



Just Once for Mom

A mother tells her son it can only happen once

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Incest

Chapter One

"Yeah, baby, oh, just like that," Sarah moaned, "Fuck me with that big hard cock!"

She spread her legs wide and thrust the dildo harder into her aching cunt.

"Harder!" Her eyes closed, she pretended it wasn't a rubber toy between her legs, but the real thing, "I need it so bad!"

Obviously, or she wouldn't be on her bed plunging a fake cock into her neglected pussy and rubbing her clit. Masturbating like a young girl rather than a forty four year old married woman.

Sarah replaced her fingers with her silver vibrating egg, pressing it hard to her needy clit and closing her legs, with the dildo buried deep inside her. Crossing her ankles, she arched

her back off the bed, pinching her left nipple with her now free hand.

"Oh," she whimpered, teetering on the edge.

She imagined her phantom lover, she couldn't even pretend it was Larry anymore, grabbing her hips and telling her to get on her knees like the slut she was. Sarah obeyed her fantasy lover, rolling onto her knees.

Pushing her ass in the air, she slid her arms beneath her and grabbing the end of the dildo, pumped it in and out. Sarah's thighs were trembling and she bucked her hips into her rubber lover while grinding the bullet onto her clit.

"Fuck me! Oh, fuck me, fuck fuck, fuck!" She turned her head into the pillow and squealed in pleasure.

Sarah bucked her hips, her cries muffled by the pillow in case Tim left his room to go downstairs. She couldn't imagine how

embarrassing it would be to be caught masturbating by her twenty year old son. Not that she wasn't embarrassed just by the fact she had to resort to this, but at least this was a private humiliation.

She moaned softly when the final waves of her orgasm flowed through her. Sliding her legs down the bed, she lay on her stomach, breathing hard, the dildo buried in her still twitching pussy.

Sarah's hips jerked as the bullet continued to vibrate on her now over stimulated clit and finding the remote next to her, switched it off as she rolled over onto her back, her breasts heaving with her still rapid breathing.

Sitting up, she opened the draw to the nightstand and put the toys away. She caught movement out of the corner of her eye and took in her reflection in the mirror over her bureau. For the thousandth time, she wondered how Larry could continue to leave her alone so easily.

She kept her deep auburn hair long, the way her husband liked it, even though most women her age had begun wearing theirs much shorter. Her face was smooth and wrinkle free and her complexion, like most natural redheads, fair. Sarah's bright blue eyes were set over a small patch of freckles around her nose, giving her a cute girl next door appearance.

From the neck down, the 'cute girl' comparison ended. Not chubby by any stretch, Sarah did possess a full set of curves she liked to think were all in the right places. Her full breasts were smooth and creamy, with a smattering of freckles between and above them and her pink nipples were so light, they were only visible due to how fair her breasts were.

Her stomach wasn't hard and flat, but neither did she have a 'belly'. Her skin was soft and smooth and her hips flared out, giving her a nice womanly shape. Her thighs, like her stomach, were soft and inviting. She'd heard women similar to her be described as 'thick', she herself preferred the word lush.

Sarah had gotten that term from reading erotic stories at night to provide some inspiration for her fantasy encounters. Between erotica, watching porn and her vivid imagination, she had no shortage of material to get off to, but by god, the real thing would be nice once in a while.

She supposed she had herself to blame in a sense. Larry was twelve years older than her and back when he was thirty two to her twenty that wasn't big deal, but now he was in his mid-fifties and whereas she was in her sexual prime, he had little to no interest.

Larry also traveled frequently, some months spending more time on the road than he did home. They had argued about that constantly the last couple of years. There was no need for him to be away that much, but he insisted he needed to do it at least until Tim was out of college which was two more years.

Sarah could handle the lack of sex when he was on the road, she could tell herself it was his job and suck it up. But when

he was home? That was another matter because he always complained he was tired and had flat out admitted his drive was low and he just didn't think sex was a big deal anymore.

That selfish attitude inspired more arguments with him getting more and more defensive. When Sarah had suggested Viagra or other pills to help him get going, he'd gotten even more defensive.

The last time she'd asked him what he thought she was supposed to do, he had shrugged and said there was always batteries. What made it more infuriating was she did love him and she knew he loved her and aside from sex, Larry was a good man.

He was honest, thoughtful-providing it didn't involve bedroom activities- caring, a good provider and a very good father and up until a couple of years ago a good lover, making the drought of the last couple of years more frustrating because it's not like the sex was so bad she didn't miss it.

Now 'sex' was maybe once a damn month and it barely lasted more than a few minutes and he refused to let her persuade him to go another round. Laying naked on the bed, the rush of her orgasm fading, she once again let the situation get to her.

What was she supposed to do? She certainly didn't want to leave him, his good qualities far outweighed what didn't happen any more in bed. Cheating was also out of the question. She had no doubt he was faithful to her and wouldn't do that to him.

But...Sarah would be lying to herself if she said she hadn't thought of it. In fact as just now proved her fantasies were no longer about Larry, but also not about a particular person. Right now all Sarah wanted was cock.

Oh, how she loved a man's cock. Not that most women didn't enjoy it, but Sarah practically worshipped Larry's when they used to have sex all the time. She loved the feel of a hard cock

in her hand, getting harder and harder and throbbing in her palm.

She loved to give hand jobs, squeezing it so tight she could feel cum racing through it, before erupting all over her hand. And head? Sarah enjoyed sucking cock to the point she would be so worked up it would only take her seconds to cum after giving a blow job.

But sex itself was what she craved most right now. Getting fucked in every position because they all felt amazing in their own way. Sarah had been so wound up lately she wondered if the chance came up if she would succumb to her desire.

Fortunately for her, she'd never put herself in a position to find out. Sarah picked up the bottle of wine from her night stand and poured her third glass of the evening. That had been a sad pathetic pattern, the last few times Larry went away for more than a couple days.

She'd shower, put on some sexy lingerie as if she had someone to show off for, then drink enough wine to get a buzz. The alcohol fueled her already out of need for satisfaction and she would then undress herself, sometimes going so far as to imagine a strong pair of hands doing it.

