Jacinda: Hunter! Stop it. I don't know if I can. I'm ...maybe I'm not ready. I don't know Hunter, I need to think about this more. I love everything we're doing. Just laying in your arms here right now, just gives me so much pleasure. Feeling your hands on my face, my hair on my skin, I just feel so alive. But this marriage and kids thing, I feel like I'd be taking things away from you, all

these experiences.

Hunter: Mom, you'd be taking those experiences away from me, if you don't let me do it with you. I only want to be with you and that's what I meant when I said, I'll give you all the happiness for the rest of your life. I love you mom. Don't overthink it. We're always going to be together.

The incestuous lovers cuddled more on their living room couch. Jacinda was still awestruck with their conversation. She realized how much her son loved her. He was only 18, still young and immature. He may not understand what he had just said. She also felt so lucky and fortunate to have him in her life, as her son, her lover. He was willing to sacrifice everything, his friends, his social circles just to be with his mother, to make his mother his wife. He wanted to get her pregnant and put a baby in her. Jacinda had never thought about having another child after him. Luckily the few times he came inside her, it was during the safer times of her cycle. She was going to ruminate and think about this next phase of their lives. It was complicated, it was scary, she was nervous, but so happy and excited to be with her lover, her own son.

Jacinda had work meetings scheduled for later in the day. Hunter sent more applications for universities. Jacinda cooked lunch for the two of them. They spent the rest of the day rather uneventfully, with just loving kisses, smooches and casual make-out sessions around the house. They took the dogs out for a walk. Life felt easier and relaxing, after the whirlwind morning. Jacinda still had the thoughts running in the back of her mind. Was she willing to have kids with her son? Was she willing to get married to him? She wasn't so sure. Hunter was very sure and had made it pretty clear to her that day. Their relationship had taken another stride forward.

Jacinda was falling more and more in love with her son every passing second. She couldn't take her eyes off him and he couldn't take his hands off her. The marks on Jacinda's sore body were recovering slowly but surely. She loved having her body show marks of passionate lovemaking and pain by her son. She wore them as a badge of honor and pride as a sex slave mother. She had completely committed and submitted to her son in more ways than one.

It was 5:25pm. As Jacinda's work day was coming to an end. She heard her phone buzz with a text from Hunter. It read - "I got some good news and bad news."

The text piqued her curiosity. She finished work and went upstairs from her basement office to Hunter's bedroom. He was on his computer and he looked at his mom wearing a gray V-neck shirt with short sleeves and a pair of dark olive green leggings. He thought she looked really cute.

Jacinda: Honey, what's the news?

Hunter: Bad news first, we're going to have to stay apart for some time Mom.

Jacinda's face dropped and her heart skipped a beat. That definitely was bad news.

Jacinda: And the good news?

Hunter: I got accepted at The Jacksonville University in Florida. The one I had an interview for yesterday. They liked me and I got a huge scholarship.

Jacinda's smile returned. She was overjoyed with the news. Her son made her proud and happy again. He kept giving her so many doses of dopamine and serotonin. Jacinda was genuinely the happiest she had ever been in her entire life. Hunter got up out of his chair and hugged his mother. Their hug obviously changed into a loving smooch.

As Jacinda was engrossed in a deep, passionate, french kiss with her son. She was beyond

ecstatic but the realization hit her. She broke their kiss to say,

Jacinda: So....that means, You'll be moving to Florida.

Hunter: Yes.

Jacinda: And that means, we'll have to stay apart.

Hunter: 4 years.

Jacinda: That's a long time.

Hunter: It is.

Jacinda: You'll be 22, I'll be 46.

Hunter: Quit doing the math. I've thought of an idea.

Jacinda: I'm listening.

Hunter: Since I got the scholarship, my tuition will only be 30% of the actual tuition. I know we won't have to take a student loan or anything. I know we have the funds. More than enough. What if...(Paused)

(Jacinda was proud of her son for earning the scholarship purely on his grades and portfolio. Despite growing up rich, she made sure he understood the value of money and be cautious of his funds and savings. Jacinda herself grew up in a poor household and appreciated the riches she was afforded in her adult life)

Jacinda: What if what Hunter?

Hunter: Mom, I know you once left your job and career to move to a different state for a man. That man I don't want to talk about. The asshole I just kicked out this morning.

Jacinda: Yes honey.. I know. We don't have to talk about him

Hunter: Well, hear me out. I don't want you to quit your practice. I know how much you love your work and I've seen how much your clients appreciate you. What if we buy or rent a small house in Jacksonville? And you move there with me. We'll get two bedrooms. One bedroom can be your office and the other bedroom can be ours for you know, NOT sleeping (winks).

Jacinda: (Chuckles) okay...I see. It's not impossible. I can look into it. That's a good idea Hunter. That way, we can be together.

Hunter: Yes, and Mom. It'll be a new city. Nobody would know us. We can just be us. Nobody has to know, we're mother and son. You can be my girlfriend.

Jacinda was now shy and blushing. The thought of going to a college town to be her teen son's girlfriend was giving her butterflies in her tummy. The idea was exciting.

Jacinda: I love the idea, Hunter. What about the dogs? And this house?

Hunter: We'll keep the house as is. The maids can come clean it up and maintain it weekly. The dogs can come with us. And you work remotely anyway. Besides, I have plans for your office here

in the basement.

Jacinda: Plans? What do you mean?

Hunter: Don't worry, it'll be a surprise.

Jacinda: Oh Hunter!!! You always keep me on my toes. I love you honey. I'll get started on this first thing tomorrow. We might have to fly out there to search for apartments or houses. I'll ask someone from Mr. Gomez's office to find me a realtor in Jacksonville.

Hunter: Perfect! Oh by the way, are you busy next week?

Jacinda: Not particularly, just the regular you know, counseling clients.

Hunter: Hmm.. Do you remember your 8 instructions as my sex slave, mom?

Jacinda instantly had a naughty smile as soon as she heard the words "sex slave". Hunter was talking about the paper he had given her with her 8 commandments.

Jacinda: Yes, I do honey.

Hunter: Where's the paper, go get it.

Jacinda went to her bedroom. She had kept the paper in the drawer of her nightstand. She dug it out and brought it to Hunter. Hunter looked at it carefully, handed it back to his mother.

Hunter: Start reading it, Mom. Every word. Every line.

Jacinda: (reading the sheet of paper) \*scratches throat\* ahhem....

~~~~~

#### Rules for my Sex Slave Mother Jacinda -

- 1) Jacinda is Hunter's sex slave in every sense. Hunter is her owner. Jacinda is Hunter's property. Hunter is Jacinda's Master.
- 2) Jacinda is expected to do anything and everything, commanded by her Master. Any disobedience or discrepancy will result in a punishment of Master Hunter's choosing.
- 3) Outside the house or in presence of outsiders, Master and Slave may act as son and mother again, however, Master Hunter's orders still apply and are expected to be followed.
- 4) Jacinda can use her safeword at any point to convey her limits or put a stop to any act being performed. The safeword is "Magnets".
- 5) Master Hunter has complete authority over adding, removing or amending any rules as he may seem fit.
- 6) Slave Jacinda should no longer wear any bras in or outside the house. In private or in public. Panties are optional and up to slave Jacinda's liberty.
- 7) Slave Jacinda may continue to work her regular hours, but will have to cancel meetings and appointments as commanded by Master Hunter.

8) Slave Jacinda promises her undying love and monogamous commitment to her lover, her son, her master Hunter. She may not indulge in any romantic or sexual act with any person male or female, other than her Master, unless directed by Master.

"I'll add more as we get comfortable in our new relationship. But this is a start. I love you Mom"

-H

~~~~~

Hunter: Good Girl. I liked listening to that in your voice.

Once again, when she heard that from her Master, Jacinda blushed and her smile widened. She loved being called 'Good girl' by her Master.

Jacinda: Thank you Master!

Hunter: We're going to have to enforce #7 for next week Mom.

Jacinda: So, cancel my meetings next week?

Hunter: Yes. We're taking a little trip. To celebrate.

Jacinda: Okay, I think I can make that work. That sounds fun. Where are we going?

Hunter: I'll tell you tomorrow, give me your credit card, I'm going to make some arrangements.

The mother and son were extremely happy with the way things had turned out that day. They kicked off the day with an intensely passionate and hardcore lovemaking session. Their morning was ruined by the sudden, unpleasant interference by Jacinda's soon to be ex-husband and Hunter's father, Dan. But what transpired during his brief presence only made the lovers' bond stronger and opened them up to new conversations about the future. After a relatively uneventful day, Hunter got the good news of his college enrollment. Which led to a domino effect of more future plans.

Things were still uncertain and in the air for the incestuous mother and son. What was certain was their love for each other as mother and son; as man and woman; as Master and Sex slave. Hunter loved Jacinda and she loved her son, that's all that mattered to them. They went to bed that night, snuggling naked in Jacinda's bed. Giving her body some time to recover from the brutal assault it had dealt with over the last few days by her son's hands and his penis. Hunter still got off that night, thanks to his mother's willing mouth. They slept peacefully that night, to wake up to a new day, with more excitement and adventures.

...to be continued.

## **Innocent Mom now Son's Slave Ch. 11**

\*\*\*All the characters in this story are over 18 years of age. This is just a fantasy and not a real story. It includes strong themes of incest, romance, BDSM, male domination, fem humiliation and water sports. If you're not comfortable, please stop reading.\*\*\*

---

...Continued from Part 10.

Wednesday morning 6:30am. As usual, Jacinda's alarm clock went off. She was cuddled under the sheets with her son's arm over her naked breast. His chest touched the bare skin on her back, decorated by the four red streaks of abuse left behind by his whipping. Jacinda smiled as she opened her eyes, turned off her alarm and snuggled back into her lover's arms. She felt safe, she felt at home. For years, she woke up alone and had an unfulfilled void in her life. Now her son, her lover, her Master filled that void. Jacinda was genuinely happy and satisfied.

The day before, this incestuous mother and son had a deep conversation about the taboo nature of their relationship and how they would proceed with the ongoing changes in their lives. It was clear they couldn't stay apart from each other. They loved each other too much, as mother and son, as lovers and as Master and slave. Hunter was soon going to university and he would have to move to Jacksonville, Florida. Jacinda had applied for divorce from his father, her husband, Dan. And Hunter had once again shown her that he was the only real man in Jacinda's life. He was her man, he was her protector, her soulmate. Hunter had not only defended his mother physically, but he had defended her honor and maintained her self-respect.

He had expressed his wish to marry and impregnate his own mother. Jacinda understood and appreciated her son's undying love for her, but she was hesitant on accepting both offers. Having grown up with conservative values in a traditional, orthodox, religious household, Jacinda was already committing a huge sin by having sex with her own son. But the tag of marriage gave a whole new meaning to a relationship. One, she had a complicated experience with and one, her teenage son was too immature to understand.

Hunter was adamant in his pursuit of his mother as his future wife and his life partner. They had also talked about having kids and Jacinda was unsure if she would be able to conceive at her age, but more importantly concerned and conflicted about the idea of having a child with her own son. This was beyond anything she had ever imagined. She was still contemplating her relationship as her son's future wife and potentially the carrier of his child, but she had thoroughly and wholeheartedly accepted him as her Master. She was her son's sex slave and pain slut.

---

With a satisfied smile on her face, Jacinda tried to uncover their naked bodies by pulling the duvet off. She had to get to her new morning routine of resting her son's hard, morning wood in her warm, moist mouth. Just as Jacinda removed the covers off her and her son, she noticed a dark red spot on the bed sheet between her legs. She wasn't sure where it came from. As far as she was aware, the marks on her back from her son's brutal whipping during their BDSM sex play had broken into her skin but she wasn't bleeding from them. The paddle assault on her buttocks also just bruised her ass red but didn't seem to bleed. Jacinda's buttocks had recovered quite a bit, but the skin on her back was still sore.

It suddenly hit her, she was now on her period. The dried, dark red spot on the sheet under her was blood seeping out of her vagina. It was her period blood. She was a bit disappointed, since she was looking forward to fucking her son again, and she wasn't sure if he would want to have sex with her when she's on her period. Hunter was still fast asleep, as Jacinda decided to go down on him. Unlike the last couple of days, she didn't get into 69 position this time, to avoid getting any period blood on her handsome son. She got off to the foot of the bed and bent down to take her son's hard morning wood into her mouth.

Jacinda loved the feeling of her son's dick in her mouth. He was big and girthy and fit perfectly in her tiny little mouth, surrounded by her beautiful light pink lips. Jacinda had been deepthroated a few times now and had developed a bit of range in taking in her son's cock. She was now able to take in a full 4 inches of his 7 inch cock. But he would still have to put some more pressure on

her head to properly fuck her throat. Everytime he deepthroated his mother, Jacinda's throat hurt for a few hours after. She had choked and almost passed out on his massive penis the previous morning.

Jacinda wasn't planning on passing out again this morning, but she was more than willing to give up control and let her son take her the way he wanted to. Jacinda was now blowing her son's big, hard, cock with passion. Hunter woke up with the familiar feeling of his mother's mouth over his dick. He could feel his foreskin pull back with the motion of her warm mouth going deep down his cock. He could feel his mother's tongue swirl around his cockhead as she tickled the tip of his dick. Jacinda was now learning and being innovative with her blowjobs. She would squeeze the base of his dick, pull and tug on his dick and twirl her tongue under his foreskin.

Hunter woke up and could feel his cock get harder as his sex slave mother continued blowing him. He woke up with a smile knowing that he was now living the life of a king, a Master. His obedient pain slut of a sex slave mother was giving him a blowjob, first thing in the morning. This was nothing but a dream come true and he had the most beautiful woman in the world with her mouth on his penis. Hunter got up and noticed his mother was standing on the floor at the foot of the bed with her torso bent down at her hip to blow him. He was surprised why she was in that position and not in 69 like the last couple of days.

Jacinda continued blowing her Master as she noticed him get up and rise up from the bed with his hands by his sides digging into the mattress.

Hunter: Good morning, Mom!

Jacinda took her mouth off his cock.

Jacinda: Good morning Master!

Hunter: I love your mouth on my dick in the morning. Go back to it!

Jacinda instantly engulfed her son's dick back into her warm, moist mouth. Hunter grabbed a hold of her gorgeous, long, thick hair and held her head down on his dick. Jacinda thought it was time for her to take it deep down her throat. When her Master grabbed her head like that, he usually pushed his cock down her throat deep. But like several instances in the past few days, Hunter had always managed to surprise his sex slave mother. Holding her head down on his cock, instead of digging it deep, Hunter began peeing directly in his mother's mouth.

Jacinda could feel her mouth fill up with her son's golden urine. She was able to taste the salty, acidic taste of the warm liquid filling up her mouth. Without prompts, Jacinda knew her duty as her son's sex slave and began gulping it down like a good, dirty sex slave. Hunter continued peeing into his mother's mouth as she was trying her best to gulp it down without letting any of it fall out. Since Hunter's cock was hard and he had a lot of piss built up in his bladder overnight, the force of his piss was intense and Jacinda failed to swallow her son's piss in time. Some of his pee was now overflowing out of her mouth, dribbling down her chin, neck and chest.

The pungent contents of his bladder brewed overnight were being forced directly into his sex slave mother's mouth as she was trying her best to swallow it all. Once he was done peeing, he pulled his mother's head off his dick. Jacinda wasn't expecting her son to fill up her mouth and stomach with his urine first thing in the morning, but that's what she had to get used to as his sex slave. Once she was off his dick, she just stood by the foot at the bed, slightly confused, somewhat aroused, somewhat excited. She watched her sexy, nude son sit at the edge of her bed. He walked over to her where she stood and pushed her back to the wall.

Jacinda let out a slight moan of pain "Ooooh" when she felt her bruised back get in contact with the cool painted texture of the wall. Hunter pinned his naked mother to the wall and gently kissed her lips. Jacinda reciprocated and both their tongues entangled with each other. Hunter could smell and taste some of his own piss on his mother's tongue. Jacinda could smell the morning breath of her son as she continued kissing him passionately. It was a wet, sloppy kiss. It was a dirty kiss. The mix of saliva, piss, drool and the contact of their lips was adding more passion to the mother and son's lovemaking.

Hunter suddenly broke their lip-lock and took a couple of steps back. He sat back at the foot of the bed and observed the gorgeous woman standing in front of him. Jacinda watched her son with a sweet, innocent yet naughty smile on her face. Hunter's eyes were drinking in each and every inch of his sexy mother's nude body like it was fine wine.

He looked at her disheveled, roughed up, thick, gorgeous brunette hair with blonde streaks in them, almost giving them a dirty blonde look. She had curls at the ends of her long hair bouncing just past her breasts in the front and reaching the middle of her back. He noticed her face and appreciated the naturally beautiful woman that stood in front of him. Her perfect nose, wide disney-princess-like eyes, imposing forehead, her sweet, blushy cheeks, her small mouth, tiny lips, V-shaped jawline and pointy chin. He watched her neck which still sported a light pink hue of the love-bite he had marked her with. He could notice hints of his teeth still tattooed deep on her left shoulder.

Hunter smiled as his eyes rolled down to her perfect chest and heaving boobs. He noticed her chest and boobs rise and fall with every hard breath she took. He stared into her midriff, her nipples, her belly button, her waist, her slight love-handles, down to her fupa. He absorbed the beautiful view of her shaved vagina, still noticing the red bite marks left behind from the vicious assault by his teeth on her outer pussy lips.

And then, he noticed a few streaks of dark red going down her vagina, through her inner thighs, all the way down to her knees and ankles. That confused Hunter. Just as he was appreciating the goddess-like beauty of his sex slave mother standing in front of him, he noticed some blood dribbling down her inner thighs. He was confused, since his brutal whipping, padding and slapping hadn't made her bleed. Hunter got down on his knees and went close to his mother's vagina. Jacinda was standing like a sex doll, allowing her son to visual devour her naked body.

Hunter put his fingers on his mother's calves and dragged it up along her skin up to her vagina. He realized she was bleeding from her vagina. He was hoping it wasn't his bite mark that would have caused a worse wound. Or his dick, since he fucked his mother in her office on her desk, he had brutally penetrated her deep until his dick tickled and touched the opening of her cervix. He brought his bloody finger up to his mother's eyes and asked her about it.

Hunter: Mom?

Jacinda: I'm on my period Hunter. It just started overnight. I'm sorry. It got on the bed sheets too. I'm sorry, I'll use a tampon and some pads.

Hunter: Don't be sorry, Mom. It happens. Well, does that mean... we can't have sex?

Jacinda: I uhm... I guess not honey.

Hunter: That's ok Mom, I wanted to give your body some rest anyway. Your back still needs some time from the whips.

Jacinda: I really enjoyed that baby. I still want you to use me anyway you want to.

Hunter: I know Mom. I know what a good pain slut my sex slave mother is (winks at her) But I'll use you when I want to, the way I want to, on my own time.

Jacinda smiled and they hugged.

Hunter: Did you like your morning surprise?

Jacinda: I wouldn't say I liked it. I'm still trying to get used to your pee fetish. I think I'm okay with it being on me, but the drinking...it still makes my stomach curl a bit in the beginning. But I'll learn to like it honey.

Hunter: Good girl.

Once again, as he said 'good girl' Jacinda had the widest grin on her face. She had received her badge of honor. She felt so proud of herself every time her Master appreciated her and called her a 'Good girl'. It instantly made her tingle. Jacinda was disappointed her period had started, because she wanted to have more sex with her son. But she wasn't sure it would be a good idea while she's on her period. It would end up being a bloody mess. On top of that, she didn't want her reward, her son's beautiful penis to get any of her dirty period blood on it. What Jacinda didn't tell Hunter was the fact that she usually got extremely horny during her period.

Hunter left the room to carry on his morning chores and so did Jacinda. The lovers met at breakfast and talked about their upcoming day.

Hunter: What are you up to today mom?

Jacinda: The usual honey, I have work meetings starting soon. I should be done by 5ish.

Hunter: Okay, don't forget to clear your calendar for next week. Remember, we're taking a trip.

Jacinda: Oh yes, baby I remember. But where are we going?

Hunter: That'll be a surprise. I'm going to do some bookings today and start looking at some places in Jacksonville.

Jacinda: That'd be great Hunter. I'll get in touch with the realtor today.

Hunter: Mom, when does your period end?

Jacinda: You mean, my bleeding?

Hunter: Yes.

Jacinda: I don't know honey, it could be 3 days, 5 days or 7, I really don't know.

Hunter: But today is day 1?

Jacinda: Yes.

Hunter: Ok I'll keep a count.

Jacinda: Baby, you know you can still use my mouth anyway you want. I'm always here for my Master.

Hunter: Oh I know Mom. I just have some plans for my beautiful sex slave mother. And I much rather surprise her.

Jacinda: Gosh! You and your surprises. You can't possibly make me fall in love with you any more. You make me feel so good honey.

Hunter: I think I know what makes my lover feel good now. It's the pain.

Jacinda: That's definitely part of it. But just the way you care for me, you look after me, the way you love me honey, it's just....so special. I've never felt so special. You're a godsend. I love you.

Hunter: I love you too Mom.

---

The mother and son went about their day as usual. They had breakfast, Jacinda showered, Hunter was busy fiddling on his computer. Jacinda got ready for her work meetings in a dark maroon, ribbed, sleeveless tank top, which was very similar to the olive green one she wore the first time she had a physical encounter with Hunter, when he ripped it to shreds trying to massage her back with moisturizer. Jacinda had sworn off bras now that her Master had ordered her to never wear one. She liked being braless. It felt liberating to her.

Jacinda inserted a tampon into her vagina to soak in her heavy flow that day. She also put on a wide pair of panties, unlike the usual lacy panties she had on the last few days to seduce her son. She wore regular jeans and proceeded downstairs to her basement office for her work meetings. As she entered her office, it was 9:20am.

Jacinda wondered what her son meant when they had a deep talk about their immediate future the day before. She was curious to know what he meant when he said he had plans for her basement office. She was impressed with his creative mind to figure out a way for them to stay together. As much as she was enjoying her new relationship with her son and didn't want it to end, she still had concerns about being in public with her son. Jacinda knew as much as her son that their relationship was taboo, immoral, illegal and very wrong. Yet it somehow felt like it was meant to be.

With a million thoughts running through her mind, Jacinda was already in a vulnerable mental state. On top of that, she was now on her period. She had begun feeling uneasy, nauseous and was feeling cramps. Jacinda got busy working with her clients. She made sure to let them know of her unavailability the next week.

---

Meanwhile, Hunter was planning an elaborate vacation with his sex slave mother. He was searching for flights to Jacksonville, where he would be spending the next four important years of his life. He certainly didn't want to spend them without his beautiful girlfriend, his MILF Mom Jacinda. Hunter booked a flight to Jacksonville. He was planning an entire itinerary for this trip.

He booked their tickets for Saturday that same weekend. Once they arrive in Jacksonville, they would board a 5 day cruise to the Bahamas. They were set to return from the cruise the following Thursday. They would then spend the next Friday in Jacksonville, exploring the campus and return back next Saturday. It was a well detailed and planned out itinerary. He couldn't wait to go on this trip with his sexy mother. Since Hunter never had a girlfriend, he was excited to flaunt this beautiful MILF as his woman to the world. At the same time, he was so possessive of his sex

slave mother that he didn't want anyone to get any ideas about her. He had made that clear with his friends.

Little did he know, his friends Jake and Ryan had sneaked in pictures of Jacinda when they were over a couple of days before. They had pictures of her on their phones with Jacinda's cleavage and boobs visible and in her tiny shorts with her butt hanging out. Once Hunter finished researching and planning the trip. He went to meet his friends and play basketball with them. They were supposed to meet at another friends' later that afternoon to play videogames.

---

It was now after lunch time, Hunter was at his friends' place. Jacinda, having just finished her lunch, was getting ready for her next meeting when she read a text from her son.

Hunter: (Text) I miss you. So horny right now.

Jacinda instantly had a smile on her face. She missed him too. They hadn't had much sexual contact that day, after the morning shenanigans. Hunter hadn't ejaculated since the night before and his teenage libido was on an all time high. Jacinda was on her period and wasn't feeling the best. Her body was still marked by her son's brutal and rough lovemaking which she was wearing proudly and recovering from. The timing seemed perfect for her skin and back marks to heal while she was on her period. The downside was no vaginal sexual intercourse with her son.

Jacinda was glad her son missed her. She wanted to serve her Master. She wanted to please him. That was her one and only life goal now. Jacinda walked over to Hunter's bedroom and laid down on his bed. She dropped the straps of her tank top off her shoulders, under her arms revealing her breasts, which had now healed quite a bit and returned back to their natural pale color. Her right nipple still showed some signs of soreness and a slight red hue. Jacinda turned on her phone camera in selfie mode and picked up a pair of Hunter's underwear. She then sent him a couple of topless pictures, including one with his underwear hanging out from her mouth.

As soon as Hunter saw those pictures, he was awestruck and aroused even more. He kept staring at his sexy half naked mother on his bed sucking on his underwear. He really wished he was at home so he could grab her and fuck her right then. But then he recalled she was on her period. He didn't want to insert his penis in her bloody vagina. Hunter was horny, young, desperate and impatient. And had to figure out some way to quench his thirst for pussy. He was so madly in love with his mother that he wasn't going to cheat on her. He was now hard and sported a massive boner.

Just as Hunter was lost in thought with a hot picture of his mother on his phone, his friend Jake caught Hunter looking at a picture of boobs on his phone. Little did he know, those boobs were of Hunter's mother, Jacinda.

Jake: Oh Damn! Who's that hottie on your phone Hunter?

Hunter: Oh uh....its nobody...it was just one of those pop up ads you know..

Jake: Oh come on Hunter. It's okay, we all look at sexy women on the internet, nothing to be ashamed of. Come on let me see.

Hunter: No...it was just an ad really...

Ryan: What's going on guys?

Jake: Dude Hunter had this sexy girl's picture on his phone. I think it was a snapchat or

something.

Ryan: Damn Hunter...Who was it? Do you have a girlfriend?

Hunter: uhmm..ye..yeah. yess...YES! I have a girlfriend.

Jake: What?! So that was your girlfriend? She looked hot.

Hunter: Uhm..Oh no, that was some random girl. As I said, it was just an ad guys.

Ryan: Jake, get off his case. It must've been an ad. But Hunter, show us who you're dating. You've never had a girlfriend. Is this new?

Hunter: Yeah...Uhmm....It's fairly new I'd say.

Jake: Let us see a picture of her.

Hunter: Uhm..No..I don't think she'd like that.

Jake: Oh come on Hunter, just her face or something. Did she go to school with us? Is that lesbian chic again, hahahahah?

Hunter: no...No.. Nevermind. I don't want to.

Ryan: Hunter dude, come on. We're your friends. We're just curious who your girlfriend is. It's not like we're going to go after her.

Hunter was annoyed at this point and wanted his friends to leave the topic alone. Jake knew Hunter was looking at some hot girl half naked on his phone, he just didn't know the topless sexy picture was of Hunter's own mother, who was also his girlfriend. Hunter was very awkward and nervous now, since Ryan was also pushing to see a picture of his girlfriend. Albeit innocently and just her face, Hunter couldn't show a picture of his girlfriend, as it was his own mother who the boys had seen just a couple of days ago.

Meanwhile, Jacinda had to get back to work, but was disappointed to not get a response from Hunter after she had sent him raunchy pictures. She trusted her son enough to know he wasn't going to share the pictures with anybody. But she was more worried about the fact that his lack of response meant he may not have liked what he saw. Jacinda's self-doubt, teamed with her volatile menstrual hormones and period-brain, was telling her she wasn't good enough or hot enough for her handsome teenage son. Jacinda's pessimism was in overdrive and she was barely able to focus on her work meetings. She was now motivated and adamant to satisfy her son when he got back.

Hunter was still arguing with his friends who wanted to know more about his girlfriend. Jake and Ryan thought Hunter was being unreasonable, since he had seen pictures of their girlfriends. The teenagers were going back and forth and finally Hunter snapped!

Hunter: That's enough! Fuck off! I don't want to show you my girlfriend. It's pretty new and I'm just not comfortable.

Jake: Jeez, okay calm down. I knew you were looking at some sexy bitch's topless pictures.

Ryan: Hunter chill the fuck out, we don't want to see your girlfriend okay? We've got a hot MILF's pictures anyway.

Jake and Ryan chuckled, leaving Hunter confused.

Hunter: What? Who?

Jake: We can't tell you. We'll tell you if you show us your girlfriend.

Ryan: Yeah, that's the deal.

Hunter: No Way! You guys can fuck off...

Jake: Ok Ryan, I'm gonna tell him. It's your Mom, Hunter.

Ryan: Yeah, Jake sneaked in some pics of Mrs. Johnson the other night, man I loved what she was wearing. That sexy camisole, her tits were hanging out.

Jake: And her butt from the tiny shorts. I'd never seen her wear that. She looked so damn hot, I had a boner.

Hunter was now furious with his friends and pounced on them physically to attack them. He couldn't hear such derogatory remarks about his mother by his friends. The argument turned sour and physical very quick. Despite the two on one, Hunter was able to best his friends and left his friends' house. He was disappointed in his friends. They had crossed a line. He was overly protective of his relationship with his mother. He was protecting her honor and respect. Because now, she was not only his mother, she was his lover and his sex slave. As her owner and Master, only Hunter had the right to do anything with her as he pleased. And that right didn't belong to anyone else.

On his way back home, Hunter parked by a fast food joint's parking lot and cried his heart out. He was overwhelmed with love for his hot mom and disdain, resentment for his friends. He had almost called off his friendship with them. He was going to leave town for college anyway. He didn't need them. He could make new friends in college. Despite playing the role of a BDSM Master and dominant in his incestuous relationship with his sex slave mother, Hunter was still a hormone raged 18 year old teenager. Immaturity ran amuck in his mind. But his love for his mother took the forefront out of all his relationships.

---

It was now 6pm. Jacinda had already finished work half an hour ago. She was desperately waiting for Hunter to get back home. Her flow was still strong and she could feel her period blood oozing from inside of her. Jacinda was cramping and moody. She was getting horny and the lack of sexual action and attention from her son was making her anxious. Since the mother and son's incestuous relationship began, the dominant was always Hunter and Jacinda was his submissive lover. She loved when Hunter took control and treated her body recklessly for his own pleasure. She loved when he spat on her face, in her mouth, roughly deepthroated her and slapped her face. Jacinda was missing being treated like a sex slave. She wanted Hunter to grab her and brutally fuck her pussy.

Too bad, she was on her period. She wasn't sure if Hunter would want to have sex with her during her period. She feared it would leave a sour experience in his mind and he wouldn't want to touch her again, while she was on her period. Yet she needed him. She was yearning for his penis inside of her. Jacinda was now addicted to the pain and rough fucking. She was addicted to her son's penis. She wanted him more than anything else. Jacinda loved giving up control so her son could use her and ravage her body. She felt like she was of service to him and that was her only

purpose in life now.

Jacinda was now getting worried, she hadn't seen her son in a while. And she hadn't received a response from him since she sent him the raunchy pictures. Jacinda picked up her phone and called Hunter. No Answer. She called again, still no answer. Jacinda had just finished her work day and wanted to seduce her son so he could take her roughly as soon as he saw her.

Jacinda went to her closet and put on a White "Basic Silk Mini Dress For Women" by SilkSilky (google it). It was a short, smooth, shiny, silk nightwear dress that ended just under her butt. Her long, smooth, sexy legs were completely exposed. If the hem of the dress was raised by just an inch, her panties would have been on display. The dress had a deep V neck and showed off Jacinda's protruding sternum and deep cleavage. The dress was held up by a thin string on both her shoulders. She looked absolutely stunning and sexy. Jacinda still had her tampon in her vagina to deal with her heavy flow and didn't want any period blood getting on her white silky nightgown.

Hunter was driving back home. He just didn't feel like talking to anybody. He was annoyed with his friends. He had decided he didn't want them as friends, if they talked about his mother like that. He was ready to cut them off from his life. Meanwhile, his pent up sexual energy was at an all time high. He had been horny all day and didn't have an outlet. He wanted to unleash his frustrations and libido. Hunter desperately wanted to fuck his mother that evening. But he was also hesitant to have sex with her while she was on her period. He was willing to try out bloody sex with her, but he was fearful of hurting her internal organs during her menstruation.

Hunter was inexperienced and relatively uneducated in the anatomy of a vagina. He wanted to make sure his mother was okay, because he wanted to have sex with her and make babies with his lover. He wanted his own mother to bear his children. But that wasn't possible or at least difficult while she was on her period.

---

Hunter drove into the parking lot and parked his car. Jacinda watched from the window as she saw her son pull in and enter the house. Jacinda stood in the living room in front of her son. As soon as Hunter saw his sexy mother stand in front of him, he was aroused and horny. He thought she looked absolutely gorgeous like a beautiful angel. A sexy angel. He loved what she was wearing and his eyes ran all over her from head to toe, taking in the breathtaking beauty standing in front of him. He gasped and expressed that clearly.

Hunter: Wow! Mom, you look ravishing!

Jacinda: (with a nervous smile) I'm glad you like it honey. I was worried when you didn't text back or answer my call. Is everything okay?

Hunter: I'm uhh...just a weird day Mom. But it's good to be back home to my hot mom.

Hunter still stood by the main front entrance door, closing it behind him. Jacinda stood just four feet away from him.

Jacinda: I missed you honey.

Hunter: I missed you too mom. I was thinking of you all day.

Jacinda: Did you like the pictures I sent you?

Hunter: Yes, but I like the real thing I see in front of me here right now, more than the pictures.

Jacinda: Thing, huh.... Am I just a thing to you now ☹ ?

Hunter: (now with a smirk) You know you're more than just a thing Mom. But right now, you're going to be a thing I want to use. I've been waiting to get my hands on you all day.

Little did he know, Jacinda was waiting for him to devour her just as much..

Jacinda: Well, let's not waste any time, Master. ☹

Hunter: Mom, get down on your hands and knees and crawl to me.

Jacinda did as told and had a smile on her face as she started crawling towards her six feet tall, handsome son's imposing, strong, body. She stopped until she reached his legs. Hunter had his shoes still on and he gently put one foot closer to her. Watching his gorgeous mother on all fours look up at him like a puppy aroused him. He could see down the neckline of her sexy white silk mini-nighty. Watching her cleavage made him instantly hard. And Jacinda could easily spot a bulge in her son's pants.

Hunter: Take my shoes off mom.

Jacinda took his foot in her hands and undid the laces. She then took his shoes off. Repeated the process with his other foot. Then rolled his socks off both his feet. She stared at her son's feet for a moment, reminiscing how she was sucking on his piss drenched toes while laying in a pool of his piss the day before. Jacinda now reveled in her own degradation. She now enjoyed being humiliated and treated like a sex slave.

Hunter then undid the leather belt off his jeans, and took it out. He unbuckled his jeans and let it fall to his ankles. Jacinda instinctively helped her son get out of his jeans and put them to the side. Her eyes were now glued to his massive bulge in his underwear.

Both mother and son had a lot of pent up sexual energy within them that day. Jacinda was nervous. She was still on her period. But she wanted her son to take the lead and decide if he wanted to fuck her while her vagina was bloody. And Hunter needed an outlet for his frustrating day with his friends. He was extremely horny and wanted to penetrate his mother as hard as he could.

Hunter looked down at his mother's puppy dog eyes, as she kneeled in front him. Her face was now just inches away from his bulging underwear. He had his leather belt in his right hand.

Hunter: Mom, you know I love you, right?

Jacinda: Yes baby, I love you too. More than anything!

Hunter: Do you trust me mom?

Jacinda: Yes honey. I trust you, as my son, my lover and my Master. My owner.

Hunter: Good! You know your safe word?

Jacinda: "Magnets"

Hunter: And you know you can use it any time, right?

Jacinda: Yes baby. But I don't think I'll need to.

Hunter: I hope not, but we'll find out.

Hunter then roughly grabbed his mother's hair and pulled her up towards him. Jacinda instinctively stood up on her feet. Hunter kissed his mother's lips hard while he had a bunch of her hair roughly grabbed in his hands. They tasted each other's saliva and Jacinda wasted no time to slide her tongue in her son's mouth. Hunter was sucking the saliva off his mother's tongue, kissing her madly.

