

A decorative border with intricate floral and scrollwork patterns in a light gray color, framing the central text.

Jen's Trip to the Beach

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Summary:

1. How could a mother be so tempted?
2. Perverted mother can't hold back.
3. How long can she tempt fate before it catches up?

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Jen's Trip to the Beach Pt. 01

Jen picked up her bag, checking their spot on the beach to make sure she wasn't forgetting anything. Satisfied she had it all, she set out to follow her husband, Allan, to the bank of change room tents. Her pace was slow and lazy and she did a lot of people watching as she meandered along the sand. She loved the beach, but a day in the sun made her drowsy. She was ready to get out of the sun and find somewhere cool to have dinner.

She looked back to make sure Ben, their son, was coming too. Smiling, she noted again that he was very suited to hanging out at the beach. His tanned, muscular, chest had all of the girls swooning that day, something he hadn't failed to notice. More than once Jen had watched as he talked to a group of girls his age, but it wasn't just the ones his age who were watching. She had noted many of the older women keeping an eye on him as well.

Ben, bringing up the rear, smiled at her and picked up his pace to a jog, passing her to join his father. Several female heads turned to watch. He was certainly enjoying the attention, as any 19-year-old straight man would.

They made their way to the change tents, which were a 10-minute walk up the beach, but by the time she arrived both Allan and Ben had disappeared into them. How had they bypassed the long line of people waiting to use them?

She called out softly, "Allan!"

"Here!" came the returning call, and she headed to the tent that seemed most likely.

Trying to avoid the stares of the people in line, Jen ducked into the tent quickly. She was confused to see that the naked man inside

wasn't her husband. She let out an 'eep' when she recognized her son, fully naked, facing away from her. Hearing her exclamation, Ben turned around, a confused look on his face.

She couldn't help it; it was human nature to look. As he turned, she glanced down at his crotch, and she was stunned to see a hefty penis dangling between his legs. It was of decent length and girth even when soft, and the circumcised head topped the package off perfectly. She had never seen one so well formed. It was truly beautiful, as if carved to portray a Greek god.

What should have been a quick dip of the eyes turned into a thorough examination, as she involuntarily committed it all to memory. The length, width, texture and colour. Belatedly she dragged her eyes up to see Ben staring at her, his face red. He covered up and whispered, "Mom!"

Jen shook her head and stammered out, "Sorry, wrong tent."

She ducked out and found there was another tent behind her son's. She called out again and was happy to hear Allan's voice inside. She hurried in and made sure to avoid looking directly at him, sure that he would see how red her face was from the awkward encounter next door.

She started to change quickly, trying to rationalize what had happened. Walking in on her son was a mistake, plain and simple. It could happen to anyone. No one was hurt. She would just apologize. She hadn't meant to stare, she was surprised. She kept up the stream of excuses as she took her bikini top off, and it was only as she rubbed the sand off of her breasts did she register that she was in a rather heightened state of arousal. Her nipples were rock hard, the size of thimbles, poking straight out. She couldn't resist pinching one of them, feeling an echoing pulse in her pussy. Her moist pussy.

Embarrassed, Jen listened for Allan to finish changing and leave. Him being gone eased her anxiety that he would see how aroused

she was. Her rationalization mantra of the encounter with Ben changed to rationalizing her arousal. It was a normal reaction to seeing an attractive penis, no matter who it was attached to. She didn't have control over her body's natural functions. It would be weird not to be turned on at least a little bit by a naked cock so close to her.

She paused and let out a big sigh. The mental gymnastics were silly. It wasn't a big deal, she just needed to apologize.

Jen finished changing into some half pants and a sleeveless button-up white blouse and grabbed her bag. Outside both Allen and Ben were waiting, dressed in similar light summer wear.

With a deep breath, Jen said, "Sorry I walked in on you. I mistook which tent your father was in."

Allan raised an eyebrow while Ben said, "Don't worry about it. You didn't see anything, I'm sure."

She laughed in relief at his olive branch and jumped on it. "Yes, that's true. Still, I should have made sure I had the right tent." She pushed the memory of her son's penis away.

Allan shrugged. "No harm, no foul. Let's get something to eat."

They made their way to their hotel and ate a delicious meal at the house restaurant. Nothing fancy, but filling.

As they did, they discussed the itinerary for the next day. Allan had their trip down the coast fairly well scheduled, but there was enough wiggle room to be spontaneous. Tomorrow was not a wiggle room day. They had to pack up and check out and then drive for a few hours to the next town over where they had another hotel booked. Jen hated these days, as it took so much convincing for Allen to stop for a spontaneous side adventure, but she had to admit that he tried to keep time open other days.

After dinner Allan went from the restaurant to the bar to have a few drinks and see if there was a hockey game on. Ben left to go find some trouble, probably in the form of a girl. Jen just wanted to hang out in the hotel room before bed. She got to their room and had a cool shower before changing into a knee length nightie. She watched her full breasts bounce in the mirror as she wiggled to get the material to drop after bunching up on her hips. She winked in the mirror at herself. She enjoyed watching her body move even at 40 years old. She brushed out her long, auburn hair and drank a glass of water before climbing into the bed furthest from the washroom. All three of them were sharing a room with two queen beds to save on costs and so she was careful to wear appropriate clothing at all times.

She lazily flipped through the channels available, and by nine o'clock felt herself drifting to sleep, so she turned the TV off.

Several hours later she woke to the sound of her husband breathing next to her. He was snoring a bit, which he usually did after a few drinks. The spike of pressure in her bladder reminded her why she woke up, so she rolled out of bed to use the toilet. The room was pitch black and she stumbled half-awake to the washroom. She kept the light off and went pee in the dark before stumbling back to bed.

Somehow her husband had rolled over to her side after she left, so she had to wiggle and shove some room for her to lay down. Her attempts to make room caused him to roll over, giving her enough room to get fully under the covers. Sleep returned.

Sometime later she woke up again to feel her husband pressed up against her side, his hand on her breast. She patted it absently, and he squeezed her boob in return, sending a pleasurable warmth through her body. She looked to see if he was asleep, or if he was looking for some action. In the dark all she could make out was his outline, but he did seem to be sleeping. She was disappointed that

he wasn't trying to start something, but also glad because Ben was in the same room.

She lay there a minute, drifting off to sleep again when she felt something stir against her thigh. She smiled as the movement crept up her leg and eventually formed into an iron rod poking into her hip. Thinking she'd like a feel of her own, Jen moved her hand down and found his cock by feel, encased in his boxers. She wormed her hand into the hole in the front of his underwear, and lightly wrapped her hand around his erect cock. A grin spread across her face in delight at how hard it was, but then faded away in confusion. This wasn't the normal penis she was used to! Quickly tearing her hand out of the underwear, she pushed to the edge of the bed, Ben's hand falling off of her breast. He reached out to her, mumbling in his sleep, but she kept going and fell onto the floor with a thump.

Her heart beating fast, she paused to make sure no one had heard her. Satisfied they were all asleep, she stood up and walked to her own bed. She was glad to join her husband in their bed. It took her a long time to calm down enough to fall asleep. In that time, she did her best to push the feel of her son's erect penis far, far down in her mind. That wasn't something she wanted to dwell on.

The next morning Allan and Ben woke up full of energy, bouncing around and packing, while Jen lay in bed and cursed morning people. She reluctantly got up after her husband pestered her about his schedule for the third time. In the bathroom she showered and fought to forget all about her nighttime adventure. It was another innocent mistake, and this time no one was the wiser. Move on, Jen, she thought. Shit happens.

Her early morning time lying awake not thinking of her son's penis hadn't done much to rejuvenate her, so Jen planned on napping for most of the drive. She skipped coffee and just had some orange

juice with a muffin. Her husband and son chatted away on either side of her at the breakfast table, insufferably chipper.

"Are you okay?" Allen asked.

She nodded listlessly. "Yeah, I woke up in the middle of the night and couldn't get back to sleep. Probably a bad dream."

"Really? I had a great dream last night," said Ben. "I don't remember it exactly but it sure put me in a good mood."

"Great for you," Jen muttered. She tried not to think about why her son might have had a good dream, or if it might have been real.

After breakfast, with the car packed up, Jen took the back seat. She intended to lay down to nap but then Allen jumped in on the other side.

"What are you doing? Aren't you driving?" she asked, slightly annoyed.

"Nope, Ben is driving. He says he has a shortcut. I think it's a mistake, so I'm going to sit back here and avoid saying anything." He picked up his e-reader and pointedly ignored their son in the driver's seat.

"A shortcut? Down a coast? Is this just an excuse to drive?" she asked Ben.

"Yep, a shortcut. The coast road winds a lot, this route cuts across all that and will shorten the drive by an hour."

Jen yawned and shrugged. "Whatever. Just don't wake me."

She tried to arrange herself against the door, looking for a comfy position to sleep in, but nothing was working. For 20 minutes she tossed and turned, cursing her husband's presence in the back seat.

She looked over at him and said, "Can I lay down on your lap, babe? I just can't get comfortable."

Allen nodded and lifted his arms up from his lap. "Go ahead."

She lay down on his lap and snuggled in, almost instantly falling asleep.

She woke up periodically over the next several hours, but only enough to shift position and fall back asleep. At one point she thought that Allen was moving her around but he soon stopped and she was back to dreamland.

Dreamland proved to be a vivid place that day. At one point she was back in bed with her son the night before, only this time she didn't recoil after learning it was him. She explored his hard cock longer, getting to know every contour, and her brain had no issue providing the details she had tried to suppress. Despite the owner she found that it was a very interesting penis, one that earlier in life she'd have had no qualms introducing to any and all of her orifices.

What felt like several hours later, Jen put her hand under her head on Allen's lap to cushion her face. The texture of his shorts was becoming uncomfortable. She was sinking down into dreamland again and then stopped part way when she felt a lump under her hand. She moved her fingers and found that the lump was the right size and shape of a man's erect penis. Letting out a low 'mmmm' she gripped it and felt it surge under her. This was the cock she thought she was touching last night.

She squeezed the erect rod under her head lightly and muzzily tried to remember the last time they had made love. The family had been on this road trip for 3 days now. Before that Allen had been away for a week. So, it was 10 days total, and the fact she was ready to fool around in bed last night, despite Ben being in the room, proved she was primed. The lump in her hand proved he was missing the action as much as she was.

Jen knew they couldn't do anything, but wanted to let him know that she was thinking of him, so she rubbed his penis through the light material for a while. Just as Jen drifted off to sleep again, she heard her husband say, "I think I'm about done, can you drive again, Ben?" The words were stored away in her memory for later contemplation.

The later contemplation started when she woke up, right as the car stopped in front of a hotel lobby. Jen sat up and looked to see Allen in the same spot he'd been in when she went to sleep. She sat there, groggy, recalling what he'd said the last time she fell asleep. Confused, she looked at Allen and said, "Were you sitting here the whole time?"

His eyes widened. "Man, you were out of it! Ben and I swapped a couple times to give him a break."

"So... I was lying on Ben's lap at one point?"

He nodded. "Yep. We didn't want to take away your pillow, so he offered to take my place."

A jolt of cold fear washed over Jen as she recalled the erection she'd been fondling. Was that Ben's? Was it a dream? She started to ask Allen if he'd had an erection at one point while she was sleeping and then realized that would expose Ben if it was him. She just closed her mouth and fixed her hair before getting out of the car.

Had she fondled Ben's penis? Did he get an erection with his own Mom's head in his lap? She started to get angry before remembering that spontaneous erections were a common occurrence for teenagers, so he probably wasn't to blame. That didn't take her off the hook for her own actions. She groaned and closed her eyes as she realized how embarrassed he would be feeling right now. His own Mom, touching him like that!

She shook her head to snap out of that train of thought. Maybe it hadn't been him she was fondling. If it was, she needed to

apologize, but she didn't know for sure. Feeling quite confused, Jen grabbed her bag from the car and followed Allen and Ben into the lobby.

Allen stepped up to the front desk and Ben wandered off to check out a brochure stand of local attractions. Now was her chance. She left her bag at the desk and walked over to Ben.

"Hey. I just want to make sure you were okay with me sleeping on your lap. I hope it wasn't too uncomfortable." She kept an eye on his reaction to see if he was upset about it.

"Oh no, you were fine. Your head is quite light." He smiled at her and turned back to the rack.

He didn't seem upset. Maybe it was a dream? "Was I moving around or talking in my sleep? I was having some crazy dreams."

Again, no weird reactions as he said, "You slept like a log. You even snored at one point."

This was an inside joke between them. He insisted that she snored, and she insisted that she didn't. She relaxed a bit as she concluded that nothing had happened with him that she should regret.

"I don't snore! You are a stone-faced liar, sir!" she said, with a happy grin. Her relief at not having touched him - again - was a soothing balm.

She joined Allen just as he was accepting two key cards from the clerk. He looked over and said, "Well, we made it, and Ben's shortcut was correct, we're here early. You two see anything you want to check out with the extra time?"

Jen smiled and walked back to the rack, plucking out one of the brochures. "Yep! I want to go here and get a sauna." She held up the brochure for a local spa.

The desk clerk spoke up, and said, "Actually Ma'am that spa is based here in the hotel. I can provide you with a discount code if you would like to book a sauna for today."

Jen felt her smile turn triumphant and she said to him, "Yes, yes I would."

Allen and Ben rolled their eyes but kept quiet on the subject. Her husband said, "I'll take the bags up to our room, you book whatever you want to book."

"Wait, I want to go right away. Let me just grab something to wear." She dug out a combo of light silk shorts and a bikini top, before letting the boys go to the room.

The brochure listed all of the available services. It turned out the 'spa' was just a collection of pools, saunas and steam rooms. Mulling over the limited options, she thought about what would be the most relaxing. She was relieved she hadn't groped her own son in the car, but the dreams had left her a little pent up, as it were. If only she could be alone with Allen, they could help each other release some of this extra energy. A steam room special caught her eye: a private room available in 30-minute time slots.

"Are there any slots for the private steam rooms available?" she asked the clerk.

He checked and confirmed there was a slot in 10 minutes, but nothing the rest of the day. She jumped on it and asked him to phone up to the room to let her husband know he should join her in the room. After he had done so, she got directions and headed straight to the room to change.

Once changed and in the 'spa', she found it to be a deserted pool and hot tub, with some wooden doors on one wall. Supposing those were the steam rooms, she found the one she had reserved and entered.

Inside were some wooden benches, enough for 4 people to sit comfortably around a central platform holding hot rocks. A jug of water sat next to the rocks, which were heated already.

Jen sat down and poured some water on the rocks, marveling at the amount of steam that rolled out. The heat in the room was now joined by a wall of moist air, making it hard to see. She relaxed against the back wall and waited for her husband to join her.

As she waited the steam started to dissipate so she added more water from the jug until it was hard to see even her hand in front of her face. This was how she wanted it. She didn't want any nosey busybodies snooping into her private room once Allan joined her.

After 5 minutes of soaking in the steam room, Jen was starting to regret the amount of steam she'd generated. She had to breathe slow and the heat had caused a sweat to pop up all over her body. If Allan didn't arrive soon, she was going to abandon her plan.

A few minutes later she was happy to hear the door open and close, the steam swirling with fresh air. Jen closed her eyes in relief as the cool vortex washed over her. She heard Allan step around the platform and sit down on the bench next to her.

"Hey. Can you pour some more water? I was hoping we could have some privacy."

She heard him pick up the jug and soon more billows of wet, hot air spread throughout the room. The renewed heat was almost stifling, but Jen had a plan. She sidled over next to Allan until she was touching his side. She put her hand on his knee, expecting a bathing suit. Instead, she was surprised by the feel of a towel.

"Why don't you take that off?" she said. "I'll join you."

Matching words to action, Jen reached behind her to take off her bikini top and then dropped her shorts. The lack of clothes didn't

change the heat level, nor the amount of sweat pouring off of her body, but it did feel naughty. She was in a public place, nude with her husband, and someone could walk in at any moment. She felt the thrill of her nudity take over her brain, insisting that she check to make sure Allan was equally nude. She reached over to where his leg was and found it was indeed bare.

Allan jumped as she touched him, and she said, "Shhhh, relax. I'm just going to give you... a massage."

She purred in the back of her throat, a trick that she knew made her husband crazy with lust. Moving her hand up his leg, she reached his groin, 'accidentally' touching his cock.

"Oops! Sorry, I slipped," she said. Her heart was beating fast. The events of the last couple days had gotten her wound up, and she wasn't going to waste any time in getting what she needed.

"I hope you don't mind; I think you might need a wash instead of a massage." She got down off the bench and kneeled between his legs, ignoring the hesitant 'uhhhh' coming from his mouth. She reached and used both hands, one on his ball sack and the other his shaft. She was thrilled to feel it expand in her grip. Holding it lightly between forefinger and thumb, she pulled it to her mouth.

A faint 'wait' was also ignored as she dipped her head down over her husband's cock and let a gobbet of drool drip onto where his head should be. The steam was preventing any real, clear sight, and so she decided to use her lips as seeing-eye tools. She moved her head lower until she felt him lightly touch her lips, and then started to lick around the crown. Jen momentarily wondered if the steam was making him feel different.

Just as that thought penetrated her fog of lust, she pushed his cock between her lips and took it into her mouth in one movement. It definitely felt different. This wasn't her husband's penis.

Jen sat for a moment, her mouth full of hard dick. She processed the 'uhhh' and the 'wait' again, this time much differently. She was giving someone else a blowjob. Just then she heard a tentative sound from him, "Mom... "

As in the change tent before, she couldn't help it. It was human nature. All of her senses engaged in overdrive as she sat still for longer than she should have. The smell of his musk in her nostrils. The feel of his hard cock in her mouth. The taste of his pre-cum as it oozed onto her palate from his slit. The velvety skin surrounding his shaft, his pubic hair tickling her hand. Like the image in the tent, all of these sensations were being catalogued and stored for posterity.