Once she was naked the toys would come out and the sad game of sexual make believe would start. When she was finished with round one, she'd drink a little more, then masturbate again, but the second time much slower and more sensually, like a slow love making experience after a good hard fuck. If she had to choose right now, Sarah would take the hard fuck for sure.

Sarah chugged the wine down way to fast, and released a contented sigh as it left a warm happy trail down her throat and into her stomach. She put the glass down and poured herself another glass, drinking half of it before she put the glass on the stand.

She lay back and idly ran her fingertips along her hard nipples. She ran her hands down her soft stomach and then down her inner thighs, again picturing her soft hands and slender fingers being the hard, firm hands of a man.

A man, not Larry, a man, any man. Any man who would appreciate her body and all she had to offer and show that appreciation by giving her what she needed. Closing her eyes, Sarah, ran her fingers through her wet slit, slipping two inside.

Her other hand came into play, rubbing her clit, but slowly and softly. "Yes, baby," She moaned for mister invisible, "Nice and easy, be good to me, oh, yes."

She took her time, edging herself, the way a familiar teasing lover would. Then again, she was her own familiar lover and had been for far too long. She came, and unlike her prior orgasm, this one was a slow luxurious climax that flowed through her and left her limp on the bed, unable to do anything, but lay there in a puddle, her heart racing.

She forced herself to lift her leg and pull the sheet up far enough for her to reach it and pull it up to her chest. It was an equal effort to reach over and shut her lamp off. Her nightly ritual of semi drunken masturbation finished, Sarah began to drift into sleep.

Her last thought, as it was many nights, was that there was nothing more pathetic than an adult that had no other choice, but to masturbate. People should never have to get themselves off, ever.

Chapter Two

Sarah opened her eyes and then rolled them when she saw it was only midnight. She'd have figured between the wine and solo sex, she'd have slept right through the night. After a moment she realized she'd awoken because she had to go to the bathroom.

"People in porn never have to pee," she mumbled as she forced herself out of bed and slipped on her black robe. "Then again, people in porn have sex with other people." She added bitterly.

She left her room, quietly padding down the hallway and past Tim's room. Its door was open slightly and there was a faint light coming from behind it, maybe he was watching TV or on his computer.

Sarah used the bathroom and on her way back down the hall, paused and cocked her head. She swore she heard the sound

of moaning. She crept closer to Tim's room and now could clearly make out the sound of a woman getting it and pretty good from the sounds of it.

Tim had broken up with his high school sweet heart Lisa a few months ago and hadn't been seeing anyone that she knew of. From the sounds of it he was doing more than seeing someone at the moment.

Just great, she was playing with herself and her son was getting laid. Sarah and Larry had no issue with Tim bringing a girl home, they preferred that to him slinking around in a parking lot or getting the snot beat out of him by some crazy father. But they wanted to know ahead of time and told him to be quiet and respectful.

Tim hadn't said a word to her and the door being open was far from respectful. Instead of moving quickly past the door and saying something to him in the morning, Sarah found herself slinking closer to the door and to her dismay the

noises of the lucky young lady getting it put to her had her nipples stiffening.

Christ, she was sinking to an all-time low here, eves dropping on her son having sex. Sarah jumped when she heard a deep voice call out, "You like it, don't you, you pig!" That didn't sound like Tim and if it was, Sarah owed him a slap in the mouth for speaking to a girl like that.

Her eyes widened when she heard a different voice and she then rolled her eyes when it dawned on her there was no one in the room, Tim was watching porn. She began to pass the room, when for some odd reason she decided to peek in.

She stopped in her tracks when she saw Tim's lap top screen displaying a stunning brunette on her knees getting it good and hard from behind. She noticed the woman was no young girl, but the guy behind was pretty young.

Sarah was well aware of the fact milf and cougar porn was a big deal, but had no idea Tim liked it. She told herself to move

along, but the image of the woman getting fucked had her captivated. The way her eyes were bulging and her mouth wide open as the stud drove his cock repeatedly into her along with her yelps of pleasure was exactly what she fantasized of.

The woman's large tits were bouncing wildly and she was bucking her well rounded ass backwards into the thrusting cock behind her. Sarah's breathing picked up and as if it had a mind of its own, her hand strayed inside her loosely tied bathrobe and slid over her moist pussy.

Move, she told herself, but whether it was the wine, her out of control horniness or both, she stayed rooted to the spot. Sarah heard a soft moan that did not come from the computer and her eyes shifted to the side where they fixed on her son sitting on the edge of his bed with his cock in his hand.

A voice in her head screamed at her to turn around and get her ass back in her room, but that voice was overruled by a softer, but more powerful voice that whispered.

"Look at that fucking cock."

Her son's cock was big, no more than that, close to huge! There it was, hard as a rock and at full attention between his legs as his fist pumped up and down his shaft. Tim wasn't small, slightly over six feet and with a rugged build. His hand was not small, but there was a lot of cock exposed over his hand as it worked up and down.

What the hell is wrong with you, you pig? The voice of reason asked, but again was ignored by the lust driven part of her that wouldn't allow her eyes to leave her son's cock. My god, it was beautiful! Sarah's fingers caressed her palms as if she imagined wrapping her own hands around that amazing dick.

"Get out." She whispered to herself, "Now."

Her feet ignored her words and she leaned her head further into the partly open door, getting a better look at her son jerking off. Her eyes finally left his cock, checking out the rest of him. Tim was just in a pair of shorts that were pushed down

to his thighs and her gaze moved up along his hard flat stomach and wide, strong chest.

The muscles in Tim's forearm and upper arm flexed as he stroked his cock and his blue eyes, her eyes, were intent on the scene before him. His square jaw, with the five o'clock shadow he favored was relaxed, his mouth partially open as he breathed hard and moaned quietly.

Tim had her eyes, but Larry's short sandy blonde hair and looking at him, nearly naked, masturbating, the thought struck her like a physical blow' goddamn her son was good looking. Not just good looking and with a nice build, but again, that cock!

What the hell was wrong with her? She felt like she was in one of those stupid fake incest movies she'd seen bits and pieces of while doing her own porn surfing. What, one look at her son's dick had her wet and feeling like a dog in heat?