He suddenly pulled her off his face while still holding a firm grip on her hair. Then using his belt, he made a loop around his mother's neck and fastened it tightly. He then held the loose end of his leather belt in his hands. Hunter was using his own leather belt that had held his jeans up on his waist, as a makeshift collar and leash on his sex slave mother. He then pushed her back down to the floor and began leading her towards the middle of the living room, walking her like a dog.

Jacinda felt humiliated, yet surprised at her son's creativity. She followed along as Hunter pulled and tugged on his belt, choking Jacinda's neck. She crawled again towards where he led her, while her stomach was still cramping from the periods. She was very aroused and her vagina was already sore with period cramps but now it was working overtime to generate more sexual juices.

Hunter walked his mother like a dog around the living room couches and eventually led her up the stairs towards her bedroom. Jacinda's knees now hurt and were showing signs of friction with the floor beneath her. She wasn't used to walking on all fours like an animal. Going up the stairs was especially difficult.

---

Once they reached her bedroom, Hunter pulled on the leather belt up, which made Jacinda get back up on her feet. He then pushed her on the bed. Jacinda fell on her mattress face first and laid there prone. She could hear Hunter rustle through the black bag from the shopping trip and pulled out another black scarf. He then placed the scarf looking shiny cloth on his mother's eyes and blindfolded her. This excited Jacinda, since she was always turned on with the anxious expectation of not knowing what was coming next for her.

Hunter then raised his mother's dress from behind her ass and could see she was wearing a sexy pair of red lace panties. He instantly yanked them off exposing her beautiful white, pale buttcheeks. He could still see hints of his paddling on her buttcheeks. Including the big red bite mark left behind by his vicious teeth.

He took his mother's panties off and swung them away. He loved the visual of his mother's bare ass. Hunter then noticed a tiny little string peeking out of her vagina. He pulled his mother's ass wide and looked in carefully. It was the end of her tampon's string. Out of curiosity, Hunter pulled the string and the bloody dark red tampon slowly oozed out of her vagina. That disgusted Hunter and he didn't want to insert his dick into his mother's bloody pussy. He didn't want any period blood on his dick.

Hunter immediately got out of his underwear and pulled his massive cock out in his hands, stroking it. Jacinda meanwhile laid there like a sex doll, waiting to be used and abused by her son. She loved experiencing the unknown as her son played with her body. Especially when she was blindfolded and had his leather belt looped tightly around her neck. She felt Hunter tug on

the string of her tampon, but then didn't feel his hands on her ass for a couple of minutes. She was confused and didn't know what to expect. This was turning her on even more and her breathing was getting harder and heavier. Heat was emanating from her skin as her bones were chilling in anticipation.

Then out of nowhere, Jacinda suddenly felt a cold sensation in her buttcrack. It felt familiar since Hunter had lubed up her asshole the day before and roughly finger fucked his mother. Jacinda assumed he was once again going to use his fingers to stretch her buttole. And she was right, for now.

Jacinda felt another cold drop of lube on her asshole. This time, immediately followed by her son's fingers massaging the sensitive skin around her tiny, pink, puckered buttole. Jacinda's asshole was used to his index finger now and it easily slid in her. He then inserted his second finger. Hunter was once again finger fucking his mother's asshole while trying to stretch it out. He proceeded to insert the index finger of his other hand in her anus too. Now, the index finger and middle finger of his right hand and index finger of his left hand were one knuckle deep in his mother's butt.

Jacinda could feel her buttole open up and stretch wide by her son's fingers. He increased the pressure of his pull with both hands and Jacinda let out a soft moan. Hunter then spat on his mother's asshole, then grabbed her by her waist just under her love handles and pulled her closer. Jacinda could feel the skin around the edge of her buttole stretch wide with the strength of her son's fingers. He was practically ripping her ass apart. It was painful, yet exciting and Jacinda's moans continued to bellow.

Suddenly, Jacinda couldn't feel her son's fingers on her asshole anymore. But he had grabbed her by her waist. She suddenly felt something bigger and softer than his fingers touch her puckered little asshole. And now, the realization hit her. Her son was trying to insert his penis in her asshole. Jacinda's eyes grew wide under her blind fold. The extent of her buttole's penetration was Hunter's fingers. She had never done anything anal in her life. Jacinda was an anal virgin.

Jacinda: AA0000HHH!! Hunter.... What are you doing baby?

Hunter: What does it look like?

Jacinda: Baby, I've never.....

Hunter: Oh I know Mom, it's very tight.

Jacinda: Hunter, please it could hurt.

Hunter: And... If it hurts too much, you know what word to use to stop it from hurting. You're on your period mom, and I cant fuck you in your pussy. I've been horny all day, I gotta use something.

Jacinda: Honey..... Can you use my mouth? I'll blow you off good baby.

Hunter: Oh you will, soon. But for now, I'm going to explore this tight little hole.

Jacinda: But baby... please I've never had anything in there before.

Hunter: So, you're an Anal Virgin?

Jacinda: Yes.

Hunter: Perfect. You took my virginity, I'll take your Anal virginity mom.

Jacinda: Hunter please think about this... There could be poop in there.

Hunter: Shshshshsh! Quiet. Dont ruin my mood. Remember you're my sex slave and I can do anything with your body. Now be a good bitch to your son, and let me fuck your ass mom.

As soon as Jacinda heard the words "sex slave" and "bitch" from her son, her inner submissive pain slut reemerged. It was an instant attitude adjustment.

Jacinda: Sorry Master. Please use me anyway you want. My body exists to serve you and pleasure my son, my master, my owner, Hunter.

Jacinda had accepted her fate. And she was well aware of how reasonable her son was being with his demands. She could use her safeword before being brutally sodomized by her own son. But Jacinda wasn't one to give up easily.

Hunter: Good Girl.

Saying those two magical words out loud, Hunter suddenly shoved his dick inside his mother's tiny little asshole. He was having trouble penetrating her virgin butthole, but with a little pressure, his hard cockhead was successful in penetrating her anal cavity. Jacinda's asshole until a minute ago had only ever opened up to about three quarters of an inch, that too by her own son's fingers. Now, her son's thick, hard, dickhead rested inside her body.

Hunter's rough thrust into her asshole, made Jacinda wince in pain. She had never felt her butthole stretch that wide. And once it did, it remained stretched, with Hunter's dickhead now lodged an inch inside her asshole. Hunter squeezed some more lube on his mother's asshole and especially on the area where the puckered skin of her butthole engulfed his cock. With a little more pressure, Hunter was able to push his large, thick penis deeper into his mother's asshole. Jacinda had felt her butthole stretch, but now the walls of her anus were also in tight contact with her son's dick. She could feel her asshole burning on the inside by the friction of his cock.

Hunter continued sodomizing his mother further and held her waist to pull her torso in towards him, further burying his cock inside his mother's asshole. He had successfully penetrated his own mother's anus and roughly stolen her anal virginity. Jacinda was now yelling in agony and there were tears flowing down her face. Her screams in pain further made her dominant Master hard and horny.

Hunter had a good 4 inches if his dick lodged and resting inside his mother's ass. He then pulled out a little and thrust back in again in one swift motion. Jacinda could feel the inner skin of her anus roughly rub up against her son's hard penis as it went in and out of her. The friction between his large penis and her rectum had caused the cold lube to warm up with the heat inside the 42 year old milf's tiny asshole. Hunter was now finding his rhythm and began fucking his mother anally. He was pulverizing her asshole with force and rhythm. As he was pushing in and pulling out his penis from his mother's asshole, he felt a new sensation on his dick. This was the tightest hole he had ever penetrated, and he had only fucked one other hole before, his own mother's sacred vagina.

Jacinda howled in pain, but refused to use her safeword. This is exactly what she wanted. Her son to take control and fuck her the way he wanted. She just never imagined he would fuck her dirty asshole. Hunter kept fucking his mother's ass and loved listening to her scream in agony. As her son's cock continued fucking her rectum, Jacinda's painful moans had turned into pleased

grunts, with drool falling out of her open mouth, dribbling down her chin, on her white silky dress.

Hunter suddenly got a hold of the loose end of the leather belt he had tied around his mother's neck, and began pulling on it for leverage while fucking her asshole wildly. Jacinda's neck and head could now feel the pressure as she was now facing the ceiling with her head all the way back, her back and spine arching while her son continued plowing her buttocks. The pull and tug on the leather belt made its grip around her neck tighter and now, Jacinda was having trouble breathing, while she was being mercilessly pounded in her asshole by her own son.

The 18 year old teenager was brutally anal fucking his own 42 year old milf mother riding her like a horse. Jacinda was now beginning to enjoy her anal penetration. She was bobbing up and down in unison with her son's anal attack. She loved feeling his dick in her vagina, but now she was feeling it in another part of her body. Hunter had now used and fucked all three of his mother's holes. He now completely owned her.

As the mother and son continued the rough anal sex, Hunter began spanking his mother's bare ass with his hands, all the while pulling on the leather belt around her neck roughly. Jacinda was now being simultaneously choked, spanked and anally penetrated. She was so turned on, it was making her moan, shriek and yelp in sexual bliss all at once.

After a few more thrusts, Hunter was ready to cum, but instead of pulling out, he thrust deeper inside his mother's anus and started shooting out his white goo into her shithole. Jacinda was now feeling the thick creamy liquid deep into her anal cavity. She could feel the warmth of her son's semen as it seeped through and entered her bowels. She was still trying to make sense of it all, when she felt her blindfold come off. Hunter had just ejaculated a giant load of cum deep inside his mother's rectum. Jacinda could feel the thick liquid along her anal cavity inside her body.

Hunter untied his mother's blindfold while his dick was shooting loads of cum deep inside his mother's asshole. Hunter's dick was getting softer and he slowly pulled out of his mother's ass. Jacinda breathed a sigh of relief as she felt her son's dick pop out of her asshole and his hot, sweaty chest stuck on her abused, bruised back.

Hunter was tired, exhausted and satisfied as he dropped on his mother's back. He began kissing her exposed shoulders. He then slowly got back up and watched his mother's recently abused ass. He could see her right buttock turn red again with his spanks. He was now also witnessing his cum slowly oozing out of his mother's tight little asshole.

Jacinda could also feel the warm, thick cream exit her buttocks and slowly seep down lower towards her tampon plugged vagina.

Hunter: Wow. That was amazing. I need to use your asshole more, it's so tight.

Jacinda: You own all three of your sex slave mother's holes now Hunter.

Hunter: That I certainly do. I just want to loosen it up a little.

Jacinda: It really hurt baby. And I don't know how to make it loose. It is what it is.

Hunter: I have an idea mom.

She watched curiously as Hunter pulled out a 4 inch butt plug from the black bag, lubed it up and started inserting it into his mother's asshole. With some difficulty, he was able to insert the buttplug in her ass. Jacinda could once again feel her asshole swell and stretch. The buttplug

had now trapped her son's semen deep in her anus with no room to exit.

Hunter: That'll do. You are to leave that in there Mom. And you ask me for permission to take it out, is that understood?

Jacinda: Yes Master.

Hunter: Now mom, I need to pee.

Jacinda: Where do you want me Master.

Hunter: Go to the bathroom, kneel down by the toilet.

Jacinda did as instructed.

Hunter approached the toilet bowl and stood over his mother. He lifted the toilet seat up, positioned his mother's head halfway in the toilet bowl, such that the left side of her face rested on the rim of the porcelain toilet seat.

Hunter: Open your mouth slave.

Jacinda opened her mouth and closed her eyes. She knew what was coming. This was a new position for her. She suddenly felt a thick cold liquid on her face. Hunter had just spat on his mother's face, landing right on her right cheek. He then aimed into the toilet seat and started peeing.

The stream of his urine first touched his mother's nose, slowly going into her mouth, and eventually into the toilet bowl. Jacinda tried to swallow as much of her son's piss as she could, while the rest dribbled down into the toilet bowl. Hunter kept peeing on his mother's face and emptied his bladder on his sex slave. Once he was done, he grabbed her hair and pushed her face down into the toilet bowl.

Jacinda was now suffocating with the pressure of her head drowning in her son's piss. She suddenly felt the toilet flush go off and wash all over her head. Hunter flushed the toilet while burying his mother's head into the toilet bowl. He then pulled her up, on her feet and spat on her face again.

Hunter: You look beautiful drenched in your son's piss and spit with your asshole full of his cum, mom.

Jacinda opened her eyes, with her entire head and face wet. She smiled at her son.

Jacinda: I'm always at your service master. I wish I could taste your cock.

Hunter: I think you've done well to please your Master. You may take your reward.

Jacinda got excited and instantly fell back down to her knees to hastily take her son's dick in her mouth. Hunter had just cum a huge load into her asshole and his dick was now soft. After peeing on her face, he still had a few drops at the edge of his penis. Jacinda sucked on her son's penis and drank whatever little bit of urine was left to exit his penis. Hunter looked down to his mother sucking his now limp cock like a hungry cock-whore. He loved the feeling of her warm, wet mouth around his dick.

As Jacinda continued sucking on her son's dick, she was swirling her tongue around his shaft

inside her mouth. She was blowing her son with great passion and love. Jacinda would occasionally pull his foreskin back and lick the inside of his foreskin, completely tasting his beautiful penis. Hunter watched as his hungry mother with her wet head was aggressively blowing his cock. Watching her like that made him get more excited and it was turning him on again. Jacinda was madly aroused having recently lost her anal virginity. She wanted to pleasure her Master to the best of her ability.

Jacinda could now feel her son's penis swell inside her mouth while it was lodged in her mouth. Hunter loved his mother giving him a blowjob. He was getting hard again. He then held the end of the leather belt around her neck again and pulled his mother up. Jacinda had to let go of her son's penis from her mouth. But she continues playing with it with her hands. Jacinda continued her handjob, while Hunter held his mother up using the leather belt as a leash again.

Hunter then pulled the strings off his mother's white silky nighty off her shoulders, and down her arms. The light material of the dress easily fell to her ankles. Jacinda now stood completely naked in front of her son with his leather belt tightly strapped around her neck, giving him a handjob. Hunter then turned around and holding her leather leash, started walking back out to the bedroom. He was now back to getting fully hard.

Hunter: Mom, go lay down on the bed on your back.

Jacinda: Yes, Master!

Jacinda walked over to the bed and laid on her back, facing the ceiling. She watched her handsome, naked son as he dug into the black bag full of toys and tools for BDSM play. She was excited to try those out but didn't know how most of them worked. To be fair, neither did Hunter, he only had limited knowledge from watching all the extreme, brutal BDSM porn throughout his teens. Now that he had a willing sex slave, who happened to be his mother, he was going to play with her body as he pleased.

After a few minutes of rustling and digging through the bags, Hunter returned with a strange looking instrument. It was a six inch long remote control like device with two long wires connected to its bottom. Jacinda stared at it trying to make sense of the device. Hunter got closer to the bed and watched as Jacinda lay on it with her head by the headboard. He swung his naked mother around in a 180 such that her legs were now facing the headboard and her head was on the edge by the foot of the bed. It reminded Jacinda of the time her son had brutally deepthroated her a couple of days back.

Jacinda had a gentle smile on her face. She was excited for her Master to use and abuse her body as he pleased. She was nervous and didn't know what to expect. That turned her on the most. The anticipation was extremely arousing to her.

Hunter came around and stood by his mother's head and pushed his dick in her mouth. Jacinda got an upside down view under Hunter's cock and balls, as he began facefucking his mother. Jacinda's nose was getting hit by her son's scrotum and she could see his hairy perineum. Jacinda instinctively used her hands on his cock and ball sack and began blowing him. Hunter loved feeling his mother's tongue on his dick, in this upside down position. It was unlike other times she would blow him. The smooth, tender texture of her tongue positioned on the top of his penis was a unique sensation.

Hunter held the device he just dug out of the BDSM bag. He watched and observed his mother's naked torso. Her perky breasts were swung up and down as he shoved his cock in and out of her mouth. He wasn't deepthroating her yet, but she was still being choked on her neck by his leather belt as it gripped on her tight. Hunter noticed his mother's nipples were hard and erect. It told her

she was extremely turned on. He watched as her protruding fupa and belly raised up and down with every deep breath she took. He could see hints of her ribcage on either side of her breasts. Watching his mother's nude body always turned him on. Her erect nipples were his next point of attack.

Hunter's device was an Electrosex Nipple Clamp. He grabbed a hold of his mother's left nipple and clamped it tight with one end of the thick cord that came out of the control device. And repeated the process on her right nipple. Jacinda could instantly feel her nipples being tightly pinched by cold metal. Her vision was blocked by her son's perineum and inner thighs, as she continued blowing his penis. She was excited for a new experience with her son. She assumed it was going to be painful. But trusted her son to make sure she would enjoy it.

Hunter now turned on the Electrosex nipple clamp's controller. It had a dial on it with 6 levels, represented by digits of intensity and a button that read "Shock". Jacinda had no idea what was in store for her. Hunter set the dial at Level 1 and pressed the shock button. As soon as he pressed the shock button, Jacinda felt a tingle of electricity run through her erect, clamped nipples. It wasn't painful, it was just unique. It almost tickled her and she let out a sudden shriek with her son's dick still lodged in her mouth. Hunter watched as her legs shivered as soon as he hit the shock button.

Hunter was using his sex slave mother as a BDSM play toy with an electronic stimulation device that was clamped to her nipples. He had watched this in his many pornographic escapades and was always curious about how it felt. He got his sex slave's reaction on level 1. Hunter waited a couple of minutes while his pelvis continued thrusting his penis inside his mother's mouth. After feeling the first tingle on her nipples, Jacinda wasn't sure if she liked it or not. She just felt a tickle and a unique sensation. It wasn't painful by any means, just a thin vibration along her nipples. However, her nipples being one of her sensitive erogenous zones, she was turned on even more.

Despite being on her period, Jacinda was extremely aroused now and could feel her vaginal walls work in overdrive to generate some vaginal juices. These sexual juices were being mixed in with the period blood clogged in her vagina by the tampon. Jacinda also had a four inch butt-plug lodged deep inside her asshole with her son's semen floating in her rectum. That's the moment she realized, all three of her holes were now completely plugged. She had a tampon in her vagina, a butt-plug in her asshole and her son's dick in her mouth, while she was being played with like a sex doll by a strange new electric device clamped on her nipples.

Just as she was thinking about her current state, Jacinda felt another little tingle vibrate on her nipples. Once again, it was a fairly timid tickle and she liked how it felt on her boobs. Hunter noticed his mother was able to take Level 1 of the electric stimulation quite comfortably. He twisted the rubber knob on the controller to Level 2 and hit the Shock button again.

This time, Jacinda felt the intensity a little more than the previous two shocks. But it was still manageable. She wasn't wincing in pain, it was just another vibrating tickle on her nipple. Jacinda did start moaning now that all her holes were plugged and the unique sensation on her nipples was turning her on even more.

Hunter was now disappointed at the lack of reaction by his mother's body, by the eclectic stimulation nipple clamps. He twisted the knob on the controller all the way up to Level 6. But he waited. The controller was set to its maximum setting. His mother's nipples were still pinched tightly under the metal of the clamps. Her asshole was plugged by the buttplug. Her vagina, full of her own precum mixed with her period blood, plugged by her tampon. And her mouth was completely full with his penis. The thought of his sex slave mother in such a submissive position made him very hard.

Hunter pulled his dick out of his mother's mouth. He undid the leather belt off her neck, which made her breath a sigh of relief as the passage of oxygen now flowed more freely through her nose and mouth. Jacinda instantly began coughing. Hunter noticed the skin on her neck now showed a red impression left behind by his leather belt. He loved watching his mother's skin bruised by various objects. It all started with her bra straps causing a light bruise on her shoulders, and now he was imposing way more brutal marks on his sex slave mother's body. And she wore them with pride. She was as much a submissive slut, as Hunter was a dominant sadist.

Once Hunter took the belt off his mother's neck. He shoved his hard cock back in her warm, moist mouth. As soon as he shoved his dick in her mouth, Hunter pressed the shock button on the controller. And this time, he watched as Jacinda's entire body almost flopped up like a fish out of water. He didn't expect the shock to be that intense. What was worse, is that the intensely brutal electric shock on her nipples made Jacinda close her mouth tight, involuntarily biting her son's dick. Hunter felt her teeth and instantly pulled out of her mouth.

Before he could say anything or react, he watched as his mother's eyes were now half closed and her nipples, breasts, legs and loose skin around her pelvis were vibrating in reaction to the intense electric shock. He realized the Level 6 electric shock may have been overwhelming for her. It was almost as if she was tasered.

For Jacinda, as soon as Hunter had shoved his dick in her, she felt an intense electric pulse run through her nipples across her entire body. Her body went into a shock. Her legs were flopping, her hands raised up in the air and bounced back down on the mattress. Jacinda could feel the cold electricity run through her bones. The intense Level 6 shock from the metal clamps on her nipples were unlike the previous shocks which were more gentle. This one felt like real electricity and her mind went numb. Jacinda's body was out of her control now and she had no idea how her skin, muscles, bones were reacting to the shock.

What Hunter noticed was, as Jacinda's flesh and skin was spasming as an aftershock of the intense electric pulse, she had begun leaking red liquid from her vagina. He noticed the bed sheet had a stain. This excited Hunter more and his dick was already on it's second round of arousal after brutally fucking his mother's asshole and taking her anal virginity. He loved watching her body react to the new experiences he inflicted on her. Hunter looked down at her face and noticed she was coming back to her senses as her eyes were now slowly opening and looked up at her son, upside down.

Hunter: Are you okay mom?

Jacinda: Yes, baby. That was different. But felt so good!

Hunter: Did it hurt?

Jacinda: I wouldn't say hurt, no. It wasn't painful. It's just like a tingle. But an intense one. It was unique.

Hunter: Did you like it?

Jacinda: Yes baby...

As soon as he heard her say that, Hunter swung his right hand up and smacked his mother's face hard on her right cheek. Jacinda totally didn't expect this, as she was still reeling from the recent unique experience pulsing across her body. She now felt the hard sting on her right cheek as her son just slapped the living daylights out of her.

Hunter: It's Master for you, my kinky bitch.

Jacinda: Oh baby! That felt sooooo good. I'm sorry Master! I love it when you slap me Master.

Hunter laid another hard slap on his mother's face, once again hitting the same spot on her right cheek. It swung her head to the other side as tears began forming in her eyes. She looked back at him.

Jacinda: Thank you Master! Thank you for all these new and unique experiences. I wouldn't be able to feel it without you Master.

Hunter then grabbed his mother's nose and pinched it hard, making it difficult for her to breath. Her hard, erect nipples were already pinched under the brutal grasp of the metal clamps, and now he had gripped his mother's nose under his fingers. Jacinda instinctively opened her mouth so she could breath, and Hunter shoved his penis back in her mouth where it belonged. He let off her nose as soon as he resumed facefucking his mother.

Hunter: This time, try not to bite, Mom.

Jacinda looked confused, as she didn't realize or recall that she had inadvertently bitten on his penis the last time he shocked her. Hunter once again pressed the Shock button on the electro-stimulator's controller. And he watched as Jacinda's eyes bulged out of her skull, while the right side of her face showed signs of redness and a clear imprint of his hands.

Once again, as soon as she felt the intense Level 6 shock on her nipples, Jacinda's body leaped out of bed and the muscles and flesh on her breasts went into spasms. Her legs shivered, her shoulders shuddered and her eyes were watering even more. Jacinda's lips however, engulfed around her son's large penis were now grinning with a wide smile. The electricity running through her nipples across her entire body had made her orgasm while she was on her period. She could feel the liquids oozing out of her vagina, through the already soaked tampon.

Hunter watched as he noticed his mother's inner thighs were now drenched in red. The mixture of period blood and her orgasmic juices were literally dribbling out of her vagina. Hunter liked the visual in front of him. It was making him harder and harder. His dick lodged deep inside his mother's mouth was already stimulant enough for him, but watching her body spasm and react to his electro-play on her was making him get close to his second cumming.

He then timed the next Shock to be a bit more brutal on his mother. He timed pressing the Shock button on the controller and deepthroating his mother at the same time. As soon as he pressed the button, he held his mother's jaw and shoved his pelvis deep inside her throat. He was able to see the outline of his penis on his mother's neck. He could feel his cockhead enter her tiny food pipe, rub along her tonsils. Jacinda was now being thoroughly deepthroated and intensely shocked through her nipples, while she was having a bloody orgasm as her asshole was plugged by a buttplug.

As soon as the next shock was felt across her body, Hunter began shooting another load down his mother's throat. Jacinda could feel the warm, thick, sticky cum go down her throat into her belly. Hunter came ropes and ropes of white goo deep inside his mother. And he slowly took his penis out of his mother's mouth after ejaculation. Jacinda's belly was now full of her Master's cum and so was her rectum. She was properly fucked and filled in from both ends of her body. Anus and mouth.

Hunter then took the clamps off his mother's nipples. Jacinda squealed in pain as Hunter unclasped the metal clamps. Her nipples were erect but had turned red. They were extremely sore after the abuse they just went through. Hunter touched his mother's right nipple and she

yelled in agony and that was the first time she had to call off their play.

Jacinda: MAGNETS!! MAGNETSSS!!!! AArrghhh...Magnets!

Hunter stopped touching her nipples and was genuinely surprised but also proud. He was proud of himself for taking his mother to the extremes of pain and pleasure for her to use their safe word. But also surprised because she had been through way more painful endeavors with him over the last few days, and just a gentle touch of her nipples caused her to use their safe word.

Jacinda was breathing heavily and Hunter watched as she coughed some of his semen out of her mouth, her belly and boobs were still spasming with aftershocks of the intense electric pulse running through her body and her vagina seeping out a mixture of her period blood and orgasmic juices.

Hunter: Wow, Mom. I wasn't expecting that. I'm glad you used our safeword. But just touching your nipples?

Jacinda: I don't know honey, those electric shocks....that was something. My nipples are very sensitive right now. I feel like they're going to burst open or give in. It's like hot and cold and the sensation changes every second.

Hunter: Looks like the clamps and electrostimulation did a real number on you Mom.

Jacinda: It was beautiful baby. I've never experienced anything like that before. It was intense, but beautiful. Thank You Master.

Hunter: I could see. I love you Mom. You're the best sex slave Mother ever.

Jacinda laughed and chuckled.

Jacinda: Hahahaha I don't think there is any other Mother in the world who's a sex slave to her son, Hunter. I might be the only one.

Hunter: You're right! Uhhh Mom, you're uhm...bleeding down there.

Jacinda: Oh yeah... I uhm... I came really hard, baby. My Master just gave me so many pleasures I couldn't control it. And I guess it all just came oozing out. I should go take a shower honey, but I'm so tired. My legs are still shaking. Give me a few minutes, I'm going to rest, before I could get up.

Hunter then came to the side of the bed, lifted his mother up in his arms like a baby. He had done this twice before, but those times, he had taken her to the bathroom to pee on her and use her as his urinal. This time, he took his mother in his arms and took her to the bathroom. He gently placed her lifeless body in the middle of the large jacuzzi tub. As Jacinda's body touched the cold porcelain of the jacuzzi tub, she felt an instant pain in her anal cavity. She realized the buttplug was still deeply lodged inside her asshole and it was uncomfortable sitting in the tub.

Hunter turned on the tap. He was filling up a warm bath for his mother. Jacinda took the drain stopper off and pulled her tampon out of her vagina. It was a bloody mess. She tossed it to the side into the trash. And Jacinda used the hand shower aiming it at her vagina to soak it and drain away the mixture of her period blood and orgasmic juices. Once it was all washed out, she plugged the drain stopper back in.

Hunter meanwhile, ran a warm bath for his mother. He wanted to give her some rest. It was now

8:45pm and they had completely skipped dinner, instead eating up each other sexually. They had been fucking and playing sexually for almost 3 hours. Hunter went back to his mother's room, and changed her bed sheets which were now stained. As he was changing her sheets, he heard his mother call out his name.

Jacinda: Hun.....uhm...MAASTER!!!!

Hunter: Yes Mom?

Jacinda: Honey....I uhm...I still have that thing in me. It hurts.

Hunter: And....what about it? It's supposed to hurt.

Jacinda: Well, Master, can I take it out while I take a bath? Please Master!

Hunter: Since you asked so nicely my little sex slave mother, I'll allow it.

Jacinda then tried to twist sideways and remove the buttplug from her ass, but she was having trouble getting it out. She couldn't grip it and her tight asshole had a firm grasp on the plug.

Jacinda: Master...can you help?

Hunter walked over to her, bent down behind her, lifted her butt and took out the buttplug from her asshole. Jacinda moaned again as she felt the large object exit out of her. Hunter took the buttplug and placed it in his mother's hand. Jacinda looked at it carefully and observed it. She couldn't believe such a large object was lodged inside her anus for this long. She was amazed how her son was able to fit and push it into her. But she also felt proud for being able to wear it in for so long. Hunter then kissed his mother on her lips as they exchanged each other's saliva and tasted tongues.

Hunter: I'm going to change the bed sheets, they're covered in red. And I'm going to order dinner. You must be hungry.

Jacinda: Oh Thank you, honey. I am hungry.

Hunter: Chinese good?

Jacinda: Anything is good Hunter, as long as my handsome son eats with me.

Hunter kissed his mother again and left the bathroom running her bath. Hunter changed her bed sheets, ordered Chinese food for dinner and took a shower himself. About an hour later, the mother and son were fresh and eating dinner at the dining table. Hunter told Jacinda what had happened that day with his friends and how angry he was at them. It made Jacinda teary eyed and proud of how her son stood up for her honor. Nobody had ever fought for her respect like that, and she felt he was genuinely her lover in every aspect.

Jacinda meanwhile shared how she had canceled all her meetings for the next week. Hunter filled her in on their itinerary for their trip. Jacinda was excited to go visit Jacksonville and especially go on the cruise. She had never been on a cruise, and neither had Hunter. Now, the mother and son would go on their first vacation, as a couple, as girlfriend and boyfriend, as sex slave and Master.

In the last few hours, the incestuous mother and son, Jacinda and Hunter had played another brutal and intense game of BDSM sex. Hunter had choked his mother with his own leather belt

and walked her around the house like a dog. He then took her anal cherry and brutally fucked his mother's virgin asshole. He had clogged his cum in her asshole using a buttplug, then pissed on her face, making her drink it and held her head deep inside the toilet bowl, flushing it all down. He had then deepthroated her while he clamped her nipples with a metal and ran bursts of electric shocks across her body turning her nipples extremely sensitive, all the while slapping her face.

After dinner, Hunter and Jacinda once again slept in the same bed, as man and woman, naked, cuddling and in each other's arms. They had an eventful Wednesday, only beginning their new sexual relationship, the Friday of last week. They were scheduled to leave for their vacation that upcoming Saturday.

...to be continued.

## **Innocent Mom now Son's Slave Ch. 12**

\*\*\*All the characters in this story are over 18 years of age. This is just a fantasy and not a real story. It includes strong themes of incest, romance, BDSM, male domination, fem humiliation and water sports. If you're not comfortable, please stop reading.\*\*\*

---

(Please read all prior parts for the story to connect and make sense)

...Continued from Part 11.

18 year old Hunter was having the time of his life since he began a passionate incestuous relationship with his gorgeous 42 year old mother, Jacinda. The mother and son had indulge in several depraved sexual acts with each other in the last week. Their love for each other was growing every day and were both enjoying their new roles as lovers and Master and sex slave. Jacinda, now relished experiencing new painful sensations inflicted upon her body by her teenage son. Hunter was enacting every extreme, brutal BDSM play he had watched in porn over the years. Never did he imagine he would have a willing partner, let alone his own mother to completely submit herself to him for his sexual pleasure.

Jacinda was now feeling one with her own hidden submissive pain slut and loved being used and abused by her son. She was enjoying every act of humiliation and degradation, as a new experience where her pain went through extremes, eventually transforming itself into a sensual pleasure. Jacinda had deeply hidden desires throughout her life as a conservative, traditional woman. Thanks to her son, she was now reborn in a new role and losing all inhibitions.

It was now Thursday. Just the day before, Hunter had introduced his mother to electrostimulation along with walking her around the house like a dog. He was thoroughly using his sex slave mother with no abandon and she was a willing pain slut for him. It was the first time, the night before, that she had used her safe word to bring a stop to their brutal play when the multiple intense electric shocks had made her nipples extra sensitive.

Hunter had called off his friendship with his close friends Jake and Ryan, since he learned they had sneaked in pictures of his sexy mother in the thin camisole and tiny shorts. Hunter was soon going to attend university in Jacksonville, that fall. It was only June and he had time to do some research before the big move. However, he didn't want to move away and disconnect from his new lover, his hot and sexy mother, Jacinda. So they devised a plan to rent or own a property in Jacksonville. That way Jacinda can move in with her Master, her son and the lovers could spend more time together.

Upon Hunter's insistence, Jacinda had also applied for divorce from her husband, Hunter's father,

Dan. Things were lining up perfectly for the incestuous mom and son to be together. They were soon leaving for a trip to Jacksonville that Saturday. Hunter had planned a detailed itinerary and a cruise with his mother. Hunter couldn't wait for his mother to get divorced, because he planned on marrying his mother and wanted to make babies with her. Jacinda was still hesitant with her son's desire to marry her and get her pregnant. Apart from the obvious taboo nature of having a child with her own son, she wasn't sure if she would be able to conceive at her age.

Thursday morning began as usual for Jacinda. She woke up with her alarm and immediately sucked off her son's penis, waking him up with a blowjob. After cumming down her throat, Hunter dragged his mother to the bathroom by her hair and used her mouth as his urinal again. This part was not Jacinda's favorite but she was trying her best to like her Master's piss. With a belly full of her son's pungent, acidic urine brewed overnight in his bladder, Jacinda made breakfast and got ready for her day. While they were having breakfast....

Jacinda: Hunter, What time are we leaving on Saturday? Do you need me to make arrangements to drive to the airport?

Hunter: Yes, please. The flight is at 9:00am.

Jacinda: Okay, I'll call Mr. Gomez to send us a driver. Honey, I also think we should call the maids in tomorrow. The house has been a mess since we've been uhmm...you know.

Hunter: Since we've been what mom?

Jacinda: Since, we've been doing it, honey.

Hunter: Doing what Mom? Say it!

Jacinda: Ugh Gosh, I still feel so weird saying it out loud. Since, we've been uhm.....having sex.

Hunter: Just sex?

Jacinda: And other things.

Hunter: Like what other things Mom? I want you to say it.

Jacinda: Since we've been fucking like animals. Since you've been playing with my body. Since we've indulged in all the wild, crazy kinky activities around the house. In the kitchen, the bathroom, our bedrooms, the living room especially. You made me walk on all fours like a dog yesterday.

Hunter: And, did you like it?

Jacinda: My knees hurt a little, but it was interesting. I like everything we've been doing together. It's all new to me. A new experience, every bit of pleasure feels earned. I think, I like feeling all the pain and humiliation of being my son's sex slave. It just makes me feel wanted, needed. It gives me a purpose, something I've never felt before. But it's making the house really messy.

Hunter: I'm glad you're loving it too mom. Yeah, we've fucked around and played a lot around the house. It's a mess, you should call the maids.

Jacinda: Is tomorrow okay?

Hunter: Yes Ma. And we should start packing today. I want my hot mom to wear the sexiest

outfits on the cruise ship.

Jacinda: Honey, the extent of my sexy outfits are the ones you made me buy the other day, when we went shopping.

Hunter: Hmm...Okay, pack all of those. We could go shopping in Jacksonville for you and maybe buy some more on the cruise.

Jacinda: That sounds fun honey. You know, I love shopping.

Just then, Jacinda's phone rang. It was their family attorney and trusted confidant, Mr. Gomez.

Mr. Gomez: Good Morning Jacinda! How are you?

Jacinda: Never been better Mr. Gomez! Never been happier.

Mr. Gomez: Oh great, glad to hear it! I called to let you know, I heard back from the court and your divorce was granted. I'll get the final paperwork along with me when I swing by next Monday. I don't know how it happened so quickly, Dan surprisingly didn't make our lives difficult and let the process go through quite seamlessly. And it was easy to convince the Judge, since you hadn't lived together for 15 years.

Jacinda: Oh My Goodness! That's great news. Thank You so much Mr. Gomez. There's uhm...There's just one problem....

Mr. Gomez: What's wrong Jacinda?