She pulled her head up, intent on removing her mouth from him, when she heard a different noise. This time it was a long groan. She felt him pulse once in her mouth before he started to cum, sending ribbons of semen deep into her throat.

Long practice giving Allan blowjobs meant she was only caught off guard for a millisecond before she was instinctively swallowing, sending the gobbets of cum down her throat. The feel of his cock throbbing in her mouth sent her into autopilot. She knew what to do, and so milked him for every drop of cum. After several seconds the volume of cum shooting from him slowed down until eventually she had fully swallowed her son's load. She finished by pulling her mouth off him and stroking his penis from root to tip, licking up the final oozing remnants of his seed. It had been entirely instinct borne of experience and reflex. It left her with her son's cock in her hand, his cum on her tongue, and her belly full of semen.

She sat back on her haunches, drooping penis cradled in one hand. What to do now?

Trying to cover up for her mistake, she got back on the bench and said lightly, "There you go, babe. I'm glad we got this time away from Ben. I'd ask you to do me but I think we're out of time."

Dressing as fast as she could, she left the steam room and got changed. What the hell was that? Why had Ben come in the steam room, instead of Allen? She snorted at her pun, then sobered as she remembered she'd just assaulted her own son.

She went to their room to confront her husband about why he hadn't joined her, but when she got there, he was asleep in bed. The light bulb went on in her head. He'd gone for a nap and sent Ben instead, not knowing Jen was going to jump him. Jen sat down on the other queen, her head swimming. The reality of what she'd done was starting to hit. What to do about Ben?

She waited for her son to come back and after a few minutes he did. He walked in and saw her there, and then looked at Allan. His face turned a very deep red.

"Sorry Mom, I tried to warn you."

"Wait, let's go talk elsewhere so we don't disturb your Dad."

In the lobby they found a section of cushy chairs off to one side, with no one around. She started to gesture to them when Ben grabbed her arm and pointed at a room. 'Business Center' was on a sign on the door. There was no one in the center, so they closed the door for privacy.

Jen looked at Ben, as he looked back. She really had no idea what to say.

She cleared her throat, tasting the faint remnant of his semen on the back of her tongue, which brought back all of the memories of his penis in her mouth. She felt her face burn.

"Mom, I'm really sorry, I - "

She interrupted, "No, I'm sorry, at first I thought you were your father, but once I realized, I was just so surprised I froze, and then it was too late."

Ben's eyes went wide as he said, "You knew it was me? You sounded like you were talking to Dad."

Jen shook her head and fessed up. "That was just a coverup. Once I'd... put your penis in my mouth I knew it wasn't your father. Yours is very different from your father's. I was trying to figure out what to do when you finished in my mouth and I just went on instinct."

Talking about it caused the memory to surface, distracting her momentarily. She shook her head to clear it. She had to focus.

"Are you okay?" she asked. "I know the last thing you wanted or expected was your own mother forcing herself on you."

Ben gave a sickly smile and nodded. "Yeah, I was surprised, but I think I'll get over it."

"Are you sure? We can come up with an excuse and cut the trip short if you'd rather not be around me right now."

"No! I'm having a great time. I didn't expect you to do... that... in the steam room but I'm equally at fault. I should have pushed you away or something. I was just so surprised; I froze up too."

Jen nodded agreement. "Yes, exactly. We didn't mean for it to happen, and it'll never happen again. And, we won't ever say anything to your father." The last was a mixture of statement and question, looking for him to agree.

"Yes, absolutely! We'll just move on and have fun with the rest of the trip."

Jen opened her arms for a hug. "So, we're good?" Her son embraced her and they hugged for the appropriate amount of time, no more, before letting go.

"I'm going to wake your father so we can grab some dinner. Do you want to meet us in the restaurant?" she asked.

Ben agreed to grab them a table and they split up.

As Jen rode the elevator to their floor, she examined the events of her life over the last hour. She felt a mixture of shame, hysteria, and amazement at what had happened. It would take a while to put it behind her, she was sure.

After waking Allen, they both arrived in the restaurant to find Ben at a table, talking to the hostess. As they walked up, she glanced at them and smiled. "Are these your parents?" she asked. "Ben here was asking what was fun to do around here. There's a few tourist attractions but I was just explaining that the best thing to do was a local secret."

Jen and Allen sat down while she explained, "If you go about a half hour inland there's a trail that leads up into the hills. It's a 2-hour hike, and at the end of it is a waterfall that is the tallest in the area."

The hostess was smiling as she spoke, her enthusiasm infectious. "The sun hits on the waterfall around noon and makes these wonderful rainbows, and there's a swimming area at the base of the waterfall. I highly recommend it for both the swim and the hike. It's not too strenuous if you take it slow."

Jen looked to see what Allen and Ben's reactions were. Allen looked doubtful but Ben's face was lit up.

"That sounds awesome! Can we do that tomorrow? I want to do it," he said.

"I'm in, what about you, hon?" Jen asked.

Allen hemmed a bit, not committing, instead saying, "Well it sounds interesting. We'll have to see what our schedule is tomorrow. Can you give us directions to the trailhead in case we decide to go?" he asked the hostess.

She nodded and said, "I'll write up where to go and drop it off in a bit. You won't regret it." With that she smiled politely and left.

Jen shook her head and said to Allan, "You don't want to go, do you? Why not?"

Allen grimaced. "I've been struggling with this ankle issue for a month now, there's no way I can do a 4 hour round trip hike. It sounds great but I'm pretty much restricted to beach activities."

"Oh, is that still bugging you? That's too bad. I thought it had cleared up. Well, I guess that's that." Jen picked up her menu, knowing that that wasn't, in fact, that.

On cue, Ben piped up. "Aw come on, what? We've already seen the beach, and tourist stuff is lame. This waterfall sounds awesome, and if it's truly a secret then it won't be crowded. Mom? Can we go? Dad doesn't have to come, but we can do it."

Jen looked up from her menu at Allen. He looked back and then shrugged and said, "Whatever, it's up to you. All I know is I'm not going."

"Please, Mom? It sounds fun, and you don't have a bum ankle. I'll carry the food and everything."

Jen raised her eyebrow. He was bargaining pretty hard. "Just the food? What about the towels? Swimsuits? I'm not hiking in a swimsuit, so we'll need to change when we're up there."

"Yes, yes, everything. Come on, Mom, it'll be fun."

Jen laughed and said, "Yes, we can go. Make sure to get the directions from the hostess and we'll set off in the morning."

Ben pumped his fist and said, "Yes! This is going to be great."

That night, after an evening spent looking around the newest section of beach, they found themselves at, the family headed to their room.

Jen went to the washroom first, doing her night time routine and changing into her nightgown. When she opened the door, she almost ran straight into Ben who was waiting outside.

"Oh! Can't hold it, eh?" she asked, as she stepped around him.

"Sorry Mom, I shouldn't have had that extra coke at dinner." He ducked into the washroom and slammed the door and very soon after Jen could hear the sound of urine hitting the toilet. Her mind started to free associate subconsciously. The sound of him peeing standing up was because he was a man. Men had penises. He had a penis. She had seen, and tasted, his penis just a few hours ago. His penis tasted quite good.

It was then that her conscious brain caught up and she noticed that not only was her tongue moving in her mouth, as if seeking to taste something not there, but there were other things going on. A tingling swept over her breasts, ending at her areola. Her nipples grew in the space of a few seconds to their hardest, and she felt a warm rush in her groin.

Jen looked at Allen on their bed, flicking through channels on the TV, waiting for his turn in the washroom. She couldn't reconcile what

was going on. Her body was humming, charged for sex, but the source of her arousal was her son, not her husband.

She suddenly felt exposed, standing there, as if Allen would not only see her turned on, but also what had turned her on. She quickly walked to the bed, her heart pounding as she climbed under the covers. It wasn't enough, so she faced away from him and pulled the covers up to her chin. This was better, but her body was still on fire from her inappropriate thoughts. She needed to stop having this physical reaction and get her head on straight. 'Sleep would help!' she thought and closed her eyes.

It didn't help. Now her mind was free to flit where it would, and it kept bringing up all of the memories of her son. The first memory was how impressive his cock had looked in the change tent, dangling above his large ball sack. Her hand twitched as she recalled the feel of his cock under her head in the car. Next came the memory of her mouth open, lips spread, as she took in the details of his cock in her mouth. She could almost taste his cum again, remembering it washing over her palate as he blasted into her mouth. The same cum that then coated her tongue as pure instinct caused her to start swallowing load after load.

Jen was now in such a heightened state of arousal that she could feel her pussy drenched between her legs. She brushed her arms across her nipples, feeling them hard but tender, sending signals to her body that she was ready to fuck. Curse this trip with Ben! If they'd been at home, she could have jumped Allan and satiated her needs. As it was, she just lay there and tried her best to ignore it all.

She lay there, memories playing over and over, and examined her feelings. Yes, it had been pure reflex to swallow his cum when he orgasmed in her mouth, but there had also been something else. A primal element. A part of her that was so very pleased she could cause a man to orgasm so easily. A part of her now that wanted to do it again.

She combined the detailed visual memory she had from the tent with the visceral taste and touch memory from the steam room. Put together it was the most pleasurable penis she'd had the privilege of experiencing.

Jen lay in bed next to her husband, stunned at this reaction to her son's penis. It was only a penis, lots of men had one, and she'd seen lots of them. This had to be a side effect of the amount of time since she'd last been intimate with Allen, right? She dipped one hand down to her pussy and pushed the heel of her hand on her mons. A wave of pleasure washed through her, and she thought maybe it was more than that.

Eventually Ben finished in the washroom, and Allen jumped up to take his place, leaving her with her son. She did her best to keep her eyes closed but they seemed to drift open on their own. She watched him as, wearing nothing but his usual boxers, he walked over to grab a book. Was it her imagination, or could she see his penis swaying in his underwear as he walked?

She watched him walk to his bed and pick up a pillow to fluff it. This caused his pelvis to sway and the bulge in his boxers to sway as well. Jen closed her eyes to avoid looking at her son's crotch, but the image stayed, and now without vision her brain went into overdrive imagining his penis and balls rocking between his legs.

It was too far. There was no way she could let this continue. She rolled over and lay with her eyes closed, firmly not thinking of anything until sleep took her.

The next morning Ben woke up early and started pestering Jen to get up. He wanted to get going on their hike and wouldn't take 'later' for an answer. She told him to get her some coffee, and he ran out of the room. Grumbling, Jen sat up and gasped as her thoughts of the night before came rushing back. Shame washed over her, and

she quickly checked to make sure Allan was asleep, not sitting next to her judging. He was.

In the cold light of day, she felt rational again, and she felt awful. Clearly, she'd been thinking with her pussy brain last night. How could she have been lusting after her own son?

This was something she could defeat; she was sure of it. It would just take some mental discipline and restraint. If she felt her mind wandering that way, she would shut it down, and at the soonest opportunity she would quench her lust with her husband.

So far there had been no real harm done. Sure, she'd put her mouth on him, a blowjob, in the steam room - she felt her thoughts wandering again, and firmly reined them in - but that had been cleared up. Time was her best ally at putting this behind her.

Grabbing some pants and a t-shirt, she went into the bathroom for a shower, focusing on practical topics. Planning what to do to prepare for the hike was practical, and so by the time she was done in the bathroom and dressed, she had their trip all planned out.

Two hours later, prepped and fed, with directions in hand, mother and son were in the car driving to the start of the hike. It was a 30-minute drive that they spent in silence, but it was a comfortable silence. She concentrated on driving while Ben checked out the scenery.

The parking at the start of the hike was just a dirt pull-off next to a forest. There were a couple other cars there already, and Jen could see a couple of people with backpacks headed along a trail that disappeared amongst the trees. She parked and they grabbed their gear. Despite Ben's promises to carry everything, she still had a light pack with her clothes and the towels. He had the rest.

Setting out on the trail, Jen was glad they were doing this. It was a nice neutral activity that would occupy her mind and let them both

move on from the incident the day before. For Ben's side, it appeared he had forgotten all about it, which she was grateful for.

The trail they were on was not professionally maintained, matching the hostess's description of a local secret. It roamed through the trees and over roots, the only real hint there was a trail being strips of tape wrapped around branches. It made for a kind of game, stopping at each strip to locate the next strip to hike to.

The hostess was again proved right when two hours later they crested a rise in the trail and walked into a small clearing. At the far end was a pool, and tumbling into it was the tallest waterfall Jen had ever seen. It wasn't very wide, the amount of water was relatively small, but it fell a long way. There was a hint of mist in the air, and the ground around the water was covered in moss.

"Wow! This is beautiful!" she said, smiling at Ben.

He nodded absently, staring at the area in awe. "This was worth two hours of walking. I'm so glad we came!" he said, now smiling back at her. He dumped his pack and ran to the water, Jen following along behind more slowly. The sun was just cresting over the trees, warming up the area. She figured they'd have a good 4 hours of direct sunshine as there wasn't a cloud in the sky.

Together they checked the area out, finding a nice soft extra mossy spot to place a blanket that was close to the water. Jen unpacked the food and they had a snack, sitting comfortably and relaxing.

Snack done, Ben grabbed his suit and ran to a bush to change. Jen pondered what she wanted to do. A dip would be nice after the hike, but the day wouldn't truly warm up for another hour. She thought back to the hikers they'd seen entering the trail before them. They'd never seen anyone else on the trail, and no one else was here. Was there a branch of the trail they'd missed? Also, as this was a location known to the locals, she expected to see at least one or two other groups. Not that she was complaining, the solitude was nice.

Shrugging the thought away, she took out a book and sat back against a rock to read for a bit. Ben burst from the bushes and threw his clothes by his pack, continuing on at a run to leap into the water. Jen watched him go, smiling at his enthusiasm.

She was proud of herself for not having had any more inappropriate thoughts since the night before. She'd beaten her horny brain. Exercise and nature were the cure.

Going back to her book, she read while she listened to Ben swim around. She looked up occasionally when he would shout out about a new discovery. When he swam out to the waterfall itself, she was a bit concerned, but he was fine of course; he was a strong swimmer.

An hour later, the area having warmed up a lot, Jen grabbed her own suit and went to change. Finding a full enough bush to hide behind, she shucked off her hiking pants and shirt, and put on the one piece suit she'd brought. It was light blue and fairly conservative, not showing any cleavage.

The moss was cool under her feet as she dropped her clothes off at the blanket and walked the couple steps to the water. The sun beat down from above but the water was still cool on the toe she dipped in for a test.

"Come on, Mom, it's nice when you get in!" yelled Ben from the waterfall.

"Yeah, yeah... don't rush me," she said, not particularly loudly. She stepped in slowly, using a few big rocks to lower herself in, pausing to adjust to the cool water. Once she was in up to her chest, she dove the rest of the way. The cold water was both a shock and a relief from the sun above. She could feel the water cleaning away the dried sweat from the hike, and when she emerged from the water halfway to the waterfall, she felt refreshed and awake.

Ben swam up to her, grinning. "Hey come on, there's a cave behind the waterfall!" He turned and swam up to and past the waterfall. Jen followed him, and behind the cascades of water there was an indent in the cliff face. It wasn't a cave but it was big enough to stand up in. She climbed out, joining her son in the small space. With two people it was a bit crowded.

Turning back to face the water, the noise of the waterfall echoing against the rock made it impossible to talk, so they just took in the experience. It appeared that the locals had made use of this space for years, as there were drawings and carvings on the back wall of the recess. Jen turned around to look at them, bumping into Ben as she did, causing him to stumble.

Windmilling his arms, Ben fell back into the pool under the waterfall itself.

"Ben!" she shouted, looking for him to emerge. She knelt down on the edge to try and see him, but the water was too frothy. Just as she was about to jump in, he emerged from the water in a surge, clinging onto the rock. She grabbed his arm, yelling, "Are you okay? I'm so sorry!"

He nodded, wiping the water from his face. "Yeah, I'm okay. Just surprised is all." He spat and sputtered a bit more before reaching under the water.

"Um, Mom. I think I lost something."

"Oh no, wait... what? What did you lose? You were only under there a few seconds."

"My suit. The water ripped it away when I went under." He started ducking his head to look under the water.

"So... you're naked?" she asked. He nodded.

"Can you see your suit? Can you get it back?"

"I don't see it. It might be anywhere in the pool by now. I'm not sure if it floats."

Jen started to scan around, looking for the suit. It was a dark blue and so wouldn't be easily seen. After a bit, she slipped back into the water to try and scan below the surface, but to no avail. Ben was searching as well, and she occasionally caught a glimpse of his white skin through the water as he dove repeatedly. She couldn't help it. It was right there. On one of Ben's dive attempts, she caught a clear glimpse of his crotch. The dark pubic hair framed his penis, flopping around limply in the water as he swam.

Once again, the impressions she'd gathered of his penis over the last while came rushing back to her, and now she had more info to add to the collection. She felt a warm flush spread over her body, despite the cool water.

No! She refused to go down that road.

Swimming back to shore, Jen gave up the search for the suit. It was a lost cause, she'd just get Ben a towel to cover up, so he could change. As she got to shore and climbed out, she firmly shoved the mental images away.

Climbing out of the water into the blazing sun directly overhead was a pleasure in itself, and she lost herself in the feel of the warmth spreading on her back and shoulders. She grabbed a towel and dried off quickly before grabbing another for Ben. She lay it on a nearby boulder for him, and then grabbed her clothes to go change in the bushes. The sensible acts diverted her thoughts and reestablished the pure calm she'd attained on the hike up here.

