

Boy Dominates Sexy Mom,

Chapter 1 of 4

By Kinkybelle

Introduction: A boy walks in on his mother misbehaving and takes advantage of the situation for his own pleasure.

I got home from school and heard my mom laughing. The way she'd been acting lately this wasn't normal. I had no clue just how un-normal my life was about to get as I headed toward the living room to see what was up.

When I turned the corner and saw my mom on the couch I got the strangest feeling--like my whole body suddenly went numb, except for a weird tingling in my balls.

She was totally naked, her legs spread wide apart, feet in the air, and she was pulling her pussy lips open so much that I could see right into her hole. It took me a second to realize there was someone else there. A naked guy was kneeling down and pointing a camera at my mom's gaping snatch. And this guy was definitely not my dad. The flash went off and Mom laughed again just the way I'd heard when I first came in.

My mind was doing spins, and my body was locked in place. I should have been thinking about getting the hell out of there, or at least getting out of sight, but the only thing dominating my brain was that I was actually seeing my own mother full-on naked for the first time in my life.

"Let's get some shots with my cock in your mouth," the guy said.

"Mmm, I thought you'd never ask." My mom's voice was all seductive and playful in a way I hadn't ever heard before.

The guy stood up. He seemed like about the same age as my parents, had thinning ginger hair, and was on the pudgy side. This whole situation didn't make any sense at all.

Mom put her legs down, slid off the couch and got onto her knees in front of the guy. I couldn't see because the guy's butt was facing toward me, but I heard the sucking sounds of my mother giving this stranger a blowjob. I wanted to be disgusted by it all but I was too distracted by my mom's big boobs swaying slightly as she worked his dick with her mouth. Growing up, there was no way for me to not notice that my mom had giant knockers, but I had no idea she had such huge nipples. I swear they were as big around as a couple of baloney slices!

There was a new sound all of the sudden. I realized too late that it was coming from my backpack. My stomach did somersaults when I saw my mom peek around the guy and spot me standing there trying to make my phone shut up. The look of instant horror on her face

was painful to see.

"You're supposed to be at soccer practice!" she screamed as she tried to cover her boobs and pussy all at once. By the time I got my stupid phone shut off she was already running out of the room. Even in my panicked state I couldn't help noticing the way her butt jiggled as she ran off.

The guy watched her go and his shoulders slumped. He knew his fun was over for the afternoon. He turned to me with a half-smile and shrugged. I probably should've punched him in the nose or something, but I just stood there like an idiot.

He went over to where his pants were and took something out of his wallet. Was he going to try to pay me off or something? He came toward me, his pale cock stiff and shining wetly from having just been in my mom's mouth. There was some kind of black leather ring around the base of it that made his balls sick out in a tight bulge. He handed me a business card.

"I have a web site." He winked in a way that gave me the creeps. "Check it out if you like MILFs." The guy backed away, and pulled his pants on. "I should have today's updates done by around ten o'clock tonight if you're interested." He nodded in the direction that my mom went in case I missed his meaning.

It was about then that I finally got some amount of control over myself.

"Fuck you, asshole," I said and screwed out of there as quick as I could. I was half a mile from my house before I even noticed where I was.

I couldn't think straight to save my life. The shock of it all made it so I didn't know if I was angry, or grossed out, or excited. And I knew that excited shouldn't be on the list of possible things. But the problem was that I couldn't stop picturing my mom there all naked with her legs spread wide, and how damn happy she looked doing it.

You couldn't exactly say she'd been depressed lately, but she sure hadn't been her regular self. Mom was usually an upbeat person and always used to like to do fun stuff with me and my little sister Becca. I don't know when things started changing--maybe more than a year ago. She still takes care of the house and all of us pretty good, but she's mostly been kind of 'blah' about it. I never thought in a million years she would cheat on Dad. Especially with a douchebag like that guy!

I couldn't make any sense out of it. I just kept walking and going nowhere. It was too unreal. It almost seemed like it didn't really happen. Right there in our friggin' living room. Pussy spread wide open for some pervert taking pictures. Those big, beautiful boobs. Me standing right there. A cock in her mouth. She was liking it. She wanted it. I stopped dead when it hit me.

My mom was a total fucking slut.

The second that thought came into my head my dick started to get stiff. I had that funny feeling in my balls again and in three seconds flat I was hard enough to cut diamonds.

I looked down at the huge bulge in my pants. Could it be? Was I actually hard for my slutty mother? It wasn't possible. How could a person be so sick that they get a boner over their own mom? Even if she was some kind of cheating sex freak, there was no way I should be popping wood at the thought of my mom's naked tits and ass; no matter how ridiculously sexy they looked.

I shoved my hands in my pockets and walked around trying to think of something else until my hard-on went away. An hour later I walked into the house having no idea what to expect. It was weird. It didn't even seem like my own house at all. Nothing was the same, but it was like I was the only one who knew it.

My dad was home from work and sitting at the kitchen table looking through some catalog. He loved doing that for some stupid reason. This one was for seeds or whatever, and it had all different flowers and vegetables that you could grow. We didn't even have a fucking garden, but he still studied every page like it mattered.

"Look at this," he said as I walked in. "Heirloom tomatoes."

I didn't even know how he expected me to respond. The poor dummy had no idea that his wife of almost twenty years had another guy's cock down her throat a few hours ago under his own roof. I should've felt bad for him, but I was more pissed at him than anything and I didn't even know why.

"Where's Mom?"

He pushed his glasses up from the end of his nose and looked at me with a goofy grin. "She had a headache so she went up to lie down. How was school?"

"Learned a lot today."

Dad smiled and nodded. "Good, good." He turned back to his catalog. "What'd'ya think of these? Miniature cucumbers. I'll say..."

I left him there with his dumb vegetable porn and headed for my room. Becca was in the living room watching cartoons on TV. I got an igged-out feeling when I realized that she was laying on the sofa in the exact spot that Mom's naked ass was earlier this afternoon. She was only in sixth grade and had no clue what a pussy-spreading whore her own mother really was.

I hurried past without saying anything. I closed my bedroom door and flopped onto my bed. I had to get this out of my head. It was going to drive me crazy! I wanted to go down to the basement and just lose it on my drum set, but I knew my dad wouldn't let me with Mom supposedly sleeping off a headache. She was really just trying to avoid me.

I put on my headphones and cranked the music up as high as I could stand it. This worked for a few hours. The loud beats were enough to keep me from being able to think of anything else. Only thing was that I couldn't spend the rest of my life bombarding my brain with noise. I finally took off the headphones and listened to the ringing in my ears for a few minutes, then decided to try to go to sleep.

Before I took off my pants I emptied my pockets. There in my hand was the crumpled up card the naked guy had given me. It really had happened for sure, and there was the evidence. I chucked the card away, pulled off my pants and shirt, and got into bed. Seconds later I was thinking about my mom's luscious nipples.

My cock was hard again. I squeezed it through my underwear, wanting it to go away but liking the way it felt. I gave it a few tugs and then forced myself to let go. There was no way I was going to do that. Not to thoughts of my slut whore of a mother. The image of her bouncing rear end running out of the living room popped into my head. I fondled my balls--maybe it would be okay to just do that much. I remembered the way her hands were grabbing the back of that guy's thighs and how she was pulling him toward her like she wanted to get his whole cock down her throat.