Jacinda: Well, it's not really a problem. You see Mr. Gomez, Hunter and I are going on a little vacation cruise this weekend and won't be back until next weekend. So, if you bring the papers over this Monday, you could just leave them in the mailbox or in my office. The maids should be here to let you in.

Mr. Gomez: Oh that's great. Yeah I'll drop off the papers in your office then. Uhm..If I may ask Jacinda, is it just you and Hunter going on this cruise?

Jacinda: Why, yes Mr. Gomez. Is there a problem?

Mr. Gomez: Oh No, I'm sorry, I don't mean to pry, it's just that, cruises are usually for couples. Not really a mother and son vacation.

Jacinda: Oh yes, I guess you're right. Mr. Gomez, you know what a good son Hunter has been and he got a scholarship at the Jacksonville university so I decided to treat him. Besides, I haven't been on a real vacation for years, it'll be a nice break for me too. And by the way, I'm glad you called, we're leaving this Saturday, could you send a driver with an SUV for us around 7:30 in the morning? We'll need a ride to the airport.

Mr. Gomez: Of course! And congratulations to Hunter. He's a great kid, I'm sure he'll do great in college too. You must be a proud mom.

Jacinda: I'm overjoyed. I'm so glad to have him in my life as my son. He makes me so happy Mr. Gomez, you have no idea.

Jacinda was staring at Hunter throughout the phone call with a naughty smirk. As soon as she hung up the phone, Hunter pounced on his mother and started kissing her. As their lips met, their

mouths opened up and tasted each other's tongues. The passionate kiss broke when Jacinda pushed Hunter back momentarily.

Jacinda: Honey, we have more reason to celebrate. The divorce was finalized. I'm no longer Dan Johnson's wife. As of this morning, I'm a single woman.

Hunter: No you're not Mom.

Jacinda looked at her son, confused.

Hunter: You're my girlfriend, don't you forget that. You're my lover, my partner, my sex slave.

Jacinda: hahahaha oh yes, that I am, Master!

Hunter and Jacinda kissed some more and made love with each other. Jacinda was working again, while Hunter packed his bags. Jacinda also started packing for their trip. The mother and son spent the day routinely. Jacinda was still on her period. She was anxious, moody, excited and nervous.

Anxious to go on a vacation after a long time. Moody because she was still hesitant about her son's wish to impregnate her. That thought was scary and taboo and ran amuck in the back of her mind. Jacinda was excited and happy since she was now divorced from Hunter's father. She looked forward to more insane adventures with her son. But she was nervous about going on a cruise, in a public place with a man less than half her age, her own son.

Jacinda was also scared. She was scared her son would want to fuck her in the ass again. Since her period had started the day before, she had no vaginal intercourse with her son. But Hunter was horny and so was Jacinda. And Hunter had used his mother's ass to penetrate her instead of her pussy. Jacinda was no longer an anal virgin, and that day, she still had some pain in her butthole. A sore asshole along with sore, stinging buttocks made it difficult for Jacinda to sit properly on her work chair during her zoom meetings.

Evening came around, Jacinda and Hunter had dinner and as Jacinda was wrapping up the kitchen. Hunter came behind his mother, hugging her. As his hands played with her belly and caressed her hips, he spoke...

Hunter: Mom, are you still on your period?

Jacinda: Yes honey.

Hunter: So, it's day 2?

Jacinda: Mmmhmm

Hunter: Did you like it when I fucked your ass last night?

Jacinda: It was very painful in the beginning, honey. You're too big for my vagina, let alone my butt. I had never had my butt stretched like that before. But after a while it felt really good. Another new sensation. It was a completely new and unique experience. Just feeling your gorgeous penis inside of me gets me so worked up. And those electric shocks on my nipples, they made me orgasm so hard.

Hunter: You better get used to it Mom. We've been fucking for almost a week now. And I know your body is sore. I have a lot of energy but I can contain myself. I want to fuck you day and night.

But I also want to give your body some time to rest and heal.

Jacinda: You're such a good son and lover. This is what I love about you Hunter. You're this perfect, ideal, caring son. The best son any mother could have. And you're this wonderful lover. I'm so lucky to fall in love with my own son. But you also have this sexy sadistic side to you when you're aroused and you manhandle me. The way you grab my hair, the way you touch me, its so hot and turns me on so much. Makes me want to submit and give in to you Hunter. You're my son, my lover and my Master. And as much pain you like to inflict on my body, you still care about me, you still love me.

Hunter: I do Mom. I love you very much. I love feeling your skin on mine. I love everything about you. You're not only the best mother, but the perfect woman, the ideal woman and a sexy woman. My hot girlfriend. You're so sexy mom.

Jacinda: I don't know Hunter. I am older. Maybe 10 years from now, you may not find me as attractive. I'm surprised you think I'm hot right now, when I'm 42.

Hunter: I promise, that'll never happen. You're the hottest, sexiest, most beautiful woman in the world. And you're mine. I own you.

Jacinda: Yes honey, I'm yours.

The mother and son kissed and cuddled and made out before going to sleep. That night, they didn't have any sex. No hardcore, brutal BDSM play. No sexual intercourse, no anal. Jacinda's body got some much needed rest. Jacinda's period cramps were getting very painful and she was feeling unwell. Hunter helped Jacinda by massaging her body with lotion and placed a heat pack on her belly, under her belly button. He was taking good care of his mother, unlike ever before.

Prior to their incestuous relationship, Hunter wouldn't even know if his mother was on her period. She pretended like it was nothing. Now that she was sexually active again after over 17 years, with her own son, there was nothing to hide between the two. Hunter fulfilled his duties as a caring son and a loving partner. He was the perfect boyfriend any woman could have asked for. The kind of man Jacinda never had in her life.

As Jacinda laid in her bed, cuddling with her son, she made one request.

Jacinda: Hunter, honey I don't have many meetings tomorrow. And I'm almost done packing for our trip today. We only have tomorrow (Friday) before we leave. I was wondering, maybe I'd go to church tomorrow.

Hunter: As you wish Mom. But why Church on a Friday?

Jacinda: It'll be a week since that fateful evening last friday, when I took you up on your offer to rub and massage moisturizer on my shoulders and back...and you know what happened next. Since then, we've performed so many acts of sin and depravity. I didn't go to church last Sunday either honey. You know, how important God is in my life.

Hunter: I know Mom. And I know you tried to teach me all the good values which I'm grateful for. I wouldn't be half the man I am, without you. God and religion is just something I don't connect with. I never felt like God was kind to me. Giving me all this wealth, but a terrible person as a father. And you, my mother, had to endure the sorrow and live a joyless life all these years.

Jacinda: Honey I know. I'm not forcing you to come.

Hunter: I don't mind coming with you mom. I just fear, if you go to church, maybe you'll feel guilty about us being together, you know, being mother and son, doing what we're doing. I'm afraid your conservative religion will make you regret what we have and pull you away from me.

Jacinda: On the contrary Hunter. I don't feel any guilt or regret being with you, in every way. I want to go to Church to thank God. I'm grateful. I know I'm committing a grave sin having sex with my own son. But honey, I don't regret that one bit. I'll confess it to God, but thank him for bringing you into my life the way you are. I've always had you as my son, but now, as my man, my protector, my lover and....and also my.....ugh I don't know if I can say that in front of God..

Hunter: Your Master. Say it.

Jacinda: Yes honey, as my Master. I love being your sex slave Mother. I've become a totally submissive pain slave. And I love every moment of it. I don't regret it. And I'm grateful for it.

Hunter: Okay Mom. If that's the case, I'll join you at church.

Jacinda: You will?

Hunter: Yes.

Jacinda: Oh my god, hunter that would be so great. You haven't been to church in years.

Hunter: Yeah I know. It's been 2-3 years, I think. I'll join you, but I have one condition.

Jacinda: What is it honey? I'm so happy you're going to come to church with me, I'll accept any condition.

Hunter: Good then. My only condition is, I'll pick what you wear to church tomorrow. ☒

Jacinda: Hunter....I know where you're going with this..But listen, I accept. Just...Just make sure it's not something too revealing. There are people there I know and Father Peter, he's known us all our lives. There will be kids there too.

Hunter: Don't worry mom. I know what I'm doing. You'll find out your wardrobe for church tomorrow.

Jacinda was overjoyed to hear that her son wanted to join her to church tomorrow. Hunter didn't care for god or religion, he just offered to join to make his mother happy and he was successful in that quest. Jacinda's visit to church was going to be significant. It was an announcement of sorts, a rebellion, an intervention. Her life has drastically changed in the last one week. She had begun a sinful yet satisfying incestuous, dominant-submissive relationship with her own son. She wanted to open her heart out in prayer with God.

To Jacinda, her son was nothing but a blessing in every way. She had accepted him as her Master, her protector. And until this point, her protector was her Lord and Savior. Now that she had found the man who she was willing to blindly submit and serve, she no longer had the need for God. She was going to church, to make it known to her beliefs, her religion, her God, that she was no longer serving the church. She was serving her new Master, her owner, her son - Hunter. This was a significant moment in Jacinda's 42 years of life.

---

It was now Friday morning, and as usual Hunter woke up with the warm, moist, soft feeling of his mother's mouth on his giant morning wood. Jacinda made sure to blow her master well until he once again finished in her mouth. Jacinda was now getting used to this morning routine and loved tasting her son's semen in her mouth every day. Occasionally he would also surprise her with his piss but he didn't use her as his urinal that day. The early morning pee was the most difficult for Jacinda to swallow, since it was brewed overnight in her son's bladder. It was the most pungent tasting.

Hunter and Jacinda had breakfast, showered and got ready for church. Hunter was already wearing dress pants and a white shirt with a dark blue tie. He waited on his mother's bed until she walked out of the shower with a towel wrapped around her. Her hair was still wet, her skin was glowing, fresh out of the shower. As Jacinda stood in front of the mirror drying her hair with another towel, Hunter walked up to her and stood close behind her.

He could still see light remnants of the brutal bite mark left behind on her left shoulder by him. She smelled intoxicating and fresh, with hints of lavender and vanilla emanating from her wet skin. Jacinda watched in the mirror with a smile as her six feet tall handsome, hunk of a son looked dapper. She watched his eyes, as they followed all along her skin and her neck. Hunter put his fingers in his mother's towel and pulled it. The towel came off and fell to the floor as Jacinda now stood naked inches away from her son. Hunter was getting hard just being that close to his nude mother, especially when she looked that fresh and smelled mesmerizing.

Jacinda: Honey, you were supposed to pick my wardrobe for the church.

Hunter: Yes I was, but now, maybe I just want you to stay naked and make love to you.

Jacinda blushed and chuckled. She loved that she had that effect on her teenage son. She loved being his muse and the reason for his boner. It gave her the validation she never received before and made her feel attractive.

Jacinda: Oh I'd love that too honey. But don't forget, we're going to Church.

Hunter: Ugh, I know. Give me one sec.

Hunter ran into his mother's closet and she could hear him rummaging through her wardrobe. He returned with a light pink colored 'Pina Colada Tunic by the brand Free People'(google it). Jacinda wore the dress Hunter had picked and she looked very sexy in it. It was just a loose, long, sleeveless tank top with thick straps over her shoulders and a plunging back and neckline, in the form of a mini dress. Jacinda's boobs were not huge, it didn't show much cleavage, but it very easily exposed her sideboobs since the sleeves around her arms plunged really low, showing off part of her ribs too. It was a mini dress and ended around halfway through Jacinda's thighs. After putting it on, Jacinda looked at herself in the mirror and she liked what she saw. She thought the dress made her look very young but she was concerned it wasn't an appropriate attire for church.

Jacinda: Hunter, I like this dress, but I was hoping to pack it on our cruise vacation. It may not be appropriate for church.

Hunter: You can pack it for our vacation too mom, but you're wearing this right now.

Jacinda: (Raising her arms) Honey....look it shows my breasts from the side. It's showing off too much baby.

Hunter: What are you afraid of Mom, I'll be there with you.

Jacinda: I know honey, I'm just...you know how church people are, they're very judgemental. Especially when they see me wearing this, coming to church with my son.

Hunter: Your son, and your lover, your man.

Jacinda: I know Hunter, but we don't want them finding out.

Hunter: And they won't. Unless you tell them.

Jacinda: Of course not, honey.

Hunter: Good, then let's go.

Jacinda: Hunter....can I...can I at least wear a bra?

Hunter: Are you sure you want to ask that question?

Jacinda: I'm sorry Master, I forgot. No bras.

Hunter: You can wear panties, if you'd like. You're on Day 3 of your period, aren't you?

Jacinda: Yes, I am. I just checked though, my flow isn't too strong, maybe it's subsiding. Ok I'll put some panties on, do a bit of makeup, wear some earrings and be ready.

Hunter: No make up. You don't need it.

Jacinda: But Hunter..

Hunter: No butts Mom. No Make up. I love the way you look, all natural. I love how your skin looks. You're beautiful.

Jacinda blushes.

Hunter: I'll give you 5 mins and we'll leave. I'll get the car around the front. No make up, No bra. See you soon.

Jacinda put on a pair of silver earrings, a gold chain with a round pendant and another thin necklace, some bracelets and a pair of comfortable sandals. She looked absolutely beautiful, but definitely not church appropriate. Jacinda used a curling iron on her hair, once it was dry. Her thick, long, luscious brunette hair looked beautiful with slight blonde highlights and streaks in them, giving it a dirty blonde look. She had made them curl towards the ends and they reached all the way down past the middle of her back.

---

Once Jacinda was ready, she joined Hunter in the car as they drove to church. When they arrived, there weren't many cars around in the parking lot, since it was a Friday. Hunter parked under a tree. Jacinda was about to exit the car, when Hunter grabbed her arm and stopped her.

He grabbed her by the arm and when Jacinda looked back, Hunter grabbed her by her jaw and pulled her face in towards him to kiss his mother. Jacinda was a little hesitant since they were still in the parking lot and she was kissing her own son in the church parking lot. Anybody could have caught her kissing a man in public. And that man was her own son. Jacinda was nervous

and was having hot flashes through her body due to being on her period. She was sweating profusely out of anxiety and the hot flashes brought along by her period.

After sucking on his mother's lip a bit, Hunter grabbed his mother's lower lip in between his teeth and began biting it down roughly. Jacinda was now moaning, because she was in pain. The more Jacinda moaned, the more Hunter would get hard. She wasn't trying to get away from him, but there was a look of fear on her face. Just then they heard another car pull up next to them. Hunter wasn't letting go of his mother's lower lip trapped between his teeth. In fact he bit down stronger and Jacinda's gum gave in. He had successfully broken into the moist, sensitive skin of his mother's gums behind her lower lip and he could now taste a bit of blood.

Hunter then let her go. Jacinda gasped and breathed hard with her eyes closed, trying to feel and get over the pain induced by her son's teeth on her lower lip. She could taste her own blood in her mouth. She rolled her tongue along the bite in her gums and she felt a mound caused by her son's teeth. Jacinda thought the ordeal was over, but Hunter grabbed his mother's left breast as she was still sitting on the passenger seat to his right and pulled her in towards him again. He resumed kissing his mother again, and this time, instead of biting her lips, he was sucking her lips with force. He could once again taste his mother's blood on his tongue as Jacinda moaned. He was now playing with her left boob over and slid his hand into her dress from the opening on the side. Anybody could easily see the outline of Jacinda's breasts from the side.

After playing with her boobs and sucking her lips, he finally let her go to enter the church. As the mother and son entered the church, Jacinda realized this was the first time she was in her church, no longer a married woman. And that was the first time she was there with her new lover, her own son. Jacinda and Hunter sat on a bench, prayed for a bit before Jacinda excused herself to meet Father Peter. As soon as Father Peter laid eyes on Jacinda, he was startled. He initially didn't recognize the beautiful young woman standing in front of him. It took him a minute to realize that it was the 42 year old mother, Jacinda.

Father Peter: Jacinda?!

Jacinda: Father Peter, yes it's me.

Father Peter: Jacinda, what happened to you. You're dressed very inappropriately.

Jacinda: Oh, uhm..I'm sorry Father, I was going on a vacation and wanted to drop by church since I'll miss it this Sunday.

Father Peter: Well, you should have covered up, Jacinda. There may be kids around here. Besides, I don't believe I saw you last Sunday.

Jacinda: Uhh..Yes, Father Peter, I couldn't make it. I was wondering...I uhm...

Jacinda couldn't muster the courage to confess to Father Peter. She felt the immense pressure of being judged. She was also afraid of getting in legal trouble in case Father Peter complained to authorities about her illicit relationship with her own son.

Father Peter: What is it Jacinda? Is everything okay? You seem nervous.

Jacinda: Father, I...I just wanted to share something with you. Can we, maybe go somewhere private.

Father Peter took Jacinda to a private room to make her feel comfortable.

Father Peter: Yes, Jacinda, tell me what's wrong?

Jacinda: Actually, Father, nothing is wrong. Absolutely nothing. The last week, I've been the happiest I have ever been. I am no longer married to my ex husband, Dan. You know all about that Father, so I'll spare you the details. But, our divorce was finalized and I have a new man in my life. I'm just so grateful to you and to God for bringing this man in my life. He has changed me. He has changed my perspective on life, he brings me so much joy. He loves me, he takes care of me, he...punishes me.

Father Peter: Punishes you?

Jacinda: Yes. I mean, he reprimands me and keeps me in check. He's just the most perfect man. Kind, generous, firm, confident, handsome....oh so fine, so handsome. Father, I have never been happier and I wanted to share that with God. And with you.

Father Peter: Well, that all sounds really good Jacinda. I'm happy for you. God works his magic in mysterious ways. And sometimes he brings people in our lives out of the blue, that have a positive impact. It's God's way of saying, if I can't be there, here I'm sending someone on my behalf as an angel.

Jacinda: Angel, yes. He's an Angel. He's everything to me. And he's been in my life forever, but now, he's taken on a new role and I pledge, I swear my servitude to him. I'll forever be faithful to this man. I'll always serve him in every way he wishes. I'm going to live, breathe and die for this man Father.

Father Peter: Wow Jacinda. It sounds like you really love him. Well you should bring him along to church someday. I look forward to meeting this fine young man.

Jacinda: Actually, Father, that's another thing I wanted to share. For years, I've served and prayed to our God. And my life had been a stagnant despair. Like a clock stuck yet somehow time went on and on. My life was dull, depressing and boring. There was nothing to look forward to. I was just living and breathing with no end in sight. Now, I've found purpose. And with God's own gift, my son.

Father Peter: Oh yes, Hunter! How has he been?

Little did Father Peter know, the new man and lover in Jacinda's life that she was talking about, was her own son, Hunter.

Jacinda: He's doing great, Father. He's going to college soon. He makes me so proud, so happy.. And uhm..as I was saying, I've found a new purpose and will in life. And I may no longer come to church.

Father Peter: Oh. Jacinda, are you sure? That's very abrupt. I think you should still continue..

Jacinda: I know Father. And I will try. But as I said, the man who's the reason for my happiness, he's my everything. And I want to devote my life to him.

Father Peter: But Jacinda's you and the Johnson family have been our top donors.

Jacinda: We'll continue to serve the church and donate and help fundraise Father.

Father Peter: Oh okay. That's great then. Well, I hope you know what you're doing. I'm glad to know you're happy. Whatever decision you make, God will always be with you. And remember

Jacinda, the doors of God and church will always be open for you.

Jacinda: I appreciate that Father Peter. Thank you for everything. I'll take your leave now.

Jacinda returned back to the bench where Hunter was seated. She took his hand in hers and locked her fingers with his. She closed her eyes and prayed in silence for a long time. Hunter was very bored sitting in church. He made eye contact with Father Peter a couple of times, but it seemed like Father Peter wasn't able to recognize him as Jacinda's son, Hunter. Despite his boredom, Hunter stuck around for the sake of his mother. He knew how significant this church visit was for her. And she had been an obedient slave by wearing the low cut mini dress which exposed half her breasts in Church.

---

Once Jacinda was done praying, she signaled Hunter it was time to leave. Hunter followed his mother to the parking lot. As Jacinda was about to open the passenger side door to get in, Hunter stopped her. He pinned his mother to the car and started kissing her. Jacinda was also reciprocating. She was kissing her son back and slid in her tongue. Hunter was surprised at his mother's brazen show of affection in public. He wasn't expecting her to make out with him or reciprocate. In fact, he thought she wouldn't cooperate with him since they were still in the church parking lot.

Hunter then opened the passenger side door, but got in himself. He had one of his legs in the car and the other outside. Jacinda stood outside the car as she watched her son open his zip, and pull out his hard dick from his pants. Jacinda's eyes were glued to her son's cock. Despite taking her son's penis in her mouth and vagina several times at this point, she was mesmerized by the visual of her son's dick out in the open in a public place. Her trance was broken when she heard her son speak up...

Hunter: Mom, you're still on your period?

Jacinda: Yes Hunter.

Hunter: And you have that tampon in your pussy?

Jacinda: Yes I do.

Hunter: Do you like what you see? (Points at his dick)

Jacinda: I love what I see, baby.

Hunter: Who are you, mom?

Jacinda was confused by his question.

Jacinda: What do you mean honey?

Hunter roughly grabbed the plunging neckline of his mother's dress down towards the earth, pulling it further, exposing her breasts out in the open.

Hunter: Who are you, to me, Mom?

Jacinda: I'm your mother, Hunter.

Hunter: And....?

Hunter had now grabbed his mother by the back of her neck, while her boobs were out of her dress, exposed in public in the church parking lot. There were a few people passing by, but nobody was able to see what the mother and son were doing.

Jacinda: And, I'm your girlfriend and sex slave, Master

Hunter: Good Girl. Now, it's time to serve your master with your mouth.

Jacinda was now hesitant and scared. She was nervous of being caught by someone she knew. She looked around anxiously and then back at her son.

Jacinda: Here? In the Church Parking Lot?

Hunter: Don't make me repeat myself, or there'll be a punishment coming soon.

Jacinda instantly got down on her exposed knees that now touched the hot concrete of the parking lot. She took her son's penis in her hand, gently massaging it before putting her tiny little mouth around his cockhead. Hunter was now getting a blowjob by his mother out in public in the church parking lot. He was extremely turned on with the thought of having his sex slave mother blow him, in the place that was most sacred to her, her church.

Luckily there were still very few cars and not many people around to spot them. Hunter and his dick were covered by the open passenger door and he was inside the vehicle. But Jacinda was kneeling outside the car and her torso and sideboobs were almost completely exposed, barring a couple of thin straps that hung over her shoulder around her neck.

Jacinda had let go of all her inhibitions as she was controlled by her Master. She was sucking her son's penis with passion, swirling her tongue over his dickhead and under his foreskin. Hunter loved the feeling of his cock buried inside his mother's warm, moist, mouth.

Hunter: Ahh yes.. I love it Mom, you're such a good cock sucker. I love your wet mouth on my dick. Look at you, such a pretty little whore for your son's cock, sucking off your own son in your church parking lot. You're the perfect sex slave mom.

Hunter was moaning in extreme pleasure while his mother's head bobbed in his penis. Hunter suddenly grabbed a handful of his mother's hair in his hands and pulled her head deep down towards his dick and held her there, almost choking her. Hunter started cumming directly in his mother's mouth again, for the second time that morning. Jacinda was becoming an expert at cocksucking her son now. As Hunter continued emptying his load in his mother's mouth, Jacinda swallowed it all down without wasting any of her son's precious semen.

After cumming into his mother's mouth, Hunter let her head go free and Jacinda gasped and took a deep breath. She was finally able to breathe again. Hunter's penis had now gotten soft after ejaculating a giant load in his mother's mouth. He put it back in his pants as Jacinda watched disappointed as her favorite reward disappeared under the straps of her son's underwear. Hunter could tell her face frowned and inquired...

Hunter: What's wrong Mom?

Jacinda: Honey, I just love your penis so much.

Hunter suddenly slapped his mother's face, swinging her head which almost banged into the

passenger door. As soon as Jacinda felt the sting of her son's palm on her left cheek, there was a smile on her face. She now wanted her son to give her more pain and loved when he slapped her recklessly. Every slap was a surprise and he would only slap her when she was least expecting it. The anticipation made Jacinda more horny. Despite loving the pain on her cheeks, she was confused as to why he would have slapped her like that in public.

Hunter: How many times have I told you mom, I want you to talk dirty to me.

Jacinda: Yes...I'm sorry Master. I meant, I love your dick. I love it very much.

Hunter: Hmm..tell me more..

Jacinda: I love feeling your peen...I mean dick in my mouth Hunter. I like how it swells up against my gums. And I love rolling my tongue around its tip. When I swirl my tongue under your foreskin I could feel a different texture and a unique flavor. It's just so intoxicating. I wish I could have your cock in me all the time.

Hunter loved hearing her mother talk dirty. For years, she was this pure and pious, classy woman. And now he was converting her into his dirty, submissive slut slave. He was aware how much his mother liked his penis and he thought of an idea.

Hunter suddenly stood up, Jacinda fell back on the floor on the concrete. She was still kneeling in the parking lot. She was feeling very awkward being out in public with most of her breasts exposed from the side, a deep cleavage formed in this new mini dress by her son's pulling at the neckline. Jacinda was just hoping her public humiliation wasn't watched by a passer-by or worse, by someone in the church. Father Peter could have easily walked out of the church and caught Jacinda in a precarious position in the parking lot.

Hunter then unzipped his pants, while his mother kneeled inches in front of him. Hunter's pants fell to the ground and now he stood just in his underwear. Hunter got out of his pants. Jacinda watched as her son was now half naked in the church parking lot. She was very confused but also extremely aroused having just sucked his dick and how his chiseled, muscular legs were on display for her eyes to feast on. Her eyes went up to his underwear and she could see a couple of wet spots on his underwear around his penis, which were possibly his pre-cum, post-cum or drops of pee.

Hunter: Mom, take my underwear off.

Jacinda: Honey...Here? Are you sure?

Hunter: Yes. Do it now.

Jacinda put her fingers under Hunter's underwear's elastic waistband and slowly pulled it down exposing his soft penis and balls. She helped him get out of the underwear and held his briefs in her hands. Once he stood bottomless in public, Hunter pulled his dress pants back up and buckled them up. He was now back to being dressed, but was wearing no underwear. He pulled his mother up and made her stand back on her feet. Jacinda was relieved. She was afraid someone would see her kneeling down in the corner of the parking lot next to a man, while half her boobs were exposed.

Hunter: Mom, roll my underwear in a ball and shove it in your mouth. Like I had done last weekend, when you were doing laundry. (Reference: Part 4)

Jacinda did as told and shoved his underwear rolled in a ball in her mouth. Her tiny little mouth

was full and her cheeks ballooned out. She was able to taste some of her son's manhood through his underwear. Hunter then went around and got back in the car.

Hunter: Get in the car mom, let's go home.

Jacinda was finally relieved as her public humiliation had come to an end. Throughout their time in the church parking lot, and while in the church with her breasts half exposed, Jacinda was feeling this anxious ecstasy. The thrill of playing these sexual games with her son was turning her on but at the same time, she was fearful of being caught in public. Jacinda got back into the passenger seat with her mouth stuffed with her son's underwear. They started driving back and she was only allowed to take the underwear out of her mouth, once they reached home. Hunter and Jacinda spent the rest of the day packing and making out occasionally. They were really excited to set off on their vacation cruise the next day.

Jacinda was still on her period but her bleeding had subsided significantly and her flow was slowly coming to an end. The mother and son slept that Friday night with a newfound love and freedom. Jacinda had broken the shackles of her God and religion to serve her new Master, her lover, her son. That remarkable Friday, a week after their incestuous relationship began, Jacinda's submission to her new role as her son's submissive pain Slut and sex slave took a new stride forward.

---

It was now Saturday morning, 6:15am. Jacinda woke up with her alarm as usual and instantly put her mouth on her son's hard morning wood. It was still early morning but they had to hurry up and head to the airport. As Jacinda was giving Hunter his morning blowjob, Hunter woke up to find his mother's beautiful mouth on his dick. Jacinda made sure to give her Master another great blowjob that morning, eventually making him cum and swallowing his load. Waking up with his mother's mouth on his hard penis every morning, made sure Hunter had the perfect start to the day.

Jacinda and Hunter packed up their luggage with some last minute items. Hunter also made sure to pack all of the BDSM toys he had purchased in the large black bag. It was now 7:45 am. Hunter and Jacinda had breakfast and were waiting for their limo to arrive which would drop them to the airport for their flight to Jacksonville. The doorbell rang and their house maid had arrived after a full week. Jacinda greeted the maid and instructed her to clean up the house and keep it tidy before their arrival the following weekend.

Hunter was wearing a floral printed shirt with his top button open showing off his hard, chiseled young chest and a pair of ripped jeans with some air Jordans. He had his hair gelled up and styled messy. Hunter was really looking forward to this vacation with his mother, who was now his girlfriend. He was most excited to have sex with his mother on the cruise, but he would have to wait until her period had stopped.

Jacinda was wearing a red colored 'Eden Floral Garden Crop Tank Top' by Commense. It was a sleeveless tank top with thin straps going over her shoulder, showing off her upper chest, collarbones and shoulders elegantly. She was wearing denim jean shorts with frills at its ends. [Denim 'Peachy Cut-Off Short - Amada Blue' from Garage]. It showed off most of smooth legs but was able to cover most of her buttocks. Jacinda never wore such revealing clothing prior to her incestuous relationship with her son. Now Hunter wanted her to dress sexy and be worthy enough to show off to the world as his hot girlfriend. Jacinda loved getting dressed up in such clothes for her lover and her Master. It made her feel pretty, wanted and young. Jacinda had her long, luscious, thick hair open and wavy. She was wearing a pair of golden earrings, two thin gold necklaces and some bracelets.

Nobody could tell Jacinda was a hot 42 year old milf. She definitely looked younger for her age but people who didn't know her would think she was in her early 30s or late 20s at best. Their ride had arrived, arranged by Mr. Gomez to drop off the mother and son to the airport. Once they reached the airport and checked in, Jacinda realized Hunter had booked economy class tickets for them but he had made sure to purchase an additional ticket next to them.

Jacinda: Honey, are we flying economy? You know we could afford First class, right?

Hunter: I know mom. But if we're sitting together, those first class seats are rather large and we would have some distance between us.

Jacinda: Well, that's true. I love how thoughtful you are. I'd want nothing else but to cuddle up close to you honey. But why did you buy an extra ticket next to us?

Hunter: The seat rows in this aircraft are split 3 by 3. And I got you a window seat, I'll take the middle. I didn't want anybody else disturbing us or sitting next to me. I just want my hot girlfriend in my arms.

Jacinda was overjoyed at how thoughtful her son was. She was more impressed how he had planned their trip just so he could sit closer to her and just her. She felt special and cared for. She felt wanted. Once again, Hunter had proven with his actions how much he loved her and wanted her all the time. Jacinda planted a big, deep, wet, sloppy kiss on her son's lips right then to show her appreciation. She was no longer afraid of kissing her lover in public. It was as if she had left her shame and inhibitions at the church when she bid farewell to her God and accepted her son as her new God with all her body, mind and heart.

Little did she know, Hunter had more plans than just sitting closer to her in the flight. They checked in their bags, cleared the security check and were now waiting at the gate to board their flight. All the men at the airport were ogling at Jacinda and she could see their eyes rummaging all over her body. Jacinda had her arms locked in with Hunter throughout the time they were at the airport. She felt safe in his arms, protected, loved and owned. Hunter too loved having his sexy mother who looked like a hot bombshell at the airport, stick to him while walking through the airport. He wanted to show off to everyone, how hot his beautiful girlfriend was and that he owned her, she belonged to him.

While they were waiting, Hunter pulled out a little device from his backpack and handed it to Jacinda. It was a tiny egg shaped device about 3.5 inches in length.

Hunter: Mom, are you still on your period?

Jacinda: I don't know honey, I'm still feeling some cramps but I haven't seen any blood flow this morning. I'm not wearing a tampon if that's what you're asking, I just have a pad on in case I start bleeding again during our transit.

Hunter: Hmm..Good. Here, take this. (Hands her the device)

Jacinda: What's this Hunter?

Hunter: It's a little toy. It's called the Pink Pussycat Bullet Vibe.

Jacinda: Okay...What do I do with it? What does it do? I'm confused....

Hunter: Take this with you, go to the women's bathroom. Insert this into your pussy, make sure it goes all the way in.

Jacinda: OH MY GOD. Honey, I don't know if it'll fit.

Hunter: I don't care. Make it fit somehow. It's smaller than my cock and my cock fits in you well.

Jacinda: Oh no honey, you're so big. I can barely take all of you. But I'll try this. But why Hunter?

Hunter: I want you to get this Pink Pussycat bullet vibe as deep as you can in your pussy. It needs to stay inside you until we reach Jacksonville. It's just a game mom. You'll love it.

Jacinda smiled and felt naughty. She had never felt such strange, naughty excitement before. She accepted the toy and went into the bathroom. She did as Hunter had instructed. With some difficulty, she was able to get all of the Bullet Vibe in her pussy. It was very uncomfortable leaving it in there. But it was small enough that it wouldn't pop out of her tight, tiny pussy. With her sanitary pads and underwear tightly wrapped around her, it was properly lodged deep inside Jacinda's cunt. Jacinda walked out of the bathroom and was evidently uncomfortable walking with a 3 inch dildo stuck inside her pussy.

Jacinda: Hunter, I have it in. But it's very uncomfortable. I don't know how I'll be able to sit in the plane.

Hunter: Get used to it. And trust me, you'll love it.

---

Hunter and Jacinda boarded their flight and took their seats. They were greeted with a glass of champagne, but Hunter didn't drink and he was only 18, so he made sure Jacinda drank both glasses. Jacinda liked the welcome drink and observed no other passengers got offered the drink. She looked at Hunter with a curious look.

Jacinda: Was that just for us?

Hunter: Yep, everything is planned mom. I want you to have the best time of your life.

Jacinda: Oh Hunter. You keep surprising me everyday and you make me fall deeper in love with you with every surprise. I love you honey.

Jacinda kissed her son as she looked out the window. Hunter had raised their armrest between the seats and was sitting tightly squeezed in with his mother. Just then the in-flight safety announcement started. Jacinda was listening carefully and watching the flight attendant demonstrate safety instructions.

Suddenly out of nowhere, Jacinda felt an intense vibration in her vagina. It was strong and abrupt. Feeling that shocking vibration in her vagina unexpectedly, Jacinda gasped and let out a slight shriek, alarming the flight attendant who looked at her confused. Jacinda felt embarrassed and covered her face with her hands. She realized the sudden vibration she felt in her pussy must have been the device Hunter asked her to insert in there. Jacinda turned to Hunter with a smirk on her face.

What Jacinda wasn't aware, was that Hunter had paired the Pink Pussycat Bullet Vibrator with an app on his phone and he could control the intensity, pattern, duration and instances to vibrate the bullet dildo in his mother's vagina. Hunter showed her the app, pressing a button on the app on his phone, and Jacinda once again felt a rush of intense vibrations in her vagina. As soon as she felt the walls of her vagina wiggle she grabbed Hunter's arms and pressed on him almost

jumping out of her seat.

The random burst of vibration along the walls of her vagina was getting Jacinda extremely aroused and horny. Just the two vibrations had already made her pussy mad with leakage and she now had her eyes closed, breathing heavier and drops of sweat appeared on her forehead. She was now anticipating Hunter to trigger the vibrator lodged in her pussy any time, and the anticipation was turning her on even more. She was now extremely horny and the flight was still on the runway, about to take off.

Hunter had a naughty smile on his face and he watched as his mother squirmed in her seat. He could tell she was expecting another burst of vibration in her vagina at any moment, but he wanted to torture her a little more and didn't trigger the app for a while. The flight took off and once they were mid-air, the in-flight beverage service had started. The flight attendant offered Jacinda a drink. Jacinda asked for a mimosa (orange juice and champagne). As the flight attendant was handing over the glass of mimosa to Jacinda, Hunter hit the vibrator again and Jacinda felt another intense vibration in her pussy. The sudden burst of vibration in her vagina startled her and she dropped the glass from her hand, as she was accepting it from the flight attendant. The drink was now spilled all over Jacinda's tiny, denim shorts, her legs and some on her exposed lower belly.