How had she lost her way so quickly? What was it that caused her to sink to such depths that she would spend such mental energy focusing on her son? Was it him specifically, or would any dick

waving in the wind draw her eye? Had she just gotten that desperate for cock that she would ignore her marriage, her vows, her own sense of propriety, morality and law?

Changed and back at the blanket, Jen gathered up the food and packed it away. She called for Ben to come back; the suit was a lost cause. He waved his assent and started back her way. She deliberately took a swig of water when he was getting out of the pool to ensure that she wouldn't be tempted to look at him without his suit.

She heard him walking to the blanket and stopping. "Can I have a drink?"

"Sure," she said, handing him the water bottle. "Ben!" she shrieked. He was standing there holding the towel but not covering up.

"What?"

"Cover up! I gave you the towel so you could be decent." Jen fought to keep her eyes on his face.

"Why? There's no one around, and you've seen it before." He looked down for emphasis.

"I know I've seen it, but that doesn't mean I want to see it more! Go get changed."

"Yeah, I will, I just... I've never been naked outside like this. I like the feel of the sun, and was thinking I'd lie out like this for a bit." He was looking around as he talked, before finding a spot. He spread his towel out and lay down.

He was totally oblivious. Jen gaped at him as he closed his eyes and just lay there, hands by his sides. Lay there, totally nude. It was like he was inviting her to examine him in as much detail as she liked.

Honestly, in her state of mind it was too much to resist a small glance.

He looked much as he had in the changing tent. A perfectly formed, model example of a penis. Even soft it was beautiful, to the point where she ached to hold it, cradle it. She glanced at his face but his eyes were still closed as he lay basking in the sun. His lean arms with a hint of muscle lurking beneath the skin. His pecs nicely shaped on his bare chest. His toned belly, with a trail of hair leading down to the tuft drying in the sun, all of that above... the cock laying on his thigh, cradled by his substantial ball sack.

As she watched, his penis slowly rolled from his thigh, drifting until it sat fully on his scrotum. Why did it move? Did penises move on their own? She'd never examined Allan like this, they'd never gone nude sunbathing, and he was always wearing at least underwear unless they were making love. Jen realized this was the first time she'd ever been able to just stare at a naked man.

She could feel it. Her lips were getting slippery in her panties. Her nipples, having relaxed in the warmth of her bra were now reacting. It was happening all over again, like the night before. Why couldn't she control this? She grabbed her book and opened it to read, trying to distract herself. Anything to not be treating her son's body like a piece of sexual meat. He was a person, not a walking cock.

Firmly pointing her gaze at the pages, she failed to read for a full 10 minutes before she glanced past her book. It had changed position again. Whereas before it was lying prone on his ball sack, there was now an inch of clearance. As she watched, it rose in jumps slowly filling with blood. The soft organ became a hard tool. At this proximity she could see it perfectly. The veins running along the outside. The prominent ridge around his head. The dark tone of the skin getting even darker at the crest of him. The slight curve of his length. It was now a potent pleasure provider, bobbing in time with his heartbeat.

Was he awake? Why was he hard? Jen moved her book slightly to see his face, but he was asleep. What was he dreaming of? She absently brought a hand up to cup her breast, rubbing her thumb over her sensitive nipple. The amount of tension building in her over the last couple days was becoming too much. Each tease, each encounter, only further increased her need for release.

The hand dropped to her lap, where she could feel the heat of her pussy radiating through her pants. She pushed lightly, surreptitiously, on her mons. The pressure sent a wave through her groin, spreading to her pussy. Her vagina clenched in response, a flood of moisture filling her panties.

She dropped her book and snatched a nearby towel to cover her lap and legs. This gave her a bit of privacy. She immediately started massaging her pussy, pushing her hand down and rubbing back and forth over her pants. The pressure was enough, and she was rewarded with an immediate rise in tension. It built over the next 30 seconds until, with mouth open and eyes closed, an orgasm crashed over her. She squeezed one nipple, increasing the pleasure but also the danger she might cry out. She clasped her legs together and bent her knees to try and hide her sinful act.

The horny mom, unable to prevent being overwhelmed by the sight of her son's hard cock, convulsed and twitched only a few feet away from him. As he slept, his hard cock pointing to the sky, he was unaware of the depravity his own mother had sunk to. The rationalization for the oral sex the day before didn't apply here, as she knew it was her son she was staring at. It was her son's penis she was turned on by, that had led to her touching herself. As she gradually came down from her orgasm, her thoughts were consumed by the situation.

This is what it had come to. The shame she felt was only matched by how intense her orgasm had been. What could have caused this? She'd never cum so fast, and only ever as strong when putting a lot

of time into it. She'd also never thought of her son that way. Was it the blowjob? The tent? Was she broken now? Could she ever put the genie back in the bottle?

Cheeks burning from the mixture of guilt and pleasure, she pulled the towel from her lap and stood up, mind churning. She needed to clear her head, try and get some perspective. She tossed the towel over Ben's lap to hide his penis, which was now going limp again, and walked into the trees.

The trees blocked the sun, leaving her in shadow. It matched her mind frame, as she was entering a type of gloom resulting from her feelings that blocked her ability to think straight. It hit her that perhaps thinking had nothing to do with it, that her feelings were at the core of what was going on. If what she was going through had no rational explanation, then maybe she had to just trust her feelings? Or were her feelings betraying her, leading her into a situation from which there was no return? It didn't seem like there was any real way to move forward.

Jen walked for about 20 minutes, not really watching where she was, but making sure to keep the clearing in sight. Then a cry came from the clearing, a loud 'halloooo'. Ben must be awake, she thought. Heading to the clearing she entered it just a few meters from their blanket to see Ben, dressed, packing up.

"Oh, there you are. I was a bit worried to see you gone. Did you find anything out there?" he asked.

"No, nothing," she said, thinking of her ruminations. She tried to keep her voice calm, and not betray how unnerved she was. Was he really asleep through her orgasm? She tried to covertly assess his state of mind as they readied to leave, but either he suspected nothing or was a very good actor.

As they set out to return, Jen insisted on going first. This would let her concentrate on navigating and not staring at him for the next

two hours. It worked, but the shadow of guilt remained. By the time they got back to their hotel, in time for dinner, she was ready for a break from him. She needed space to clear her head.

"You go find your Dad, ok? I'm going to the room to have a shower and lie down."

"Sure Mom. Thanks for coming with me, it was a lot of fun." Her son beamed and gave her a kiss on the cheek. She took his pack and headed to their room.

A few minutes later Jen was undressing, shower heating up. She spotted herself in the mirror and stopped to stare. The woman in the mirror didn't look like a son-lusting predator. She looked like a normal woman. If she saw this woman on the street she wouldn't look twice. But under the surface lurked a sexual deviant, a mother who would get turned on by her own progeny. She cupped one of her breasts, lifting and caressing it. A person who would lust after the cock of the person she had raised. Her nipple contracted as she pulled at it with thumb and forefinger. A depraved monster who wanted nothing more than to fuck her son.

Admitting her desires to herself released a load of built-up tension but also created a load of guilt in its place. Fine. She was attracted to her son. That didn't mean anything had to come of it, or ever would. But knowing that impulse was there allowed her to step past the guilt, and see it for what it was. It was ridiculous. It could, and would, never happen. But as a fantasy, she could use it?

Just the thought of fucking her own son wandering across her mind had caused the same rush of desire to spread through her as at the waterfall. She felt the same ramping up of tension in her groin, the type of tension that could result in a similar orgasm to the one she'd felt earlier that day.

Turning from the mirror, she stepped under the flow of the shower. The water blasted away further inhibitions, and she slipped a finger

between her nether lips. Feeling how slippery and soaked her pussy was as she stroked just enhanced her pleasure. She could feel her physical reaction to the thought of fucking Ben. Imagining his hand instead of hers fingering her clit sent double the pleasure throughout her body. Imagining his mouth on her nipples sent an echoing pulse back to her pussy. It was a back-and-forth game, as she rubbed and pinched. As at the forest pool, her orgasm was an avalanche. Once started it raced forward without pause... but she managed to stop. She halted the avalanche, a herculean task in itself. Her legs quivered with anticipation.

Was this her life now? Masturbating in the shower, thinking of her son? Quickies stolen in spare moments when she was alone with her thoughts? 'Perhaps', she thought, but right now she just wanted to cum. She resumed her manipulation.

The brief halt did nothing to lower her level of arousal, and she continued to wind up to a magnificent cum. She opened her mouth, wishing there was a mouth she could kiss. She pulled on her nipple, craving stronger hands to pull on it. She dug two fingers into her vagina, wishing there was a longer, thicker, more beautiful organ to do the job. She plunged her hips down, stroking her hand in and out of her opening. As she got closer and closer to her peak, she scrambled for the railing in the shower to keep herself upright. A quiet keening came from her throat as she got closer and closer to... there!

Jen came, with a quiver and a crash. Her pussy clamped down on her fingers, as she tugged on her nipple. She gasped, saving herself from falling to the floor of the tub by finally finding the support handle. Her juices streamed from her pussy, somehow warmer than the shower water, slippery and sloppy, enabling her hand to punch inside of her faster and faster.

Unfortunately, her legs did give out, causing her to fall to her knees in the tub. The thump was quite loud, and she hoped no one had

heard her. It was a faint thought, in the back of her head, as the majority of her brain was still focused on the pleasure wracking her midsection. All she could feel was the fingers still buried in her pussy, insistently massaging her inner walls. The shower water pounded her head, the drumming heat calming her. After several more convulsions she slumped down, her fingers falling from her vagina, her nipple pulsing with the pain and pleasure of no longer being pulled.

Jen winced in realization. She was a pervert, and she was sure she would take any opportunity to indulge in her perversion further, given the chance. It just felt too fucking good.

Hours later, tucked into bed in her nightie, sleep only moments away, Jen reflected that it had been a good day. She wondered what the next day would bring.

Jen's Trip to the Beach Pt. 02

Jen slowly emerged out of her sleep stupor. She could feel Allen cuddled up behind her, being the big spoon. She burrowed backwards into his warmth, content to keep her eyes closed and sleep a bit longer. Alas her brain had other ideas, and so she just lay there, memories from the day before springing forth. The trip to the waterfall. Her orgasms. Her realization of exactly how depraved she was. The thought of her son naked in the sunlight caused a warmth to spread through her groin.

She pressed her legs together, laying there on her side, her husband sleeping peacefully behind her, unaware of her deviant thoughts. If only they were alone in the room, she could take advantage of him. Fuck out the deviance with some wholesome husband and wife loving. Maybe...

Allen's arm was loosely draped over her middle, his legs pressed up against the back of hers, his chest warming her back. She could feel his breath on her neck, tickling her, raising goosebumps. Maybe, if she could wake him up, they could have a little fun without waking Ben.

She slid her hand under his arm and behind her butt, slowly feeling around until she found the waistband to his boxers. Slipping her hand inside, Jen traced her fingers along his belly until she encountered his quiescent cock. Feather touches along his length produced a pleasing response. She could feel it stir under her fingertips, thickening, lengthening, warming. Soon her light caresses had his penis pushing into her lower back.

She felt the arm around her middle jerk as Allen stirred. She heard a low moan behind her as she continued to tease his tool. She expected to keep the play up under the covers for a while but was

surprised as Allen pulled her tightly to him, pushing his cock against her ass, her hand caught between them.

"Wait, slow down, I don't want to wake - " her whisper was interrupted by his hand coming up and covering her mouth. She stopped, and then nodded in understanding. He slowly let go of her, and then he was pushing his boxers down, freeing both her hand and his now throbbing hot dick. He followed up with her pyjama bottoms and panties, pushing them down as well, leaving her ass naked. She felt one hand pull her cheek up, letting his meat nestle into her crack, and he started to grind into her.

Jen forgot all about Ben, instead concentrating on the feel of her husband's cock rubbing up and down her ass. His one hand now gripped her hip, pulling her into him, while the other hand snaked under her and took a rough hold of her breast. He was like an animal, thrusting and grunting against her. His urgency infected her, her pussy was now flowing with moisture, aching for him to push his cock inside her, but he just kept grinding. She felt his own juices flowing now, precum leaking from his cock, spreading on her ass, lubricating them both.

"Please... " she whispered. "Put it in."

With those words she felt him pull his pelvis away from her. She lifted her leg, tilting her hips back to give him as much access as possible. She dipped her hand between her legs and ran her fingers through her lips, coating her fingers in her own juices, ready to help him find his target. She felt his cock head drag down her ass before popping free between her thighs. This was it. He pushed forward.

"Fuck," she whispered, as she felt his hard love muscle spread her labia. His precum covered head slipped through her lubed fingers, just missing her vagina, and speared her clit. A moan escaped her throat as his blunt head ground against her love button.

"You missed," she moaned. He pulled back for another try, and now her wetness was covering his cock as he ran his shaft back along her pussy. The feel of his hard, wet, rampant dick dragging along her lips forced an 'ahhhhh' from her open mouth. Just as his head retreated enough to enter her, he grunted into her neck and gripped her hips and tit harder. Was he? Her question was answered as she felt jets of warm spunk hit her hand as he came. It spewed out in reams, covering her cupped palm, dripping onto her thigh.

"Fuck," she said again, as she realized he was done, and she was nowhere near satisfied. In fact, as his cock finished pulsing its load, a load which now covered her hand, thigh and pussy, she heard him start to breathe steadily again. His hands relaxed and he rolled over. He'd fallen back asleep!

She opened her eyes for the first time, expecting to see the other queen bed in the room across from her, with her son sleeping in it. But there was no bed, just blank white. It took a few seconds for her eyes to focus and her brain to understand that she was actually staring at a wall. What? Where was she?

Heart beating loud enough to wake the neighbours, the confused mother half rolled over. She was in Ben's bed. When had she got here? She froze, the cum all over her crotch had a whole new meaning. Had she mistaken beds again after a midnight pee? She had no memory of waking up. As she wracked her brain for answers she rolled to the edge of the bed. She couldn't be caught in his bed when her men woke up.

As she sat up she saw Allen in the other bed, still sleeping, facing the wall. Relief and chagrin warred in her head as she stood up, pulling her panties up with one hand. She padded to the bathroom to wash herself, cleaning her hand and then her thighs and pussy as best she could.

The cum-covered Mom could not understand how or what had just happened. The last thing she remembered was going to sleep in her own bed, content with her post-shower-orgasm glow. She was conflicted about lusting after her son, but the confession to herself had seemed a private thing. Now here she was, waking up in his bed? That could be a problem, if she hadn't woken up when she did there'd be some awkward conversations.

And what about what had just happened? Her mind whirled at the thought of what she had done with Ben. Standing in the washroom, staring at herself in the mirror, her excitement increased ten-fold. Her nipples contracted into hard points as the very vivid, fresh memories played back. Thoughts of his rigid rod running along her pussy caused another flood. Her hand was back in her panties now, fingers plunging inside of her vagina. She pushed hard, echoing the rough treatment he had given her in bed. As her hips rolled, swallowing her digits, she could hear the wet squishing sounds of her own finger-fucking. Her breasts swayed in her shirt, the diamond nipples rubbing against the fuzzy material. She gripped one tit in her hand, squeezing until the sensation ran down to join her dripping finger-filled cunt.

It was like this, eyes closed, mouth gaping, that Jen came for the third time in 24 hours thinking about her son. As her legs quivered with pleasure, she had to let go her breast to grab the sink, leaning on it for support. She'd never had orgasms this intense before. The waves of her pleasure caused her own pussy to grip her fingers, juice cascading from her, coating her thighs and dripping on her panties.

How could anyone resist this? How could a normal person not want this kind of pleasure all of the time? Why was the world so unfair as to make the source of this pleasure her own son? As her orgasm slowed, Jen gently pulled her fingers out of herself and sat down on the toilet to let her legs recover strength.

Eventually she felt steady enough to stand and pull up her panties, wet as they were. Checking for anyone waking up, Jen stealthily retrieved her pyjama bottoms from Ben's bed, pulling them on. There was nothing she could do about his boxers being pushed down; she couldn't risk waking him. Hopefully he'd just think he did it in his sleep...which he had done! Hadn't he? She still wasn't sure if he had been awake during that. Did she want him to have been? The way he had taken control, changing her teasing into his taking, took her breath away.

Slipping into her own bed, Jen soon drifted off to sleep. Fatigue from the previous day's hike, and her midnight adventure in her son's bed led to a deep and dreamless sleep.

When she awoke that morning, she was relieved to find herself in her own bed. The sleepwalking or whatever had moved her to Ben's bed hadn't repeated itself. But what if it repeated tonight? The thought caused a thrill of desire and dread to run through her heart.

Soon the realization hit that she was alone in the room. Sitting up to confirm, she spotted a note on the side table.

Mom,

Dad and I let you sleep in case you were tired from the hike yesterday. We've gone for breakfast, if we're still not back when you wake, come join us.

Ben

Jen smiled at their thoughtfulness, and the light tone of the note. Maybe he really was asleep? Or maybe he was keeping her wandering to himself. Threads of unease at not knowing which it was haunted her as she showered and dressed. Once down in the restaurant she found her men just finishing eating.

"Hey Honey, there you are. Did you sleep well?" Allen asked. He gave her a wide smile. He seemed not to suspect anything at least. Ben didn't look up from his bacon.

"Good! The sleep in was nice, I think I had a rough sleep to start," she said. She kept one eye on Ben as she said this, hoping for a hint of understanding. There was no hint.

"Oh, too bad. Well, we're taking it easy today, so you can rest up," her husband said.