I realized I was stroking dick and let go like it was on fire. This was fucking insane. I thought about the business card. MILF. Mom I'd Like to Fuck. No way I wanted to fuck my own mother. But I could see how other guys would want to do her.

Even though it's not a thing I pay any attention to, my mom is very pretty. Maybe not as much as when she was younger, but she can look real good when she gets fixed up to go out. Even when she's just her regular self she looks better than most moms I see. She's not as skinny as she was in the pictures of her from before I was born, but she's not what you'd call fat either. I think the fact that she has such big boobs makes her seem chunkier than she actually is, depending on how she dresses--which is usually in loose, baggy stuff. Seeing her naked it was obvious that she has a little bit of a tummy and is carrying a few extra pounds around her butt and hips, but to be honest it looked good on her. Like how a 43-year-old mom with two kids is supposed to look. I don't know anything about how boob sizes work, but I would probably need both hands to completely hold one of them. And even though they weren't exactly saggy, they hung down in a sort of way that you could tell how heavy they were, but also that they would be really soft to squeeze.

There was a small wet spot soaking through the front of my underwear near the tip of my dick. This was so wrong. I couldn't take it anymore. I got out of bed, dug the crumpled up business card out of my wastebasket, and snuck downstairs. I crept to the corner of the darkened living room to where our family computer was and turned it on. There was an account that my sister and I were supposed to use that had all the bad internet stuff blocked and tracked what we did, but I logged into my parents' account. I watched my father sign in once about four months ago and he never changes his password. Loser.

My hands shook as I typed in the address of the web site from the card. I was hoping there was nothing there, but at the same time praying there was. The site came up and my balls did that weird tingly thing again. There was my mom, front and center as 'MILF of the Week.'

The picture was the top part of her. She was smiling right into the camera and pulling down the edge of the black bra she was wearing so you could see most of one of her nipples. According to the information next to the photo her name was Donna (which it wasn't), she was 5'6", weighed 150 pounds, had 40E breasts, and it said loves the taste of cum. I had no idea if that last part was true or not. It was totally twisted, but I had to see more.

I clicked on gallery link under her pic and two dozen thumbnail photos appeared. I started at the beginning. Mom posing in a black bra and panties. The background was blurry, but I could tell it was our living room. Next. Mom with one tit out of her bra. Then both tits. Then Mom squeezing her big boobs together between her arms and licking her lips trying to look sexy (and succeeding). Next. Mom sucking on one of her own nipples while pinching the other one. I paused for a second to pull my hard cock out when I saw that. She was such a horny slut.

Next. Her back turned, leaning forward, black panties barely covering her butt. Then the panties pulled down to her thighs and her naked ass in full view. I jacked myself harder. This was too sick to even think about. Mom facing front again, standing with legs tight together, hips cocked and holding up her tits with both hands. For the first time I realized she was completely shaved down there. I guess it never quite registered when I'd seen her showing off her pussy this afternoon. I shamelessly clicked to go to the next photo.

She was posing on the sofa. Fuck she looked hot. I stroked faster. Turned on her side, legs still together. Next. One knee up and I could see a hint of her pussy lips. Faster. On her hands and knees on the couch, ass in the air, back arched, tits hanging down so her nipples almost touched the sofa cushion under her. Click. Sitting up, knees apart, I can see between her legs. Faster, click. Legs wider, her hand touching her pussy. Next. Spreading her lips with two fingers, showing wetness. Fast as ever. Click. Close up, my mom's pink clit poking out from the folds of her mature twat!

I felt dizzy and blew my load. Cum shot from my cock and splattered all the way up on the computer monitor. More flew out and landed on the keyboard. I couldn't stop jacking it. Drops of spooge got flung everywhere as I stared at my mom's juicy pussy filling the screen and continued to pound my cock until I couldn't take it anymore. I slumped back in the chair.

My jizz oozed down over the glowing image of my mom's clit. I was warped beyond anything. I'd just whacked off to my own mom. I had to be the lowest form of pervert on the planet. My cock was twitching, cum still leaking from the tip. I couldn't believe what I was seeing. I was feeling sick about what I just did. I reached for the mouse and clicked. Next.

Mom with a finger in her hole. Mom with legs wide, spreading herself open. Mom with her legs up in the air. Mom with her legs in the air, pulling her pussy lips apart. A tingle ran up my spine. It was the picture I saw the guy taking when I walked in on them. I was stroking again.

Click.

Mom kissing the head of a pale, veiny cock. I was repulsed. And more turned on than ever. My hand was moving up and down at full speed again. Next. Mom licking the shaft. The tip between her lips. Next. Half of it in her mouth. Click. Mom, my very own mother, with a stranger's cock all the way down her throat. Only the black leather ring was still visible. That filthy fucking whore! My cock exploded again and more cum spit out from deep within my balls and sprayed everywhere. It was going to take me forever to clean up the mess, but I didn't even care.

I felt queasy. I couldn't wrap my head around my mom doing something so vulgar. And I couldn't believe I just beat off to pictures of her doing it. How could I live with myself knowing that I was that messed up? I made a vow to myself to never think about my mom like that again--ever! I would just forget the whole thing, and pretend it didn't happen.

But just in case, I quickly downloaded each of the photos, moved them into a folder named 'homework,' and changed all the file extensions from '.jpg' to '.msc' (for Mom Sucking Cock), that way no one would find them on the computer if they were searching for picture files. I wasn't sure why I needed them since I was never going to look at them again, but I didn't want to lose them if that web site went away for some reason. I could just delete them whenever I wanted, so it was no biggie. I cleared the browser history, cleared the cache, erased the recent documents list, then spent the next twenty minutes making sure I wiped up every spot of cum in the area.

When I finally got back into bed I couldn't fall asleep. I had to jerk off one last time to the mental images of my slut mother that were burned into my brain. That was it, I promised myself after I came once again, no more.

The next couple of days were awkward. Mom avoided me. That was always her way of dealing with problems. She didn't like to talk about stuff that was even the smallest bit embarrassing. I don't think I've heard her raise her voice more than a few times around the house, and for sure she never did it out in public. If me or Becca were acting up in a store or someplace Mom would 'whisper-yell' at us. The madder she got, the quieter she whispered until we had to read her lips to try and figure out what she was so angry about.

This was one time that I wasn't bothered at all by not having to face her. The few times we ended up in the same room together I couldn't even look at her. I was upset with her, but I also didn't want to be reminded of what I had done with myself at the computer that night. When I did see her, the other problem I noticed was all I could think about was the way she looked with that guy's cock in her mouth, and how much she seemed to like it.

I managed to hold out for two whole nights before I snuck back downstairs again after everyone was asleep. I redid all the file extensions and set up a program to display her pictures as a slide show while I sat back and jacked off three times to my mom's filthy exhibition. I was permanently fucked up in the head. Something had changed in my brain and

there was nothing I could do about it.

I was totally and hopelessly horny for my slutty whore of a mother.