The flight attendant apologized even though she knew it wasn't her fault. She offered to make another drink and gave Jacinda some paper napkins. But before Jacinda could grab the paper napkins, Hunter took them from the flight attendant and started wiping off the juice from Jacinda's thighs and over her shorts. Jacinda received another drink and had a naughty smirk on her face, knowing it was Hunter who had timed the trigger of the vibrator lodged in her vagina right when she was taking the drink from the flight attendant.

Jacinda was being publicly humiliated and embarrassed while getting turned on during the flight. Throughout the duration of their flight, Hunter randomly triggered intense vibrations in his mother's vagina, making Jacinda extremely wet and horny. He would occasionally also kiss his mother and make out with her in their seats. During one of the make out sessions, Hunter once again, sucked on his mother's lower lip, reopening the cut in her lip from his brutal bite on it. Jacinda was thoroughly being used as her son's sex slave and was enjoying it with all her heart.

---

When the son and mother arrived in Jacksonville, they had a ride ready to drop them off on the cruise. Jacinda was following her son's order of not taking the bullet vibrator out of her vagina and Hunter was constantly triggering his mother's vaginal vibrations throughout their transit. This had made Jacinda extremely wet, leaky and horny. She wanted to feel her son's cock inside her vagina but there was no way they were able to do it privately. While the mother and son were seated in the back seat of their chauffeur driven Cadillac Escalade enroute to the cruise port, Hunter had another naughty idea.

Hunter turned on the vibration again and Jacinda grabbed his arm, squeezing it as she felt intense vibrations in her pussy. Suddenly she felt Hunter open the buttons of her denim shorts and inserted his hand in his mother's shorts while he was seated next to her in the car. The driver had a clear view of their faces from the rear view mirror, but couldn't see anything going on under their necks. Jacinda's eyes were now closed as she felt an intense ringing vibration in her wet sloppy vagina, while now her son's fingers were maneuvering through her front to enter her pussy. Hunter was successful in finding the edge of her sanitary pad and noticed it was extremely wet. However, he wasn't sure if it was because of her period blood or from her sexual juices.

Hunter then grabbed the edge of his mother's sanitary pad and pulled it out of her pants and

panties. The pads were soaking wet, but there was no red spot on it, meaning it was soaked in Jacinda's vaginal fluids. Hunter smiled and was proud to know that he had made his mother leak juices throughout the trip with the bullet vibrator lodged deep in her cunt. Which made him realize, the device was still vibrating inside his mother and he once again inserted his fingers in her cunt.

As soon as his fingers penetrated his mother's vagina, Hunter could feel the cold metal in her pussy surrounded by slimy, hot, wet fluids of his mother's vaginal secretions. Hunter then pulled the vibrating bullet out of his mother's pussy and turned it off. Jacinda now relaxed on her seat and breathed a sigh of relief as she opened her eyes to notice her son's hand and fingers glistening with her vaginal juices, holding the bullet. Hunter put the bullet vibrator back in his bag and looked at his mother. She was breathing hard and heavy like a bitch in heat. She wanted to fuck him right then and there. She couldn't wait to take her son's huge dick in her. She was teased and aroused throughout the last 2 hours and may have had multiple orgasms without her knowledge.

Once they arrived at their cruise terminal, Hunter and Jacinda entered the cruise. It was a huge ship with tons of activities and Jacinda was genuinely happy to be there. She was excited for this fun vacation with her son. They checked in their room and she was once again pleasantly surprised to notice their room was a luxury suite.

---

As they entered the room, their bathroom was on the right with a sink and a bathtub, a toilet and a shower. There was a small couch to the left facing the wall on the right with a TV mounted on it. There was an island under the TV with a microwave, some wine and a freezer. They had a king sized large bed and as they went past the bed they were greeted to an open balcony overlooking the endless blue ocean and skies. They also had a jacuzzi tub, between the bedroom and the balcony facing the ocean.

Once Jacinda entered the bedroom, she instantly turned around and kissed her son on the lips. She inserted her tongue in his mouth tasting his saliva and allowing him to take over her. Jacinda had been extremely horny and her pent up libido was now in overdrive. Once they had reached the privacy of their suite, she wanted to unleash her inner animal and feel her son's dick deep inside her pussy. But as her Master, Hunter was the one in charge and in control.

Hunter was happy to see his mother approve of his itinerary for their cruise vacation so far. He had made all the arrangements with certain plans in mind and it was important to him that she had fun. As his mother was kissing him, Hunter sucked on her tongue and played with her hair. He slid the shoulder straps of her red floral tank top off her shoulders. Jacinda instantly took her arms out of them. Hunter reached for the zipper behind her top and unzipped it, taking her top off. Jacinda now stood topless only wearing her jewelry and frizzled denim shorts. The lovers continued to kiss and Hunter was pushing his mother deeper and deeper into the room.

Jacinda thought he would lay her down on the bed and mount her, but Hunter had other plans. Once he reached the bed, Hunter roughly grabbed his mother's hair and pulled her head off his lips.

Hunter: Welcome to your vacation cruise mom.

Jacinda: Oh honey, I'm beyond ecstatic. I love you. You're such a great son.

Hunter: I'm a better lover mom. Now take your pants off and meet me on the balcony.

Jacinda's face now flushed with a mix of nervous excitement and embarrassed fear. Her son was essentially asking her to get naked and walk into the balcony. Without much thought, Hunter began undressing himself and walked towards the glass door, opened up the sliding glass door and entered the balcony butt naked himself. He turned and watched as his mother was still waiting by the bed with her denim shorts still on.

Hunter: What are you waiting for mom?

Jacinda: Honey....what if somebody sees us?

Hunter looked around and pointed to the vast ocean and open skies.

Hunter: You mean the fish? Dolphins? Birds? Yeah they'll love what they'll see. Now get naked and get your ass here slave.

Jacinda: Yes, Master.

As soon as she heard him call her a slave again, the switch in her turned and her inner submissive pain slut had reemerged. Jacinda took her shorts off and walked meekly towards the balcony near her naked son. She watched as his large, hard cock was waiting to fuck her, but she was confused how he could fuck her, since they weren't on the bed.

When Jacinda got closer, Hunter grabbed his mother by her neck and pushed her body towards the metal railing on the balcony. He bent her torso down, such that her head, face and torso now leaned off the balcony. Hunter lifted his mother's right leg and shoved his penis in her warm, moist cunt. He could already see her pussy juices leaking and dribbling down the sides of her inner thighs. Jacinda was now leaning over the balcony and could see other people walking down on a few decks under her. They were up on the top 15th floor balcony of the cruise. She felt her son's dick enter her vagina and closed her eyes and moaned. This is what she was craving for the last few hours. And now with the sun shining on their nude bodies, she was getting fucked from behind with the vast ocean and open skies in front of her.

Hunter kept pounding his mother's vagina while pulling her neck with one hand and her hair with the other as Jacinda balanced herself on the railing in front of her with her head pulled high up facing the hot Florida sun. She could feel her son's penis brushing against the walls of her vagina as he pistoned in and out of her. Hunter hadn't fucked his mother's cunt in the last 2-3 days and was dearly missing it. He had abused her asshole recently which felt great but Hunter wanted to make sure he fucked his mother raw in her cunt as much as possible.

As the mother and son continued fucking on the balcony of their suite on the cruise, Jacinda's moans had gotten louder and Hunter's grunts were getting more intense. Hunter banged his mother's pussy from behind for a good 15-20 mins when they suddenly heard a loud horn blowing from the cruise announcing their departure from the port. The loud horn startled Jacinda and she dropped her leg back down to the floor. She now spread her legs wider to balance better as her son continued pounding her vagina with his hard, large cock.

Hunter was loving the feeling of fucking his mother naked on the balcony of their cruise suite, as the hot sun shone on their nude, sweaty bodies. The cool breeze from the ocean and the open blue skies were having an intoxicating effect on them both. Hunter was getting close to finishing. He watched as his mother's sexy nude back was on display for him. It still had light pink remnants of his brutal whipping on her. He loved watching his mother's body show signs of his rough abuse and BDSM play. Hunter then suddenly landed a loud, hard smack on his mother's back, right on top of one of the whip marks on her back. That smack made Jacinda scream in pain and pleasure. And just like a good submissive pain slut, she said,

Jacinda: Thank You Master. I was wondering why you hadn't slapped me yet.

This made Hunter smile and happy to know how much she was craving his slaps and rough handling. Hunter slapped his mother's back a few more times and could now see his hand prints on her back in red. Jacinda no longer had tears of pain from her son's rough abuse. She was getting used to the pain because she loved taking it and feeling the pain as much as he loved giving it to her.

Jacinda: Thank You, Master. I love when you hurt me Master. I can't wait to get fucked on this vacation by your beautiful cock over and over again.

Hunter: I'll make sure to plug all your holes mom. You're going to be the best pain slut and sex slave for me to use. But not only on this cruise, you're going to be my sex slave for life.

Jacinda: Oooohhh...yesss baby...Please fuck me harder honey. I love you Hunter..

Hunter: I love you too my sex slave mother.

Saying that, Hunter finished deep inside his mother's vagina. Jacinda felt her son's seed and slime blast spurts in her moist cunt. Hunter shot ropes and ropes of semen in his mother's vagina. He finally pulled out and Jacinda instantly got back down on her knees to suck the remaining drops of cum out of her son's penis. She made sure to suck all of him out.

Hunter: Mom, you know what's coming next, don't you?

Jacinda: Yes, honey, I have to pee too.

Hunter: I want you to pee right here.

Jacinda: Here? Hunter but we're out on the balcony.

Hunter: We just fucked out here, what's the big deal. Just do it here. It'll slide off into the ocean anyway.

Jacinda smiled and squatted down on the floor of their balcony and let out a steady stream of piss. While she was peeing, she was suddenly greeted with a splash of piss on her forehead, coming straight from her son's dickhead. Jacinda opened her mouth wide to swallow all of her son's piss and Hunter made sure to aim his dick all over his mother's body. As the pungent contents of his bladder emptied on his mother's body, her skin was shining in the bright sun and his piss was dribbling down her breasts, merging with her own piss on the floor of the balcony. Once they were both done peeing, Hunter bent down, put his hand in the piss puddle floor trying to grab as much of their pee as possible and rubbed it on his mother's face, completing her humiliation.

The mixture of the mother and son's urine was now all over Hunter's hand and Jacinda's face. He then pushed her head to the floor, such that Jacinda's cheeks now came in direct contact with the mixture of their piss. Jacinda could see some thick white semen float in the piss puddle. It must have flown out of her pussy with her pee.

Hunter: Lap it up like a good bitch, mom. Taste all the mixture of our urine.

Jacinda pulled her tongue out and started slurping up the piss and semen from the balcony floor. Hunter put his foot on her neck, pinning her down in that position as Jacinda continued licking and slurping up the piss. She was being humiliated and degraded in a new way, and was

thoroughly loving the unique and creative ways in which her son used her as his sex slave. He was in complete ownership of her and she had submitted her life to him.

Hunter: How does it taste mom?

Jacinda: It's salty and pungent honey.

Hunter: Do you like it?

Hunter knew drinking and tasting his urine wasn't his mother's favorite part of their sexual play, but he wanted her to like it.

Jacinda: You know my answer Honey.

Hunter: Well then continue licking our piss until you like it. Be a good bitch to your son.

Jacinda: I.... I like it honey... I'm learning to like it. I promise.

Hunter then groped her hair and pulled her back up to her feet. He watched her face as she stood there, smiling, satisfied, tired and exhausted. She smelled like a dirty urinal with piss all over her face and hair. Her body was drenched in their urine.

Hunter spat on his mother's face and saw his spit land on her forehead slowly dribble down the middle of her forehead, by his nose. He spat on her face again, and swung a tight hard slap on her face completely shaking her as her head swung to her right.

As soon as she was slapped Jacinda's smile grew wider.

Hunter: Let's go shower mom.

The Mother and son's cruise vacation had kicked off with a hot and wet sexual intercourse. They were going to be on the cruise for the next 7 days. And Hunter had lots of plans for his sex slave mother. They showered together and got ready to head down for lunch.

Follow along for more wild, brutal, sexual adventures of 18 year old Hunter and his 42 year old sex slave MILF mother Jacinda.

...to be continued

## **Innocent Mom now Son's Slave Ch. 13**

\*\*\*All the characters in this story are over 18 years of age. This is just a fantasy and not a real story. It includes strong themes of incest, romance, BDSM, male domination, fem humiliation and water sports. If you're not comfortable, please stop reading.\*\*\*

(Please read all prior parts for the story to connect and make sense)

Sorry for the delay, life got busy. I have many more parts planned. I appreciate all your messages and the ratings for this series. I figured as more parts are written interest may fall off but I appreciate all the love for the characters and series. I have at least another 8 parts planned and will release it soon targeting around 2 per week.

Ch. 02 - 42 yr old MILF Jacinda who is a conservative, traditional, religious woman takes up her son's offer to help soothe the marks left behind on her shoulders by her bra-straps. She catches him watching brutal BDSM porn and is turned on. While massaging moisturizer on his mother's back, 18 yr old Hunter, takes unforeseen liberties with his mother's body which switches a physical need in his mother.

Ch. 03 - Jacinda, in a quest to help her son be more self-confident and assertive so that he could get a girlfriend, decides to help him become more commanding and controlling. But she herself ends up attracted to his strength, good looks and domineering actions with her, admitting she enjoyed their physical interaction the night before. He ends up punishing her and roughly fingering her.

Ch. 04 - Hunter takes control of his mother and tests her limits by playing dominating sexual games with her, using her body as a human dining table. Jacinda takes her son's virginity and ends up being a urinal for his piss.

Ch. 05 - Mom-Son have a date at an Italian restaurant, Public fun ensues, mom gets drunk and they have rough, brutal, wild sex at home.

Ch. 06 - Son proposes his Mother to be his sex slave and deepthroats her. Jacinda hesitantly accepts and tries to like her new role.

Ch. 07 - Son and Mother, now Master and slave, go shopping for sexy lingerie. They have sex in the trial room and Jacinda begins to enjoy the pain her son inflicts on her body. They end up having BDSM sex after Hunter covertly buys BDSM toys.

Ch. 08 - Upon son's insistence, Jacinda applies for divorce from his father in their non-existent marriage. Son uses his mother while she's on a work meeting video call.

Ch. 09 - Hunter's friends visit and ogle at their friend's hot MILF mom. Mom-Son fuck in the kitchen as son's friends play videogames upstairs. Mother turns into her son's BDSM Pain slut. He handcuffs her, ties her up and whips her bound back and paddles her ass.

Ch. 10 - Wild Morning Sex. Hunter's father makes a sudden appearance, son overpowers him and runs him off. Mother sees son in a new light and they have a very important conversation about their future. Hunter is going to college soon and moving to a new city. Will his mother join him?

Ch. 11 - Mother is on her period, Son uses her butthole instead of her bleeding vagina and roughly takes her Anal virginity. They also indulge in more BDSM play like electrostimulation.

Ch. 12 - Mom-Son go to Church, have fun in the church parking lot and depart on their cruise vacation, more fun in public and first of many sexual adventures on the cruise.

---

...Continued from Part 12

After having a hot and wet rough session on the balcony of their suite on the cruise, Jacinda and Hunter took a shower together to wash off all the piss and sweat off their bodies. Jacinda had been on her period the last 3 days but the bleeding seemed to have subsided giving Hunter the opportunity to fuck her in her pussy again. When she was still bleeding the day before, Hunter had popped his mother's anal cherry and taken her anal virginity by fucking her in her ass. Jacinda was so madly in love with her son now that she was in complete submission to him as

her protector, her Master, her owner. Hunter was also very excited to be on the cruise with his sexy 42 year old mother as his girlfriend and fuck toy sex slave.

Once out of the shower, Hunter put on a pair of jean shorts and a yellow floral shirt. He had his top two buttons open and was sporting a gold chain that hung down his chiseled chest. Hunter was a handsome teen, and his confidence had grown enormously since he started his life changing sexual relationship with his own mother, Jacinda.

Jacinda was wearing an 'off-shoulder coconut leaves printed tie back romper by Topperth' (google it for reference). It was sunny yellow in color with white coconut leaves printed on it. The dress was off shoulder exposing her bare naked, smooth skin all the way from her neck down to her shoulders just covering an inch above her nipples. The sleeves rested along her biceps and her arms were exposed too. Being a romper it acted like a pair of shorts around her waist with frizzled bottoms just a few inches below her vagina, putting her smooth legs on display. It covered her torso entirely just under her breasts. Her upper back was also exposed and one could clearly make out the light pink hue leftover from the whip marks Hunter had inflicted on her during their hardcore BDSM session in the house a few days ago.

Jacinda looked incredibly sexy and would make any man's head turn on that cruise. She wore a thin gold necklace which accentuated her exposed collarbones and chest, seducing onlookers to imagine what her breasts would look like. She also had a pair of long leafy earrings on and put on a sun-hat to complete her sunny, summer vacation look. Hunter and Jacinda were dressed for the occasion of their summer cruise and went on a walking tour to explore the various attractions and things to do on the cruise. They were matching in summery yellow colors like a couple on their honeymoon. After a long morning of travel and intense fucking, they were also hungry and proceeded to the cruise dining area for their lunch.

It was a sumptuous spread of various cuisines for their first lunch buffet. As Jacinda was filling up her plate with food in line, older men from across her and younger boys kept staring at her naturally magnetic beauty. She exuded immense sex appeal with her beautiful face and her gorgeous body with only her boobs, midriff and pelvis covered in any clothing.

Hunter could see the prying eyes of other men on his sexy mother and he put an arm around her waist, as if notifying them that this hot milf was his. He owned her and she was his woman. Hunter walked with his arms around Jacinda's waist and Jacinda loved being cared for and claimed by her hot son. She enjoyed being his trophy girlfriend just as much as he enjoyed flaunting her off.

---

Once they finished lunch and walked around the cruise some more to explore the various activities and attractions aboard the ship, they reached the very front tip of the ship, called the forward. Despite it being a hot summer day and the sun was shining, the wind at the front of the ship was blowing with full force and it made Jacinda's hair blow like in a movie. Their clothes were also flapping around in the wind and Jacinda had to constantly pull up the hem of her dress' neckline to avoid flashing people and her boobs being on display. Hunter watched every time as the wind made his mother's dress slide down ever so slightly along her breasts, almost exposing her nipples.

Once they reached the helm of the ship, the very front, Jacinda stood at the pointed corner and closed her eyes, absorbing the warmth of the sun and feeling the cool wind all over her body. Hunter came and stood very close behind his mother and put his arms around her waist, while he felt her long hair all over his face. He gently placed his lips on his mother's right shoulder and began kissing, licking and sucking on it. Jacinda instantly felt turned on by her son's mouth on

the exposed skin of her shoulder. Hunter was caressing his mother's waist and tummy over the fabric of her romper.

Jacinda was the happiest she had ever been in her entire life. This was a surreal moment for her. She was on a vacation, on a cruise, under the sun, in the arms of her lover, who was her own son. The very boy she had birthed 18 years ago was now her lover, her Master, her owner and she was his woman, his sex slave.

Jacinda extended her arms to the sides as if taking in the fresh atlantic air. Hunter was still kissing his mother's shoulder, eventually moving his lips along her neck, moving to her earlobes and began nibbling on his mother's ears. It felt so romantic to Jacinda, she recalled the scene from the movie Titanic. She felt she was Rose and her son was Jack.

The gushing wind was very loud and Jacinda was moaning in pleasure, feeling her son's wet tongue and teeth on her nibble, but Hunter couldn't hear it.

Jacinda: Hunter...Baby...this is the happiest moment of my life.

Hunter: What? (He still couldn't hear her with the wind at the front of the ship being so loud)

Jacinda: I love you baby. Thank you for being in my life. Thank you for claiming me, Thank you for taking me roughly that night. A week later, I'm yours and I wouldn't change a thing. I love you so much.

Hunter was still having trouble hearing his mother and didn't hear a word. But he did notice she was saying something. Since he was close to her ears, he said loudly...

Hunter: You gotta be louder mom. I can't hear you.

Jacinda: I LOVE YOU HUNTER. I LOVE YOU MY SON. I LOVE YOU! THIS IS THE HAPPIEST I'VE EVER BEEN. I AM YOURS FOREVER!!!!

Jacinda yelled at the top of her lungs, with a beautiful wide smile on her face. Hunter definitely heard his mother this time, and he was surprised, since his mother was always unsure and hesitant of expressing her love for her son out in public, ever since they had started their incestuous relationship. He figured nobody would have heard her with the loud wind blowing, but there were people standing behind them who were awaiting their turn at the tip of the cruise ship for their own Titanic moment.

Hunter felt incredibly happy that his mother was losing a lot of her inhibitions with him and accepting him as her owner, her lover, her Master. Something in her had changed since her long prayer at the Church the day before. He realized she had committed to him completely and maybe compromised with her faith to serve him, instead of her God. And he was absolutely right. The lovers were so in sync with each other's thoughts that they read one other's minds and felt each other's pulse.

Jacinda then turned around and passionately kissed her son on the lips. Their tongues met as they were both engulfed with Jacinda's long, thick, luscious brunette hair with blonde streaks covering their faces. This smooch was very intense, sloppy and tonguey. And for once, Jacinda was the one leading the kiss as she had her hands behind her son's neck pulling him deeper into her mouth.

After their loving titanic moment, Jacinda and Hunter strolled around the cruise ship a bit more exploring it. They were going to be on the cruise for the next 7 days and had a lot of things to do.

The swimming pool was large, had a lot of slides, a hot tub, a jacuzzi pool, a kid's pool and Hunter definitely wanted to take advantage of it.

Hunter: Mom, let's go to the room, get changed and hit the pool.

Jacinda: Okay honey. It is getting quite hot now in the middle of the afternoon. Swimming pool is a good idea.

---

Once in their room, Hunter changed into a pair of blue swimming trunks. Jacinda always wore mommy bikinis which were just one-piece tied behind her neck with thick straps. Her mommy bikinis covered most of her body only leaving her upper back and legs to show. Hunter had an idea she would wear such a bikini but he wanted his sexy mother to look hot and feel younger. He had secretly packed up a couple of tiny two piece triangle bikinis and tossed it at her.

Hunter: Here Mom. You're going to wear this right now.

Jacinda: But honey, these show too much....Are you sure? It's a public pool and people might see...

Hunter: I want them to see.

Jacinda: Honey, but....I thought you wanted all of me to yourself.

Hunter: I do Mom. But I also want people to know what a hot girlfriend my mother is. And she's my woman.

Jacinda smirked knowing how much her son loved her. She was hesitant to wear a bikini that only covered her nipples and vagina with thin, tiny strings. Since her Master, her son wanted her to dress that way, she agreed and figured he would be around her to protect her in case someone tried to get too close. She was still very nervous to go out in public almost naked. She was also worried, what if one of the knots of the thin strings came off while swimming in the water. That would mean she would be exposed completely naked in the pool.

With much contemplation and hesitancy, Jacinda finally put on the swimsuit Hunter had picked out for her. It was a 'White Zafu Floral Ribbed O Ring String Bikini'. The cups were independent with thin strings that tied in a knot in the front of her cleavage and another one at the middle of her spine. The bottom was basically just a white thong with floral print with a ring that connected the strings to the sides by her hip bone.

Once she had the two piece floral bikini set on, Jacinda looked hot and sexy as she watched herself in her cruise suite mirror. She was slightly uncomfortable, the cups over the breasts didn't cover her boobs well. Despite her boobs being average sized, their shape was up for view from all sides with only her nipples being covered by the thin fabric. And the thin fabric being white, she was worried once the bikini got wet under water, it would turn transparent.

To regain some of her modesty, Jacinda put on a beach coverup robe and a sun hat with sunglasses. Hunter and Jacinda went to the pool on the cruise and it was pretty crowded since it was still the first day of the ship being on sail. They could only find one lounge chair and Jacinda claimed it by laying on it.

Jacinda: Hunter, sweetie, it's very crowded, I don't know if I want to go in the pool wearing this bikini with so many people around.

Hunter: It is pretty crowded, how about you rest here and get a tan while I test the waters.

Jacinda: Sounds good honey, uhm...do you mind, rubbing sunscreen on me baby?

Hunter: Oh it'll be my pleasure.

Jacinda laid face down, flat. Hunter started squeezing sunscreen on his mother's back. He pulled off her robe and exposed her naked back. Now, the 42 year old sexy MILF was lying almost naked on the lounge chair with her back completely exposed. Her bikini bottom was basically a tiny thong that just went over her ass crack and her back just had shoe-lace looking string knotted together in the middle of her back. Hunter could now spot the remnants of the four whip marks on his mother's smooth skin. They had healed quite a bit but still left a light pink streak.

Hunter slowly massaged his mother's back going all across her butt dimples, up her spine and shoulders. He made sure to rub his hands with sunscreen on every inch and corner of his mother's gorgeous smooth skin. He then moved his attention to her legs and squeezed a couple of dollops of sunscreen on her protruding buns, massaging the toned flesh of his mother's buttocks. Once he was satisfied with covering his mother's skin in sunscreen, he noticed her smooth body shining under the sun.

Hunter: Mom, turn over. I'll get your front.

There were quite a few women and men lying in their swimwear and underwear getting a tan and swimming, but none of them looked as hot and attractive to Hunter, as his own mother. As soon as Hunter said Mom, the young, hot blonde getting a tan next to their lounge chair heard him and was surprised that a handsome young hunk like Hunter was applying sunscreen with such liberty on his mother's body. She was wearing sunglasses but her head turned towards the incestuous mother and son, out of surprise and interest.

Jacinda flipped over and Hunter now completely removed her cover up. She was now lying almost topless with little covering over her nipples and vagina. Her fleshy mound under the belly button showed her age but it was still so hot to Hunter. He started with her legs again and made sure to get the sunscreen deep in between his mother's inner thighs, brushing her vagina many times. He then moved to her belly and midriff and massaged her soft love handles with his rough hands. Jacinda had her eyes closed and was loving the feeling of her son's hands all over her body. It reminded her of their first night together when he was massaging her back with moisturizer and took unforeseen liberties with her body. Now she was his to do as he pleased and Jacinda had completely surrendered her body to her son.

As Hunter's hands and fingers brushed and flirted with Jacinda's under boob and sideboobs, the blonde girl next to them had her jaw on the floor and almost got out of her seat. She definitely heard the handsome young teen call this hot woman, his Mom. But the way he was playing and massaging the milfs body, was anything but motherly. It was definitely not how a son would touch his mother. Her curiosity piqued as she watched Hunter's arm now take more moisturizer and rub it all over his mother's chest, above her boobs and neck. She was then completely taken aback when she saw him move to his mother's face and smooch her on her lips as the older woman reciprocated.

Hunter whispered in his mother's ears.

Hunter: Mom, I'm going into the pool. Get some rest, tan and then join me when I call you, ok?

Jacinda: Okay honey.

Jacinda said, rising up slightly and kissing her son back. She watched as Hunter walked away approaching the pool. She watched her son proudly as his chiseled back was shining in the sun. Hunter's recent workouts and hours of basketball practice was showing as his body was getting more and more masculine. Jacinda smiled as she watched him dive in the pool and start swimming. Hunter made a couple of laps feeling the freshness of the crisp chlorine under the hot atlantic sun.

Jacinda was lost in admiration of her son's athletic body when she was interrupted by the young hot blonde who was tanning next to her. She introduced herself as Chelsea. Chelsea was a 28 year old blonde who was on the cruise with her girlfriends. She had a toned, fit body and was wearing a red bikini, which wasn't as skimpy as the one Jacinda had on.

Jacinda: Nice to meet you Chelsea!

Chelsea: Nice to meet you too, Jacinda. Can I ask you a question if you don't mind?

Jacinda: Sure.

Chelsea: That guy you were just kissing, who was that?

Jacinda: Oh...uhmm..err...that's..that's my boyfriend.

Chelsea: Oh, okay. I figured. I'm sorry, I don't mean to intrude, but maybe I misheard, but I thought he called you mom.

Jacinda's face went pale. This was her worst nightmare. She had tried her best to not let their secret incestuous relationship out in public. This could lead to something worse and she didn't want anybody to know that she was having a sex with her own son. Jacinda had no option, but to lie to Chelsea. Jacinda was a pure, pious woman and would never lie. But now that she had given up her faith and left her old life behind, she had to protect what she had with her son.

Jacinda: Oh uhmm...no you must have misheard. He's uhh...he's just my boyfriend.

Jacinda thought to herself "Why did I say JUST...that makes it sound worse."

Chelsea: Oh okay....I'm sure. I think maybe I misheard. It is quite windy up here. I just thought you know...he looks very young. And don't get me wrong, I didn't mean to call you old or anything...I'm sorry haha I'm just digging a hole for myself here.

Jacinda: Hahaha oh no it's okay. Don't be sorry. I understand. We do have an age gap and he is younger, but we're in love. Love I've never felt before.

Jacinda had managed to somehow successfully dodge the difficult question. Chelsea and Jacinda continued their friendly chat for a few minutes. Jacinda learned that Chelsea was from Orlando, FL and here on a trip with her girl's group of 5. They were all 27-29 years of age, various professions. Chelsea was an associate at a marketing firm and she was single. While their friendly chat continued, they were both interrupted by the stunning visual of Hunter rising out of the water, running his fingers through his hair running it back as water dripped from his body and he walked towards the two sexy women.

Hunter noticed his mother was talking to Chelsea and he was so in love with his mother, he almost ignored the younger, hot blonde. He looked at Jacinda,

Hunter: You want to take a dip and join me in the water?

Jacinda: Sure, honey. I'll be right there. And this is Chelsea..by the way.

Chelsea: Hi Hunter!

Chelsea bit her lip as she eyed Hunter top to bottom. She was definitely attracted to him physically and was somewhat envious that he was on this cruise with an older, less attractive woman like Jacinda. Little did she know, to Hunter, his mother was the hottest woman in the universe. Beauty is subjective, after-all.

Hunter and Chelsea made small talk and after a brief interaction, Hunter pulled his mother's hand to get her off the lounge chair.

Jacinda: Uhm..Chelsea, if you don't mind, could you please keep an eye on our chair?

Chelsea: uh..Sure Jacinda. Go have fun.

Jacinda: Thank you sweetheart!

Jacinda now stood under the sun, taking her sun hat and sunglasses off, resting them on the lounge chair. Everyone around them watched her as Jacinda's smooth, skin now slightly tanner than a few minutes ago was on display. Her tiny white floral bikini was doing a terrible job of hiding her assets. Suddenly Hunter lifted his mother up in his arms. He had done this many times before after they had fucked in her bedroom and he would lift her up in his arms, drop her in her jacuzzi tub and pee on his mother's body. This time however, Jacinda was hoisted up in her son's arms as he approached the water and threw his mother in the swimming pool.

Jacinda splashed and laughed, surprised at her son's sudden act of brazenness. Hunter then jumped in with his mother and they swam and played with each other like lovebirds. They swam to a corner of the pool and Hunter had his mother in his arms. Hunter and Jacinda now kissed while in the pool. Jacinda's hair was wet and stuck to her body. Hunter was running his hands all over his mother's sexy, naked back while he tasted her wet, sloppy tongue. Hunter bit her tongue while they kissed and found his fingers slowly going down under his mother's legs. He inserted his fingers in her thong, bikini bottoms and straight into his own birthplace.

Jacinda squirmed in the cold water under the hot sun, as her son was now kissing her in the middle of the pool with his finger lodged inside her pussy. People around couldn't see what he was doing, but everyone could easily see the lovebirds kissing above water. Chelsea was especially watching the two from outside with envy. She wished it was her instead of Jacinda in Hunter's arms kissing him. She couldn't take it anymore and left the pool area.

Hunter and Jacinda kissed and made out some more in the swimming pool. They had found a decent corner behind the waterfall by the slide where they were shielded by the slide and not many people could see them. Hunter continued sucking on his mother's lips and biting her tongue while fingering her vagina. Jacinda was thoroughly aroused feeling her son's fingers inside her. This was another new thrilling sensation for her, being fondled and played with underwater in a public swimming pool on a cruise ship.

Jacinda: Hunter...Baby, you're turning me on so much right now. aaahhh...

Hunter: Good, I love when my sex slave mother is turned on by my touch.

Jacinda: HUNTER!!! Don't say that out loud honey, you know Chelsea heard you call me Mom earlier. I think she was suspicious of us being son and mother.

Hunter: That's her problem. I don't care.

Jacinda: Honey but we have to be careful you know.

Hunter: Don't worry mom, nobody knows us here.

Jacinda: I know baby, but what we're doing...no mother and son ever do that honey you know that. We have a unique, special relationship. And it's weird to others. Heck, it's still weird to me.

Hunter: I know Mom, but that's the fun aspect isn't it? Just the taboo nature of it. It's so wrong, yet so hot. And I know what you mean, maybe I'll call you by your name when we're in public. Unless you prefer sex slave or my slut?

Jacinda chuckles at her Hunter teasing her and resumes kissing him. As they were making out, Hunter grabbed his mother's breasts and moved her bikini top aside to expose her right boob. He smacked her tit lightly and pulled her nipples in his mouth sucking on it. Jacinda was now very nervous and uncomfortable, she was almost naked in public, still hidden behind the waterfall and slides, but in a precarious position where someone could watch them if they looked carefully.

Jacinda: Honey...there are people here.

Hunter pulled his mother's tit out of his mouth and brought his hands by her bikini bottom. He undid the laces of her bottoms by the side and took his mother's bikini thong off. Jacinda was now completely naked below her breasts. She covered her tits back in, under the tiny white floral bikini top. As her bikini bottom now floated on the surface of the water.

Hunter: You're right. But I guess they can't see much underwater.

As soon as he said that, he pulled his mother's pelvis close to his, and took his cock out of his swimming shorts. Hunter then slowly aimed his penis at his mother's vagina and pulled her pelvis into his dick. Jacinda's eyes went wide as she felt her son's massive cock penetrate her vagina. She wasn't sure if she was finished with her period and there was always a possibility she would still bleed.

He had just fucked her on the balcony of their suite on the cruise, a few hours ago when they first boarded the ship. Jacinda was pleasantly surprised at her son's strength and stamina. She also loved that despite all the fucking and closeness, he still wanted her non-stop. He wanted to fuck her all the time. She was his play toy and his sex slave lover.

Hunter was now picking up rhythm under the water as he was going in and out of his mother's vagina. He fucked her holding her tight behind her back and kissed her mouth all over. Jacinda now pinned both her legs behind her son's back and locked her feet together to grip their connection as Hunter lifted his mother's body on and off his dick.

Jacinda: Ohhh baby, I love feeling your cock inside me.

Hunter was grunting while he fucked his mother underwater in a public pool. As their sexual intercourse continued, Hunter noticed a guy approaching their corner. He quickly pulled his mother off his penis and handed her her bikini thong.

Hunter: Put this back on. We'll continue later.

Jacinda was clearly very aroused and now disappointed that they couldn't fuck anymore. Not

only was she having sex in public with her own son, but it was also a unique feeling fucking under water. Hunter was also annoyed that his fun with his sex slave mother had to be cut short, because a stranger was approaching them. They swam around in the pool a bit longer before exiting the pool and grabbing towels. Hunter and Jacinda dried off and returned to their suite.

---

It was now evening time and getting closer to dinner. The incestuous mother and son had spent the day on the cruise fucking in their suite, exploring the cruise ship, posing like the romantic scene from the movie titanic and fucking in the swimming pool. Once back in their room, Jacinda and Hunter took a shower together and made out more, however they did not have sex. Hunter had something special planned for his mother and was now purposely keeping his dick away from her vagina. Part of being his sex slave was to play with her orgasm and arousal and denying it. She could only orgasm and squirt when he wanted her to, as he was now her Master and in total control of his mother's body.

Jacinda was now clearly showing signs of her tan from earlier that afternoon. The tiny bikini and its strings had given her tan lines in a triangle shape around her nipples and a thin string of pale skin going around from the side of her boobs to the back. Hunter got ready for dinner and put on a black tee shirt and dark jeans. While he was waxing up his hair, he noticed Jacinda wrapped in a bath towel, rummaging through her luggage.

Hunter: What's wrong Mom, what are you looking for?

Jacinda: Ugh nothing honey. I just don't know what I want to wear tonight. Do you have anything planned for after dinner?