She couldn't blame the wine either, no amount of booze should be able to make a mother look at her son in a sexual sense. But something was and maybe it was as simple as this was how frustrated she was, but oh, that dick looked good.

Sarah stepped closer, easing the door open a little more, her fingers now on her clit, and her eyes once again locked on Tim's cock, eagerly awaiting the thrill of watching it explode. She slipped her other hand in her robe, finding her aching nipple and leaned a bit to the right to get a better angle to watch.

She leaned too far and the door swung open, banging into the bureau behind it. Tim jerked his head around and exclaimed, "Holy shit!"

If the situation wasn't so awkward, his reaction would have been funny. Simultaneously trying to yank his shorts up with one hand, he fumbled with the mouse, trying to shut the movie off. Tim dropped the mouse and settled for slamming

the lap top shut while trying to stand and turn away from her to get his shorts up.

"Damn, mom!" He said over his shoulder, "Ever hear of knocking?"

"Ever hear of closing your door?" Sarah replied while walking into his room and over to his desk.

Tim turned and seeing her standing right in front of him, fumbled with his zipper.

"Easy, honey," She grinned, "You don't want to do that too fast and hurt yourself."

"Why are you in here?" he asked, his face flushed from embarrassment.

Sarah knew her face was red as well, but it was for a totally different reason.

"Seeing the door was open, I was just going to pop my head in and say hello." She smirked, "Figured I see what you were up to and I did."

"Thanks." He muttered, "Sorry about that mom, I should have made sure the door was closed. But this is a little humiliating so, you know if you don't mind." He gestured at the door.

Sarah remained where she was, her eyes on the impressive bulge in her son's still unsnapped shorts.

"I'm sorry to, honey." She told him, "Sorry you have to do that."

"Do...that?" Tim's blue eyes narrowed, then he turned even redder. "Right."

"Really Tim," She put her hand on his arm, "A good looking boy like you shouldn't be jerking himself off."

"Mom!" He looked more closely at her, "You been drinking?"

"Day that ends in Y, right?" She laughed, then indicated his chair. "Why don't you sit back down and relax, honey?"

Tim gave her an odd look, but sat down and began to fumble with his shorts, trying to snap them. Again, moving seemingly of their own volition, her hands reached out and grabbed his, moving them away from his crotch.

"Mom, what are you doing?"

"Tell me, honey, why are you playing with yourself? Young man like you should have a nice girl to do this for you."

"Well I broke up with Lisa." He said, looking at her, suspiciously, "You know that."

"That was a few months ago." He shrugged, "Just haven't met anyone and don't want to screw around just to screw around."

"You're a good young man, Tim." Sarah's eyes continued to linger on his crotch. "It's a shame when people go without because they try to do the right thing."

"I guess." He nodded, "Mom? This is a little weird, can we....what are you doing?"

What was she doing? She had sank down on her knees between his legs and was now looking up at him.

"Like mother like son." She sighed, "I have to get myself off all the time, honey."

"Whoa, TMI!" he exclaimed, "I don't need to know that, mom."

"Come on, Tim. You're not a kid. You have to know I do. I mean, look at me, I'm a woman in my prime with a husband

whose gone as much as he's home and when he is?" She made a farting sound with her lips, "He may as well not be."

"I...yeah, I suppose I've figured out you and dad probably don't have a lot if, um, time together."

"The time isn't the problem as long as he made good use of what we do have, but he's older than me Tim, and he doesn't want me anymore." She pushed her lips into a pout, while staring up at him through her lashes, "Is it me, Tim, and I not attractive anymore?"

"Not you, mom. You're very attractive."

"Yeah?" She smiled, "What about hot, am I hot like those Milfs you jerk off to?"

"I think you need to go back to bed. Mom." He said uneasily, and made to stand up.

Sarah put her hands on his thighs, keeping him in the chair.

"Answer my question and maybe I will." She sat up higher on her knees well aware that her loosely tied robe was showing off quite a bit of her chest.

"You mean are you hot?"

"Yes, look at me and pretend I'm not your mom. I'm some woman you see at a club or bar, you check me out, what do you think?"

"Well..." he frowned, "Hard to think of it like that, you are my mom."

"Look at me kneeling between your legs." She edged closer to him, then sank back down so her ass was on her calves. "I'm not your mom, just a horny older woman right in the spot you'd most like to have one."

"Mom, this is freaking me out." He said, but she noticed his eyes were now on her partially visible tits.

"Just answer. Am I a cougar to a young cub?"

"I...yes, you're actually pretty hot," He quickly added, "For your age."

"Ouch, know when to quit, sweetie." She rolled her eyes. "But thank you and you're a damn fine young man, Tim."

"Okay, well can we talk tomorrow?"

"Nope." She shook her head. "Here's the thing, Tim. I feel just awful seeing you play with yourself, know why?"

"Do I have a choice if I want to know?" he asked nervously, his eyes following her hands as she rubbed them across his thighs, her long slender fingers, with their pink nails teasing along his bare skin.

"Not really, after all I am your mother." Yes, listen to yourself, you're his mother! The ever weaker voice of reason tried again.

"Like I said Tim, I have to do this. I'm so frustrated, honey and I won't ever leave this house for what your dad won't give me, so I have to do what you were doing all the time and it's just not fair."

"Doesn't sound it." He agreed, "Talk to dad and...um, mom?"

Her hands had slid up his thighs, over his shorts and were now resting lightly on his flat and oh, so firm stomach.

"It's bad enough I have to do it, but I don't want you to have to." Sarah spoke softly, while rocking her hips, she was so wet she was squirming.

"Mom!" Tim gasped when she unzipped his shorts and slipped her hand inside, wrapping her fingers around his semi hard cock. "What the hell are you doing?"

"What a good mom, should. Helping her son." She pulled his cock from his shorts and pumped it slowly in her fist. "No son of mine will jerk off like a pathetic loser like his mom has to, I'll take care of you myself."

"God, mom, I'm your son!" He said, grabbing her wrist.

