

Introduction: A snooping Mother discovers more than she bargained for

Sexting Mom

By Kinkybelle

Chapter 1

I felt like a low down sneak thief, but I was only doing it to keep my son from getting into trouble. Eric had left his cell phone on the kitchen counter, and I had turned it off then hid it in the back of the junk drawer. He was looking all over for his 'missing' phone when it came time for him to go to meet up with his friends at the movies, but he finally gave up and left without it.

There was a story on the news about how kids are doing something called 'sexting' with their phones. Apparently they were sending each other explicit text messages, and sometimes even sending naked photos to each other. I desperately wanted to believe that at 16 years old my son was still my innocent angel, but I knew this very well might not be the case.

And it wasn't even him doing something bad that I was particularly worried about. He's a handsome young man, and very popular at school. That's not just a mother bragging--believe me, I'd gladly trade all my anxious evenings waiting for him to come home for a nice, socially inept, homebody nerd for a son.

What I was more worried about was that if any of those fast girls he ran with were sending him naked pictures of themselves he could get into trouble for having photos of underage girls. The last thing I needed was to be the single mother of a teenaged sex offender.

It took me a minute to figure out how to work his phone and get to what I was looking for. I hate all these newfangled gadgets, and I was terrified that I'd mess something up and Eric would know that I was spying on him. I just wanted to make sure there was nothing on his phone that would get him into trouble, and that was all.

After nearly fifteen minutes of confusing menus, and sifting through dozens of nonsensical text messages from his friends, I was relieved to find nothing especially incriminating. I was about to shut it down when I noticed something on the menu called 'Photo Album,' and I selected it. There were some photos of his buddies making goofy faces that he had taken with the camera built into his phone. My phone could take pictures as well, but I never bothered to figure out how to do it.

I scrolled through the dozen or so photos that he had to be sure they were safe, and when I got to the last few I just about fainted.

One second I was looking at a picture of his friend Brian standing in front of his locker giving the camera the finger, and when I flipped to the next image I was looking at a close-up of a big, fully-erect cock.

What the hell was Eric doing with a photo of somebody's penis on his phone?

Granted, it was a very nice looking penis, but that wasn't the point. My heart was racing with panic as I went to the next one, and there was that cock again! This time from a lower angle that accentuated the attractively large pair of balls that completed the package. My mind was running in a thousand directions all at once, and I didn't know what to think.

Was Eric gay? Why else would he have pictures of a naked boy? Was it one of his friends? Someone I knew? That's when I noticed something that made my stomach drop.

I recognized the bed spread the boy was standing in front of. It was the one in my son's room! Eric was taking pictures of this person under my own roof. My hand was shaking so much that I was barely able to press the button to view the last remaining picture. It flashed up on the screen.

There was the big cock again, this time with a hand wrapped around it, the engorged head flaring flamboyantly in all its circumcised glory. The shock of that was quickly replaced by the bigger shock of recognizing the small V-shaped scar on the back of the hand that was gripping the cock. It was my son Eric's hand!

What was his hand doing on this person's cock? I couldn't deal with all this coming at me at once. I mean, it's not like I would care one way or the other if he was gay, but I'd had no clue whatsoever. He'd always had girlfriends, and...and...wait a second...

Maybe it was because the screen was so tiny that it took me a few seconds to finally realize what I was looking at, but it all suddenly made sense. From the angle Eric's hand was at, it was now totally obvious--that I was looking at a picture of my son holding his own cock!

Relief that it wasn't some stranger quickly turned to a whole new kind of alarm. Oh, my God! I was looking at pornographic pictures of my son's penis. What's worse is that I had been a little aroused by it before I recognized who exactly I was looking at. But, now that I knew it was him, I quickly pressed whatever buttons I needed to push to turn that damned filthy gadget off.

I tucked Eric's phone partway behind the sugar canister on the kitchen counter, turned the lights out and retreated to my room. I busied myself with getting ready for bed, taking off my make-up, and fussing with my hair that didn't need any fussing. I was doing anything I could to keep my mind off of what I'd just seen.

Once in bed, I picked up my book and tried to distract myself. It wasn't long before I realized I had finished a full chapter and had no idea what I'd just read. I couldn't get those images out of my head. What was he going to do with those pictures? When did he take them? When did my baby boy get such a big cock? I had to stop thinking about it!

I heard Eric coming home just about then. My heart started beating faster and I had no idea why. I heard him messing around in the kitchen, then after a few minutes he came clomping down the hallway past my closed bedroom door.

"How was the movie?" I called out as he passed.

"It was a'right," he answered without stopping. "Night, Mom."

His door closed and I wasn't able to hear anything else after that. I turned off my light and settled in under the covers. My heart had slowed to normal, but my mind was still running at full speed. It shouldn't have been anything so out of the ordinary for a mother to see her son's penis. I'd changed his diapers, I'd given him baths, all the usual things. So why was I all worked up like this? Maybe it was just because I wasn't expecting it. That must be it. Or, maybe...

Maybe it was because it was such a nice looking cock. To be fair, I thought that before I knew it was my son's, so it's not like I was being weird about it. If it was anyone else's cock it would be perfectly normal to be turned on by it. I am still a woman after all.

I turned over and squeezed my eyes closed and tried to put my thoughts onto a different track. I had errands to run tomorrow during my lunch break, and I needed to take the car in for an oil change, and the electric bill had to be mailed, and wow did my son have a beautiful set of balls on him. Damn it!

What was wrong with me? Nothing, I assured myself, it was perfectly normal. I hadn't seen a cock in well over a year--actually, longer when I thought about it--so this reaction only made sense. What didn't make sense was how badly I wanted to touch myself at that moment. But, no. That would definitely be weird. There was no way I was going to touch myself with images of Eric's penis fresh in my mind. No way.

I turned over on my tummy and tried to get comfortable. This was all crazy. I just needed to relax and forget about it. I couldn't think about that plump mushroom head topping that long hard shaft. I had to get out of my head how clean and smooth it looked, and how cute those curly little hairs were. And I definitely couldn't even consider what it might look like with a stream of thick cum oozing out of that alluring little slit at the tip. I realized with a start that I was grinding myself against the mattress, and quickly rolled over onto my back again. Oh God, what was I doing?

Before I could stop myself I reached into my panties and found out for sure what I already knew. I was soaking wet down there. I was thoroughly disgusted with myself, but there seemed to be nothing I could do about it. Maybe a cold shower--wasn't that supposed to take care of problems like this? Or did that only work for horny men?

I slipped out from under the covers, and opened my bedroom door. The house was dark, and there was no light coming from under Eric's door. I didn't want to use the bathroom we

shared for my cold shower since it was right next to his room, so I tiptoed down the hallway toward the guest bathroom at the other end of the house.

As I passed through the kitchen I found myself checking behind the sugar container. His phone wasn't there. He must have found it and taken it to his room. I noticed that I was very annoyed by this. But why? What was I going to do if I had found it there? Would I have looked at those pictures again? No. Of course not. That would be so very, very wrong.

Next thing I knew, I was standing outside Eric's bedroom door listening. All was quiet. I eased open the door and peeked in. The room was dark except for the glow coming from his MP3 player, and that from the clock-radio on his nightstand. I could see his phone sitting just in front of his clock. The steady sound of his breathing told me he was sound asleep. Some part of me was screaming to go back to my room before I got myself in any deeper, but I was unable to make myself turn back at that point. I silently snatched the phone from where he left it and hurried away with my prize.

For some reason I took it to the living room, I guess because it was farther away from Eric's bedroom and I'd have more time to react if I heard him coming. Also, if he got up to visit the bathroom, he might recognize the light of his phone glowing through the space beneath my door if I was looking at it in my bedroom. That didn't make sense. I realized this as I stood in the dark turning the devious device over and over in my hand. My own living room seemed somehow strange and unfamiliar to me, like I was in a place I'd never been before. None of this made any sense at all.

I'd always prided myself on being the one who had her life all put together. Even when my marriage fell apart because he felt there was something better out there for him, I'd held it together. I had a good, though decidedly unglamorous, career as a customer service manager at a local branch of a large bank. I was the model of stable dependability that our customers wanted to see when they conducted their business with us. How could a professional woman as squared away as that be on the verge of purposefully looking at pictures of her son's erect cock for her own prurient gratification?

The fact that I hadn't had sexual intercourse with a man in over three years was no excuse. It's not like I couldn't have found someone to fuck me, if that's what I wanted. Sure, I was getting up there, but for a woman in her mid-forties I was holding up quite well, thank you very much. Of course, there were some fine lines showing around my eyes these days, and I had to pluck the occasional gray from my shoulder-length, mahogany-brown hair, but I had no complaints about my body.

I was in good shape. I know it was more to do with genetics than my regular, yet less-than-rigorous, exercise routine. Although I would never be so crass to say it aloud, I always felt that my tall, slender frame combined with the defined feminine tone of my muscles gave me a naturally pleasing appearance, with or without clothes. Not that I was perfect by any means.

My breasts were disappointingly small, just shy of filling a B-cup. The smooth skin of my belly had been understandably spoiled due to my pregnancy with Eric. I used all sorts of creams and fading remedies, but in the right light the faint marks were still visible on my otherwise firm tummy. Plus, I had a light brown birthmark about the size of a cookie that was shaped a little like France on my left buttock. Absent that mark, I don't feel it would be an exaggeration to say that I would otherwise have a flawless ass.

So, if I was perfectly capable of getting sex, why was I standing there in the middle of the night with an almost manic need to once again see my boy's strapping young penis? Could it simply be that this was nothing more than a convenient outlet for the sexual cravings I'd been suppressing for so many years? It wasn't that I was sexually attracted to my son, as it was merely a carnal reaction to a rather impressive appendage. My finger hovered over the power button of Eric's phone. Was I the kind of person that would so easily toss aside her morals for a cheap thrill that bordered on being criminal?

The impassioned muscles of my pussy flexed involuntarily as if in response to my silent question. I pressed the power button. My hand shook with yearning anticipation as I waited for the darned gizmo to power up. It seemed to take forever.

I quickly navigated into the photo album and paged through the pictures in an eager frenzy. And there it was. That gorgeous cock. I felt a tingle pulse through my nipples, and my pussy clenched longingly at the sight of it. Okay, so now what? There I was, looking at a very private picture of my son's penis--a picture I'm sure he never in a million years thought his mother would ever see. But what was the ultimate point of me doing this? It's not as if I would ever do something creepy, like get myself off while looking at my own son's cock. Even though it was such a nice cock. The more I gazed at it the more it almost began to seem like a waste not to fully enjoy it.

I knew at that moment that my attempts at resistance were useless. I could feel how hard my clit was without even having to touch it. This was truly perverse, I knew, but no one would ever know. What would be the harm in taking a little innocent pleasure from his pictures? He'd never be the wiser, and I obviously just needed to get it out of my system, then I could forget all about this foolishness.

I set the phone down on the coffee table, lifted my nightgown, and pulled down my panties. I tucked them under the sofa cushion so they wouldn't be out in the open in case Eric woke up and came out to the living room for some reason. I squatted down and looked at the picture again, leaving the phone resting on the corner of the coffee table. I let my hands drift down my body and gave myself over to the sick lust that was polluting me.

Eric must have been holding the phone out at arm's length and pointing it back at his penis. It had a slight upward curve to it, and an enticing girth. My mouth watered. I couldn't remember the last time I even wanted to put a cock in my mouth this badly. Eric's cock looked like it would taste so very good. I could almost feel the spongy tip sliding along the roof of my mouth and pressing against the back of my throat.

My hand was busy between my legs. As I looked at the tiny picture, I pressed against my stiff clit and electricity coursed through my body. This was so wrong, but it felt so good. I fondled one of my tits through my nightgown and shivers raced up my back. I pressed the button to view the next photo.

Mmm, those lovely balls. My son's big, manly balls. They looked like they would feel so good against my cheek, all warm and soft. I was becoming increasingly hot and had to pull my nightgown off over my head. I tried not to think about what it must have looked like--me squatting, naked except for my glasses, there in my living room, fingering my pussy and playing with my nipples as I ogled a picture of my own son's cock and balls. It was so reprehensible...beyond disgusting. But knowing this didn't stop me. I leaned in closer to get a better view of my boy's dick, and slid two fingers into my dripping hole.

I imagined how it would feel in my hand. How I would grip it and delight in its virile hardness, then slowly move my hand up and down. So very slow, savoring the sight, sense and smell of it. I could almost picture the look on his sweet face as my experienced hand reacquainted itself with the pleasures of holding and fondling a man.

But this wasn't a man. He was only a boy. My little boy. I couldn't stop my fingers from probing deeper, seeking that aching spot that demanded relief. I needed to get control of myself. I had to stop masturbating to my son's cock, turn his phone off, and put this all out of my head completely. It's what any decent mother would have done. I pressed my thumb hard against my pulsing clit, and, heedless to my own recriminations, continued to hump my fingers with wanton zeal.

"Such a beautiful cock," I whispered. A thrill coursed through me upon hearing myself utter those words aloud. "Such a big, beautiful cock." My fingers moved faster, pumping in and out of my pussy. God, it felt so damned good.

I had to resort to masturbating more than I cared to admit in the years since the divorce, but for me it was simply a necessary task to achieve an end. Noting fancy, just a way to scratch the occasional itch and get it out of the way. Sometimes a quick one in the shower, or once in a while to help me get to sleep, but this felt different. This wasn't my normal utilitarian chore, this was the closest thing to erotic sex I'd experienced in a long while.

"This is so wrong," I moaned. "I shouldn't be looking at my son's hard cock and fucking my fingers like this." My whispered confessions were getting me more worked up. The sound of my hand slapping into my cunt raised goosebumps on my naked flesh. Something about the way I was squatting, open and exposed, out in the living room, rather than hidden under the covers in the privacy of my dark bedroom, heightened every sensation to an exquisite intensity.

"I'm going to make myself cum," I gasped in a hushed voice. "I'm going to cum looking at his cock. I'm cumming to his beautiful cock. Oh, sweetheart, Mommy's sorry for this...Uh, uh, uh,

uuuuuunnnnnhh."

I began to cum. It was immediately obvious that this wasn't going to be the pleasant little tingle I had become accustomed to. This orgasm was going to be orders of magnitude beyond anything I'd given myself in recent memory. I clenched my jaw and struggled not to scream.

My pussy convulsed, clutching tight around my two fingers, and every purple-prose description of every orgasm I'd ever read in all those trashy romance novels was instantly put to shame. This was flashbulbs, fireworks, and earthquakes all at once. Instead of passing in a quick twinkle, it was building and gave no indication it was going to stop. And then, in the middle of this sublime moment of pure ecstasy, I heard something that froze my heart with dread.

"Mom? What's going on? Are you alright?"

At the sound of Eric's sleepy voice, I snapped my knees together, threw an arm across my naked breasts, and dropped into a huddled crouch, instinctively trying to hide my nakedness from my son who had just walked in behind me. With one hand cupped over my crotch and the other covering my tits, I was unable to turn around and grab my nightgown without exposing myself. To make matters worse, my orgasm was continuing unabated. The shock, embarrassment, and sheer panic I was feeling contended with the delicious emanations of sexual bliss still radiating from my cunt.

I realized that despite all my efforts to conceal myself Eric was be standing behind me with a full, unobstructed view of my bare ass. My body was seized motionless as my mind screamed for it to do too many things all at once.

"Why don't you have anything on?" he wondered groggily. "Is that my phone?"

Fuck! That was the first thing I should have done--hid the phone! He quickly stepped past me and grabbed it from the coffee table before I could do anything.

"What are you doing with..." he looked at the screen and saw the picture that was displayed. "Oh, shit," he cursed under his breath, momentarily dismayed that his graphic self-portraits had been discovered by his mother.

I tried to think of what to say, some possible reason for why I was in the living room in the middle of the night in the nude looking at pictures of his mouth-watering penis. I could feel my pussy juices oozing between my fingers, and I drew a complete blank.

"Wait, you weren't..."

I could tell the full realization of just exactly what was going on was becoming clear to his sleepy mind, and all I could do was look up at him helplessly, unable to explain any of it.

"You were..." He backed away from me, unable to say what he knew out loud. "Mom, that's...how could...? You're such a freak!" He turned and ran to his room, slamming the door behind him.

I was suddenly nauseous. I fumbled for my panties, and fought my way into my nightgown. My vision was blurred with tears as I scolded myself for being so stupid. I should have done all this in the guest bathroom where I could have locked the door. No! That wasn't the mistake I'd made.

Eric was right--I was a freak! I shouldn't have been doing it in the first place. What was I thinking? I was despicable. What kind of mother would look at her own child like that and get turned on? What had I done? I'd never be able to face my son again after this. I held back my sobs until I was behind the closed door of my own bedroom, then I cried into the pillow, knowing that what I did was unforgivable.

When I woke up the next morning, Eric had already left for school. I called in sick to work, then took a very long, very hot, shower. Even after all that soap and scalding water, I still felt dirty. I looked at myself in the mirror and considered my puffy, red-rimmed eyes. Unbidden, the memory of me, on my knees, naked in front of my son came to my mind's eye. What must he have been thinking seeing me like that?

My nipples stiffened, and I watched my reflection in the mirror as they slowly elongated. Tears welled in my eyes. After the night I'd been through, I couldn't believe that I was actually getting sexually aroused by the humiliating thought of Eric seeing me like that--catching me masturbating on the floor like a sex-starved degenerate. I might have ruined our otherwise good mother-son relationship by acting like an irresponsible pervert, and yet there I stood getting wet between the legs wondering if he was aware that his mother had been orgasming right in front of him because of his erect cock.

I splashed cold water on my face, and shook my head to get rid of these awful thoughts, then got dressed before I could let myself do anything else I would regret.

I passed the morning in a restless fit of housework, doing everything I could to concentrate on the tasks at hand and not what happened the night before. I was going to drive myself crazy if I didn't find a way to occupy myself.

Just before lunchtime, my cell phone buzzed. It was a sound I hadn't heard it make before. I checked it and saw that I had received a text message. I'd never gotten one before, so it took me a few seconds to figure out how to view it. My stomach knotted. The message was from Eric.

sry mom - shouldn't have said u were a freak - please don't b mad at me.

He was apologizing to me? Oh, my poor sweet boy. I didn't think I could have felt any guiltier over what happened, but after seeing that, I did.

It took me a long time to compose a response. There was so much to say, but I couldn't put it all in a text message. I wanted to wait and talk to him face to face. At the same time, I didn't want him to go through the rest of his day thinking I was upset with him.

I'm the one who should be sorry. What I did was wrong. We'll talk later. Love you.

I pressed the send button and my heart was beating a mile a minute. As much as I wished I could pretend it didn't happen, this situation wasn't something I could avoid, or gloss over. I was going to have to face up to what I did, as shameful and horrible as it was, and deal with the consequences. Hopefully, Eric and I would be able to put this behind us and eventually we'd get back to something near to normal.

I was a bit more at ease after our exchange of messages--at least I wasn't feeling like he hated me--and I went down to the basement to get the laundry out of the drier. I was just starting to convince myself that I had regained some control over my frantic mind, and then I began folding a pair of my son's underwear.

There was nothing special about them, just a plain navy-blue pair of boxer-briefs, but the uninvited thought of his cock popped into my head as I held them. I'd handled his underwear (clean and dirty) a thousand times before without any sexual association at all. Now it was the only association I was able to make. I couldn't help thinking about his soft cock and balls nestled snugly within the thin cotton material. How many times had he gotten an erection while wearing these underwear? Maybe it was the sight of a pretty girl at school that made him hard, or one of those random boners that teenaged boys get for no reason. Had his pre-cum ever seeped into the fabric, wetting it with his excitement. Before I could stop myself I pressed my lips to the front of his warm underpants and imagined what it would feel like if my son's cock was inside them.

I nearly jumped out of my skin when my phone made that new buzzing noise again. Holy shit, I had to somehow get myself together--this was insane.

Upon flipping open my phone I saw that there was another message from Eric.

u said it wasn't wrong to do 'that' - remember?...when u gave me 'the talk'

I had to chuckle. 'The Talk' had been so uncomfortable for both of us. I rambled on like a lunatic, all while trying to be the totally cool mom who supposedly wasn't embarrassed trying to explain sex to her son. Halfway through I realized that all I was telling him was how getting a girl pregnant would ruin his life, and about all the awful diseases he could get, and how girls might use sex to manipulate him--I was scaring him into impotence! I attempted to recover by explaining the good things about sex, but I think hearing his mother talk about how great it can be to fuck mortified him even worse. It was basically a disaster. I let him know that he could always come to me if he had any questions, but he never did.

This was the first time he'd ever voluntarily mentioned anything even remotely to do with sex. I wasn't sure how to respond. I finished folding the laundry, put it away, then replied to his message.

True, when it is in private (not in the living room - LOL). Sorry for traumatizing you.

This obviously wasn't something that could be laughed off, but maybe if I made light of it Eric might not think it was as bad as it truly was. Yes, it was somewhat cowardly of me, but I had already sent the message, so there wasn't much I could do about it.

His response came back in a matter of seconds.

no biggie - surprised was all - kinda funny when i think about it

I wasn't sure how to take that. I wondered exactly how much thinking about it he was doing, and it gave me a strange feeling. Strange in that it gave me a very inappropriate thrill that he was probably replaying the whole encounter in his head over and over like I had been. I shouldn't go there, I told myself, and instead tried to figure out if I should respond again, or just let this exchange lapse. My phone buzzed in my hand before I could decide.

goin to dannys after school - having dinner there - love ya

I was somewhat relieved. The nervous butterflies in my tummy eventually calmed, and I was able to get through the rest of the day without only a few more disturbing thoughts.

Later than I expected, I heard Eric getting in. I was already in bed reading my book when I heard him tromp past to his room. Before I could decide if I should call him in to talk about the 'incident,' I heard his bedroom door close. Maybe it was better to give it a little more time before dealing with it.

Ten minutes later, just as I could feel my eyelids getting heavy and the words on the page were becoming fuzzy, my phone buzzed on the nightstand. What the heck?

I checked it and saw that it was another text from Eric. He was sending me a message from his room?

hi mom - letting you know i'm home - didn't want to disturb your 'privacy' - haha

That little scamp. It felt odd sending him a text message with him right down the hall, but I tapped out a quick response.

Don't be fresh, I'm only reading.

another dirty romance book?

Romance, yes. Dirty, no.

aw, 2 bad

I stared at the little screen on my phone trying to figure out what exactly he meant by that comment. If I didn't know better, it was almost as though he was being flirty.

You should get to sleep, mister.

getting undressed now

He left it at that. Was I reading too much into this? It seemed like he was being purposefully suggestive, but it was hard to tell just from the tone of the text alone. I decided to leave it at that, set my phone on the nightstand, and tried to finish the chapter I was on.

A few minutes later, the buzz of another incoming message startled me.

do u want me to delete those pics?

My mouth dropped open. I couldn't believe he was actually bringing that up so matter-of-fact. Knowing my son, he would have never said that to me in person. It appears that he felt more at ease behind the screen of his cell phone than he would if he had to talk to me directly. The butterflies were back.

They're your pictures. Do what you think is best.

My first instinct was to tell him to delete them, but I didn't want to make him feel ashamed of himself for taking them in the first place. He was just being curious and exploring, as everyone does at that age. The more honest reason I wanted them deleted was so that I wouldn't be tempted to look at them again.

i only did it as a goof but i guess i'll keep them 4 now - just in case

The wheels in my head were spinning. Was there something he was trying to tell me that I wasn't quite recognizing, or was this nothing more than the usual type of idle electronic chat kids were used to these days?

Fine, but keep them to yourself.

don't worry I won't show anyone else - only you - haha!!

Now I knew I wasn't just being paranoid. My son was definitely flirting with me. It was all too strange to grasp, but I was ashamed to admit that part of me was a little flattered by it.

Stop teasing me about it - I'm embarrassed enough already.

embarrassed? about what part?

All of it!

like what?

I knew I shouldn't let myself get caught up in this weird little game he seemed to be trying to draw me into, but I couldn't contain my sick fascination to see how far he was willing to take this.

Like what? For starters, you seeing me naked.

i only barely saw your butt

Still embarrassing!

not as much as ur mom finding the pictures u took of ur own junk!

He was getting bolder with each message it seemed. Once again, I noticed that my nipples were standing out. This was bad...so very bad.

Not as much as your son catching you doing what I was doing.

There was a delay. I waited anxiously for his reply. I squeezed my thighs together to try to alleviate the building insistence between my legs. The moments ticked by. Did I go too far?

what exactly were u doing anyway?

Wow. He wasn't beating around the bush. I had to pause and now ask myself how far I was willing to take this. I started typing before the rational part of my brain could catch up.

I think you know.

i have an idea, but i'm not really sure

I took a deep breath and decided to just be honest with him.

Okay, fine. I was looking at the pictures of your penis and masturbating myself. Happy?

That nauseous feeling was back as soon as I pressed the send button. What the hell was I doing? Was I out of my mind? I held my breath. As I stared at my phone and waited, I tugged nervously on one of my erect nipples, rolling it between my fingers. Mmm, that was a nice distraction.

kewl

Just the one word. I found that I was a little disappointed...until a few seconds later.

that's kinda what i thought - but i wasn't sure if u did stuff like that

Now you know.

do u do that a lot?

I couldn't believe I was actually having this conversation with my son.

On occasion...when I'm in the mood for it.

r u in the mood now? haha

I almost choked when I read that. My innocent angel was really testing the limits with me. I should have put a quick end to this much earlier, but I had gotten myself in too far to gracefully back out.

That's none of your business, mister.

i am - in the mood i mean

Oh God, help me. So wrong...

Teenage boys are always in the mood - LOL.

i guess - haha - some times more than others...

It was getting hot in my room. I pulled the blanket aside, and pressed my hand against the wet place in my panties. What was the matter with me? My fingers trembled as I typed out the next message. Maybe I just needed to stop pussyfooting around and see if that got him to back down.

Are you touching yourself right now?

There was a long pause. Did I embarrass him into dousing whatever this thing was, or was I only fanning the flames?

yes i am

The heat was building, and it was apparently melting away my ability to responsibly manage my baser impulses.

Does it feel good?

yes

Does it feel weird to be texting about this with your mom!?

YES! but I like it - ask me something else

Is your penis hard?

very! i'm holding it and rubbing up and down

That sounds nice. I really liked the way it looked in the pictures.

thanks mom - u looked vry sexy last nite.

That did it, I couldn't take it any longer. I put the phone down for a second and pulled off my increasingly damp panties and ran my fingers over my swollen pussy lips, down to my wet hole, then up to my impatient clit. How could my boy be doing this to me? It felt so wickedly good.

You enjoyed seeing me naked, did you?

yes - i thought about it all day

Have you ever seen a naked girl before?

no - not in real life - u r my 1st

I pulled my nightgown down off my shoulders, baring my breasts, grabbed them both at the same time, and squeezed them roughly. This was too much. I picked my phone up again and tried to concentrate on my next message.

Are you still masturbating your penis?

yes mom

Is it difficult to play with yourself and text at the same time? LOL

YES!

I thought so. Keep rubbing your penis and just read without replying. Okay?

k

Wrap your whole hand around your cock.

Stroke it nice and easy, squeezing your hard shaft firmly.

Think about seeing my naked butt last night in the living room.

Now touch your balls.

Be gentle. Roll them around in your hand.

Give them a nice tickle.

You have such a beautiful penis. Stroke it faster for me.

I didn't care how warped this was--it had to be about the hottest thing I'd ever done in my life.

Rub your hard cock for Mommy.

Make it feel good.

Think about catching me naked last night, and make your cock feel really good.

Mommy loves your penis so much.

I was typing as fast as I could manage. I'd never said anything this dirty in my life--not even when I was younger. I could see myself getting addicted to this. Before I was able to finish my next text, a buzz announced an incoming message. I opened it and let out a surprised squeal.

It wasn't a text, it was a photo. It was a view looking down at Eric's erect cock with the head all covered in a creamy white coating of fresh cum. The shock didn't stop me from being incredibly turned on by this.

u r awesome - g'nite mom!

I imagined now that he had gotten off he had come to his senses and couldn't bring himself to continue texting with me. I was almost glad, because I was in serious need of having my hands free by that point.

Good night, Eric. Love you.

I quickly went back to the previous message and displayed the image again. I turned over and got up on my knees, yanked my nightgown off, and propped the phone on my pillow so I'd have a good view of it. I cursed the fact, for the first time, that my phone didn't have a larger display.

My fingers were buried in my pussy as soon as I got into position. I couldn't believe I was letting myself do this again. All the guilt, shame, and embarrassment I'd suffered after the last time I got myself off looking at pictures of my son's cock was forgotten, and the only thing I could think about was how badly I wanted to recapture that feeling from the previous night. This time without any interruption.