She asked her son with a naughty smile, as her wet hair rested over her bare naked shoulders. Hunter approached his mother and hugged her from behind, kissing the back of her neck and shoulders.

Hunter: I have a lot planned for you Mom. But no fun if I just tell you of the plans.

Jacinda: Well, I just need to know so I can pick something to wear.

Hunter: Oh that's easy. I'll pick for you.

Hunter dug into his mother's luggage and picked out a 'Mila One Shoulder Drape Back Midi Dress from Damsel Dresses'. It was dark gray in color and as the name suggests, had a single strap go from the bust to the back to keep it in place around the shoulder. It ended mid-thigh and showed Jacinda's smooth legs. The dress was almost backless. Jacinda looked exotic and ravishing. She displayed a mix of classy elegance and raunchy sex appeal in that dress. Jacinda put on a thin silver necklace and designer earrings along with a silver bracelet and high-heels. The heels accentuated her 5'4" frame and made her look taller. The heels also made her shapely, toned butt protrude out through the dress giving her a beautiful hourglass figure from the side.

Hunter and Jacinda were now ready to get dinner at the cruise's dining hall. But before they left their suite, Hunter dug into his own luggage to pull out the same 4 inch butt plug that he had inserted in his mother a couple of days ago to stretch her asshole before fucking her in that crevice. He went around his mother and raised her dress high up from behind. Jacinda looked stunned and confused as she felt his hands probe her backside.

Jacinda: Honey...this dress is already quite tight and fitting in the back, what are you doing?

Hunter: Shhhshhh! Slaves don't ask questions.

Jacinda instantly stopped resisting and let her son have his way. She now had her eyes closed as she felt her panties pulled down and her son's finger gently lube her buttcrack. The cold gel of the lube made her startle but also smile. Hunter was now massaging his mother's buttcrack with the lube and slowly spread her buttocks apart to insert the black 4 inch buttplug into her asshole.

Jacinda's eyes went wide and mouth agape as she gasped feeling the ceramic end of the buttplug enter her anal cavity. She now learned what her son was trying to do. Hunter had completely inserted a buttplug in his mother's ass. Then pulled her panties back up and adjusted her dress so she looked dolled up once again.

Hunter: Now Mom. That's going to stay in you until I order you to take it out. Is that understood?

Jacinda: But baby, how will I...uhhghh..it already hurts.

Hunter: Good. It's supposed to. What if you start your period again, I'm going to use your ass. This will help open it up.

Jacinda: Honey, but how will I walk and sit at the dinner table?

Hunter: I guess we're about to find out.

Jacinda: Hunter, please can I just take it out for...

Before she could finish, she saw her son's hand go high up in the air and swing quickly in a flash landing on the left side of her cheek. She was suddenly slapped by her own son. The sting from the slap instantly sent tingles down her spine to her vagina and Jacinda was reminded of her position as her son's sex slave.

Hunter: If this buttplug comes out of your ass, something bigger is going into it. And you'll be punished on top of it.

Jacinda: Okay Master!

Hunter: Good girl. Now follow me.

Hunter led his mother out of their suite as they began walking down the hallway towards the elevator. Jacinda was clearly struggling to walk in the sexy tight dress, wearing high heels and a buttplug lodged in her asshole. She was not only walking funky but with every movement, the buttplug made contact with the inner walls of the skin in her rectum making it stretch and hurting her more. She somehow made it to the elevator and they both walked towards the dining hall.

Once in the dining area, Hunter picked a booth to sit at for dinner. He was waiting for Jacinda to get in the booth, but she just stood still by the edge of the table.

Hunter: What's wrong? Take a seat.

Jacinda: Ugh, Hunter....it hurts, in there (Pointing to her ass)

Hunter: So it's working. Take a seat Mom.

Jacinda tried to get in under the table and slowly placed her ass on the seat. Her eyes were now closed and her face clearly showed the foreign pain she was feeling in her asshole. As she sat

down in the booth, her entire body weight now fell on her buttocks making the buttplug lodge inside her. The tip of the plug now touched the innermost walls of her rectum, further making her feel uncomfortable in the state of agony.

Hunter ordered food for the two of them. Jacinda was drinking red wine which was all on the house. She noticed the blonde girl, Chelsea from the pool walk in the dining lounge with her friends. She kept staring at them, uncomfortably. Hunter noticed his mother staring at the entrance and he also looked over to find the same group of five girls entering the dining lounge. They got seated, not too far from Hunter and Jacinda. Hunter noticed the hot blonde, Chelsea with her friends and they all were wearing very sexy dresses.

Chelsea had a loose black designer camisole on and her tanned, toned skin looked very sexy in combination with her bright, blonde hair. The girls were having a lot of fun when Hunter noticed a couple of them looking towards him. They smiled and Hunter returned a smile. Jacinda noticed the glances her son was exchanging with the group of girls. For how much she loved him, a slight bit of envy did start to creep into her.

Once their dinner was done, Hunter offered his hand to help Jacinda get up out of her seat in the booth. She did have trouble getting up with her anus plugged deep. Chelsea and the girls noticed this and were talking amongst themselves. Jacinda overheard one of the girls say "He's such a stud, look how he helps the older lady out". And another girl said "He's just being a gentleman. I wish I had a boy like him". Just then she saw Chelsea look over and smile at Hunter. She was playing with her hair as she looked at him with a glint in her eyes.

---

Hunter just smiled and walked out of the dining lounge, hand in hand with his mother who was walking with her hips swaying to accommodate for the buttplug in her anus.

Jacinda: Where to now, Master?

Hunter: To the club!

Jacinda: Oh, what club?

Hunter: A nightclub.

Jacinda: Hunter, I've never been! And you're only 18, will they let you in? Aren't you supposed to be 21 to enter clubs?

Hunter: International waters, Mom. 18+ is allowed. Just have to be an adult.

Jacinda was excited to go to a nightclub. She had never been to one in her entire life. She was more so looking forward to going with her son, her lover. At the age of 42, she felt like her lost younger days were returning being the girlfriend of her own 18 year old son. However, her son was also now her Master and the buttplug in her anus was a constant reminder for her as her son's sex slave. She loved being humiliated in these ways by her son. Despite her resistance, she was slowly beginning to enjoy the taboo excitement of being in public with a hidden buttplug inside her.

Once Jacinda and Hunter entered the club, it was unlike anything they had seen before. In their small hometown in the middle of nowhere Texas, they had no access to nightclubs. Jacinda hadn't been dancing since her high-school days, and that was just cheer practice which she was bad at. The nightclub had two floors, it was very dark and there were lots of strobing lights and

lasers. There were lots of people in their twenties dancing on the floor, some drinking. Most girls were dressed rather provocatively and the guys all looked like they had to follow a dress code of black shirts and a silver chain with gelled hair. The club had a bar on all four sides.

Jacinda followed Hunter as he approached a bar facing the dance floor in the center of the club. He ordered two drinks at the bar. Jacinda looked at him surprised, since she knew Hunter did not drink. Once their drinks arrived, Jacinda took a sip from her glass, it was a cocktail. Hunter just held his glass in his hand and watched his mother sip on her drink. Jacinda watched curiously as Hunter didn't drink from his glass, but just held it in his hands. Minutes passed and they noticed the same group of girls from the dining hall earlier, Chelsea and her friends entering the nightclub. The DJ had some 90's disco music playing. Some of the girls from Chelsea's group did some shots, right next to Hunter and Jacinda and straight away hit the dance floor.

Chelsea and her friend now took possession of a small, round standing table where they placed some of their drinks and watched the dance floor. Jacinda had now finished drinking her drink as she looked mysteriously at her son, who had his eyes locked on at Chelsea and her friends. There were definitely some naughty eye-contact from Chelsea. She really thought he was a hot guy and was still envious of Jacinda. She didn't understand why such a hot teenage stud like him would be with his older looking woman. She thought she was definitely hotter than Jacinda. Little did she know, that hot woman was Hunter's own mother and his sex slave.

Since Jacinda's glass of cocktail now only contained cubes of ice, Hunter gave her his glass to drink more and took her glass in his hands. Jacinda started sipping from the straw. She loved the delicious drink and was relieved to know that Hunter wasn't going to drink, so she drank his cocktail too. Hunter wanted his mother to relax and the alcohol was to make sure she loses her inhibitions and increases her pain tolerance for what was in store for her that night.

They were interrupted by Chelsea, who greeted Jacinda with a fake smile and looked at Hunter.

Chelsea: Hey Hunter, you look really good.

Hunter: Thank you.

Chelsea: We're in a club, why aren't you guys dancing?

Hunter: Well, we're waiting on Mo...uhmm..Jacinda here to finish her drink.

Chelsea now turned towards Jacinda,

Chelsea: Jacinda, do you mind if I borrow your boyfriend for a minute on the dance floor?

Before Jacinda could speak, Chelsea grabbed Hunter by his hand and pulled him towards the dance floor. Chelsea was a hot blonde who had a couple of tequila shots in her and wore a sexy red outfit which showed off a lot of cleavage and her hot, toned, fit body. She pulled Hunter to the dance floor and started dancing with him. She was leading him all along and getting very handsy with him. Hunter was following along and they danced to the music for a bit. All the while, Jacinda stared at them with envy. Jacinda was now drinking her own cocktail and had the other glass full of ice cubes in her other hand, gripping it tightly in anger.

"How dare she take him away from me? Look at her, she's getting so handsy with him! Ugh Why's he dancing with that skank?! She's dressed like a whore!". Jacinda had a million thoughts running through her mind, but what she was feeling was an intense envy and possessiveness over her son. Jacinda's face was now flushing red and she was waiting for her son to get back as she had downed her second drink. Now the alcohol doing its work, Jacinda was beginning to let loose a

little. She was still standing at the bar, watching her son dance with the hot blonde. Jacinda was then interrupted by a man, who looked to be in his late forties. He had a button down shirt on, with a slight belly and salt and pepper hair. He definitely looked his age, and he began hitting on Jacinda and trying to have a conversation. But Jacinda was so lost in her jealousy that she completely ignored the guy. He offered to buy her a drink and Jacinda nonchalantly just said "Yeah, sure, whatever", her eyes still fixated on the closeness between her son and Chelsea's bodies.

Hunter on the other hand, was just trying to be polite and swaying to the music, following Chelsea's lead. His hands were on Chelsea's hips but he wasn't feeling her up. She was most definitely hot, like a model from a magazine cover. But for some reason, Hunter had no interest in her. In fact, his eyes kept darting back and forth towards his mother who stood in the dark, in the distance by the bar. He noticed the two empty glasses next to her. He wanted to get out of there and bring her onto the dance floor. His plan was to get his mother drunk and dance with her while she had the buttplug in her asshole.

Jacinda drank another cocktail, purchased by the man who stood close to her, trying to have a conversation with her, but she was now visibly annoyed and ignoring him. Just then she felt the guy's hand rest on the exposed skin of her thighs. Jacinda, now froze. She felt the man's hand move along her thighs as he was slowly probing up her dress and touched her butt. He thought he had gotten this sexy woman drunk and could have his way with her. Little did he know, Jacinda hadn't heard a single word he said. But she was now feeling really uncomfortable with a stranger trying to invade her physical privacy. She definitely did not consent to this, but being in a public place, with a ton of emotions already running through her mind, she didn't know what to do.

With a buttplug in her anus, the thrill and excitement of being in a nightclub with her son, who was now her lover, jealousy taking over her, the alcohol's buzz kicking in and the uncomfortable feeling of another man's hand on her butt and her skin, was too overwhelming for Jacinda in that moment, and with her third glass of cocktail still in her hand, she briskly set off walking towards the dance floor. Jacinda hurriedly escaped the stranger's hands and bolted towards her son and Chelsea. Chelsea was squatting down and rising up, grinding herself on Hunter's body. Hunter noticed his mother approaching them with blitz and another glass of alcohol in her hand.

Jacinda stood a couple of feet away from Hunter and Chelsea and started chugging the glass of cocktail. Hunter realized this was her third drink, since he had noticed the other two empty by the bar earlier. Now, Chelsea also paused dancing, staring at Jacinda, confused. The music on the dance floor was really loud and had now changed into electronic house music. But Jacinda was in her own trance. The alcohol in the glass didn't last longer and the glass was now empty again, with just ice cubes in it. She handed the glass to Chelsea, and jumped on her son, kissing him wildly.

Hunter was taken aback but enjoyed the ferocity with which his mother was now kissing him. She had her hands and fingers running along the back of his head, playing with his hair as her tongue entered his mouth playing with his tongue. Jacinda was madly and passionately kissing her son, as if she was claiming him back from the paws of Chelsea. Chelsea was also dumbfounded, as she just stood close to the couple watching as this older woman wildly mauled the handsome stud's face with her lips. The kiss was passionate and intense and Hunter's hands now grabbed his mother's butt, slowly running up her sexy gray dress, reaching the exposed skin of her back.

Jacinda was relieved to feel the familiar and safe hands of her son back on her skin. Just being in his arms made her feel safe and loved. She was so overwhelmed with love, she had lost all inhibitions and continued kissing her son wildly. People dancing around them watched as Hunter

was now kissing his mother back with the same intensity. Chelsea didn't know what to do as she watched the bitch in heat claim her man back from her.

Hunter then grabbed the empty glass of cocktail in his hand from Chelsea and took some ice cubes in his hands.

Hunter: Excuse me, Chelsea, do you mind giving us some space?

Chelsea: Sure

Chealsea walked away with the empty glass.

Jacinda smiled and watched her son proudly, as he had now politely shooed off Chelsea. Before he asked her to leave, Hunter had managed to grab some ice cubes from the glass in his hands and with both ice cubes in his hands. He slowly placed the wet, ice cubes on the back of his mother's neck. Jacinda, startled by the cold temperature on her bare skin, was now dancing to the tunes with her son in her arms.

Hunter continued running the ice cubes along his mother's neck, chest and then pulled the helm of her neckline and dropped the rest in her dress by her boobs. Jacinda was already hot with her pent up arousal and now the contrast by the ice inside her dress touching the warmest parts of her body was turning her on even more. Hunter's other hand still had some ice cubes and he pulled the front of his mother's dress from below and poured the rest of the cubes in her panties.

Jacinda now had freezing cold ice cubes touching her nipples and breasts and the mounds of her vagina. The heat emanating from her body was quick to melt the ice. With the buttplug still lodged in her ass, she was now getting comfortable with it being there, but had another unique sensation from the ice cubes tingling her vaginal walls. She was surprised how her son always found new and creative ways to arouse her. He always gave her new sexual experiences and new sensations that she had never felt before.

With the ice cubes now completely melted and her hot bare skin now drenched with water, Jacinda's vagina had begun secreting liquids too. This scared Jacinda, since she felt maybe she was getting her period back. While they continued to grind and dance, Jacinda whispered in her son's ears surrounded by the loud music.

Jacinda: Honey, I need to use the bathroom.

Hunter: Really? Now?

Jacinda: Yes baby, I feel something coming out, I don't know what it is, maybe...

Hunter understood and held his mother's hand walking towards the restroom. As they approached the restroom area, away from the dance floor, the loud music had muffled. Jacinda was about to enter the women's room, when Hunter held her hand, stopping her in her tracks. He then opened the women's restroom door and entered in along with her.

Jacinda: Honey this is the ladies....

Hunter: I know.

Hunter then pulled his mother into a stall. Thankfully the public washroom was vacant. Once inside the cramped stall, Hunter shut the stall door behind him and stood there. Jacinda pulled her panties down and sat uncomfortably on the toilet seat. The buttplug was still giving her some

trouble and especially hurt when she was attempting to pee with it lodged in her ass. Hunter stood there watching his mother, as she was now peeing. He could hear the hiss sound of her trickle hitting the toilet water. Jacinda looked back at her son curiously, not knowing what he had in mind. She was confused why he entered the ladies' restroom with her. But once again, the excitement of the unknown and the thought of having their secret incestuous relationship exposed turned her on. The taboo nature of their relationship along with the thrill of being in public while her son gave her new exciting sensations was making her wet down there.

When Jacinda was done peeing, she looked down and noticed there was no blood. This gave her a sense of relief, that the liquid oozing out of her pussy was not her period blood, but just the result of her extreme arousal.

Jacinda: Honey, I think my period is over. I'm not bleeding anymore.

Hunter had a smile on his face. He pulled his mother up from the toilet seat, holding her chin and placed a gentle kiss on her mouth. Just then, they heard some girls enter the ladies' room. Jacinda got scared upon hearing someone else was in the restroom with them. Jacinda and Hunter stood still and Jacinda tried to be quiet.

Hunter then turned his mother around, raised her dress up from the bottom and could see the shiny end of the buttplug sticking its head out from his mother's anus. He heard the other girls talking and joking, and overheard one of them whose voice sounded familiar. It was Chelsea.

Chelsea: Oh my god, And then she literally grabbed him and started madly kissing him. I was like okayyyyy...yeah sure bitch he's yours, I get it. She was so jealous. And then he took some ice from the glass she gave me and asked me to get out of there. It was so weird. I swear something's up with these two, they're so odd! The guy is so hot! I don't know what he's doing on this cruise with a woman double his age. She's too old for him.

They overheard Chelsea, talking to her friends. Little did she know, the couple she was bitching about were in the bathroom stall a few feet away from her. Hunter then pinned his mother's head on the wall in the bathroom stall and arched her back. He moved his hands over her naked butt, gently caressing it. Slowly, he moved towards her buttplug and pulled it out in one go, which made a 'pop' sound. As soon as she felt the buttplug exit her butthole, Jacinda gasped and moaned "Oooohhhh". Her moan was loud enough to be heard outside the stall and she could hear the girls react to the sound. The girls were giggling and chuckling among themselves, in reaction to the strange sound coming from the stall.

Eventually, the girls left the restroom, and Hunter grabbed his mother's gorgeous hair in a bunch with his left hand, and shoved the buttplug that came straight out of her asshole in her mouth. Jacinda could taste the foul stench of her own rectum in her mouth, but didn't protest, knowing she was in a precarious position. She didn't want to get caught half naked in the bathroom stall with another man in the ladies room. And that man was her own son. Hunter knew how much his mother wanted to avoid attracting any attention to them so she'll quietly comply as he wants her to. Besides, she had already submitted to him as his sex slave.

Hunter then observed the sphincter that had opened up between his mother's buttocks. Her perfect buttcrack now had a bigger hole around her puckered anus, thanks to the buttplug. Hunter's plan had worked and her anal opening now looked much more relaxed. He then grabbed his mother by her hips and got down on his knees on the floor of the bathroom stall and brought his nose near her butthole. He took a sniff of his mother's crotch, inhaling her feminine stench from her privates. The freshly opened butthole mixed with her just peed out vagina was oozing an intoxicating fragrance. The womanly scents coming from his mother's pussy were getting him hard and horny.

Hunter had his mother bent over the commode now and buried his face in between her ass cheeks, spreading them apart. His nose directly on the edge of her anus and his mouth now in between her asshole and the bottom of her vaginal opening. Hunter took his tongue out to taste the cold wetness caused by the icy cocktail in her crotch along with the warm sexual juices oozing out of her pussy. He was now lapping up his mother's vagina with his tongue, eating her pussy out. His tongue tickled her pussy lips and probed her perineum trying to taste as much of her salty skin as possible.

Jacinda's eyes were now closed as she felt the soft, squishy tongue of her own son invade the privacy of her nether regions. She was already drunk and horny and loved the way he was treating her body again. As usual, he was in control and Jacinda had surrendered herself to her own 18 year old son to do with as he pleased. She felt her vaginal walls work over time, further secreting sweet juices on her son's tender tongue. All the while, his nose and fingers probed the entrance of her freshly dilated butt hole. Just as she was enjoying the feeling of her son's warm tongue on her vagina, she suddenly felt his teeth at the edge of her anus.

Hunter was now biting his mother's ass just around the edge of her booty hole. He had her anus covered entirely by his mouth, with his tongue pressed hard all around it and was trying to insert his tongue into her asshole. With some difficulty he pressed down deeper on the tender skin of his mother's open sphincter as his tongue had successfully entered her anal cavity. Hunter loved the taste of his mother's anus and swirled his tongue around her butthole. He was going in deep and making sure she felt his warm, moist tongue on the inner walls of her anal canal. Jacinda had never felt this sensation before. She was fucked in the ass by her son just the day before, but nothing felt this sexual and unique as his tongue in her butt.

Jacinda was now getting hornier and moaning louder. The intoxication from the alcohol in combination with her own sexual arousal was taking its peak. As her son was eating her ass out, Jacinda could feel her warm, sensual juices leak out of the thin walls of her vaginal lips. Hunter could also feel the warmth of his mother's pussy as he saw streaks of her liquids ooze out of her. He instantly brought his tongue out and lapped her up between her legs. Licking her thighs like a hasty dog. Jacinda's mouth was still plugged by the same buttplug that was deep inside her rectum just moments ago. And now her anus was licked, eaten and bitten by her son. She felt so dirty playing these anal games with her son. It was by far the nastiest thing she had done, other than drinking her son's piss.

Hunter then suddenly tore his mother's panties which were still by her ankles. The tearing sound got Jacinda excited as she looked behind through her long, disheveled hair, staring into the horny eyes of her son. He had a beastly, aroused look in his eyes, as if he was actually a Hunter starting down at his prey. She was the deer to him and he was going to eat his prey. Jacinda smiled, knowing her son still loved her and wanted to treat her the only way she loved being treated. Like a sex slave, a play toy, a fuck doll whose only purpose in life was now to serve her Master, her son.

Hunter got back up from his knees and pulled his mother up by grabbing her hair roughly. She stared back at him with her mouth clogged by the buttplug. He pulled it out and placed it in his pocket. Giving Jacinda a chance to grab her breath. He could see their little dirty escapade in the bathroom stall had made her so hot, she was sweating profusely with sweat dripping down her forehead. Hunter got close to his mother and licked a bead of sweat from her cheeks, all the way up to her forehead, tasting his mother's sweat.

Hunter: How did your asshole taste mom?

Jacinda: I could ask you the same question honey...

Hunter loved how she could get catty at times and he wanted to punish her for her attitude.

He roughly grabbed her by the throat, squeezing her windpipe and brought her face closer to his. He had a firm grasp over her tender neck which was also showing signs of heat and sweat. The chokehold on her neck was making it difficult for her to breathe and she was squealing, almost making a whistling sound from her mouth and nose.

Hunter: Open your mouth, slut!

"Slut" That was the first time he had called her that. She knew he didn't mean it. She wasn't a slut. She was a pure, pious, traditional, conservative and religious woman, until just a few days ago. Now she was her son's sex slave and lover. For some reason, her Master referring to her as "Slut" turned her on even more. She was his pain slut and he had further labeled her more demeaningly. But in the humiliation he enforced upon her, was the exclusivity of his love for his sex slave mother. She learned that day, no matter who or what may come, her son preferred her over other, hotter women.

Jacinda obliged with her Master's request and opened her mouth, while her son was still squeezing her neck choking her throat. As the squealing continued, Hunter spat in his mother's mouth with disdain, once again reminding her of her place as his sex slave.

Hunter: There's a little taste of your own asshole Mom. I gotta say, it was delicious. I should eat your ass out more. Would you like that my dear slut?

Jacinda: (trying to speak with a squeak in her raspy voice) ugh....yyyesss..

The vice grip-like hold he had on his mother's neck had cut blood flow to her head and she was turning pale. She could barely squeal out a mild 'yes' but her dedication to feeling herself and her pain was making her submit more to her son. With the pipes in her throat still blocked by her son's grip, the wad of spit just floated on her tongue slowly running down towards the back of her mouth. Hunter then spat in his mother's mouth again and finally let her neck go.

Jacinda was able to breathe again and she took a deep breath in. Swallowing her son's spit. The wad of thick saliva that tasted more like the inside of her own anus. Jacinda coughed violently trying to rest the muscles in her throat which had been viciously squeezed by her son. She looked up back at him and fell in his arms with her head resting on his chest and putting her arms around him.

Jacinda: Thank You Master. I love you, Hunter.

Hunter: I love you too.

They exited the bathroom stall and walked out of the ladies' room. A couple of women watched them with an annoyed confused look, since Hunter, being a man, came out of the women's restroom. And when the two women entered, they saw the rags of what was left of Jacinda's panties lying on the floor. They understood something weird must've taken place in that bathroom stall.

Jacinda and Hunter were now back on the dance floor. Kissing, hugging, touching each other, feeling each other, lost in their love for one other. Under the strobing lights and blinding lasers, the mother and son grinded, danced like a young couple and Jacinda was really feeling the effects of alcohol and the atmosphere around her. She felt like a younger version of herself, despite her ripe age. To top off the experience for her, she had just indulged in a naughty

experience in a public bathroom stall with her own son. Who ate her ass out.

---

After dancing in the club a little more, Jacinda and Hunter walked out of the club to return back to their suite. Jacinda had a few more drinks in her and Hunter wanted to make sure she was free and ready to face what was to come for her that night. As they walked through the corridor towards their balcony suite, the mother and son couldn't keep their hands off of each other. Hunter kept touching and fondling his now braless and panty-less mother. In the elevator to their floor, Hunter slid off the sleeve of his mother's dress and kissed her shoulders. As they reached the passage that led to their door, they kept laughing and playing with each other like a newlywed couple.

Once at the door of their suite, Jacinda and Hunter kissed with lots of love and tongue. Jacinda planted multiple kisses on her son's lips, his cheeks, his chin, his forehead, his nose, his neck, his chest. Hunter's back was now facing their door as he continued kissing his mother in the hallway. There were other suites on the floor in their hallway but it was past midnight, and the hallway was empty. Hunter pushed his mother back. She now faced him standing a foot away from him. His back resting on the door of their room. Jacinda had an eager naughty smile on her face. She knew they were about to have sex as soon as they entered the room. But her Master had more surprises in store for her.

Hunter: You look gorgeous tonight.

Jacinda had a wide grin on her face. She was still shy and blushing. Getting compliments from her handsome teenage son was not new for her anymore, but something about it felt very rewarding for her. She knew she was the average mom next door. But for her son, she was everything.

Hunter: Mom, you're the hottest woman in the world. And I love you.

Jacinda: Oh stop it honey. I'm not that hot. Now, that blonde Chelsea, she's hot. (Teasing him)

Hunter: Nah, not as hot as you. You can find those types of girls everywhere. None as hot as you. And besides, you're mom, so you're special.

Jacinda's smile grew wider. But it didn't last long.

Hunter: Take your dress off mom.

Jacinda's face showed signs of confusion.

Jacinda: Of course honey, let's go in.

Hunter: No! Here. Take it off. (He said authoritatively)

Jacinda was flushed. She looked to her left and right. There was nobody around. But her son was asking her to undress in the middle of the hallway. Anyone could walk through the elevator and catch her naked. Anybody could open the door and get a peek at her nudity.

Jacinda: Honey...are you sure? Here?

Hunter: I won't repeat myself. Get naked.

Jacinda now hesitantly took her arms out of her sleeves from one arm, maintaining eye contact

with her son. She held the neckline up to cover her breasts and slowly took the arm out of the strap too. She wasn't wearing a bra and Hunter had torn her panties to rags in the nightclub bathroom. Jacinda was still hesitant to get naked in a public passage. Even if there wasn't anybody around them, she was afraid of getting caught in a precarious position.

But she swallowed her pride and modesty and slowly lowered the dress down to her waist, exposing her gorgeous breasts. The nervousness and excitement had turned her on and her nipples were evidently erect. The fear of getting caught naked had made the pores of her skin point outwards, giving her goosebumps. Hunter could see his mother's entire topless torso, naked and was clearly getting hard. She had the best, perfect body. Perfect amounts of thickness in the right areas.

Jacinda then bent forward, wiggled her hips and pushed the dress down all the way to her ankles. Her gray dress now rested by her feet, pooling around her heels. She was now standing naked in the hallway. Her anxiety was through the roof. But the excitement of the uncertainty to follow made her really horny. There was still glistening wetness around her inner thighs, leaking from the lips of her cunt.

Hunter now turned around and opened the door, Jacinda hurriedly tried to follow her son into the suite, but he pushed her back and shut the door behind him, leaving his naked mother standing in the hallway, confused and nowhere to take cover. She really didn't know what to do and took her dress in her hands trying to cover up her bare breasts. She took off her heels and held them too. She wanted to knock on the door to plead with her son to let her in, and save her from being disgraced standing naked in the middle of the hallway. But knocking on the door would only make more noise and get people's attention, humiliating her.

She stood naked with her head down outside their room for a couple of minutes. But those 120 seconds felt like hours to the sexy 42 year old milf. Hunter then opened the door, but Jacinda noticed he had a black ring in his hands, about six inches in diameter. The black ring had studs all around it with a belt and snapped at the end with a loop on one side. Hunter unclasped the ring and put it around his naked mother's neck, fastening it tight around her neck. He then took a long belt looking strap and hooked the end to the loop behind her neck. Hunter had put a dog-collar and a leash on his own mother.

Hunter: Get down on your knees.

Jacinda quickly got down on the carpeted floor. She wanted to comply with his orders as soon as she could, so he'd let her in the room, and put an end to her public humiliation.

Hunter: Now, crawl into the room on your knees, like a good bitch.

Jacinda started crawling towards the room with her son holding the leash to her collar. Before her head could enter the doorframe of the suite, Hunter placed his now-barefoot on his mother's forehead.

Hunter: Lick my feet, slave.

Jacinda pulled her tongue out and started licking the bottom sole of her son's foot that rested flat on her face. Her son then lowered that foot back down to the carpeted floor and stood still. Jacinda instinctively moved her neck forward, tugging at the leash held by her son, her Master and reached towards his other foot. She leaned in to kiss and lick his other foot. It was a sign of complete submission to her son. She was his lover, his sex slave and now his bitch. She was literally being treated like a dog. Naked, in the hallway of a cruise, licking her Master's feet. A 42 year old mother, licking her own 18 year old son's feet, naked in a public hallway.

Hunter, pleased by her obedience, now pulled at the leash, which sat snag at his mother's neck around her collar. He welcomed his naked mother in the suite. She crawled on her fours like a dog entering the room. Hunter picked up her dress and heels from the doorway and put them in the closet opposite the bathroom. Jacinda, upon entering the suite still on her hands and knees, looked up at Hunter awaiting her next order. She was always a great mother to him. She had shown him how much she loved her as a girlfriend and a partner. She had proved to him what a good sex slave she was. But now, she wanted to prove to him that she was in complete submission to him. Nothing held her back.

Jacinda then watched as Hunter stood in front of her, between the bathroom and their bed, by the couch. He took his pants off and shirt off. He had his underwear on.

Hunter: Take my briefs off, using your mouth.

Jacinda did as told and crawled towards her imposing six feet tall son, raised her head and put her mouth along the elastic band of his underwear. She tried a few times before being finally successful in gripping the elastic in her teeth and pulled it lower and lower towards his shin, at which point the underwear fell to the floor, exposing his massive, girthy, uncut cock. Jacinda looked at it with drool in her mouth. She wanted to taste him and take him in her mouth.

Hunter then pulled his sex slave mother's leash and made her crawl around the room on her fours like a pet dog, before stopping by the big black bag. He pulled out a leather flogger, something he had seen many times in the BDSM porn he had watched. But now he was going to use it. He looked back at Jacinda who watched curiously at the new toy her son pulled out. She was excited to try everything with him and was waiting nervously for the pain she was about to receive. She had turned into a complete pain Slut to her Master.

Hunter walked over towards his mother who was on all fours and dragged her towards the front of the love-seat couch next to the bed. He sat on the couch with his mother still on her hands and knees in front of her. He positioned her such that her head was on his left and her ass and legs on his right, still on the floor. Then he raised his legs up and placed them on the smooth, pristine skin of her back, using her like a makeshift coffee table and leg-rest. He then turned on the TV that was mounted on the wall across from him. Jacinda turned her head towards the TV as she heard it turn on. The ends of her long, luscious hair now touched the floor beneath her, next to her hands. Hunter purchased some hardcore BDSM porn from the menu on the TV's and started playing it.

Jacinda had her head turned to the right, with her eyes fixated on the TV screen out of curiosity as the weight of her son's muscular legs felt heavier and heavier on her back. She had been in that crawling position for a good 10 minutes now and it was starting to take a toll on her relatively older, but fit body. She could feel her shoulders burning, her hands aching, her wrists hardening and her knees scratched red by the rough surface of the carpeted floor of their suite. Hunter was humiliating his sex slave mother with no abandon and testing her limits. As the porno started playing on screen, Jacinda's eyes were glued to it.

Hunter wanted his mother's attention and swiftly swung the leather flogger in his right hand on her butt. The fragmented ends of the leather flogger made a sharp brushing sound as they made contact with the soft exposed skin of Jacinda's butt. After the initial itch, it took a couple of seconds for the pain to register and Jacinda's mouth let out a soft moan. This was an unexpected flog on her ass and she turned her head towards her son with a smirk on her face. Because of her long hair, her face was still half covered with her hair and she couldn't take it off her face, since her hands were balancing her body and the weight of her son's legs on her back.

Hunter: Look up at me, Mom.

He said, as he was stroking his now hard dick. Jacinda was doing her best to not be tempted by the sounds coming from the TV. She stared at the toned, muscular, naked torso of her Master, her son with a smile on her face. She could see the top of her son's cock as he stroked it, with his eyes alternating between his mother's delicious body and the tv screen. Hunter noticed his mother's eyes trying to get a glimpse of his manhood.

Hunter: Do you want this cock my sexy little slave slut?

Jacinda: Yes, Master. I do.

Hunter: Do you think you've earned it?

Jacinda: I don't know, Master. Have I?

Hunter: Tell me why I should give my dick to a dirty bitch like you?

Jacinda had never heard her son talk to her this way. She had faced countless humiliation by his hands and he had called her slut, bitch and slave before. But the dirty talk was also a new endeavor for her. She was trying her best not to cry with humiliation. She remembered her son's voice from when he was a baby. His cries when he was an infant, his funny baby talk when he was a toddler. His first words - 'mama'. As he aged, his voice evolved and changed. She recalled how during puberty his voice was raspy for a few weeks before suddenly changing into a manly low pitched tone that he currently possesses. Always an ideal, obedient gentleman, now was using the same voice to hurl disgusting abuses at her.

She recalled when just a few days ago, he had forced her to refer to his "Penis" as a dick and cock. He liked dirty talk. Maybe it was a turn on for him. Maybe it's a part of her Master's plan of authority and domination over her. She wasn't sure, but all these thoughts running through her mind, kept her silent for a few seconds.

When she suddenly felt another jolt of electricity when the hard, leather ends of the flogger roughly spanked on her barren ass. This time, harder than the first. The flogging made her body shudder and move forward, involuntarily reacting to the pain. Which meant Hunter's legs which rested on her back also moved to the left ever so slightly. This made him uncomfortable, since he had lost his comfortable position on the couch, and he instantly smacked his mother's bare ass one more time with the flogger.

Hunter: Bitch! DO NOT MOVE!

Jacinda, now felt the pain gushing all over her body. After three hard, rough flogs on her ass, there were tears in her eyes.

Jacinda: Ughh...I'm...I'm sorry, Master.

Hunter: And answer me. Tell me why I should give my dick to a dirty bitch like you?

Jacinda, overwhelmed with the pain in her arms, knees and now freshly flogged ass was having trouble speaking, with her mouth now filling up with slimy saliva and tears running down her face.

Jacinda: I...uhh..I don't know Master.

Hunter flogged his mother's ass one more time. Again, harder than the last. He now noticed the leather flogger had turned his mother's pale ass, pink. Jacinda could feel the blood in her body gushing to her butt. She now felt stinging pain on her butt cheeks and could feel her ass getting warmer.

Hunter: Well, if you want this cock, you have to earn it. Do you think you've earned it?

Jacinda, desperately wanted her son's delicious cock in her mouth and in her vagina with haste. But she wasn't sure what the right answer to his question was. Had she earned his cock? She was being a good sex slave to him, as he had his way with her. Jacinda took a chance.

Jacinda: Yes Master! I....I think I've earned it.

Hunter flogged his mother's ass again, sending another intense feeling of heat and pain all over her body emanating from her ass. He then took his legs off his mother's back and landed them back on the floor. Jacinda breathed a sigh of relief, since the weight of her tall son's legs was overbearing. She was still on her hands and knees and had no respite for the pain in her knees and shoulders. But the extra flogging made her wonder, was "Yes" the right answer?