"And I'm your mother and the parent here." She smiled up at him, "Just let me take care of you Tim, just sit back and relax and let mom help you get what you need."

"Mom, I...oh." He grunted when she spit on his cock, then pumped it faster, getting it nice and slick in her hand. "Damn." He swallowed, "That..."

"Feels nice, doesn't it?" She moaned softly as her hand coaxed his cock to its full size. "Feels good to me."

"You shouldn't be doing this." He told her, but he had removed his hand from hers and was watching, his eyes wide while his mother jerked him off.

"No, you shouldn't be." She licked her lips at the sight of his long thick cock, "I shouldn't be either, but I have no choice. I won't let my baby go without."

"But we...this is wrong." Tim moaned as she pumped him faster, "W...what about dad?"

"He's not here as usual." She replied, "And its his fault anyway. If he gave me what I needed, I wouldn't be playing with my son's cock because that's how bad I need one!"

She squeezed his cock hard and her nipples ached and her pussy gushed at the sight of the precum spurting from the tip.

"And honey," She breathed, rubbing her hand over the tip of his cock, smearing his sticky fluid around the top, then using it to make his shaft even slicker. "Trust me, this is for me as much as you."

"It is?" He groaned, watching his mother's hand move along his cock.

"God, yes!" She whispered, "This cock, it's so big and hard and feels so good in my hand!" She wriggled her hips, her pussy was so wet she could feel it dripping onto her upper thighs.

Sarah knew she should be ashamed of herself and maybe she would later, but right now all that mattered was Tim's hard throbbing dick in her hand and how good it felt. He was moaning softly and his hips were moving.

"This is for both of us, baby." She told him, "You get off and I at least get to remember what a hard cock feels like."

"S...so this is for you too?" he asked, his tone a mixture of arousal and nervousness.

"Oh, it is." She emphasized her words, by squeezing his cock harder and slowing down, enjoying every inch of him. "So just tell yourself that. That this is just once, just for your mom. For me too feel good, making you feel good."

"Okay." He nodded and for the first time relaxed into the chair, his eyes still glued to her hand.

"Good boy." She purred, then pulling at the tie to her robe, opened it. How about a little inspiration?"

"Wow, Mom!" He exclaimed, as she exposed her breasts to him.

"Like them?" She cupped one of her heavy breasts, rubbing her thumb along her nipple.

"They're really big." He said, "And look great."

"That's right, Tim, your mom doesn't have little girl tits, I'm all woman." She squeezed his cock, "And you, baby, are all man."

She jerked him harder and he moaned louder than he had before and her pussy released a fresh wave of moisture when she noted his eyes were now on her heaving tits. She grabbed his wrist and placed his hand on her breast.

"Go ahead, baby, play with it, whatever helps my son, get what he needs."

To her delight, he didn't pull his hand away, instead he fondled her breast, squeezing it and rubbing his hand across it. She moaned when his palm grazed her nipple and raising up on her knees, slipped her free hand between her legs.

"Oh, I'm so wet just from touching you." She groaned, "Hmm, honey, you don't mind if I take care of myself while I take care of you, do you?"

"You....you can do whatever you want." He whispered, leaning over and grabbing her other tit so he was now playing with both of them.

"What I want is to make my son come nice and hard for me, empty those full young balls so you'll feel better." She rubbed her clit in fast circles with two fingers while continuing to stroke him. "And then I'll come too! So much better than doing it alone!"

"Mom?" He asked, softly, his eyes now watching her hand between her legs.

"What is it, baby?" She moaned, as both her hands kept working them closer to her goal.

"If...you're helping me, maybe, um." His face turned red, "I could help you?"

"You...want to touch me?" Her pussy quivered at his words.

"Only fair, and a good son would, like you said, want to help."

"Oh, honey!" Sarah rose to her feet and let her robe fall to the floor.

"Damn." Tim's eyes focused on the small patch of red fuzz over her pink slit, "Mom, you're...so sexy."

"Hmm, so are you." Sarah sat on the desk, putting her feet up on his legs.

Leaning over she resumed pumping his cock and guided his hand between her legs.

"Holy shit, you're wet." He moaned as she worked his hand up and down, her sopping slit.

"Inside." She pushed his hand against her and moaned when two of her son's fingers entered her pussy.

"I can't believe this." He said, but any form of hesitation was gone as he worked his fingers in and out. "Damn, mom!"

"Like that? Like how hot your mother's juicy little cunt is?"

She loved the look of surprise on his face at her words.

"Yeah, Tim, your mom's a dirty girl, happens when all you have is dirty thoughts." She moaned when he shoved his fingers deep. "But not tonight, tonight my good boy's going to help me out."

"Oh, yeah." He groaned, "Whatever you want."

"Careful with that." She licked her lips at the image of sliding onto his lap and riding him, but she wouldn't go that far, even though it was what she really wanted. Big difference between some mutual masturbation and sex with her son.

The reasoning was twisted, but it held and she settled for moaning, "Put your thumb on my clit, oh, yes!"

Sarah gasped when his thumb pressed to her aching button and he worked it in a hard fast circle.

"That's it, play with mom's clit, rub it nice and hard while she strokes you big fucking cock." He made an adorable whimpering sound and his hips rocked, thrusting his cock into her hand.

"There you go," She encouraged him, stroking him faster and loving the way she could feel him throbbing in her hand, "You

were going to jack off to some movie, isn't this better? A real woman's hand on you and you playing with a nice wet pussy?"

"Much better." He was having a hard time speaking and hips were moving desperately.

"Don't hold back honey, give it to me! Gove mom that nice big fucking load. I want to feel that nice hot come all over my...yes!"

Sarah had talked herself right over the edge and she cried out in pleasure as her legs clamed shut around his arm, trapping his hand against her. Her pussy convulsed around his fingers and she bucked her hips into his hand.

"Oh, honey! Oh, Tim!" She moaned as her third orgasm of the night plowed through her. But this one was so much better and so much stronger due to the cock in her hand and even more, the fingers buried in her quivering cunt.

"Oh, I came so hard!" She moaned, trying to catch her breath.