I wasn't just using my fingers. I was getting into it with my whole body, as though I was having full-blown sex. This was so out of character for me. Nothing like the quick diddle I usually gave my clit, where I lay almost stock still, moving nothing but my middle finger and getting it over with as quickly as possible. Not only was I now masturbating above the sheets, with the lights on, but I was totally fucking myself like I never had before.

The bed bounced and the phone jiggled on the pillow in front of me. I frantically fondled my small tits, and pulled hard on my excited nipples. I added a second finger, then forced in a third. Oh, yeah, that hit the spot!

"Mommy loves your cock," I breathed. Saying it out loud had the same effect on me as it had before, and I fucked myself harder. "Look at all that cum you made for Mommy."

I could feel my orgasm coming almost immediately. I wanted this to last. I didn't want to cum yet, but I couldn't slow down. The wet noises coming from my soaked pussy spurred me on.

"Mommy wants to taste your cum, baby." I surprised myself with the filthy things I was hearing coming out of my mouth. "Mommy wants to eat your cum, Eric."

I had never particularly liked the flavor of sperm, and only put up with letting my ex-husband cum in my mouth on special occasions, but I had the overwhelming desire to taste my son's cum. I could almost feel it on my tongue as I fixated on the small image of his penis. I was captivated by the gooey liquid that had leaked from the tip of his cock and spilled onto his taut belly.

"I want to lick it all up," I moaned. "Let Mommy clean up your nasty cum and swallow it."

It was suddenly happening again.

"Oh, God, I'm cumming. I'm cumming, Eric. Your big, hard cock is making your Mommy cummmmm..."

I bucked and thrashed on my knees in the bed with half my hand stuffed in my pussy hole. A warm wave flowed through me moments before one burst of pleasure, after another, after another barraged my cunt. Each spasm lifted me to another level of delight and my head spun with the rush of sensation. It was nearly a full minute before I had milked every last shiver of physical joy from my climax. I couldn't help but laugh at myself when I realized how happy I felt in that moment.

I eased my fingers out of my pussy and sat back. I gasped when I saw the huge wet spot I'd left on the bed sheet. I hadn't ever lacked for natural lubrication when it came to sex, but there was never a time before where I was so wet that I made anything close to that much of a mess. Oddly, that just made me smile even more.

I turned the light off on my nightstand, turned over and settled my bare ass down right on top of that big nasty wet spot I'd made. I don't know why I did it, but it felt good to me for some strange reason. I didn't bother putting my nightie back on, or even getting back into my panties. I hadn't slept naked in years. It felt so naughty.

I felt around, located my phone and held it up. The glow illuminated my face and breasts. I meant to shut it off, but I couldn't stop gazing at my son's semen-covered cock. My fingers drifted over my nipples as I thought about how moments before he snapped that shot he had been reading my dirty messages and masturbating. I made him cum like that. Eric was imagining his own mother's naked ass as he squirted cum all over himself.

Before I knew it I was masturbating again.

With my legs spread open, and the cool wetness beneath my butt, I fingered my swollen clit softly at first, but then more and more vigorously. With my eyes locked on my boy's penis, I brought myself off for a second time. The slow, rolling orgasm was a perfect complement to the explosive one I'd given myself only minutes before.

I had a fulfilled sense of completeness after that, and was able to turn the phone off and set it aside. There was a good chance that Eric had experienced a moment of clarity once his hormones had settled down and was feeling repulsed and ashamed of what he had done tonight with his own mother. There was a twinge of regret that this might be the only time we swap dirty texts, but it was probably all for the best. I'd talk to him about it tomorrow and we'd put this whole sordid affair behind us.

The enchanting image of my son's cock lingered vividly in my head as I floated off to sleep.

* * * * *

I awoke naked and unsure. In the clean light of day, what I had done last night with Eric took on more ominous proportions. He was my son, for goodness sake, and only sixteen years old. This couldn't be healthy for him. And I certainly knew better. I often found myself having to deny that I was a prude, but I honestly wasn't one to put sex up high on my list of priorities in life. Why was I suddenly losing control and letting this strange obsession with my son's penis take over?

It was one thing when I thought no one would ever know if I indulged myself in a little private perversity, but now I'd crossed the line and gotten Eric involved in my freakish behavior. If only I could go back a couple of days and undo it all. I had to get things back to normal

somehow.

I got out of bed, changed the sheets and still had time before I had to leave for work. I put on my sweats and hopped on the treadmill for a quick workout. I'd been trying to get myself to exercise every morning, but I never seemed to have the ambition or energy after I finally dragged my butt out of bed. That morning, however, I had a real spring in my step despite all the worries I was contending with. After an invigorating jog, I got showered and dressed.

I heard Eric out in the kitchen pouring himself a bowl of cereal. I hesitated, thinking that I should maybe sneak back to my room and wait for him to leave for school. I decided I was being ridiculous. I shouldn't be avoiding my son in our own house. I took a deep breath and went into the kitchen.

Eric looked up as soon as I stepped in, then quickly looked away with a little smirk on his face. I could deal with embarrassed; disgusted or ashamed would have crushed me.

"Good morning," I said as if there was nothing out of the ordinary between us.

"Hey, Mom," he mumbled through a mouthful of Cheerios without taking his eyes from his bowl.

"You have enough money for lunch?" I asked casually as I poured myself a glass of orange juice that I didn't really want.

"I'm all set." He slurped up another spoonful. "You, um...look nice today."

I blushed. Not at the unprecedented compliment, but at the fact that it gave me a little pitter-patter in my chest. This was ridiculous! I was a grown woman, and his mother, and here I was acting like a giddy schoolgirl.

"Thanks, honey." I gave him a big smile, which prompted him to blush. How was I ever going to get us back to normal? I put my glass in the sink, grabbed my purse and headed for the door. "I'll see you when I get home."

I paused as I passed Eric and gave him a chaste kiss on the top of his darling head, and a motherly pat on the shoulder. It felt nice just to touch him. We'd always had a strong connection, even if neither of us went out of our way to show it lately, and I somehow knew that it was still there.

I got to work and barely remembered the commute. My mind was somewhere else. I made small talk with the tellers, helped with the early-morning rush of customers, and caught up on some e-mail after my day out. I was going through the motions, but my head wasn't in it.

Just before lunch my cell phone buzzed and my heart jumped. I looked around to see if anyone had noticed, feeling like a common criminal, and quickly checked the message that

had arrived from Eric.

staying after 2day 4 basketball practice.

All right. This was good. This was normal.

Ok. Thanks for letting me know.

A minute passed and I thought that was that. Then another buzz.

did u like the new pic i sent last nite?

There was that flutter in my tummy. Damn it. What was wrong with me?

You should be focusing on school now, and me on work.

There, that was the responsible thing to do. Firm, but not a reprimand. I sent it off. After a few moments of antsy doubt, I added:

But, yes, I liked it VERY much.

kewl - later

No! Not 'kewl'! It was anything but 'kewl'! Why did I put 'very' in all-caps? Why was I being so stupid and irresponsible?

I had to pull it together. First step was getting rid of that picture Eric had sent me. I located it, and found the delete command. I fingered the button but couldn't seem to press it. I just wanted one last look. I gazed at all that semen coating the swollen head of my son's cock. Would anyone be able to see if I touched myself under my desk? Look at that beautiful cock of his. So much cum--

"I see you've finally joined the text generation," Peggy's voice at my office door scared the living wits out of me. "Welcome to the twenty-first century." She added a handful of paperwork to the top of my in-box. "My, my, look how red your cheeks are getting," Peggy chirped with glee. "Did I catch you sending naughty messages to one of your boyfriends?"

"No," I laughed, "just my son."

"Kids," she said with a roll of her eyes. "They don't even talk to me anymore. If it wasn't for texting I'd never know what they were up to." She waddled away with that annoying lilting laugh of hers, and I slumped back in my chair.

I fanned my face to cool my burning cheeks. I had broken out in a full-body sweat. This was crazy. I had to put a stop to this before someone found out what I was doing. If dopey Peggy

could tell I was up to something inappropriate the second she walked into my office, then it wouldn't be long before someone with half a brain figured me out.

I'd just have to talk to Eric when I got home, and tell him I'd made a horrible mistake, and that even though it was fun, there wouldn't be any more of that kind of monkey business between us. I tucked my phone away, only later realizing that I had 'forgotten' to delete the picture of Eric's cock.

The rest of the day dragged by, but at least I was able to concentrate on my work without being distracted by what might happen next with the lewd weirdness I'd allowed to go too far between me and my son.

When I got home there was a note on the kitchen table from Eric letting me know he went to the mall, but would be home before dinner. I got the water boiling for the spaghetti (his favorite), then went and changed out of my work suit.

I put on my comfy clothes, but then noticed how frumpy they made me look. I changed into a pair of jeans that were a little too snug, but made my butt look really good. I picked out a nice top that wasn't anything fancy, but was more flattering than my baggy sweatshirt I'd had on. As I was in front of the mirror freshening my make-up, I became aware of what I was doing. I was getting ready for a date! What was wrong with me?

Just as I was taking the garlic bread out of the oven, the back door banged open and Eric bounded in with a beaming smile on his handsome face. He had on a new hat from Lids--as if he needed another baseball cap.

"Mmm, smells good," he said rubbing his hands together. He was still being somewhat shy with me, looking away quickly when I turned to put the bread on the table.

"Be careful, the sauce is hot," I warned him. He looked like he was about to make a comment, but he held back. I suspected it might have been a suggestive wisecrack related to my 'sauce' being 'hot.' I took the fact that he restrained himself as a good sign.

"How was your day?" I asked, taking his hat off his head and laying it on the table. "Anything new going on at school?"

The usual routine was that I asked what went on at school that day, he said 'nothing much,' then he grabbed his plate and went to watch TV in the living room while he ate. This time he sat down at the table, then he really threw me for a loop and actually told me about his day.

"Mrs. Hadly bagged Josh cheating on the vocab test," he began.

I was over-the-moon happy with this pleasant development, and was thrilled to have a conversation with my son that went on for longer than three sentences that didn't involve me lecturing him about something. I could get used to this.

The whole time we were talking, however, I was looking for the right moment to bring up the fact that we had to put an end to our texting shenanigans, but I didn't want to spoil the nice conversation we were having, so I chose to hold off until later.

As he talked, I became lost in my son. His words blurred together while I watched his lips move and became enthralled by his mouth. Eric's teeth were movie-star perfect since he got his braces off. His lips were just right, not too thin, not too plump. I'd felt them many times on my cheek at bedtime or during goodbyes. So soft and warm. What would they feel like on other parts of my body? And his tongue--

"...and guess who was there!" Eric's excited inflection snapped me out of my daze.

"I don't know, who?" I injected quickly before he realized I hadn't been paying attention.

He plowed ahead with his story and his hazel-green eyes danced between his plate of food and me. Each time he flashed me a look, I melted a little more into those bright, eager eyes of his. It was cute the way his latte-colored curls fell down over his forehead. I'd been trying to take him for a haircut for weeks now, but I was actually starting to like the shaggy, wild look. I reached over and brushed the hair away from his eyes so I could see them better. He just grinned, compliantly tolerating my fussing.

I pulled my hand back before the urge to caress his face overtook me. If I allowed myself that, I wouldn't be able to resist running my fingers through his hair. Then I'd be pulling him toward me, bringing my lips to his, inviting his tongue with my own. My hands would be on him. I'd want his on me. There'd be no stopping myself once it got to that point. I could never let it get to that point. I felt myself faltering, and I began reaching for him.

The house phone rang. The noise was loud and rude, and it made me absurdly angry to hear it. Eric jumped up to answer, and I calmed myself with the thought that it was a good thing my moment of weakness was disrupted. I was definitely losing it.

Eric hung up on the telemarketer, and dutifully cleared the dishes.

"Tomorrow's garbage day, right? I'll go put out the barrels."

It was the first time I didn't have to remind him. Strange days, indeed.

Once I finished cleaning up after dinner, I went to find him and give him the unhappy news that we needed to resume conducting ourselves like a normal family. He was in the living room doing homework. Eric always got decent grades, but I rarely ever saw him doing homework. He usually claimed he'd gotten it all done in school, which was doubtful. Well, I didn't want to interrupt him, so I figured our talk could wait.

I busied myself with getting the linen closet organized, and it turned into a whole project (I

have a tendency to let that happen a lot). I must have lost track of time because I was surprised when I saw Eric coming down the hallway heading for his bedroom.

"Past my bedtime," he joked as I put away the last stack of neatly folded towels.

"What time is it?"

"Just after ten."

Which wasn't anywhere near his usual bedtime.

He passed by me and I caught the scent of his boyish sweat mixed with the fading aroma of Axe body spray. A little chill ran up my spine. Damn! I had to get control of myself. I was about to tell him that I needed to talk to him, but then I saw something that made me hesitate.

"Night, Mom," Eric said with a sheepish smile and gave me a little wave. In the hand that he waved with was his cell phone. Before I could gather my senses to say anything, he was in his room with the door closed.

I convinced myself that the time still wasn't right, and I'd just have to wait for a better opportunity. This would be a delicate conversation, and so I didn't want to risk screwing it all up with poor timing.

I headed to the kitchen, unplugged my cell phone from the charger, went to my own room, closed the door, and changed for bed. I thought about turning my phone off for the night, but then decided that if Eric did text me, I could find a way to gently nip our exchange in the bud and maybe he would get the hint that the party was over. He probably wouldn't send me any messages anyway, so there was no need to worry about it. Maybe this would all just go away on its own.

Halfway through the first chapter of my book, there came that now familiar buzz. I hated how excited I was to hear it.

thanks 4 a yummy dinner

He was just full of surprises today. It was the first time he'd ever thanked me for my cooking. I suspected he was just looking for an excuse to start a text exchange. I had to let him down easy without making him feel bad about it.

You're welcome. Don't stay up too late tonight, sweetie. Good night.

There, that should do the trick. Three seconds after I picked up my book...buzz, buzz. So much for my brilliant plan.

guess what - i'm in the mood again - haha - r u?

God help me, I was. Despite everything I'd been telling myself the whole day, all I really wanted was a repeat of the despicable debauchery I'd allowed myself to indulge in with my own sweet, innocent son...my son with the big, beautiful cock.

Even so, I tried once more to dissuade him.

Maybe we shouldn't text about that. Isn't it creepy for your mom to do this with you?

My head wanted him to agree. My pussy wanted something else.

kinda, but u r not like other moms I know - u r still hot and sexy!

The little charmer. A small voice was crying out inside of me to stop this before it went any further over the line, but it was quickly being drowned out by the pulsing desire taking hold of every other part of my body.

Sweet talker.

so you really did like the pic from last night?

It did catch me by surprise, but I liked it a lot.

did you look at it and masturbate?

I thought about what it would sound like if he asked me this while we sat across from each other at the dinner table, and I had to giggle. This was nuts. No point in being shy about it at this point.

Yes, I did. I gave myself two very nice orgasms.

wow - i can't even believe this is really happening - i'm so hard right now

This is exciting for me also.

wish i had a pic of you

I didn't see that one coming! He was just going to keep pushing the limits, wasn't he?

Keep wishing, mister.

aw no fair

Trust me, you don't really want a naked picture of your mother.

it doesn't have 2 b everything - how about just boobs

You're crazy!

ok - one boob

How do I know you won't show anybody?

right - like I'm going 2 tell my friends i'm sexting with my mom - haha

I knew that it was what we were doing, but it felt strange to see it in writing. Sexting. With my own son. I had to be the worst mother ever.

My breasts are too small anyway, you probably wouldn't even like them.

half a boob? pleeeeeease

I could almost hear the pleading whine through the text message. I guess it was only fair, now that I thought about it. Between me snooping into his private pictures in the first place, and the other photo he sent me (that I still had saved on my phone), I had been able to enjoy a lot more of him than he had of me.

Hold on.

With excited trepidation, I stripped out of my nightgown (I don't even know why I bothered putting it on in the first place). I fidgeted with my phone until I figured out how to work the camera.

I sat up straight, tweaked my nipples to make sure they were standing up proud, thrust my chest out, held my phone at arm's length and snapped the shot. I looked at it and was surprisingly pleased with how it came out. I usually hate the way I look in photos, but I had to admit I came out so good that was turning myself on a little.

The problem was that it was showing my face. I trusted Eric not to show anyone, but if he lost his phone, or someone else got a hold of it, I couldn't risk somebody recognizing me. I adjusted the angle and tried again. This one covered my midriff up to my chin, with my aroused tits taking center stage. That would do.

It took me another minute to sort out how to send a photo. I could only imagine how the long wait was driving Eric insane. Before I sent the photo, I tapped out a message.

Don't laugh, and you have to delete it as soon as you're done looking at it.

With a thumping heart I actually went through with it and sent a picture of my naked breasts

to my son for him to masturbate to. This was beyond twisted.

Did you get it?

ur boobs look amazing mom

I'm glad you like them.

u r so freaking hot - i'm jerking off like crazy right now over ur pic

It struck me that Eric was maybe only twenty or thirty feet away, just down the hall, naked and masturbating his big cock right at that moment. I could walk to his room in a matter of seconds and be able to see him stroking his penis. Of course, if I really did that it would embarrass him to death. I would have to content myself with our naughty text exchanges.

Don't cum on your phone - LOL.

There was no immediate reply. I imagined he wanted to focus on what he was doing. Which, I didn't need to remind myself, was looking at my naked tits and whacking off like a sex-crazed monkey.

I played with my breasts and could almost feel his eyes on my nipples. I wondered if he'd like to see them in the flesh. That would be so hot to let him see me topless and watch him jerk off at the sight of me. I tried to picture the scene.

One hand dropped down between my legs and I squeezed my pussy through my panties. I thought about taking them off, but then decided to leave them on for now. I pressed a finger against the satiny fabric and into the crease between my lips. This all felt too good.

Buzz, buzz...

phew - all done! haha - u should c how far it squirted!

He had no idea how badly I wanted to see that.

Sounds like you had a lot of fun with my boobs.

u r the best mom in the world!

Very doubtful. But you got me in the mood, so now I have to take care of myself.

r u really going 2 masturbate your vagina right now?

That's my plan.

i don't even know how girls do it exactly

His naïve curiosity was turning me on like nothing I ever could have imagined.

There are certain spots we rub to make ourselves feel good.

like where?

Like right now I'm running my finger up and down my pussy lips.

r u all naked?

I am now. I just took off my panties and I'm lying on my bed.

what else?

I'm spreading my legs open wide and touching my pussy.

i'm touching myself again 2

mmm. I'm thinking about your cock as I slide a finger into my vagina.

what does it feel like?

It's warm, and wet, and slippery. It feels so good when I put something inside.

i bet u have a real sexy pussy mom.

I was enjoying this way too much. Teasing my son, fingering myself, knowing he was beating off in the next room. Only a few days ago I was an average, boring suburban single mother, and now I was some kind of insatiable sex maniac.

I DO have a very sexy pussy - LOL...now I'm rubbing my clit.

what's that?

My clitoris. It's up near the top of my pussy and it feels incredibly good when I touch it.

do u cum the same way that boys do?

The feeling is similar, but women don't have sperm so I don't squirt like you do.

duh - i should have figured that out on my own.

He was so cluelessly sweet. All this texting was getting me horny as hell, but I had to stop

masturbating every time I wrote a message. In a way it was good since it was prolonging the pleasure, but it was maddening at the same time.

Now I'm rubbing my clit faster with just my fingertips.

that's so hot - even if i still don't exactly get what a clit is - haha

That's when it dawned on me that the poor boy had probably never seen a pussy before. On impulse I pointed the phone between my legs, spread my cunt lips open wide using two fingers and snapped a picture. I quickly sent it to Eric before I came to my senses and changed my mind.

Does that help?

mom...is this really a picture of ur pussy?

Oh God, what had I done? What was wrong with me?

Sorry - I didn't mean to scare you.

mom - this is awesome!! i love it!!

My clit is that tiny pink button where my lips meet at the top.

holy crap - i can see it! so kewl! i can't believe u let me c ur pussy!

I couldn't believe it either. I'd never posed for a naked picture in my life; no matter how much my ex-husband begged me, I refused. And now here I was snapping off a hardcore photo of my open cunt like it was nothing and showing it off to my 16-year-old masturbating son. I couldn't wait a second longer--had to make myself cum!

Mommy has to put her phone down for a second so I can finish masturbating.

ok - you make your pussy cum and i'll make my cock cum at the same time.

I wanted to respond, but I was too far gone. I writhed on my bed, one hand groping along the length of my body, grabbing my tits, pinching my nipples, caressing my naked belly. The other hand was beating furiously between my legs. My pussy was as wet as the night before, if not wetter. I could feel my juices dribbling down the crack of my ass in a steady trickle. This was better than any sex I'd ever had in my life.

My boy had a picture of my pussy. The very thought terrified and excited me in equal measures. He was looking at my cunt right that second. My most intimate secret of all, something my mother had fervently conditioned me to keep hidden and private at all costs. Now it was in my son's hands. He was seeing my wild tangle of untrimmed pubic hair, the tip

of my erect clit, my swollen inner lips, and the gaping entrance of my vagina all slick with wetness.

I planted my feet flat on the bed and lifted my hips up off the mattress without slowing the pounding I was giving my horny cunt. I wanted Eric to walk through my door at that moment. I wanted him to see me masturbating like a mad fiend. I wanted him to see the real thing, and to watch his mother make herself cum while he jacked off his hard, young cock. He would thrust his hips forward with a guttural yelp at the moment of his orgasm and shoot a huge fountain of cum that would douse me all over with warm semen. My son's thick cum would coat my face, and tits, and cunt...oh, God...

I arched my back as far as I could, raising my pussy to the highest limit, and strummed my stiff clit mercilessly. Seconds later I was possessed by the most intense orgasm yet. I couldn't hold it in. I let out a throaty scream of pure ecstasy, and it felt amazing knowing that Eric might hear. I'd spent nearly all of my life suppressing myself at the moment of climax. It was so exhilarating to finally just let it out. I never felt more powerful and free than I did at that second.

Buzz, buzz...

OMG - was that u making all that noise?! did u just have ur orgasm?

I collapsed on the bed and replied.

Yes...

The keypad was getting smeared with my pussy juices, but I didn't care. I tossed my phone aside, and attacked my clit again.

I turned slightly to the side and lifted one leg. I reached around from behind and slipped two fingers into my hole as deep as I could. I rubbed my clit fast and rough. I was normally very delicate and dainty when it came to my sensitive little nub, but something was driving me to take things to a whole other level. Even in my muddled, pleasure-soaked state I realized that many things would never be the same again for me.

"Look at my cunt, Eric," I murmured huskily to the empty room. "Look at Mommy's wet, horny cunt!"

A series of grunts escaped me as I brought myself off, then immediately made myself cum again, almost before the first orgasm had subsided. I was usually satisfied with one or two a week, but suddenly three in the span of a minute didn't seem like nearly enough.

I let my arms go limp, and panted breathlessly. A billowy cloud of peaceful satisfaction settled around me. I was connected like never before to my own body, aware of every sensation from every nerve ending all at once. Everything blended seamlessly into a rapturous whole unlike

anything I'd ever known. It was inconceivable to me that what I was doing to get me to this perfect place could be wrong. And even if it was, it didn't matter. It couldn't matter.

Buzz, buzz... That lovely sound...

mom...u still there?

I replied weakly with fingers that were gradually turning from slick to sticky.

I'm here, honey bunch.

i heard u moaning and made myself cum again - i took a pic - want 2 c?

He was so adorable.

Of course I do.

The picture arrived a few seconds later. A bird's eye view looking downward at the head of his cock hovering over his cupped hand. In his palm was a big puddle of spent semen. I wanted to touch my lips to it and suck it all up into my mouth, hold it there, then swallow it a tiny bit at a time. I closed my eyes and let myself enjoy that fantasy for several lazy seconds.

That looks absolutely yummy.

haha - yeah right

That made me chuckle. He had no idea that I really meant his cum looked so good to me that I literally wanted to eat it. It still boggled my mind that my son was the only one I ever wanted to taste in this way.

I'm sorry, honey, but I'm so relaxed now I'm about to doze off.

ok - thanks 4 the pic of ur vagina - i'm going 2 look at it some more b4 i go 2 sleep

You're welcome, sweetie. Now we're even - LOL. See you in the morning.

i love you mom

I stared at his last message for a long while. With a happy sigh, I turned the power off and contemplated my raucous evening.

Did I truly just do all that? It didn't seem real. What was it about texting that made me act like a completely different woman?

I was normally an intensely private person. I rarely discussed sex with my closest friends,

much less my actual sex partners. I'd never been able to openly express myself in bed. I dreaded leaving the lights on during sex. The thought of telling a man, even the man I was married to, what I wanted sexually was practically enough to make me break out in hives. Why did I have this deep-seated sense that speaking up about what gives me pleasure was so morbidly embarrassing?

But, inexplicably, behind the mask of my cell phone, I became a foul-mouthed harlot. I was saying things to my son that I'd barely ever permitted myself to think, much less speak aloud. If he wanted to go to a movie that had the kind of things in it I was saying to him, I'd forbid him from seeing it. I was a respectable, conservative, moral person. But as soon as I heard that buzzing noise, I transformed. There seemed to be no limit to the perverted filth I was capable of while in the throes of these exchanges with my son.

And what about my son? This might be all fun and games for Eric now, but someday he was going to realize just how fucked up his mother was to have done something like this with him. Although, I didn't feel entirely fucked up, as such. Concerned, yes. Guilty, for sure. But, fundamentally, I still felt like I was the same old me...just with a slight touch of temporary insanity.

I'd never had any sexual inclinations toward my son before. How, after years of not feeling any kind of attraction toward him in that way, could I suddenly be incessantly aroused by my own boy? I knew it was that evening I saw those pictures of his cock. Somehow, in that moment, everything changed for me. Eric was no longer a child that I had to take care of. He was a person with a sexuality of his own. He had desires, and fantasies, and needs. I'd never acknowledged this before, but after seeing his erect penis, and recognizing all the implications that went along with that, a whole host of new feeling had been created within me. Or, maybe, those feelings had always been there and I was just too repressed to allow myself to become aware of them.

I was only going to make myself more crazy by dwelling on it. I was having fun with it, Eric was having fun with it, and it was bringing us closer together in other ways. Maybe it was better that he was exploring these things with me, someone who loves him and who he'll be safe with, rather than doing who knows what with some skanky girl he barely knows. It was an obvious rationalization that wouldn't hold up to serious scrutiny, but it made me feel better none the less.

My son was likely looking at that picture of my naked pussy spread wide open and stroking his cock at that very moment. Instead of being horrified, it gave me a warm feeling all over. I would have to rein this in at some point, but I didn't want to think about that.

Instead, I fantasized about what could possibly come next in this tawdry game of ours if I were to allow it to go on, and reached down to attend to my throbbing clit just one more time.

Introduction: A Mother uses texting to connect with her teen son in a more intimate way

Sexting Mom, Ch. 2 of 4

By Kinkybelle

It was another hectic morning for me at the bank, but I didn't mind it at all. I was up early and full of energy again. Everything around me seemed new and interesting. A feeling of goodwill toward the rest of the world suffused me, and it simply felt wonderful to be alive.

Instead of eating fast-food at my desk as I usually did for lunch, I walked to a shady spot on a patch of grass between a stand-alone dentist's office and a small landscaping business. It wasn't much, but the semi-natural setting suited my mood better than my stuffy office.

I checked my phone to make sure I hadn't missed any messages from Eric. I couldn't help pouting when I found there was still nothing. But why was I waiting for him to text me first? My fingers flew over the keys.

Hi, handsome. Having a good day?

As I waited to hear back from him I browsed into my pictures. The first one that came up was my wide open pussy. I couldn't help but cringe a little. It looked nothing like the nicely coiffed and stylishly presented pussies that I had seen the one time I had flipped through a Playboy magazine years ago. The lighting was a bit harsh, and the sloppy wetness gave my privates a garish sheen. Despite all that, I thought it was still pretty sexy looking.

Next up were my tits. Small, but with a fair bit of perk remaining. I felt my nipples tingle as I looked at my self-made porn. I clicked the next button and smiled at the sight of Eric's handful of semen. I wondered what he did with it after he snapped the shot. What a waste. Lastly, I came to the photo of his cummy cock. Now the tingle was between my legs. I would have loved nothing more than to be able to lie back in the grass and get myself off right then and there. I hadn't gone that far over the edge, however, so I settled for crossing my legs, squeezing and relaxing. It wasn't enough to get me off, but it felt great.

It wasn't until I was about to get up and go back to the office ten minutes later that I got a reply.

hey mom - had my phone off in class - just got out.

I hope I didn't keep you up too late last night.

I was shamelessly flirting with my own son. What would people think if they knew?

it was worth it! i can't stop looking at ur pics

I somehow suspected he wouldn't delete them, but I couldn't get angry at him for it.