Hunter leaned forward, grabbed his mother's hair in a bunch and roughly got a handful of her hair into a ponytail, lifting her head up from the floor and placed her mouth on his dick. Jacinda smiled with tears still rolling down her cheeks. Her shoulders and hands finally had some relief. And she felt fortunate to have her son's beautiful penis in her mouth. As her lips engulfed her son's huge cockhead, she could feel the hardness of his dick on her tongue and her gums. Hunter closed his eyes feeling the softness and warmth of his mother's mouth on his huge dick.

While she was blowing him, Hunter pulled her hair and held it on one side with his left hand, and picked up the flogger in his right hand and whacked his mother on her back with the flogger. Jacinda's spine felt the shocking ends of the flogger and she instantly straightened her back, still trying to keep his cock in her mouth. Hunter flogged her back one more time and again and again, a few more times. Each time the flogger made contact with the delicious skin on Jacinda's back, there was a whipping sound echoing throughout their suite. Jacinda's moans and yells were getting louder with each flog on her back.

After getting his dick wet with his mother's saliva, Hunter pushed her back down on the floor. Jacinda was still on her knees, with a string of drool looking like a spider-web hung from the tip of Hunter's penis to her lips. The mixture of Hunter's precum and Jacinda's saliva had made a frothy wetness around Jacinda's lips and at the base of Hunter's dick. Jacinda watched her son with a smirk as he now threw the flogger across the room towards the black bag with the other sex toys.

Hunter then got up from the couch and slapped his mother's face hard. The slap was the hardest she had received and it made her head swing and her body twist and fall to the carpeted floor beneath her. This slap was so hard, Jacinda felt a ringing in her left ear, with the side of her face and lips now clearly showing signs of soreness. But with every feeling of intense pain along her buttocks, her back and now her face, she reveled in the pain. Jacinda's eyes had tears, but her lips showed a grin. She watched as Hunter went back into the black bag of toys and returned with a pair of cuffs. He then grabbed the leash, which was still connected to the dog collar around his mother's neck and pulled her towards the balcony of their cruise. It was now way past midnight, and the hot Florida air had turned into a crisp, cold breeze from the ocean waters.

Crawling on all fours like a dog, Jacinda reminisced the early afternoon when they first entered the cruise, how her son had roughly made her drink their piss from the floor. And fucked her pussy raw, on the balcony. She was excited to find out how he was going to use her more. But

when they reached the balcony, Jacinda looked scared. She felt the cold midnight ocean breeze gushing and it ruffled her long, luscious hair as the skin on her body stood in attention giving her more goosebumps.

Hunter then cuffed his mother's ankles to the bottom post of the balcony's railings, so she couldn't enter back into the suite. He made her stand and looped the end of the leash hooked to her dog collar to the other end of the balcony, such that her body was bent forward, leaning over the balcony. She was bent at the hip and stood on her legs with her ass poking out, facing the room. Hunter then came behind her and lubed up his mother's asshole. Jacinda felt the cold gel going between her buttcrack and her son's fingers tickling the innermost parts of her privates, slowly dripping the lube into her buttole.

Jacinda knew her buttole was going to be at her son's mercy tonight. But she had already surrendered as his sex slave and her whole body was up for use and abuse by her son. She suddenly felt the familiar feeling of the buttplug from earlier going inside her buttole. Hunter managed to push the buttplug in her ass hard, making Jacinda scream in agony as she felt the walls of her rectum expand again. Hunter then picked up his mother by her hips and positioned his dick around the entrance of her labia.

Jacinda was still reeling with the pain in her stretched asshole, while trying to keep up with the cold wind on her naked body, as she felt her son's beautiful hard penis enter his birthplace. Jacinda's pussy gripped her son's cock perfectly and Hunter could feel the warmth of his mother's vagina. He was able to slip into her rather easily, since she had already leaked a lot of precum. Hunter made sure to insert his penis inside his mother as deep as he could.

While her son's penis entered the innermost depths of her vagina, Jacinda could feel the ends of her rectum stretch with the buttplug and at the same time, her son's massive manhood penetrate her tiny vagina. She felt an intense pain in both her asshole and her pussy as the walls of her vagina were now touching her anus internally. This was something she had never felt before. Both her holes were now being simultaneously plugged. And her son picked up pace to fuck her vagina roughly.

Hunter now began ramming his dick in his mother's pussy while the buttplug made sure the walls in her pussy remained tightly snug. He then pulled the leash which was tied to the pole of the balcony at one end, tightly pulling his mother's neck back through the dog collar, choking her. And while he pulled at her leash, Jacinda's back arched and her neck and head were pulled back, viciously. Jacinda's head was now almost upside down, as she felt the hard rubber of the dog collar choke her neck tightly. To add to her precarious punishment, Hunter now used his right hand and began flogging his mother's back, while pistoning in and out of his mother's tight vagina from behind.

Jacinda's body was taking abuse from multiple ends. She had never imagined her body would be used and humiliated in such extreme ways. She thoroughly enjoyed the pain and unique sensation that was rummaging through her body. The cold ocean winds had lost its effect on Jacinda, as her body was emanating a natural warmth in reaction to the multiple sensory overloads she was experiencing.

This beautiful, 42 year old average mother was standing naked on the balcony of a cruise ship, facing the infinite dark ocean, under the stars, with cold wind blowing over her nude skin, while her asshole was plugged with a buttplug, her neck choked on a dog collar and leash, her spine arched, her back getting whipped hard, rough by a flogger and her vagina pounded by her own 18 year old teenage son. The intensity in Hunter's sexual expression was insane and this is what he loved to get off to. He had reached the peak of his arousal and continued mercilessly pounding his mother's body while flogging her back.

He noticed the flogger leaving behind spots of red on the smooth skin of her back, giving him memories of the riding crop that he had whipped on her back a few days ago. He could feel her vagina secrete more and more natural liquids that were now seeping through his pistoning dick all the way to the base of his cock and drenching his balls. Jacinda's moans and screams were getting louder with every thrust of hard dick inside her vagina. With each flog on her back, she felt a jolt gushing all over her. The sensory overload was getting too overwhelming for Jacinda and her body couldn't take it anymore.

Jacinda's vagina erupted and gushed out a steady spray of water on her son's cock. Hunter could feel the walls of her vagina clench his dick in a vice grip, before multiple splashes of moisture hit his dick and balls. He looked down to notice a small puddle form under their feet as his mother continued jizzing more bursts of vaginal fluids. Jacinda stopped making any sounds and her legs were now shivering and trembling as her orgasm took over her body. Hunter noticed the resistance in his pull of her leash subsiding, meaning the orgasm had made his mother's body go limp. He realized she may have had another one of her post climax momentary lapse in consciousness. He pulled out of her vagina, pulled the buttplug out and threw it behind him on the bed, in the suite. He let go of her leash, unclasped the cuffs on her ankles and freed his mother's body.

As soon as she was free of her bounds and shackles, Jacinda's body almost collapsed to the floor on the balcony, but Hunter made sure to grab her and picked her up in his arms and threw her on the bed. Jacinda's lifeless naked body now lay spread on the bed like a ragdoll. She had just experienced the most intense orgasm she ever had. Her eyes were half closed and Hunter could see her breasts rise up and go down with her heavy breathing. Jacinda's lips had a slight smile on it. With her hair blown in the cold ocean wind, it had gotten messy and spread along her face and the bed. Despite the cold and wind, Jacinda's body showed signs of sweat. Hunter shut the sliding glass window dividing the balcony and the suite.

Jacinda had just climaxed, but it was without her Master's permission. So it was time for her punishment. Hunter was hard and at the peak of his horniness. He only got off to rough, brutal sex and his inner beast was now taking over. Hunter had used enough toys on his mother, it was now time to use his bare hands. He got on the bed, spread his mother's legs wide and slapped her hard across her face. Jacinda's head spun and her eyes rolled all over as she tried to return back to her senses.

Hunter: Wake up Mom. You finished without your Master's permission. And it's time for your punishment. But I think you might quite like this punishment.

Jacinda just mumbled something inaudibly as she felt another hard slap on the other side of her face. Hunter slapped his mother repeatedly a few times until she regained her senses and looked back at him with a naughty, yet satisfied smile on her face.

Jacinda: Master.

Hunter: Yes...

Jacinda: I'm ready for my punishment Master. Please use me, abuse me, hurt me Master. I'm all yours.

Hunter: Good girl.

Saying her favorite two magic words, Hunter positioned his dick at his mother's vagina again and began roughly pumping in and out of her at high speed. Jacinda was completely taken aback by this surprise quick attack pounding on her vagina. She had no expected this sudden burst of

excitement on her freshly climaxed, tender vagina. Her eyes popped open wide and she began yelling with a mix of pain and pleasure.

Jacinda: AAahahahahAAAArrghghghhhhhhaaa

Hunter: You like how I fuck you pussy Mom?

Jacinda: Yes....Honey....

\*SLAP\* Jacinda felt another rough, hard slap on her face.

Hunter: Who am I?

Jacinda: MASTER!

\*SLAP\*

Jacinda: MASTER...MY SON....HUNTER!!

\*SLAP\* Now looked back at her son, confused

Jacinda: MASTER????!!!

\*SLAP\*

Hunter: You're right. I'm your Master. Your son. Hunter. But I'm also soon going to be your baby-daddy.

It suddenly hit Jacinda, she was off her period, no condoms, no birth control and Hunter was fucking her rough, fast and raw. She was getting fucked by her own son. And there was a chance she could get pregnant. The best time for her to get pregnant, was going to be at least 7-10 days from that day, but she still had forgotten in her love and lust, that difficult conversation she had with her son. About him wanting to have kids and start a family with his own mother.

Jacinda: HUNTER....ooooahahh...

Before she could say more, the intense rough fucking of her tender pussy in combination with the multiple hard slaps on her face had made her vaginal walls pulse again and shoot more gushing liquids out. Hunter felt her vagina squeeze around his penis and he knew she was having her second orgasm.

Hunter then lifted his mother's legs and put them over his shoulders, and rolled her body in such a way that his face was directly over hers with her legs arched up high around his shoulders. Jacinda's vagina now faced the ceiling with Hunter's arms on his mother's shoulders, pinning her down deep into the mattress. Hunter, yet again pumping in deep into his mother's vagina, despite her second orgasm. Jacinda, now just laid there like a lifeless ragdoll, letting her son have her way with her body. She had lost all energy and hydration from her eyes, sweaty pores of her skin and especially her pussy.

Hunter now used the force of gravity to fuck his mother's cunt deep and hard. Unlike a few minutes earlier when he unleashed a quick and fast pelvic thrust in her, he was now going slower but hard and intense, completely pulverizing his mother's vaginal canal. Jacinda was able to feel her son's hard dick expand and contract the thin tissues deep inside her vagina. Hunter's one such thrust went in so deep, he could feel a familiar knot at the tip of his cockhead. Jacinda let

out a loud shriek as soon as she felt his dick hit her there, deep in her pussy.

His dick had now caved in deep and thrust hard at the entrance of his mother's cervix. Hunter continued pounding his mother's cunt harder and harder each time, loving the unique feeling at the end, which was her cervix. With each thrust, Hunter brought the entire weight of his pelvis down on his mother's cunt. Eventually after more rough, brutal fucking, his cock finally gave in and erupted tons of semen deep inside his own mother's vagina. Jacinda could feel the warm, sticky substance of her son's cum inside her. Hunter kept his position and made sure to ejaculate deep inside her, at the entrance of her cervix.

Now tired and satisfied, Hunter fell back down on the bed with a thud and Jacinda's legs rested back down on the bed. The wild, extreme brutal sexual intercourse had left them both tired, happy and content. Jacinda was wide awake but remained motionless next to her son. She looked thoroughly used and abused. Her hair was a disheveled mess. Streaks of red marks from the flogger painted her back and buttocks. All the skin of her body was glistening in sweat. And her inner thighs and crotch were drenched in her own sexual juices. Her cheeks clearly showed signs of abuse and her left cheek swelled up with hints of redness.

Jacinda's complete submission to her new Master, her son had taken her to extreme depths of depravity with him. Hunter had used his mother's body like a ragdoll and fucked her hard and abused her cunt with disdain. Their entire day on the cruise consisted of raunchy adventures but none as brutal and exciting as the sex they had that night. There was nothing to say anymore, they were both tired and spent and just laid on the bed silently. Hunter's penis had now gone semi-limp, with some cum still oozing out of its tip. He got off the bed and walked towards the bathroom.

Jacinda watched her son going towards the bathroom and she gathered some energy to follow him. Hunter hadn't asked her to join but she followed him voluntarily like a good sex slave. Hunter stood by the commode holding his penis, aiming at the toilet bowl, when he felt his mother's hand grasp his dick once again. She dropped the toilet seat down, and sat on it. She then held her son's penis in her mouth as he stood towering above her.

Hunter knew what to do, but was surprised at her mother's eagerness to taste his piss. He was aware this wasn't a part of their sexual play that she enjoyed, but she was learning to like it for him. Before his penis could let out its urine, he heard a hiss and noticed Jacinda was peeing in the toilet bowl. He finally let out his own stream piss, with his penis surrounded by his mother's wanting mouth, directly peeing into his mother's mouth. Jacinda tried her best to swallow and gulp down her son's piss. Hunter's pee was now hitting the back of her throat with full force and her tiny mouth wasn't able to hold all of it in. Some of his urine now dribbled out of her mouth, running down her chin, neck and all over her breasts. Meanwhile, Jacinda continued peeing into the toilet bowl.

When Hunter was done emptying the contents of his bladder into his mother's stomach, he watched as she sucked on his dick a little longer, literally sucking the last few drops of urine out of his penis. Jacinda then let go of her son's penis and looked up at her son like a good pet. She had become a receptacle for the excrements from her son's penis. The millions of sperms that brewed in his testicles were now deep inside her cervix and vagina. And the pungent, acidic urine brewed in his bladder was now floating in her stomach. She had become her son's human toilet and urinal.

Hunter was extremely pleased with his mother's servitude. She was the perfect mother, the best lover and girlfriend but an even better sex slave to him. He raised her up in his arms, cleaned her torso with a wet towel, then sprayed her with deodorant. Hunter then took some listerine mouthwash in his mouth and gargled with it. But instead of spitting it out in the sink, he opened

his mother's mouth and spat it directly in her mouth. Jacinda used the second hand, dirty mouthwash and used that to gargle herself and finally spat it down into the sink. She flushed the toilet and awaited her next order.

Hunter took his mother's naked body in his arms and took her to bed. They cuddled and slept naked together. The incestuous mother and son's first day on the cruise was filled with adventures and unique sexual experiences for them both. Hunter and cum inside his mother's vagina and he had made it clear that he wanted her to bear his seed. He wanted to impregnate his own mother and make babies with her. How it would all unfold was up in the air and deep into their future. For now, both Jacinda and her teenage son were happy to continue their new lives as girlfriend-boyfriend, master-slave and enjoy their time in the moment on their cruise.

...to be continued.

## **Innocent Mom now Son's Slave Ch. 14**

\*\*\*All the characters in this story are over 18 years of age. This is just a fantasy and not a real story. It includes strong themes of incest, romance, BDSM, male domination, fem humiliation and water sports. If you're not comfortable, please stop reading.\*\*\*

(Please read all prior parts for the story to connect and make sense)

(Sorry for the delay, life got in the way. I'll post more frequently for the next 3 parts)

...Continued from Part 13

After what had been just their first day of vacation on the cruise, the incestuous mother and son had a long peaceful night of sleep. They were both tired by the intense and hardcore fucking the night before. Jacinda was overwhelmed with the multiple sensations of pain and pleasure that her son put her through, ending with inseminating her cervix. The 18 year old had shot several loads of his thick cum right in his birthplace. He had cum inside his mother a few times now but that night, when he finished inside his mother's vagina, he could feel the entrance to her cervix on his cock. He wanted to make sure he emptied his baby batter in his mother as much as he could. Jacinda, despite having doubts of getting pregnant again, had no authority anymore over her son, who was her owner and Master. She had proved to him last night how she was now a subservient sex slave to her own son.

It was now 9:30 in the morning. After a long day of travel and several fun and sexual adventures on their first day, Hunter and Jacinda slept in late. The beaming sunshine through the glass sliding door hit Hunter first and woke him up from his deep slumber. He rose, to find his mother under the sheets next to him, sleeping on her belly with her arm on his chest. Hunter reminisced the amazing night of sex he had with his mother where he once again humiliated her and unleashed her inner pain slut. He took her to the depths of depravity and sexual satisfaction like never before. He slid the covers off his mother's beautiful smooth skin and noticed the remnants of his abuse on her back. There were streaks of red all over her back and her buttocks from when he had used the flogger multiple times.

Since their sexual relationship had begun, Hunter had treated his mother like his girlfriend, but after she accepted her proposal to be his sex slave, they had a new morning routine which came with some added duties and tasks for her. She was supposed to wake him up every morning with a blowjob. This was their first morning waking up together on the cruise but her rules didn't change. However, unlike the past few days, Hunter was the first to wake up this morning. He was pleased with his sex slave mother for bearing through the pain he inflicted on her body and satisfying his beastly sexual urges.

Hunter decided he was going to give his mother some rest that morning and got out of bed to use the bathroom and brush his teeth. Since it was already 9:35 am, the breakfast buffet on the cruise would close in an hour, leaving them not much time to grab breakfast. However, instead of waking up his mother, he finished up with his morning routine. Hunter brushed his teeth, finished his bathroom business and returned back naked to watch his mother still asleep. He then decided to take a shower to clean up his body off his own piss, his mother's orgasmic vaginal eruptions and many other fluids exchanged between the two. While he was in the shower, Hunter was planning out the rest of the day on the cruise with his mother.

Just as he was about to finish with his shower, he felt the curtain slide and his mother entered the shower with him. She watched as her handsome six foot tall son had water running down his body. She stared at him head to toe and noticed her reward, his dick semi-hard under the warm water from the shower head.

Hunter: Good Morning, Gorgeous. Did you sleep well?

Jacinda: Yes honey, I'm sorry I slept in.

Hunter: It's okay mom. I understand. You were tired and I assumed you were satisfied after cumming twice.

Jacinda smiled and got down on her knees. The water from the shower head hit Hunter's body and splashed over Jacinda, slowly drenching her with him. Hunter was almost done with his shower and wondered why his mother got down on her knees in the bathroom.

Jacinda: Honestly, I don't know how many times I orgasmed last night. I don't always squirt honey, but you made me squirt at least 2-3 times. I was just amazed at how long you were able to stay hard.

She grabbed his dick while talking and started stroking it. After a few strokes, she leaned forward and put her son's penis in her mouth. Hunter loved the familiar feeling of his mother's mouth around his dick. He could feel her tongue swirl around his cockhead. Giving him multiple blowjobs several times over the last week, Jacinda's cocksucking skills had advanced drastically. She sucked on it, kissed it, blew it, licked it, but what he loved the most was how she would use her tongue to reach in under his foreskin, cleaning out his cock good. Hunter's dick was hard and at its full length again, thanks to his slut mother's blowjob skills.

Jacinda sucked her son's cock with passion and dedication. Hunter let his mother do her thing, while he closed his eyes and enjoyed the willing slave blowing him off under the shower. He put his hand on his mother's head and grabbed a handful of her thick disheveled hair which was getting wet under the shower now and pulled her hair to twist her head and push her against the bathroom wall. He watched as her body shuddered and hit the bathroom wall with a thud and the tender meat on her breasts jiggled. Jacinda's back was now pinned to the wall and she was still crouched down, now her ass touched the wet bathroom floor.

Hunter then pinched his mother's nose shut, so she had to open her mouth to breathe and shoved his hard cock in her mouth. Grabbing her hair roughly for leverage he began brutally facefucking his mother on the floor of the shower, with her head and back pinned to the wall. Jacinda could feel her son's cock slowly probing the deep ends of her tiny mouth. Her cheeks swelled up with every thrust of his dick in her mouth. Voluntarily she was only able to take about 3-4 inches of his seven inch manhood in her mouth. But now with every push, little by little Hunter was able to expand his mother's throat muscles by slowly and steadily pushing her boundaries, tickling her tonsils.

The rough and hard facefucking of Jacinda continued as Hunter now felt resistance on his cock by the walls of his mother's esophagus. Since the passage of air to his mother's nose was cut off by his pinching fingers, and her mouth clogged by his massive phallus, Jacinda was finding it very difficult to breathe and was literally choking on her son's cock. Hunter was extremely turned on looking down at the sexy disheveled body of his mother as he continued fucking her throat with his hard dick. He suddenly pulled his dick out and let go of her nose to give her a chance to catch her breath. He had noticed her face going pale. Jacinda looked up at her son's face and nodded in affirmation, signaling that she was ready again. She willingly put her hands on her son's butt, literally asking him to push his cock deep in her mouth. Hunter was pleasantly surprised by his mother's eagerness to get deepthroated.

He did as she wanted and pushed his giant dick deeper in her throat, this time he could feel the muscles in her throat relax and swallow his cock. He could feel the softer tissues at the back of his mother's throat as his cock had now expanded and entered her esophagus, swelling up her neck. Jacinda was now making ridiculous pig-like grunting sounds with every attack on her throat by her son's 7 inch dick.

Jacinda: "Ugghh Guck Urgh Aghh guck guck..."

After a few more deep thrusts, Hunter was about to finish but instead of cumming down her throat like he had done in the past, he pulled his dick out and started spitting white goo from his cock on his mother's face. The first drop landed right on her forehead and some more to the side of her nose, some on her left cheek which was now slightly swollen by his slaps the night before. He drenched his mother's face with his cum. She looked like a perfectly used slut for him. He had diminished her to just a cum and piss receptacle and Jacinda was willingly accepting her position reveling in servitude to her son.

Jacinda was left panting for oxygen after the vicious attack on her throat by her son. She now coughed violently and took deep breaths trying to recover from the throat assault. Hunter watched as some of his cum dribbled down from his mother's forehead and seeped into her right eye. Jacinda felt the slimy semen drip into her right eye and her vision turned blurry. But worse, her right eye was now burning with the foreign sensation. She closed her eyes and heard the shower turn off. Hunter turned the shower off and said,

Hunter: Wow. You're the best sex slave, Mom. I thought after last night, I'd let you sleep in and give you some rest. But when you got down on your knees to fulfill your morning duty, I was just so turned on.

Jacinda: Thank You, Master. I'm sorry I slept in. I told you I want to make sure you're happy and will do anything to please you honey. And since you woke up before me, I thought I had to make up to you for sleeping in.

Hunter: You make me happy, Mom. All the time.

Jacinda: I'm surprised you didn't finish in my mouth. (She said with her eyes still closed)

Hunter: I just wanted to decorate your beautiful face.

Jacinda chuckled and now opened her left eye to look up at her son.

Hunter: I see you got some in your eye.

Jacinda: Yeah, it's burning a little.

Hunter: Let me wash it off for you.

Jacinda: But you turned the shower off honey.

Hunter aimed his penis at his mother's head and started letting out a steady stream of piss on her head. Jacinda just sat unmoved and accepted her humiliation. He was aiming all over his mother's face. His stream of urine now hit his mother's forehead, eyes, nose, cheeks washing off all the cum from her face, as it slowly dribbled down on her boobs and chest.

Hunter: Open your mouth.

Jacinda complied with her son's order and opened her mouth to feel his warm, pungent urine splashing directly on her soft tongue. She managed to swallow and gulp down as much of her son's pee as she could and could feel his stream easing off. Once Hunter was finished peeing, Jacinda took his dick back in her mouth to suck the last few drops out of his cock and swallowed it.

Jacinda: That was delicious, thank you Master.

Hunter: Really? Do you mean it?

Jacinda: Well, you know how I feel about the pee thing honey. I'm still just trying to like it but I know you like this stuff so I'll gladly be your urinal. But it is nice to get something warm and salty in my tummy early in the morning. I was quite thirsty.

Hunter: I'm glad I could fill your belly with my piss. I intend to fill your belly with a lot more soon.

Jacinda knew what he meant. He had cum deep inside her last night and he had made it clear, he wanted to impregnate her. His own mother! She was still getting her mind around that but loved feeling her son's cum fill her up. To dodge the conversation she tried her best to deflect.

Jacinda: Are you done with your shower honey?

Hunter: Well, I think I am. There's just one last thing left.

Jacinda: And what's that baby?

Jacinda still had her right eye closed. The semen was drying off and it had made her eye sticky and itchy, giving her a burning sensation. She wanted to shower and get it out of her eye as soon as she could, but Hunter wasn't done. She watched with her left eye, as her son turned around and spread his buttcheeks, wide with his hands.

Hunter: Mom, you know, I'm never able to reach this part to clean it well. I think you could help with your tongue.

Jacinda: Hunter!!!?! Really? That's disgusting.

Hunter: Is it any more disgusting than everything you've already done?

Jacinda: I guess not, but honey... I don't know, I might throw up.

Hunter: I already ate your ass haven't I, Mom?

Jacinda: You....ugh you have...but..

Hunter: And did you like it when I ate your ass?

Jacinda: Honey...I..ugh...yes I did. But..but you're nasty. You like this dirty stuff.

Hunter: Did you just call your Master nasty?

Hunter just knew how to manipulate his mother to make her do anything he wanted. He now knew her trigger words. "Slave", "Good Girl" were a few of them. When she protested, he reminded her of her place as his sex slave.

Jacinda: Ugh... I should have caught you watching all that nasty porn a long time ago. I had no idea.

Hunter: If you did, we wouldn't be here Mom. Do you really wish we didn't make love?

Jacinda: No honey, of course not. You know I love you and love everything we do. It's just all new to me. And sometimes, it takes time for me to learn and get used to things. We've only been doing this stuff for over a week.

Hunter: Hmm..Well, as your Master, I command you to eat my ass and give me a rimjob! If you don't you're going to get a worse punishment.

Jacinda knew she had no escape and he wouldn't let her go without having his way. She was his sex slave after all. And it was a part of her duty to follow his command. Despite her complete mental submission to her son as her sex slave, she was still hesitant with certain depraved acts he made her perform. And this was her toughest task as her son's sex slave so far.

Jacinda swallowed her pride and took a gulp, leaning forward towards her son's buttcrack. She first got close to his asshole and could see his dark brown hole. Her nose was now an inch above her son's butthole and she tried to sniff but there was no foul smell, since Hunter had just showered. That gave her some courage and she pulled her tongue out to gently lick around his puckered anus. As soon as he felt his mother's tongue on the sensitive skin around his anal cavity, Hunter moaned and took a deep breath. He couldn't believe his own mother was licking his asshole.

Hunter: Aaahhh that feels so good Mom. Keep going. Yes...Just like that.

Jacinda was now licking her son's asshole like a dog. She licked and licked with a disgusted face and finally tried to insert her tongue in her son's anus. But it was so tight, she couldn't get it in. She was now able to sense a salty, foul taste on her tongue. After a few more rolls of her tongue around his buttcrack and his asshole, Hunter turned around, grabbed his mother by her hair and lifted her up to her feet. He was staring at her with a wide smile as she stared back at him with a confused and disgusted look.

Hunter: You did good. Now take a shower and clean up. We may run out of time for breakfast but I think you already had your breakfast, haven't you Mom?

Hunter walked out of the bathroom leaving his disgusted mother in the bathroom. Jacinda took some mouthwash and gargled to get the taste of her son's asshole out of her mouth. She then took a shower trying to process everything. Her sexual adventure filled day, the early morning shenanigans and rimming her own son. When she began her illicit relationship with her son, she initially thought it would only be about sex, but after surrendering her body to her son as her Master, she had indulged in some extremely humiliating, painful and depraved acts with him. She

didn't regret any of it, in fact, she was excited to try new things with him. She had never been so sexually liberated and open before her new relationship with her son had begun.

Jacinda walked out of the bathroom, drying her hair off with a towel, still standing naked. She watched her son puzzled since he was only wearing a bath-robe.

Jacinda: Are we going swimming again honey?

Hunter: No we're not. It's a surprise.

Jacinda: Oh I love your surprises. Some more than others.

Hunter: Well, I think you'll like this one.

He got closer to his mother, and turned her around so she faced the mirror and he gently caressed his fingers and hands all over her sexy exposed back. He pinned his finger on the red spots caused by his brutal flogging on her ass and her back. The feeling of her son's fingers pressing on her bruises made Jacinda hiss and exhale in discomfort.

Jacinda: sssshhhhh....ahhh

Hunter: Does it hurt?

Jacinda: No it doesn't. Just...stings a little. I can take more honey.

Hunter: Oh I know you can. We're going to the spa. I've booked a couples massage for us both.

Jacinda: Oh baby, that's wonderful. I haven't had one in years.

Hunter: So just put on a bathrobe and slippers. And drink lots of water.

Jacinda: Water?

Hunter: Yeah it's hot out here and you need to be hydrated.

Jacinda loved how much her son cared for her, despite inflicting the pain on her body. He was fire and ice, hot and cold, just the perfect man to keep her excited and on her toes. She could never get bored of him and never feel unloved by him. He was always thinking about her. Ways to have sex with her, use and abuse her body. But also care for her and treat her like a girlfriend.

The mother and son made their way to the spa area on the cruise. They both laid face down on their respective massage beds just a couple of feet away from each other. Two women entered with a couple of towels and a few bottles of various kinds. One of the masseuses looked at Jacinda's naked back and could clearly notice the red streaks of abuse her skin had gone through. She figured this lady was into some kinky shit.

Masseuse: Uhhh...Ma'am if you don't mind me asking...your back has lots of ...

Jacinda: Yeah I know. It's not a big deal. I like it.

Masseuse: Oh...okay. Is it from....(pointing to Hunter)

Jacinda: Mmhmm yes it is and we love it.

Hunter: Actually, this is why I planned this massage. I want you to make her feel better. Give her the best massage you could and make sure her bruises heal faster. Make sure her skin feels fresh.

The masseuse didn't ask many questions and understood the couple had an intense way of love making despite their age difference. She started massaging Jacinda's back while the other masseuse got going on Hunter. They used a variety of different therapeutic oils and scrubs to massage their bodies. There was light spa music playing in the back. This was a very relaxing and rejuvenating experience for both Jacinda and Hunter. Jacinda especially enjoyed the experience, since she had never been pampered or cared for like that before. Her extent of self-care was getting her nails or lashes done. But this was the most cared for she felt by her son.

Jacinda felt so relaxed that she had passed out and slept on the massage table for about 30 minutes. When she woke up, she was still lying prone, face down on the bed. She felt the oil and scrubs still rubbing on her back and legs. Suddenly she felt some fingers slowly tickle her inner thighs and entrance to her love-hole. She didn't move much or show any reaction but now the fingers had clearly penetrated her labia and were tickling and rubbing along her vaginal crack. Jacinda gently spread her legs wider, giving the fingers an easier access into her privates. Now the oily fingers had freely begun sliding in and out of her vagina. The massage had caused her pussy to leak some precum and the oils had seeped through her buttcrack down into her vagina.

The fingers were now gently massaging Jacinda's perineum, between her asshole and her pussy. This was the most remote, sensitive region of her crotch and the masseuse was being liberal with access to this 42 year old MILF's body. Jacinda wondered if Hunter was also getting a happy ending massage and lifted her neck from the warm towel on her face to look to her right and noticed Hunter's massage bed was vacant and her son was missing. Jacinda now panicked and frantically looked around, her son nowhere to be found, while she was being fingered by the masseuse.

Jacinda: Ummm..Excuse me, where's my so...I mean my partner...have you seen him?

Hunter: I'm right here Mom.

Turns out Hunter was the one massaging and fingering his mother instead of the masseuse. Hunter had paid some cash tips to masseuses to leave the room and give them some privacy when Jacinda was napping. Jacinda now felt safe again and smiled knowing it was her son who was playing with her vagina. She was now relieved and let her son do what he wanted to with her body again. Hunter used some more oils and began finger fucking his mother, inserting two, then three fingers in her vagina. With each thrust Jacinda's vaginal walls were leaking more and more sexual liquids. Hunter eventually tried to insert four of his fingers in his mother's tiny vagina. The lubrication from the oil and her pussy juices was making it easier for his fingers to slide in and out of her.

Jacinda was thoroughly enjoying getting finger fucked by her son on the massage table with her body covered in therapeutic oils. She was in a sensual arousal like never before. Unlike his usual hardcore BDSM fuck sessions, this one was more soft, peaceful and therapeutic. Little did she know, Hunter was about to change the mood from tranquil to wild again.

Seeing how the lubrication was making it easy to violate his birthplace, Hunter got bolder and tried to shove all four of his fingers and thumb in his mother's small vagina. Somehow despite her vaginal muscles stretching beyond her expectations, Jacinda didn't feel much pain. Maybe it was the soothing oil or the gentle massage which was easing her pain. Hunter took advantage of his mother's lack of reaction and noticed how she was enjoying the rough violation of her cunt. He now shoved his entire fist in her vagina.

This time Jacinda could feel the widening of her tiny entrance and her eyes popped huge. It still didn't hurt as bad, it was just another unique sensation and slightly uncomfortable. Hunter thought this was the same tiny canal he had emerged out of as an infant, so there was definitely scope to widen this little hole. He was now fucking his mother's cunt vigorously with his entire hand going in and out. After a few movements when he noticed Jacinda's toes wiggling and legs shivering, he realized she was getting close to an orgasm. Taking it to the next level once he was palm deep in his mother's pussy, Hunter curled up his fingers in her vagina and rotated it around feeling the soft tissues inside her.

He then tried to push his hand in deeper and deeper as much as he could and with each push, Jacinda's moans turned into groans and grunts. She could now feel her once pristine tiny vagina being violated by her son's fist. Hunter thrust his fist in deeper and now had his knuckles, closed fist and entire hand wrist deep lodged inside his mother's pussy. Jacinda could feel his ball-like hand go in and out of her cunt. Hunter watched as his mother's pussy had opened up like never before and he kept vigorously fucking her with his fist, occasionally opening his palm up when inside her to feel the inner organs with his fingers. Every thrust of his fist rubbed his rough knuckles with his mother's clitoris turning her on even more.

Jacinda was reaching her breaking point and after Hunter had fisted her for a good 10 minutes, she finally let out a loud shriek with her fingers naturally reaching her clit, under her vaginal mound. She finally reached her climax and Hunter could feel the warmth and moisture inside his mother's vagina. He left his hand in there until she stopped convulsing and slowly took his fist out of her. Jacinda had a satisfied look on her face and a gentle smile. She looked thoroughly content and fulfilled. It was around noon and she had another orgasm. Jacinda had lost count how many times her son had made her finish in the last 12 hours itself.

Before they even began their incestuous relationship, Jacinda's vagina had not seen any action for around 17 years. The only penetration of her tiny pussy was when she used her vibrators and dildos which were nowhere close to the real thing. Now her son had fucked her pussy many times over the last 9 days and this was the biggest thing he had inserted his entire fist in his birthplace. Jacinda looked up at her son, covered in fragrant oil with his dick hard. She couldn't imagine how he stayed that hard despite cumming on her face just a couple of hours back.

She was happy knowing the fact that he would only get horny with her and she was the reason for his arousal. She loved the fact that he used her as his sex toy and sex slave. It meant she was the sole recipient of his attention and love. It made her proud knowing that for her son, she was the only woman in his life. Hunter couldn't get enough of his mother. He loved playing with her body and her mind. Her complete submission to him felt like a compliment to him. Before her, his lack of confidence meant no woman wanted to be with him. And now he had the perfect sex slave to do anything he pleased at his disposal 24 hours a day. To Jacinda, the fact that her 18 year old son wanted her day and night, all the time was a huge compliment. She was always pessimistic and reserved. Now he had awakened her pent up libido and her natural character of being a pain Slut.

After fisting his mother's vagina, Hunter flipped her over and helped her off the massage bed. Jacinda's legs were still shivering as an after effect of her intense orgasm. Hunter led his naked, oiled up mother to a room within the spa. Her body was glistening with the therapeutic fragrant oil all over her. Hunter also had the same oil on his own body. Their skin was shining in the light creeping in through the glass window facing the ocean. Once they entered the dimly lit room, Jacinda realized it was a steam bath. The temperature there was really hot and there was hot water vapor all around.