She had stopped jerking him when she'd begun to come and now staring at his huge cock, with its purple oozing tip, she slid off the desk back onto her knees. Her pussy still twitching and now overwhelmed with lust, Sarah grabbed her son's cock and with no hesitation took it deep into her mouth.

"Oh my god, mom!" Tim cried out as she opened wide and worked her lips down to the base of his shaft, "Oh my god!" He repeated.

She shook her head back and forth, her tongue swirling around his shaft and her mind on fire with conflicted emotions. Somewhere the voice of reality told her she was disgusting, but the other voice, the one that was far more fun, was telling her she was a dirty little slut who now had her boy's cock in her mouth.

That thought instead of making her feel wrong, fueled her lust and she bobbed her head rapidly along his delicious cock. He

was moaning continuously, his eyes all but bulging while he watched his mother suck his cock.

His legs were trembling and his cock was twitching each time she took him deep. She cupped his full balls, rubbing them gently as she used her other to jerk him off while she blew him. Her mouth was already filling with pre cum, but that wasn't the real treat she was craving.

No, what Sarah wanted was her son, her moaning, gasping, and totally under her control son, to empty his balls into his slutty mother's willing mouth. Sarah bobbed her head several more times and received exactly what she wanted.

With a loud cry, Tim exploded in her mouth. Sarah moaned, her eyes rolling back and her already sloppy cunt oozing even more as her son sent several long thick spurts of hot cum down her throat.

She continued jerking him and rubbing his balls, coaxing every drop she could from his full young balls and greedily swallowing all he could give her.

"Oh, mom, oh, my god that was...just damn." Tim sighed, slumping into the chair. He gasped when she sucked hard on just the tip of his cock getting a couple more drops. Smacking her lips she rose to her feet and smiled down at him.

"Feel better, baby?"

"Hell yeah." He breathed, "I can't believe that just happened."

"I...I can't either" she admitted.

Now that the adrenalin rush was over reality was hitting her and the reality was she had walked into her son's room, jerked him off, let him figure her and just swallowed his load. Tim looked as stunned as she felt and for the first time since she's

entered the room, the voice of what was right, was sounding loud and clear, what the hell did she just let herself do?

"Didn't see that one coming." He gave her a tired smile.

"That makes two of us." She picked her robe up and slid it on even as she told herself modesty was pretty pointless right now.

Not wanting him to see her now feeling weird about what she encouraged him to do, Sarah winked, "Well, like I said, that was just once for me, so hope you had fun."

"Can't you tell?" he frowned, "Really just once?"

Great, now look at what she'd fucking done.

"Yes." She nodded, "Can't spoil you now can I?" She kissed his cheek and turning hurried out of the room, "Night honey." She said lamely, "Sweet dreams."

She couldn't make out his reply, but kept going anyway. Once she was in the hallway she practically ran to her bedroom and throwing herself on the bed, wondered how this was going to affect them.

She couldn't believe how wantonly she had thrown herself at her son. Laying there with the taste of her son in her mouth, Sarah repeated her own words to him out loud.

"Just once, just once for me."

Even she could hear the lack of conviction in her words.

Chapter Three

Sarah lay on her bed, willing herself to not reach over to the draw and remove her toys. Or to remove the oversized t-shirt

she had tossed on after her shower. Unlike every other night for how knows how long, she swore she wouldn't masturbate.

It wasn't that she wasn't horny, fact was she'd been wet all day. So wet, she'd been squirming in her seat all day at work. So wet that by lunch, she'd had to slip into the bathroom and remove her panties because they were soaked through and feeling that made her even hornier.

Any other night she'd be naked, on her bed, and relieving her frustration, but she couldn't let herself do that tonight. There was no way she could start playing with herself because she knew tonight wouldn't be one of her random fantasies with vague shadowy lovers.

Tonight it would be about her son.

Sarah had been riding a roller coaster of mixed emotions since last night's bizarre straight out of porn, event. She still had no idea what had come over her. She'd had more to drink

than last night on other occasions and it's wasn't like she hadn't been sexually frustrated for a long time.

The only thing different last night was she'd seen Tim masturbating. It was ludicrous to think just the sight of her son's cock could inspire that kind of lust in her, that was Penthouse letters bullshit.

Then again, as the scenario kept replaying in her mind, it dawned on Sarah that Tim had not resisted much. Yes, at the start he'd been a little taken aback and protested, but not anywhere near what he could have.

All Tim would have had to do was stand up and walk away from her, yes she was his mother and he was raised to listen to her, but he was an adult himself now, he could have stopped her at any time. Yet he didn't, not only that, but he had gone from saying they couldn't to wanting to play with his mother's pussy.

For the hundredth time since last night Sarah wondered if there wasn't something to the endless incest stories and videos on all the porn sites. She'd seen them while browsing for things to watch and was amazed at how big the fetish was.

Now she wondered if there was truth behind it. After all every other porn fantasy was based on a reality. There were countless group sex videos and many people had experienced those, so was it a stretch to now think incest was a big fantasy because many people not only had the thought, but acted on it?

One thing she knew for sure was that as wrong as what she'd done last night was supposed to be, it had been the hottest experience she had ever had. Her lust for Tim was not only unexpected, but stronger than anything she'd felt before.

It wasn't just her, either. The look on Tim's face when she'd exposed her breasts to him, and then stood before him totally nude was nothing short of pure lust. After his initial hesitation he had enjoyed her touching him and asked to touch her.

Sarah kept hearing his moan of surprised pleasure when she's taken him into her mouth and how turned on she had been to hear it. It had been nothing short of fucking hot to have her son at her sexual mercy. To feel him twitching and trembling in her mouth, to feel his body shaking and hear him moaning uncontrollably.

Last night she had still been his mother, but a lover as well. Tim was obviously into milf porn and last night she had been the ultimate milf. Sarah had been everything to her son last night and wrong as it was supposed to be, she'd been worked up all day over it and deep down knew she wanted more.

Sarah had dreamed of Tim fucking her last night. Dreamed that instead of her taking him in her mouth she'd climbed on top of him and ridden him. She thought of him sucking her tits, then her pussy. Pictured him fucking her doggy style, just pounding away on her.