Be careful no one else sees them!

i will - going into my next class - love

That was enough to carry me through the rest of the day. I hurried home, hoping for a repeat of the nice dinner we had together the night before. Eric was there when I arrived, shooting hoops in the driveway. He came right over to the car as I got out and took my laptop bag for me. I gave him a kiss on the cheek and he didn't wipe it away right after like he usually did.

"What do you want for dinner?" I asked him as we went up the walkway together.

"Nothing big. My game's at seven o'clock, so I don't want to fill up."

Holy mackerel, I completely forgot about his basketball game that night. I was losing track of real life with all the fooling around of the past couple days.

I made us a couple of quick grilled cheese sandwiches, and I got my wish. He hung around as I prepared the sandwiches, blabbing away the whole time, then he even helped me clean up. I drove him to the school and he asked for a kiss for good luck just before we went through the doors into the gym. I touched my lips to his, and the pitter-patter was back again.

I sat in the stands and cheered him on. He was probably just an average player, but to me he was a superstar out there on that court. I chatted with some of the other parents, but, as soon as Eric was in the game, he had my full attention.

There was a twinge of desire low down in my tummy as I watched him move with athletic grace. His lean frame, those strong legs, his broadening shoulders--I was noticing all these features from a different perspective now. I didn't just see him as a mother would her growing son, but I could now appreciate him as a woman would. In so many ways he was still my little boy. I didn't want to lose that. At the same time, I had a mounting need to explore the man he was becoming.

The ball was passed to him, he faked, jumped, made the shot. The first thing he did was look up at me in the stands to see if I was watching. I was on my feet, clapping and cheering, which brought that shy smile to his lips. He got right back into the game, and I became almost overwhelmed with how much I wanted him right then.

Eric got the assist for the game winning shot, and he excitedly talked about all the big plays the whole ride home. His enthusiasm was infectious, and I got caught up in the thrill of victory as if I had been on the court with him. We swung by the drive-thru and picked up some burgers and fries, which he all but finished before we got home.

I had already resigned myself to the probability that we weren't likely to play the sexting

game tonight. He was too distracted by the outcome of the game, and he must have been exhausted after the double-overtime. It was fine, I thought. Maybe it would be good for us to take a breather for one night.

But, just in case, I was sure to have my phone turned on and sitting close at hand when I climbed into bed later that evening. I didn't bother with a nightgown or pajamas. Even if Eric didn't text me, I wouldn't be able to resist pleasuring myself for the fourth night in a row (a new record for me).

It was impossible for me to concentrate on my book as I debated about whether I should permit myself to take my fantasies about my son beyond what I'd allowed up to that point. Even if only in the privacy of my own mind, was it too much of a violation to imagine what it would be like to feel my son inside me? I always believed that ideas had power, but did that really apply in this case?

I wasn't actually doing anything physical with him, it was all just talk. And not even that, when it came down to it. Sure there were the pictures, but what kid hadn't seen his mother naked at some point in their lives? It wasn't like I was sharing my more graphic fantasies with him. He didn't know anything about the carnal lust I was harboring. Besides, it was very likely that he was having the same explicit thoughts about me by this stage. He was a curious teenage boy, after all. As long as we kept those fantasies to ourselves, things would stay contained within the admittedly inappropriate, but limited, territory we had ventured into together.

The insistent buzz was a welcomed excuse for me to stop over-analyzing this thing. I eagerly read Eric's first message of the night.

hey mom - guess who...

That sexy player who scored 12 points?

how'd u know? haha! if i'm being a pest u can tell me

To be honest, I'm probably enjoying this as much as you.

unreal - it's so awesome that u r doing this with me

I'm guessing you're in the mood again?

yeah, and it's your fault - your pic made me horny all day.

You really like my old lady pussy that much?

u r not old - u were the hottest mom at the game 2nite by a mile.

Thanks, honey. You're such a sweetie!

I toyed with my nipples, wondering what direction the evening's transgressions would take.

i was wondering something about u 2day.

What's that?

dad has a girlfriend now, but u don't have a boyfriend...

Not what I was expecting at all.

I went on a few dates, but it's been a while.

did u have sex with them?

Really not what I was expecting. My first reaction was to tell him that it was none of his business, but then I realized that as inappropriate as his question was, it paled by comparison to what we'd been texting to each other over the past couple of nights. What the hell...

Not quite. I made out with one of them, and sucked off another one in his car after dinner.

wow - I can't picture u giving a blowjob - so weird!

What can I say? Your mom likes to suck cock now and again. Do you think I'm a slut?

no way! I think it's super hot!

I'm glad you approve - LOL.

I found myself getting very turned on by Eric's forwardness. The fact that he could text things that he would never have the courage to say to me in person had a perverse appeal for me. It was so very wrong to be sharing these intensely personal things with my own son, but at the same time it was nice to be able to open up to someone and be so honest about this sort of thing.

so if u r not going on dates, does that mean u aren't having any sex at all?

It's pretty much just been me and my fingers for the last couple years.

do u miss it?

Wow, he wasn't pulling any punches.

I do. It feels so good to have a hard cock in my pussy. Especially if it's someone I love.

sex must feel totally amazing

It was my turn to text him something I had found myself unable to ask face to face.

So, you're still a virgin?

100% - except i got a handjob from a girl over the summer

That must have been nice.

i was nervous, so it took a long time and her arm got tired - haha! but it was good.

Did you do anything to her?

touched her boob - she had a padded bra, so it was like feeling up a sofa cushion.

Don't worry, you'll get your chance to touch plenty of boobs, I'm sure.

hope so! i want to find a girl with tits like yours

I was tempted to tell him all he had to do was look in the bedroom down the hall, but I didn't want him to think I was serious. I had to be careful not to let this escalate beyond what it was.

I'm playing with my nipples right now. What are you doing?

touching my dick and squeezing my balls some

It's hard to masturbate while sexting at the same time, isn't it?

totally

I have an idea - do you want to try it with me?

i'll do anything you want mom.

Geez, that was a loaded response. I tried not to think about it too much.

Put one of your pillows flat on the bed.

ok

Now lie down on top of it so your penis is on the pillow.

I folded a pillow over while I waited, set it in the middle of my own bed and straddled it. I nestled my naked pussy down onto the soft ridge of the fold and felt a pulse of dull pleasure

as I pressed myself against it.

now what?

Move your hips so your penis rubs against the pillow.

doing this feels strange - but I think I like it...

I have a pillow between my legs too and I'm about to start humping it.

r u laying on it the same as me?

Not quite. I'm up on my knees and rubbing my pussy against it.

this is great - now we can masturbate together and still text - good idea mom

The last time I got myself off this way I was about your age.

i bet you look wicked hot right now

I took the hint.

See for yourself...

I held the camera out at arms length and snapped a shot of me in mid-hump. I managed to get my whole body in the picture, providing a view of my tits and bush, but I accidentally got the lower half of my smiling face in the shot. Oh, what the heck. I sent it.

u r the most sexiest thing possible!

It's your fault for making me so horny...are you fucking your pillow like I told you?

A few seconds later a picture arrived. It was a shot taken over his shoulder apparently, and I could see the twin curves of his pale buns with his legs splayed out behind him on his bed.

That's my good boy...what are you thinking about as you fuck that pillow?

about your pussy and how u r masturbating it right now

I'm thinking about your cock.

how?

I knew I was about to venture into dangerous territory, but I was too caught up in our nasty game to restrain myself.

I'm thinking about having your penis in my mouth and sucking it.

that sounds vry good

Imagine me sliding my lips up and down your hard cock and then licking your balls.

i'd love to feel that! i want to touch your pussy mom - so bad!

If he only knew how much I wanted that too right now. Were he to come into my room right then and try to grab my cunt I don't think I'd stop him. I began grinding my pussy harder against the pillow and could feel the faint signals of my quickly approaching orgasm.

I'm lying in front of you naked and I spread my legs, what do you do?

i touch ur clit and rub it softly - then i put my finger inside ur vagina the way u like

While you finger fuck mommy's pussy I would be masturbating your cock

I'm going to cum

Mommy would give your cock a real handjob and make you cum so hard all over me.

i'm cumming...

Me too - I'm cumming with you...

I rode my pillow like a lover, bouncing the bed noisily. I began moaning, making sure I was loud enough for Eric to hear me in his room.

"I'm cumming!" I cried out much to my own surprise. "I'm cummmmmmming!"

My pussy clenched tight and my body was racked with a pleasing succession of rapid convulsions. I continued to grind my cunt against my now soaked pillow, enjoying each fading tremor reverberating deep inside my pussy.

Eric buzzed me seconds later.

i made a big mess on my pillow

You're not the only one.

want to do it again?

I actually did, but then another indecent plan came to mind.

You go ahead, honey...my pussy needs a rest.

ok - i will - i love you so much mom - good night

Love you, too

I turned off my phone, then switched off my light. I crept to my door and opened it very quietly. My heart was hammering so fast in my chest I was surprised Eric didn't hear it as I tiptoed down the hall toward his room. I stopped outside his door and listened.

I thought I could hear some rustling, but it was otherwise quiet. The drying sweat on my back tickled my skin and it felt surreal to be standing naked in the hallway with my fingers lightly stroking my pussy lips. I suddenly felt foolish and was about to sneak back to my room when I heard something.

There was a rhythmic creak that must have been coming from his bed. My son was right on the other side of that door completely naked and fucking his pillow just the way I'd taught him. It was so wonderfully sinful. I spread my outer lips apart and pressed a fingertip against my erect clit.

A chill ran over my skin when I thought I heard his voice. I put my ear against his door.

"...suck my cock, Mom..."

This was too good to believe. The horny little devil!

"Open your legs, Mom, show me your pussy. Oh, yeah. Spread your pussy for me..."

His words were hard to make out, and interspersed with a lot of heavy breathing, but there was no mistaking how much he was turned on by his own mother. God, it felt good to be desired like that again, even if it was by my own son.

I rubbed my clit harder, and added a couple fingers to my wet hole, curling them forward until I found my g-spot. The creaking sound was getting faster, and I strained to hear more.

"...want to fuck you so bad. Fuck my cock, Mom...aahh, yes..."

I was tempted to open his door just a crack and peek in. His bed faced away from the door, so he probably wouldn't notice. I would love to be able to see his cute butt wiggling as he rubbed his cock. But since I had already been caught once invading his privacy, I didn't want to risk letting it happen again.

"...fuck me, Mom, fuck me with your pussy! Make me cum...make me cum...ahhhhh!"

The sounds of my son cumming sparked my own orgasm as I energetically worked my pussy standing right outside his door. My knees weakened and I almost lost my balance. Why did it take me so long to discover how good it could feel to be so warped.

I blew my boy a secret kiss, and quietly stole back to my own bedroom. Once safely under the covers, I couldn't help but bring myself off to one more slow, easy orgasm.

* * * * *

Eric was still in bed, sleeping late on Saturday morning, when I left to run some errands. I pushed my cart up and down the aisles of the grocery store, and kept forgetting what I was looking for. All this sex was rotting my brain. My phone buzzed and almost let out a surprised squeak.

I checked the incoming message feeling like everyone in the store knew what I was up to.

hi mom - want 2 know what i'm doing right now?

He was incorrigible, but I loved his youthful enthusiasm.

Didn't you get enough of that last night?

guess not - just got out of the shower and i'm totally hard

Sounds nice

tell me something sexy 2 help me cum

The cheeky little scamp. I could feel myself getting wet inside my jeans. I tried to think of something hot to send him. A wicked thought crept into my brain, and I decided to add something new to our game.

Pay attention and do exactly what I tell you.

ok

Are you naked?

yes

Good. I want you to go into my bedroom.

I was causing a small traffic jam standing there texting my naked son, so I pushed my cart around to the next aisle. I was pretty sure no one could see my nipples getting stiff underneath my bra, but I was very aware of it. I knew that my chest would be flushed crimson

without even looking down.

ok - in your room now - it smells nice - like u

Open the top left drawer of my dresser

haha - it's full of ur underwear!

That's right. Now reach into the back and find the lacey red ones.

found them

Good. Lay them out on my bed.

ok

Go back to the drawer and pick out another pair that you like.

i picked the sexy black shiny ones

Excellent choice. Now wrap my black panties around your hard cock for me.

feels nice

I thought it might. Grab your penis keeping my panties around it and start jerking off.

"Excuse me." The old woman's voice nearly gave me a heart attack. I realized that I had to get out of there, there was no way I could concentrate on shopping, and someone was bound to notice that I was behaving oddly.

I pushed my cart to the registers, got into line, and quickly tapped out my next message, knowing Eric's hands would be too busy at the moment to reply.

Look at my red panties and imagine I'm lying there wearing them.

I'm on my bed, naked except for those panties, watching you play with your cock.

Mommy is so horny she starts rubbing her pussy through her red panties.

I transferred the dozen items in my basket to the conveyer as fast as I could.

You watch Mommy's fingers slip inside her panties.

I paid the cashier and wondered if she noticed how shaky my hands were. I grabbed my bags and rushed out to the car.

I look at you masturbating with my black satin panties and want you to cum in them.

I didn't dare attempt to drive in this condition, so I sat there in the parking lot of the grocery store and squeezed my thighs together.

Mommy wants to see you make your big cock cum...

while I fuck my pussy under my sexy red panties...

cum for Mommy, Eric - cum all over my panties for me!

Imagine that I'm having an orgasm right in front of you in those red panties...

and shoot your big load of cum on them.

I couldn't take it any longer, my pussy was demanding attention. I started the car and zoomed to a deserted corner of the parking lot. I checked to be sure no one was around, undid my zipper, and stuffed my hand down inside my pants, but over my panties. My crotch was soaked, as I knew it would be, and the smell of my sex immediately filled the car. I slouched down in the seat and rubbed my pussy through my panties.

holy crap mom - i came so friggin hard it's crazy

That's what I was going for.

it made a big mess and i got some on your comforter

The idea of my son's spunk smeared all over my panties and splattered across my bed covers unleashed a flurry of electric butterflies in my tummy. I knew immediately what I wanted, but wasn't sure I'd be able to have it.

Don't worry about it, honey, I'll clean it up for you.

r u sure? it's kinda gross...

Just leave everything the way it is.

My hand was out of my pants and I was already leaving the parking lot.

ok - i'm going to timmys - then the pizza place later

I responded when I got to a red light.

Don't get into any trouble.

i love love love u mom - bye

Perfect! I rushed home in a wild state of anticipation. I had to follow through on this before my rational instincts kicked in and stopped me. My pussy was practically screaming for release, but I couldn't yet.

I pulled into the driveway and hurried into the house, not even bothering to bring in the grocery bags.

"Eric!" I called as I pulled off my pants in the living room. "You home?" I whipped off my top as I sped down the hallway. There was no answer—I had the house to myself.

Upon opening my bedroom door I could instantly detect the distinctive odor of my son's ejaculation. There on the bed were my red panties, spread out neatly, and next to them were my black ones wadded up in a ball. I slipped out of my bra and approached the bed feeling a strange sense of something that was near to reverence. I knelt down, like I was at an altar of forbidden desire, and let my eyes feast on the soiled artifacts of my sick game.

I sucked in a quick breath when I saw a nice sized blob of semen about in the center of my red panties. Beyond that, there was evidence of a long, wet line where his first spurt must have landed and soaked into the comforter. That bit was all but lost to me.

Gingerly, I disentangled my satin black panties--the ones I usually save to wear under my work clothes on the rare occasions that I want to feel a little naughty--and I marveled at the amount of Eric's cum that had been captured in the silky folds. I sniffed the remnants of his spend and felt lightheaded. It didn't seem possible that I was doing this. This wasn't who I was at all.

I dragged the stained panties over one of my protruding nipples and spread a small quantity of Eric's cum onto it. I had to force myself to remember to breathe. My other nipple got the same treatment, picking up even more of a daub than the first. I looked down at my breasts, the tips glistening with the now clear fluid that had only minutes before had flowed out of my son's cock.

With a long, deep breath, I once again inhaled his male essence. I was intoxicated.

Next, I placed my cum-infused panties against my belly and swirled them around, glazing my skin with my boy's semen and sperm. I put the panties aside, leaned back, and admired my handiwork. I realized how utterly depraved it was, but it was too arousing for me not to continue.

While I reveled in the tiny prickles I could feel as Eric's cum dried on my skin, I tucked my hand into my underwear and fingered my hole.

I leaned forward and contemplated the puddle of semen on my red panties. It had turned transparent around the edges, but there remained an opalescent bead at the center. I could almost picture the warm jism dribbling out of his cum-slit and spilling onto my panties. I couldn't deny what I wanted to do with it, but I had to draw the line somewhere.

I put my nose to it--just a little sniff. At this stage, it had a faint sugary aroma with a hint of a nutty note. No one would ever know but me. The tip of my tongue touched the bodily fruits of my scandalous behavior with my son. I couldn't taste much, but the mere act of it caused my pussy to spasm around my finger. I dipped my head back down for more.

Cautiously, I lapped my tongue along the edge of the puddle. My pussy reacted again, and I had to slide another finger into my heated hole. I rolled my tongue around in my mouth, savoring the inkling of flavor I'd managed to collect. It simply wasn't enough.

Pursing my lips, I went back and this time sucked up as much of his cum as I could. There it was--that's what I wanted. I threw my head back and held my son's seed in my mouth. It was cool and slimy, but it was from him. It had surged up from his balls as he was thinking of my pussy and erupted from the end of his big hard cock all over my lacey red panties. And now it was filling my mouth. The flavor was much stronger now that I had a good quantity of it, and its bitter saltiness was my ambrosia.

I was masturbating madly by that point; kneeling on my bedroom floor, my chest and belly coated with a film of semen, and swishing more of my boy's cum around in my mouth. It coated my teeth and the insides of my cheeks, and I wanted go on like this, but I also wanted to swallow it. I held off, fingering my pussy hole with one hand and diddling my clit with the other until my orgasm was about to explode.

Just at that perfect moment, I swallowed and my climax erupted the second his semen slipped down my throat.

"I ate his cum!" I panted out loud in the throes of ecstasy. "I ate my son's cum! Oh, God, I'm so bad! I fucking ate his cum!"

My hips jerked, and my shoulders hunched as I was rocked with one orgasm after another. I couldn't let up, and my fingers continued to work my cunt almost of their own volition. I came a fourth time, then ten seconds later one last small orgasm signaled that the storm was ebbing.

I fell back onto the carpet and laughed. I don't know if I was laughing at myself, or the fact that I was happier at that moment than I'd ever been in my life. None of this made sense. I couldn't really be doing this--it had to be some kind of dream.

The euphoria remained long after I caught my breath, and I resigned myself to the fact that this was no dream. I got off the floor and went about cleaning up what was left of the mess. When I was done, I stood in front of the bathroom mirror with a warm, damp wash cloth in

my hand and considered the crusty sheen of cum that had hardened on my nipples and tummy. I'd stopped bothering to ask what was wrong with me, since I obviously didn't have the answer to that. Although, I couldn't help but ask, what was I becoming?

I tossed aside the unused washcloth, and returned to my bedroom without cleaning away Eric's semen. I put on my favorite salmon-colored polo and didn't bother with a bra. I fetched my cum-soiled black panties from the hamper and slipped them on, then put on a loose-fitting pair of khaki shorts.

One thing I understood was that finding out what I was becoming was going to be a nasty, freakish journey that I was powerless to resist. And I couldn't wait.

* * * * *

I heard the back door open and got goosebumps. Eric was home.

"What're you watching?" he asked casually as he settled down on the edge of the love seat.

"A movie. Chinatown."

"I didn't know you liked karate movies?"

I tried not to laugh. "There's a lot about me you don't know, kiddo."

He slumped back and focused his attention on the big screen. I wanted him to come sit next to me on the sofa. It would feel so good to cuddle with him like when he was little. But I also knew that I might not be able to control myself if he were up close to me, his body against mine. Even now I couldn't keep my eyes off the front of his cargo pants, searching for some hint of the object of my desire that lay hidden within.

"Did you eat?" I asked.

"We had pizza at Mario's."

"Were there girls there?"

"Yeah, but they were being stupid."

Was that a little twitch of jealousy I was feeling? "What were they doing?"

"I don't know, acting all immature and bitchy." He looked at me with a 'whoops' expression after letting this quasi-swear slip in front of me. "Sorry."

Again, I had to force myself not to laugh. After all the nasty things we'd been texting each other, he was still worried about getting in trouble for saying 'bitchy' in front of me.

"Get used to it. Girls are bitches, and guys are assholes," I said.

Eric's eyebrows raised in shock. It was the first time he'd heard me swear.

"But not you. sweetheart," I quickly added. "You're one of the good ones." I added a flirty wink for good measure, and watched him blush.

He smiled and turned back to the movie. My darling son had no clue that just hours ago I had my mouth full of his spent cum. I wanted him to know, but I fully understood that I had to keep it as my own secret. I snuck my hand up under the bottom of my shirt, pretending to scratch an itch. I ran my fingertips over the rough surface of the crust his dried semen had formed on my belly.

My nipples stiffened, and my first instinct was to hide this from Eric, then I thought better of it. I almost wouldn't have minded if he noticed. Actually, I decided, I wanted him to notice.

"How's Timmy doing?" I asked as an excuse to get his attention.

"I don't know." He looked over at me, his eyes flicked down to my chest then quickly back to my face. "Fine, I guess."

What would he do if I took my shirt off right then and there? Oh, God, I had to stop doing this to myself. I was worse than a hormone-crazed teenager!

Eric grabbed a throw pillow and set it on his lap. "This is the worst kung-fu movie ever," he announced. Even so, he stayed right where he was. Which I liked.

The two of us had always been close, but since his father and I split up, things have been different. I always knew he still loved me, and he knew I loved him, but a kind of gulf developed between us. I was afraid that he felt that if his dad could leave him, then so could I. He pulled away from me. Not in any overt or dramatic way, but it was obvious in a lot of small gestures and changes.

It had been years since he just sat and watched TV with me. Our talks at dinnertime were also something I had been missing for some time. I knew that my being selfish played a big part in what was going on now between us. I had gone so long without experiencing true satisfaction that I wasn't honestly appraising the effect my indiscriminate behavior might be having on my son. But maybe this twisted thing we were caught up in was doing more good for our relationship than harm. It's what I wanted to believe.

While Eric was mesmerized by Gittes about to get his nose cut, I picked up my phone and quietly tapped at the keypad.

Eric's phone made a soft 'twing' noise. He pulled it out of his pocket, probably expecting a

message from one of his friends.

I saw you looking at my tits.

As he read it I could see him visibly resisting the temptation to look at me. I watched him fiddle with his own keypad (geez, he was fast).

He heard my phone buzz, but kept his eyes on the TV.

sorry

It's okay. You can look if you want, I don't mind.

Eric read my message and smiled. He didn't look right away, but after a few seconds he couldn't resist and he openly stared sideways at my chest. His gaze lingered, and it was all I could do not to tweak my nipples through my shirt and make them stand out even more for him.

Like what you see?

u know it

The sexual tension in the air had just multiplied a hundred-fold. It was absolutely delicious.

Is your cock getting stiff from looking at Mommy's hard nipples?

yes

You don't have to hide the bulge in your pants from me if you don't want to.

He shook his head as he read my message, unable to believe this was coming from me, and his cheeks flushed a deeper crimson. He feigned watching the movie for a bit, then nonchalantly set the throw pillow in his lap aside. Eric shifted, as if to get comfortable, but it mainly served to show off the erection he was sporting in his pants. It was a beautiful thing.

I shamelessly gawked at my son's now obvious hard-on. He was unable to look at me, but I could tell he was enjoying the attention. I fought the urge to rub my pussy through my shorts right there in front of him. I entertained the unlikely possibility the he would give in to his own urges, pull it out, and start jacking off for me to see. I'd never had a sexual thought about Eric in all the years I'd raised him, and now it was about the only thing on my mind.

"Are you going to bed soon?" I asked, my voice had a husky edge to it that I wasn't expecting to hear.

"It's only, like, eight-thirty," he pointed out.

"Maybe you should go to your room and have a quick nap." I tried to add a suggestive lilt, but he wasn't getting what I was saying. He looked at me like I was a little nuts (which maybe I was). "And if you do, don't forget to take your cell phone with you."

His expression lit up with understanding. Why were all men made like this? You had to practically hit them over the head sometimes, I swear. When he stood up his bulge looked even bigger than when he was sitting. A chill ran down my back and he saw me staring straight at it.

"Are you, um, gonna take a 'nap,' too?" he asked, noticing that I wasn't going to my room also.

"I am." I looked up at his innocent, hazel eyes and could see the undisguised lust in them. "But I think I'll take mine right here." I rubbed the cushion next to me suggestively. He hurried to his room, leaving with a big, silly grin on his face.

As soon as I heard his bedroom door close, I kicked off my pants and pulled down the cum-encrusted panties I'd been wearing all evening. It felt especially naughty to once again be in my living room with a naked pussy--and this time with all the lights on.

I sent the first message.

Are you naked yet?

have my socks on

Take them off. I want you completely naked.

I pulled my own shirt off, and looked down at the flaky bits of dried semen still clinging to my front. I didn't fully understand my impulse to coat myself in Eric's cum, and I had no such previous inclinations in my sexual history to explain why it excited me so much even hours after I had given in to that impulse, but I knew that if I tried to analyze it too deeply I might risk having to face just how demented I was becoming as a result of these sexting indiscretions.

i'm naked! where r u?

Living room...and I'm naked too.

i'll b right out! haha

Not funny, mister. I already got caught out here once - don't want it to happen again.

Or did I? Setting my feet on the floor, I hit the mute button on the TV and leaned back on the

sofa. If Eric came out here despite what I said, I would have nowhere to hide. The possibility gave me a certain thrill.

i seen u naked in pictures, y not 4 real?

What we're doing is already kinky enough, don't you think? Maybe too kinky.

i liked seeing how ur nipples were hard just now

Is that why you got a big hard-on?

yes - plus thinking about what u made me do in ur bedroom this morning.

'Made' him do? I had a brief moment of doubt. Was he doing this with me because he thought that I was making him do it?

I only MADE you do it because I thought you would like it.

i did! a lot!

You had fun making your big penis cum all over mommy's sexy panties?

u know i did - r u sure i can't cum out there with u?

It was driving him crazy to know that I was out here in the open and not in my bedroom behind closed doors. I was tempted to give in and let him come out for a quick peek. But I was already as far down this slippery slope as I could risk going.

Wouldn't you be embarrassed for your mother to see you naked with an erection?

i guess - but i want to see u

And what would you do if I let you come out here and see me naked?

i don't know...just look...

Would you look at me and rub your penis?

maybe

You wouldn't be ashamed to masturbate your cock in front of your mother?

some - but i don't care

No, it would be too nasty for you to see me spread my pussy...

and slide my finger deep inside my vagina.

I had to scoot my butt down over the edge of the sofa so I wouldn't soak the cushions with my juices. I still couldn't believe how wet I was getting whenever I played with Eric like this.

mom! u r making me crazy - don't stop!

Sorry, honey. What we are doing is bad enough, I can't let it go any further.

Pleeeeeease...

You have to learn that girls don't like it when guys whine. Men don't beg, they do.

There was a pause in the exchange and I happily took the opportunity to give my pussy some uninterrupted attention. I even slipped a finger down and teased my own asshole, which was slick with pussy lube that had trickled down between my cheeks.

r u still in the living room?

On the sofa, touching my clit...

Sweet - i'm in my room jacking off

You have no idea how hot that makes me.

There was no response after almost half a minute.

Are you going to make your hard cock cum for mommy?

I put the phone aside for a moment to concentrate on myself. I fondled my tits, stroked the length of my slit, and tried to picture what Eric looked like beating off in his room.

The TV was still on and, even with the sound muted, a chase scene was proving to be distracting. I grabbed the remote and turned the TV off. When the screen went black I caught a hint of movement. I leaned back and toyed with myself, keeping an eye on the blank screen. Moments later there was movement again. I was able to see a faint reflection of Eric peeking in at me from the hallway. No wonder he kept asking where I was, the little rascal.

I resisted the automatic reflex to cover up and yell at him to go back to his room. I had to admit to myself that my first reaction the instant I realized he was there was one of extreme titillation. Was this what I was hoping for all along? Did I 'subconsciously' decide to do this again in the living room in order to lure him into peeking at me? I was too excited to analyze it all at the moment, so instead I picked up my phone.

Your hands must be too busy to reply.

That's okay. Just keep jerking and thinking of me out here all naked and horny.

Mommy's going to make herself cum now...

I put the phone aside and ran my hands down over the length of my body. I could barely make out the reflection of Eric's silhouette hovering at the corner of the entryway. He was ready to duck out of sight if I happened to look around that way, but I wasn't about to scare him off.