That night I hardly slept at all. I kept thinking about her and fantasizing about her body. When I did doze off I would dream about her. She was always screwing around with some anonymous stranger. My dad was in some of them, but he never seemed to even notice what was going on. What was his problem? Why couldn't he figure out something weird was going on with Mom? I got more and more pissed off at him the more I thought about it. Maybe if he paid better attention to her this wouldn't have ever happened. And now I was turned into a lame-o freak who jerked off to thoughts of his own mom over and over again.

When my alarm went off that morning I didn't bother getting up and getting ready for school. I heard Dad leaving with Becca to give her a ride. I usually took the bus, but instead I went back to sleep. The next time I woke up I heard the shower running.

I thought about the fact that my mom was just down the hall, naked, rubbing her hands all over her wet body. I already had morning wood, but I started to feel that familiar pulse it would get when I was horny. I started fantasizing about her. I rubbed my cock against the mattress. I rolled over and tried to stop thinking about Mom. I could only imagine what her big tits must look like when they were wet and soapy. I wondered if her nipples got all hard and excited when she washed her boobs.

There was suddenly an overwhelming need for me to see her naked again in the flesh. Maybe, I thought, I could sneak down the hall and peek into the bathroom. I immediately got out of bed and without a second thought crept down to the bathroom door. I listened and could tell that she was still under the water by the sound it was making. My cock was harder than ever.

I tested the doorknob. Unlocked. I was about to try to silently open the door a crack when the shower turned off abruptly. Did she know I was out here? I heard the shower curtain get pushed aside, and then some muffled noises. She was probably drying herself off. I was so fucking horny and I wanted to see her so bad that I was hardly aware that I was opening the door.

And I don't mean just a crack. I opened it all the way just like that. There my mom was, all naked, her dark hair dripping and tangled, her boobs still wet and glistening. She looked up and screamed, covering herself with the towel. I just stood there in the doorway as shocked as she was for a moment.

"What are you doing?" my mom shrieked. "Get out! Why aren't you at school?"

I was rooted to the spot, my mind telling me to do too many different things all at once. The voice that was telling me to get the hell out of there before I got into humungo trouble was the loudest, but there was another voice that pushed me in a different direction. For some reason, that was the one I decided to listen to.

"Mom, we have to talk about it."

"No. There's nothing for us to talk about." Her eyes were wide with a kind of fear I'd never seen before. She looked down at my groin for a quick second then back up at my face. I realized my hard-on would be completely obvious poking up under my pajama bottoms. "Get out, Alex, please."

"I'll only leave if you let me see you naked," I boldly declared. It didn't seem like it was me saying the words even as I spoke them. "Again."

Her mouth opened, but nothing came out at first. "What's the matter with you? I can't believe you would say such a thing to me. Get out of here right now!"

"Or what?"

"Or you'll be on punishment like nothing you've ever imagined, young man."

"I don't know about that." My stomach was in knots. How could I be about to do this to my own mother? "Dad might not want to punish me after I tell him what I saw." I turned and pretended like I was leaving.

"Wait! Alex, hold on a second!"

I turned back and waited. She was looking worried and trying to think things through. I noticed that I could see a hint of her butt reflected in the foggy mirror and my cock twitched. I was a little self-conscious that mom might have seen, but then I realized I didn't really mind if she did.

"I already saw you naked once, what difference is it if I see you again?"

"Why would you want to see your own mother naked, Alex?"

"I just do." There was no reason not to be honest. "I'm horny and I want to see some tits and ass, that's all."

"That's just wrong, Alex, and you know it."

"So is you sucking off a strange guy that you're not married to in our living room, but that didn't seem to stop you." I could tell I scored a big point with that one by the way her whole body went a slack. "I bet Dad would say that's wrong...if he ever finds out."

"Please don't say anything," she begged. "It would devastate your father, and ruin our marriage. It would ruin our whole family. Don't you see that?"

"All I want is to see you naked. No big deal."

"Don't do this, Alex."

"Drop the towel, Mom, or I'll tell Dad what you did."

Her eyes were all sad and watery, and I started to feel a little bad for doing this to her, then I remembered that she was the one who was a whore and the one who risked ruining our family just so she could get her rocks off.

The towel fell to the floor.

There she was. Standing right in front of me completely nude. Her skin was still moist from the shower. Small goosebumps suddenly appeared all along her arms. Her big tits looked magnificent--better than in the pictures. Her nipples were two huge circles of blushing flesh with soft points sticking out at the center. I could only wonder at how good they would feel to touch.

I could see a hint of the cleft of her bald slit down between her legs. There wasn't much to see down there because of the way she was standing, but I could fill in the details after everything I'd seen the other day and in the photos.

"That's enough." She covered her breasts and bent down to grab the towel at her feet.

"No!" I said forcefully. She froze at the sound of my voice. A strange sense of power flooded through me. I'd never dared to say no to my mother before, much less with that kind of authority. "I'm not done looking."

Slowly, she straightened up. My mom was actually obeying me. Incredible.

"Put your arm down so I can see your nipples." All the hairs on the back of my neck stood up when she listened to me and uncovered her tits.

As unreal as things were right then, they were about to get even more unbelievable.

My hand brushed over the front of my PJs. Mom's tummy was so sexy. I gripped myself and it felt good. I was actually staring straight at her bare pussy and she was just letting me. I pulled my cock out.

"Alex, what do you think you're doing?"

I gave myself a couple strokes. "What does it look like?"

"No! Absolutely not! I will not let you do this, it's over."

She grabbed the towel.

"Okay, fine. Would it be better to call Dad at work and get it over with quick, or should I wait until he gets home?"

"What makes you think he's going to believe you? I'll just tell him you're making it all up." She was clearly angry, probably more because she hadn't thought of that strategy earlier. "Who do you think he's more likely to believe?"

"Dad is probably more likely to believe the one with the pictures to prove it."

The color drained from her face.

"How...how did..." her voice trailed off in a hoarse whisper.

"Your friend from the other day gave them to me. Nice guy, huh?"

"You said you just wanted to look," she complained weakly. "You didn't say anything about...about masturbating."

"What's the point of looking at a naked lady if you can't get off on it?"

"I'm not a naked lady, Alex, I'm your mother." She gave me a hard stare that made my insides all jittery, but I stood firm.

She dropped the towel, revealing her glorious body to me again. I immediately started jacking.

"You have a fucking sexy body for a mom."

She turned her head and closed her eyes. "Just hurry up and get it over with."

Jerking off with my mother right there was by far the most exciting thing I'd ever experienced in my otherwise unexciting sixteen years on this planet. I was a little disappointed that she wasn't watching me beat off to her, but I didn't let that stop me. God, her tits were amazing. How was it possible that Dad wasn't all over those things every chance he got?

"Turn around, Mom. Show me your ass."

She turned, and the thrill of power raced up my spine. Mom's butt was on full display. It was plump and round with just the perfect amount of wideness. It was the kind of ass you really wanted to grab a hold of. She had two cute dimples just above, and two curved half-moons down below. All I wanted to do was lay my head on her naked butt like it was a pillow.

I was about ready to cum. I tried to pace myself and make it last, but I couldn't control it.

"Okay, show me your tits again."

Mom turned back around. She still wouldn't look at me.