"Oh, please stop." She moaned aloud, closing her legs tightly and groaning as even that small move caused pleasure between her legs.

This morning she had made it a point to leave before Tim got up so she wouldn't have to deal with the embarrassment of last night. Today when she came home, he was in his room, but by supper time she had to face him.

She'd cooked and called him out for dinner and two had eaten in an awkward silence, making a generic comment here and there about the weather or how the day was for her at work and his classes.

One thing she noticed was that any time she glanced his way, he looked away quickly. Whenever she kept her attention on her plate she could feel him staring at her and it, like everything seemed to today, made her hot as hell.

When she had left the table to grab another bottle of water, Sarah could see him reflected in the window, staring at her ass

and legs and the look of hunger in his eyes sent a thrill through her. She had longed to be looked at like that for years, and now someone was and it was her son.

She had sat on the couch afterwards to watch some TV and Tim sat in the chair across from her and again she knew he was looking at her. Sarah had taken her heels off and stretched her long legs out on the couch and caught him staring several times.

Tim looked as if he'd wanted to say something several times, but instead would just look away. Finally he had gotten up, muttered a good night and walked off. But before he had turned away from her, she had noticed the large bulge in his tight jeans.

That had sent her into the shower to cool off and where it was an act of will not to get off. Now she was laying here still fighting that feeling and she felt it was a losing battle. Her hard nipples were poking into the thin t-shirt and any time the material rubbed across her tits she whimpered.

Her pussy was so wet she was making the lower part of the shirt a sticky mess and would probably have to take it off before she finally fell asleep.

She eyed the drawer again and sighed, would it really be a big deal if she got off to her son seeing she'd gotten him off for real?

Sarah jumped at a knock on the door and Tim calling softly, "Hey, mom?"

"You can come in," She slid up to a sitting position and conscious of her hard nipples, crossed her arms over them.

Tim entered and her heart skipped a beat. He was only in a pair of tight gray boxers and his long hard cock was perfectly outlined in them. There was a wet spot at the head where the tip was oozing.

"Honey, what are you doing?" Sarah forced her eyes away from his crotch and tried her best to ignore the immediate reaction it had between her own legs.

Tim came over to her bed and looking down, smiled nervously, "I'm horny, mom, really horny."

"I can see that."

"You said last night that you'd hate me to have to play with myself and I was going to." His voice was shaky and she wondered if it was nerves or desire, "And, I was going to be thinking of you while I did it, so I thought you could help me out like last night."

"Tim, I shouldn't have done that last night, we both liked it so I can't say I'm really sorry, but" Grasping at straws she recalled her words, "If you remember I said just this once for me."

"True," he agreed, "But well there was a couple of things we didn't do last night so, we could say tonight was just once too." He put his hand on her bare leg and a shiver went through her.

"I don't know, Tim, we did quite a bit." She pointed out to him, although she wasn't telling him to move his hand like she should be.

"Lot we didn't do," Tim leaned over and caught her by surprise with a soft kiss. "Like that, I didn't kiss you last night.

"No, you didn't." She whispered, "Do it again?"

Tim sat on edge of the bed and putting his hands on either side of her head, leaned in and kissed her. This time it wasn't a quick pec, but a long lingering kiss that had her moaning in her throat and her nipples aching with desire.

He kissed her firmly, his lips working across hers and not only didn't she resist, but she returned the long passionate kiss with

equal enthusiasm. She put her arms around him, her hand running over his broad back, loving the hard muscles beneath his skin.

She took control of the kiss, driving her tongue between his lips and into his mouth. Tim groaned as they tongues danced across one another and his hands ran down her sides. When he reached the hem of her shirt he tugged upwards on it.

Sarah new she should stop him, do the right thing that she should have done last night. Instead was already responding to the siren call of the intense lust her son suddenly inspired in her last night.

Sarah lifted her hips letting him pull the shirt over them and up towards her breasts. Tim slid his lips from hers and she purred when they found the soft skin of her neck. She moaned loudly when her son's hand slid between her thighs and his fingers plunged inside her pussy.

"Oh, honey, oh...we...oh, we shouldn't!" She whimpered, but quickly added, "But I want to!"

"Know what else we didn't do last night?" He asked, his breath hot in her ear.

"Tell me," Oh, please tell me, she thought, her hips thrusting upwards to drive his fingers deeper into her.

"I didn't get to do this." Tim eased back from her, causing her to moan when he removed his fingers from between her legs.

He grabbed her shirt and pulled it up over her breasts. Once again in that lust driven wanton mood of last night, Sarah put her arms up, allowing her son to remove her shirt. He'd no sooner tossed it aside, then he pushed her onto her back and his mouth was on her right breast.

"Oh, Tim!" She cried out as her son attacked her tits, sucking hard on her nipple while fondling the other.

She grabbed his hair, pinning his head to her breast while arching her back, shoving her nipple further into his eager mouth. He swirled his tongue around her nipple, then leaned over to give the other some attention.

Sarah reached down between them and slipping her hand in his underwear, grabbed his swollen cock and jerked it as well as she could.

"Bring that cock, up here, baby," she told him.

"But we did that last night," he joked then resumed teasing her nipple with his tongue.

"Not the way I'm going to now." She told him, with a naughty smile, "Swing your leg over me and fuck your mother's tits."

"That we did not do!" He laughed and she loved that sound, this was what sex should be, wild, uninhibited and fun!

Many would agree, but few would agree it should be with your son, but who had to know? Yes Larry certainly wouldn't be thrilled and technically she was cheating, but then again, hadn't she promised to never leave the house for what she wasn't getting at home?

Well she hadn't, what she needed had pretty much found her and she was still home and not like Larry would ever ask, "Sarah, are you fooling around with our son?"

As her mind raced, Tim had slipped his boxers off, his big cock at full attention for his mother. Kneeling next to her he swung one leg over her and straddled her, his cock between her breasts. Sarah grabbed her tits and pressing them around his cock, moaned when he thrust his hips, fucking them.

"Oh, yes," she breathed, "Look at you, titty fucking your mother."

"This feel good." He looked down at her, "Looks good too."