"What about you Ben? Did you sleep okay?" Jen asked.

"Oh... yeah I guess so. I had some weird dreams," he replied. "Nothing too bad... just weird."

"Oh yeah? Do you remember them? I think describing weird dreams can be hilarious."

Ben's cheeks coloured a bit but he shook his head. "Nope. I think I might have been dreaming about the waterfall, because I kicked off my boxers in my sleep."

Allen's eyebrows went up. He said, "What happened at the waterfall?"

"Oh, it was nothing. I knocked Ben into the flow of the water and it took his suit right off. We lost them so we had to scramble to get him covered."

Ben nodded. "I looked everywhere for them. It was my only pair so I'll need to get some new ones for the beach today."

"That's funny. It must have been embarrassing being nude. Was anyone else there to see you?" Allen asked with a smirk.

"Nope, just Mom. She kept her eyes averted."

Jen suddenly felt the need to examine a menu in close detail.

Later on in the day, having spent several hours lounging in the sun, Jen decided she was bored of it. They'd done it a few times so far this trip, and she could use a change. The hike had been fun, maybe there was another one close by she could do?

Heading back to the hotel, she asked the concierge if there was a map of local trails. He pointed out a brochure and she was able to find one that looked doable. Close by, only a few kilometers, and not in the backwoods.

In the room Jen changed into hiking wear from beach wear and left a note saying where she was going. It was time for some reflection on the state of her desires.

An hour into her hike she found a clearing. It was grassy, with the trail leading straight through the center where a single tree provided some nice shade. Jen sat down with her back to the tree and pulled out a water bottle. It was a beautiful location, perfect for personal reflection.

Reflection in this case turned out to be recalling her encounters with her son. Letting them waft through her mind, the impressions and feelings suffusing her senses. The initial sight of him in the changing tent. The feel of his cock between her lips as it throbbed. His naked body stretched out in the clearing. The feel of his hands grabbing her, holding her as he thrust. The hard cock so tantalizingly close to her pussy before spewing all over her. That last had been a tease of the century.

Jen let the last of the memories complete, noting the inevitable reaction from her body. She sighed and kept her hands out of her pants. This was a hike, not a trip out to the woods to masturbate.

Just as she put the cap back on her water bottle Jen heard a distant yell. She looked around to see if there was another hiker in the area,

and there at the edge of the clearing was a figure trotting towards her. As she stood up to get a better look, she realized it was Ben. A flush spread through her chest and cheeks. Lusty memories lead to the man himself appearing!

She waited for Ben to catch up to her. Smiling, she said, "Hey, what are you doing here?"

"I saw your note, and I wanted to join you. Figures I would only catch you in the final stretch." He stopped a few strides away and pulled out his own water bottle.

"It's beautiful out here, I'm glad you joined me. We can hang out a bit before continuing on," she said.

He nodded and kept drinking. With the bottle almost empty he put the cap on and stowed it in his bag. "I brought some snacks if you're hungry," he said. He pulled out a couple granola bars and some fruit.

"Sure, thanks babe." She cursed herself. She never called him 'babe' at any other time, why now? She was just quick enough to see his momentary pause at the word. Jen turned away, trying to put the word behind them. She heard him take a few steps.

Then she heard him say, "Hey Mom? I wanted to talk to you about something."

This was it. He was awake last night. She was busted. Heart hammering, she tried to keep calm. "Yeah? What's that?" she said.

"Well, you know how I said I had a weird dream last night but I didn't remember it?" he said.

"Yeaahhhh..."

"Well, I lied. I do remember it. All of it, in exact detail."

"Ahhhh... really?" she said. Play dumb, play dumb. "What was it about?"

"It was about you. Well, it was about us, actually."

Jen turned around now and looked at her son. His face was flush and he appeared to be sweating. A giant lump filled the front of his pants.

"What about us?" she asked, full of innocence.

"Ahhh...well it's a bit embarrassing to say. We were in my bed." He stopped and glanced at her.

"You had a dream about us in your bed? Why was I there? What were we doing?"

Ben looked her straight in the eye. "I don't know why you were there. Why were you there, Mom?"

Jen broke down. "I don't know!" she wailed. "I'm sorry! I woke up in your bed but I didn't know it was your bed and then I thought you were your Dad and so I started to have some fun and then it was done and I opened my eyes and I realized it was you! I did it again!" she cried, falling down on her knees.

Ben rushed up and knelt down to wrap his arm around her.

"It's okay, Mom, really. I get that you got confused - again - I'm really sorry too. I was half awake at one point but didn't stop. I should have stopped but really by the time I sorted out what was going on I had already cum. Then I fell asleep and when I woke, I thought it was a dream...but eventually I had to acknowledge it wasn't. When I smelled under my covers and it smelled like...you."

"You mean...?" she gestured to her crotch. Her son nodded.

"Oh I am so embarrassed."

"Why does this keep happening?" he asked.

She shook her head. "I don't know. I don't mean for it to, honestly. I have no idea how I ended up in your bed last night. Maybe I'm a sleepwalker?"

"Have you ever done that before?"

"No, not that I know of," she replied.

"Maybe it's just being in the hotel. You know, a strange room, you get up to go pee and get disoriented?" he suggested.

"I suppose. Except I don't remember doing that. Oh, I don't know, Ben. What do we do?"

Here she was, a grown woman asking the advice of her teenage son. What a laugh.

He took the question seriously and lost himself in thought for a minute. "Well, when was the last time you and Dad, you know, hooked up?"

Jen cringed at the question but had to acknowledge it was relevant. "It's been 10 or so days? Not that long, really. Certainly not so long that I should be jumping into my son's bed. I don't know how it happened and I'm afraid it might happen again. What if your Dad caught me there? And we can't keep having these cases of mistaken identity."

"Yeah. What are the odds of it happening twice?"

She cringed internally, knowing that the second time was probably due to her perversion. That was her secret. "I'm sure it won't happen again. I mean, how could it?"

Ben nodded. "I guess you're right."

At this point Jen realized that Ben was still hugging her. His close contact brought the memory of last night flooding back. She stood up quickly, smiling at him.

"Let's finish our hike, shall we?"

"In a minute, Mom. Can I ask you something first?"

"Of course, honey."

"Ahhh... well I thought I heard you...after I...I mean, once I'd finished last night, I thought I heard you swear. I know this is weird to ask, but did I hurt you or anything. Was I too rough?"

Jen's mind filled with the exact moment he was talking about. She'd swore because he'd cum so fast, not because he was too rough. Telling him he'd left her hanging wasn't going to be any better for his self-esteem though.

"Ah, no honey, you weren't too rough. In fact at the time, when I thought you were your father, I rather enjoyed the... aggressiveness. It's not something he does..." She trailed off in thought for a second, wondering at the reaction she was feeling, thinking about the way he'd taken control. She blinked and resumed, "I guess that was a good hint it wasn't him behind me, eh?"

"Yeah," he replied. "I guess the fact there was a woman in my bed should have been a hint something was off for me too."

Jen giggled. Her discomfort at the topic was making her giddy. "I don't know how much experience you have in that area, but yeah it should have set off some red flags."

"Ahh, well as Dad always says, a gentleman never tells. But I will say it's not much."

They stood there under the tree, staring at each other. Jen felt a storm of conflicting thoughts whirling around her. Discomfort at talking to her son about this stuff. Desire to feel his hands on her again. Arousal from the memories of last night. She fought between the need to protect him from her predatory urges and the impulse to submit to his own physical demands.

She blinked, and the world seemed to wake up, wind blowing, birds chirping, crickets...cricketing? It broke the whirlwind inside of her, and she smiled at him. "Any more questions? Or should we move on?"

"We should get back, I guess, so Dad doesn't miss us. I can head back to the beach and see if there are any women who are more appropriate for me to lay with."

A surge of jealousy rose up in Jen's chest. She swallowed it down and said, "That's a good idea. If we keep this up, you'll get messed up in the head. The last thing I want is to send you to therapy for having an abusive parent."

Ben raised his eyebrows. "What? I was the one that grabbed you and pushed your pants down last night. If anyone is going to therapy, it's you." He said it with a smile, ready to share in a laugh with her.

She grinned and said, "You wouldn't have even woken up if I wasn't playing with your...um, you know. It's my fault for starting it in the first place. I need to check whose penis is in my hands next time."

They both laughed and the tension eased considerably. Turning to head back to the hotel, Jen was relieved to have avoided bringing up her taboo desires. That she wanted to be in his bed with him, and somehow had made her way there in her sleep. Ben seemed to understand that last night was another honest mistake and they would both be able to move on as mother and son. If only she could convince her own libido that that was the plan.

Once back at the hotel they had a quick shower and changed into more comfortable clothes, just in time to go find Allen for dinner. They found him returning from the beach and Jen was alarmed to see that his face and neck were a deep red.

"Oh my god, babe, what happened? You look like a lobster!"

Allen looked a bit sheepish. "I went for a swim after you left and forgot to put more sunscreen on. I fell asleep in the sun." He was obviously not quite all there.

"Oh Hun, you've got sunstroke. You need to lay down and hydrate. Ben, run to the gift shop and see if they have aloe and Gatorade or something." He took off at a trot. Taking Allen by the arm, she led him to their room. He was quietly cooperative, not really talking as they went.

Once in the room, Jen stripped the covers off their bed and maneuvered Allen onto it. She took his shirt off and went for water and towels. Wetting the towels down, she lay them across his forehead and chest. "You poor dear. You're not going to be going anywhere for a while," she said, propping his feet up on pillows.

"I'm okay, I just feel a bit warm," he said.

"Yes, you are definitely warm."

A few minutes later Ben joined them with a large aloe sunburn cream and a 6 pack of Gatorade. Jen started lathering the aloe cream on his burns while Ben opened one of the drinks for his dad. After getting Allen set up, they all three sat there for a bit.

Jen looked at her son. "I'm hungry but I don't want to leave your Dad. Do you mind going to get us some sandwiches or something?"

"Of course, I know what you like. Should I get Dad something too?" He looked worried.

"Hey! I'm right here, I'm not dead. I'll take a tuna sandwich please." Allen said. He seemed a bit more alert.

Ben smiled. "Okay Dad. I'll be right back."

And so, the family of three spent the evening in their room, mother and son pampering Allen. He fell asleep around 9, leaving Jen and Ben watching TV on his bed. An hour later she decided she was ready for sleep as well. She looked at Allen. He was sprawled out on their bed. He was still warm to her touch, and she didn't want to heat him up any more by sleeping in the same bed.

Once again, her internal conflict roared to life. For her husband's health, she should sleep in the other bed. For her son's mental health, she should not sleep in his bed.

The thought of sleeping with Ben sent signals to her nipples and pussy, her sexual engine revving up at the thought of his hands on her, his penis in her. The thought of how taboo that was, how against everything she had been taught... didn't seem to change her body's response. In fact, it seemed to rev up even higher.

She stood up to check on Allen. The movement caused her nipples to rub deliciously against the inside of her bra and her panties to spread her leaking juices all over her lips. This was not helping. There had to be a way.

"Ben, I don't want to heat your Dad up by sleeping with him. But I don't want a repeat of last night in your bed either." This last was said in a low tone, in case Allen wasn't as out of it as he seemed.

"Mmmm, good point. Maybe we can create a barrier? Do we have enough pillows to put between us?"

Jen grabbed the extra pillows from her bed and placed them in a line down Ben's bed. There was just enough room for them to fit on either side. "Is that okay? I am serious, I need to not have these accidents happen anymore. They're not appropriate, and not healthy for you, and if anyone found out I'd be in a lot of trouble."

"Not healthy for me, but they're okay for you?" Ben said, with a glint in his eye.

"Ha ha, very funny young man. You know what I mean. You're the one still developing emotionally. I don't want to stunt anything or cause you to... I don't know. End up wrong."

"Don't worry about it, Mom. I'm fine. I can't wait to tell the guys back home that I got a blowjob and almost hooked up with a foxy lady on my trip."

Jen stared at her son, her mouth open. "You think I'm foxy? Uh, I mean, no, don't tell anyone. No one at all, okay? If it got back around to your Dad, he'd wonder what he missed and might start asking questions."

He nodded. "I'm just teasing. I won't tell anyone. I am fine though. I know it was all just honest mistakes. We'll be fine with this arrangement tonight."

The newly dubbed 'foxy lady' smiled at her son. "I know we will."

After getting changed, Jen snuggled into her pillow fort. The feel of the softness against her backside was new and made her feel secure. Ben finished his ablutions and made his way to his side of the bed, wearing his normal boxers. Jen carefully did not look at him, closing her eyes and waiting for sleep. It did not take long in coming.

The funny thing about sex dreams is that most of them don't actually result in satisfying coitus. Something happens to take the

penis away from her, or the dream moves on, or it changes into something else. This one was much different. The penis wasn't going anywhere, and seemed to be getting bigger and harder by the second. She had both hands wrapped around it, tugging and rubbing and twisting. Precum was streaming from the opening, coating her top hand, which was then spreading it all over. She leaned over and popped her mouth over the end, her tongue exhilarating in the texture and taste of the dream cock. Oily precum coated her tonsils, adding to the melange of flavours.

This was farther than she'd gotten in a dream in a long time. Her dream man's chest and head were lost in the darkness above her, but that was okay. She started to orally massage her lover's cock, lathing the underside with the flat of her tongue back and forth, bobbing her head slightly. It was too big to get the entire rod into her mouth, so she kept to a few inches, the rest tenderly cradled in one hand.

Just then the cruel dream masters intervened as they usually did. The cock was pulled from her mouth, her lips left gaping, drool falling from her tongue. In her dream she mewled like a kitten losing its milk.

The dream moved on, though. Now she was being pulled up by her dream lover. He had her arms in his hands, insistent pressure bringing her up to his level. Then she was naked, her clothes magically disappearing, and she was in her lover's arms. Then they were lying down together, face to face, his hands pulling her leg up and over his narrow hips. Dream man was now below her and she was straddling him. Her breasts hung from her chest, almost in his face, and between her legs she could feel it. His cock was back, now firmly planted between her labia.

Being on top meant that she had perfect control over how much weight she could put on him, and she used that advantage to bear down. Bear down on his wonderful dream fuck stick, pushing her clit

against him, rolling left and right. Dream man's hands were at her hips, gripping the flesh, grasping as much as he could to help pull her down on him.

Now she was lowering her torso but raising her hips away from him, feeling his cock follow her as it pointed to the sky. This was it. Only a few more inches and she would be able to take him inside. Her dream man fucking her.

The next few seconds were disorienting. It was dark now. She was still on top of her dream man, he was still holding onto her hips. Everything just felt real. Not dreamlike anymore, but she was naked on top of a naked man. She was still poised above him; his cock was lodged in the entrance to her vagina. She could feel her legs tiring as she hovered there, his blunt missile nudging her open. She wasn't dreaming anymore.

She looked down to see Ben staring back up at her. "Um, Mom?" he said.

"I was dreaming. I was dreaming this was happening, and now I'm awake, right?"

He nodded. His cock, covered in her fluids, inched inside of her, spreading her open. It felt too good to stop, but she had to stop. Didn't she?

"Oh babe, I'm not sure I can hold it." She slipped down again, more of his meat splitting her wide.

"Oh, fuck it," she moaned, and let her legs go, plunging down on him. The feel of her cunt swallowing his beautiful cock, inch after inch, filling her to her core was too much. She collapsed on his chest. "I'm sorry. I'm so sorry," she whispered, while wallowing in the feel of them coupled.

"Don't be. I'm the one who undressed you. I'm just as much to blame." He did something, flexed something, and she felt him pulse larger inside of her thirsty cunt. "I couldn't hold back this time."

"Oh, thank you, baby. I promise I won't do it again, but I need this right now." She found the energy to rise and prop her chest up, to allow her to start rolling her hips. The rotation kept him firmly planted inside of her, but moved his shaft around her pussy, massaging her lips, her clit, her perineum. After a bit she leaned forward to start pumping. She needed this gorgeous dick to fill her over and over.

"Mom, I don't know how long I can go. I think I'm going to - " he cut off, his face clenching as he lifted his hips into her, holding his cock as deep into her as he could. The sight and feel of him orgasming brought her own to bear, and her vagina started to clench, holding him in a vice grip. They were locked together now, him sending jets of semen inside of her, her milking him for all he had.

Together they quivered and clenched, pulsed and throbbed. At one point she lowered her breasts to him to suckle and he latched on with vigour. The warmth and pressure of his mouth on her nipple sent her for another mini-cum. A new round of convulsions that were so strong they pushed his cock right out of her. She rolled onto her side next to him, panting and sweating, her nipple audibly popping from his mouth.

As they lay there the post-orgasm shame roared forth to take the place of the now faded desire. The reality of the situation crashed down on the 40-year-old wife. They had fucked. Her husband was in the next bed over. There was a mess in Ben's bed. She could smell their sex. She had just had unprotected sex with her son. It had felt fucking fantastic.

That final thought went a long way to alleviating her shame. She looked over at Ben.

"Hey, I'm not sure where that came from. Are you okay?"

He chuckled quietly. "I'm more than okay, that was the best ever. Whatever is going on with our 'accidents' better not stop anytime soon."

Jen closed her eyes and tried to compose an answer to that. "Well...except it has to, right? Your father doesn't deserve what we did. It's wrong on so many levels. I agree that it was...enjoyable, but guaranteed if we keep doing it, we'll be caught and the shit will hit the fan."

At that thought, Jen turned to look at Allen. He was very much asleep, his breathing deep and regular.

"If your father had woken up during that? We'd both be dead."