"I like how you're shaved down there, Mom." I stroked faster. "I like the way your pussy looks." Faster. "I'm looking right at your pussy." Harder. "I'm looking right at your bald pussy, Mom, and I'm cumming!" I hadn't fully recovered from all the jacking off I'd done during the night, but I managed to shoot a couple big spurts that landed with loud splats on the tile floor. More poured out and made tiny puddles right in front of where I was standing.

"Are you finished?" she asked.

"Yup."

She opened her eyes and looked at me with my hand still wrapped around my dick, the tip all wet with spooge.

"Are you proud of yourself?" she asked in a cold voice.

"No. But it felt really good."

"Get out."

There was more that needed to be said, but this wasn't the time for it. I walked away. The bathroom door slammed behind me. As I headed to my room I couldn't help picturing my mom, still naked, down on her hands and knees angrily wiping my cum up off the floor, her big tits flopping back and forth. Damn, I wish I could have seen that.

I was very aware of how bad what I'd just done was, but I was too high on the rush to think about the consequences. It did really feel good, and it was something I would never forget as long as I lived, but this wasn't finished. When the high wore off, I was probably going to be dealing with a lot of mental shit. I had no idea what Mom was going to do, but I knew that I wasn't going to be able to stop myself after this. Something was different inside me. I didn't understand what it was, and I didn't care--I just wanted more of whatever I could get my mom to give me. No matter how much of a sick fuck it made me.

I didn't see my mom for the rest of that day. Late in the night I went down to the computer and burned five copies of the dirty pictures of her onto CDs. I needed to make sure I had backups in case she somehow found the ones on the hard drive. I hid the discs in different places around the house, and even put one in my locker at school. It was the only thing that gave me the power, so I had to make sure I didn't lose those pictures.

The next day I skipped soccer practice and went straight home. I got that happy sensation in my balls when I saw Mom's car in the driveway. I went in through the kitchen door. Mom was

putting away groceries and was startled to see me. For a second I thought she was going to take off, but she gave me a dirty look and went back to what she was doing.

"I guess you're pretty upset, huh?" I put my backpack on the table and waited for her to say something. It took almost a minute, but she finally cleared her throat and looked at me.

"I've never been as angry with you as I am for what you did yesterday. I don't know if I'm going to be able to forgive you for that."

"Don't you think I'm angry, too? Walking in and seeing my mom showing off her pussy to some guy, and sucking his cock."

"Stop using that filthy language!"

"Oh, so it's okay for you to do it, but not for me to say it?"

"It wasn't okay for me to do it, but I'm the adult and you're the child--"

"And you're the whore!" I interrupted angrily.

That brought her up short. She didn't know what to say.

"Why, Mom? Just tell me why you did it. Was he paying you?"

"No! I wasn't doing it for money. And I don't need to explain myself to you." She turned and shoved cans of tomato paste into the cabinet, but not in the place where she usually keeps them.

"If you don't want Dad to see the pictures, then you do need to explain it to me."

With her back to me I watched her make a fist and almost slam it down on the counter, but she composed herself and turned to face me.

"I was bored and a little lonely all day in the house by myself. I started going on the internet and visiting chat rooms."

"You were doing cyber-sex?"

"No." She answered too defensively. "I was just chatting, that's all. I met Doug and we had some nice conversations and we got along well."

"Then you invited him over to take pictures of your pussy?"

"No. Well...you wouldn't understand. And besides, now that I think of it, how do I know if you really even have those pictures?"

"Believe me I do. I've been jerking off to them all week."

She crossed her arms over her chest. "I want to see them."

"Fine."

I went to the living room and fired up the computer. She followed me but kept her distance. I blocked her view so she couldn't see what I was doing with the file names. I brought up one of the shots of her sucking dick, displayed it full-screen, and stepped aside. When she saw it she instantly knew I had the upper hand.

"Delete that off there right now."

"I don't think so." That surge of power was filling me again. "I like seeing you being a whore. It makes me horny."

"Stop it. I didn't raise you to talk like that."

"And Dad didn't marry you to spread your legs for another guy."

I undid my pants and took my dick out.

"Alex, I'm not doing this again." She turned to go.

"It's your choice." I tried to make my voice sound like a cool movie villain. "Either do what I want for a few minutes, or flush your eighteen years of marriage down the drain."

She stopped but didn't turn around.

"Dad will probably get custody of Becca, don't you think?"

"One last time," she said through gritted teeth, "then you delete those pictures and this ends."

I thought it over for a second. "Sure."

She faced me. Her jaw was tight. "You'll get rid of them, and neither of us will ever talk about this again. Agreed?"

"If that's what you want," I said, trying to sound casual about it while my dick was hanging out and getting harder by the second.

She took a deep breath and nodded--annoyed--but thinking she at least had the matter settled.

I was putting her through hell, but she fucking deserved it.

"Take off your shirt and bra, and let me see your tits."

She began unbuttoning her shirt. "You don't have to be so crude. And can you please turn that off," she said referring to the photo of her swallowing a cock on the monitor.

"No, I like seeing you acting like a slut."

"Don't call me that." She tossed her shirt onto the chair.

"Take off your bra, slut."

Her eyes flashed with anger, but there was nothing she could do. She slipped the straps off her shoulders, reached around to undo the clasp, then let her bra fall away. Her heavy tits dropped free and I began rubbing my cock to the spectacular view.

"I'm kind of embarrassed to go out with you in public because of the way men always stare at your chest." It felt surreal to be talking like this to my mother, but I didn't have to be afraid to say whatever I wanted now. "I bet you probably like that, though, don't you?" She didn't respond. "But now I'm happy you have such big, perfect tits."

This time she wasn't closing her eyes. She stood there with her hands on her hips, staring at me with a disgusted look on her face. I think she was trying to make me feel like the low-life turd that I was, but I didn't care and kept on whacking away right in front of her. It actually made it better that she was watching me no matter how pissed off she was.

"I bet they're big enough that you can lick your own nipples." I forced myself to slow my hand down. "Can you lick your nipples, Mom?"

"No, I can't."

"Yes you can," I said mockingly. "I've seen the pictures, remember? Do it. Lick one of your nipples."

She hesitated. I looked meaningfully over my shoulder at the photo on the monitor.

"It would be so easy to send an e-mail right now," I said. That motivated her.

With two hands she gathered up her left breast and lifted it toward her face. She bent her head forward, reached out with her tongue and easily gave the nub of her nipple a lick.

"Don't stop," I instructed her, "keep going until I say."

Helpless to resist she went on licking her own nip. I didn't know what was better, seeing her doing that or the feeling of complete control.

"Do the other one."

She let her left tit drop, and took up the other. Mom started licking that one, then she gave it a little suck. That surprised me. Maybe she only did it out of habit, but it was fucking hot. I was getting close to cumming, so I let go of my cock and just watched her for a few seconds.

Seeing my mother standing in our family living room in a pair of jeans and topless might have been sexier than seeing her after her shower. I took a few steps toward her and went back to slowly stroking myself. My stomach clenched as I got up the nerve to push things further.

"Come over here," I ordered.

"Why."

"Just come closer."

Mom did as she was told.

Once she was near I could see faint blue lines showing through the skin of her breasts. I don't know why that turned me on even more, but it did. Maybe because it made her seem more real, not like the fake air-brushed models you usually see.