My stomach was a nervous knot, but I forced myself to overcome my stage fright and give in to the secret desire to put on a show for my son. As I raked my fingers along the insides of my thighs, pushing my legs wide, I realized that this is what I'd been wanting ever since we started our filthy game.

I closed my eyes and touched my pussy. Eric was off to my right and behind me a bit. He wouldn't have a good view between my legs, but I didn't want to change my position in such a way that it would be obvious that I knew he was there. I wanted him to have the thrill of thinking he was spying on my without my knowing.

My hand worked between my legs with exaggerated movements. I rotated my hips and moaned more than I would normally. His eyes were on me, I knew, and it sent a fire racing through my body. My boy was watching me masturbate. I listened as intently as I could, hoping to catch a hint of his breathing, or a quiet slap of his stroking fist against his balls.

"Oh, Eric, Mommy loves your penis," I murmured in a hushed groan. Then, in a clearer voice, "Mommy wants to suck your cock, baby." I knew he must be hearing me, and that turned me on even more. Was there any chance I could get him excited enough that he would come running out of hiding and ravage me right there?

No. I shouldn't want that. I couldn't want that. There was no doubt I crossed the severe line of propriety several days ago, but I had to maintain some boundaries. Lusting after my son in my mind was one thing, but to actually allow myself to act on it was out of the question. I was very satisfied with the level that Eric and I were at, and there was no need to go beyond what we had. I jammed two fingers into my sloppy wet pussy hole and wondered if he could even tell what I was doing from his vantage point.

"Oh, God, two fingers inside my pussy feels so good. I wish Eric could see me fuck myself like this." I did my best not to sound like I was spouting bad porno dialogue, but there wasn't much I could do about that. "He's probably making his cock cum right now thinking about his own mom's tits and pussy."

Without thinking, I pulled my fingers out of my cunt and put them into my mouth. I wanted Eric to see how wet my fingers were from being inside me, and also that I was so turned on that I would taste my own juices. I'd tried this once or twice when I was a teenager, just out of

curiosity, but it wasn't something I'd ever done as an adult. Then again, I'd never been this turned on as an adult before either. I scooped up another daub of my own pussy cream and enthusiastically sucked it from my fingers. If this wasn't getting him off, nothing would!

"I have to cum," I moaned, more for myself than my son. "I have to make my pussy cum for my baby."

With that, I began humping my hand with a singular purpose. I became more focused on my pleasure than on Eric's, but I never lost the sense that he was there watching me. My son was about to see me masturbate myself to orgasm. Before I found those pictures of my boy's hard cock, I never would have even contemplated this scene in my wildest fantasies, but here I was right in the middle of it really happening. Part of me knew I would never be satisfied with doing this just this one time, but I was incapable of worrying about all the consequences in the moment.

"Oh, Eric...Mommy's making her pussy cum right now. I love you so much. I want to cum for you. I want to cum for your cock! Uh, uh, uh...mmmmmm, yes! Oh, God! Yes!"

My legs shook, my face flushed, and my pussy sparkled with burst of cascading sensations. I was really doing it...I was cumming with my son watching. The high that thought gave me elevated my orgasm beyond the physical and into a whole other realm of pleasure. My hips bucked as I continued to rub my hyper-sensitive clit trying to prolong the feeling for as long as I could. My climax finally sputtered to quiescence, and a contented stillness settled over me.

I was able to hear the faint scuff of a bare foot on carpet as Eric snuck back to his room. I licked some of the wetness from my fingers, then typed out a text.

Did you make your beautiful cock cum yet, darling?

yes - cleaning up now

Did you hear me cumming?

yes - you make a lot of noise

I'm sorry I couldn't let you watch me.

that's ok

Give me a minute to get dressed, then you can come back out, if you want.

As I put my clothes on I became keenly aware that I was feeling 'unfinished.' There was another orgasm or two hovering just below the surface. They'd have to wait for later, I decided as I slipped my dirty panties up over my drenched crotch.

Moments after I pulled my shirt on, Eric came shuffling in with a sheepish look on his face. Was he feeling a little guilty for spying on his mother? He was such a cutie.

"Can I ask you for a little favor?" I asked with a warm smile.

"Sure."

"I could really use a nice hug right now..."

He looked a little uncomfortable at the suggestion. Eric had always been affectionate, but he had become significantly less so with me about the time he hit puberty.

"Okay," he murmured with a shrug.

I hopped up and wrapped my arms around him. I could feel his hesitation, and pressed my body tight to his. Now that he wasn't a little boy any more he would be noticing how his mother's breasts felt pressed to his chest, and the way my hips pressed against his. Had he been afraid of being turned on by the feel of his own mother's body, and terrified at the thought of becoming erect as a result?

"Come on," I whispered and put one of his arms around me. "Hug me back, silly."

Eric encircled me and gave me a comfortable squeeze. I was in heaven. I wanted to feel his hardness, but I resisted doing anything to provoke it. I held him for a long time, and he was willing to let me.

There was nothing in this world I could ever love more than my sweet son.

* * * * *

We sat together on the sofa and watched TV quietly for the rest of the evening. As difficult as it was, I managed to keep my hands mostly to myself. As had become our unwritten rule, neither one of us said a word about the sexting we had been doing and all that it entailed. It was strange, but also a little exciting--like we both had a secret we dare not speak of for fear of spoiling what was happening.

The closest there was to an acknowledgement of our perverted transgressions was when I brushed the hair away from his eyes, and I could tell how he noticed the strong scent of my pussy still on my fingers. I was tempted to trace my fingers across his upper lip so he could get a good sniff, and maybe let him have a taste, but I pulled my hand away and stopped torturing the poor boy.

I caught him looking at my nipples poking up under my shirt frequently, and I noticed the bulge in his pants fill out a couple of times. It felt bizarre and wonderful that we were able to see each other in this new way and no longer felt the need to hide the evidence of our natural

arousal from one another. I didn't even know what was playing on the TV, all I knew is that I was feeling closer to him than I had in a long while.

He planted a nice big kiss on my cheek before we headed off to our bedrooms for the night. I climbed into bed naked, and wondered if Eric would text, or if he had gotten his fill of me for the night. I didn't bother pretending I could read my book, and restlessly teased myself. I brushed my touch over my nipples that seemed to be in a perpetual state of excitement over the past days. I combed my fingers through my pussy hair, and patted my lips playfully.

I caught a glimpse of myself in my full-length dressing mirror. All I could see was my left leg. I lifted it off the bed a few inches, straightened it, pointed my toes and flexed. I allowed myself to admire the long elegant lines, the smooth curves, and the sensual softness of my thigh. I got off the bed and stood naked in front of the mirror.

I normally didn't waste time with narcissistic self-assessments, but I figured while I was feeling desirable it might be a good opportunity to allow myself a little indulgence. I looked myself over and liked what I saw. My breasts were lower than when I was young, but they still had a nice shape to them. My hips were fuller, which gave them a more womanly appeal. I braced myself and turned to check out my rear.

My ass had always been a source of pride, and I dreaded the inevitable day I would find it plagued with cellulite or drooping like a bag of soggy laundry. I was relieved to find it as pert and as silky smooth as ever. I gave myself a playful little spank on the spot of my birthmark. It occurred to me that I'd sent Eric pictures of my tits and of my pussy, but never one of my ass. I retrieved my phone from the nightstand.

I stood with my behind to the mirror and leaned forward slightly and arched my back to present my butt in the best possible pose. I held the camera over my shoulder and snapped a shot of my reflection. I checked the results and was pleasantly surprised by how sexy it came out. The soft lighting of my bedroom was just enough to make out some details without being graphically harsh.

I wanted to send it to Eric right that second, but then thought that maybe I should hold back. I didn't want to seem overly eager. I'd already given away too much of how horny I had become for him and for our exchanges. I shouldn't have been encouraging him to any greater degree than I had already in my wayward rashness. I was still his mother, and I needed to maintain a certain amount of authority as a parent.

Once I had worked through this sobering train of well-reasoned thought, it was obvious what I should do. After which, in a fit of girlish recklessness, I sent my son the photo of my naked ass.

While I waited to see if he would respond, I became curious. I returned to the mirror and presented my butt once more. I reached around and gave myself another light spank. Grabbing a handful of flesh, I spread my cheek to one side and tried to get a view of the hidden reaches within. I'd never attempted to inspect my own backside in intimate detail, but

for some reason I felt confident enough to give it a try. I wasn't able to see much, and I was hurting my neck with the attempt. I once again turned to my phone.

I set my feet wide and bent forward, looking between my legs into the mirror. With my free hand I opened my ass as best as I could. Holding the phone in my other hand, I held it up near my pussy, pointing the lens at my reflection and took the picture. I was disappointed with the outcome. It was all shadows and blurry flesh. But I wasn't going to be deterred.

With the shade of my bedside lamp tilted, I lay on my bed, curled my legs up so my knees were nearly touching my shoulders (what's the joke about the girl who can put her ankles behind her ears?), and angled my bottom so it was directly under the bright light. I felt somewhat foolish, but also enlivened by my newly discovered willingness to permit myself to do things that until recently I would have considered unthinkable.

I reached around, did my best to center on the target, and pressed the button. I looked at the picture, ready to cringe, but I was elated to find a surprisingly fetching view of my asshole. It wasn't at all what I expected. My butthole, as it turns out, was a cute little pinkish star with a slightly darker spot at the center. I'm not sure exactly what I thought it would be, but I was glad I finally had the gumption to explore myself in a way I had always been hesitant to do in the past. No wonder my ex-husband liked spreading my ass open whenever he fucked me doggy style. I had always felt slightly degraded when he did that, but now I was somewhat proud of it.

Encouraged by my intimate self-examinations, I took a few more close-up pictures of my pussy in the interest of possibly gaining a new perspective on that particular orifice, and I wasn't disappointed. With each shot I gained a greater appreciation for the unique beauty of my own pussy. Again, I was keenly aware of how blatantly self-indulgent this all was, but I couldn't help becoming incredibly turned on by the sight of my own cunt.

I was too engrossed to be upset that Eric hadn't responded to my sending him the picture of my butt, and before I knew it I was masturbating to pictures of my own genitals. I didn't care how self-absorbed it was--all I knew is that it felt amazing. Three orgasms later, I was happy and contented, and was able to fall into the blissful oblivion of sleep without a single worry.

* * * * *

I awoke without opening my eyes. At least I think I was awake. Something was strange.

I tried to burrow back into the comfortable embrace of slumber, but I sensed movement. Something was touching my hip. Fingertips. Gliding lightly upwards. A dream. A perfect, entrancing dream complementing and extending the pleasures I had given myself while awake.

A phantom hand tickled the hair between my legs and I wanted it to be real. Lying on my right side, I could almost feel the warmth of a body behind me, but I hadn't shared my bed with a

man in years. I wouldn't allow myself to admit it, but the nights had become so lonely. The dream pressed against me.

I could feel his passionate hardness touch my rear. I smiled in my sleep, entertaining the fleeting fantasy that my son Eric would be bold enough to come to my bed. Oh, sweet fantasy. I willed myself to stay in this twilight state. I moaned in my dream, squirming against my imagined lover.

There was a tentative probing from behind. Without hesitation, I parted my thighs to accommodate the timid prodding. It was almost as if I could feel a man's warm breath caressing the back of my neck. Even in my sleep, I was aware of how profoundly aroused I was.

The sensation of a cock sliding along the cleft of my ass was so real. I lay still, afraid that if I came to full wakefulness I would lose the dream. My phantom lover grasped my hip. His thrusts became more insistent. Oh, how I wanted this again. It had been too long. How could I have gone so long denying myself such closeness?

The movements of the cock slowed. I thought I sensed a pressing insistence, then there was stillness. Peaceful contentment. I dozed deeper. My lover had withdrawn, leaving me with an aching want for more. A silent kiss upon my shoulder said 'I love you,' and consciousness faded.

I awoke feeling happy. It was amazing what a night of sex dreams could do for one's mood. I was as wet as ever, and in the mood for an orgasm. I never usually pleased myself in the morning, but the usual had taken its leave several days ago. I reached down between my legs.

The wetness was even more than I expected. I fingered myself sleepily, enjoying the feel of my pliable lips. Before I got too far I felt something strange. There was something scratchy under my lower back. I shifted on the mattress, but it was still there. I sat up and look, but there was nothing on the sheet that could have been responsible. I then realized whatever was causing the feeling was on me, not the sheet.

I surveyed my lower back by touch and there was something slightly moist and sticky there. I brought my fingers to my nose and sniffed. The unmistakable scent of semen greeted me. Confusion quickly gave way to stunned realization. No, it had to be a dream.

I double checked, taking another smell. Maybe I was just imagining it. I tasted. No doubt. It was cum. And it was relatively fresh.

It hadn't been a dream. I was torn between wanting to be furious for such a gross violation, and feeling disappointed that I didn't more fully appreciate it while it was happening. I collected more from the traces left near the top of my ass crack and tasted again just to be sure. Yes, it was definitely Eric's sperm. He had snuck into my bed last night and used me!

I tried to muster up the appropriate outrage, but I simply couldn't. I was upset with him, to be sure, but also a little impressed that he would take such a risk as that. What possessed my normally well-behaved boy to do something so extreme? He must have really wanted it to the extent that he lost all perspective. I suppose my incessant teasing drove him to it. As I was puzzling all this out my fingers absently stroked my clit. This was a serious matter that required my serious consideration, and yet I couldn't keep from pleasuring myself at the thought of my son brazenly humping me in the night.

Once I turned my full attention to my pussy, it was less than a minute before I brought myself off. I rested for a moment, licking and sucking my fingers clean, then made myself cum a second time. My orgasm built and released at the perfect moment, sending a wave of fulfillment rumbling through me.

Sunday morning. I could almost hear my mother's voice calling for me to hurry up and get ready. She always wanted to get to church early. It was like she thought we'd get extra credit from Jesus for being the first ones there. What she really wanted was to see when everyone else arrived, and to be able to give that disdainful look to the latecomers. Was she looking down on me from heaven right now wondering why I was lying naked in bed on a Sunday morning playing with myself and tasting the remnants of my son's cum instead of getting ready for church? I opened my legs wider, so she could get a better view, and jammed three fingers into my pussy and fucked myself to my own version of heaven on earth.

* * * * *

Eric was gone by the time I got out of bed. I fell back to sleep after my rather blasphemous display of self-gratification, and didn't wake up again until almost noon. I was tempted to text him, but decided to hold off. I was still trying to sort out my feelings about what he'd done. It would be best if I made sense of it before I talked to him so as not to make this situation any more confusing than it already was.

I skipped the treadmill and went outside for a long walk. It felt good to get my heart pumping and work up a light sweat. The air helped to clear my head, and the sunshine reminded me of how good it was to be alive. I returned home in a more upbeat mood, and enjoyed a long, luxurious shower.

Eric had apparently come home and gone out again while I was walking. There was no note to let me know where he was. I didn't want to read too much into it, but I couldn't help but feel like maybe he was trying to avoid me. I checked my phone to see if I'd received any messages while in the shower, but there was nothing. My fingers were itching to send him a text, but I couldn't think of what to say.

"Thanks for sexually molesting me in my sleep last night," came to mind. I snapped my phone shut, put it down, and went out to the backyard.

I got my gardening stuff out of the shed and busied myself with some overdue weeding in the flowerbeds. He shouldn't have done what he did, that seemed fairly obvious to me. But, at the same time, I couldn't fault him for it. I was as much responsible for encouraging it as he was for doing it. And there was also the fact that I wasn't entirely an unwitting victim in this. On some level I was aware of what was happening. If it was something I really didn't want, I would have stopped it. I had allowed myself to cross that line with Eric in my mind, but I had insisted to myself that it was only fantasy--that I wouldn't act on such a monumentally inappropriate urge.

Texting, and pictures, and even letting him peek at me, were one thing, but actually being physically intimate with my own son was another. I couldn't deny it any longer. This was incest.

I'd been doing everything I could to convince myself that it wasn't, but after last night I couldn't fool myself any longer. Incest. It seemed like such a dirty word for something so satisfying. If anyone found out, I would lose everything. They'd take Eric away, I'd lose my job, maybe even face criminal charges. Headlines flashed in my head. "Woman Fucks Son and Likes It!"

I let the trowel drop from my grip and shucked off my gloves to wipe away the tears. I knelt in the grass crying, not because of all the bad things that could come of what I'd done, but because I finally acknowledged something I'd been avoiding all morning. I wanted it to happen again. I wanted it to go further. I wanted my son to fuck me. It was beyond the realm of fantasy, and I was fully prepared to give myself to him if it was what he wanted.

There wasn't an inkling of aversion when I pictured myself on my back, holding my legs wide open, and Eric guiding his beautiful cock into my waiting pussy. Just the opposite. I wanted it. I needed it, and I wanted to be fully present and in the moment with him. I wanted my boy to fuck me, and be able to fuck him back, and to wrap my naked body around him, and feel him reach the pinnacle while inside me.

The world I knew before I stumbled onto those pictures of Eric's penis no longer existed. What would have been unimaginable to me a week ago was now my only reality. Everything I knew, and everything I relied on to keep me grounded, was now in question. If I could accept my son as a lover, even if only in my own mind, then nothing was sure and anything was possible. It was at once frightening and exciting. Any rule could be questioned. Any pleasure previously denied could be sampled. Any line might be crossed.

I wished that Eric was home with me at that very moment so I could take him by the hand and lead him to my bed. The need I felt for him was almost overpowering. Should I text him? Should I call him and tell him to come home because his mother wants so very badly to fuck him. No. Just because I had come to terms with the fact that I was ready to have sex with my son, didn't mean I had license to lose all control. And, it would be very important for me to keep in mind that this wasn't a one-sided choice on my part. I had to be sure Eric knew what he was doing, and not just use his curiosity and naivety to my own advantage.

With my trowel back in hand, I resumed tending my flowers and patiently waited for my son to come home to me.

* * * * *

I was putting the leftovers of a mostly uneaten dinner away when Eric finally slipped in the back door. I'd been anxiously awaiting him all day, and then the second I saw him I didn't know how to react or what to say.

"Hey, Mom," he mumbled without looking at me. He hurried through the kitchen on his way to his room.

I wanted to stop him and say one of the million things I'd been rehearsing throughout the afternoon and evening, but it was clear that he wanted to avoid me. I let him go.

He must have been feeling troubled about what he had done during the night. I was so wrapped up in my own worries, that I hadn't given much thought to Eric's. Was he guilty? Ashamed? Appalled with himself? I was afraid to find out which.

I finished cleaning up, then took my phone to the living room and sat down. I debated whether or not I should instead just go to his room and talk to him, but in the end I decided that if I was right there in front of he might just close down and not be able to say what he was feeling. I carefully typed out a text message.

I missed you today.

I waited. Just as I started to think he wasn't going to respond, my phone buzzed.

sorry - golfing and cookout

If you get hungry let me know and I can heat something up.

ok - ty

His discomfort was coming through his texts loud and clear. I didn't want to force him to open up to me, but I didn't want to leave him in this sour mood.

I had an interesting dream last night...

Several heartbeats passed before he responded.

oh

And you were in it.

There came another long pause.

was it a bad dream?

Not entirely, but it wasn't quite the dream I would have picked if I had a choice.

r u mad?

No. I think I understand why I had that dream, so I'm not angry about it.

I was dying to tell him that it was all okay, and that it actually felt good for me, but I had to try to regain some semblance of control over how this progressed from here.

i'm vry sorry mom - i feel really bad about it

We all do things we shouldn't from time to time. It's just part of growing up.

And what was it when a grown woman did things she shouldn't?

u probably hate me now

I'll never hate you, honey. I love you, and I always will no matter what.

As I waited, I had the intuitive sensation that he was in his room crying at that very moment. I wanted to go to him, and hold him in my arms. If I could just put him in my lap and kiss his tears away, I could make everything all better.

i love you too mom - for everything

Now I was getting all teary eyed.

Thank you, sweetheart. All is forgiven, so we can put this behind us. Okay?

ok - i should get 2 sleep...

The exchange had gone about as well as I could have expected, but I felt a little disappointed that he was ready to end it so soon. I guess it was a little crazy for me to think he'd want to fool around after such a heavy conversation.

Goodnight.

On impulse I added one last message:

It would be okay for you to text me later...if the mood strikes you.

I regretted it as soon as I hit send. I shouldn't pressure him like that. He was dealing with enough as it was without adding the burdens of my own expectations.

With a jumble of mixed emotions, I retired to my bedroom. I got into my pajamas, and climbed into bed, but sleep didn't come. I waited for my phone to buzz, but it remained quiet. The poor guy must be feeling terrible for what he did. It's easy to forget how teenagers magnify every event in their lives to epic proportions. Despite what I told him, he was probably thinking he was about the worst son on the planet right now.

I tossed and turned on the verge of sleep for hours. I looked at the clock and couldn't believe it was 2:00 a.m. I was feeling fidgety, but it wasn't the type that would be easily quelled with a self-administered orgasm. I needed something more.

My mind was crowded with thoughts of how I could make Eric feel better about what he had done, but nothing seemed right. How could I make it absolutely clear to him that he wasn't some kind of freakish monster for creeping into my room and cumming on me in my sleep? I couldn't come up with a reasonable solution. But, just after 3:00 a.m., a decidedly unreasonable solution came to mind.

I listened at Eric's door and all was silent. With uncertain slowness, I turned the knob and pushed his bedroom door open and peeked in. He was asleep in his bed, earbuds in his ears, his MP3 player resting on his chest. I tiptoed in, wondering if he had felt last night the way I was feeling just then.

He was sleeping on his back, with light a sheet over him. I was about to chicken out and hurry back to my room when I noticed his boxer-briefs on the floor at my feet. Eric was sleeping naked.

I carefully peeled the sheet back away from his legs and barely suppressed a gasp when his penis came into view. Even in the darkness I was able to make out the shape of his mushroom head, and the relaxed heft of his balls. There was no turning back after that.

With great care, I sat on the edge of his mattress. I leaned down and brought my face close to his penis. This was it. This is what I had been fantasizing about for days. All I had to do was open my mouth and take him in.

My lips touched his shaft and it sent a warm fire through me. I licked the smooth curve of his cockhead and let the chills run up and down my spine. Gently, I sucked his limp penis up between my lips and into my mouth. I massaged his warm flesh with my tongue, and was able to take in his entire cock in its flaccid state. My chin brushed against his soft balls.

I began lightly sucking him. Almost immediately he started to stiffen. Pulse by pulse it grew in length and thickness, soon becoming too large to keep it all within my mouth.

Eric stirred, and my first instinct was to stop dead, like a criminal caught in the act, but I continued sucking my son's cock. It was my turn to give him a nice dream.

He was fully erect, and the pictures hadn't exaggerated his size. Eric wasn't freakishly big, but his cock was certainly bigger than I was accustomed to. His father was a shade below average in the penis department, which was never a concern for me. I'd made the best use of it I could, and didn't have any complaints with my ex-husband's cock, so much as I did with him as a lover in general. It wasn't that he was bad at what he did, but he tended to be somewhat unimaginative. However, the last thing I wanted to think about at that moment was my lousy ex.

The spongy head of Eric's cock glided along the roof of my mouth and pressed against the back of my throat. My fantasy was real. I bobbed my head up and down on his erection, using my lips and tongue to maximize his pleasure as much as I could. His hips were making small circles and he was straining upward, pushing himself into my sucking mouth. He was fully awake by this point, and knew exactly what was happening. I sucked him harder.

I brought a hand up and cupped his balls. I couldn't see them, but the images from his pictures were bright in my mind's eye. I gently fondled him and continued to suck his cock. My pussy was aching for attention, but I stayed focused on my son.

"Oh, Mom..." he whispered. "That feels so good..."

After that, he began pushing himself into my mouth with small thrusts. I knew he was getting close. I maintained a steady pace, and was almost delirious with joy over the sensation of having my lips wrapped around my son's hard penis.

"Mom...I'm gonna cum...Mom..."

I know he meant it as a warning, but I didn't let up. I kept sucking my boy's cock and playing with his balls.

"I'm cumming...I'm cu--"

He lifted himself, pressing his cock suddenly against the back of my throat. I pulled back a little, felt his cockhead swell, and the first gout of semen poured out onto my tongue. It was sublime. Half a second later, another spurt came, and then another. He was quickly filling my mouth and I was afraid I was going to choke. I swallowed some down, and it was quickly replaced by more. I thought it would never stop flowing.

I sucked until he surrendered his last drop to me, then lifted my head. My mouth was full of Eric's cum, and I wanted to savor it. This wasn't the fading remnants I had licked up from my panties or my back, this was warm and fresh from the source. I'd never been so happy to have a mouthful of semen before in my life. I was barely able to contain a laugh of pure delight.

It took three swallows to get it all down, and I felt drunk with pleasure. My intention was simply to suck him off, then go, but I found myself taking his cock back into my mouth. I turned so I was up on my knees on his bed, and I reached down into my pajama bottoms.

My fingers slid easily along the length of my well-lubricated lips. I inserted two fingers into my hole and gave myself a couple of quick pumps. Drawing out even more sex juices, I slathered my swollen cunt with wetness, and began rubbing my clit.

Eric remained quiet and still while I held his cock in my mouth and masturbated. Even though he had cum, there was no sign that he was softening. I shamelessly suckled his hardness and worked my dripping pussy faster. Seconds later I was there.

I moaned without taking his dick from between my lips and rode my fingers to an ecstatic climax. It had been only half a day since I last made myself cum, but it felt like I was releasing a year's worth of pent up frustrations all at once. It was the kind of mind-shattering orgasm that I had never believe really existed. Instantly, I became a believer. I let Eric's cock free with a sucking pop, and cried out

I remained on Eric's bed, on my hands and knees, my head hanging down, and my hand tucked firmly between my legs. Every few seconds my body was seized by a spasm of shudders. Each aftershock brought with it a ghostly echo of the pleasure I'd experienced from the initial quake. I couldn't imagine what poor Eric must have been thinking.

Eventually, my senses returned, and I felt once again in control of my own body. I climbed off the bed and drew the sheet over my son's nakedness. With difficulty, I resisted the temptation to climb under the covers with him and cuddle up.

I leaned down and kissed him on the forehead.

"Sweet dreams," I whispered, then kissed him on the lips.

He didn't say a word as I quietly withdrew and eased the door closed behind me. I shuffled back to my room on unsteady legs and collapsed into bed.

I didn't know if committing my own nocturnal violation of him would assuage his guilt, but at that moment it didn't even matter to me. All I knew was that I'd experienced a dimension of pleasure that I never knew existed, and now my main purpose in life was to explore that erotic dimension deeper with my handsome 16-year-old son.

Introduction: Mother and son indulge their lusts, but mom struggles to keep it from going too far.

By Kinkybelle

I was gathering up my purse and searching for my keys when Eric came into the kitchen. I tried to gauge his mood, but it was hard for me to tell for sure. After what I had done with him last night I wanted to spend a little time with him to make sure he was all right, but I was already running late as it was.

"Good morning, sweetheart."

"Mornin', Mom." He sorted through the cereal boxes noncommittally.

I paused halfway out the door. "You okay?"

"Sure." He gave me a thin smile that seemed genuine, but I wasn't certain. I'm sure I was just projecting my own anxieties onto him. He had never been a morning person, so I shouldn't be expecting him to be bouncing around like a happy little bunny just because I sucked him off in the middle of the night.

"I've got to run," I said apologetically. "Would it be okay if I texted you later?"

"Yeah, of course."

His first-thing-in-the-morning monotone left me uncertain. I wasn't going to let it bother me. I was on top of the world, and I was sure Eric was just feeling a little awkward facing me after the intimately forbidden things we'd been doing together lately.

The recent developments in our relationship filled my thoughts as I drove to work, breaking a number of traffic laws to get there on time. My general policy has always been to talk things over whenever there was a problem. Communication is the key to any good relationship. But I had to confess that I liked how Eric and I weren't openly speaking about our perverted forays over the line with each other. If I had followed my usual policy, our unseemly adventure would have likely been talked to death before it even got started. And, based on the outcome of my marriage, what did I know about good relationships anyway?

The Monday morning crunch kept me running up until lunchtime. The fast pace had me feeling invigorated, and I was ready to take on the world. A good-looking new commercial client even hit on me once I'd finished setting up his account. This was a first! He said something about how the "sexy librarian" thing I had going on was working for him, and asked if he could give me a call. I politely declined, but I would have happily given him my number if he wasn't a customer. And if I wasn't in the middle of a torrid sexual affair with my own son.

In the few free moments I did have, I found myself surreptitiously looking through the naked pictures of Eric's cock and those of my own pussy. I knew I was only torturing myself, making my pussy increasingly horny with no way to relieve the building tension down there. I couldn't

resist, though, I was becoming addicted to our homemade porn.