Ben sighed. "I suppose. I just don't know how we can put that back in the bottle, you know? I'm going to be thinking about it. A lot."

"I won't lie and say any different. But try and think of the consequences. It's something I should have done yesterday, but clearly, I had pussy brain. It's gone and I have adult brain again. So, promise me. No talk about this, to anyone, ever. Right? And this was a one-time thing and we're back to normal tomorrow. I mean it."

No son who'd ever heard those words in that tone had ever misunderstood his mother's intentions. He nodded meekly. "I won't say anything. It'll just go into my spank bank."

Jen smiled. "Mine too. Let's get cleaned up and go back to sleep."

They did so, being as quiet as can be. They covered up the sex stain with towels and redressed, replacing their pillow fort.

"Hey, I love you. Have a good sleep, babe," she whispered.

"I love it when you call me that. It's our new name. Have a good sleep, babe."

That...was probably a bad idea, but she couldn't bring herself to further dampen the memory of that night. Uneventful sleep soon followed.

The next morning Jen woke up feeling chipper. Refreshed and energetic. It was no mystery why; she'd gotten some dick a few hours ago and now she felt like a new woman. Stretching her arms up in bed, she looked around and saw her men still sleeping. She went to check on Allen, and he looked worse than the day before. He wasn't as hot, but his face was very burnt. She put more lotion on, trying not to wake him but he woke up anyway.

"Hey," she said. "How are you feeling?"

"Not too bad - ohhhh," he moaned, clearly feeling the burn kick in. "This isn't good, is it?" he asked.

She shook her head. "You won't be able to be in the sun for a while, and it'll be painful as hell. We're going to need buckets of aloe. What were you thinking?" she said, not unkindly.

He groaned and sat up. "Clearly, I didn't think at all. Where did you go? I think I figured you would be back and wake me up."

"I got bored of sitting on the beach and went for a hike. Ben joined me half way through, so neither of us were around."

"Another hike? How was it? Ohhh, I don't care. Are there any more cool towels?"

She went to wet one of the towels from last night again, hearing Ben stirring in his bed. When she came back from the washroom, she kept a neutral eye on her son, to see what he would do.

"Hey! What a great morning! How are you, Dad?"

Jen hadn't heard her son so cheery in a long time. Well, at least two thirds of the family were in a good mood, she thought wryly. She arranged the towel across Allen's shoulders and neck. He sighed in relief.

"Oh, I'm burnt. I haven't been this burnt in decades." Allen replied.

"What do you want to do, hun?" she asked him. "This is going to put a damper on your ability to enjoy the holiday." They only had a couple days left before it was time to head home anyways. It would probably be better to just go home early and let Allen recover there.

"Yeah, I don't know. I'd say we call it and go home but I don't want to kill your good time. But I don't think I can drive myself."

Jen looked over at Ben. He was looking back at her with a certain glimmer in his eye. A 'we have a secret' glimmer. Or was she reading too much into it? "I think I'm okay to call it now. It won't be the same without you, dear." She smiled at her husband.

"Are you sure? I don't want to hear any groaning and moaning about how I killed our vacation."

"Yes, I'm sure. I was done with laying around on the beach anyways. If we go home, I can lay around there for free."

Allen chuckled. "Well, we're going to take a hit on the room, they'll probably only refund us a day, but that's better than nothing."

"You just sit there and don't move. I'll pack up and check us out and we can get going. Give me a hand Ben."

Mother and son leapt into action, swiftly dressing and getting everything packed. Jen helped her husband gingerly put a wet shirt on, avoiding his face as much as possible, and then they were ready to go.

Once down in the lobby, Ben brought the car around while Jen checked them out. When the manager saw how burnt Allen was, he refunded them both remaining days out of sympathy.

Allen got into the car, sitting in the center back seat to avoid the sun as much as possible. Jen sat in the front passenger seat while Ben drove. It was going to be a full day of driving to get home, so they stopped for snacks and drinks and more aloe for Allen.

The trip was largely uneventful. Allen snoozed a lot, not moving as much as possible. Jen swapped out driving with Ben every couple of hours. They shared a few longer looks during the drive, he with a smirk, like the cat that ate the canary. She would smile and roll her eyes but couldn't really blame him. He was a teenager who'd had a great fuck. He'd be flying for days.

The main focus for Jen was to try and put it behind them. Retain the memory, but not repeat it. And that worked for most of the trip but at one point she found herself in the passenger seat, daydreaming about it. She glanced over at Ben reflexively, as if he might be able to read her thoughts. He was watching the road, but it seemed like maybe he was lost in his own memories.

Just as she was looking away, her eyes dropped to his crotch. He was wearing loose shorts and there was a very obvious bulge between his legs. It was perhaps not surprising that after thinking of the night before and then seeing the source of her pleasure sitting up to say hello, that she experienced a reaction.

That bulge was created by her son's penis, engorged with blood. The lovely, well formed, Greek god penis from the changing tent days ago was even now pointing skyward only a few feet from her.

The tasty man meat she'd put in her mouth in the steam room was willing to provide further sustenance. The hard, virile cock she'd had in her pussy less than a day ago was ready for more action. Ready to thrust into her drooling vagina and fuck her to a roaring orgasm, over and over.

Jen blinked and looked out the window to her right. In just a few seconds she had changed from happy wife to horny mother, drawing up all the same emotions and desires she had thought she had defeated. Just the sight of her son's hard dick, still in his shorts, had been enough to send her on a journey to taboo town. This moving on business was going to be harder than she thought. At least Ben didn't notice, she thought, unaware that her large nipples were clearly visible through her shirt and bra.

Several hours later the family arrived home. It was near dinner time, so they stopped and grabbed fast food and ate as they finished the drive. Once they got home, they unpacked and got Allen settled in the living room with more wet towels.

Jen sat at the island in the kitchen and reflected on how a simple act of sitting in a car for a day was exhausting. She dragged herself off the stool and forced herself to unpack their bags and get laundry going. Better done now, so she could relax tomorrow.

That chore done, she checked on Allen, who seemed comfortable watching some TV. Ben had retreated to his bedroom almost immediately after they got home. Jen was aware that despite his protestations the night before, the true damage to his psyche from having sex with his mother might not hit right away. She decided to check on him.

His bedroom door was closed, and even with her ear up to the door Jen couldn't hear anything.

"Ben?" she said, quietly, in case he was sleeping. She opened the door a crack. Really, she should have expected it. A teenaged boy,

after being stuck in a car for 8 hours, and having a fresh load of inspiration, was going to be jerking off. He was on his bed, his hard cock in hand, eyes closed, slowly stroking away.

"You can come in, Mom," he said.

She wanted to. Lord knows she wanted to. But for all of the reasons she'd explained to him last night, this had to stop.

"Nope. Enjoy yourself, babe," she said, and closed the door.

She had the same fresh load of inspiration, and headed to her bedroom to take advantage.

The next day was the second to last of their planned vacation, so the family spent it largely relaxing. Allen soaked in aloe and stayed in front of the TV. Ben stayed in his bedroom, presumably playing video games and masturbating. Jen split her time between some gardening and some TV and some reading. She was doing everything she could to keep her mind off of what her son was doing in his bedroom.

She'd walked by his door a few times, shamefully hoping to hear a noise, but her discipline was strong and she didn't open the door. She did retreat to her bedroom a couple times to play with her pussy, but it was more of a tease than actual leading anywhere. She didn't have the privacy for a full-on naked pussy and dildo play session, which would have been the most fun.

After the last time in her bedroom, she had figured a new outfit would be fun. She'd worn some sweatpants to garden in but they were not very attractive. Stripping off the sweats and her shirt, she produced a cute sundress from her closet. It was yellow and form fitting around her belly and chest. Allen loved this dress, especially without a bra, as her large breasts were able to swing free, her

nipples permanently on display. The skirt came to just above her knees. The next step made her heart beat, as it was more daring than she usually cared to go: she didn't put on any panties. The feel of air blowing on the moisture covering her labia was a constant reminder that she was only a thin barrier from being naked. She loved it.

Later in the day Ben did end up emerging from his bedroom. He joined Jen in the kitchen doing some prep work for dinner. She half turned and smiled at him from the island. "Hey there you are. Finally had enough bedroom time?"

She had been referring to his video games, not the masturbation, but clearly he interpreted it the other way. "Uhhh, actually I wasn't doing that," he said.

"Oh! I didn't mean. I meant your video games, not... the other thing." She tried to cover the awkwardness with a laugh but it fell flat. "You're allowed to, you know. After your reference to a spank bank I figured you'd be at it all day."

"No, I did do it yesterday but it just wasn't the same, you know? Having fresh memories of the real thing in my head doesn't compare to my hand." He paused. "I'm not sure I will ever do that again, actually."

This time Jen's laugh was genuine. "Oh come on, you can't mean that. You'll hit a dry spell and then that'll be it. Believe me, I know." She turned back to her prep. "Dinner will be an hour or so."

She heard Ben approach her from behind, as he said, "What if I don't hit a dry spell?"

She could hear the humour in his voice but it was tinged with sincerity. He was testing the waters. Time to nip that in the bud, she thought. "If you're going to avoid a dry spell you'd best get out and start asking some women out," she said.

He was now right behind her, so close she could feel him brush up against her ass. Well, one part of him was touching her ass. She was about to turn and put him in his place when she felt him wrap his hands around her hips and pulled her roughly back into him. It was abrupt enough to surprise her, stopping her turn. His warm hands were buried in the folds of her sundress, gripping her flesh with his youthful strength. She felt his hard dick pressed between the globes of her ass, her cushiony cheeks providing plenty of soft stimulation. The sundress material rubbed directly against her sensitive sphincter.

"Ben!" she whispered fiercely. "Let go of me, right now! Your father is in the next room."

"He's sleeping, he won't bother us. Besides I just want to remind you of how it feels." He moved his hands up, running them up her belly until he was cupping her breasts. He squeezed them, almost too hard.

Jen tried to push him away with her ass, but only succeeded in pressing his bulk further between her cheeks. She heard him groan. Next she tried to pull his hands off of her breasts, which he allowed her to do easily, but he just moved them down to the hem of her dress and started to pull it up. Now she was trapped between the island and him, unable to turn, unable to reach him, unable to push him away. She could feel her pussy dripping, fluid running down her thighs. She felt the cool air as he lifted her skirt higher and higher. He pulled back enough to let the skirt lift up past her waist, and strangely she didn't take the chance to turn around. She knew what he was about to see, and could only wait to hear his reaction.

"Oh Mom," he said, when he saw she wasn't wearing any panties. He caressed her ass cheek, pulling it aside to let him bury his hard rod in her crack. She could feel the rough material of his shorts as he jabbed into her. She hung her head and leaned on the counter, letting her son thrust against her naked ass.

She knew it would go nowhere. As he said, he was just reminding her of how it felt. But while it was going nowhere, she was content to stand there and let him have his way. Her upper body was now rhythmically jerking as he dry humped her from behind. Her breasts shook in the dress, bobbing in time with him, nipples rubbing against the textured material.

Ben had hold of her waist, grunting as he pushed into her. She turned her head and looked at him. His face was red, eyes closed. He really needed to learn. She grabbed one of his hands and guided him under her skirt to her pussy, bending over slightly to make room. She wrapped his hand in hers and placed his fingers on her clit.

"Play with that, babe. Don't be selfish," she whispered. And he did. She showed him how to rub in different directions with steady pressure. It ruined his own rhythm but she didn't care. Together they rubbed her pussy until she came, pussy juice running all over their hands. She shook silently against the island, her son still grinding into her from behind.

This wasn't enough, though, was it? Here she was, with the object of her desire thrust into her backside and she was going to stop? The memory of his cock filling her at the hotel overwhelmed her.

"Are you sure your Dad's asleep?" she asked. He grunted a yes. Sighing, the loving mother suddenly pushed back against him, causing him to step back. She bent over and spread her legs. "Come on, babe. Put it in, quick. But you can't come in me, you hear?"

"Oh fuck, yes," he said, though she wasn't sure if he was referring to getting to fuck her, or he was agreeing not to cum inside of her.

She heard him drop his shorts and then felt his spongy head probing her pussy, smearing his precum over her already wet crotch. After a few attempts, she reached back and gently grabbed hold of his girth. Placing him at her entrance, she said, "Push, baby."

It was all she could do not to scream. She was so wet he was able to penetrate her in one thrust. Her vaginal nerves thrummed as he entered her, bringing her the joy she needed. His balls hit her lips as he was buried to the root. Ben wasn't as successful in keeping quiet as he groaned quite loudly.

"Ben, shush!"

He clamped up. They stood there, in the kitchen. Mother bent over at the waist, with her son's cock planted in her pussy. He held on to her hips now, and said, "Mom, I don't know if I can hold it."

They had to work on his stamina. This was the 4th time he was ready to cum in mere moments. "Then pull out. I'm close to ovulation, you really can't put your semen in me."

He pulled out and as his head cleared her entrance, leaving an aching void in her, his cock began pulsing, shooting his cum all over her pussy. She could feel it coating her lips, streaks running down her thighs. A few jets missed her entirely and hit the floor under her.

Argh. Jen felt the lack. The lack of him inside of her, his perfectly formed cock reaching her cervix. The lack of his sperm filling her womb, his bounty joining her own girl cum. It wasn't the same, him pulling out before cumming, she realized. It was unsatisfying, despite her already having had an orgasm. She wanted to feel him when he reached his climax. She wanted him inside of her as he achieved the ultimate pleasure, his cock throbbing, stretching her open even more.

Finally, he was finished. She was covered in his spunk, her juices. The smell of it was filling the kitchen. She stood up and let her dress fall into place. "I need to wash up. Clean up your... reminder," she said, pointing to the floor. "And make sure your father doesn't see this."

She left the kitchen and went to her bedroom, thankful that the hallway didn't pass the living room. She ducked into the shower to rinse off, dumping her dress in the hamper. It wasn't dirty but she felt like a little less temptation would be good about now. Under the water, the cum-covered mother ran her fingers through her trimmed pubes, gobs of semen washing away. Going lower, she felt the sheer amount of semen covering her pussy and laughed. Young men had so much to give. Before it all rinsed away, she scooped up a finger's worth and put it in her mouth.

The taste brought back the memory of the steam room, his sudden gift filling her belly. Once again, she contemplated how willing she was to fuck her own son. Despite her protestations to him in the hotel room she really didn't give a damn about any of that. If she could fuck him, she would. But the reality was, it was dangerous and they could get in trouble.

The kitchen stunt just now was a prime example. All Allen had to do was wake up and wander into the kitchen for them to be caught. There was no hiding what they were doing. Jen contemplated what they had been doing. She let her son feel her up, undress her, fuck her. He had fucked her, right there in the open. Her quick rinse had turned into something else.

The more she thought of what they did, the faster she 'rinsed', until she ended up convulsing there in the shower, adding more pussy juice to the water. Clearly the danger was a turn on. The taboo of it being her son was also a turn on. Her attraction to him was not just his fantastic cock, it was the situation and the person. If only their play in the kitchen had ended properly.

Surely, if she was still horny then an 18-year-old boy would be. She left the shower and toweled off, but stayed naked. A quick check of the hallway showed no Allen, so she walked out, nude as could be. Down the hall to Ben's room, she paused at the door. No sound. She

opened it up and saw him there, laying on his bed, hand wrapped around his hard cock.

"I thought you were done with that," she said.

He didn't seem surprised to see her. "I am, I was just enjoying a little stroke," he said.

She smiled and locked the door behind her. Strutting over to the bed, her breasts jiggling and bobbing, she climbed up and over his hips. "I've decided something," she murmured.

He was staring at her, eyes darting from her tits to her cunt to her face, over and over. "What?" he said.

"I've decided that yes, it's very dangerous for us to engage in this stuff, but also, that that is what makes it so great. And that I love the feel of your cock in me. So, I want it there again, okay?"

She lowered her hips down, his head piercing her labia, finding her entrance. She slowly pushed down, her pussy still lubricated with her arousal. He filled her up, her son's cock penetrating her to her depths until her trimmed pubic hair joined his bush. She reached down and ran her fingers through it, combing it. "You should trim this, okay? I like a groomed lover."

And she commenced fucking him. Riding him up and down, mouth open at the feel of his penis pushing in and out, hitting her in all the right places. His hard shaft stroking her sensitive opening, his large head brushing against what had to be her G spot. And when she dropped particularly fast, he hit her cervix. It was painful but also tantalizing in demonstrating exactly where he would deliver his virile sperm.

Ben reached up and cupped her breasts, which was nice as that stopped them from bouncing too painfully. He ran his thumbs over her nipples sending dual signals to her groin to add to the pleasure.

Now she was in full flight, fucking him for all she was worth. Ass slapping against his thighs, drooling cunt swallowing his cock over and over. He seemed to be bigger and harder than before, causing pleasure to spike as she mashed her clit onto his pelvis. Sweat dripped down her face, onto his chest. She was tiring, she couldn't keep this up. She was also impressed that he hadn't cum yet. She supposed he just needed to get the first orgasm out of the way in order to get a little endurance. Thankfully she was now almost there...just a little more... "Suck on me, baby," she said, leaning over. He took as much of the end of her breast as he could into his mouth and sucked hard.

It ruined her rhythm but that was okay as she felt his tongue play with her nipple. It sent her over the edge. Her massive orgasm pulsed outward from her pussy in waves. Her stomach clenched and so did her vagina, grasping and gripping the lovely cock that was buried inside of it. Her convulsions continued, as she leaned over him. Her mouth was gaped open now, silent cries held back. Her universe contracted to just her and him. The depraved mother was ready for her satisfaction.