"I think I want to cum on your tits, Mom."

"Alex, no." She looked at me with a pleading desperation. "Don't do this to me."

I should have felt bad for her, but seeing my mom like this made me hornier than ever. How degrading it must be to know that I was going to cum all over her and she couldn't stop me. Maybe I'd feel guilty about this later, but not now.

"Kneel down." I said sternly, trying as much as I could to keep my voice steady so she wouldn't know how nervous I was. She made a disappointed face, then reluctantly did as she was told. "Hold your tits up...that's good...squeeze them together for me...perfect."

My mom was like my very own sex puppet.

"This is really sick," she said turning her head away from my swollen cock as I jacked it practically right in front of her face. "There's something seriously wrong with you. You know that, don't you?"

"From what I saw you like being on your knees with a dick in your face. Am I wrong about that?" I smiled when all she could do was blush with shame and bite her tongue.

I stood over her and looked down at those huge tits of hers as she offered them up to me. I totally owned her. I couldn't believe I was actually getting away with this. A week ago I never would have imagined that I'd be whacking off on my own mother's naked boobs. Once I'd seen her being a slut in those pictures she became a whole different person to me. Sure she was still my mother, but I realized now that she was also a woman. She wasn't just someone who existed to take care of the family, and tell us what to do, and whatever, but she had other kinds of feelings too. She thought about sex, and did dirty stuff that I never suspected she might do. Who knew what other perverted things she might be into.

"Can you hurry up and get this over with," Mom grumbled meekly.

I stopped stroking and let go of my shaft. "If you're in such a rush, why don't you finish the job?"

"What?"

"Go on, grab my dick and jerk me off all over your tits."

"No, I'm not touching your penis. Just hurry up and do what you have to do."

"The longer you wait, the longer it will take." I said it in the same kind of tone she used on me when I was being difficult. I leaned forward until the head of my cock was almost touching her cheek. "I don't mind staying like this until Dad gets home."

"You're such a little shit." My mom never swore like that around me before. I was getting to know her better and better.

She pushed me back a bit, then grabbed a hold of my hard-on. Her hands were so soft and warm. My insides were shaking with barely contained excitement. She was really going to do it. My mom was about to give me an honest-to-God handjob. I was in heaven.

Mom began pulling on my dick. Her motion was awkward at first, but then she found a comfortable groove. I could see her boobs swaying around under my cock as she jerked me off. It was more awesome that I could have imagined.

"Shit, that feels so good."

"Stop talking and concentrate," she said as if she was trying to get me to pay attention to my homework.

"You really know how to handle a cock, don't you, Mom?"

She started jerking me faster. I pretended it was because she was getting into it, but I'm sure she was just trying to get me off as quickly as she could and end the ordeal. Either way it

didn't matter to me. It was the first time anyone other than me had touched my dick, and it felt fucking amazing.

"Oh, yeah...I'm gonna cum...ahhh..."

My butt clenched and my balls got tight. My mom aimed my cock at her tits and pumped me as I squirted all over them. It was beautiful how my jizz looked spattered on her bare skin. There was a big blob of my spunk oozing down over one of her wide nipples.

"There. Happy now?" She wiped her hand on my shirt and stood up.

"You look beautiful with my cum all over your tits."

Her hand flew and smacked me across the face. A flash of rage exploded in my gut, but I held myself in check. Mom had slapped me once or twice over the years, but never that hard, and never with her boobs hanging out. It was kind of hot when you think about it.

"Delete those pictures. Now."

"Don't worry I will."

"I want to see you do it."

I sat down at the computer, not bothering to put my dick away. I deleted the image on the screen. I brought up the one of her kissing the guy's cockhead. I looked back at my mom standing over my shoulder watching to make sure I was really deleting the files. She was still topless and wearing my cum, her hands cupped over her saucer-sized nipples.

One by one I displayed each filthy picture and sent it to the recycle folder. I could have easily just selected all the files and hit delete, but I enjoyed making her look at each of them in front of me. I wasn't in any hurry. I opened the one where she was holding her lips apart.

"I would have never guessed you shaved your pussy. Very porno, Mom."

"Just get rid of it."

I turned to her, leaving the image filling the screen. Damn, I couldn't get over how good her naked boobs looked. I ran my fingers along my erection.

She looked at the image of her gaping pussy on the computer screen with anguished regret. "Please take that off."

I took a second to consider the picture. "This is my second favorite one." I deleted it and displayed the close-up with her clit peeking out. "This is the best of the set."

"How could I have been so stupid?" she asked herself.

Looking at that picture with her standing right there finally got the better of me. I started jerking off again.

"Alex, no more, please..."

I was too far into it to stop. "Watch me jerk off, Mom."

"Why are you acting like this? You're my son." She fought back tears. "You're not like this."

I fondled my balls and kept right on beating off.

"I guess seeing your mom's pussy changes a person." I looked back and forth from the picture to my mom's cummy tits. "I never thought about your pussy before, now it's all I ever think about. I like how you have big lips down there, and the way you have such a nice clit."

"Why are you torturing me like this?" She tried to hide more of her boobs with her arms, but she could only cover up so much. "I'm sorry, Alex. It was a stupid thing for me to do. I know it was wrong, and it obviously hurt you very much to see me behaving that way, but this isn't the right way to deal with it."

"It's crazy how good it feels to jerk off in front of you."

"Alex, I know you're upset, and this is your way of acting out and punishing me for what I did, but you're only making things worse. I love you Alex, and I'm trying hard not to hate you for what you're doing. We need to be able to forgive each other, and somehow move on."

That pleading look was back in her eyes. She almost had me. Her speech probably would have worked if I wasn't about ready to blow my load.

"Watch me cum. I'm cumming to your pussy, Mom. Oh, fuck, yes!"

I thrust my cock up and spurts of jizz shot up into the air and landed on my shirt. Mom just had to stand there and watch. I squeezed my cock and milked one more big glob of cum out. She never took her eyes off my dick. I think she was trying to make me feel ashamed of what I was doing, but it wasn't working.

"You're a rude, disgusting little boy," she said flatly. "If you're done playing with your tiny dink, finish deleting those pictures like we agreed."

Her tiny dink comment stung for a moment, but she only said it to hurt my feelings. I'd measured my penis and it was already about an inch more than average with a good chance it would grow some more by the time I turned eighteen.

I went ahead and removed the rest of the pictures. "All gone."

"Now delete them from the recycle bin," she demanded.

I was surprised she knew that tidbit of computer trivia. Impressive. I opened the recycle folder and did as she asked. Apparently she didn't know that even after this I could still recover the pics from the hard drive if I wanted to. Of course, with all the copies I'd made, there was no need to go to the trouble.

"Good. Now I'm going to do my best to put this incident behind us. I did what you wanted, and you had your nasty fun, so you can't ever say anything to anyone about it. Understood? This is over."

"Understood."

She gave me a suspicious look, but there wasn't anything more she could do. She went and gathered up her bra and shirt.

"If you ever want to watch me jerk off again, just let me know."

Mom shot me a dirty look and I gave my never ending hard-on a couple of tugs. She shook her head, thoroughly irritated, and took off upstairs as quick as she could.