I wanted to go relax in my grassy sanctuary during my lunch break, but I didn't have time. It was take-out at my desk instead. As I ate, I brought up the picture of my darling son's penis again--the one where the tip was all covered with cum. I was as entranced with it as the first time I saw it. I know what that cum tastes like. The thought made my pussy tense up with grasping desire.

Peggy poked her head into my office, squawking about something or other. I just smiled and nodded, amused by the fact that she had no idea I was looking at my boy's cock at that very moment as she babbled away. I had the brief fantasy of showing her the picture just to see if I could actually shock her speechless for once.

She soon toddled away, off to complain to someone else about whatever. I returned my full attention to Eric's penis. I was glad I was wearing a jacket so no one would be able to see my nipples straining to rise under my blouse. I typed a quick message.

Thinking of you.

I was about to put my phone aside, figuring Eric was probably in class and wouldn't see the text for some time, but he buzzed me right back.

same here

Between classes?

lunch in the caf

Is there anyone with you?

some of my friends - y?

I don't want them to see my messages.

hold on

I still held out hope that we'd be able to have these types of conversations face to face at some point, but for now this seemed to be the best way for us to communicate. Especially when it came to our illicit activities.

in a boy's room stall now

I just wanted to see if you were upset about what I did last night.

not upset

You must be feeling something. It's okay to be honest with me. I won't be mad.

it was incredible mom

But...

but did u do it cause u wanted 2 or bcause u wanted 2 make me feel better 4 what I did?

That took me aback. My son was much more insightful than I was giving him credit for. I would never have considered this as something that might be on his psychological radar. I needed to get out of the habit of assuming he was still thinking like that little boy I had known for so many years.

Honey, I wouldn't have done it if I didn't want to. And I wanted it very much.

not just bcause u felt sorry 4 me?

I did also want to make you feel better - that's what moms do.

it worked - u made me feel REAL better!

Just remembering the sensation of Eric's cock in my mouth was making me squirm in my desk chair. I could feel the warmth increasing between my legs.

So you liked the way Mommy sucked your cock?

maybe too much

That didn't sound very promising.

How do you mean?

i think about u 24/7 now - i feel weird 4 being obsessed with my own mother

I don't want you to feel weird about this, honey.

All my doubts and fears were bubbling to the surface once again.

is there something wrong with me 4 wanting u so much?

There is nothing wrong with you. You're a normal, horny teenager. That's all.

But what was my excuse?

sorry for freaking out on you like this

I understand perfectly. If you want to slow things down, or stop all together, that's okay.

i don't want 2 slow down at all - unless u do...

I chewed my lower lip--a nervous habit I thought I had conquered over a decade ago. Was he trying to get me to be the responsible one here, and put an end to this sordid business between us? Did he need me to be the strong one and 'make' him do what was right? Or was he only saying that because he thought it might be what I actually wanted? I couldn't waver here. I had to make a decision.

I want you to be happy and do what feels right for you. But, I don't want to stop either.

it's confusing - but i guess it's okay - it like it and i'm very happy

Good

and i'm very hard

Are you serious? In the boy's room?

i have it out - i'm thinking about last night

About how my lips were wrapped around your lovely penis?

it was so awesome mom

You mean how I licked the tip of your cock and ran my tongue up and down it?

can't believe i'm jerking off at school

Keep stroking, honey - but don't cum yet. Hold on.

It was my turn to find somewhere more private. I hurried to the ladies' room and locked myself into the last stall. I unclasped my black, pin-stripped pants and lowered them to my thighs, spreading my knees to keep them from falling all the way down. I pulled my moist panties down a little so they wouldn't get soaked.

I'm touching my pussy.

no way? at the bank?

In the bathroom fingering myself and picturing you playing with your cock right now.

I stood facing the toilet and masturbated furiously as I waited for his next message.

can i ask u something about last nite?

Of course.

after i came in ur mouth what happened to it?

I was barely able to pull my hand away from my cunt to respond.

You filled up my mouth with cum, and then I swallowed it. Every drop.

WOW - that is so friggin hot! i didn't know that was something girls even did!

Only the nasty ones!

I attacked my pussy with renewed fervor. I wanted to be able to take my time and enjoy this afternoon escapade, but I had to hurry up and cum before someone came into the bathroom and spoiled it. My legs trembled and my pants ended up dropping down to my ankles. I didn't care at that point and rubbed my twat even faster.

Next time, I want to lick your balls and suck on them.

sounds fun! i want to lick your pussy mom and taste you

You want to suck your mommy's cunt and make me cum with your mouth?

yes! i'm about to shoot - say more!

Mommy wants to fuck your face and let you swallow all my pussy juices...

while I stroke your big cock and make it squirt for me...

so I can lick up all your hot cum as you suck my clit!

My thighs were slick with my wetness. I pressed hard against my stiff nub and worked it roughly. If someone walked in I wasn't sure that I would be able to stop. It would be instantly obvious that I was beating off my pussy right there in the stall.

i just came on the floor - big blobs all over! haha - now it's your turn mom

think about my cock

going inside your vagina

sliding in and out

while I suck your tits

and grab your ass

Oh, God, he was adorable. My orgasm fired off to the dreamy fantasy of Eric fucking me. I thought of him spurting his cum deep inside of me. My body suddenly clenched, hunching me forward as I played out my climax for all it was worth. I slumped to the side, leaning against the cool metal divider wall for support, and slowly returned to earth.

i would use my cock to get you to cum

So adorable.

You just did, sweetheart.

excellent! best lunch period ever!

Same here!

I struggled to get myself together, pulling up my undies and pants. I hoped the scent of my sex wasn't as heavy in the air as it seemed to me.

late for class - gotta run - love u 4ever!

I closed my phone, squared myself away, and stepped out of the stall. Gina walked into the bathroom just then and I did my best to appear composed, even though my pussy was still alive with the occasional residual flutter.

"Hey, Cheryl," the petite, yet busty, young teller greeted me with a bright smile. "Why do Mondays always have to suck so hard?"

She clicked past me on heels too high and too thin for me to even attempt on a night out, much less at work. There was no denying the provocative effect they had on her shapely calves. Gina was a classic Italian beauty, with huge, to-die-for eyes, and a body that reduced most men to leering fools when she was near.

"Better hard than soft," I quipped without thinking about what I was saying.

She looked back at me over her shoulder with a scandalize expression of shocked amusement. "I can't argue with that," she giggled, not quite knowing how to take my out of character comment.

I rinsed my hands as Gina went into the last stall. Maybe she wouldn't notice the lingering

aroma of my pussy. Or maybe she would, and become aroused by it. Maybe she didn't really have to pee and was only going in there to rub one out herself.

Why was I even thinking that? Was giving in to one taboo going to create a domino effect of perversion and bring on thoughts of other deviant behaviors? I hurried back to my desk before I could have any more indecent ideas involving another woman.

Eric would probably love to fuck Gina. What a sight that would be. That hot little slut squatting on my son's hard cock, riding him with that tight young pussy of hers. Her ass would look amazing in that position. I could just see Eric pulling out at the last second and spraying hot cum all over her firm butt. He would motion me over once he was done, and watch me lick his spunk up off of Gina's ass, being sure not to leave a single drop behind--even the one that trickled down between her cheeks. Then I'd suck his spent cock, all covered in her pussy's nectar. After I finished cleaning him off, she'd turn around, straddle my boy, lower her cunt onto his stiff penis, and I'd watch those big tits of hers bounce as she fucked him again, masturbating myself shamelessly with Gina's gorgeous, dark eyes on me the whole time.

Holy. Fucking. Shit! I couldn't do this! I couldn't go there, not even in my mind. Ideas had power. I believed that now more than ever, and that was one idea I had to steer clear of. I went to the door of my office in time to catch a glimpse of Gina leaving the ladies room and heading back to work. The sway of her smoking hot ass was all it took.

Moments later, I was back in the last stall, getting myself off to the thought of Eric watching me suck Gina's nipples while she fingered my pussy. I was in trouble.

Big trouble.

* * * * *

Eric wasn't back yet from basketball practice by the time I got home. I headed straight to the bathroom and got undressed. The cool air felt good on my pussy after being stuffed in warm, wet panties all day. I climbed into the shower and relaxed under the refreshing spray for a good ten minutes.

I ran my hand along my thigh and decided I could use a quick shave. I'm lucky that I don't have much hair on my legs, but it's always nice to have that silky smooth feel. As I made one last quick pass with the razor over my shins, I paused to consider my bush.

There was a time when I made an effort to keep my pussy hair neat and trimmed, but I hadn't bothered since Eric was in diapers. It wasn't like I had an out of control beaver running wild down there, but it did look a little scary in some of the photos I'd been taking of myself. It seemed like as good a time as any to do a little bushwhacking.

I began gingerly tidying up around the edges, and wondered if Gina shaved her pussy. I wouldn't be surprised if she was bald down there. Holy Hell, I was doing it again. I was not

attracted to women in a sexual way at all. So why was I trying to picture what that little hottie at work had going on in her panties? I was turning into a rampant perv.

Standing in front of the mirror on tiptoes I checked out my handiwork. It looked better, but it was still too much. There was a lot to be said for leaving something to the imagination, but there was also an argument to be made for flaunting it if you got it.

Very carefully I worked the razor up each of my outer lips using quick, short strokes. I held my breath, dreading the possibility of having to use a Band-Aid down there. My apprehension about what it would look like melted away as my vulva was gradually rendered bare. I never thought about it much, but for the first time in my life I could now see my pussy as something beautiful rather than just a necessary biological component of being a woman. I never would have imagined my son would be the one to bring this out in me. No one ever made me feel like as much of a woman in every way as he did.

A cute, triangular patch remained on my mound above my slit. I smoothed some lotion on my newly exposed skin, and was sorely tempted to gratuitously apply some directly to my throbbing clit. I forced myself to resist, wanting to save that for later. I reapplied a touch of eye make-up, and a hint of lip gloss. I left my hair as it was, pulled back and clipped up in a tight coil behind my head.

I picked a light summer skirt with a faint flower pattern. The material was so thin that when the light was behind me you could see the silhouette of my bare legs all the way up to where they met. I decided not to bother with undies tonight. To go with the skirt, I selected a white sleeveless silk blouse that buttoned up the front. The one time I had worn it I realized that due to the loose fit I was inadvertently giving anyone who cared to look down the front, or from the side, a free peek at my bra as I moved around in it. That wouldn't be a problem tonight, since I wouldn't be wearing a bra.

I checked myself in the mirror. I was a breezy and fun gal from the neck down; a motherly librarian from the neck up. I would resolve that odd contrast later.

When Eric got home I had his dinner ready for him. Teriyaki salmon with rice and sweet corn--another one of his favorites. He gave me a quick peck on the cheek and sat down to his meal. He told me about practice, and the upcoming playoff game. There was a drug sniffing dog at the school, and three kids got busted. Danielle is now going out with a college 'douche,' and acting all snobby about it. I became absorbed in his world and wanted to know every inane detail.

At the same time, I couldn't stop watching him eat. There's something about seeing a man enjoy the food I made for him that turns me on in a very strange way. Some primal nurturing drive, I suppose, but I only ever noticed it with the men I cared for. I watched him wolf down another big bite and secretly enjoyed the tingle it gave me in my womanly places.

As I cleared the plates, I was careful to not give him much more than a quick glimpse down my

shirt. He may have caught the curve of the side of my breast, and maybe even a blurred flash of the dark edge of an areola, but not much more. I wanted to tease him, not give away the whole show.

"I rented a movie. Want to watch it with me?"

"One of your old movies?" Eric asked with a sour face.

"No." I gave him a playful swat on his shoulder and caught a whiff of the tantalizing stink of the sweat he'd worked up at practice. "That one you said was funny, American Pie."

"Okay, sure," he agreed readily.

I'd picked that one because I knew it had some racy scenes in it, and I was pretty sure it was the movie that helped popularize the term M.I.L.F. Seemed like a potentially stimulating film for a mother and son to share.

I settled in on the sofa in my usual spot as Eric loaded the movie into the DVD player. I was disappointed when he sat on the love seat instead of next to me. I soon noticed how his choice of seat allowed him to steal glances at me without being too obvious about it. It was cute that even though I had given him permission to look at me in any way he liked, he was still acting shy about it.

Right after the boy in the movie got caught masturbating by his mom and dad, I tucked my legs up on the sofa next to me and let my skirt ride up my thigh a little. It didn't take Eric long to notice. He'd seen me in a bathing suit on many occasions, but this seemed somehow so much naughtier.

Not long after that, I broke out my 'move.' I reached up and undid the clips holding my hair and let it fall. I felt like I was in one of those silly shampoo commercials, but when I shook out my twist, and ran my finger through my hair it really grabbed his attention, and I felt like a sexy super-model instead of a librarian. I became distracted, however, when the scene of the foreign exchange student changing in the boy's bedroom came on.

Eric and I were both focused on her gorgeous young breasts. When she looked at herself in the mirror and patted her belly, I felt the juices begin to flow. By the time she found the dirty magazines and slipped her hand down into her panties, I was ready to join her!

And based on the evident contours within Eric's basketball shorts, so was he. I picked up my phone from the end table next to me.

This is making me horny. How about you?

hells yea

I can't stop thinking about your penis.

i can't stop thinking about ur everything

Any chance I might be able to get a peek at it?

u want to see my penis?

I just want one little look.

right now?

Only if you want to.

He glanced over at me with a sly grin.

What do I get?

I undid the top button of my blouse.

I'm sure I can come up with something.

I let my fingers graze across the tip of one of my breasts, provoking my nipples to rise noticeably beneath the silk. Eric eyed me hungrily, then slipped down his shorts.

He had on boxers underneath that were tenting almost comically. Parting the fabric at the front, he threaded his erection through the fly. And there it was. On display in the flesh just for me. I'd seen the pictures, and I'd had a look at it in the shadows of his dark room, but now it was out in the open in the full light of our family living room.

My son's cock.

I gawped at it with what must have been a dopey smile plastered on my face. I might have even licked my lips. It was the most perfect penis I'd ever laid eyes on. And it wasn't just because he was my boy. Well, maybe that was part of it.

You look so sexy with your cock out like that.

it feels funny doing this in front of u - what a rush!

Thank you for showing me.

should i put it away now?

You can leave it out...if you want.

I began slowly unbuttoning my blouse. He watched my every move, remaining perfectly still except for the occasional twitch of his stiff dick.

I undid the last button, and traced my fingers up and down from my tummy, along the center of my chest to my throat, and back down again. I turned my attention to the movie, as if that was as far as I was going to go. I let the moment draw out until I could almost feel him about to bust, then I nonchalantly opened my blouse all the way, revealing my naked breasts.

Eric let out a shuddering gasp that almost made me laugh with giddy excitement. I pulled my shoulders back as casually as I could, giving him an excellent view of my chest. He tapped out a quick message.

mom your tits are EPIC!

I wouldn't go that far. They're much too small to be 'epic.'

they r exactly the right size and ur nipples r amazing

Not better than the girl in the movie though.

yours r a million times better - i love them like crazy

I couldn't deny that I was eating this up. It had been so long since I had felt this wanted. I gave in to the nagging urge I'd had all night and pinched one of my nipples right in front of my son. I gave it a little pull and a twist before letting it go, then did the same to the other. Eric was practically drooling on himself.

Should I put them away now?

NO!

I'll leave my little titties out, but only if you let me see your big balls.

u have got 2 b the horniest mom possible!

He quickly put his phone aside and worked himself out of his boxers. He lounged back, trying to be cool about it, and let his legs fall open. My gaze followed the lines of his muscular thighs up to his sizeable balls. I had always been of the opinion that testicles were just about the ugliest part of a man's anatomy, but I couldn't get enough of my son's. I wanted to touch them, and play with them, and run my tongue all over them.

How does a 16-year-old boy get such a great cock?

must b ur genes

Always the sweet talker. I gave him a smile. He smiled right back. We both knew how uniquely exciting this was, to be sitting in our living room, exposing our bodies to one another, and taking uninhibited pleasure from it.

I wanted to jump on him and feel his cock filling me, but I also wanted to draw out the stimulating game we were playing for as long as I could stand it. I knew it wouldn't be long before my rising lust overwhelmed my self-control.

We each made the pretense of glancing at the movie now and again, but neither of us cared what was happening on the TV. I began to lightly caress my breasts, circling a fingertip around the perimeter of a taut nipple, letting my nails dance across the bared flesh of my modest swells. His eyes darted to me again and again, unable to leave my body for more than a few scant seconds.

Tentatively, his hand inched toward his impressive manhood. His touch fluttered along the rigid shaft of his cock; a coy testing to see what it was like to touch himself under his mother's attentive watch. I favored him with an encouraging wink. Eric touched himself again, more self-assured this time, even going so far as to fondle his balls briefly.

I picked up my phone and noticed his cock jump in response.

I want to show you my pussy. Would you like to see it?

He read the message and his Adam's apple bobbed as he swallowed hard. I think he re-read the message twice more to be sure it really said what he thought it did.

definitely!

I'm worried you might not like it.

i liked the pictures - A LOT

Maybe it wouldn't be a good idea. What we're doing now is already bad enough.

It was cruel of me to torment him like that, but the stricken look on his face was precious.

i showed u mine so u should show me yours

That's a game for kids.

i'm still a kid remember

Good point. Okay, I'll let you see, but keep in mind that I'm an old lady.

stop saying that all the time!

Just warning you that it's got a lot of miles on it.

i don't care - i already love it

And also, it looks a little different now than it did in the picture.

His perplexed look told me that he didn't know what to make of that. I tried to calm my nerves and stay in the moment. I wanted to remember every second of this once-in-a-lifetime experience. This one time, at band camp, I showed my son my pussy...

I inched my flimsy skirt up my legs and I noticed the nice luster they had from the lotion I had used after shaving. Eric's eyes were riveted to me. I flipped the front of my dress up and gave him a quick flash--too quick for him to see anything. He gave me an exasperated look. So cruel.

I was still sitting on the sofa with my feet tucked up toward my right side and so I was leaning on my opposite hip. My knees were together, and Eric was over to my left. My heart rate jumped as I drew my hem up and exposed what remained of my bush. I could see Eric's breathing noticeably quicken, and I imagined his pulse was running as fast as mine.

With the way I was sitting, however, he really couldn't see much except for my trimmed patch of curly hair down there.

Do you want to see more?

He fumbled for his phone, nearly dropping it.

yes please

I spun my skirt part way around and undid it. I lifted my butt and pulled the dress from beneath me and dropped it on the floor, leaving me in just my unbuttoned white blouse. I shifted, bringing my legs around so both my feet were set on the center cushion of the sofa and I was facing Eric instead of the TV. Slowly, I moved one foot out and placed it on the edge of the coffee table. My legs were spread, and my son had a direct view of my freshly shaven cunt. And boy was he viewing!

I'd never felt so close having an orgasm without anything touching me down there. It was terrifying and liberating all at once. I was exposing the most intimate part of my anatomy to my son as I watched his cock flex and stand up even straighter than before. It was dizzying

u shaved! ur pussy is even sexier than before

I almost wanted to hear him say the words out loud, but I kept with the rules of our game.

I was hoping you'd like it.

did u really do that just 4 me?

I guess I did.

He got caught up in staring at my naked pussy, forgetting his phone for the moment. I tickled my fingers along the insides of my thighs, and ran them through my tuft of hair. I looked down at myself and was able to see why he found it so fascinating.

My outer lips were plump with arousal, bowing out slightly more than they would normally. The hairless skin all but gleamed in the steady light of our living room. In between my swollen curves, my usually shy inner lips were peeking out, their pink ridges reaching out just enough to hint at the sensual secrets that still lay hidden. I noted that if I had left myself all hairy down there, this alluring sight would have been obscured. I couldn't see the lower area of my pussy, but I could feel the liquid warmth beginning to surface, and I suspected Eric was able to see the evidence of that.

Having fun looking at Mommy's pussy?

His phone 'twinged,' but he didn't respond at first, obviously reluctant to take his eyes off of my obscene display even for a few seconds.

i can't even tell u how excited i am right now

Did you ever think you'd be hanging out naked with your mom like this?

not in a million years - i'm the luckiest kid in the world!

Would you like to have a better look?

seriously??

Come over here, right up between Mommy's legs, and take a closer look.

He quickly dropped his phone and stood. I slipped off my silk blouse and put it beneath my butt. It might not do much, but I didn't want to leave a big wet spot on the sofa. Eric followed my lead and pulled his t-shirt off, leaving us both completely naked. It was all I could do to keep from hyperventilating with excitement.

Eric carefully made his way toward me, his cock jutting out before him and leading the way like a horny dowsing rod. I once again noticed the athletic grace of his movements; the effect heightened by his nudity. He loomed over me and my little boy suddenly seemed bigger than ever. Not yet full grown, but enough of a man in his own right.

He knelt down in the narrow space between the couch and the coffee table, right between my open thighs. My son's awestruck face was only a matter of inches from my pussy. The unreality of the situation was enough to make me lightheaded. My entire body was filled with a yearning ache for him.

I watched his eyes devour me. I greedily soaked in the unrestrained admiration. I loved him so much, and in that moment I was able to recognize how fortunate I was to be able to give him this gift. The gift of the very body that gave him life, sustained him, and brought him into this world. The gift of his own mother's loving cunt.

At least a minute passed, maybe more. I was growing restless with a mounting urge. He looked up at me, meeting my eyes, and breaking out in a conspiratorial smile. My son knew we were doing something forbidden, something a mother and her boy aren't supposed to do and aren't supposed to want. We were partners in this lascivious crime of perverse proportions.

I could also see that he wanted more. My hidden secrets were beckoning to him.

My hand drifted downward, sketching a sinuous path from my naked breasts to my coiffed pubic hair. I toyed with my furry patch for a moment, then slid my hand lower. I drew a manicured nail along the length of my sensitive outer labia under my son's intent stare. I fiddled playfully with the tips of my inner labia poking out from their crease.

I reached down with my other hand, lightly placed my fingers on either side of my moist slit, and after a dramatic pause, spread myself for him. I eased my lips apart, opening my pussy and exposing my every intimate secret to my adoring son.

His reaction was priceless. He didn't know what to do with himself. His eyes widened, he mouth fell open, and he gawked at my brazen exhibition with naked lust. God, it felt good to be able to turn someone on like that again.

I held my cunt open, perfectly content to let Eric take it all in for as long as he wanted. Now that I was spread wide, I could feel my juices flowing freely, dribbling down over my butt and onto the silk shirt under my ass.

He looked up at me, wanting to say something, but not wanting to break the spell of our silence. I puckered my lips and threw him a little kiss to let him know I understood exactly what he wanted to say without having to hear the words. I decided to give him the full tour.

I ran a finger from the bottom of my pussy to the top, carrying a liberal amount of my wetness along its length. I traced the contours of my inner lips, first one, then the other. I pushed them to the left, and the right, then laid them open again. My inner labial lips were not especially large, but I delicately pinched each one at the same time and pulled.

There was a tickle of pain, but I liked it. I stretched the pink petals of my pussy as far out as I could, and spread them as much as I was able without hurting myself. I'd never done this to myself before, not even in private. It felt vulgar and thrilling, and I wanted to give my son a show he would never forget.

I tugged and twisted my lips in various ways, then let them snap back into place. I patted my vulva tenderly while my abused flesh settled down. Eric looked like he wanted to attack me and ravage my body. Goosebumps spread across my skin at the thought of it.

Next, I used two fingers to part my outer lips near the top. My clit stood hard and proud. I could tell it was too sensitive to touch at the moment. I carefully nudged it from the side, and did what I could to make it protrude as much as possible. Placing a finger at the top, I eased back my protective hood, revealing my engorged clitoris to him.

I wanted to flick it, and play with it, but I knew if I did it would be more painful than pleasurable at that point, so I had to be happy with brandishing it at him like the tiny little phallus that it was. After he'd gotten a good long look, I moved on to the next attraction.

My fingers shifted down to the lower extreme, and I gently parted the southern portion of my pussy. More of my natural juices leaked from me when I did this and caused my inner muscles to clench with anticipation. I circled a finger around my opening, not sure how I wanted to proceed.

I wanted Eric to see all of me, but I didn't really want to give him a full gynecological demonstration. Say hello to Mommy's cervix! But I did want to give him a good idea of what it was all about down there. Just because this was the most exciting sexual experience of my life up until this moment, didn't mean that it couldn't also be educational.

With a calming breath, I relaxed and spread myself a little more. I wanted to avoid giving him a gaping view inside me, and managed (I believe) to provide him a pleasing presentation of my vagina without frightening him. His astounded expression said it all.

Just to be sure he got the whole story, I dipped one of my fingers into my hole. I swirled it around my wet entrance a few times, then slowly pushed it deeper. My son watched my finger disappear to the first knuckle, then the second knuckle, and he couldn't contain himself.

"Whoa..." He glanced up at me quickly with an apologetic look. He was so cute. I just smiled back, assuring him that everything was all right.

My finger reached as far as it could and I drew it out wet and glistening with pussy cream. I pumped it in and out some more. I was actually fucking myself right in front of my son. This was too incredible.

I added a second finger, and he let out another small moan. I played with my hole,

occasionally pulling my fingers all the way out and spreading it open for him. The wet slurping noises coming from me down there sounded especially loud for some reason. My tour was at risk of degenerating into a full-on masturbation session, and I forced myself to stop touching my pussy before I reached the point of no return.

I wanted to say something to him, but I didn't want to be the one to break our unspoken rule. I didn't want to text him because he'd left his phone on the love seat and I wanted him to stay right where he was between my legs. I had another idea.

I grabbed my phone and tapped a message with my slippery fingers. When I was done, I held my phone out to him, and showed him what I had written.

Enjoying the show?

He nodded enthusiastically.

Is your cock still hard?

He gave me a look like it was the most ridiculous question he'd ever heard. I giggled.

Do you want to jerk off to your naked mom?

He nodded again, and I thought I detected some color come to his cheeks.

Okay, you can look at my pussy and masturbate, but you have to stand up so I can see.

Eric stood up immediately and my tummy fluttered when his beautiful cock came into view. God, I've never wanted something so badly in all my life.

And be careful not to cum on the new carpet.

He nodded obediently and grabbed his erection. I noticed that the TV was still on, and turned it off with the remote. This time, when the screen went black, I could see the shadowy reflection of the lewd scene my son and I were playing out. Me lounging naked against the arm of the sofa, legs wide; Eric standing nude and preparing to masturbate to the sight of his mother's body. With the TV off, the silence between us became more pronounced, broken only by the tick of the clock on the mantle and our nervous breathing.

I massaged my breasts, turning my attention from the reflection to the real thing. I looked up at my handsome boy, the smooth planes of his torso showing the promise of his developing muscles. His strong thighs, flat stomach, and broad shoulders made him a contender for a role in one of the trashy novels I had become fond of over the past few years. I got a hot surge when I tried to imagine how much more appealing his physique would be at eighteen, twenty, and beyond. I didn't know if I would ever have the chance to take this sort of pleasure from my son's body as he completed his journey into manhood, but I was certainly going to enjoy it

now, before he discovered the delights of all those young girls I could never hope to compete with. Like Gina...

Eric stroked himself slowly, impressing me with his control. I would have been surprised if he wasn't on the verge of cumming even before he touched himself. We both wanted this to last, but I suspected this round would be over quick.

My hips gyrated seductively as if of their own accord. His attentions flitted from my tits, to my crotch, down my legs, back up to my tummy, further up to my tits again, then to my face. If my expression matched only a small measure of the rapturous feeling that was suffusing me, he would easily see how much I was loving this.

I reached down once more and peeled my lips open for him. His hand quickened on his cock. I picked up a coating of my juices on my fingertips and brought them to my mouth. I licked the warm wetness from them, sucked them clean, then went back for more. This time, I held my dripping fingers out to my son.

Incredulous, he quickly bent forward before I could withdraw the offer and took both my fingers into his mouth. His tongue tickled as it ran over and between my fingers, not leaving any trace of my essence behind. That was my final straw; I'd restrained myself for as long as I able. I pulled my hand away from him and brought it to my heated pussy.

I began finger fucking myself with one hand, while pressing my clit with the heel of my other hand. My nub was far too inflamed to rub, but the proximate pressure was all it would take to get me there. Another moan escaped my throat, and within moments I was assailing my cunt with unrestrained passion. I was masturbating wildly right in front of my son, and I was practically delirious with joy.

I had masturbated with him while texting, and had let him spy on me pleasuring myself, but this was a decadent treat so far beyond either of those it was unbelievable. There was no embarrassment, no shyness, and not an ounce of self-consciousness. I felt that I could do no wrong in his eyes, and that he was infinitely grateful for whatever I shared with him. He was not judging me, or playing any mind games like all the other men I'd been with before.