"Please, babe. Cum in me. I want to feel it," she whispered. So he did. He let her breast drop from his mouth, her nipple red and coated in saliva. Grabbing on to her hips, he pushed up into her one last time and let loose his second orgasm of the afternoon.

"Ohhh fuuuuuuck!" he moaned, as his cock sent jets of his essence squirming towards her womb. Throb after throb of his cock ejected gobbets of semen inside of her, and she loved it. She could feel him pulsing, his penis filling her vagina, his cum spreading throughout their union. It was perfect.

The once horny mother had no more energy and collapsed onto his chest. She lay there, his penis still throbbing, each pussy stretching thump sending a bit more of him into her. She lifted her head and kissed him for the first time. He seemed surprised, as if it hadn't

occurred to him they could do that, and kissed her back enthusiastically. He may have been new at fucking but that boy could kiss. She lay with him for a while longer, lips locked and tongues playing, his cock shriveling within her until it fell out with a splat onto his thigh.

Jen sighed, missing the feel of her son inside her, but also happy that their joining had ended the way it should.

Jen's Trip to the Beach Pt. 03

Jen rolled off of her son, feeling like too much time had passed since they checked on her sleeping husband. What if he had woken up and was looking for them? What if he opened the door and found them, naked, lips and limbs entwined? She felt a shiver roll through her at the thought, and cursed her wicked libido.

"I'm going to check on your dad," she whispered.

As she rolled away from Ben and stood up, she could feel their combined juices flow out of her vagina, streaming down her legs. She cursed quietly and grabbed the closest piece of clothing on the floor - Ben's underwear, abandoned earlier.

A strange feeling crept over her as she realized what she was doing: Wiping her private area with her lover's underwear. Maybe not that unusual for normal folks, but her lover was her son. That thought sent a thrill through her nethers and an equal ache in her chest. The desire that had burgeoned on their vacation, that she had tried so hard to ignore, had blossomed into a sinful coupling not once, or twice, but three times. Where did they go now?

The question echoed in her head as she cracked the door open and carefully listened, then looked, for signs that Allen was awake. No sign, so she calmly walked out and down to her bathroom, buck naked, to clean up and contemplate.

Dinner prep still waited, so once she was presentable, she headed back to the kitchen to finish up. Her mind was roiling with impressions, feelings, desires, and questions as she chopped up vegetables. She'd come to grips with the fact that she was abnormal back in the hotel, that she was turned on by her own son. How had she gone from there to fucking him? The fact that it had happened baffled her, but she didn't regret it one bit. Did Ben?

The thought of Ben sent her mind on a sidetrack. The last hour had been so full of experiences and memories with him that she couldn't help but get lost in them. The feel of his hands on her hips when she stood in this exact spot, his penis pressed between her ass cheeks. The elation in her mind at the moment when she gave up resisting his advances and bent over to present herself to him. The moment when she gave in to her deviant desires, and allowed her son to mount her right there in the kitchen.

Her chopping slowed as the fresh memories caused her to start gushing into her panties again. What was going on? Why was she so taken by her son having his way with her? Why was she so willing to let it happen, even to pursue him in his own room? She was normally quite level headed, so why had she thrown caution to the wind like this?

This could be a bad thing.

Dinner was a muted affair. Allen stayed on the couch, preferring not to move to the dinner table, which meant that Jen and Ben ate without him there. Jen was careful not to stare at her son, or say anything untoward, as the dinner table was in full view of the living room where Allen was. He only had to turn his head to see them.

After dinner, mother and son cleared and washed up, in silence. Jen was so aware of his presence that she could feel where he was without looking. She wanted to touch him, kiss him, hold him, fold him up in her arms and never let him go. It was almost too much to be this close to him without being allowed to have her way with him.

Once done with the cleanup, and after checking on Allen, Jen went to her room to calm down. She lay on her bed, eyes closed, trying to examine her feelings. Slowly it dawned on her that she was acting like a schoolgirl with a crush, like she was infatuated with her son. Although... was it infatuation, or was it just plain lust? Jen tried to sort her feelings out, but every time she thought of her son, she got

flutters in her belly. A mixture of nervousness and excitement that made her weak in the knees.

Cursing herself for her own confusion, Jen got up and changed for bed. She couldn't be with her husband or her son, so she was just going to sleep. Now wearing just a t-shirt and panties, Jen walked to the living room.

"Hey," she said to Allen.

He looked up from the TV. "Hey. Are you off to bed?"

"Yeah. Are you okay? Where are you sleeping? There or in bed?" she asked.

"I'm pretty comfortable here now, I don't want to have to go through the whole process again in bed." He was propped up on pillows to protect his face and chest from being touched, and had a container of aloe nearby.

"Okay. Goodnight. I hope you feel better soon," she said.

"Thanks. Love you," he said.

She smiled back and said, "Love you, too."

As she walked back to her room, she contemplated her last words. She did love him. She did. This thing with Ben was just new and exciting and it would blow over soon. He would go on with life, and she would stop cheating on her husband. In fact, she would start the process now, and stop this Ben thing in its tracks. Starting tomorrow.

Sleep that night was slow in coming, and she tossed and turned for a couple hours before drifting off to a restless sleep.

The next morning was her first day back at work. Jen showered and tried not to think of her son. She got dressed and avoided wondering what he would think of her outfit of a skirt and blouse. She ate breakfast and put the image of him sleeping in the nude in his room to one side. What else was she supposed to do?

Allen was staying home from work due to the sunburn, so she set him up with water bottles, snacks and a kiss before leaving for work.

The ride to her office was mundane, normal, and not at all filled with thoughts of her son plowing her pussy from behind. She ate lunch that day at her regular place, determinedly not comparing the texture of the pasta cream sauce to her son's semen. She also grabbed groceries after work, sure to not stare at the pineapple and wonder how a diet of sweet fruit would affect the taste of his load, as it sprayed against her tongue. All in all, it was a good day for avoiding thinking of Ben, and she was proud of herself.

Back at home at the end of the day, Jen pulled into the driveway and started to unload the groceries. Ben bounded out of the house and started helping her. She smiled at him gratefully, and didn't imagine sticking her tongue between his lips.

As they put the groceries away in the kitchen, Jen said, "How was your day? Any leads on the job hunt?"

"No leads. I didn't get much done on that front, actually. I was a little distracted," he replied.

"Oh? Why were you distracted?"

"I, uh, I listened to your advice," he said, shifting back and forth on his feet.

"Advice? How so?"

"You said you liked your lovers to be groomed. I've never done that before, so it took some experimentation."

The prospect of him doing that for her broke her resolve, that easily. "Can I see it?" she whispered.

"Here?" he whispered back.

She nodded, and watched in rapt fascination as he popped the button of his pants open, and lowered his zipper. Time seemed to slow as he pushed his pants down a bit, and then pulled down his underwear, exposing his pubes. They were trimmed down to a close cropping, short and neat.

Jen stepped towards him, blood rushing in her ears, and reached over to push his underwear even further down. As the cloth lowered, the base of his shaft was revealed, plump in half arousal. Her fingers pushed relentlessly, exposing more and more of that beautiful penis that had caught her attention in the change tent. The pressure of her push caused his pants and underwear to slip off his butt, dropping to the floor.

Jen gasped, and watched in glee as her son's cock rose in bobbing leaps, filling with blood. Soon his fully erect penis was thrusting skyward between them. She couldn't resist taking hold of his shaft in her hand, the warm, velvet softness filling her palm. Her other hand playfully danced around the rim of his glans, gently massaging his sensitive skin. He groaned loudly, and Jen stepped back in alarm.

"Your dad will hear!" she said, and spun away to the hallway to her bedroom. Her ears were alert for the sound of him following her. She was not disappointed, and when she looked back, she saw he had shucked off his pants and underwear completely. He walked after her, dick comically bobbing in time with his steps.

The sight caused the same flutters in her belly, and she had to grab the wall to avoid collapsing. Then she thought better of it, and let

her knees give way, sinking to the floor in the hall between Ben's and her and Allen's bedroom.

Heart beating wildly, Jen watched Ben come closer and closer, her eyes fixed on his turgid tool. Her mouth filled with saliva, so she licked her lips, wetting them almost to the point of dripping.

"Come here, son," she said.

When he was close enough, Jen wrapped her arms around his middle and turned her head sideways, clutching him close to her. His dick pressed against her face, the heat and flesh felt like a brand, marking her as his for anyone to see. His aroma filled her nostrils and she tried to inhale all of his scent. Once again, the sensations were filed away in her memory, added to the catalogue of impressions she had of him already.

His dick called to her like a siren, and she didn't resist. Pulling away slightly, she grabbed hold of the sculpted perfection and brought it down to her eager, open mouth. The moisture of her saliva eased the entry of her son's cock, and she was glad to taste it yet again. Jen briefly contemplated if she would ever get tired of this, before starting a long, slow, sucking caress of his tasty meat.

She felt his fingers comb through her auburn hair, doing their own caress, not adding pressure. One hand held his leg so he wouldn't move, the other was playing with his sack, feeling his testicles dance in the silky skin. Those were fine things to notice, but the one that took precedence was the feel of his hard cock in her mouth, between her lips, against her tongue.

There was nothing teasing about this blowjob. She wasn't there for a long time, as Allen could get up at any time. The threat of being caught with her son's dick in her mouth sent Jen's heart beating frantically. Head bobbing now, Jen bathed the underside of Ben's dick with her tongue, sucking constantly as she made love to him with her mouth. As she did, she paid careful attention to the taste

and textures of him, comparing them to the last time he'd been in her mouth.

Within 30 seconds of starting her fellatio, she was pleased to feel him swell in her mouth.

"Mom," he warned, and she pulled back to receive his gift.

His cock swelled further, and then it was letting loose. His essence entered her wet mouth, coating her tongue and throat. Instantly she started to swallow, drinking down his semen as jet after jet was shot into her hungry gullet.

Before long he was done, collapsing against the wall. Jen wrapped her lips around his cock again, licking up any residue that remained of his ejaculate. She hummed happily as she cleaned him, savouring his flavour.

When she was done, she whispered, "Put your pants back on."

She stood up and walked back to the kitchen, her son's sperm swimming in her stomach. That had been... unexpected. Her efforts at putting her lust for her son behind her went for naught, and now she was right back into full lust. And danger? They could have gone in her room, or his room, but she stopped him right there, in the hall where Allen could find them.

This could be a *very* bad thing.

After dinner, Jen again avoided being around her men, and went to the washroom to get ready for bed. Her panties were still moist from the geyser that had erupted from her pussy when she was blowing Ben. She thought about changing them, but knew she'd just make a mess of the clean ones too.

As she was bent over the counter, rinsing her toothpaste out, she heard the door of the washroom open behind her. Figuring it was

Allen, maybe also getting ready for bed, she ignored the intrusion until she felt hands on her ass.

"Mmmphh!" she grunted in shock. He couldn't be feeling frisky yet, could he? His burn was still pretty bad.

The next thing she felt was her panties being pulled down, baring her still wet pussy to the air. Maybe he was, it had been a while for him. She flushed, thinking that it had not been long at all for her.

As she finished up her teeth, she felt a hand spreading her legs, so she helped, widening her stance. His hand delved between her labia, spreading her moisture and she groaned.

"Fuck, that feels good, baby," she moaned. She kept her head down, resting it on her crossed arms on the sink, and waited for him to continue.

"Why don't you try your tongue, instead of your hands."

Jen felt his hands on her drift lower and then his knees thumped to the floor, and finally her grateful pussy was gifted with a warm, wet slathering tongue. "Ohhh, fuck, hon, that feels so good."

Clearly Allen had decided to try out a new technique, as he floundered his tongue around. He moved from her hole to her lips to her clit in rapid succession, not concentrating on any one part. It was mostly frustrating, as if Allen had never licked her to an orgasm before.

"Ummm, I don't know what you're doing back there, but maybe just move on to the main course. I don't want to get caught in here."

Jen felt his hands caressing her legs and ass as he got up. He grabbed her cheeks and spread them apart, and then she felt his dick plunge past her opening and embed itself between her engorged lips. The moisture from his tongue and her leaking juices

coated his head, and she cried out when he hit her clit with it. He seemed to get encouraged by this, and repeated the movement, pulling back and then hitting her button again.

As fun as this was, they couldn't stand here forever. Jen reached down and on his next thrust, pushed Allen's blunt glans to her entrance.

"OOOOHhhhhh, fuck, baby," she moaned, as his cock spread her open.

"NNNNnnnggg!!!" The sexy wife, bent over in the washroom, panties around one ankle, moaned as her husband's cock filled her up in one thrust.

He bottomed out, his pelvis pushed against her ass, his balls banging her lips. She moaned quietly at the feel of his cock pressing into her, pleasure radiating away from her center, spreading throughout her middle, ending up as a rising tension in her belly.

Something wasn't right. Realizing at once what was going on, Jen raised her head and looked in the mirror in front of her to see her son smiling behind her, his cock buried in her pussy. She should have known. Closing her eyes, she lowered her head again and felt the situation change.

Now this wasn't a quickie between a married couple. It was a taboo fuck, in a public room of the house, between a mother and her son. Jen felt the tension in her middle increase, tightening up further as her climax built.

Her unfettered breasts swayed beneath her as her son commenced fucking her from behind. She pushed back into him, matching his rhythm, or trying to. He was still learning and hadn't developed a steady in and out yet.

"That's it, babe. In and out, try not to get distracted. Also...try not to come yet...please," she said in a quiet voice sure not to leave the washroom.

He grunted behind her, and she was sure he'd do his best, but it would be difficult. He slowed down, rhythm steadying.

"That's it," she encouraged.

Now his more assured pounding was sending her higher and higher. The feel of his thick cock ramming into her from behind, making her whole body shake with each thrust, was intoxicating. Her tight walls clutched at him, the veins of his dick rolling against her canal, thrumming with potent pulses.

"I'm almost there, babe. Oh, fuck, keep going," she said.

Jen felt the moment stretch, as she crested over the top. The sound of his hips hitting her ass, the slap, slap, slap accompanying his repeated penetration of her pussy. The cold sink under her arms, her head dangerously close to the taps as her body rocked each time her son sank his cock into her. The saliva pooling around her open mouth as she gasped out a long, quiet sigh of passion as she came on his dick.

Somehow he held off his orgasm, and continued to fuck her, which sent her even higher as his dick was thrust into her closed canal, gaining entry by the sheer power of his thrusts. She could feel her juices draining out of her as she came, dripping down her thighs.

"Are you close?" she whispered, once she was able to talk, and was immediately rewarded with the feel of him tensing up behind her, his hands gripping her hips. He moaned and then he was delivering reams of his hot jelly into her womb.

She hadn't intended for him to come inside of her, but it was too late now, and she vastly preferred this anyways. She wanted to feel him

inside of her always, to feel him expressing his love and lust in the most intimate way possible.

The knowledge that he was delivering his virile load into her depths sent her over the edge again, and the two lovers shook through their climaxes together.

When Jen came back down to earth, she slowly pulled away from him, feeling his still hard cock pull out of her. Along with it came a torrent of juice as their love potion emptied out of her still throbbing vagina. She tried to ignore the pang of loss at not being filled up by him anymore. Crab walking to the toilet, Jen sat down to let the rest of her son's semen drain out of her.

She looked at him, standing there, cock covered in thick, creamy semen. He had a sheen of sweat on his forehead and a satisfied smile on his face. It took a second before she realized she had the exact same smile on her face.

"That was a surprise. You're lucky your dad didn't catch us."

"He's asleep."

"And what if he got woken up by my screams of pleasure?"

Ben's smile got even wider, and he said, "I'm willing to risk it, if I get to make you scream."

Jen laughed quietly. "We're bad. This is not going to end well, you know that, right?"

"What do you mean?" he said, equally quiet.

"Well, for starters, you keep coming inside of me. I'm not on the pill, I could easily get pregnant. Next, we keep doing this in places where we can get caught. Finally, I can't keep my hands off you, despite

trying, and so it's inevitable that one of those things, or both, will come true."

Ben appeared to at least think about it for a minute, before he said, "So what do we do? I am not going to be able to resist fucking you now, it's too good. Do I have to move out?"

"If you do, I'm just going to fuck you in your house instead of ours," Jen said.

"So? What do we do?"

"I guess the first thing is to get me on the pill. That'll be interesting, seeing as your dad had a vasectomy. The next is to assure that we don't get caught. We might have to take this show on the road."

"On the road?" he said, wonderingly.

"You'll see," she said with a smile.

After cleaning up, a job that was interspersed with kisses, fondles, caresses and full body hugs, both retired to their own bedrooms. Jen had some thinking to do.

The next morning, Jen woke up with a plan. She took time off in the morning to obtain a plan B, and set up an appointment to get a prescription for birth control pills. She'd have to find a way to keep it from Allen.

That taken care of, she took a drive, specifically looking for out of the way spots where two lovers could stop to fuck out of the eye of the public. There weren't many, but she did find a couple suitable places.

At home later that day, after dinner, she casually asked Ben if he wanted to go for a drive.

"A drive? Where?" he said, a perplexed look on his face.

"I saw a help wanted sign on a shop, and figured we could drop in to put in an application."

"Ah. Okay, sure. What kind of shop is it?" he asked, not very enthusiastically. His tone would change once he found out there was no shop, she was sure.

"I'm not sure, it just looked like a regular retail place. Even if you're a stock boy, it's good experience," she said.

"Okay. Now?" he asked.

"Yes, now. Get your shoes on." She turned to Allen, who was doing much better. He'd be back to work in no time. "Are you okay here? We won't be long."

"I'm fine, get this boy a job. He can't stay around the house all summer."

"I will put him to work, for sure!" she said.