I was surprised by how much of an asshole I could be. Mom was right; I wasn't acting like how she raised me. I'd been a pretty good kid up until I saw her spreading her pussy that day. I think that was only part of it though. There was that thing I'd read in one of my comics books once--something about how power corrupts. I guess comic books really did know what they were talking about.

The sound of the shower going on upstairs made me smile. Mom was up there all naked trying to wash my sticky spunk off her tits. My cock jumped at the thought of her getting all soapy and rubbing those huge melons of hers.

I leaned back in the chair and jerked off one more time.

That night at dinner Mom acted like everything was normal again. I don't think Dad or Becca noticed anything strange, but it was easy for me to tell how hard she was trying. I played along, and that seemed to get her to relax.

When Dad got up to put his dishes in the sink he leaned over and gave Mom a kiss on the cheek. I noticed how she stiffened up, and for a split second made a face like she was grossed out. I wasn't sure if it was because of him, or because she was still disgusted with herself for cheating on him. No matter which one it was, I figured it would work to my advantage.

I had sort of made an agreement with Mom, but I had no real intention of keeping it. Now

that I had a taste of what was possible, there was no way I was going to stop at a spiteful handjob.

Later, I went into the living room where Mom and Dad were watching TV, and gave my mother a big goodnight hug. I had hugged her a thousand times, but this was different. I was very aware of the way her huge boobs felt pressed against my chest. What was better was that she knew I was enjoying this hug in a new way, right in front of my clueless father, and there wasn't anything she could say about it. I kissed her on the cheek and headed up to my room with a stiff one in my pants.

Lying in bed, I played with my dick and thought about other ways to take advantage of my mom. It was obviously wrong what I was doing, but she brought it on herself. Maybe I'd regret it someday, but I didn't care. I'd been dying for sex with a girl for ages, and this was my only chance. Plus, I didn't have to feel embarrassed or stupid for not knowing anything about how to do it right. Mom knew I didn't know much about sex and I'd learn everything I needed from her. Then, when I was with a real girl one of these days, I'd be Mr. Smooth all the way. Besides, she said the reason she was screwing around with that loser was because she was bored. She definitely wasn't bored anymore!

The next day I played it cool, pretending like I was back to being my good self. After that I began to mess with her some. I openly stared at her chest whenever Dad or Becca weren't paying attention. This got me some very hateful looks, especially when I grabbed my crotch while perverting on her. After dinner, Becca was on the computer in the living room and Mom was sitting on the couch reading.

"Goodnight, Mom," I said sweetly, and bent over to give her a kiss on the cheek. As I did this I grabbed one of her boobs and gave it a nice big squeeze.

She instantly grabbed my wrist and yanked my hand away. She was furious, but she couldn't say anything with Becca right there. Instead she dug her nails into the inside of my wrist.

"Goodnight, Alex."

"Love you." I blew her a kiss and headed upstairs.

Once in my room I got naked and started jacking off. The spots where mom's nails poked me were still hurting, but it only made me more horny. I was trying to be mean to her when I said "Love you" like I did, but I didn't know if I really could love her anymore like I did before. I was angry with her, and she was a total slut whore, but she was still my mother. She probably didn't love me at all after what I'd done to her. For sure she wouldn't after all the things I was planning on doing with her as long as I could keep her under my control.

I woke up to someone shaking me. My bedside lamp was on, and my mother was there wrapped up tight in her bathrobe. She had her angry face on and was trying to be as not-sexy as she possibly could.

"We need to talk," she said in her pissed off your-in-big-trouble whisper voice.

I was still fuzzy from just waking up. "What?"

"Listen, Alex, I was very mixed-up about things after you walked in and surprised me that day." It sounded like she'd planned out and practiced what she was saying. "I wasn't thinking straight when I let you manipulate me into doing those despicable things you made me do. I shouldn't have let you get away with that, but I can't do anything about it now. But don't think for a second I'm going to let you get away with the little tricks you've been pulling. No matter what you saw, or what I did, I'm still your parent, and I deserve some respect."

I had the good sense to look guilty. "I'm sorry, Mom," I said as sincerely as I could. "I guess I was mad, and I've been taking it out on you in the worst ways I could think of. I don't blame you for hating me."

"I don't hate you." She took a deep, exasperated breath and sat down on the edge of my bed. "I am very disturbed by what you've been doing, but I can't hate you."

"What I did was wrong," I admitted, feeling my cock growing hard beneath the sheets, "but I don't get why you were cheating on Dad."

"I don't know." She shook her head and stared at the poster of the solar system hanging on my wall. "I don't understand it completely myself."

"Is it because he's bad at sex?"

My mom gave me a suspicious glance. "That's not something I'm going to discuss with you."

"Are you going to get divorced?"

"That's the last thing I want. I don't want to put Becca through something like that."

"And since you cheated on him, he wouldn't have to pay you alimony or anything."

"How do you know anything about that?"

I shrugged. "I saw it on a TV show." I fiddled with the hem of my blanket. "Me and Becca would probably have to go live with Dad, right?"

"I don't know," she said. She looked worried. "Maybe. But not if no one knew about what I'd done."

There was an awkward silence.

"If we go to divorce court, I would have to tell the judge the truth about what I saw." I let that sink in for a second. "And what you and me did after."

"Alex, you promised you would never tell." Her voice was strained. "We made an agreement, remember? I held up my end, and now you have to keep your part of the bargain."

"I know." I said it in a way like I meant it. Mom looked relieved. "But can I ask you something?"

"About what?"

"I understand about sex, and some other things, but I don't get why you put that guy's penis in your mouth. What was that all about?"

I couldn't tell if she was annoyed or just embarrassed. Probably both. Of course I knew what a blowjob was, but I couldn't resist trying to get her to explain it.

"This isn't something we should be talking about." She was about to stand up.

"But you always said if I had any questions about sex that I should come to you and ask."

That did the trick. She settled back down and tried to figure out what to say.

"It's just something adults do when they're having sex."

"Does it feel good?"

"Yes. For the man."

"Does it feel good to you when you suck on a man's penis?" I was rubbing myself under the covers.

"I don't know," she said, getting all flustered. "Sometimes. You know what, I want you to feel comfortable talking with me about sex, but I think it would be better if we discussed this another time. It's too soon after...everything that happened. I understand that you probably have a lot of questions, but we should maybe give it a month or so before we try to deal with those."

"But--"

"You should get back to sleep." Once again she was about to get up and leave.

"Mom, wait. I have something I want to show you."

I quickly slipped out of bed. She gasped when she saw that I was totally naked with a major hard-on. I went over to my shelf and pulled a CD from between two books. I crossed back to

stand in front of my mother and held it out to her.

"What's this?" she asked as she took it warily.

"Copies of the pictures from the computer," I explained. "You can hold on to that one. I've got others."

She was confused at first, then realization slowly came to her.

"Alex, I told you there isn't going to be any more of that. Absolutely no more."

"But I really like being naked with you, Mom."

"You're too young to understand, but this is going to screw your head up in ways that I can't even imagine. Blackmailing your own mother is bad enough, but treating me like some kind of sex slave is beyond the most horrible thing a son can do."