Eric trusted me like no other person in the world did, as no other person could. He was my child and I was everything to him. He accepted and loved me despite my imperfections. I felt free to express any desire to him, no matter how base or perverse. He was part of me, and therefore would understand, knowing that I was part of him.

I masturbated my pussy, and he masturbated his cock. Most people hold that making love is the most intimate act two people can share, but I didn't believe that. Although I never revealed it to another person, I believed that masturbating in front of your partner is the ultimate height of intimacy.

One way or another, we all learn that masturbation is an intensely private thing. To be done

alone, furtively, without ever speaking of it. Embarrassment, shame, and guilt are attached to this behavior in equal measures, and often drive us to desperation. When we're young we fear that we are freaks or perverts for being unable to resist touching our genitals. We are sinners or deviants for taking such pleasures from our own bodies. When confronted we deny, when approached we hide, when caught we lie. Masturbation is the pernicious secret we each hide from one another over all the years of our lives.

So, when you are able to share this definitively private act with another, that to me is as intimate as you can possibly be with another person. But not when it's merely a performance for the amusement of your partner. It has to be that same selfish act that you perform in dark rooms and hidden places by yourself. It has to be for your own pleasure. Rubbing, fondling, stroking your own cock or pussy to bring yourself the ecstasy of orgasm as only you know how. To be secure enough to do that in front of your lover is true intimacy.

I watched Eric's hand shuttle easily up and down his hard shaft. I noted the casual familiarity with which he handled himself and could tell he was well versed in the art of pleasuring himself. I continued to writhe before him thrusting my fingers quickly in and out of my slick pussy hole. He suddenly released his cock, letting it go as if were burning his hand.

Eric steadied his breathing, and I could tell he was doing everything he could to hold off from ejaculating. After the moment of crisis had passed, he still didn't chance touching his primed cock, and instead handled his dangling balls while he watched me candidly molest myself. By the time he once again took his prick in his hand, clear liquid was seeping from the tip. I wanted so badly to taste it.

I lifted my ass, bringing my pussy up towards him, and spread my hole wide, no longer reticent about my son seeing my vagina yawning open. Maybe it was profane and somewhat disgusting of me to expose myself so crudely, but I wanted my son to know the depths I was willing to go to with him.

With my gaping cunt splayed open right in front of him, Eric was unable to pull his hand away from himself this time. His face got that faraway look as he beat off faster. Even at the impending moment of sweet release, he still had the presence of mind to remember my instruction. He cupped his hand beneath the head of his cock to avoid getting any of his semen on the carpet. I couldn't let him do it.

I bolted upright, slapped his cupped hand aside just in time to catch his first spurt on my lips.

"Oh, fuck!" he cried out and continued jerking his cock.

The next spurt flew into my open mouth all the way to the back of my throat. Eric leaned forward, putting the erupting head of his penis between my lips and pumped several more servings of cum directly onto my tongue. Once I was convinced his balls had given up all they were going to, I leaned back with my reward.

I resumed masturbating myself, and gathered his load onto the center of my tongue. I opened wide so Eric could see that I still had his fresh seed in my mouth. He just shook his head, unable to believe his mother could really be this nasty, and grinned happily. My son watched, lightly stroking his unflagging erection, as I swallowed down his thick wad of sperm. I opened my mouth again to show him it was all gone.

With his taste still strong on my tongue, I brought myself the final distance. Three fingers in, and the butt of my palm rubbing tight circles against my clit for a matter of seconds was all it took. My boy looked down at me while my body jumped and twisted with the throes of a ferocious orgasm.

The overpowering sensation took control, stealing away my awareness of everything else around me. I was pulled inward while at the same time I felt my whole self expanding to fill the room. It was over in an instant, but time had become an insubstantial concept. My vision swam and everything seemed to be farther away than it actually was. Perhaps it was simply a matter of a lack of oxygen getting to my brain, but it felt otherworldly.

I laughed. I didn't know why I was doing this lately after I came. Maybe it was from the surprising intensity of the moment, or just a joyful expression of how happy it made me to completely release myself like that. Maybe I was a little embarrassed at what I'd done once I regained a fraction of my sanity.

Eric was looking at me with rapt adoration. I realized that I still had some of his cum on my chin. I decided to leave it for the moment. I marveled at how his cock was as stiff as it had been when we started. The magic of youth. There was a smear of semen around his little slit. I sat up and took the head of his cock into my mouth.

I licked the remnants from the tip and played my tongue around his tiny hole. I scraped my teeth lightly over his spongy flesh as I pulled away, and gave it a small kiss before lying back again.

Eric looked me over. He appeared to be making his mind up about something. I waited breathlessly to see what it was. My son dropped his gaze down between my legs. I must have been a mess down there, wet, swollen, and rubbed red. I didn't feel at all self-conscious about him seeing me like that. For someone who up until then was only comfortable having sex under the covers in the dark, this was a major transformation.

My naked boy sank to his knees. I suspected he wanted me to show myself off again for him. Instead, I waited to see what he would do if left to himself.

His hand touched my leg, and it gave me a pleasant startle. His fingers drifted along my inner thigh toward my pussy. An expectant shiver rippled through me. Was he going to touch me there?

Eric's nervous touch traveled away to my knee. I tried not to show how crazy his inadvertent

teasing was making me. Then the teasing came to an abrupt end.

His head ducked in close, and just like that my son's tongue ran up and over the opening of my vagina. By the time I realized he'd done it, he was doing it again. I wasn't sure I was ready to let him do this.

I reached down, intending to push him away, but instead found myself pulling his face into me. My eyes rolled back as his inexperienced mouth began its explorations of my pussy. I knew then that this was going to be a long night.

A long, and glorious night...for both of us.

* * * * *

My son's mouth was all over my pussy.

I looked down to where his head was nestled between my open legs and watched my sweet, innocent boy eagerly sucking my cunt. I ran my fingers through his hair and gave in to the unreal fact that Eric was actually eating me out at that very moment.

The fact that he wasn't doing a very good job of it didn't even matter to me. There would be plenty of time for me to teach him. What really mattered was that we'd reached this forbidden place together, and that I was allowing myself to embrace it. There was not a single moment in the entire experience of my life where I would have considered what I was doing to be acceptable. It was sick, perverse beyond description, and unquestionably illegal.

And yet there I was, naked on my living room sofa with my 16-year-old son suckling my aching erect clit. A part of me insisted that I had to stop this, but I'd never felt so much love for my boy as I watched him licking at the juices flowing from my vagina. And I'd never felt so much love from him. If this was the most egregious sin a mother could commit, then why did it feel so damned good in every way?

Eric looked up at me through the veil of curly locks hanging down over his forehead without taking his mouth away from me. I pushed his hair aside and gave him an encouraging smile. There was a hint of a question in his eyes. I merely nodded in silent answer, letting him know that he was doing a fine job of pleasuring me.

His oral explorations went on for nearly twenty minutes. He had me close to orgasm at least twice, but, just as I got near, his tongue would wander and leave me hanging somewhere between delight and ecstasy. I fought the urge to rub my clit as he tongued my hole. I wanted this to be about him discovering the womanly mysteries at his own pace, and not about my selfish need to cum.

His cheeks felt velvety smooth when they brushed against my inner thigh. Even so, I couldn't help looking forward to the day that I would feel the prickly scrape of his whiskers down

there.

I got a pulse of tingles in my tummy. Eric was swirling his tongue around the rim of my opening, then he dipped a bit lower, licking up some of my juices from the nether space below my vagina. It gave me a real charge, and I was surprised to realize it was because I thought for a second that his tongue might actually make its way down even farther toward my backside crease.

No one had ever licked me there, nor would I allow it they had wanted to. But suddenly the thought of my son's tongue on my virgin butthole was at the top of my wish list. I could never ask him to do something so disgusting, however. As if what I was doing wasn't bad enough, asking him to lick his mother's ass was beyond the depths I'd already lowered myself to.

He sucked on one of my inner lips, pulled back a little, and let it go. This was repeated with my other delicate petal of flesh. His playful experimentation felt wonderful, and I could have gone on like that for hours, but I had a rising need for my son's cock.

I sat up, putting my hands at the sides of Eric's shoulders, and nudged him to indicate I wanted him to stand. He pressed his face more firmly into the softness of my sex, loathe to give up his newfound plaything. The increased pressure brought me a renewed jolt of pleasure, almost changing my mind. I nudged him again, more insistent this time, and he pulled away with a disappointed sigh. He wouldn't be disappointed for long.

With his cheeks rosy and shining with my wetness, he stood, bringing his erection to my eye level. Just seeing it was enough to give me that happy quiver inside. I glanced up, giving him my best attempt at a sultry look. Then, without breaking eye contact, I slipped my lips over the mushroom head of his cock. He watched as half the length of his hard cock disappeared into his own mother's mouth. He'd felt this before, but now he was seeing it for the first time.

I'd always been very self-conscious about my partner watching me as I performed fellatio. My mother had warned me that it wasn't something a proper woman did, only whores; and no decent man should ask his wife to do such a filthy thing. My husband had asked for it, and after a time I submitted to his begging in order to reconcile my obligation to be a dutiful mate. I couldn't help feeling that it was a dirty, undignified act. There had been no joy for me in performing oral sex, beyond the satisfaction of pleasing my husband, and I never became very good at it. Everything was different now.

I wanted my son to see me sucking his cock. I wanted him to see how much I liked it. How much I loved it. I needed for him to know how badly I wanted his penis in my mouth. And how good it made me feel to suck him, lick him, and taste him. For him, I was a very willing whore.

My son's cock glided in and out between my lips. My tongue massaged the sensitive underside of his erect penis. I could taste the hint of pre-cum leaking from him. Eric's soft tip probed deep, nearly gagging me. But I maintained my control.

I paid attention to the sensation of having his cock in my mouth. It was my turn to explore and discover. I had always been too squeamish and put-off to take the time to really feel it before. It wasn't something I was supposed to enjoy, but my son had taught me different. The soft skin of his shaft was silk against my lips. The flared rim of his glans slid enticingly along the roof of my mouth. The tip of my tongue teased the threshold of his tiny opening. I took my time, absorbed every nuance I could, assured that if there was anything I missed I would find it the next time I held him in my mouth. Or the time after that...

I was ready to make good on my earlier promise. I took him as deeply as I could, then eased all the way off of his length with excruciating slowness. A thin string of saliva hung suspended between his cockhead and my lower lip for a shivering second before falling away. I dipped my head beneath his shaft and found the objects of my desire.

My tongue played across his loose scrotum, and his testicles rose in response. I gently licked and kissed Eric's wrinkly pouch. Soon he calmed enough that his balls relaxed back down to dangle heavily in front of my face. With my nose nuzzled in his pubic hair the scent of his sweat was thick. I was suddenly very thankful that I didn't insist that he shower after basketball practice as I almost had. A whore like me deserved stinky, sweaty balls in her mouth. The salty tang of his dried perspiration came alive on my tongue.

I found Eric's right hand, and placed it on his hard cock. Instinctively he gripped himself. As I continued licking his balls, I moved his hand up and down. Once he got the idea, I let go and he went on stroking himself.

After a few more soft licks, I began sucking softly on one of his balls. It felt bizarre, but wonderful at the same time, and from the moan I heard above me I was doing something right. I gave his other one a light suck. His fist began to move faster on his erection. Perfect.

My hands were resting on Eric's thighs, and soon they found their way up to his buttocks. I massaged the strong muscles of his rear end, and kept at my oral ministrations. I sucked one of his balls entirely into my mouth and savored the taste and feel of it. He was masturbating vigorously, being careful not to hit me in the face with his pumping fist. I could tell he was getting close and I grabbed his ass tighter, making sure he couldn't pull away. I worked his balls with my mouth more aggressively as his jerking approached its crescendo.

Eric let out an extended grunt and I felt a spurt of his cum land on top of my head and seep into my hair. I tilted my face back, while still holding one of his balls between my lips, allowing the bulk of his spunk to ooze down and land on my forehead. It was so decadently satisfying the way his warm sperm kissed my face. More dribbled down over his knuckles and dripped onto the bridge of my nose. I couldn't contain myself any longer.

I released his testicle from my mouth and licked my way up his creamy knuckles to the engorged head of his cock. I clamped my lips around the tip of his prick and sucked all the remaining white goo from him. Despite having just had a mouthful of his salty spunk, it gave me the same wicked thrill to actually be eating my boy's semen like some kind of insatiable

cum slut.

Leaning back on the sofa, I used my fingers to gather the cum from my face and then licked my fingers clean. I did this under the watchful gaze of my son. When I was done, I looked up at him half-expecting to find an expression of disgust or revulsion at my depraved display, but he still had that hungry look of lust about him. The moment stretched between us, neither of us sure where it would take us next.

My son's cock had drooped slightly, but remained thick and hard. His eyes traveled down my lounging body, over my bare breasts, past my naked belly, and stopping at my exposed pussy. I loved how consumed he was by it--like he couldn't get enough of it. His penis hardened back to full strength. I reached down and parted my lips, once again giving him the full, unobstructed view of my most private places.

I guess he took this as a signal, and he was suddenly lowering himself on top of me. By the way he was positioning himself, I realized he meant to enter me. As much as I wanted this myself, I couldn't let it happen. I had obviously lost the better part of my discretion over the past week, but there was still something inside me that resisted the idea of letting our affair go to that level.

His hard cock was spearing toward my wet cunt and I had to twist my hips to avoid penetration. I pushed against his chest, but was unable to budge him. My son pressed his body down, his penis sliding up the inside of my thigh, homing in on my pussy. I fought the urge to let him have his way, to feel him filling my emptiness, to open myself fully to him. It just wouldn't be right.

I began to fear that I wouldn't be able to stop what I had started. Despite Eric being not quite as tall as me, he was clearly much stronger. As he strained to wedge his hips up between my thighs, I realized that I wouldn't be able to physically stop him from fucking me. This gave me a breathless thrill. I could continue to fight him, but he would take me nonetheless. It would be out of my hands. I wouldn't be the one who was responsible for letting my own son fuck me. But I knew I wouldn't be able to fool myself.

"Eric, no." My words were quiet but firm.

I cringed to hear myself using my 'mom voice' on him in this situation, but my authority as his parent was my only defense. If I'd lost that by getting naked with him and showing him my pussy, by letting him lick me and by sucking his cock, then I was in trouble. If I'd lost his respect, then he was going to force his cock into me and fuck me. I somehow knew that as much as I tried not to, I would orgasm, and he would own me from then on.

Eric relaxed his passionate assault, and let me push him back some. I looked up into his confused eyes.

"Sweetheart, no, not that," I said with a small shake of my head to emphasize my seriousness.

The confusion turned to hurt in an instant. It broke my heart, and I wanted to laugh and say I was only joking, and pull him into me and wrap his cock in the warm, wet embrace of my intimate depths. Before I could change my mind, or say anything more, he was off of me and walking away. The sudden rush of air against my hot skin made me shiver.

He snapped up his things, and I could tell by his clipped movements that he was upset.

"Don't be mad," I offered meekly. But he stalked away toward his room before I could say anything more meaningful.

I lay there on the sofa, trying to convince myself I had done the right thing, but, with each insistent throb of my aroused pussy, my doubts increased.

I tried to put aside the self-pity and think of my son. My first job as a mother was to take care of him, not to simply satisfy my own needs and desires. I hauled myself up and gathered my own things and headed down the hall the way Eric had gone. I considered leaving myself dirty, but decided it was best if I wash the remnants of my son's cum from my face.

I was about to close the bathroom door, but then realized there was no need. I stood at the sink and rinsed my face, then brushed my teeth, half hoping that Eric would come out of his room and find me standing there naked.

Once back in my bedroom, I thought about putting on pajamas, but didn't. I was still horny, and thought about masturbating, but didn't. I got into bed, picked up my book, then put it back down. I wasn't going to be able to sleep. I turned to my phone.

Please don't be upset with me.

I hit the send button and waited, staring at the tiny screen of my cell phone not knowing if he would even respond.

It was several long minutes before that welcomed buzz sounded.

u act like u want to do it - then u say no - wtf?

I know, honey, I'm sorry for sending mixed messages, but we can't do that.

did i do something wrong?

No! You were wonderful, but a mother shouldn't do that with her son.

but she can masturbate with her son? and suck his dick? and spread her pussy open?

I felt the first tear run down my cheek. He was right. I was being horrible. Leading him on with

all the selfishly incestuous things I was doing with him, then almost arbitrarily drawing the line at letting him make love to me. I was really fucking this up.

No. You're right. I shouldn't be doing any of those things with you.

but u r! so y can't we do everything??

I thought we were having a lot of fun with just what we were doing.

it's way awesome mom - but it makes me want 2 fuck u so bad!

There was no denying that it gave me a tingle between my legs when I read that. Was I being unfair? Would it really be that bad to let him have me the way he wanted? The problem was that I just didn't know. I didn't even know what consequences going as far as I had with him would have. I didn't want to undermine our relationship with these perversions, and it seemed that letting my son become my lover in every sense of the word was something that we could never come back from. If it went wrong, it could mean losing him forever. I wasn't ready to risk that.

I understand that, sweetheart, but we simply can't let it go that far.

i want 2 put my cock in ur pussy and fuck u and cum inside u

We can do other things instead. I promise to suck you off whenever you want me to.

i want 2 fuck u so hard and make u cum all over my cock mom

I'll let you lick my pussy and finger fuck me anytime you feel like it.

i don't want to just finger fuck u - i want to COCK fuck u!

This wasn't going well at all. I only seemed to be upsetting him more. He wanted it in the worst way, and all I was doing was making him more frustrated.

I'm sorry. I know this is difficult, but I love you and I need for you to trust me on this.

He didn't respond. I wiped my cheeks dry and waited anxiously. I wondered if he might come through my door at any second and try to forcibly cock-fuck me. What would I do if he did? Would I fight? Would I give in? I knew the answer before I even asked myself the question.

all i want is 2 have sex - but whatever...

Please don't be mad at me. I only want what is best for you.

After ten minutes I gave up waiting and got into my pajamas. What started out as a glorious

night ended up not so spectacular after all. I wanted to be upset with the selfish, disrespectful way Eric was behaving, but I knew I was to blame. He was the teenager, and I was the adult. This was all my doing, and I couldn't expect him to handle this like a grown-up. Hell, I certainly wasn't acting like a responsible adult in all of this. I knew that I had to give him a little space and let him come to terms with things in his own way. I had made a lot of mistakes over the past week—a lot of very big mistakes—but I had to believe that drawing the line at not fucking my son wasn't one of those mistakes.

The last thing I remembered thinking about before falling asleep was how cute my boy looked down between my open legs sucking my pussy.

* * * * *

The next day at the bank, everything seemed to be annoying me. The customers, my co-workers, even the wallpaper was getting on my nerves. I knew it was because Eric was still upset with me—he wouldn't even look at me this morning as I was leaving for work—but that didn't make it any less annoying.

Everything changed when Gina stopped by my office.

"Hi, Cheryl," she said. "I love that top. Where'd you get it?"

I looked up from my desk, happy for the distraction, and couldn't help but notice how Gina's cleavage flirted with the extreme boundaries of professional attire.

"I honestly don't remember," I answered, knowing that she must have noticed how I was staring at her luscious boobs.

"You know what? I love your style, we should totally go shopping together some day."

"Sure," I responded without even thinking.

Gina and I had never exchanged much more than a casual 'hello,' and all of the sudden I was agreeing to go shopping with her? As Eric would say, WTF?

"Who's that?"

She was referring to the picture of me and my son that I had on the credenza behind me.

"Oh, that's my son, Eric."

"What a cutie! You two look so much alike." It might have been that I had too much sex on the brain, but the way Gina smiled at me seemed more flirty than friendly. "He must drive all the girls crazy."

"He's growing up fast," I said lamely, wondering if she could tell something untoward was going on between him and me. I was being paranoid. There was no way she could possibly suspect that just last night my face was covered with gobs of my own son's warm sperm.

"This new thong is bothering the heck out of me." Gina wiggled her hips uncomfortably and made a sour face. "I've gotta go take it off before it drives me crazy."

I didn't know how to respond to that. Without waiting for me to think of what to say, she gave me a cute little wave goodbye and headed for the ladies' room. For the rest of the day I was finding excuses to go out to the counter area where Gina and the rest of the tellers worked. I couldn't stop sneaking peeks at the way her hip-hugging black pants stretched tight across that firm, round ass. Knowing that she had no panties on underneath gave me an extra thrill. Never in my life had I been sexually attracted to another woman, but the wetness in my own panties was telling another story.

But even Gina's gorgeous ass, enviable breasts, and inviting lips didn't make up for the fact that Eric hadn't texted me at all that day. I was tempted half a dozen times to send him a message, but I held back, knowing that when he was in a bad mood it was better to let him come to me in his own time. The problem was, for once I feared that time might not come.

When I arrived home, the lights were on but the house was quiet. I assumed Eric still wanted to avoid me, which made me sad. I kicked off my shoes and headed to my bedroom. There was a towel lying on the floor in the hallway outside the bathroom. I picked it up, wondering if it was some sort of defiant message. The towel was damp. He must have come home and taken a shower before leaving. I carried it with me to my room where I was startled to find Eric.

He was naked, kneeling on my bed, and masturbating. He was jerking off with a pair of my panties wrapped around his hard cock, and he was holding another pair in his free hand. He looked up at me. Though I was surprised to walk in on him like that, he seemed to have been expecting me. Without any hint of a smile, he lifted my panties to his nose and sniffed them. That's when I noticed the lid of my hamper was standing open. He was using my dirty underwear.

I didn't know what to do. My first thought was that he had forgiven me and we were going to return to playing our naughty games together, but something about the look in his eyes did not signify forgiveness. I found myself wanting to text him to find out just what he was thinking, but it wasn't practical. There was no hiding behind the safe distance of our phones.

It wasn't very long ago that I would have completely freaked out upon walking in on my son beating off in my bedroom with my used panties, but everything was different now.

"Would you like me to help with that?" I asked as if nothing was out of the ordinary.

"I don't need your help," he said, trying to sound snide about it, but coming off more sulky.

"We don't want to let things go too far."

He threw my own words back at me like a weapon meant to wound. I deserved it, but I didn't want to let him see how much it hurt.

"Is it okay if I get changed while you're playing with yourself?"

"I don't care." He pumped his cock harder. "Do whatever you want."

It might have been better for me to have just walked away and let him finish alone, but the shameful truth was that I wanted to see him masturbating. Even though he was acting out some sort of vengeful punishment against me, I was hopelessly turned on the moment I saw him naked on my bed. Eric's angry treatment of his own cock only added to my sick enjoyment of the scene that was playing out between us. Which, I began to understand, may have been his ultimate purpose.

I watched him press my dirty panties to his nose and breathe deeply as I walked into the room, unbuttoning my blouse. He may have achieved his goal to make me realize what I would be missing out on by denying him sex, but I had spent the past 16 years soothing my baby's hurts and this was my opportunity to put my motherly skills to the test.

I was wearing a plain, white padded bra, nothing particularly sexy, but he couldn't resist stealing looks at me as I tossed my shirt into the open hamper. I turned my back to him and unzipped my sensible, navy-blue skirt. I shimmied out of it, turning my hips provocatively from side to side in the process. Bending forward, I lowered my skirt to my ankles. I could easily have let it fall away, but I wanted Eric to get a good look at my backside.

Next, I peeled off my pantyhose, taking my time, bending over again to show off my bare thighs. I could hear the speed of Eric's stroking slow. He was pacing himself, trying to draw it out. It was all I could do to keep the smile from my lips.

I slid the straps of my bra off my shoulders, flipped the cups down, spun it around, and unhooked it. After dropping my bra into the hamper, I was left in nothing but my panties. The panties that Gina had me soaking in all day long.

When I turned, Eric looked away, not wanting to surrender his façade of pissed-off indifference. I squeezed my breasts, and gave them a little jiggle. It always felt so good to let them free after a long day. I stood and candidly watched Eric pleasuring himself. I could detect a hint of self-consciousness tainting his movements. He was beginning to lose sight of the original intention for this insolent display of his.

I took a few steps toward the bed, making it more difficult for him to avoid seeing me, and slipped a hand down between my legs. I rubbed myself through my panties, infusing them with even more of my intimate essence. Try as he might, he was unable to resist looking.

His internal struggle was obvious by the way the set of his jaw contrasted with the longing in his eyes. He wanted to punish me, but he was inflicting just as much pain on himself.

Without a word, I pulled my panties down. I ran my fingers through my pubic hair, fluffing it up after being flattened all day, and then picked up my moist underwear from the floor. I moved around to the side of the bed and climbed up onto it behind Eric. As I hoped he would, he remained where he was.

Like him, I was up on my knees, and I edged forward until my naked body was pressed against his back, my trimmed bush tickling the crack of his flexed ass. I took the stale pair of panties away from him.

"Do you like the way Mommy's dirty panties smell?" I whispered in his ear.

Reluctantly he nodded.

My hard nipples pressed into his back. I held the pair I'd just removed out in front of his face.

"Do you want to smell your Mommy's dirty pussy?"

He nodded again.

"Tell me."

He hesitated. I pushed my hips forward, pressing myself tighter against his naked butt.

"Yes," he breathed.

"Yes, what?"

"Yes...I want to smell your dirty pussy."

I teased him for a few moments more, then gave him his reward. I put my panties over his nose and mouth and let him take his fill of my womanly fragrance.

"You like that, my nasty boy?" I kissed his shoulder as he nodded. "I know you do."

After a day of worry, frustration, and lusting for another woman, my need for release was running high. Nothing made that fact more obvious than the wetness trickling down the insides of my thighs. My cunt was as eager to be fucked as Eric was to fuck it. Nevertheless, I had to stick to my convictions. To many it may seem a distinction without a difference, but I felt that I had to cling to that one last boundary or else I would lose control completely.

I reached around and gently took Eric's hand away from his erect shaft. I unwound the silky knot of my panties from it, leaving his penis naked and exposed. I traced my fingernails lightly

along his length, then curled my fist into his curly pubic hairs.

"Would you like me to help with that?" I asked again, this time in a seductive voice that betrayed my unwholesome desire.

"Yes, Mom...please..."

I put my hand between my own legs, dipped two fingers into my hole, and drew out as much of my natural lubricant as I could. I reached around and smeared this onto my son's cock. I went back to my pussy twice more, gathering and smearing, until Eric's penis was slathered in my slick cunt juices.

I wrapped my hand around his hardness, gripping him tight, and began to stroke his cock. Despite my firm grasp, my hand slid easily up and down his hard-on. His hips made small thrusting motions so that he was fucking my fist in time with my movements.

"Does that feel good, sweetie?" I licked the ridge of his ear. "Does it feel good when Mommy rubs your big cock for you?"

"Oh, fuck, Mom....please..."

I stroked him faster, almost feeling like it was my own cock that I was jacking off. I pressed myself tighter against his back, willing myself to melt into him. He was part of me, and I wanted to be part of him.

"Do you want your Mommy to make her big boy cum?" The dirty talk seemed to flow out of me as easily as my juices did. The things I had only been able to say while sexting were now coming out of my mouth, and I became bolder with each filthy utterance. "You want me to jerk you off and make your cock cum, my dirty panty sniffer?"

"Please, Mom! Make me cum!"

I went back to my cunt and scooped up some more of my own pussy cream. I'd intended to spread it on his cock, but instead found myself pushing my dripping fingers into Eric's mouth. He sucked on them enthusiastically.

"That's it, darling, taste Mommy's pussy. You like the way my cunt tastes, don't you?"

"Mmm hmm," he murmured and sucked harder. After he had gotten it all, I pulled my fingers away, and held my open palm in front of his face.

"Spit!" I told him. "Hurry!"

He obeyed without question and spit into my hand. I then grabbed his cock again, adding his saliva to my own slippery juices already coating his prick. I tucked my dirty panties into his

mouth, and moved my freed hand down to cup his balls. My fist beat up and down his straining erection with rapid strokes. Eric's moans were muffled by the soiled underwear that I'd gagged him with.

"Cum, baby! Cum for Mommy! Show me how far your big cock can squirt!"

His body shuddered, his balls clenched, his cock swelled, and a jet of cum shot from the end of his penis, flying over and beyond the footboard of my bed and landing somewhere on the carpet. I never imagined such a thing was even possible, but a second spurt erupted immediately after and took the same trajectory. I squealed with delight and kept jacking him as fast as my burning arm allowed.

Eric heaved his hips forward, and unleashed another spurt, then another. He was cumming all over my comforter, but I didn't care. I'd never seen anything like it, and I wanted more. His cock issued another squirt, and I thought that was the end of it, but two more squirts followed. I massaged his balls, and milked the remaining jism up through his pulsing shaft. It spilled out in a thin white trail that dribbled over my fingers.