"That it does." She agreed, watching the head of his cock poking out from between her tits when he thrust forward.

His pre cum was dripping on her tits, making them slick and allowing his cock to glide more easily between them. Leaning her head up, Sarah flicked her tongue out and caught the head of his cock.

Tim moaned and moved further with his next thrust, pushing the tip of his cock into her mouth. She gave it a hard suck that made him moan then repeated it each time he drove forward. Tired of being teased, she released her tits and slid further down the bed.

"Fuck my mouth." She told him, amazed at how easily things like that were coming out of her mouth.

She was equally amazed at how easily Tim shoved his cock into her mouth. No hesitation from her son as he braced his hands on the headboard, lifted his hips off the bed and plunged his cock into her mouth.

She moaned and rolled her eyes each time he pushed several inches of his long thick cock down her throat and grabbing his hips, pulled and pushed, controlling his speed and guiding him in and out of her mouth.

"Just for you, mom." He whispered down to her, "Just once, for you, right?"

"Hmm-mmm" She agreed around his plunging cock. His precum was flowing down her throat and she was so turned on her hips were pumping the air, her pussy was so fucking wet!

"Know what else we didn't do last night?" He licked his lips, "And what I thought of all day today?"

Pulling his cock from her mouth, Tim slid quickly down the bed, between her legs. Spreading them, he placed his hands on her inner thighs and plunged his tongue deep into her sopping pussy.

"Yes!" She squealed while he swirled his tongue around inside her, "That's it, baby, suck on that juicy cunt! Taste how wet I am!"

Tim obeyed, sucking hard and moaning as he received a mouthful of her sticky juices. He moved his head, tongue fucking her and grabbing her tits, Sarah played with her nipples while her son slurped noisily on her oozing slit.

Tim removed his tongue from inside her and replaced it with two fingers, pushing them in hard, while he licked and probed the soft folds of her pussy lips. Sarah raised her legs, putting her feet on his shoulders and watching the taboo sight of her son between her thighs.

His eyes closed and a look of bliss on his face as he tongued his mother's over heated cunt. His cheeks were glistening from her juices and she could feel him moaning into her. Tim's hips were moving, his cock sliding along the sheet, humping it as he ate his mother's pussy.

Watching his firm ass clench as he thrust into the bed, Sarah knew in that instant she was going to let her son fuck her. Let? She felt as if she didn't have a choice, she was overcome with a need born of years of neglect.

Sarah gasped, then moaned when Tim's tongue reached her clit and traced a slow circle around it. He did that several times, teasing the hell out of her, then sucked it hard between his lips.

"Oh, like that." She moaned, her toes curling into his strong shoulders. "Suck that clit, honey, make your mom come with that tongue, just once, honey, just for mom."

Her words spurred his tongue to move faster and harder around her swollen button and Sarah responded by rocking her hips and wiggling back and forth, keeping her clit in contact with his flickering tongue.

He added a third finger and she groaned as her pussy stretched around them.

"There you go, honey, get me ready for that big thick cock you're going to be shoving in there."

Tim's eyes opened, a look of surprise on his face. Maybe he hadn't been so sure he was going to fuck her. But now that she had spoken he all but attacked her pussy. He sucked her clit so hard his lips were smacking and he was plunging his three fingers knuckle deep into her saturated twat.

"Oh, you want that don't you? You want to fuck your mom? Just this one time, baby, just give your mother that one good hard fucking she needs!"

Sarah arched her back off the bed, and twisted her nipples harder. She pushed her feet hard into his shoulders and whimpered as she teetered on the edge. Tim shoved his fingers hard into her while sucking on her clit and giving her nipples a hard pinch, Sarah went over the edge.

Throwing her head back he howled like an animal as her pussy contracted around her son's fingers and she came in his face. Sarah clamped her legs closed, trapping his face to her pussy, but she could feel him moaning into her quivering flesh as he continued to lick and finger her.

Sarah cried out again and again as wave after wave of intense pleasure crashed through her. She rolled her hips, grinding her convulsing pussy into her son's face. She had thought she'd come hard last night, but this was orgasm was even more powerful.

So powerful that as the last tremors flowed through her, she let her legs slide off his shoulders and lie there, limp and

gasping on the bed. Between her legs, Tim didn't miss a beat. Sitting up on his knees, he lifted her legs, put her feet on his shoulders and entered her in one long thrust.

"Oh, honey!" She yelped as his long, thick cock plunged into her.

Damn he was big! And he wasn't easing his way in either, instead he leaned over, placing his hands on the bed and bending her almost in half, her ass coming off the bed and went at her pussy like he was auditioning for a porn shoot.

"Fuck! Oh, fuck yeah!" She called out as he repeatedly hammered his big dick into her.

Sarah's feet were over her head and he was plunging straight down into her, his balls slapping against her ass. She braced her hands on his chest and whimpered and moaned under his relentless assault on her pussy.

Larry hadn't fucked her like this in years, in fact he may never have fucked her this hard. Even back when they had sex, Larry always took his time, enjoyed a slow sensual love making session, and that was nice, but right now her son tearing into her was just what she needed.

Tim's body was tense, the muscles bulging in his arms and chest as he pounded into his squealing mother. His eyes were locked onto her face and she could imagine what he was seeing. She was sure her face was flushed with passion and her eyes wide and lips parted as he fucked her.

The angle he was fucking her in was causing his shaft to caress her clit with each thrust and had her legs trembling as her body was already gearing up for another release.

"Fuck me!" She moaned, "Keep fucking me, baby! I want to come on my son's cock! Oh, this beautiful cock!" She rolled her eyes back and bucked her hips into his as much as she could.

Bringing her hands back to her tits, she pulled on her nipples and the next time he buried himself balls deep inside her, she went off like a rocket. Sarah once again came like an animal, head back, mouth wide open and wailing like a banshee.

Tim gasped, but kept fucking her as her pussy contracted around his thrusting cock. Sarah squealed and yelped, overwhelmed by the sensation of coming while stuffed with her son's dick inside her.

She was so wet she could hear his cock plunging into her and felt her thighs damp with her oozing juices. The orgasm left her a hot, wet mess, laying there, her legs only up because they were against Tim's chest, and moaning constantly.