"I know it's supposed to be bad," I began stroking my cock in front of her, "but it feels really good."

She looked at the CD, then up at me, silently begging for mercy. I wasn't ready to give her any.

"Is Dad's dick bigger than mine?"

Mom's eyes haltingly moved down to my erection. She let out a kind of hopeless chuckle, which was the last thing I expected.

"Actually, you probably have an inch or two on him."

"Seriously?"

"You may be a perverted little prick, but the fact is you do have a very nice cock."

I couldn't believe she said it like that. And I wasn't even forcing her to do it.

"I think you have really nice boobs." I wanted to cum so bad, but I was trying to last as long as I could.

"I believe you've mentioned that before." She watched me jerking off for a few seconds, then held up the CD. "I suppose I have to let you whack off in front of me or a copy of this goes to your father?"

I nodded. "I don't want you to have to get a divorce, and be by yourself with no money or family. It's really not so bad what we're doing, when you think about it."

"Oh, Alex, it's bad. It's very, very bad."

"It's just being naked, and stuff. Not like it isn't anything you haven't seen or done before, right?"

"I'm your mother. You're my son. This is wrong in every possible way." She tossed the CD aside onto the bed. "But I somehow doubt I'm going to get that through to you while you're doing all your thinking with that thing." She nodded dismissively toward my hard-on.

I smiled and played with my balls a little.

"Do you want to suck it?"

"No!" she answered immediately.

"Say you want to suck it."

"I don't."

"You don't have to really do it. I just want to hear you say it."

"I'm not saying that."

"Fine." I stopped stroking and reached for the CD.

"Alright," she grumbled. "You know, Alex, you might think you're having your fun now, but I'm telling you this is all going to end badly if you keep it up, and you're not going to be happy at all in the long run."

"Say it."

She sighed and shook her head with resignation. "I want to suck your dick," Mom stated in a flat voice.

"Do it good."

"I want to suck your dick." This time it was only in her normal voice, but it was still pretty hot.

"Cock." I went back to jacking off. I was standing in front of her as she sat on my bed looking straight at my junk.

"I want to suck your cock." That was much better.

"Add more sexy stuff."

"Oh, Alex, I want to suck your big, hard, manly cock." She said it in kind of a mocking, over-the-top way, but it worked for me!

"Keep going."

"I want your huge love muscle in my mouth." She was trying to taunt me, but it was awesome to hear my own mom saying dirty stuff like that to me while I whacked off.

"I want you to suck me, Mom."

"And I want to feel your dick sliding down my throat. I want to lick your hard cock, and taste it."

Clear sex fluid leaked from my pee hole. I stepped closer to her. I was hoping I could maybe get away with shooting my load on her face.

"That would feel so good," I moaned.

"Yes it would." She wasn't using her fake porn star voice when she said that. "It would feel really good."

"Go ahead, Mom." I held my dick so the tip of it was inches from her lips. "Suck my cock."

For a second I thought she was going to do it.

"No," she said, but didn't turn her face away like I expected.

"Suck it, Mom." I touched the head of my cock to her lips. She pulled back with a flinch.

"Okay, then, I'll give you a choice. You can either give me a blowjob, or you can get naked and spread your pussy open for me like you did for him. Up to you."

What she should have done was push me away and storm out of my bedroom. Instead, Mom leaned forward and took the head of my cock in her mouth. She tugged my hand away, and before I knew it she was swallowing the entire length of my dick!

What I didn't know was if she was avoiding the thing she wanted to do least, or doing the thing she wanted to do the most.

My knees got all wobbly. She moved her mouth up and down my shaft. The third time I felt the end of my cock hit the back of her throat I came. Mom just kept on sucking, and before I knew it I had released my entire load into her mouth. I never came so fast in my life.

With closed eyes, she slowly drew her head back. The air seemed cold on my dick after having been in her warm mouth.

She reached down and grabbed one of my dirty socks, then spit my wad into it. Seeing all that spunk streaming from between my mom's lips just about blew my mind like nothing else. I wanted to cum again right away after seeing that.

Mom dropped the soiled sock onto the floor and just sat there. Then she buried her face in her hands. I thought maybe she might be crying. I reached down and rubbed her boob lightly. It was through her thick, terry-cloth robe and whatever she had on under it, but it was so cool that I could get away with feeling her up like that.

"This can't be happening," she muttered to herself. She took her hands away from her face and looked up at me with sad eyes. "Can I go?"

"One more minute," I told her. "I want you to watch me again."

I stroked my cock with one hand and continued feeling her boobs with the other. She just sat there, stared blankly at my dick, and let me rub her tits.

I was perfectly aware of how pathetic this scene would have looked to someone else, but fuck it. Neither one of us said anything. The only sound in the room was the slapping noise my balls made when they swung up and smacked against my pumping fist. After about a minute of beating my cock like this, I squirted one last thin load. It shot out and landed on the sleeve of my mother's robe.

"I want to go to sleep now," she said in a quiet voice.

"Yeah, I guess I'm done with you for tonight."

Mom stood and headed for the door.

"Tomorrow morning," I said before she could leave, "come to my room right after your shower with only a towel on, got it?"

She paused like she was going to say something, but then left without a word. I got into bed feeling all jacked up with a sense of insane power. I had no idea how far I'd be able to take this thing. There was so much more I wanted to do, but I needed to be smart about it. This was a once in a lifetime type of thing, and it would totally suck if I fucked it up by being too greedy.

I couldn't wait to see if my mom would really do anything I told her to do.

Introduction: Son tests to see how far he can push his mom toward being his sexual plaything.

Boy Dominates Sexy Mom, Ch. 2 of 4

By Kinkybelle

I was still in bed the next morning when I heard the shower go on at about 9:30. My heart started beating faster. My dick was already hard from when I woke up. I made myself not touch it, which was like torture. I was tempted to get up and go into the bathroom and watch my mom taking her shower, but I stayed where I was. I wanted to see if I really could make her come to me.

The shower stopped and I listened carefully. I couldn't hear much, but it sounded like she was going through her usual routine. After about ten minutes I heard the bathroom door open. This was it. I silently counted down from ten. That's about how long it would take her to get to my room.

3....2....1...1...1...0. Nothing. I was disappointed for about two seconds, then I started getting angry. I was about to go find her and make her pay for defying me, but then my door opened.

Mom stepped in with a big white towel wrapped around her, and nothing else. A rush of adrenaline flooded through me and made my hands feel all funny. It worked! Holy fucking shit!

She ran her fingers through her long, wet hair and pulled it back off her bare shoulders. I'd seen her do that many times before, but it was a million times sexier this time.

"Dad gone?" I asked.

"Off at church," she said, sounding annoyed. My dad had a ritual of going to the big warehouse-type hardware store every Sunday morning. Mom called it his temple. The strange thing was that my dad never really ever did any projects around the house. He'd come home sometimes with a new tool, or whatever, but I never saw him using any of them to actually fix something.

"Becca?"

"Downstairs watching cartoons."

I pulled the covers aside, got out of bed and walked over to her. It still felt awesomely weird being naked in front of my mom, especially with a big hard-on.

I walked around her while she just stood there waiting.

"Can you make this fast? I've got a lot to do today and I don't want to waste all morning watching you masturbate."