I'd been with only three men sexually during my life. I'd gotten them off by giving them handjobs, or blowjobs, or letting them fuck me, but I realized at that moment that it had only ever been a mechanical achievement for me. Making my son cum as I just had was anything but. It wasn't my hand, or his cock, or the way I stroked him. It was my connection with him. It was my heart, my love, my passion that made him cum. My words, my breath, my soul. There was no denying that it was carnal, animal lust, but it was unquestionably so much more.

I hugged him tight, still holding his cock and balls in my hands. His sweat mingled with my own as our hot flesh pressed together. My heavy breathing fell into synch with his. I didn't want to ever let go, but I had to answer the mounting demand between my own legs.

"Mommy has to cum now," I murmured. "Will you help me?"

"How?"

"Suck my tits for me while I masturbate. Will you do that for me, sweetheart?"

I sunk back and reclined against my pillows. Eric turned and watched me spread my legs, and go at my pussy without waiting. I could see him weighing his chances of getting his cock into me.

"Suck my nipples, baby. Please."

This snapped him out of his daze. He stretched out alongside me, pinning his erection against my hip, and kissed my left nipple. Goosebumps rose immediately. His kisses became licks. It was almost too good for me to believe.

I masturbated my pussy with shameless abandon. There wasn't a trace of inhibition as I openly pleased myself right next to my son. I rubbed my clit and fingered my vagina freely while my boy suckled at my breast. How had I gone my whole life without knowing the joy of such true intimacy?

His licking graduated to suckling, and I arched my back in an involuntary expression of the ecstasy he induced within me. I'd never had any sex that was near half as good as this, and it was little more than me touching myself and having my nipples sucked. I couldn't even conceive of how phenomenal it might be to deliberately make love with my son.

"I want to fuck you, Mom," he muttered as he moved his mouth from my left nipple to my right.

"I know you do," I panted without slowing my hand. "But we can't, sweetheart."

"I want it so much." His plaintive words were more wistful than insistent.

"So do I, baby." He mouthed my nipple roughly and I could feel the edges of his teeth. "It's too wrong. This is bad what we're doing, but that would be more than bad."

"I don't care." Eric was becoming more aggressive with my breasts. His mouth roaming away from my nipple, exploring down to the plump flesh of the underside, then around almost into my armpit. I expected that tomorrow morning I would find them covered with hickeys--a concern I hadn't thought about since high school.

"I'm sorry." I scooped up some of my juices and swabbed them onto each of my nipples. Eric went for them immediately and I returned to fervently working my clit. "I can't let you. I can't let you put your cock in my pussy."

He sucked the tender flesh of my nipple harder, and I felt my orgasm welling up from deep within.

"A mother shouldn't fuck her own son," I babbled on the edge of insensibility. "You shouldn't put your cock in me. I can't let you fuck my pussy."

"I want to fuck you, Mom!"

"No," I groaned as I approached the apex, "you can't fuck your mommy. You can't fuck Mommy's cunt. You can't fuck my cunt! Fuck my cunt! My cunt! My cuuuuunt!"

I screamed this filthiest of words as I brought myself to climax. My hips rose off the bed and Eric went from one nipple to the other and back again as fast as he could. My vision pulsed and the room spun. Every muscle in my body contracted at once. For a fleeting moment my existence was reduced to being nothing more than a palpitating pussy. My cunt was me, and I

was my cunt. And then my universe instantly expanded with a sudden explosion of euphoric elation. It was one orgasm on top of another wrapped in a third, all at once.

Eric clung fast to me as I thrashed and cried out. My thrashing lessened to a writhing, and my cries quieted into moans. With a heaving chest, I finally gave in to a relaxed paralysis, my moans fading into a long sigh. And still the room was spinning.

"Feel how wet I am," I whispered.

My son's hand skimmed over my belly, through my pussy hair, and between my lips. His strong fingers went straight to my hole and plunged inside. He explored my sopping canal, probing deeply, twisting to the left and then to the right, experiencing, learning.

"Let me have a taste," I begged.

He put his drenched fingers to my lips and I licked at my own cum. I sucked his fingers into my mouth, and cleaned them as he had done with mine. It was deliciously wicked, and I couldn't seem to get enough of this new delight.

"I have to cum again," Eric informed me. He moved down between my legs and got up on his knees again. "Spread your pussy for me, Mom."

I was only too happy to oblige him. I opened my legs wider and pulled my outer lips apart. My son fixed his gaze on my splayed twat and began jacking off to the sight of it. I loved watching the way his hand moved on his cock.

"That's it, baby, stroke that big cock for me."

I lifted my legs, reached around the outsides of my thighs, and spread myself open from this new angle. He could now see absolutely everything. Not only could he see my clit, my lips, and my open vagina, he could also now see my asshole for the first time.

"You like jerking off to Mommy's cunt, don't you?"

He stayed focused on the treasures displayed before him and didn't respond other than by beating his cock faster.

"Can you see Mommy's asshole? Look how I'm spreading my ass for you, sweetheart."

He shuffled himself a little closer--close enough to get his cock into my gaping pussy hole before I'd be able to stop him. I wasn't afraid. I knew I could trust him.

"Do you want to cum on it? Do you want to squirt your cum all over your mother's tight little virgin asshole?"

It was only a matter of seconds before he was spraying streams of fresh semen directly onto my wantonly proffered anus. It was beyond surreal. It was only two nights ago that I had become daring enough to look at myself back there for the first time, and now I was holding my ass open and encouraging my son to jizz on my buttohole. I had no idea who I was anymore, but it definitely felt good to be me at that moment.

Eric fell onto the bed next to me as I lowered my legs and enjoyed the squish of his sperm between my cheeks. Neither of us spoke. My mind gradually returned to normal, and second thoughts began assaulting my conscience. Did I really just say all those crude things out loud? In front of my teenage son? The embarrassment swelled to a kind of indistinct panic. I wouldn't let him fuck me, but it seemed I was willing to let him defile me in just about any other way.

Before I could order my thoughts and think of a way to explain this to Eric, he leaned over, kissed me on the cheek, and then headed for the door with a cheery grin.

"Want me to make you something for dinner?" I asked before he was out of sight.

"Sure, I'm starving."

I watched his naked butt disappear through the doorway and found myself wondering what his asshole looked like these days. My God, I was hopeless!

Grudgingly, I forced myself off the bed. I was feeling so relaxed I could have easily gone straight to sleep. As I moved around, picking up the various pairs of my dirty panties scattered everywhere, I could feel Eric's cum squelching deep in my intimate creases. Instead of wiping myself clean as I should have, I slipped on a fresh pair of undies over the whole nasty mess.

I didn't bother with a bra. Tucked away in a drawer I hadn't been into in a while, I located a somewhat flimsy, sea foam blue camisole with spaghetti straps that I hadn't worn in years. I pulled it on and smoothed it down over my body. It was snug in just the right places, and flowed loosely in others. It fell halfway down over my rear end, and the shadows of my dark nipples could be seen through the thin fabric. Just the sort of thing a mother should wear while she's fixing dinner for her strapping young son with the sex drive of a freight train.

My phone buzzed and I was suddenly smiling from ear to ear.

sorry about acting like an a-hole before

You're lucky I love you so much or it would be hard to forgive you.

i'll try not 2 b a jerk 2 u any more

Thank you, sweetheart.

btw that was totally mega hot what we just did

I'm afraid I let myself get carried away. Sorry if I was too raunchy.

no way! i loved it! especially how u talked so dirty

It was exciting to hear him say that, but I had to wonder if I was setting unrealistic expectations for him. Would he think that all women acted like foul-mouthed whores in bed?

I'm not usually that way, but I can't help being filthy like that with you.

and it was awesome how u spread ur pussy and ur butt 4 me

I can't help being a slut around you.

GOOD! haha -i love seeing the way that u masturbate ur cunt

It gave me a guilty thrill to see him using the word 'cunt' with me for the first time. This was a textbook case of corrupting a minor.

And I love seeing how you stroke your hard cock.

masturbating with u is probably 100 times better than sex with girls my age

I was meandering around my bedroom as we exchanged messages, and I stepped on something wet. I looked down and realized it was the spot where Eric's cum had landed on the carpet. I was still in awe that he could shoot that far. It would probably leave a stain, but I didn't have the heart to clean up his mess, and decided to leave it for now.

You might be right.

but I still want 2 have sex with u mom

Let's just have fun without worrying about that for now - ok?

i'll try

That's my good boy. I'll see you in the kitchen, sweetie.

I checked my hair in the mirror, gave my nipples each a hard tweak, and headed out to make dinner in my skimpy outfit, curious to see how long Eric would be able keep his hands off of me.

Not long, I hoped!

* * * * *

Things were slow at the bank. I normally hated days like this because they dragged by, but now I didn't mind so much--it allowed me to spend more time entertaining all the dirty thoughts that were festering in my brain these days.

Out in the teller area Gina was wearing a pair of form-fitting Capri pants, and a crimson blouse with a ruffle collar. It was a tastefully appropriate outfit, but that body of hers made everything look just a little slutty. I tried to convince myself that I only enjoyed looking at her and that was all. But looking invariably led to wanting. I wanted to see more, and I wanted to touch her.

This certainly gave me a vivid insight into how Eric must feel when he sees my pussy but can't put his cock into it.

The two of us had a lovely dinner of hot dogs and potato chips the night before. He came out to the kitchen shirtless, wearing only a pair of baggy sweatpants. He was tenting the front of them as soon as he saw me in nothing but my panties and slinky camisole. He sat at the table and watched me make his food like a hungry lion watching a piece of fresh meat that was just out of its reach. I loved how every once in a while he would grab himself through his sweats and rub it a little.

We had a nice chat, and I didn't mind a bit that his eyes were mostly on my tits instead of my face. It gave me a real boost that he stayed hard the whole time we were eating.

As I was cleaning the plates at the sink, Eric came up behind me and kissed me on the neck. It sent scintillating shivers all down my spine. He pressed himself close, and I could feel his erection against my backside. He reached around and his hands lovingly wandered over my belly and chest while his lips continued to nuzzle my neck. It had never taken me so long to wash and rinse two plates, and a pot. I didn't want that moment to end.

But it did, when I couldn't resist any longer and turned. I kissed my boy on the lips, still unable to believe that he would soon be taller than me, then I lowered myself to my knees in front of him. I slid his sweatpants down, releasing his hard cock, and took him into my mouth.

I knelt there in my kitchen and sucked my son's penis until he was once again shooting a load of cum down my throat. There wasn't much left after our earlier fun, but it was enough to make both of us very happy.

"Earth to Cheryl." Gina's voice brought me back to the here and now. She stood just inside my office doorway with a sly grin on her pretty face. "Looks like you went away to somewhere naughty."

"Sorry? What?"

She pointed coyly to my chest. I looked down and saw that two tiny bumps were evident pushing up through my shirt. This was what I got for wearing one of my sexy bras instead of a practical padded one to work.

"No...I..." As I stammered for an excuse I made the mistake of trying to smooth them down, which only made my nipples stiffer. Oh, God, I was actually touching my tits right in front of Gina. I quickly pulled my hands away, leaving my excitement blatantly on display.

"Anyway," she went on with a teasing lilt, "me and some of the girls are going to Diablo Jack's for drinks after, wanna come?"

This took me by surprise. "Oh, well, I don't know if I should..."

"Come on," she urged. "I want to find out what you're like outside of this place. It'll be fun." She looked at my chest after saying that--not a quick flick of the eyes, but an obvious look. "Dollar margarita night for the ladies."

"Maybe I'll stop in for one drink," I hedged.

"Awesome!" She seemed genuinely thrilled. "I'll let you get back to your daydream," Gina said with a wink, "give him a kiss for me." She paused at the door and turned back with a mischievous look, "or her..."

With that she was gone. The light scent of her perfume lingered, and without thinking I thumbed the small swells of my nipples through my clothes right there in my office. I thought back to the way she said 'wanna come,' and pinched the tips of my breasts, hard. It might have only been wishful thinking on my part, but she certainly wasn't being shy with me.

I wanted to touch myself right there at my desk, but I knew I'd never get away with it. I stood, deciding that I desperately needed to sneak into the ladies room and finger myself after that encounter. My desk phone rang and I considered not answering. When the caller ID indicated it was the regional vice-president, I reluctantly sat down and answered it.

As he babbled on about quarterly index blah blah whatever, all I was able to do was wonder what it would be like to taste Gina's pussy.

Introduction: Mom's lust for a hot female co-worker threatens to expose her incestuous relations with her son.

Sexting Mom, Ch. 4 of 4
By Kinkybelle

I was dying to finger myself, but one thing after another kept me from being able to sneak off

to the ladies' room and do it. It wasn't more than a week ago that I would have been revolted by the mere suggestion of someone masturbating in a public bathroom at their job, but at the moment it just about the only thing I could think about doing. I knew it was sick, but I honestly didn't want it any other way.

My phone buzzed, indicating an incoming text message, and my pussy reacted like one of Pavlov's drooling dogs.

just got home from school - wish you were here

I had a customer on hold, and two more in the waiting area, but I didn't care about them.

You're not jacking off, are you?

about 2 - wanna help?

I do, but I'm really busy at work. Can you hold off until I get home?

i'll try - but it will b hard...

That's the way I like it! LOL Be a good boy and save your cum for Mommy.

been thinking about ur butt all day - can i c it again 2nite?

I'll let you see whatever you want, sweetie, but right now I have to run.

alright - btw i still want 2 fuck u!

Behave yourself! I have to run some errands, so I'll be home after dinner.

ok - bye

I snapped my phone shut and quickly picked up my call that was on hold. The customer was angry, but my mind was too preoccupied with the anticipation of getting a mouthful of my son's cum straight from his cock later tonight to be bothered by this jerk's irate ranting. I had half a mind to skip meeting with Gina and the girls for a drink, and instead head directly home to my horny boy, but I was irresistibly intrigued by what that little sex kitten had on her mind.

And if all this wasn't enough, I was fucking dying to finger my pussy!

* * * * *

It was dollar margarita night at Diablo Jack's, and I was already down four bucks. As the chubby waitress wearing a tiny black t-shirt bent down to set my fifth candy-colored adult beverage in front of me, I couldn't keep my eyes off of her wobbling bosom practically spilling

out of her v-neck. I watched her walk away and noticed for the first time how cute a muffin-top could be on the right girl.

"So," Gina's voice brought my attention back to her, "you like 'em with a little junk in the truck?"

"Stop it," I giggled like a giddy teenager and tried to hide my embarrassment with a big swig of my syrupy-sweet cocktail. "For goodness sake, I'm old enough to be her mother."

"Or mine." Gina said this with a leering look that I wasn't sure how to interpret.

The three other tellers who had come out for drinks were a bit uptight at first, especially with me--a manager--around, but after a couple margaritas we all loosened up. As will happen when you mix five women and alcohol, it didn't take long for the catty gossip to turn raunchy. While I made a comment here and there, mainly to show them that I wasn't some dried up, middle-aged prude, Gina acted as the instigator as far as keeping the conversation on sexual topics.

One by one the other girls had slipped away, rushing home to husbands or boyfriends, until it was just me and Gina lounging in the shadowy corner of the bar at this highly inauthentic TexMex themed restaurant. I knew Eric was waiting for me, but I couldn't seem to tear myself away from the increasingly alluring Gina.

"Besides," I said, trying hard not to slur my words, "I'm not really into women anyway."

"That's what you think." Her sly smile accentuated the seductive curve of her full lips. Lips that would feel amazing kissing their way up my inner thigh. "My theory is that we're all lesbians at heart, even if we don't know it yet."

"Have you ever been with another woman?" I asked, surprised by my sudden boldness. I suddenly understood exactly why they called it 'liquid courage.'

Gina took a long sip of her drink before answering. "I never told anyone before, but I did make out with a girl once at my high school graduation party." She played the shy confessor, but couldn't hide her delight at sharing this naughty secret with me. "We kissed, and she put her hand up under my shirt. It was hot. She let me rub her between her legs, but when I tried to unzip her jeans, she sorta freaked out and took off." Gina scooted her chair a little closer toward me and leaned in. "How about you? I bet you did some experimenting in college, am I right?"

"No!" I exclaimed with a laugh. "As a matter of fact, I was a virgin until my senior year of college. That's how wild I was!"

"You're such a liar," she laughed with me, slapping my shoulder playfully.

"Honest! Believe it or not, I've only been with three men in my whole life." I had no idea why I was telling her that. And, oddly enough, half my drink was gone already.

"No way!" Gina found this hilarious. "Three guys would have been a slow week for me during my slut phase."

"Your slut phase? When was that?"

She stopped laughing and looked at me with those big, beautiful eyes. She leaned in close to whisper in my ear. "Right now..."

Her warm breath on the side of my neck gave me the same kind of happy shivers I got when Eric and I were fooling around. I couldn't lie to myself any longer. I wanted this girl in the worst way. Straight, lesbian, bisexual--I didn't know what I was anymore, but I knew I had to have her.

Gina leaned back. Her every move reeked of sexuality. I wanted to see that trim little Italian body of hers naked. I had to know the shape of her nipples, what her pussy smelled like, what her tongue felt like on my clit. I wondered what she would sound like when I made her cum.

Even as these impure thoughts raced through my mind, I couldn't help thinking about poor Eric--waiting home all alone, having no idea where I was.

That's about when my mouth started saying things without consulting my brain.

"So you like to fuck?" I think I managed to shock her a little with that.

"I love to fuck." She drained the last of her mango margarita.

"Then maybe you can help me with a little problem."

"I'm listening." Gina signaled for the waitress to bring us two more. I should have objected, but I figured that I'd probably need another after what I was about to ask.

"I have a teenage son at home--"

"The cutie?"

"That's him. He's having a real difficult time right now controlling his...physical desires. His hormones are raging off the charts, and he's completely obsessed with having sex."

"He talks to you about sex?" I couldn't quite tell if she was appalled or intrigued. I had to be careful, but, as I finished off my own drink, my 'careful' cells weren't exactly operating at maximum capacity.

"Let's just say a mother has a way of knowing these things," I told her, attempting to be cryptic without lying.

Boobie McMuffintop delivered our next round of drinks, jiggling those huge jugs practically in my face. She probably should have cut us off by now, but Gina gave her a sultry "Thank you," with a wink and that seemed to give the waitress a bit of a charge. These kids today were something else.

"The thing of it is," I continued, "it's making him very moody, and I'm afraid the stress of it is distracting him from his schoolwork." This was basically true.

"So tell him to jerk off like every other teenage boy in the world."

"Believe me, there's plenty of that going on." I couldn't believe I was talking about this with someone I worked with. "I do his laundry and everything is a bit crusty, if you know what I mean!"

Gina and I both burst out in a gale of drunken laughter.

"Oh, my God, that is a riot!" she said, gasping for air.

"The thing is," I tried to pull myself back together, "I'm afraid he's going to just end up doing it with the first girl that will let him."

"What's wrong with that? You don't expect him to wait until his senior year of college like you did, do you?"

"Of course not. But I would like for his first time to be good, you know? Something he'll always remember...with someone who's experienced..."

A tiny part of my brain was screaming for me to shut up, but it was being drowned out by the rest of my increasingly warm body.

"So what are you gonna do?" Gina asked as she licked the salty rim of her glass.

"I was thinking that maybe you could..."

"I could...?" She was going to make me say it. The filthy vixen wanted to hear me say it.

"Well, sleep with him...I suppose..."

She broke out in a huge smile. "You want me to fuck your son?"

"Shhh!" I looked around to see if anyone had overheard, and we were suddenly both giggling again like a couple of fools.

"Seriously, Cheryl? Are you telling me that you want me to fuck that cute young boy of yours?"

"Yes, I guess I am."

This had to be wrong in so many ways, but my tequila-soaked wits couldn't come up with a single argument against it. She was young, and incredibly hot, and a self-described slut. Eric would absolutely love her. He would have so much more fun with her than with his creaky old mother. Sex with Gina would set him straight, and get his mind off of wanting to fuck me.

"No more margaritas for you, hon," she threatened amiably.

"So, is that a no?"

"Not necessarily." That look was back in her eye--like she was on the verge of leaning over and kissing me right on the lips. "I might consider doing a 16-year-old...with his mother's permission."

"He's a very good boy, and I know it's a huge thing to ask--a huge and very weird thing to ask--but it would mean a lot to him. And to me." The image of Gina naked with her legs in the air as my son rammed his cock into her flashed suddenly in my mind's eye. Oh, God, what was I doing? Just one more sip of my margarita, then no more booze for me.

"I'll do it," she announced decisively. My heart leapt, but my stomach did a nervous flip. "I'll do it on one condition."

"Condition?"

She was suddenly close to me...very close.

"I will fuck your little boy, if you will fuck me." Then her lips touched mine.

My normal instinct would have been to pull away, but I let her kiss me and for a moment we were the only two people in a silent universe. It lasted for just a few seconds, but that kiss would stay with me forever.

"I-I don't understand," I stammered, confused and curiously excited.

"I will give your son the memory of a lifetime, but then I want you to get naked with me. Just the two of us."

"Me? Come on, you could have any girl you want..."

"Maybe, but I want you. I see you strutting around the bank every day, all buttoned-down

and straight-laced. Your hair pulled up tight, your make-up just so, never a thing out of place. You drive me wild with that career-bitch thing you got going on."

The bar was doing a strange wavy thing, and I wasn't quite understanding every word she was saying, but I sure did like listening to her say it.

"Ever since I touched that girl's pussy through her pants all those years ago I've wanted to know what it was like to be with another woman. And I mean really be with her. I don't want some immature girl who's trying to figure out who she is. I need someone who has it all together and won't freak out on me and run away. I need it to be you."

"To tell you the truth, Gina...I've been thinking about your pussy all day." Holy shit, did I just say that out loud? "I want to taste you so bad." Now my lips were on hers.

"So, it's a deal?"

"If you fuck my son for me, you can do whatever you want with me."

Gina grabbed her wallet out of her purse, dropped a twenty dollar bill on the table, and stood.

"You're leaving?" I didn't understand what was happening.

"You son's home tonight, right?"

"Yes, but...you want to do it now?"

"The sooner I do your boy, the sooner I get to do you."

I stood unsteadily and located my own bag with some difficulty.

"It's a school night," I babbled as Gina led me toward the door, "and I have work in the morning. But I guess this would count as a special occasion, right?"

"As special as they come!"

* * * * *

I sat in the back of the cab, with Gina pressed near to me, and fumbled with my phone, attempting to send Eric a text.

On my way home have a surprise for you don't go to bed,

I hit send, and Gina took my phone away. She dropped it into her purse, and suddenly we were making out.

The brisk night air, and the wait for the taxi, had allowed me to ease back from the edge of being completely blitzed, but I was still very much feeling the effects. I couldn't remember ever being this not-in-control, and yet everything around me seemed sharper and more crisp.

Her hand was on my breast, squeezing tentatively at first, as if she was afraid I might object, then more aggressively when I didn't. Gina's thumb played over the contours of my nipple as it stiffened through the layers of my bra and blouse. Her tongue pushed past my lips and into my mouth. I couldn't remember the last time I had actually French kissed. I was so distracted with sucking her tongue that I hadn't realized that my hand was on one of Gina's big boobs.

The cabbie must have been enjoying the free show, but the fact that he might be watching didn't even faze me in the least. From a woman who would have been mortified being seen doing this with a man in the backseat of a cab, to a woman who would have a frantic, groping, lesbian, make-out session in front of a stranger. My life had become truly twisted.

There was so much going on all at once, I couldn't concentrate on any one single thing, but I knew it summed up to feeling incredible. I was actually kissing another woman. I didn't think it would be so very different, but it was worlds apart from anything I'd ever known before. It was softer, more teasing than insistent, more sharing than controlling. There was nothing to prove, no need to impress, just a mutual exchange of pleasure without one having to take from the other.

I found myself momentarily disappointed when the car came to a stop in front of my house, but then I remembered why we were there and couldn't wait to see the look on Eric's face when I presented him with his 'gift.'

Gina and I supported each other as we toddled up the walkway. It wasn't until the next day that I even thought to worry about the neighbors seeing me stumbling home half-drunk on a weeknight.

Gina followed me through the foyer and I stepped into the living room. The lovely sight of my handsome son Eric waiting for me on the sofa naked with a huge boner greeted me. He looked up at me with a roguish grin, which disappeared in an instant and was replaced with a look of horrified shock. Only then did it fully register that Gina was standing right beside me.

"Oh!" I squeaked, "sorry...I didn't...ah..." I caught a glimpse of Eric grabbing for a throw pillow to hide his naked erection as I turned and hid my eyes--like any normal mother would be expected to do.

"Mom!" Eric wailed in a panic. "What the heck?"

"Looks like someone wasn't expecting Mom to be home this early!" Gina chirped, clearly amused by the whole situation.

My sloshed brain was struggling to come up with something to say. I tried to turn Gina and

get her to look away, but she resisted with a delighted giggle.

"Well, honey," I said to the wall, "this is your surprise. Her name is Gina."

"It's very nice to meet you," Gina said with a friendly twinkle in her voice. "You're even cuter than your picture."

"You got me a hooker?"

"No!" Oh, God, this was going all wrong. "She--"

Gina pinched my arm. "I prefer the term escort," she walked away from me toward Eric, "but you've got the basic idea."

"Mom...?"

"Yes...um...well, I thought it would be good for you to be able to have sex, you know?" I was talking a mile a minute and didn't quite know what I was saying. "And Gina is so beautiful, and sexy, and hot, that I thought you would really like her and she could help you, with it...the sex, I mean."

"But--"

"Come on now," Gina interrupted him, "your mother owes me big for this. I don't usually do boys as young as you, but I made an exception for her. You don't want to disappoint your mother, do you?"

"No, but I..."

"You can turn around, Cheryl," Gina said. "Your boy is decent...mostly."

I took a peek and saw her sitting on the sofa next to Eric. He had the throw pillow planted firmly in his lap, and a stricken look on his face. I turned around and began thinking that I should call this whole thing off.

"I thought this would make you happy," I offered, worried that he would hate me for it instead.

"Do you want me to make you happy, Eric?" Gina nibbled his earlobe and raked her red, polished nails up his thigh toward the pillow.

I was so confused. My pussy was wet and wanting after the backseat of the cab. Seeing this gorgeous creature coiled up next to my naked son was turning me on like crazy. But the thought of her pleasing him gave me a pang of jealous resentment. He was mine. That hard cock he was hiding was mine. But it couldn't be. It was wrong of me to be thinking like that.

He was my son. Sure, it was fun what we had been doing--actually, something so much more than just fun--but I couldn't keep him only for myself. It would cripple him emotionally. How would he ever have a normal relationship if I tried to be the one to possess him? I wanted him to grow up, and fall in love, and know all the joys that came along with that. I had to be strong and let him experience another woman so he would know that there was so much more out there waiting for him, and he didn't have to settle for me.

"Is...is this really what you want, Mom?" I could hear the hurt in his voice, but I had to trust that he would understand as soon as Gina took him to places I probably never could.

The words stuck in my throat, as we looked at each other across the room. Gina listened intently, her eyes darting from him to me and back again. Did she suspect something more was going on here?

Her hand slipped under the pillow and Eric's body tensed.

"I promise I'll take good care of him," she purred. Eric was trying not to show it, but whatever her hand was doing under there was clearly having the desired effect.

"Eric, this may seem very strange to you now," I said, "but I think it would be for the best. Will you do this for me?"

I wanted him to say no, but I needed him to say yes.

Eric glanced over at Gina, really looking at her for the first time. His eyes traveled the length of her young, firm body. I knew he could smell her intoxicating perfume, and feel the warmth of her against him. Her cleavage beckoned. The long, sinuous curve of her stockinged calf suggested promises of so many more delights. Her tongue sliding across those painted lips erased his last lingering doubt.

Eric turned to me and gave a slow nod.

My heart dropped, but I forced a smile. Gina's smile was genuine. This was not going to be a chore for her--she was obviously looking forward to fucking my son for me.

"Okay, good," I said awkwardly. "Then I guess I'd better leave you two alone."

I crossed through the living room. Their eyes followed me, but neither said a word. I turned off the lamp on the end table as I passed, giving the room a more romantic ambiance. I felt like I should say something else, but I didn't know what it should be.

I made my best attempt at giving Eric an encouraging smile before heading down the hallway to my bedroom.

After closing the door behind me, I took off my shoes and paced around anxiously, chewing my lower lip. It was done, he made his choice and I'd accomplished what I needed to do. So why didn't I feel satisfied? Or at least relieved? Objectively, it probably wasn't an ideal solution, but it was the best I could do given the unusual circumstances I had allowed to develop between my son and me.

I began undressing. I'd just have to get into bed, wait for it all to be over with, and see if I did the right thing. I found I was still a bit unsteady on my feet as I stripped out of my panties. I thought I heard a sound from the living room. What were they doing out there?