Hunter and Jacinda sat in the steaming hot room relaxing for a while. The oil all over their body with the hot steam was opening up the pores of their bodies. After spending 15 minutes in the

steam room, they were notified by the masseuses that their time had come to an end. They were led to a shower room where they washed each other out.

---

Jacinda and Hunter put on their robes again and started walking back towards their suite. Once they were back in their suite, they rested on the balcony under the hot Florida sun. It was afternoon and they were starving. They had skipped breakfast since they woke up late. And after their relaxing massage and spa treatment, they were getting ready to head to the dining hall for lunch. As they were getting dressed,

Jacinda: Honey, that was so beautiful. I've never felt so relaxed. It was so calming.

Hunter: I'm glad you liked it. I had it planned all along but I figured you'd need it especially after last night.

Jacinda: Oh Hunter, I love how you take care of me. Are you always going to be this way?

Hunter: I don't know, I might have to get more protective of you when you're pregnant with our child.

Jacinda: Hunter, noooo....

Hunter: What do you mean No? I've finished in you, haven't I?

Jacinda: Yes honey you have but...I don't know about the baby thing. I'm still your mother.

Hunter: I know. And you're my woman. My girlfriend. My lover. It's only fair that we create a unique symbol of our love.

Jacinda: Oh honey when you put it like that....Ugh You're just....so persuasive. I still need time to think about it Hunter. I know we haven't been careful but maybe we should.

Hunter: On the contrary. I plan on inseminating your womb as much as I can. I want to see this little tummy of yours grow with our child Mom.

Jacinda: Hunter....it's just so weird. I'm your mother, do you know what people would say?

Hunter: I don't care about people. I love you and you love me, don't you?

Jacinda: Of course I do baby. You know that, more than anything, more than my own life, I love you so much.

Hunter: Well then you think about it. But I've made up my mind. I want to spend the rest of my life with you and you'll be the mother of my children.

Jacinda had nothing more to say. She was overwhelmed with the love and emotion showered on her by her son. But she was still conflicted about having his child. What mother has sex with her own son? What mother has a child with her own son? How would this relationship be? Would she be the child's mother or grandmother? Would Hunter be the father of this child and the brother? It was all messed up and she knew it.

Deep in her soul, she knew she wanted to do everything Hunter insisted, including having a child with her. But she was afraid of the consequences. Especially having a child at her age could

come with physical risks. Moreover, the societal implications and questions. How did Jacinda have a child after getting a divorce? Who is the father of the child? At that point, it would be impossible to hide her incestuous relationship with her son.

---

After lunch, Jacinda and Hunter walked around the cruise, exploring some more. It was day 2 of their cruise and they were scheduled to make their first stop on a tiny island in the bahamas. Once they got off the cruise, Jacinda and Hunter explored the small seaside town. Jacinda was excited to explore the beachside and boardwalk. She was wearing a 'Fashion Floral Print Ruffle Hem Mini Dress' from beachsisi and looked stunning with a necklace and pendant. She walked with her arms locked in with her lover, her son, Hunter. Hunter sported a floral shirt with the top two buttons open and a pair of beach shorts.

Once they returned back on the cruise, Hunter had special plans for Jacinda. He dressed up formally and asked Jacinda to wear a formal cocktail dress. Jacinda obliged and put on a sexy dark red "Mae Mini Dress" in wine color from Baby Boo Fashion. She looked absolutely stunning. Hunter took his mother to the top floor open terrace at the back of the cruise. It was now around 8pm in the evening. The sun had just set leaving behind a dark pink and maroon gradient in the distant horizon, matching Jacinda's dress.

As Jacinda approached their table, she realized theirs was the only table set on the open terrace of the cruise with not many people around. Their small round table was decorated with a candle light and a vase with a rose and a bottle of wine. Hunter walked his mother to her seat and pulled the chair out for her like a chivalrous gentleman. This was quite in contrast with the dominant disdain he treated her with the night before and that morning, when he would use his gorgeous mother as his sex slave. Tonight, Jacinda got to experience the suave, classy gentleman she had raised him to be. Once she sat down on her chair, Hunter took his seat across from his mother.

He stared deep into her beautiful eyes, with her dark brunette hair flowing in the wind over the nude smooth skin of her shoulders. Her stark red lips matched the dark red wine colored dress she was wearing. He noticed how the ends of her hair had curls to them. She had a thin silver necklace on with a heart pendant. The almost modest neckline of the dress showed enough of her breasts for his eyes to wander and she obviously wasn't wearing a bra. Hunter had a gentle smile on his face as his eyes devoured the pure, natural beauty sitting in front of him. This gorgeous milf was none other than the woman who had birthed him, Jacinda.

Jacinda watched with a smirk as her son was enamored by her beauty, almost lost in a trance. Which was broken by the server who helped pour a glass of wine for Jacinda. Hunter then asked the server to pour him some too. Jacinda looked at her son with a surprise. He never drank and despised drinking alcohol. Hunter waited until the server left the vicinity and they had some privacy. He raised his glass of red wine to his mother, who raised her and as their glasses clinked, the eighteen year old spoke.

Hunter: Mom, this is my first sip of alcohol and I wanted it to be special with a special lady. My Mother, Jacinda.

Jacinda just smiled and nodded as they both took a sip of their respective drinks. Hunter made a strange face after tasting his first drink of alcohol, clearly not enjoying the bitter taste of the red wine. This made Jacinda chuckle.

Jacinda: Didn't like it?

Hunter: No. It's not the same as tasting it off your tongue and lips.

Jacinda: Ooooh Hunter.... How do you do this?

Hunter: Do what?

Jacinda: Just....your words. Your eyes, everything about you. It's just so sexual in nature. You turn me on so much.

Hunter: Well Mom, that's what I wanted to talk to you about. My love for you is more than just about sex.

Jacinda looked into her son's eyes with a smile as he continued...

Hunter: Mom, you already know this, I love you more than anything or anyone in the world. And over this last week and more, since we reinvigorated our relationship and committed these grave taboo sins, I just feel like I want to be with you forever and ever. I know you still have your doubts of how our relationship will continue. But I have no doubts and am sure the only woman I want to live with forever, is my mother, my lover, my sex slave, you.

Jacinda: Oh honey...(With tears in her eyes)

Hunter: Mom, I know what we have is not normal. It's unheard of. But it feels so natural, like we're meant to be and I don't ever want it to stop, do you?

Jacinda: No baby, of course not.

Hunter: Good. I know you've thought about this, and so have I. I'm going to college soon, I'll meet other girls, but my heart belongs to you. There are plenty of pretty girls here too, but I just don't feel like looking at any of them. To me, you are the most beautiful woman in the world.

Jacinda: Hunter....(The tears of joy now slowly flowing down her cheeks)

Hunter: I'm not reassuring you, I'm claiming you. I'm announcing 'us' to the world. I want nothing but you. And I want our love to flourish forever. I want us to take this to the next level. I want to have a baby with you.

Jacinda: Honey please.... We've talked about this... I...I..

Hunter: I know Mom. I know you're not sure. But I have something that may help you make your mind up.

Hunter suddenly got up out of his chair. Pulled a little box out of his pants. Took a couple of steps close to his mother and got down on knee. He opened the box which had a shiny diamond ring in it.

Hunter: Jacinda Marie Johnson, I, your son, Hunter Johnson, am asking you for your hand. Now and forever. Will you marry me? Mother?

Jacinda was absolutely speechless. Her jaw had literally dropped to the floor and her eyes were crying tears of joy. She was confused, conflicted, yet so sure. She knew she wanted him. She saw how much he loved her. Her own son. Her own 18 year old son, was down on his knee, in the middle of the ocean, in the twilight of the dusk proposing to his own mother to be his wife. Jacinda knew her answer in her heart. Her mind was the obstacle. She took her sweet time to process the emotions inside her. Hunter stood still on his knee with the diamond ring in his hand

awaiting his mother's response. It had been a couple of minutes. And she finally spoke

Jacinda: Yes! Yes, honey. Yes Hunter I will. I love you. I love you so much.

Hunter had the happiest smile on his face as he gently placed the ring in his mother's right hand ring finger. The big white diamond stone sparkled in the darkness of the evening. It now represented the love of this son and his mother. They were no longer just mother-son. They were no longer just a couple. They were no longer only master-slave. They were now engaged to be married.

Jacinda had accepted her son's proposal to marry her. She was convinced with his reasoning. She wanted nothing but to be with him. Now it all made sense to her why he wanted her to file for divorce from his father. He wanted her all to himself. Every bit of her to claim as his own. She had already surrendered her body to her son. He already had her heart. Now she wanted to mentally be claimed by her son, her lover and soon to be her new husband. Hunter was beyond overjoyed. He had claimed his mother and added another chapter to their taboo incestuous relationship. His mother was now his fiance. And he was going to marry the woman who had given birth to him.

For Hunter, he wanted nothing more than to be with his mother forever, as his lover, as his sex slave. The same womb he came out of, was now going to be the cum receptacle for his seed. He was going to reuse his own mother's womb to further his bloodline. Her tight, small vagina, out of which he emerged 18 years and six months earlier, the one he had mercilessly eaten, bitten, devoured and fucked, the one he had just fisted a few hours back, was going to be the home for his penis. His own mother was soon to be his wife.

---

Hunter and Jacinda hugged and kissed for a long time. They had a wonderfully romantic dinner that night. They had more passionate sex that night. Throughout the week on their cruise, Jacinda and Hunter explored the deepest depths of sexual depravity with each other. The mother and son had indulged in slow, sensual, passionate lovemaking while also wild, rough, brutal, painful, BDSM sex. The cruise was filled with fun experiences and adventures. It was like a honeymoon for them as they explored the ocean and each other's bodies.

On the 7th day of the cruise, upon returning back ashore in Jacksonville. Hunter and Jacinda stayed at a hotel for another day and fucked some more. They had a task at hand though, and that was to explore Hunter's new college campus and find an apartment for Jacinda to move into with her son. They finally found a small house with two bedrooms that was only a mile away from the university building Hunter was going to have classes at. It was a single floored house, with a small fenced front yard and a few houses surrounding it. The backyard was rather large, which was one of their requirements considering their dogs would need a place to play. The backyard had tall fencing and was surrounded by trees and plants blocking the view from the outside.

Inside the house, as they entered there was a living room to the right with a fireplace which led into the doorway to the master bedroom. On the opposite side was a small kitchen and dining area overlooking the window to the front street. Next to the primary bedroom was the secondary smaller bedroom and a den attached next to it for storage. The house was small and cozy just what Hunter wanted. It was going to be the residence for him and his mother, his now fiance. Jacinda wrote a cheque to outright buy the house and they had finished the paperwork and formalities before getting back on the flight home.

---

Once home, Jacinda and Hunter spent the next couple of weeks shopping, packing and preparing for their move to Jacksonville. They continued merrily having sex multiple times a day and night. Jacinda was the ideal sex slave and pain slut to her Master and would wake him up every morning with a blowjob. Sometimes, she would have to drink his piss first thing in the morning. Having tasted her son's urine over and over again, she was getting used to her place as his cum and piss receptacle. In a matter of weeks, Jacinda had become her son's lover, sex slave, human toilet and fiance. But above all she was still his mother. At least to the rest of the world.

Their trusted family confidant and attorney Mr. Gomez would occasionally visit the mother and son to help with the move and any official paperwork. He was soon going to retire and wished nothing but the best for the mother and son. He had no idea the family he had served all these years had taken a twisted turn and become an incestuous taboo household. When Mr. Gomez was over, Hunter and Jacinda would act like the ideal picture perfect mother and son. Mr. Gomez had begun training Hunter to take over the business empire his grandfather had worked so hard to build. Jacinda also helped educate Hunter with all the operations of their properties, offices and businesses.

Jacinda continued making appearances to her fundraisers and charities as the pure, pious, traditional, classy woman that she had been all her life. She carried herself with vitality and glamor, only to be roughly ruined in bed performing raunchy and vulgar acts with her son. On the outside, socially, Hunter and Jacinda were still just a teenage boy going to college and a middle aged woman who handled all her responsibilities perfectly. But in the house, the mother and son were a loving couple and master-slave.

Jacinda's sexual depravity explored new avenues and she had breached the limits she previously had. Her son would often rip his mother's panties off and start fucking her anywhere in the house, any time. He would often roughly spank his mother's ass and loved watching it jiggle as it turned red. He would eat her pussy out while she was working or on a zoom call with her clients. Hunter took his mother anytime he wanted and she was the perfect, submissive, obedient, painlut for her son. Jacinda loved the new found sexual revolution her son had brought in her life. She felt proud to be a worthless sex toy for his pleasure and use. Everytime he made her try and do something she wasn't fond of or had concerns, her own voice in her head from years ago rang "I'll breathe, I'll live for my son alone. My Son, Hunter."

It was Jacinda's lifelong ambition and drive to make sure she made her son happy and fulfilled his every wish. Knowing his mother's servitude to him, Hunter decided to make the most of the rest of the summer, before moving to Jacksonville that fall. He had emptied Jacinda's basement office and shifted it to his bedroom, since they were sleeping together in Jacinda's master bedroom anyway. Jacinda liked having her new temporary office in her son's bedroom. She would now work out of the same spot where she had first caught a glimpse of her son masturbating to extremely brutal BDSM porn. Little did she know, that spark would lead to the intense fire within her and she would end up performing those explicit acts and much more with him.

What was formerly Jacinda's office in their basement, had now turned into a special project for Hunter. While Jacinda worked from her son's bedroom, Hunter would go shopping and buy elaborate items that he had kept hidden from his mother. He had changed the locks on the door of the basement and only he had the keys to it. Jacinda couldn't see what was happening to her former office, but knew Hunter was up to something. The curiosity was driving her crazy and she had tried to open the basement door multiple times, but failed.

---

It was now late July. More than a month after they had returned from their cruise trip. They were settling down into the transition to Jacksonville which was supposed to be the first week of September. One Saturday, after his morning blowjob, while they were eating breakfast at the

dining table, Hunter spoke...

Hunter: Mom.. got any plans for the weekend?

Jacinda: No honey..just going to spend time with my handsome fiance. (she said with a wink and smirk)

Hunter: mmm Good. (Chewing on his toast with a mouthful) Well, I have very special plans for us. I have a surprise for you.

Jacinda: Oooh what is it honey?

Hunter: I know you've been dying to know what I've been working on in the basement. What used to be your office...

Jacinda: Yes. It's very confusing haha.

Hunter: Well, make sure you eat enough and you're going to find out today.

Jacinda: Really! Ok I'm excited baby.

Once breakfast was done, Jacinda stood by Hunter waiting for him to show her what he had done with the basement.

Hunter: Stay here by the dining table. I'll be back

Hunter went up to their bedroom and picked out the black shiny belt from Jacinda's silk robe. The same one that had sparked his curiosity in her closet all those weeks back, which led to the beginning of their taboo relationship. He returned back to his mother and stood behind her. Jacinda was wearing a red silk robe. She had a wide smile on her face. The curiosity and uncertainty always turned her on. And as Hunter stood behind her, her heart started beating faster and heavier. Hunter covered his mother's eyes with the silky belt and tied it behind her head. It was now a makeshift blindfold. This excited Jacinda even more. He then held her hand and led her to the door of the basement.

Jacinda's heartbeat was skyrocketing in anticipation. She had a feeling he was up to something naughty and she couldn't wait to try and find out what it was. As they stood in front of the door, she could hear Hunter rustling through the keys as he unlocked the door and she heard the door creek open to a cold breeze blowing out of the basement. She was confused as to why the basement was so cold, maybe Hunter had set the air condition temperature low.

Ever since Hunter had watched all the extreme BDSM porn during his formative years, he wanted to partake in the acts he watched. That was the day he had the opportunity to fulfill his desires. He never had a girlfriend, but now had a fiance, his own mother who loved him dearly and was a willing and eager sex slave to him. He had already put his mother through extremely brutal and rough, physical sex and filthy acts with him. But now he wanted to take it to the next level and test her limits. He had planned this since they returned from the cruise and that Saturday morning, his plan was set in motion.

Hunter positioned his mother to the entrance of what used to be her office at one point for the last 18 years. He then untied the blindfold from her eyes. As Jacinda's eyes were adjusting to the new visual in front of her, her mouth was left agape. Her eyes popped out of her skull as she walked in and looked around. The basement was completely transformed and had no signs of her former office.

When she entered, to her right was a steel dog cage. The entire floor was covered in a rubber sheet. To the left was a leg spreader obedience chair. Next to the cage on the right was an Extreme Punishment Bench. There was a massage table on the opposite side. In the center of the room there was a sex swing and a few hanging ropes and belts from the ceiling. In the back wall, there was a Saint Andrew's Cross nailed to the wall. And in the corner was a 'Dore alley Dungeon Bed'. On the other corner Jacinda noticed a 'Medieval dungeon wood stockade'. Her former office and their house basement was turned into a BDSM Sex Dungeon by her son.

After observing every item in the room, she turned around to face her son. As soon as she was about to speak, Hunter placed a dog collar around his mother's neck with a leash attached to it. He fastened the collar tightly around her neck so it sat snug. Any head movement would mean Jacinda's tender, soft skin around her neck would get scratched to the harsh material of the collar. Her head was set in place and if she looked down it almost choked her. She understood the games had begun.

Hunter then undid the belt from his mother's red silk robe and rolled it up in a ball, then shoved it in her mouth. He then used the black silk belt and tied it over her mouth, fastening it behind her head. She now had a makeshift gag in her mouth tightly snug, again reminding her of the time he had done something similar (Ch 3). Now that her robe had come undone, Jacinda's beautiful torso was on display and her vagina was in overdrive with anticipation. The cold temperature in the dungeon was also turning her on and she had goosebumps on her skin.

Hunter: Mom, you know your safe word?

Jacinda nodded in affirmation, since she couldn't speak with her mouth stuffed.

Hunter: You won't be able to say it. But if you need me to stop, just tap three times, understood?

Jacinda: Mmhmmm..(Nodding her head in affirmation)

Hunter: This is your new office. Our play room. You see all these toys mom, they're for my pet. But these are not toys, they're just accessories. You are the toy. My sex slave.

Jacinda had a smirk on her face listening to her son talk dirty to her.

Hunter: And I'm going to play with my toy today.

Hunter then pulled on the leash attached to his mother's dog collar and gestured her to get down on her hands and knees on all fours. Jacinda did as told and got on all fours. Hunter then pulled the leash and walked his mother like a dog around the dungeon on the black rubber floor. He took her to each corner and made her observe all the instruments in the room, eventually stopping by the tiny cage. He opened the door to the cage.

Hunter: This is your new home, slave.

Jacinda looked scared. She wanted to protest but had a lot of questions in her mind. How was she going to fit in the cage? And what did he mean by her new home? The cage was barely 4 feet wide and 3 feet tall. Jacinda looked up at her son with concern, when she suddenly heard a loud whip across the air. It took her a couple of seconds to register that she was just given a harsh whip by a wooden cane on her ass. As soon as the cane made contact with the tender, soft skin on her buttocks, it left a bright red stripe across her right butt. Jacinda instantly squealed in agony as the pain from the brutal whip rang throughout her body.

Hunter: Come on now, get in.

Jacinda somehow tried to wiggle and enter the steel cage through the tiny door, her wide hips were still outside as her torso went in the cage. She tried to wiggle and get her butt in too and felt another loud whip belt across her ass. This time it hurt more than the last caning. Two visible red marks now decorated the milf's ass as she bellowed in agony and roughly reached inside the cage to escape her son's brutal whipping. Once in the cage she tried to rotate her body and turned around to watch, as Hunter locked the cage with a special set of keys from the outside. There was no way to escape that tiny cage. Jacinda was locked in it like an animal.

Jacinda was still half covered in the red robe, but her mouth was gagged and shut with the silk belts. She watched with curiosity, as Hunter walked to the entrance of the basement, looked back at his mother with a smile and winked.

Hunter: Make yourself comfortable. I'll be back Mom.

Jacinda watched as Hunter turned the lights off and exited the room. Locking the door behind him. She was physically, literally trapped in a small steel cage, in her cold basement which was now her son, her Master's sex dungeon. There was nowhere for her to go and nothing for her to do. She was lost in thought but also enjoyed the humiliation and degradation her son had inflicted upon her. Her butt was on fire as she felt the intense stinging from the two hard cane whips she had just endured.

She waited anxiously for Hunter to return. She felt safe in his presence and sitting alone in the claustrophobic steel cage, in the dark with a collar around her neck and her mouth stuffed with the silk belt made her uneasy. Jacinda couldn't wait for Hunter to return. She was literally yearning for him. She tried to shout and call for him but it was futile since her mouth was still stuffed shut with the belt from her robe. Hunter left his mother in that position for an hour. Every minute felt like a day to Jacinda. She hadn't imagined when she woke up that morning she would be in that position.

Hunter was testing the limits of his sex slave mother and she was enduring the pain and humiliation with great difficulty. After an hour, he returned. Jacinda heard the door to the basement unlock and crack open with a beam of light illuminating her dark surroundings. It was still quite dark and she watched a silhouette of her tall, handsome son walk towards her with some kind of bag in his hand. As he got closer she watched as he raised the bag up above her cage.

Much to Jacinda's surprise the thing her son was holding wasn't a bag. It was a bucket of water. Hunter emptied the bucket full of water over the cage completely drenching his sex slave mother in the cage. It was already cold in the basement and Jacinda was shocked at the sudden sting she felt from the water flowing all over her body. The water wasn't cold but getting drenched in water in a cold room made the sensation even more intense. Jacinda's skin once again showed goosebumps as she looked up at her son with her mouth tied shut and a dog collar around her neck.

Hunter: Now my pet mommy is all clean. Are you ready to come out of your cage my dear slave?

Jacinda nodded her head hastily. She was desperate to free herself from the tiny little cage. She had been held captive in that uncomfortable position in the cold basement for over an hour. Hunter unlocked the cage and turned on the lights in the basement. He then tugged on the leash and pulled at it, forcing Jacinda to crawl out of the cage. Her red silk robe was also now completely wet. Hunter walked his mother with the leash towards the center of the room like a dog. And paused. He then pulled the leash up to lift his mother up from the floor and had her

stand in front of him.

He watched as her skin showed goosebumps and her beautiful face showed signs of anxiety and fear. He found this look on his mother's face so sexy and arousing. He was now sporting a boner. Jacinda was now shivering a little which he noticed. He didn't want her to get sick so he walked to the thermostat and raised the temperature. Jacinda watched as her handsome hunk of a son walked towards her in nothing but his gym shorts. He then undid the silk belt behind her head and removed the other black silk belt from her mouth. Jacinda breathed a huge sigh of relief. With no obstacles in or around her mouth, she was now able to breathe and speak.

Hunter: Do you trust me Mom?

Jacinda: Of course Master!

Hunter: Who are you to me?

Jacinda: I'm your sex slave mother, Master.

Hunter slapped his mother hard, on her left cheek which made her head turn to the right and her wet hair stuck to her face. The sudden impact of Hunter's hand on his mother's smooth, wet cheeks made a splash. Jacinda loved getting slapped by her Master, but she wondered why she deserved it. Did she miss something?

Jacinda: I'm your....lover?

Hunter slapped her again, this time harder than the first and on her right cheek with his left hand. Jacinda realized maybe her Master was still not satisfied with her answer.

Jacinda: I'm....I'm...your...I...I don't know Master.

Hunter roughly grabbed a hold of his mother's hair at the top of her head and twisted her head to the left, jerking and twisting her body towards him.

Hunter: You aren't wrong Mom. You're my lover. You're my sex slave. But did you forget? You're my fiance now too?

Jacinda: Yes...I'm sorry..I'm your fiance.

Hunter continued holding his mother's hair in his left hand and repeatedly slapped his mother's right cheek lightly.

Hunter: Too late my soon to be wifey...You deserve a punishment for forgetting your new role in your son's life. Do you deserve to be punished mom?

Jacinda: ughh...arhh..Yes, Yes honey. Please punish your fiance. Your soon to be wife.

Hunter: And how do you think you should be punished?

Jacinda: uhm....I...I don't...oh..You could use some of the things in this room Master.

Hunter: You're getting smarter my slave. We'll definitely use some of these items, but today, you're going to be more than just my lover, my sex slave mother and my fiance. You're going to be my pet. My bitch. Just a piece of meat with holes for your son to use. What are you, mother?

Jacinda: I'm...I'm your bitch. I'm your sex slave. Your slut. You can use me however you want, Master. I'm your pet. I'm just a worthless piece of meat for your pleasure baby...

Hunter was getting immensely turned on by his mother's submission. He had once again managed to get his mother to that kinky, submissive, pain Slut mode. As much as the mother and son loved each other, their physical language was rough and intense, complementing each other perfectly. Jacinda wanted pain from her Master and he was more than willing to give it to her. The power and dominance over his partner turned him on more and more.

Hunter let his mother's hair go and grabbed a hold of her left hand, cuffed it and tied it to a belt hanging from a nail in the ceiling. He did the same with her right. Jacinda's hands were now tied up to the belts from the ceiling. She still stood on the floor and her body made a 'Y' in front of her son.

Hunter: Spread your legs wide.

Jacinda obliged and spread her legs, meaning she was now standing in an 'X' position. Hunter walked around behind her. Jacinda's head turned trying to focus on her son. She watched anxiously as he walked behind her, out of her sight. Hunter then stood behind his mother and roughly tore her red silk robe off her body. Jacinda now stood naked in the middle of the room with her hands tied wide to the ceiling. She heard him rustling through some items in a bag in the corner and heard him walk closer to her again, still standing behind her.

Hunter tied a blindfold on his mother from behind her head. He then grabbed her wet hair in a bunch and tied them together in a ponytail. Jacinda stood there in anticipation as her son had his way with her body. The blindfold made her curiosity pique higher as she couldn't see what he was about to. This fear and anxiety of the unknown was the secret to her love juices. Her libido was on fire and she was getting extremely horny. She was literally being treated like a sex doll, a piece of meat by her son, as he continued having his way with her. He owned his mother completely.

Jacinda had a smile on her face with how turned on she was, when she suddenly felt a cold piece of metal pinching down her nipples. Hunter had clasped both his mother's nipples with a nipple clamp. This was a Y-shaped Chain-Clit-Nipple-Clamps. The metal chain dangled down to Jacinda's fupa as she felt the cold metal on her wet tummy. Hunter pulled the chain lower, which made his mother's clasped nipple pull lower with pressure, making her moan with pain. He then used the clip at the bottom of the chain to pinch just above his mother's clitoris. As soon as Jacinda felt her tender, soft clit get pinched mercilessly by the unforgiving hard metal clip, she let out a loud shriek. This was painful, but also pleasurable for the hot milf.

Hunter smiled as he heard his mother's screams in agony. He was aware the metal clip that now sat tightly snug on her outer clitoris was painful but she enjoyed it. Now Jacinda's nipples and clit were clamped tight. And she had the dog collar around her neck. Hunter slowly got behind his mother and lifted the leash up high then tied it to the hook in the ceiling. He then pulled the leash like a pulley which made the collar around Jacinda's neck lift her entire body up towards the ceiling. After a few more pulls Jacinda was literally hanging by her neck, suffocating her in the process. Her toes barely touched the rubber mat on the floor and she was now making squeaky sounds from her mouth. The hard leather from her collar scratched and itched the bottom of her jaw and upper neck as she was almost suspended by the ceiling. She kept wiggling and shifting her toes which were barely touching the floor to find balance and not hang by the collar like a noose.

Hunter was satisfied with her position and locked the leash in that position. He observed his work as his mother was now struggling to balance herself on her toes, with her hands tied up high to her sides and her leash almost acting like a noose suspending her from the ceiling, while

her nipples and clit were clamped and connected by a silver chain.

Hunter: How does it feel mom?

Jacinda: (Barely able to speak with her collar tightly choking her neck) argh..it feels...ugh...good..arrghhh.l....can't breath..

Hunter: You know you can use your safe word anytime, right?

Jacinda: mmmhmm...l...ugh like it...

That's all the approval Hunter needed. He knew his sex slave mother was in an uncomfortable position. He looked down to notice the skin around her clit and labia was turning pink. Hunter picked up the cane which had already caused two red stripes across his mother's ass and went around her. He took a couple of rounds before assuming a position to her left.

Hunter: Mom, you remember when I was a kid and you taught me how to count?

Jacinda: hggghh..Yes...honey..argh.

Hunter: It's your turn to count now.

As soon as he said that, Jacinda heard the familiar whip in the air as she felt a sting on her ass. Hunter had just swung a hard whip with the wooden cane on his mother's ass.

Jacinda: aahhhhh One.

He smacked another cane shot roughly around the same area on her ass. He loved watching her ass jiggle and slowly show a line of red.

Jacinda: mhmhmmm Twooo...

Jacinda could feel the intense burning heat from the two cane whips on her left butt. The stinging sensation was sending currents all over her body. Hunter watched as his mother was bound and suspended in place enjoying the heat emanating from the whips on her butt.

He kept spanking her butt and back for another 18 blows and stopped at 20. Jacinda's ass and back was covered in welts and lines of pink and red. Her once smooth, pristine skin was showing signs of abuse from her son's wooden cane whips. With her body being wet with water, every whip hurt her even more. But throughout the 20 cane whips, she did not give up or use her safe word. Hunter was impressed by his mother's ability to take the pain. He watched as glistening wet juices were flowing down her inner thighs with every impact of the wooden cane on her skin. There were rivers of tears down her face, from under her blindfold.

Hunter then went around his mother's back and watched the red, swollen marks left behind on her flesh. He was proud of his work and more proud of his sex slave mother.

Hunter: And that was your punishment.

Jacinda: Thank you Master.

Hunter placed his hands on the back of his mother's neck, flat on her back and slowly dragged his hands downwards towards her ass. Feeling every contusion and bruise on her tender skin that was broken into. This made Jacinda yell loudly in pain, since every touch on her open wound hurt more as her son's rough hands felt her torn skin. Hunter grabbed both his mother's red

striped buttocks and squeezed them hard, sending more jerks of pain all across her body. She was wiggling and twisting in agony, barely trying to stay up on her toes, suspended by the dog collar through the ceiling.

Hunter was hard and extremely turned on and he grabbed a battery operated vibrating dildo, came around the front of his mother and inserted it into her vagina from the front. Jacinda felt the vibrator enter her vagina. It was able to penetrate her pussy with ease, given her vagina had already leaked lots of natural lubricant. Hunter turned on the vibrator and instantly Jacinda's body jerked from her hips feeling the vibrations in her pussy. He then got behind her and just as she was getting used to the newest sensation in her vagina with the vibrator, she felt a cold gel fall between her already abused butt cheeks.

Hunter poured some lube in his mother's buttcrack and lubed it well. He then slowly placed his dick at the entrance of her tiny puckered butthole, grabbed his mother's ponytail and pulled her head back towards him, while penetrating her tiny anal cavity with his giant girthy cock. Jacinda's body was being used and abused in every way from head to toe. She was reaching the height of her sensations with every part of her body experiencing pain and pleasure simultaneously. Hunter used his mother's ponytail for leverage and held one hand around her fupa in the front for balance as he was now started fucking his mother anally. He could feel the insides of her rectum all over his dick, while her vaginal walls were vibrating intensely in reaction to the vibrating dildo in her pussy.

Her neck was being forced in every direction, partially hung up by the rope but her hair being pulled in the back by her ponytail. Her nipples were crushed between the clamps and her clit had turned dark red with the intense pinching by the metal clamps. The skin on her back and ass were already on fire, thanks to the caning her son had brutally delivered all over her. Jacinda's eyes were still covered by the blindfold, which Hunter was now undoing from the back. The blindfold fell to the floor but Jacinda's eyes were still closed as she was screaming at the top of her lungs with every thrust into her bowels delivered by her son's huge dick.

Hunter had taken his sex slave mother to the ultimate limits of pain and pleasure. He continued fucking her ass from behind, brutally going in and out of her abused ass. He would occasionally lay a rough spank on her already abused red buttocks, sending more shockwaves after shockwaves of pain all over her body. Every pore in Jacinda's skin was now oozing sweat despite the colder temperature. Both her holes were being brutally ravaged by her son. She had never experienced such carnal pleasure and all of her senses felt attacked at the same time.

She kept wailing and screaming in agony and satisfaction as her son continued to brutally violate her anus. Hunter then suddenly stopped and Jacinda felt his penis gradually exit out of her asshole, but her pussy was still vibrating. Hunter wasn't satisfied but he had also reached his peak excitement fucking his mother's ass while she was suspended, bound, whipped, spanked and clamped. Jacinda waited for the next burst of excitement that he was about to unleash on her. She finally opened her eyes to notice her son standing in front of her covered in sweat with his penis in his hand, hard and erect at its maximum length.

Jacinda's eyes wandered around her son's messy hair, to his strong wide shoulders, down to his chiseled chest and faint abs. Her real Master, his penis was her favorite and she loved feeling it in her mouth and vagina. She was still getting used to the assfucking but that day she had thoroughly enjoyed getting sodomized by her son's big dick. Hunter bent down and touched his mother's labia, gently touching and feeling her vaginal lips. With every touch, Jacinda's body shuddered and shivered in excitement. He noticed her skin oozing sweat and showing goosebumps. Hunter inserted his finger in his mother's pussy and pulled the vibrating dildo out.

As soon as the vibrator plopped out of her, Jacinda gave out a heavy sigh of relief. She was

breathing heavily and with every deep breath, Hunter watched how her breasts heaved up and down pulling on the chain going from her nipples to her clit. He undid the clamp on her clit and let it hang. Jacinda let out a loud exhausted gasp as she felt the blood in her body flow to the now swollen, red, abused flesh of her outer clit. She thought her punishment was over and her ordeal was complete. As Hunter began to unclasp her dog collar around her neck and untied the belts holding her arms in place above her head.

Jacinda was conflicted and had mixed feelings. As much as she was relieved of the pressure and precarious position she was in, she wanted to continue playing these sexual games with her son. She had become an insatiable pain slut. Her own son, her Master, had taken her to the limits of sexual pain and pleasures, but she was left wanting more. As she was let off the dog collar, she was now able to firmly plant her feet back to the ground and was about to lose balance and fall over but her protector was there to hold her and hugged her flailing body. She still had the metal nipple chain clamped to her nipples but was free of the rest of the bondage.

Hunter held his mother in his arms, until she was able to regain her sense of balance and stood on her feet, still hugging her son. The mother and son, feeling each other's naked, hot, sweaty skin. Jacinda's hair was still in a pony but was roughly ravaged and sticking to the abused wounds on the flesh of her upper back.

Hunter: Are you okay, Mom?

Jacinda: Yes honey. I'm fine. This was...intense.

Hunter: It's not over yet, my slave.

Jacinda: Oh...But honey I already...came I don't know how many times.

Hunter: Did you now? I haven't yet.

Jacinda: How can this pet, slave mommy serve you Master?

Hunter: Good girl. Stay put. I'll be back.

Hunter left his mother in the middle of the basement, which was now a BDSM sex dungeon for their play. He returned momentarily with a bottle of cold water and a bag of ice. He gave the bottle of water to his mother. Jacinda was in need of hydration after the intense ordeal. But she knew it wasn't over yet. She watched curiously as she sipped on the water from the bottle. Hunter approached a desk in the corner, which Jacinda noticed was her former work desk. The same work desk, she had previously worked on for years and her son had fucked her on. She watched closely, as Hunter tore the ice bag open and spread all the ice on top of the desk. Jacinda was very confused and wasn't sure what he was up to.

Hunter: Come here, slave.

Jacinda walked towards her son by the desk. She had drank almost half the bottle of water. Hunter took the bottle of water from her and started drinking it himself, finishing it and tossing the empty bottle behind him. Hunter pulled his mother in his arms and started kissing her lips vigorously. He was tasting his mother's lips and tongue, swapping spit lovingly. Jacinda also willfully gave him her tongue to suck on. The mother and son smooched passionately and wildly. Hunter sucking on his mother's lower lip suddenly introduced his teeth to her gums and roughly bit down on it, causing Jacinda to moan in pain.

She loved getting her tongue and lips bitten by her son. It turned her on more and more. She had

already lost count of how many times her pussy had leaked orgasmic juices, but it felt like she was about to cum again, feeling her son's canines bite down deep on her gums and outside her lips. Her sensitive tender skin finally gave through as Hunter had broken into the skin of her gums causing some blood to ooze out of it. He could taste some of her blood as he continued sucking on and exploring her mouth. He was lost in passion and didn't intend to bust her lip open with his wild kisses. He suddenly let her go and looked in his mother's eyes and swollen lip.