Once in the car, Ben turned to his mom and said, "Retail? Really?"

"Oh, calm down, there's no shop, no job. This was to give us a cover story to get out the door."

"Ohhhhh. OOOOHHHhhh," Ben said, with a grin.

They drove for 10 minutes before Jen found the first spot she'd scouted earlier. It was still deserted, a back alley behind a closed mini-mall. As she turned off the motor, plunging them into darkness, she started undoing the buttons on her blouse.

The boy was slow.

"Come on, we don't have all night."

Ben leaped into action, stripping his shirt off and then lifting his hips to scoot his shorts down his legs. He was naked before she even had her bra off, causing her to laugh. Teenage boys were the best.

Jen turned away from her son, and said, "Help me with this?" indicating her bra.

He was more than happy to assist, and after a second of fumbling, the garment sprung free, her breasts dropping on her chest as they lost their support. She turned back to him, pulling the cups down, exposing her breasts to her son's eyes. He eagerly drank in the sight while she unzipped her skirt.

"They aren't going to fondle themselves," she said.

Ben leaned forward in his seat and gently cupped his hands under her tits, lifting their generous weight. His hands on her sensitive skin sent shivers all over. When he found her hard nipples with his thumbs, the twinges of desire that sprang forth elicited a groan.

Jen sat in her chair, skirt still on, watching her son worship her bust. "Suck them," she said softly.

As he leaned forward more, his cock now hard and jutting from his pelvis, she watched his mouth close on a nipple and the warm, wet pressure caused her to gasp. He sucked in once, firmly, his tongue bathing the tip.

"Fuck, babe, keep doing that."

As he suckled at her teat, she flashed back to him as a baby, greedily drinking her milk from these same breasts. It wasn't the same, of course, but the juxtaposition was dizzying. She cradled his

head with one hand, the other hand dropping to his lap to find his hard cock, precum drooling from the slit.

Her attention to him caused a feedback, as he moaned into her nipple, sending pleasure waves running to her pussy. The pussy now oozing with its own lube, preparing to receive her son's wonderfully potent penis.

They had yet to engage in any kind of drawn-out foreplay, coupling like rabbits within minutes of being naked with each other. With her son it made sense, he was a horny teenager who wanted to get his dick wet. It was odd that she engaged in the same hurried lovemaking. Had she reverted to a teenager in the presence of her son?

Whatever the answer, she wanted his dick in her right then. Jen pushed his head away from her chest, her nipple popping free of his clutching lips. He looked up at her questioningly.

"I need you inside of me," she said. "Get in the back seat."

He eagerly clambered over the seat to the back while his mom pushed her skirt and panties down, leaving her as naked as he was. She joined him in the back, and then they were a jumble of limbs as they attempted to find a comfortable position. Jen had forgotten how awkward car sex could be, but after a bit she ended up on her back, and her son was between her outstretched legs.

One leg on the back of the seat, the other in the foot well, her son kneeling on the seat between them. Jen shivered at the sight. Ben crouched down to get his dick within reach of her drooling slit. It was a tight squeeze but they made it, and soon his glans was spreading her lips apart, stretching her open the way only his cock could stretch her.

He leaned down on her, cock moving with him. The blissful feel of being filled with him returned, and she stopped him with a gentle

hand on his chest.

"Just, stop for a second. I want to feel you in me for a bit."

He complied, but moved to her mouth and pressed his lips against hers. It was wonderful. His active mouth on hers, their lips entwined, tongues playing over each other. She drank in the feel of his weight on her, his pelvis pushing her down into the seat. Her hands roamed over his back, caressing his soft skin. With this moment of not moving, she wrapped her legs around his hips, hooking her ankles together to keep him where he was. It was a heavenly moment, and she would treasure this memory for the rest of her life.

After a bit, his weight got to be too much, and she released her ankles. Freed from the leglock, Ben lifted up a bit, lifting an eyebrow as if asking for permission.

"Please fuck me," she begged.

It was the rocking car that gave them away, of course. Her son was fucking her so hard that the car was moving suggestively. They gave no notice to it, ignoring everything around them as they engaged in their glorious fuck away from prying eyes. At least, they thought there were no prying eyes.

As Ben gave one final push inside his mother, he bellowed and started to come, once again emptying his balls into her. She was also coming, for the fourth time that night, and so there was no energy for keeping track of the outside of the car.

By the time they had calmed down from their climaxes, they had been watched for 5 minutes. Jen noticed first, and stifled a shriek as she got the shock of a lifetime. Staring in the window was a dirty face on a dirty head, perched on top of dirty clothes.

The man gave a thumbs up and ambled off, now that the show was over.

Jen covered her face in her hands, shaking as the shock of the face in the window overtook her. Ben grabbed their clothes from the front and then covered her up, and gave her a hug to console her.

"It's okay, he's gone," he said.

Jen nodded. She'd contemplated they might get caught, but the actuality was not as sexy. At least it was a homeless man, not someone they knew.

Once she had calmed down, they dressed and drove home, trying their best to not look like they'd been fucking. Allen didn't seem to notice anything.

That night, after Allen was asleep, Jen made her way to Ben's bedroom. When she entered, he was still awake, and looked up at her with a relieved and welcoming smile. As he started to stand up, she put up her hand to stop him.

"I'm not here for that," she said, calmly. "Getting caught tonight turned out to be my worst nightmare. I think the idea was titillating, but the reality was anything but. I'm going to need some time to rethink things." She paused, then continued, "If that had been your father, I could never recover."

"I'm sorry, Mom. I should have been looking out for people."

"It's not your fault. Neither of us were capable of doing anything but what we were doing. It's my fault for thinking we were safe there. I'm not sure if anywhere is safe."

"So...is that it? Are we done?"

"I don't know. You know how I feel, how much I want what we have to keep going, but the thought that the next time we get caught might be the time that everything ends is so scary. What if it had been a patrolling police officer?"

The thought had just occurred to her, but it was the scariest thing yet.

"What if we go to a hotel?"

"Do you have money to pay for hotels, that your father won't find out is missing? Because I don't. It's hard enough to get birth control."

"Is... that taken care of? Like, I know it's my responsibility too, so if you need my help..." he trailed off, clearly not sure how to be a help.

"It's fine. I have an appointment coming up to get the regular pills, and I took Plan B this morning."

They went silent then, her at the door, him on his bed, and shared the prospect of an uncertain future not able to be together.

Ben spoke up eventually. "I guess we'll have to stop. It doesn't make sense to risk everything. I don't like it, but it's the reality."

Jen was filled with pride at the maturity he showed with this decision. She knew that if he wasn't on the same page, that she'd never have been able to resist him, but if they worked together, they could get through it.

"I love you, babe. I don't like it, either. But it's the right thing to do."

She walked over to him, and he stood, and they hugged as mother and son again. She allowed herself one final feel of his hips against hers, and then let him go. In bed a few minutes later, Jen let herself

cry, silently, next to her slumbering husband. She had lost a lover, but also retained her son, and she wouldn't have it any other way.

The next day dawned sadder but safer for Jen and her son. They resumed their normal relationship, albeit a closer, more intimate one. The knowledge of what they had shared was present in every quiet moment. Each of them treasured their memories, but they didn't talk about it. Jen never got the birth control pills, as they weren't needed anymore.

In the next few weeks, Ben got a job at a retail store, selling video games. He was singularly good at it, and soon was given as many hours as he wanted. The time away from the house helped them create the boundary they needed to get back to a proper mother and son bond.

Allen was back at work full time, and after his first day pain free he surprised Jen in the bedroom with a rose and a hard penis. Their lovemaking was comfortable and predictable, but never failed to make Jen climax. She resolutely kept Ben out of her head when she was with Allen.

A few months later Ben started dating a girl he met at the mall where his store was. She worked at a clothing store and so they saw each other regularly. He eventually got up the courage to ask her to coffee, and she accepted. They were almost inseparable after this, spending many hours together on work breaks, and in the evenings.

One evening Ben walked into the living room where his parents were watching TV. He smiled at his mom, and she smiled back.

"I was wondering if we could have Liz over for dinner one day," he said, dropping this bomb on them unprepared.

"Who is Liz?" Jen asked, her tone a little arch. Allen said, "Of course!" at the same time.

"Liz is my girlfriend," Ben said, lifting his shoulder in a small shrug at his mom.

"Oh! Well, of course she can come for dinner. How long have you been dating?" Jen tried to modulate her tone to something more friendly. Of course he'd be dating, what was she thinking?

"A couple months," Ben said.

"A couple months!" said Allen. "And this is the first we're hearing of her?"

Ben shrugged again. "I didn't want you guys to make a big deal out of it."

"Well, we are certainly happy to meet her, and make a big deal out of it."

"Daaad," Ben groaned. "I just want it to be a normal dinner, okay? Nothing weird."

"Nothing weird, got it. When is she coming over?"

"Tomorrow?" he said, with a question.

Allen looked at Jen, who shrugged. "Okay, tomorrow it is. Do we need to dress up?"

Ben rolled his eyes and left the room.

"Is this really the first time you're hearing about this girl?" Jen asked her husband.

"Yeah, he kept it a secret from both of us."

"I wonder what she's like," Jen said, musing.

"We'll find out tomorrow," said Allen, already shifting his attention back to the TV. Jen couldn't concentrate on the show anymore, and after a few minutes she went to bed. Tomorrow couldn't come fast enough.

The following evening, both of Ben's parents were dressed up. Not super nice, but not regular lounge clothes either. They wanted to make a good impression on the girl who had managed to turn their son's eye from video games.

Jen was in the kitchen when she heard the front door close and Ben's voice ring out, announcing they had arrived. She hurriedly washed her hands and joined Allen in the front hallway to greet Ben and Liz.

As Jen got to the front door, she almost stumbled to a stop, astounded at the beauty in front of her.

"Mom, Dad, this is Liz. Liz, this is my parents," said Ben.

Jen did her best not to stare, but she clearly struggled harder than Allen to keep her eyes in her head. Liz had auburn hair, full breasts, wide hips and shapely legs. She was healthy and gorgeous, standing by the door with a pleasant smile.

"Can we come in?" Ben asked.

"Of course!" Jen laughed and gestured for the couple to make their way to the living room to wait for dinner. "I'll just check on dinner, Allen can entertain for a bit."

In the kitchen, Jen started to pull the dishes together, getting them ready to put out. The whole time her mind raced, as she wondered if

anyone else had noticed the striking resemblance Liz had to Ben's mom. She was sure it was just skin deep, but it was a bit disconcerting.

Dinner was a success, even if Jen had a hard time not starting at Liz. Allen seemed to be oblivious, and entertained with many dad jokes and poor puns. It took the focus off of Jen, and she was grateful. By the time the evening was done, both parents were charmed by Liz, and even Jen had started to overlook the fact her son's girlfriend was the spitting image of her.

"So, Liz, how is it that this is the first time we're hearing of your existence?" Allen asked, in one lull of conversation.

"I didn't know he hadn't mentioned me," Liz said, shooting a friendly dagger filled look at Ben.

Ben had the grace to look sheepish. "I didn't want to mention her if we didn't last."

"Oh yeah? And it's nothing to do with the fact that she looks a lot like your mother?" Allen said. You could hear a pin drop, as Ben looked from his mom to his girlfriend, mouth open in horror.

"I noticed that too. What's up with that, Ben?" said Liz.

Just as the two were about to start in on Ben, Jen stepped in. "I'm sure it's a coincidence. Don't embarrass your son too needlessly, please." She directed a look at Allen, and he put up his hands in surrender.

"Actually, he did mention we look alike before we got here," Liz confessed. "I just like teasing him about it."

"Well there's certainly nothing wrong with the way your mother looks, Ben. You've got good taste."

That seemed to deflate the situation all around, and they got back to stories of Ben's childhood to embarrass him instead.

After the introductory dinner, Liz started showing up at the house to spend time with Ben. Neither parent minded, as she had already wormed her way into their good graces with good humour and wit. A few months later she just seemed like part of the family, even staying the night in Ben's room now and then.

Jen and Liz got even closer, to the point where they started to tease Ben by dressing similarly to poke fun at how alike they were.

Jen checked her makeup in the mirror for the fifth time before deciding she was ready. Allen, Ben, and Liz had been waiting for her for the last 15 minutes. The foursome was headed out to see a play, with tickets acquired by Jen in a work raffle. The play was tonight, and so Ben and Liz were the only couple available to go last minute. Not that Jen minded going with them.

Smirking in the mirror, Jen walked to join them, heart beating in anticipation of the reception of her outfit. The groan from Ben, and the laugh from Allen and Liz, told her that she'd hit the mark exactly. Jen had checked out Liz's outfit for the play before dressing, and now they were both wearing a form-fitting black dress, with their hair pulled up with a pin. The dresses weren't identical, as Liz's was more modest, with a higher neckline, where Jen was showing some cleavage.

Once the laughing and groaning was done, the four headed out. As they drove to the theatre, Liz animatedly talked about the play they were to see. Apparently, she had been begging Ben to take her for weeks, and so when she heard his mom had gotten free tickets, there was no stopping her.

Jen pulled the tickets out of her clutch, handing two back to the youngsters.

"We're in nosebleeds unfortunately, but it should still be good enough to enjoy the play," she said.

Liz said, "That's fine by me. I hear the actors spit sometimes, and I wouldn't want to get that close to the experience."

"They spit??" Ben said, incredulous.

"It's not intentional," Allen said. "It's a natural result of having to project their voices."

Allen was just as eager to see the play as Liz. They were the only two to really be looking forward to the night. Ben and his mom were just going along to be polite.

Once they arrived at the theatre and parked, it was only 10 minutes until curtain. They hurried to their seats, which were thankfully on the aisle, so they didn't disturb anyone getting to their seat.

The play turned out to be not that good. Liz and Allen were attentive throughout the first act, but Jen found her focus drifting. She was sitting next to Ben, whose knee was bouncing. He was clearly impatient for the night to be over.

Jen leaned toward him, "Hey, cut it out with the knee. You're rubbing against me."

"Sorry. This is just so boring."

A hiss from nearby stopped the conversation with a sympathetic look from her, and him stopping the knee bounce. Thankfully a few minutes later the first act was done, and they were able to stretch their legs during the intermission.

The audience streamed out into the lobby, grabbing drinks and milling around. The crowd was so dense that Jen lost sight of her group a couple times as they made their way to a clear spot.

"How much longer is this thing?" Ben said, irritably.

"Another section this same length, I think," said Allen. Ben groaned.

Liz sidled up to him and pulled his head down to whisper in his ear for a minute. As she kept whispering, a smile slowly grew on his face. When she was done, he looked at her and nodded.

Jen wondered what they were up to. Liz promising a reward if he was patient the rest of the night? Her mind went a little loopy imagining what it could be. Knowing young people, it would be naked and satisfying.

Jen felt a glimmer of sadness at the loss of what she'd had, but stifled it quickly. That way led to madness.

Near the end of the intermission, Liz declared that she needed to visit the restroom. Jen figured she may as well go too, and walked with the young woman to the ladies room. She could see a few heads turn as they passed, and she wondered if they were thinking: sisters? or mother and daughter?

There was a mercifully short line for the ladies room, which cleared up even more once the announcement came through for the audience to retake their seats. Liz took one of the last stalls, and Jen took one close to the door. She wasn't eager to retake her seat, so she sat and took her time with her business. After what seemed like a long time, Liz left, so Jen figured she would need to as well.

As she left the ladies room, Jen couldn't see Liz, but did see a door down the way just finish closing. Curious to see if Liz had gone in there, she went to the door and cracked it open. Inside it was black, as the lights were off to not spoil the lighting of the play. She

couldn't see Liz anywhere, and was just about to return to her seat when she was grabbed from behind and pushed into the darkness.

She tried to shriek but a hand covered her mouth, and another arm pulled her close to a male body.

"Shhhhh," came the sibilant hiss.

Wait. Was that Ben? She instantly calmed. Instead of being alarmed, she felt safe in her son's arms. Why had he pushed her in here? Was he looking for Liz?

As she was thinking this, Ben removed his hand from her mouth, replacing it with his own. Memories came swarming back, as her talented son's mouth worked its magic on hers. Her mind was filled with the catalog of sensations she had memorized of his touch, his scent, his taste.

Along with her memories came her desires. The need to be with her son came roaring back, overwhelming her, throwing to the wind all of her sensible cautions, all of her fears of the repercussions of getting caught. She didn't care anymore, she wanted, needed, to be with her son. She was so happy that he felt the same, as she ravished her mouth with his.

"Do you want me?" he murmured, as he moved from her mouth to her ear.

Well of course she did. What a silly question, but she supposed it made sense to ask after they had agreed to stop their coupling. "Yes," she whispered.

Jen didn't need to ask him the same question. She could feel his desire pressing against her hip through his pants. As she concentrated on the feel of his rod pushed into her, she felt him reach down and grab at the hem of her dress, lifting it.

He wanted to do it here? Jen's heart started beating harder, harder than it ever had. This was really tempting fate, but she had almost no will to refuse him, and so she shimmied her hips to help.

As he lifted her dress all of the way, Jen fumbled at his pants, lowering his zipper to fish inside. His lump was there at her fingertips, and she pulled it through the hole in his underwear, bringing his hot rod into the cool air of the back room.

As they continued to neck and pull at clothes, Ben started to walk his mother back to a wall, pressing her up against it. She lifted one leg, opening herself to him as he blindly thrust into her pussy.

"Hss," she hissed, getting him to stop, and reached down to grab his member. She pulled him in, pushed her panties aside, and placed him at her entrance. She was amazed to feel a veritable waterfall waiting there to coat him, lube him, send him arrowing into her core. As soon as his head found her entrance, her son shoved hard, once, burying himself in her, and she cried out in pleasure and relief.