Standing stock still, I listened, but couldn't hear anything. I went to my door and listened again. Still nothing. Very slowly, I turned the knob and opened the door just a crack. I could hear their voices. They were talking. Gina's high, soothing lilt interspersed with Eric's low baritone. I tried to make out what was being said, but couldn't pick up more than a word here or there. Then the conversation stopped.

I couldn't stand not knowing what was going on.

I grabbed my robe and snuck down the hall on tiptoe. I slowed as I neared the living room. Was that a moan I heard? I edged nearer until I could lean out just enough to see into the room.

They were on the sofa still. The pillow had been set aside, leaving Eric completely exposed. He was leaning back with his eyes closed. Gina's hand roamed over his chest, down over his belly, along his thigh, then back up to his cock. She traced her touch over his balls, and along his shaft. Was he enjoying it as much as when I had done that to him?

"How's that? Feeling a little more relaxed now?" Gina asked with serene ease. Eric nodded in response. She gathered her fingertips lightly around the head of his cock, like a little crown, and caressed it tenderly. "Would you like me to get naked for you?"

His eyes opened at that. "Yeah...I guess so."

"You don't sound very sure."

"No...I mean yes, I'm sure." He looked embarrassed but excited. I couldn't help but notice how cute his balls were, all scrunched up tight between his legs.

I had that feeling of being a low-down sneak once again, just like when I went snooping through Eric's phone that first time. I should have turned away and gone straight back to my room. I shouldn't have been intruding on this private moment between the two of them, but I was rooted to the spot. The very same spot, I realized, where Eric had stood when he spied on me masturbating not so many nights ago.

Gina kissed Eric on the cheek and got up from the sofa. I held my breath, suddenly aware that

I was about to see the girl I'd been lusting after all week naked. I had a fleeting thought of barging in and stopping her before it went too far, but my perverse desires trumped my jealousy over the way Eric was looking at her with an avid hunger. I remained quiet and eased my hand through the opening of my robe to my very wet pussy.

She undid her ruffled, crimson blouse, taking special care with each button, not in any hurry at all. She shrugged it off and tossed it on the nearby chair. Her bra seemed huge, and yet it was barely able to contain her fabulous mounds of flesh. How did such a small girl end up with such big breasts? My finger pressed against my clit. I was dying to diddle it, but I was afraid they might somehow detect the motion, or hear the noise.

Gina walked around to the center of the room, putting the coffee table between Eric and her. She put one foot up on the table, leaned down and undid the two buttons at the bottom of her pant leg that came just below her knee. She repeated this with the other side. After pulling her belt out of the loops, she unfastened her Capri-pants, slowly unzipped them, and shimmied them down. Her thong was the same dusky rose color as her bra.

She bent as she slipped her pants down further to reveal that those weren't pantyhose she had on, but rather thigh-high stockings. I couldn't believe that anyone would dress like this for a normal day of work. She had apparently been expecting something to happen tonight, but it was unlikely that she knew she'd be pretending to be a prostitute for my son when she got dressed this morning. I reached around with my free hand, and teased my pussy from behind.

Gina carefully stepped out of her pants, leaving her shoes on--damn, this girl sure knew how to do sexy--and adjusted her stockings, giving both Eric and me a chance to feast on her exquisite form. I couldn't take my eyes off of her ass. It was easily twice the size of mine, but so perfectly in proportion that it almost hurt to try to take it all in. My finger wiggled into my warm hole.

"What do you think?" Gina cocked her hips alluringly, lifted her hands and fluffed out her hair.

"Very hot," Eric answered in a raspy voice. "You look like a Playboy model."

He was visibly enjoying the view based on the way his stiff cock was twitching and flexing, but one thing cooled my jealous fire. If it were me standing in front of him like that, he wouldn't have hesitated to jack his cock while looking at my body. It was a small consolation, but knowing that he was comfortable enough with me to do that was something I could cling to.

"You're pretty hot yourself," she said while running her hands down her body, and giving her hips a seductive turn that would make a stripper envious. "I think you must get it from your mother, am I right?"

"Um...I don't know..."

"She's a very sexy lady, wouldn't you say?" Gina turned and gave Eric an eyeful of her

picture-perfect backside. I could practically see him thinking about what it would be like to slide his cock up and down between those cheeks of hers. Or maybe I was just projecting what I wanted to see.

"I guess." He shifted uncomfortably. "She's my mom, so I couldn't really say..."

Gina gave her butt a sharp spank before turning around to face him again. "Oh, come on, you know you've got a yummy mummy. You can't lie to me, young man."

What was she trying to do? She must have suspected something unusual was going on between us, and she was trying to get Eric to reveal just what it was exactly. The cagey minx. My heart beat a little faster, afraid that my shameful secret might be discovered. And not just by anyone--someone I worked with! The seriousness of the situation took away some of my alcohol-induced buzz, but did nothing to dull the needful throbbing building between my legs.

"Have you ever seen your mother naked?"

"No," Eric mumbled, unable to look her in the eye.

"If you tell me the truth, I'll take off my bra."

I was immediately torn between wanting him to keep quiet, and to tell her the truth.

He looked at those barely restrained globes of enchantment and gave in. "I saw her getting out of the shower once," he lied. Or was it a lie? Was my son also a peeping Tom?

"See, that wasn't so difficult, was it?" She reach behind and unhooked her bra, held it in place for a tantalizing few seconds, then pulled it away, unveiling her bare breasts.

I didn't have a great view, but from what I could see from the side, they were magnificent. Despite their size they barely sagged at all, even without the support of her bra. She turned away from me briefly, posing for Eric. When she turned the other way I could see how her areolas were large ovals tilting jauntily away from each other. They were a deep mocha color, and featured a pair of wide, stout nipples at the centers. My mouth watered.

"I got these from my mother," Gina joked and gave her tits a shake. "All natural. Like 'em?"

"They're awesome," my wide-eyed Eric croaked. He must have been thinking that he'd died and gone to boobie heaven.

"Do you want to touch them?" Gina teased.

"Yes...please." At least he remembered to be polite. Such a good boy.

She went to him. I tweaked my own nipples as I watched her moving with silky grace. She

straddled his legs and sat down on his lap facing him. Gina took my son's hands and placed them on her tits. Eric's expression transformed. The fear and doubt melted away, leaving only jubilant fascination. He played with her tits and I played with mine.

Gina leaned forward and Eric took the cue. He began licking her big nipples and sucking her erect tips. That pang of jealousy was nagging at me again. Until that moment, my nipples had been the only ones he had ever felt on his lips. I reminded myself that I should be happy for him, and not so self-centered.

I could tell Gina's hands were at work out of my sight on his cock. She was likely stroking his hard prick and fondling his soft balls. Soon she would know what it was like to have him inside her.

"That feels so good," Gina breathed. She wasn't putting on an act; she was truly enjoying getting her tits sucked by my boy. "You really know how to make a girl happy, don't you?"

This must have embolden him, because next I saw his hands slide up her outer thighs, then reach around and grabbed hold of that Playboy ass of hers.

"Eric?" Gina cooed quietly. "Have you ever had your cock sucked?"

He paused suckling her for a moment to answer. "Yes, my mom--"

Eric stopped suddenly and my heart skipped a beat.

"Your mom...?" Gina prompted.

"Um..." he groped for a response. "My mom said I shouldn't do that until I was married."

Gina couldn't stop herself from laughing. "Is this the same mom that hired me to fuck you?" She clearly knew that there was something very strange going on between the two of us, but at least she didn't know the full extent of our illicit relationship. And that's how I wanted it to stay. "But, you should always listen to your mother, so...I now pronounce us husband and wife. You may kiss the bride."

She took his face in her hands and kissed him on the lips. It was a long, sensual kiss. I was torn as I watched, unable to decide which I wanted more: to be in Gina's place, or in Eric's. My pussy was screaming for attention, but in order to stay hidden I couldn't go at it like I so desperately wanted to. I pressed my clit harder, attempting to relieve the ache, but that only seemed to intensify the unrelenting cravings.

"I don't want you to cum yet," she informed him, "so I'm only going to suck it a little, okay?"

She slithered down until she was on her knees. My view was blocked, but my imagination was able to fill in every little detail as I saw the way her head was moving in his laps. The sucking

sounds, her muffled moans, the look of ecstasy on Eric's face; it was at once the most erotic thing I'd ever seen and completely maddening.

I was tempted to hurry back to my room and masturbate my pussy like a wild fiend, but I didn't want to miss a single thing. And so I continued to peep at my co-worker giving my son a blowjob as I stealthily touched myself. I wanted to run in there, push her aside, and take Eric's cock between my own lips and make him cum in Mommy's mouth. I bit my lower lip and stayed right where I was.

"How was that?" Gina asked.

"Really great," Eric groaned. "Keep going..."

"Oh, no." She licked the small bead of pre-cum from the tip of his dick. "This is just to get you warmed up. Do you think you're ready for my pussy, Eric?"

"I guess so."

"I prefer my men to be more sure than that."

"Yes...I'm ready for your pussy."

"That's more like it." She stood up and looked around. I quickly ducked back out of sight.

"How about we go to your bedroom, would that be okay?"

"It's kind of messy."

"Well, since I'm not your mother, I don't care that you didn't clean your room. All I care about is getting you into a bed."

I tiptoed as fast as I could back down the hallway before I got caught. As soon as I eased my door closed, I could hear them coming down the hall. As they passed, there was a light series of clattering taps on my door, like maybe Gina had quickly drummed her fingernails on it as she went by. Was it a playful impulse? Or was she sending me a signal? She probably assumed I was awake, but did she know I had been spying on them?

The thrill, fear, envy, and excitement churned inside me all at once resulting in an antsy impulse that I didn't know how to satisfy. I took the opportunity to give my pussy the attention it was severely lacking. I tore open my robe and attacked my dripping cunt. Oh my God, it felt so good. I wanted to finish myself off right then and there, but I was keenly aware that Eric and Gina were at that same moment settling onto his bed.

I forced myself to stop assaulting my pussy and peeked out into the hallway. Moments later I was once again tiptoeing my way through my own house, this time toward Eric's bedroom. When I got there I was surprised to find that the door hadn't been shut all the way. One of

them had left it like that on purpose, and I suspected it was Gina. Perhaps I wasn't as sneaky as I thought I was.

"...relax and let me put it on for you," I heard Gina's voice saying in comforting tones. I peeped through the crack. The room was dimly lit by the little sailboat lamp on Eric's dresser; the one he'd had since he was seven years old. I couldn't see the two of them directly, but I could see their reflection at the edge of the large mirror that was mounted on his bureau.

Eric was lying on his back, naked except for the condom that was now adorning his erection. Geez! I hadn't even thought of that! Thank goodness Gina was a responsible slut and apparently kept a ready supply with her at all times.

She was standing next to his bed, and I was once again struck at how amazing her body was. As bad as I wanted her before, that urge was now ten times stronger. She hooked her thumbs under the thin sides of her thong and slowly lowered them to unveil her completely bare pussy. It was shaved clean, and was easily the sexiest thing within a thousand mile radius. My hands went instinctively to my own crotch, but my stupid robe was getting in the way. In a quick fit of annoyance, I shrugged it off and let it fall to the floor behind me. If you had told me I would one day be standing in my hallway, completely naked, fingering myself and peeking at my son about to get fucked by a gorgeous nymph from my work, I would have called the cops and had you committed to an insane asylum. But, as it turns out, apparently I'm the one who's crazy.

"Wow, my thong is absolutely soaked," Gina giggled. "You've got me so excited for that nice cock of yours."

Eric's bed creaked a little as she climbed onto it. My heart beat faster, and I knew this was it. This was really going to happen. I couldn't bear to watch, but I couldn't make myself look away.

"Ready?" she checked in with him one more time.

He smiled and nodded.

Gina got on top, climbing onto him with a practiced nimbleness. I could see his cock jump, now only inches away from her young pussy. There was a lump in my throat, and I was becoming short of breath. What was happening to me?

This was what I decided. This was my whole plan, and it was coming together perfectly. I had been grossly irresponsible and had let myself go down a forbidden path. I had dragged my son down with me, and now his priorities were all out of whack when it came to women. He shouldn't be lusting after his own mother, he should be hot for girls like Gina. This would wake him up and get him to realize there I wasn't the only woman available to him. There was a world of better possibilities out there just waiting for him and his beautiful cock. I couldn't let my own sick sexual fixation on my son get in the way of his happiness.

Gina was kissing him again, lowering herself toward his latex-sheathed hard-on. My body flushed with a sudden heat, tears stung my eyes, and a panic like I'd never known before seized my chest. The tip of his erection touched her wet opening.

She was about to fuck my son. My boy. My cock!

"No! Stop!"

I burst through the door, rushed into the room, and grabbed Eric's penis, yanking it away from Gina's pink flesh. Without thinking I pushed her, and she rolled off of Eric with a surprised shriek.

"Mom! What the hell are you doing?"

I had no idea what the hell was I doing! I stood there naked, holding Eric's cock in my fist. Gina was on her back on the bed next to him, covering her mouth with one hand, trying unsuccessfully to hide a look of scandalized shock.

"I'm sorry, Eric, but this isn't what I want. I thought it was for the best, but now I'm not sure." I tried to focus on my son, but it was next to impossible with Gina leaving her legs open like she was. God was a glorious pussy she had. "If this is what you want, then fine, I'll understand. But I have to be sure, sweetheart. Is this what you really want?"

"She's amazing, Mom, but I don't want to fuck her. I want to fuck you."

Gina let out a stunned gasp at hearing that. For me, those words had a completely different effect. The turmoil that had been making me so anxious all evening melted away in an instant. There was no doubt, no confusion, no guilt. I wasn't even the least bit ashamed that Gina, practically a stranger to me until tonight, was right there witnessing all of this. Without any inhibition whatsoever, I knew what I wanted.

I ripped the condom off of my son's erection, got on top of him, and plunged myself down onto him, burying his cock inside me.

And just like that, I came. The orgasm that had been struggling to be realized for the past hour exploded to life and flooded me with a sense of complete well-being of a kind that I hadn't known since I was an innocent young girl.

I didn't care that Gina was there. I didn't care if she stayed or went. All I cared about was my boy. My sweet, darling son. I gripped him tight with my inner muscles and rode him. He grasped my ass, his fingers digging into my skin, pulling me down onto him.

"That's it, baby, fuck Mommy's pussy," I whimpered, still feeling the undulating waves of my own orgasm ebbing through my body. "Let your big cock cum inside Mommy's pussy."

Seconds later Eric was lifting me off the bed, thrusting up into me, unleashing his orgasm deep inside me. He pushed, and strained, and forced as much of his cum as he could into my shuddering depths.

Eric collapsed down onto the bed, and I dropped down with him. I kissed his mouth, our tongues coming together in a frantic reunion. I pulled away and looked into my son's eyes.

"I love your penis so much."

Just then we heard a rapturous cry. Gina was still on the bed next to us! We looked over in time to see her bring herself off to a body quaking orgasm. Not only was she a slut, but she was a kinky slut! Her fingers were still buried in her pussy when she opened her eyes and saw us staring at her. A big smile spread across her pretty face.

"I knew there was something going on with you guys," she slid her fingers in and out of her pussy with casual intimacy. "That was the hottest thing I've ever seen in my whole entire fucking life."

Now that my passionate mania had subsided, I became acutely conscious of the fact that my son's cock was still clutched in my pussy. I felt a hint of humiliation that I knew would only grow as the heat of the moment wore off.

"You weren't supposed to see that," I muttered, unable to take my eyes off her naked body.

"That's what made it so exciting." Gina pinched one of her nipples, as much for my benefit as her own. "And I want to see it again."

"You're not disgusted that I just had sex with my own son?"

She squirmed with undisguised arousal next to us.

"My deepest, darkest secret is that when I was seventeen I had a major crush on my dad." She twisted her nipple roughly as she talked. "I wanted him so bad. I would fantasize about seducing him every night when I played with myself. But I was never brave enough to actually go through with anything. I think it's mad sexy that you guys are really doing it."

"It's not something I'm exactly proud of."

"I've never seen anyone cum as fast as you two just did." She rolled onto her side, bringing her tits up against Eric's shoulder, and ran her hand over his chest, leaving a wet smear of her own pussy juices as she did. "It's obvious how horny you two are for each other. You both want to do it again, I can tell, and, besides, I already know your secret. I just want to watch, that's all."

I was more turned on now than I could imagine. I looked down at Eric. The poor boy barely knew which way was up with all that was happening.

"This was supposed to be a private thing between just you and me," I said, trying to keep my voice even. "It's up to you, sweetheart. Do you want Gina to stay or go?"

He took another look at that ridiculously sexy body of hers.

"If you're okay about it, I wouldn't mind if she stayed a little longer." He could tell from my sinful smile that I was very happy with his choice. "But could we maybe move to your bed, mom? I'm about to fall off the edge..."

It was true, he was ready to tumble over the side of his bed, and probably take me with him! That gave us a good laugh and cleared away much of the tension.

I lifted myself off of Eric's cock, which was still hard. A gush of semen spilled out of me. This elicited another gasp from Gina.

"I guess you're not worried about getting pregnant!"

"I'm not worried." I gave Eric a motherly pinch on the cheek as I climbed off of him.

"So fucking sexy," Gina whispered and then surprised us by taking Eric's sloppy hard-on into her mouth. She quickly sucked it clean, leaving no trace of the mixture of his sperm and my cum that coated it. And I thought I was nasty!

The three of us headed to my bedroom. Gina led the way in nothing but her high heels and stockings, looking every inch the porn star. Eric followed eagerly, his erection bouncing in cadence with his steps. I brought up the rear, merrily enjoying the view of their enticing bottoms. We must have been quite the sight as we paraded into my room, and piled onto the bed.

"It's too dark in here," Gina noted.

I had just the thing. I touched the sensor on the electric candle sitting on my nightstand that I'd gotten two Christmases ago but never had an occasion to use. The electronic flicker of the light simulated a flame nicely, and gave us all a flattering view of each other.

"That's better." Her eyes caressed Eric's naked body, then mine. She was like a kid in a candy store. "Eric, this time you should be on top of your mother, okay?"

It was very strange to have a third person in the bed while I was about to have sex, but it was even more bizarre that she was directing the action. In an odd way, though, it made it somewhat easier.

I complied with her wishes and settled into the center of the bed on my back with Gina to my left. Eric moved to get on top of me, and I opened my legs for him. It had been less than five minutes since he pulled out of me, and yet I was breathlessly anticipating feeling him enter me once more.

"Make sure you give your mother a kiss first," Gina advised.

Eric did as he was told, and brought his lips to mine. His kiss was warm and soft and full of love.

"Very nice. Now kiss her nipples."

When Eric moved down to my chest I looked over at my new bedmate. Her beautiful eyes were wide with rapt fascination. She toyed with her nipples as she watched my son suckle my breast. My hand only had to move a few inches before making contact with her thigh at the place where her stockings ended and her bare skin began. I'd never touched a woman like this before. She looked at me and gave me a conspiratorial smile.

"Do you like the way your son is sucking your tits?" she asked softly.

"Yes," I answered without hesitation. "He knows how to lick Mommy's nipples just the way I like it."

"You enjoy sucking your mother's titties, don't you?" Gina prompted.

"Yes," Eric responded, his lips moving against my slippery nub as he spoke. "I love sucking my mom's tits so much." He began suckling even harder.

"That looks so good," she panted. "Do you want to see your mother do the same to me?"

He glanced up at me. I didn't say anything, waiting to see what he would do. Without releasing me, he nodded.

"Tell her," Gina insisted.

He swallowed hard, and in a faltering voice said, "Mom, I want to see you suck her nipples."

Gina leaned toward me, and next thing I knew I had another woman's nipple in my mouth. And it was even better than I imagined. So buttery soft. I expected it would make me feel weird to do such a thing, but there was a soothing comfort to suckling her that felt perfectly natural.

Eric returned his lips to the tips of my breasts, never taking his adoring gaze from the sight of his own mother taking her first tentative steps into lesbian territory. I knew I shouldn't be doing this in front of him, but the significance of boundaries had become entirely lost to me.

Gina shifted, pulling one nipple away from me and presenting the other in its place. I greedily latched onto it and sucked at her contentedly.

"Cheryl," the way she said my name made it sound somehow dirty, "can I please use one of your dildos?"

I reluctantly let her slip from my mouth. "I...I don't have one," I admitted, feeling like a repressed prig.

"We'll have to fix that." She leaned down and kissed me on the forehead. "Until then, I guess I'll just have to use my fingers while I watch your son fuck you."

It was surreal to hear her say such a thing out loud, but at the same time it was incredibly arousing. I couldn't wait another second.

"Tell him," I pleaded.

"Eric, is your cock hard?" Gina asked unnecessarily.

He just grinned, then saw that she was waiting for an answer. "Yeah."

"Let me see."

He raised himself up, giving us both a tempting view of his unflagging erection.

"Perfect," Gina moaned. "What do you want to do with that big cock of yours?"

I knew what he'd say if it had been just the two of us, but he must have been feeling a bit unsure in front of Gina.

"Um...have sex...?"

"You want to put your cock in your mother's pussy, don't you?"

"Yes...I want to fuck my mom with my cock," he said, becoming bolder.

Gina spread her legs, showing off her bald pussy in the dim light. Even from my poor vantage, I could make out her generous inner lips protruding from her swollen vulva. She snuggled a finger in between her long, fleshy flaps and rubbed herself.

"Is it okay with you, Eric, if I masturbate while I watch you make love to your mother?"

"It's very okay with me."

These two were killing me! As adorably sexy as this all was, I was about to lose my mind if I didn't something inside me soon!

"Good." She patted her pussy with a couple of light smacks, then got up onto her knees. "I want to make sure you take it nice and slow this time, so I'm going to help." She reached between Eric and me and took hold of his erection.

"First, make sure she's ready." Gina touched the head of his cock to my opening and swirled it around. "Feel how wet she is?"

"Yes," Eric breathed.

"But don't put it in yet. You have to tease her a little."

No! I didn't want any more teasing! I wanted his cock! My body writhed with mounting expectation. Gina directed the tip of his penis up the length of my slit and played it against my straining clit. God, that felt good...

"Look how excited you're making her," she giggled and dipped his cockhead back to my hole. "Be sure to spread your mother's juices all over her hot little pussy." She dragged his cock all around me down there, smearing my own juices everywhere, making me crazier by the second.

"It feels so good..." Eric groaned.

"Now she's ready for you to put it in." Gina was really getting into her role as Eric's sex guide. "But not all the way."

Yes! All the way! I wanted to scream, but instead allowed the torture to continue.

She circled Eric's cock around the threshold of my vagina, slowly zeroing in on my rapacious center. She wiggled him into me a centimeter at a time until I had just the head of his hard-on enveloped in my sopping wet recess.

"Let her feel it coming," Gina said huskily. "Let your mother know her pussy is about to be filled with her son's big, hard cock." She pulled him out, and I almost screamed in protest, but she slid him back into place after only a moment. "Is that what you want, Cheryl? Your son's penis all up inside your vagina?"

"Yes," I gasped. "Let him fuck me, Gina, please let him fuck me now..."

"Here it comes," she kissed me on the lips without letting go of his cock, which she held poised at my eager entrance. "Alright, Eric, you heard your mother, she wants you to fuck her now. Can you do that for her?"

"Yes." His curt answer revealed how agonizing her games were for him as well.

"Okay, then, nice and slow..." Gina flicked one of my stiff nipples with her tongue. "Start sliding your cock into your mother's pussy for me."

Eric obeyed, pushing his erection through her grasp and into me. I felt my opening stretch as he penetrated me, my hole forming a tight seal around his hardness. I could feel each inch of him as he eased forward. I could sense each moment as one cascaded into the next. The sounds, sights and smells were acutely distinct, yet blended together in a consummate mix of erotic exaltation.

"That's it," Gina coaxed him the remainder of the way in, moving her hand from him to me and spreading me open to better observe the spectacle of Eric's cock delving further into my intimate reaches. "Right back to where you came from. All the way in. Fill your mother's pussy with that big-boy cock of yours."

If the unique sensation of being made love to by my own son wasn't enough, Gina's salacious commentary boosted the thrill to unbelievable heights.

He held himself over me, propped up on outstretched arms, muscles taut. I pulled him down onto me. His naked body atop mine. His heat joining my own. I wrapped my legs around him, pulling him even tighter into me. I hadn't felt this close with him since the moment he was born.

"Nice and slow, Eric," Gina whispered and withdrew her hand from between our tightly pressed bodies. "Out...almost all the way...yes...now in...deep as you can go...just like that...oh, God, yes..."

I couldn't have agreed with her more.

Nothing existed outside of that bed. Eric pulled himself back, then pushed forward once again. His hard shaft glided along my slick inner walls. I clenched my pussy around him, hugging his cock with all my strength. My son's cockhead brushed my deepest extents, and yet I wanted him to go farther still.

The mattress shook. Apparently Gina was unable to heed her own advice to take things slow and was masturbating herself with a reckless frenzy.

"Fuck her, Eric," she urged him in a breathless hush. "Fuck your mother. Fuck your mother's hot, wet, horny pussy!"

Eric gave me a few more slow thrusts, then increased his speed. I was ready for him. Ready for him to fuck me hard and proper. To do it to me like a man does a woman.

"I love you, Mom," he whispered and slammed himself into me to the hilt.

My fingers raked his back. "I love you, too, Eric."

His pace increased. I matched his pounding rhythm, bucking my hips up to meet his every thrust. Gina lost all restraint and was crying out with a staccato wail of self-induced pleasure. The liquid, fleshy slap of flesh against flesh filled the room.

"Harder, Eric," I begged. "Fuck Mommy harder!"

He pounded himself into me, pushing my legs as wide as they could go. I had my wish. With each punishing plunge of his cock, the tip jammed against the far end of my insides, sending an electric jolt of ecstasy rocketing through my middle and into my splintering brain before exploding in a shower of bright sparks. I'd never been this alive!

"Oh, God!" Gina called out. "Oh, my fucking God! I'm going to cum!"

"Me, too!" Eric added loudly. "I can't hold it anymore."

"Cum, baby!" I screamed, kissing his neck and shoulder. "Cum inside Mommy's cunt!"

Two seconds later he growled with primal release and rammed himself home. His body trembled in my arms as he emptied his cock into me. Gina's wail reached its peak.

"Fuck! Fuck! Oh, fuck, yes! YES! YEEEEEE-S!"

The sound of Gina cumming next to me was enough to put me over the edge, even without Eric moving inside me. My pussy convulsed, clamping tight around his cock. The spasm spread outward. I lost all control over my body. An animal yelp of unadulterated joy erupted from me.

Eric forced his erection all the way in to me once more, and I was cumming again. My second orgasm interleaved with the residual tremors of my first and the cumulative result was even more powerful. I couldn't catch my breath, I couldn't feel my hands, I couldn't believe such a realm of physical gratification even existed.

The screaming, grunting, and wailing had faded away. It would have been silent but for the heavy panting; each of us struggling to catch our wind.

Eric kissed my cheek and rolled away. His soaked cock slithered out of me, leaving a gaping void.

Gina's sweaty body was close to mine. I reached over, blindly feeling for her wrist. When I found it, I pulled it away from her pussy and lifted her hand to my mouth. Her arm was heavy and weak, and she didn't resist. I licked her fingers, wet with her pungent essence. My first taste of another woman's pussy. I was almost too euphoric to grasp the significance of this.

I felt the fingers of her other hand probing between my legs, which remained splayed open. She once again tasted the blend of Eric's and my sex, then went back for more. This time she brought her fingers to my lips, and I languidly sucked the sperm and pussy cream from them.

Eric cuddled up against me, laying his hand on my tummy. Gina curled up at my other side, her hand resting atop my tufted mound. Somehow my reality had become better than anything I'd ever dared dream.

And it was all because I found those pictures of my son's naked cock on his cell phone.

* * * * *

There was a sound. I opened my eyes. Sleepy. Disoriented. A pale light flickered.

Gina was next to my bed, dressed. She took my phone from her purse and quietly placed it on my nightstand, then noticed I was awake.

She smiled and bent down, giving me a gentle kiss on the lips. Eric stirred next to me.

"I'm holding you to our deal," she whispered. "You still owe me." She kissed my bare nipple. "See you at work."

There was something I wanted to say. Something I needed to tell her. But she touched the sensor on the candle and all was darkness.

* * * * *

Buzz, buzz!

This time when I opened my eyes my bedroom was filled with morning light. Why on Earth was Eric texting me so early?

I felt the bed move and discovered he was still next to me. Asleep.

Buzz, buzz!

I flipped open my phone and checked the message.

Eric tellz me you learnd how to text!

Oh, shit! My daughter Amy! I'd completely forgotten--last night was supposed to be our weekly call.

Don't leave me out of d fun! Send me sum pix! Luv ya

Dear God...what had Eric told his sister?

***** End**