Hunter: I think I went a little deep with that bite.

Jacinda: Not deep enough baby. I love tasting blood in my mouth.

Hunter: Are you okay, Mom? You sure?

Jacinda: I birthed you. You came out of me. The blood in your veins is mine. And mine is yours. You own me. Every bit of me, every part of me. Mind, body and soul.

Jacinda was so lost in love for her son and sexual debauchery she immediately pounced back on her son's mouth resuming their wild, rough kissing. Hunter now dragged his hands all over his mother's wounded back which made her break the kiss and shriek in pain. While she was wailing in pain with her mouth open, gasping for breath, Hunter spat directly in her mouth. Jacinda smiled and gladly swallowed her son's spit mixed with her own blood from the inside of her lower lip. Hunter, still sliding his hands and fingers gently across his mother's striped back and ass, spoke,

Hunter: Your back's on fire...

Jacinda: Mmhmm it stings...

Hunter: Maybe we should cool it down....

Before Jacinda could comprehend what he said, Hunter grabbed his mother's hips and lifted her body up like a ragdoll and planted her on the ice covered desk top. Jacinda felt a sizzle all over her back as the cold ice made contact with the scarred skin on her back. The sudden change in temperature caused her eyes to pop open wide and she was now breathing heavier than before. The ice along her bruised back was therapeutic but the sudden difference in sensation sent shivers all over her body. She could feel her pussy throbbing and her vaginal walls vibrating to generate more fluids with whatever energy was left in her.

Hunter gave his mother a couple of minutes to get used to the cold ice on her back. He watched as her breathing gradually subsided and she had a gentle smile on her face with tears still flowing out of her eyes to the side of her face. Jacinda laid flat and lifeless on the ice covered desk. Hunter came forward, grabbed a hold of her limp legs and spread them apart. He held her hips and inserted his fully erect cock in his mother's waiting vagina.

Jacinda's back was now feeling a little better as the skin on her back was getting the much needed icing while her horny vagina was receiving her son's much needed dick. Hunter started fucking his mother hard and fast mercilessly as Jacinda moaned in pleasure feeling every thrust deep in her cunt. Hunter then suddenly grabbed the middle of "Y"-shaped metal chain which was still clamped to his mother's nipples and pulled it off her tits roughly. Right as her body was getting some much needed respite, another jolt of electricity ran across her body, as her nipples were roughly freed off the pinch from the metal clamps.

Jacinda's nipples stood erect and had turned a dark bluish hue with the lack of blood flow. Hunter then grabbed his mother's hard, erect nipples sending more pain all over her. He was using her

freshly unpinched nipples to pull and grab for leverage while he continued his onslaught on her already tired and spent cunt. After mercilessly, roughly fucking his mother in her vagina, Hunter finally grabbed her shoulders and thrust inside her deep and began shooting his baby batter straight into her cervix.

Jacinda could feel the warmth of her son's semen collect inside her vagina as Hunter grunted over her nude body. Hunter came and came shooting ropes of cum in the depths of his own mother's vagina eventually falling on top of her.

Both mother and son were extremely tired and spent after their first brutal BDSM session in their new sex dungeon. Jacinda laid lifeless on the ice which had almost melted off now. While her son laid on top of her sweaty torso. With the weight of her son on top of her Jacinda was sandwiched between him and the ice-laden desktop. She had orgasmed so many times she had lost count. But she knew her son had cum deep inside her vagina. She could still feel her son's penis inside her, slowly losing its maximum strength going flaccid. Hunter laid on his mother's nude skin with his mouth on her left breast. He gently opened his mouth to lick and taste her sweaty skin around her nipples. As his tongue swirled around his mother's breast, Jacinda spoke.

Jacinda: Hunter, Thank You Master. I love you baby. Thank you for giving me all these new experiences and sensations that I didn't know existed.

Hunter was so tired he just moaned in pleasure tasting his mother's sweaty skin. He eventually got off her and watched her smile back at him as she laid limp on the desk. The ice between her and the desktop had melted and a puddle of water collected on the newly installed rubber mat under their feet. Hunter stood in front of his mother and observed her vagina which was leaking some of his thick cum. He took his fingers, collected some of the cum in his hand and rubbed it on his mother's face, which she tried to lick off his hands.

He then pulled her off the desk, and laid her flat on the floor in the puddle of water, prone and face down. Jacinda laid flat on the rubber mat with a satisfied look on her face, sporting a smile. She suddenly felt a familiar pungent stench in the air and warm stream of water touch her now cold, bruised back. She turned her head back to look at her son and saw him pissing on her back. Hunter held his dick and urinated all over his mother from her head to her neck, her striped back and ass. He had only peed on her for a few seconds when he suddenly stopped. Jacinda thought he had finished pissing quicker than usual. Curiously she turned her head around to watch him walk towards her with a rubber funnel.

Hunter spread his mother's buttocks, and inserted the pointed end of the funnel in her asshole. Jacinda laid lifeless while her son performed these experiments with her like she was a guinea pig. She felt the pointy end of the funnel go in her anus. Hunter stood back over his mother and resumed his pissing, this time aiming directly at the mouth of the funnel. The funnel allowed the piss to collect and directly seep into his mother's anus.

Jacinda felt like she was getting an enema as her son's warm urine now directly entered her bowels through her anus. Once again, he had given a foreign sensation she never knew existed. She was impressed at her Master's creativity and kinky interests with her. She was a willing sex slave and human toilet for her son. Hunter was finally done peeing and waited until all his piss had passed through the funnel in his mother's asshole. He then pulled the funnel out, grabbed his mother by her hair, pulled her up to make her stand up and inserted the pointy end of the funnel in her mouth.

Jacinda could now taste the inside of her own rectum along with her son's piss in her mouth. Once he was satisfied with the humiliation and degradation of his sex slave mother, he kissed her flush on her face, thus tasting his own piss and her asshole through her tongue. He sucked a bit

more on her already bruised lip to reopen the flow of blood.

Hunter: Let's go take a shower.

Jacinda: Yes, Master.

Her ordeal was over. Hunter had taken his mother to the depths of depravity in their new sex dungeon. They had lost track of time and realized it was now 3 in the afternoon. They had been fucking and playing in the dungeon for hours. They were both tired and exhausted and rested in Jacinda's jacuzzi tub to rejuvenate. Jacinda would need a few days for the bruises on her back to heal. But she was beyond satisfied and fulfilled with the pain and pleasure unloaded on her by her son.

The mother and son, now engaged to be married, had engaged in some extremely brutal BDSM play. And this was just the beginning. Hunter emptied his balls deep in his mother's vagina. He wanted to impregnate her. And had fucked her numerous times over the last few weeks each time, finishing deep inside her. With only a few more weeks before they moved to Jacksonville for Hunter's college, we'll find out what depths of depravity the mother and son would further explore together.

...to be continued.

---

## Innocent Mom now Son's Slave Ch. 15

\*\*\*All the characters in this story are over 18 years of age. This is just a fantasy and not a real story. It includes strong themes of incest, romance, BDSM, male domination, fem humiliation and water sports. If you're not comfortable, please stop reading.\*\*\*

Please read all prior parts for the story to connect and make sense.

(This chapter is formatted slightly differently from the rest with a few mini episodes to portray the events that now take place in the incestuous mother and son's daily lives.)

...Continued from Part 14

Once a traditional, religious, classy, pious and dutiful mother next door, Jacinda had turned into her son's lover and submissive slut over the summer. Her eighteen year old son, Hunter had not only made love to her, but taken unprecedented liberties with her body taking his mother to the depths of sexual depravity. The 42 year old milf who was naturally beautiful didn't know the submissive painlut that resided deep inside her, until her taboo relationship with her son started. It was all wrong, taboo, forbidden in every way and that's what made it so much fun for the mother and son. Jacinda, having recently divorced Hunter's father, didn't have much time being single since she was already having sex with her son who had proposed to marry her on their cruise vacation.

Upon their return from the cruise and tour to Jacksonville where Hunter was going to start undergrad in the coming months, some obvious changes had transpired in the mother and son's home life. Since they were financially well set and had a machine of businesses running the empire that Hunter's grandfather and Jacinda's father-in-law had setup, the couple didn't have much to complain about on the material front. Since returning from their vacation, their trusted family confidant, attorney and business operator, Mr. Gomez was now training and teaching Hunter the fundamentals of their businesses, knowing he was the right heir to the empire. Jacinda had raised her son with these expectations and he was a good kid, coachable, quick

learner, extremely smart and gentlemanly to the outside world. Anyone who met him would praise his mother for being raised so well.

Little did they know, Jacinda used to feel the guilt for the overprotective upbringing of her son, to make sure he didn't turn out like his father. A good for nothing, egotistical, narcissist who was addicted to alcohol and hookers. Thankfully, Hunter's grandfather looked after Jacinda and Hunter in his Will before he passed. Hunter was a thorough gentleman to the rest of the world, but had a lot of pent up sexual energy which he had spent watching extreme, brutal BDSM porn during his formative teenage years. Now that he had begun an illicit relationship with the only woman in his world worthy of his love, his own mother who birthed him, he acted on all his sexual desires with her. Their love was pure, deep, passionate, soft, kind, protective for each other; and their lovemaking, filthy, extreme, rough, painful, brutal.

---

Since Jacinda had accepted her son as her Master and become his willing sex slave and pain Slut, they had performed unimaginable acts of taboo and depravity with each other. What used to be her office in their basement, was now a sex dungeon, and as her Master, the teen had used all sorts of bondage and submission equipment on his subservient mother. The 42 year old MILF was naturally gorgeous, but now sported accessories on her body in the form of sore, red stripes inflicted by the wood cane on her back. Her ass was decorated in spots of bluish purple wounds and more remnants from her brutal caning.

They had now completely adjusted to their new way of living together as an engaged couple and Master & slave, still keeping their relationship a secret. It was only a matter of time before they would move to Jacksonville, for Hunter's university. This summer had been eventful to say the least, as the mother and son's lives had completely transformed. Jacinda still took her client meetings, but had no privacy or control over her own body or the way she dressed. Hunter, her teenage son, her lover, her fiance and Master had complete ownership of his mother. She had willfully committed herself to fulfilling all his desires. Because his desires were now hers too.

After their brutal BDSM session in their newly formed sex dungeon in the basement, Hunter and Jacinda would often find themselves exploring new acts of sexual depravity with each other. Just a few months ago, Jacinda had never imagined sex outside of basic vanilla, missionary position. But now she was a fiend for pain and being a submissive for her own son. Hunter took advantage of his mother's submission and used her in ways she had never imagined. Jacinda felt that her methods of being an overprotective mom attributed to his addiction to BDSM porn in his teenage years. It was only fair she became the subject of his wildest imagination.

Hunter would now frequently and freely use his mother while they performed trivial daily tasks. Since they had let go of their maids and house-help, Jacinda would clean and cook, do laundry and be responsible for the upkeep of the house. In the house she would now only wear her silk robes or a white spaghetti top or tank top. She was banned from wearing bras obviously but panties were up to her discretion. But Jacinda now preferred to roam around the house with no underwear at all. She loved getting her handsome, teenage son's attention. She liked how he used her like a sex object, mercilessly and with complete ownership.

---

## Episode 1 - "I'll live and breathe for my son"

One afternoon, Jacinda was busy vacuum cleaning the living room. Hunter had just emerged out of his room and watched from atop the stairs as his mother went about her cleaning business wearing just a black tank top and a short white skirt. The vacuum cleaner was at its loudest and

Hunter tiptoed, sneaking behind his mother. She couldn't hear him approach from behind her, Hunter picked up the cord attached to the vacuum cleaner going into the wall socket and suddenly looped it over his mother's head around her neck, choking her tightly with it.

The sudden jerk and surprise alarmed Jacinda momentarily, but once she realized it was her son, she felt safe again and let go of her inhibitions for him to take control. Hunter pulled on the cord around his mother's neck with force, choking her out. The force had pulled the wire out of the wall and Jacinda started gasping in pain. Hunter was aware, she had a rape fantasy which she had confessed to during one of their lengthy discussions in the jacuzzi bathtub, and he was more than willing to oblige her of it. Jacinda's face went pale and was eventually turning blue as Hunter held his mother in the position with the cord around her neck acting like a noose.

His six feet tall frame was easily overpowering and he noticed his mother's hands going frail and her legs losing balance when he slowly undid the cord allowing oxygen back into her lungs. Jacinda's eyes popped open and had turned red, once she regained her senses after her unforeseen stranglehold. She instantly turned around and hugged her son, sinking her head in his strong, muscular chest, thanking him for using her.

---

## Episode 2 - "It's dinner time"

Another such occasion was when Jacinda was cooking supper in the kitchen. She had mashed potatoes almost ready to go and was waiting on her steak and veggies in the oven. She wore a loose beige spaghetti top and jean shorts with an apron over the ensemble. She heard Hunter return to the house after a game of basketball with his friends. He immediately went to the kitchen and kissed his mother on her lips. Then went around her nibbling on the back of her neck, tasting, biting her ears, licking her cheeks and smooching all over her exposed shoulders. Hunter undid her apron and let it fall to the floor, grabbed a knife on the counter, and used it to cut the thin string on the right side of her spaghetti top off her right shoulder.

He played with the knife in his hands and touched the cold, shiny, sharp metal ends by his mother's neck, slowly sliding it along her jaw, going down her chest, through the middle of her breasts.

Jacinda: mmmhmmmm...Honey...careful with that.

Hunter: Shhshhhhh.....quiet slave.

Jacinda knew her son was in a mood. She trusted him blindly but the thrill and risk of getting hurt by a knife was turning her on too. Hunter slowly proceeded to cut her spaghetti top in all directions, roughly turning it into just a bunch of rags. Once he was satisfied, his strong, muscular arms pulled and ripped the top off his mother's torso, leaving her standing topless in the kitchen (reminiscent of Ch.02). It was still peak summer with the gas stove and oven still cooking their supper, Jacinda's skin showed beads of sweat all over. Hunter went down to his mother's back which still had light remnants of the cane whips all over it and licked the sweat off her back, gliding his tongue from the bottom of her spine going all the way up to her neck.

This gave Jacinda the tingles and her privates started leaking under the denim shorts. Hunter was already hard. He had blood pumping through his veins as he'd just returned from a long and exhausting hot afternoon playing basketball with his friends. His hardon was evident through his shorts, which he was quick to get rid off. Jacinda felt her Master's hard penis glistening with precum on her lower back as he was now mauling her breasts from behind her. She was just a piece of meat being used and molested by her own son in the kitchen.

Jacinda's hands instinctively went behind her and placed on her son's huge, hard dick. She was giving him a handjob as he kissed and tongued his mother's neck and shoulders playing with her tits. \*Smack\*

Jacinda: Aahhhh...

Hunter had surprised her by an unanticipated rough smack on her tits. She felt his soft tongue leave traces of saliva all over her shoulders mixed with the glistening sweat on her smooth skin. She suddenly felt her son's canines biting down on her upper back, just under her shoulder. He was now biting down deep on his mother's flesh as Jacinda squirmed in agony feeling his sharp teeth on her pristine, tender skin.

Jacinda: Aahhhh...Honey, I've cooked for us if you're hungry...(giggling)

Hunter: Mmmhmmmm nothing's as tasty as you Mom.

Jacinda: aaaaaahhhh

Jacinda screamed as he was now brutally biting down on her back leaving behind a red bite mark resembling a clock dial. Another mark of ownership on the milf left behind by her son to further her submission to him. Hunter continued mauling his mother's breasts and kneading them mercilessly as he bit and licked on her back and shoulders. He grabbed her sensitive nipples, pinched them, twisted them and pulled them forward, stretching her tits in a conical shape, then smacking the extended tit meat down hard sending waves of shock and pain all over Jacinda's body.

The electricity from the bursts of pain was running through Jacinda's body again while she continued jerking her son's cock. Hunter was so turned on, he was almost about to cum on his mother's lower back, reminding of the first time he took liberties with his mother in guise of giving her a massage (Ch. 02), leaving behind a pool of his cum on her lower back. But he had different intentions that day.

Hunter let go of his mother's breasts and dragged his hand along her stomach, breasts, chest landing around her neck, gently squeezing her throat.

Hunter: Keep jerking my dick mom. I like feeling your soft hands on my cock.

Jacinda: I love playing with you honey. How do you turn me on so easily...

Hunter: Mmmhmmmm I like licking and tasting your skin. Your perfect, smooth, tender skin.

Jacinda: Baby you bit me so hard. That bruise is going to stay for a while.

Hunter: Good. I want my slut to wear her marks proudly.

Jacinda: Oh God, honey....aghh I can't get enough of you. Yes, please mark me baby. Mark me as yours. You own me. I'm my son's property.

Hunter: I am going to mark you Mom. But this will do for now. (As he touched the red bruise on her back left behind by his bite)

He watched the pot of mashed potatoes in front of him while still smothering his mother's shoulders and back in his saliva.

Hunter: Are the potatoes done?

Jacinda: Yes, ready to serve. Just waiting on the steak in the oven.

Hunter: Hmmm...serve me a plate.

Jacinda: Okay baby, but you'll have to let me go..I can't like this...

Hunter: I'll let you go, but you have to keep playing with my cock.

Jacinda: uhh..okay...I'll try.

Hunter finally separated himself from his mother's body while she kept rolling her fingers up and down his shaft. She used her left hand to continue jerking him and with her right hand, took a serving full of mashed potatoes on a plate.

Jacinda: Here you go honey.

Hunter took the plate of mashed potatoes in his hands, and began walking towards the living room, while Jacinda frantically walked with him trying not to let go of his cock. She thought he'd stop by the dining table to eat, but instead, Hunter sat on one of the living room couches with the plate in his hands. Jacinda knelt down on the floor beside him, jerking him. Hunter widened his hips to open up his legs giving his mother enough room to kneel in front of him on the floor to play with his dick. He was now sitting in the same spot where he first got a glimpse of his mother's heavenly vagina and spanked her ass as punishment for lying to him. (Ch. 03)

Jacinda took her son's cock in her mouth and started blowing him. Hunter was still holding the plate of mashed potatoes in his hand, as his mother continued sucking his cock trying to take it in as deep as she could. Hunter grabbed a hold of his mother's hair with one hand and shoved her head in and out over his dick vigorously, before pulling her off with a jerk. He watched as the mixture of his slimy, sticky precum and his mother's saliva flew all over leaving behind spider-web like strings from his dick to her mouth.

Hunter was ready to cum but instead of cumming down his mother's throat or face which he had been doing lately, he brought the plate of mashed potatoes down and emptied his balls in it. Jacinda watched her son confused, wiping the drool off her face as it trickled down her bare neck and chest. She saw her son curiously, grunting and clenched his butt to squeeze out every last drop of semen out of his cock lathering up the mashed potatoes. Jacinda looked at the plate of mashed potatoes when he was done and saw the delicious supper that she cooked turn into a soup of filth with a white topping, her son's semen.

Hunter had just cum on the mashed potatoes and fell back down on the couch panting heavily. Jacinda was still confused, unsure of what he intended to do after topping the potatoes with his semen.

Hunter: That's your dinner mom. Start eating it.

Jacinda understood her assignment and had a naughty smirk on her face. She realized the potatoes weren't for him, but he wanted a special topping on it for her. Just as Jacinda was about to grab the plate, Hunter stopped her.

Hunter: Nah nah nah...wait.

He snatched the plate from the coffee table and walked towards the front, main door, entrance of the house, placing it next to the two bowls full of water left out for their pet dogs.

Hunter: Crawl on your knees and get your dinner. Make sure to slurp it up well. It took me a lot of effort to make these mashed potatoes taste good for you.

Jacinda: Yes, Master.

She nodded and smiled, got on all fours and began walking towards her son's imposing figure by the door, swaying her hips in the process. She made sure to crawl slowly and danced her hips in a sexy manner to try and seduce her son more, staring in his eyes with a naughty smile. Hunter had just ejaculated a lot of cream from his dick and was in a post-nut daze. Watching his mother crawl towards him on all fours like a bitch, topless with her breasts hanging down, her hair in a disheveled mess and his precum mixed with her drool along her chin was enough to get the blood pumping through his dick again.

Jacinda reached the plate of mashed potatoes topped with her son's semen, gently brought her hair behind her ears and neck to get them off from sticking to her face. She bent down and leaned forward, took her tongue out and licked her son's baby batter off the mashed potatoes. After a few gentle licks with her tongue, she opened her mouth further and dug in deep to try and eat the potatoes without using her hands. She had become the perfect submissive, humiliated bitch to her son. He was treating her more than just a sex slave. Hunter watched satisfied, yet horny as his mother slurped up and ate his cum covered mashed potatoes from the plate next to the two dog bowls.

Right as Jacinda was done eating the soft mashed potatoes and cum, she thought her degradation was over. But Hunter had other plans, he took one of the dog bowls filled with water and emptied it on his mother's head. It was disgusting because their dogs had already lapped up from that water quite a bit throughout the day. Jacinda was further humiliated, as she knelt on the floor in front of her son, now wet with the dirty water from the dog bowl. Hunter watched his mother's beautiful, topless body still wearing the denim shorts as he began peeing into the now empty dog bowl, next to her freshly eaten dinner plate.

Jacinda understood what he was trying to do by now, and watched her son's gorgeous penis as it was emptying the contents of his bladder directly into the dog bowl. Hunter hadn't peed all day since that morning and the urine that filled the dog bowl had a familiar pungent stench to it. Once he was done peeing into the bowl, he signaled his mother, pointing to the bowl. He watched with a smile as his mother bent down again leaning towards the piss filled dog bowl and began lapping up and sipping her son's piss from it like a good bitch. Watching his own mother and sex slave drink his piss from the dog bowl satisfied the dominant, perverted teenager.

Jacinda was still not a fan of drinking piss, but was willing to do it for her son's satisfaction. She tried her best to slurp and lap up as much of his piss from the dog bowl as she could, and raised back up to catch a breath still kneeling in front of him. Hunter was more than satisfied with his mother's degradation and took the piss filled dog bowl in his hand and emptied it on her head, completely drenching his mother in his dirty urine again. She was now drenched in sweat, dirty water from the dog bowl and her own son's piss. Jacinda now oozed a pungent stench and smelled like a public urinal. Her son had decided her suffering was enough and grabbed her piss drenched hair to raise her up from her kneeling position to kiss her beautiful, tiny lips, tasting his own piss from her tongue.

Since getting rid of the services of their maids, Hunter and Jacinda would take turns to purchase groceries. Once such Sunday afternoon, Hunter accompanied his mother to the grocery store which was a 20 minute drive away into town. As they were driving by, Hunter observed the various shops in the familiar little town and noticed one grungy shop with colorful graffiti decor. This was fuel enough for his filthy mind's gears rolling and instead of stopping at the grocery store he drove past it.

Jacinda: Honey...we were supposed to turn right there. We passed Costco already.

Hunter: We're not going to Costco anymore.

Jacinda: We need groceries honey...

Hunter: We'll get them on the way back. I have special plans for my fiance.

Jacinda coyed in excitement realizing she was in for another dirty escapade with her son as he took control of her destiny one more time. Hunter drove another on the highway for 35 minutes skipping a few towns along the way and pulled into a small exit. This was a small town that they had never been to but had passed by a few times. Jacinda wondered why he had pulled into this little town. Many questions raced through her mind as she watched Hunter pull up near a shop that had black bricks in the front with a small green door for an entrance. This shop also had a lot of punk styled graffiti designs all over the entrance. There was no sign, which further led to the 42 year old mother's curiosity.

Hunter parked in front of the shop and got out of the car. Naturally, his fiance, his mother followed him.

Jacinda: Hunter, what is this place? Where are we going?

Hunter didn't respond and held his mother's hand firmly leading her towards the green door. Once they entered the shop, Jacinda looked around and realized it was a tattoo and piercing parlor. She was awestruck looking around. In her 42 years of existence on the earth she had never been inside a tattoo parlor. With her conservative and orthodox upbringing, she had always attributed getting a tattoo as something wild and raunchy, almost sinful. It was beyond her scope of imagination to ever get her natural God-given skin ruined by permanent ink.

She was now nervous and sweating profusely in her short white tank top and blue ripped jeans. She looked around anxiously as her son was now talking to a goth looking girl with short pink hair and lots of tattoos and piercings. Hunter wrote something on a piece of paper and handed it to the girl, who then approached Jacinda to introduce herself.

Carmen: Hi Jacinda, your fiance said you wanted to get a tattoo done?

Jacinda: I...uh..I do?

There was uncertainty in her tone as she looked up to her son with a quizzed face. She then realized Hunter had brought her there not to get a tattoo for himself but to get her one. The sudden realization hadn't sunk in yet as she looked around anxiously.

Carmen: Come on in, follow me.

Jacinda: uhhmm...uh okay!

Carmen was the owner of that tattoo and piercing shop and led Jacinda to a bed, which looked

very similar to a dentist's chair to Jacinda, but flatter. Jacinda was still coming to terms with the fact that her son had brought her to a tattoo parlor to get her inked. She had no idea what kind or size of tattoo he had planned for her, but she just followed along like the perfect subservient sex slave mother she was. When she was asked to sit on the desk, Carmen handed her a sheet of paper to read and sign. It was a waiver. As she was reading the terms of the waiver, she realized what she was getting into. The anticipation of the unknown and thrill of doing something she had never thought of was exciting her and she was sweating profusely out of nervousness.

Hunter was having small talk with Carmen as Jacinda signed off the waiver and handed it back. She had many questions run through her mind but was afraid if she spoke up, she may be in for an intense, brutal punishment from her Master. Her eyes darted back and forth from Hunter's face and the tattoo pen machine with fear. Hunter smiled back, assuring her it'll be okay.

Carmen: Well, then. Let's get started Jacinda. You must really love your fiance to get his signature tattooed on your body. Where do we want it?

This was news to Jacinda, but at least it answered her question of what was going to be on her body. She felt somewhat comfortable knowing it wasn't going to be something obscene but just a signature of her son, her now fiance. She showed some courage and tried to smile..

Jacinda: Yes....I do love him, dearly.

Carmen: Okay...well...where do you want the tattoo?

Jacinda wasn't sure and looked back up at Hunter with curiosity, and he intervened.

Hunter: I think she wants me to pick the spot for her.

Carmen: Ooooooh that's exciting, and naughty. You guys are so cute. Well, where do you want your signature to go on your lover's body, Hunter?

Hunter: Hmm...Let's see, honey...do you mind taking your top off?

Jacinda: Here? But...

Carmen: Ahh don't mind me. I've seen more tits than most guys have seen on porn. Go for it, we're pretty chill here.

With some encouragement from Carmen, Jacinda apprehensively removed her white tank top off over her head. She handed the tank top, rolled up in a bunch to Hunter as she sat topless on the tattoo seat. Her face was red with embarrassment. She had never been topless or naked in front of a stranger before. Even though it was a woman, Jacinda's shy and timid nature meant this was a very foreign experience for her. Her son being around was of some solace, as she felt protected when he was there and in control of her and her surroundings.

Carmen meanwhile noticed the bruises and stripes from her brutal caning and especially the deep, red, sore bite mark on Jacinda's upper back.

Carmen: Ooooooh Kinky! Hah. You're into the lifestyle huh?

Jacinda: What?

Carmen: Don't worry, no judgments here. Whatever makes you have fun, amirite?

Carmen looked back at Hunter with a smirk. Jacinda was beyond embarrassed to realize a stranger was now aware of her being a submissive painlut to her son. Except, she didn't know that secret yet. The most taboo of them all, the fact that her fiance, her lover, the one inflicted these marks of passion on her body was her own son.

Hunter: Take off the jeans too Mo...I mean...uh..Jacinda.

Jacinda once again, looked at Hunter with her eyebrows raised as she slowly got off the bed and unbuckled the button of her jeans. She wiggled her butt and rolled the jeans off her ankles, eventually standing in nothing but her beige lace panties.

Carmen: Woman of taste! Or I guess, man of taste, I must say haha. Gorgeous panties Jacinda. I need to get some like these.

Jacinda: uhh...yeah..Thank You.

Carmen: Chill, Jacinda, be comfortable. I see it's your first time getting a tattoo?

Jacinda: Yes. It is.

Carmen: Well relax. It's not as painful as you think. And this stencil is quite small, its barely 6 inches.

Jacinda looked at the paper stencil that Carmen had made with Hunter's signature. She was nervous to get that big a drawing tattooed on her body. It was still a mystery where she was going to get the tattoo, as Hunter hadn't decided that yet. He walked over to his mother's beautiful naked body, clad only in her lace panties and turned her around in a circle before making up his mind.

Hunter: Okay, get on the bed, face down.

Jacinda followed his instructions and laid flat, prone on the tattoo bed. Carmen gave her a pillow to rest her head. Hunter got to the bottom of the bed and spread his mother's legs wide, then pointed at a spot to show Carmen where he wanted the tattoo of his signature to go.

Hunter: Here. This is perfect. Right here. Let's get started.

Carmen: Alright. I'll get to it then. Jacinda, just relax and close your eyes. If you need water or anything just let me know okay?

Hunter walked over up to his mother's face and bent down to whisper in her face.

Hunter: Don't worry. I'll be right here throughout. Remember when I said, I wanted to mark you as mine, forever? This is it. I own you.

Jacinda smiled hearing this from her son. She wanted a stamp of ownership on her. The whips, spansks, flogs, canes, bites all left brutal red marks on her body. But eventually faded away. She loved feeling the hurt and pain all over her body when her son used and abused her for his pleasure. But now, when he wanted to permanently mark her as his property with a tattoo of his signature, she was onboard and followed along with his wish. She wanted this more than him. She wanted to be owned and have her son's mark of ownership on her perfect, smooth skin. Jacinda closed her eyes and breathed in deep.

Jacinda: I'm ready.

She felt Carmen's hands rub some kind of lotion along the inside of her left thigh, very close to her vaginal mound. Carmen began working on the tattoo first drawing a temporary design of Hunter's signature on her inner thigh. And eventually starting the tattoo pen.

Once Carmen began tattooing Jacinda, she felt the itch and sting of the sharp tattoo pen permanently engorging the sexy Milf's pristine skin. Layers of her skin were being permanently modified to reflect her submission to her lover, her son. Jacinda's beautiful white, soft skin around her inner thighs was one of her erogenous zones, and that's exactly where her son's signature was going to be tattooed. His signature was a sign of his ownership. A permanent marker and it deservedly had to be close to his birthplace, Jacinda's vagina.

When Hunter first emerged out of his mother, that was the spot, her inner thighs that he had touched. And today, that was the spot for his name to be engraved forever on her body. Hunter watched as his mother squirmed and squealed in pain with the sharp end of the tattoo pen invading the sensitive pores of her skin leaving behind black ink to permanently alter the look & condition of her body.

After about 45 minutes, Carmen was done inking Jacinda. Jacinda looked in the mirror and her inner thigh had forever changed to show her son's name in his own writing. She was beyond emotional and overjoyed crying tears of pain and joy. Hunter had permanently marked his mother as his property. She was his slut, his sex slave, his lover, his fiance and his mother.

The mother and son left the tattoo parlor smiling, hand in hand. Jacinda had some trouble walking and her right thigh was wrapped in temporary bandages to prevent infections and make sure the ink safely absorbed in her skin. A few days later, the tattoo looked perfect and beautiful. Hunter would frequently tickle and run his fingers along his mother's inner thighs, around his name while making love to her, or eating out her pussy. Jacinda proudly wore her son's name on her body.

---

---

It was now Tuesday, the first week of August. Hunter and Jacinda were to move to Jacksonville in a week's time. Hunter's freshman year at college was going to start in 3 weeks. They had decided to drive to Florida from their small town in Texas along with the dogs. It would be a 3 day long road trip. And they were to set off on the road trip the upcoming Monday.

It was early morning, Jacinda had her mouth around her son's massive morning wood as usual. This was her morning ritual for the last few months, since she had become her son's sex slave and lover. Hunter was awake with his hand on his mother's head, grabbing her hair in a bunch pushing her head up and down his long shaft. Jacinda's saliva mixed with Hunter's precum was dribbling down the length of his penis collecting around the base of his cock, drenching his ballsack.

Jacinda dutifully sucked her Master's dick with passion and dedication, until he finally erupted in her mouth. Jacinda, like a good submissive slut, made sure to collect all the semen shooting out of her son's dickhead in her mouth and swallowed it hastily. She loved the taste of her son's cum and made sure to suck every last drop out of his penis. Once she was done, she laid back down next to her son, naked.

Hunter: You really like to taste my cum, huh?

Jacinda: I do baby. I love my morning ritual. It gives me something to look forward to every morning.

Hunter: You know, nothing changes when we move to our new home next week, right?

Jacinda: Of course honey, I wouldn't want it any other way. But I had a question...

Hunter: What is it?

Jacinda: When we move there...you're going to make new friends, I might make new friends, your social life will be much more fun. How are you going to introduce your old mom to your friends?

Hunter: As my fiance, my lover. Soon enough, my wife..

Jacinda: What if they ask...

Hunter: They won't ask anything as long as we don't tell them.

Jacinda: But baby I'm older...they can tell..

Hunter: Doesn't matter. And you don't look old. Older than me, sure. But you don't look 42, mom.

Jacinda: Oh thanks honey...You just have your love goggles on haha

Jacinda and Hunter giggled and chatted away merrily cuddling and snuggling in bed, when suddenly Jacinda felt very uneasy, nauseous...and abruptly jumped up out of bed and ran towards her bathroom. Hunter was confused and he wondered what happened to her. He pulled the covers and followed his mother to the bathroom. He saw her kneeling down by the toilet seat with her head in the toilet bowl making all sorts of grunting sounds.

Hunter: Mom....are you okay? What happened? That was....very abrupt.

Jacinda: Arhghh..

Jacinda couldn't respond and kept throwing up into the toilet bowl. After belching and puking a few more times, she wiped her mouth with toilet paper and flushed the toilet.

Jacinda: I don't know what happened honey, I just .... Suddenly felt this sick feeling in my stomach and just had to puke. I'm sorry baby, I didn't mean to scare you.

Hunter: You didn't scare me Mom. I just want to make sure you're not sick. We have a road trip to go on and I hope you don't get road sickness, or you'll be puking throughout the journey haha.

Jacinda: I hope not. I'll take some meds. Maybe it's just an upset stomach or a bug. Hopefully no big deal.

Later that evening, just before dinner, Jacinda threw up again feeling a similar ache in her tummy and this uneasy feeling taking over her. She felt nauseous, but momentarily and was fine again soon. It was very confusing. Hunter decided to give his mother some much needed rest that evening and only kissed and made out with her.

The next day, Wednesday, Jacinda got a doctor's appointment and got one for noon that day. She went to get checked up to make sure it wasn't a flu or bug, leaving their move and road trip plans in jeopardy. Hunter had some work online to prep for his upcoming classes and register for

university orientation, so he stayed home. But his heart and mind were with Jacinda hoping she'd be okay and recovered soon.

Jacinda returned around 2:30pm. Hunter heard his mother's car pull up and went downstairs to their living room, waiting for her to enter. Jacinda, slowly walked in through the front door. She wasn't her usual cheerful self that she had been lately since she started fucking her son. That day, her face was flushed pale. She looked scared, nervous, anxious and confused. She slowly walked towards Hunter and buried her head in his chest, hugging him tight with tears in her eyes.

Hunter: What happened mom? That took too long. Is everything okay? What did the doctor say?

Jacinda remained speechless, trying to say something but couldn't utter a word. The river of tears wouldn't stop running down her beautiful face. Hunter held his mother's chin and looked deep in her eyes, kissing her forehead, caressing her head, comforting her. After a few moments of comforting embrace. Jacinda finally pulled away and spoke.

Jacinda: I was at the Doctors and ...and..

Hunter: Yes I know. Are you okay? What did they say?

Jacinda: I told them about me throwing up yesterday and feeling nauseous and sick and my stomach hurting and...and...

Hunter: And what mom?

Jacinda: They...asked to do some tests.

Hunter: okay...What was the result? You're scaring me....

Jacinda: Hunter....I'm pregnant.

...to be continued