Sarah swore the room was spinning and she lay there unable to move as if she were drunk on sex. Above her, Tim leaned back, withdrawing from her with a wet sucking sound. He grabbed her hips and she cried out in surprise when he flipped her over onto her stomach.

He put his hands under her thighs and pulled her up onto her knees, her ass in the air, then drove so hard into her, Sarah's head banged into the head board. She ignored the slight pain and cried out her approval as her son tore into her doggy style.

"Oh, fuck yeah!" She called out, looking over her shoulder at him, "Nice and hard! Give me what I need, baby!"

Tim squeezed her hips and slammed into her. He was using long hard thrusts that felt amazing and Sarah couldn't believe his control, unless...

"You jerk off to me today, baby?" She asked, her eyes fixed in his now sweat slicked torso, the glistening moisture making his muscles stand out even more.

"Twice." He grinned sheepishly as he continued to pound her.

"You blew to big hot loads to me, today?" She moaned "Well the next one's going to be a lot better because you're going to empty those balls right inside your mother's cunt."

"Damn." He moaned and his cock twitched inside her.

"You like when your mother talks like a dirty slut?" She asked, "Like me sounding like one of those sluts you jerk off to on porn sites?"

"Yes." He breathed and she noticed he was slowing down, trying to hold back.

"That's good because I like to talk dirty, talk dirty, fuck nasty, this is what I need, Tim. Your mother needs to be fucked and get to act like a little whore."

"Oh, mom." He moaned, "I love hearing that!"

"Bet it would sound better if I said I was your whore, my son's dirty girl, the two of us a dirty little secret."

"Fuck yeah." He breathed and started to fuck her faster.

"Stop!" She smiled, when he immediately obeyed her.

She eased him from inside her and getting to her knees turned and pointed, "Lay on your back."

Tim did as she asked and leaning over, she took him into her mouth.

"Oh, God I taste good on you." She told him, then sucked him back into her mouth and bobbed her head.

She moved slowly, teasing him with her soft lips and tongue and moaning at the mixed flavor of the two of them in her mouth. Tim was so hard she could feel him throbbing beneath her tongue and as much as she wanted to just keep

sucking and get a big mouthful of him like she had last night, she had something even better in mind.

Sarah sat up and swinging her leg over his waist straddled him. Reaching back, she grabbed his cock, guided it to her pussy and sat down hard. They both gasped as Sarah impaled herself on her son's cock.

She rolled her hips in a circular motion, working him inside her and teasing both of them. God, having her pussy stuffed with his cock felt good. Sarah bounced up and down, slowly riding him and beneath her Tim was moaning softly, his hands now on her tits, playing with her nipples.

He was looking up at her, an expression of not just desire, but adoration on his face and she swore she'd never seen anything so sexy. Her son wanted her more than any other man she'd ever been with, but still loved her as a mother.

Tim had been aggressive with her, having no issue with taking control, but the second she told him to do something, he did.

He was his mother's good boy and now in a very special way and that thought sent her back into a lust driven frenzy.

Leaning forward and bracing her hands on his chest, she pumped her hips as hard as she could, driving downward on him in a wild rhythm, riding him as if he were a bull at a rodeo. Tim cried out and his hands went from her breasts to her hips, pushing and pulling, urging her to fuck him even harder.

Goddamn he was deep! So deep she might end up sore from his hard fucking of her, but that would be what could be called a good pain.

"Like me fucking, you baby?" She let herself down on top of him, moaning as her nipples rubbed his sweat slicked chest. "Like your mother riding you?"

"Love it." He breathed, "You're so fucking hot, mom."

"I love that." She told him, sliding her arms under him, "How about you show me how hot you really thing I am fuck me until you give me what you know I want."

Again, Tim was a good boy, doing exactly what his mother asked of him. Wrapping his arms around her waist, he bent his legs at the knees and using all the strength in his hips fucked her as hard as he could.

Sarah squealed in his ear as he pounded her and he was gasping and moaning with each thrust. He tightened his grip on her, crushing her to him, her breasts squishing against him and his cock plundering her pussy even harder than he had earlier.

"Yes! Oh My fucking God!" She cried out, "Keep fucking me, baby keep....Oh, yes, Oh, honey!"

Sarah yelped in delight when Tim's cock twitched and exploded inside her. She lay against his chest, purring contentedly as each thrust ended in a long spurt of cum

shooting deep inside her. Tim was making adorable whimpering sounds as she contracted around him, milking him and helping him paint the walls of her pussy.

Considering he said he'd cum twice, Tim's young balls had plenty to spare, filling her quite nicely with a huge hot load. When he had no more to give, he sighed in her ear and remained still.

Sarah teased him, gently moving her hips, working the sensitive head of his cock and enjoying his desperate gasps each time she did. They both let out a long breath and remained where they were, with Tim holding her and gently rubbing her back as his cock softened inside her.

"Damn, that was good." She told him, "You took really good care of me, honey."

"You've always taken good care of me." He gave her a sweet kiss, "Now just in a different way."

"Very different." She rolled off of him and onto her back.

Tim quickly rolled over on his side, placing his hand between her breasts, he kissed her again a long, soft kiss. No sense of urgency, just enjoying the touch of her lips to his. When he stopped, he frowned.

"Only one thing wrong about this."

"More than one thing I'm sure most people would say, but what's wrong?" she asked.

"Well, you said, just once for you so," he shrugged, "Guess we covered everything at this point."

"Hmm, not really," She gave him a sly smile, "There could be just once in my bed, then yours, then the shower, the dining room table, the floor."

"True." He returned her smile, "Just once in this position or once in a motel or on the damn sink."

"But," She winked, "There's one just once that will take care of everything."

"What's that?" He looked at her expectantly.

"We can say just once....today!"

The End

Author's Note:

Hope you enjoyed this quick and dirty piece. I generally like to provide slower build ups, but sometimes, like Sarah, we just need to get to the good stuff. If you liked the story feel free to comment as often as you like, and also vote, but...just once. Duplicates get erased. As always thanks for reading. LC68