Relief that after months of denying her desire, she finally had her son back in her vagina, the place he came from, the place he belonged.

They rutted there, in the dark room, against a wall, fucking like people possessed. It occurred to Jen to wonder where Liz had gotten to, but it was a fleeting thought soon lost in the feel of her son's cock ramming into her over and over.

The tingling tension in her belly was quickly becoming a lightning storm, and the happy mother was starting to be unable to keep quiet.

"Uh, huh, fuck, me, huh, huh," she grunted in his ear with each thrust, trying to keep the volume down, but also unable to keep from verbalizing her passion. She was impressed at the increased

stamina he was showing. Clearly his time with Liz had been educational.

Now he was sucking at her neck, trailing his kisses down to her chest. He spun her sideways, allowing her to lean far back, putting her breasts close to his mouth. She needed to feel his mouth on her, so she pulled at her dress, exposing her tits to his grasping lips. As he clasped on, the extra pleasure spiked into her belly, sending her over the edge.

"Fuck, Ben. I love your cock. I love you. Fuck me, never stop fucking me." she groaned, as she came all over his wonderful dick.

This was apparently too much for him, as he tensed up in turn, and sent his virile sperm deep into her belly, invading her womb, searching for an egg. She loved feeling him release into her, ached to feel it every day, every hour. His pulsing member stretched her vagina, his pubis rubbing against her clit relentlessly. He buried his face in her cleavage, groaning out his pleasure. At one point he was sucking on the side of her breast, but he soon moved on to her nipple and she cried out silently once more to feel him latch on, like a baby.

Oh, to have milk, to feed him again!

Jen didn't even have time to ponder where that thought came from before he was pulling away from her, his dick popping from her freshly fucked, dripping pussy. The warm pulsing in her groin drove away any thought of possible consequences of their union.

As he put his dick away, he murmured, "I'll clean up and join you at our seats."

Jen pulled her panties back into place and fixed her dress. She thought about attempting to douche in the ladies room, but then figured it was too late. He'd bred her, for good or bad, and she would deal with the consequences.

Back in the seats, Liz and Allen gave Jen a curious glance but went back to the play. She sat down and felt her son's semen oozing out of her, coating her panties. She delighted in the feeling for the rest of the play.

Ben came back to his seat soon after Jen, and he got an even bigger eyeful from Liz, but soon was back to his knee-bouncing impatience.

After the play, driving home, Ben and Liz had a furiously whispered discussion in the back seat. It sounded like a misunderstanding, something about Ben meeting Liz somewhere, him insisting he did, she insisting he hadn't. It ended with them dropping Liz off, and her storming into her house.

Ben seemed sad on the way home, which Jen understood. She was a special girl, but it was probably best if they cut ties now. There was no way Ben could keep up with a girlfriend and his mom.

At home, while Allen was having a nightcap, Jen changed out of her dress. Her panties showed the evidence of the fucking she'd gotten in the back room, so she was careful to hide them in the hamper under some towels. As she washed her makeup off, she hummed a happy tune until she noticed that she had a hickey on her right breast.

Uh oh, that wouldn't do to show off. She put a t-shirt on to hide it. She was about to put on some fresh panties when she decided against it. She wanted to be available if Ben was interested in a follow-up session after Allen fell asleep.

In fact, it was Ben who sought her out in her room. He knocked on the doorframe and waited for her to turn.

"Hey...what's up?" she said. Surely, he wasn't going to come on to her in her room!

"I just need some advice," he said, morosely.

"Okay..." she said.

"Liz broke up with me over text, and I can't figure out why," he whined.

"Oh...oh no, what happened?" Jen figured if he wanted to play it straight, so would she.

"I don't know! She asked me to meet her after the intermission, and I did! But she says I didn't show up, and is pissed that I'm lying about it."

"Where were you supposed to meet?" Jen was confused. Of course, he hadn't met up with Liz, he was fucking his mother!

"In this back room for the staff. It was dark. We...you know, fooled around some, and then went back to our seats."

A cold chill went through Jen. The similar body types, the similar outfits, the darkness. Ben hadn't been giving in to his lust for her, he'd thought she was his girlfriend. The full impact of it left her reeling. All of the passion, lust, love she'd thought had reignited, was just Ben fucking Liz.

"Oh, honey. I'm sorry. I thought you knew," she said.

"Knew? Knew what?" he asked.

Slowly, Jen lifted her shirt until her breasts were exposed. Ben's eyes bugged out, but greedily took in the sight, until he spotted the hickey.

"So... that was you?" he said.

Jen nodded glumly. "I'm sorry, babe. I was so ready to let good sense get thrown out, to have you in me again, that I didn't even question if you knew it was me."

"So, I didn't meet Liz. I fucked you in the back room."

Jen nodded again.

"Oh, crap."

Another nod. She let her shirt fall down, covering her breasts. She flattered herself that she thought she saw a hint of regret in his eyes.

"I think I need to lay down," he said, and turned from her doorway.

Allen arrived just then, and looked at Ben walking away. "What's up with him?" he asked.

"Liz broke up with him."

"Uh oh. The first one is always the hardest."

Weeks later, Ben seemed to start coming out of his slump. He'd tried to explain to Liz the misunderstanding, but she wasn't having any of it.

Jen tried her best to give Ben some room. It was difficult, because she kept returning to that night in the theatre, the passion of the sex.

They attempted to get back to normal, but in the end it was pointless. Jen was pregnant.

When she first suspected, she went to the doctor, who confirmed it. She kept it secret from everyone for the first couple months, but eventually she started to show. She contemplated telling Allen that his vasectomy must have failed, but that was easily checked, so wouldn't last long.

It was obvious that she had cheated on him, and gotten pregnant by her lover, and that did not go over well. The divorce was quick and relatively painless, but her hormones and regrets played havoc with her emotions, and so she ended up crying a lot.

The one bright spot in all of this was Ben. He stayed with her, her loyal son. Allen offered to let Ben live with him, but Ben begged off, saying that Jen would need help with the pregnancy and the baby. Jen never told anyone who the father was, insisting that he had vanished when he heard about the pregnancy.

After Allen moved out, 4 months after getting impregnated in the theatre, she was sitting at the kitchen table, feeling down about things. She had lost her husband, had a new baby on the way, and wasn't even with the man who gave it to her.

Ben came home after work, and sat down at the table with her.

"Hey," he said.

"Hey," she sniffled.

"I'm sorry things turned out the way they did," he said.

Jen shrugged. It was her fault for letting it go the way it did. She had flirted with disaster, and disaster had struck.

"I was thinking," he continued.

She looked up at him. "Yeah?"

"Well, the reason we stopped...being together, before, was because you'd get pregnant, and we'd get caught. You were right, both of those things happened."

It wasn't a very reassuring thought, but she supposed it was true. She was a prophet.

"So, I was thinking some more."

She hoped it wasn't another depressing example of her prescience.

"Now that both of those things have come true, there's no real reason we can't be together."

Not depressing at all. A lone shining star in her sea of sadness.

"Is that...something you'd want?" she asked, hesitantly. He hadn't been very interested in her since the breakup.

"I keep thinking back to that night in the theatre. Sure, you were dressed the same as Liz, but I should have known it wasn't her. Like, her breasts are smaller than yours. And her dress had a higher neckline. Not to mention you're a much better kisser. I think I subconsciously knew it was you, and I didn't care. I wanted you."

"I wanted you too," she said with a small smile. "When you kissed me, I threw all of my reservations out the window. It was fabulous being with you again, I was so happy. I think that's why I didn't care that I was unprotected. I just wanted to be with you."

They sat there a bit, both looking at the other, eyes searching faces.

"What are you thinking?" she asked, quietly.

"If it's okay if I kiss you," he replied.

"I would love that," she whispered, leaning towards him.

He leaned far over the table, meeting her lips with his. Jen scoffed when stories talked about the woman swooning because of a kiss, but at this moment she swore she felt a bit faint.

Ben walked around the table and took her hand, pulling her up to stand with him. They embraced tightly, Jen's hands roaming over his

back, his hands on her hips. They stood there and kissed, swaying in place.

"Take me to bed," she whispered, feeling the effect of his kiss wash over her.

He surprised her by picking her up, a feat she didn't think he would be able to manage, and yet he was strong and steady as he carried her to her room.

Placing her on the bed, he then started to undress her, but she stopped him.

"You first."

He stood up with a smile, and unhurriedly undressed. Jen watched each part of his body become exposed, her heart thumping loudly in her ears.

First came his torso, as he stripped his shirt off, and she yearned to caress his skin already. His chest narrowed down his waist, where she watched him unbuckle his belt and then open his button. As Ben casually pushed his pants and underwear down, his mom watched his trimmed, light brown pubic hair emerge.

Just as his penis was about to come into view, Jen's breath caught, and then she giggled as he froze and said, "Are you sure?"

"I want you so bad it hurts right here," she said, pointing to her belly. It was true. The sight of her son was giving her the butterflies, and her heart ached to be with him.

He resumed pushing, and his penis came into view, first the thick shaft, inch after inch showing, until at last his head bobbed free.

Jen's mouth filled with saliva as she wanted nothing more than to taste him again, have him on her tongue.

As Ben stripped off his socks, leaving him completely naked, she could feel her labia warming from the fluids gushing out of her, soaking her panties. This was the sight she had seen those months ago in the change tent. The perfect, godlike, sculpted cock that had sent her down this demented path.

She beckoned him closer, feeling her middle tense up as he started undressing her there on her bed. First came her shirt, and he unbuttoned it slowly, revealing her bra-covered milk machines. Well, they weren't machines yet, but they would be soon. He then pulled her up to a sitting position and removed her blouse, followed by her bra. He slowly pulled the straps off her arms and watched in rapt awe as her milky white flesh was revealed to him. Her arousal was obvious, her nipples taut, jutting out from her crinkly areola.

Jen's defrocking came to a temporary halt as she said, "Please touch them."

Ben was more than happy to oblige, cupping her breasts in his hands. The feel of his touch on her tits sent tingles to her nethers. He caressed her for a bit, playing with her nipples, stroking down the slopes of her flesh, before bending over to kiss her swelling orbs.

She watched him worship her chest, placing kisses all over, avoiding her nipples just long enough for her to laugh at him and say, "They're cold, can you warm them up?"

Then he was on one nipple, his warm lips wrapping as much titflesh as they could take in. Jen hissed in pleasure, bringing one hand up to hold his head in place. He tongued at the nub before latching fully, sucking as if she was already producing milk.

"Soon, baby. Soon. I'll be able to feed you."

He groaned then, his mouth full of her, and started to suckle in earnest. It drove her wild, sending pulses of tension to her groin

with each slurp. He swapped to her other nipple, leaving the first one red and glistening, throbbing with pleasure.

Jen watched her son, bent over her, naked, his rampant cock pointing to her and couldn't stand it anymore.

"Okay, get these off," she said, starting to unbutton her pants.

Ben let her breast go with a wet pop and moved down to her ankles, pulling on her pant legs to strip them off, and then she was left with nothing but panties and socks. Ben yanked off the socks and then growled and leaped at her, causing her to laugh as he grabbed her last piece of clothing and practically tore it off of her.

They were both naked now, and Jen lay back, her breasts falling flat on her chest, shiny wet nipples pointing at the sky. She spread her legs just in time to get them out of the way of her surging lover as he crawled up her body.

Anticipation caused her to ache in all the right places as Jen watched him get closer. His cock, a bead of precum perched at his slit, throbbed in time with his heartbeat. She couldn't keep her eyes off of it. She couldn't wait to have it inside of her.

As Ben arrived at her level, hovering over her, he bent over and planted a long kiss on her lips, slowly settling his bulk on her body. Jen reveled in the sensation as each part of him made contact. First was his cock, of course, pushing into her mons, but soon his legs contacted her thighs, and then his stomach was pressing against the slight bump in her belly.

Ben stopped and looked down. "Am I... squishing you?" he asked.

Jen smiled and shook her head. She pulled him down more, until his chest contacted her breasts. "I love feeling you on top of me."

Indeed, his warm, muscular frame sent tingles shooting throughout her. Jen spread her legs even more, feeling her lips spread in a welcoming embrace for her son's sex organ. As they lay there, kissing lips, chins, necks and faces, they slowly moved until he was fully seated between her labia. Her juices were now coating his shaft, and he started a slow grind into her. His own precum was added to the mix, creating a melange of oily, slippery, sexy lube.

"Fuck, you feel so - ," she started, then cut off and inhaled sharply as he reached her clit and kept going, rubbing his entire head and shaft along it. "Where did you learn - never mind," she said, knowing it had to be Liz.

He chuckled at her slip but didn't stop running his cock up and down her pussy. It was very distracting, and Jen closed her eyes, diving deep into the mental map her brain was creating as she absorbed every smell, touch, sound, and taste of her son.

Ben's use of his cock to masturbate her was causing a sympathetic reaction in her pelvis, as she started to roll her hips in response. They worked into a rhythm of motion, him riding up and down her dripping pussy, her rolling in the opposite direction. At the end of each stroke, his cock was getting closer and closer to her opening. She could feel it, and she figured Ben could sense the proximity as well. They started to exaggerate the movement, until finally he pulled his hips back all the way and stopped.

Mother and son stayed in that moment, paused. She could feel him there, the tip of his wonderful cock planted between her inner lips, as if sharing a wet kiss. He looked down at her, and slowly pushed. The feeling of him in her again after so long sent her pussy soaring with joy, as she could now clutch and grab at the shaft stretching her open. He was so coated in their combined fluids that his cock slid inside of her in one steady motion. Jen could feel every inch of her son's dick as he fucked into her, every vein and bump translating into quivers of happiness.

"Please, make love to me," she moaned.

Her son's delicious dick was only part of the package, but as he started to plunge it in and out of her, Jen thanked all of the angels in heaven for gracing her son with such a wonderful cock. Her entire body flushed hot as blood rushed to her most sensitive spots. Her breasts were fuller, her labia fattened, and a red blush spread across her cheeks. Her son was fucking her, and she was loving it.

Jen tried to fuck him back, pushing herself down to meet his thrusts, but it threw him off. Liz hadn't taught him everything. She kept it up until he caught on to the new timing, and they were off, fucking faster and faster. Sweat dripped down his brow, and Jen could feel her orgasm, racing towards her like a freight train.

"Fuck, son, I'm close. You're going to make me come," she panted, sweat now springing up all over as her body temperature climbed to match her tension. The ache in her pussy continued to grow, tightening and building.

"Oh baby, that's iiiiiiiittt!!!!" she screamed.

Her head tilted back, her neck muscles tense, as she tumbled over the edge, her climax exploding in her center, sending waves of pleasure to her chest and head, radiating through her pelvis. Her vagina clamped down, Kegels crushing as she rode through the most powerful peak she'd ever had. The pulses kept rolling; her body still tense. Jen realized that she had Ben's arms gripped in her hands. He didn't seem to mind, as he stopped fucking her, content to ride out the convulsions.

Jen could feel him there, his cock planted deep within her, happy that with each squeeze of her vagina his girth was there filling her. After what felt like forever, Jen collapsed back, limp as a rag. Her son was still inside of her, and she realized that he hadn't come.

"Are you okay?" he asked, amused.

"I'm great," she responded. "Just give me a minute."

He nodded and didn't move, but took the opportunity to lean down and clasp a nipple between his lips. Jen wrapped his head in her arms, grateful for a rest. The nursing at her breast sparked a sympathetic surge of love for him.

After she had rested, she pulled at his ears until he popped up.

"I think it's your turn," she said.

A happy smile spread across his face, and he said, "This is all my turn, I'm loving this."

She laughed, and said, "Yes, but I need you to come. I need you to empty yourself inside of me."

Jen tentatively started pushing her hips down, creating a fucking motion, trying to kickstart him.

"Come on, Ben. The woman carrying your baby needs you to show how much you love her."

This set a fire under her son's butt, and he started to fuck her in glorious long strokes, taking full advantage of his length to plunge to her depths and out. The moisture they had created was everywhere, and every pump of his hips caused a squelch to echo in her bedroom.

Now it was on, a race between his stamina and her next climax, and she wanted it to be a tie. As he towered over her, his cock slamming into her pussy, her internal engine cycled up. A second hot flush spread over her body, sweat flowed forth to quench the heat, adding to the slippery sliding of her son's body riding hers. She spread her legs as far apart as they could go, giving him all the access he needed to reach her inner depths.

Reach her inner depths he did. Jen felt every blow. Every inch of his cock, ramming into her over and over, until she had no choice but to come again. Her orgasm peaked at the right time, as her vagina clamped down once again, and this time she could feel him expand within her, pushing back against her fleshy vice. His dick pulsed and jerked deep in her belly, bathing her cervix in his silky semen.

Ben grunted through each cascade of come showering her inner walls, basting her with his essence. He came so much it started to ooze out of her, slinking between their sex and dripping down her ass crack. As he relaxed, the throbs of his penis slowing, he looked down at her and then lay his body on hers to give her a kiss.

It was a slow, wet, kiss. A 'thank you' kiss. An 'I love you' kiss. It lasted longer than their collective orgasms, and when it was finally done, Jen was out of breath.

Ben rolled to one side, collapsing in a heap next to her. She sidled up to him, head on his chest, and lifted one leg over him. Her knee brushed up against his limp, wet, penis, and he groaned, moving it out of reach.

"Too sensitive," he murmured. Within seconds he was asleep.

Jen was content to lay there, thinking of the life growing within her, and the life she had grown under her. Maybe it had worked out for the best.

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