"You smell good," I said as I came around in front of her. I wanted to rip the towel off, but I

controlled myself.

I stepped back and looked her up and down. She was so sexy just standing there. The towel was barely able to wrap around her boobs. They were squished together and a lot of cleavage was showing. Most of her thighs were showing--like she had on a micro-mini skirt that barely hid her naked pussy.

"Hurry up," she insisted. "Becca could come looking for me any minute."

I scratched my fingers through my pubes. "I wonder what Becca would think if she somehow ended up seeing that picture of you with your finger in your twat."

"Alex! Don't even think about it!"

"All I'm saying is that I'm not crazy about your attitude."

She looked like she wanted to scream at me, but she held back. "I know it all seems like fun and games to you now, but how long do you think you can get away with this?"

"I guess for as long as you want me to be the only one who knows what a complete slut whore you are." I ran my fingers along the length of my hard shaft. "I mean, who knows? What if Becca wants to grow up to be just like her mommy and cheat on her husband, and suck strange guys' dicks all the time?"

"One time, Alex! It wasn't like--" she got all choked up and couldn't finish. She let out a long sigh. "You wouldn't understand."

I couldn't hold off any longer. "Open your towel, Mom. I want to see you naked."

She didn't even hesitate. She undid the corner of the towel where it was tucked in against the side of her breast, and opened it up displaying her voluptuous, mature body to me. Even though I'd seen it before, it made me feel a little lightheaded. It was such an amazing sight. Not just that I had a naked lady standing right in front of me, but also that it was my own mom. And she somehow looked even better than when I saw her the last time.

"It's crazy how fucking choice your tits are, Mom." I began stroking my dick. "I can't believe I never really noticed them like this before."

She didn't respond, and just stood there holding the towel open.

My eyes moved down to her soft belly, then lower. "You're not shaving your pussy?" There was a dark shadow beginning to show down there.

"I'd rather not discuss my personal grooming habits with you, if you don't mind."

"Does Dad like you to have a bald pussy?"

"Ha," she scoffed at the suggestion. "Your father hasn't even noticed I shaved it."

I put two and two together. "Did the camera guy make you do it?"

"He didn't make me do anything," she said. She paused, looking a little upset that she was even talking about this stuff with me. "He suggested, and I chose to do it."

"How come Dad didn't notice? Can't he tell you've got no hair down there when you guys have sex?"

"He might have figured it out if he'd bothered to fuck me anytime in the past month and a half."

This revealing outburst caught me off guard. Mom seemed surprised about it herself.

"Why doesn't Dad want to have sex with you?"

"Can we stop talking and get on with this? I'm getting cold." The tips of her nipples were poking up, so she probably wasn't lying.

"If I was Dad, I would fuck you every chance I could."

"See if you still feel that way after twenty years."

I didn't know exactly what she meant by that, so I ignored it.

"I want to touch your naked tits."

"Go ahead. It's not like I have any say in the matter, is it?" She gave me an aggravated look. I stepped closer and reached out with both hands. I was feeling her bare skin for the first time. "This is so humiliating," she complained.

"It could be worse," I said with a hint of threat in my tone.

Mom's tits were so incredibly soft and smooth I couldn't get enough. I rubbed them, then touched her nipples with my fingertips. I traced the edges of her wide areolas, marveling at how delicate they seemed. I brushed my thumbs over the stiff nubs at the center. It made my balls tingle when I noticed them getting even stiffer under my touch.

"Do you like the way that feels?" I asked.

It took her a second to answer. "No. I don't like any of this, Alex."

"I like it." I went back to playing with her.

"I'm not doing this because I want to. You understand that, right?" She was trying to lecture me as if she still had a shred of authority. "I'm being forced to do this. You're blackmailing me, and this is completely against my will."

"Can I kiss one of your nipples?"

"No," she responded right away. "Don't you dare even think about putting your mouth on me."

I leaned forward and kissed one of her nipples.

"I hate what you're doing to me, Alex. I hate that you're taking advantage of me like this. I've spent your whole life doing everything for you, and this is how you treat me?"

I moved to her other tit and kissed that nipple as well. I gave it a lick, then sucked on it.

"All I'm doing is treating you like the slut that you are."

"Don't call me that. That's not what I am."

I went back to her other nipple and gave that one a suck. It felt so good. I was actually sucking on my very first titty, and it was fantastic!

"Look how much your nips are sticking out."

"Don't imagine for a second it's because this is exciting me in any way."

"Yeah, right," I chuckled and went back to suckling her boobs. "I'll bet if I check your pussy it's probably wet right now."

Before I could make good on that proposal, I felt my mom's hand wrap around my cock. She began stroking me softly. "Let's get this done with," she said. "I can't stand around here all day while you play with yourself."

I let her work my shaft for me while I continued to fondle and suck those glorious breasts of hers. The funny thing was that being distracted by fooling with her tits meant that I wasn't so quick to blow my load. Mom went on tugging my cock for a couple of minutes before she realized I wasn't going to give it up so easy.

"Maybe this will move things along," she finally said.

She knelt down in front of me, put my stiff cock between her tits, squeezed them together, and started sliding them up and down on me. Not only did it feel amazing, but it looked

incredibly hot. Seeing the head of my cock disappear between those two fleshy globes, then reappear and almost poke my mom up under the chin was more thrilling than I could have dreamed.

"Come on, Alex," she said in a surprisingly pleasant voice. "Cum on Mommy's tits. Fuck Mommy's big tits and shoot that load all over them. I know you want to. Cum for Mommy."

"Oh, shit, yes!" I squeaked out as I began pumping out spurts of jizz that landed on her boobs and up on her throat.

Mom stood up before the last shudder of pleasure had finished running through me.

"We done here?" The pleasant tone was gone, and was back to stony coldness.

"For now."

She snatched up the towel, quickly covered herself, and turned to go.

"Thanks for letting me cum on you."

"I didn't let--" The words were spoken through clenched teeth, and she stopped herself from finishing her sentence. Even before she had closed the door behind her as she left, I was already looking forward to what I was going to do to her next.

I used my blanket to wipe the cum off the head of my dick and got dressed. The whole while I was thinking how awesome it felt to titty fuck my mom. Plus, playing with her big jugs and sucking her nips was super-hot. Now that some time had passed I wasn't quite as angry with her as right after I caught her slutting it up with that guy. I was actually beginning to think that it was one of the luckiest days of my life.

Mom did everything she could to avoid me for the rest of the day until dinner. I pretty much left her alone, but I couldn't help messing with her once we all sat down to eat.

"Hey, Dad? I have a question about girls."

"Oh?" He looked over at my mom, who tensed up all of the sudden.

"Yeah, a guy I know is going steady with this one girl, but the other day I saw her with some other guy holding hands and stuff." I glanced over at Mom and saw her pretending like she wasn't on the verge of crapping her pants. "I don't know if I should tell the first guy that his girlfriend is messing around with another boy or not."

"Gee, Alex, that's a tricky one." My dad chewed on a bite of roast beef and thought about it. "On the one hand, it's not exactly as if they're married, now is it? But, even so, there's a lot to be said for loyalty."

"Do you mean me being loyal to the guy I know, or the girl being loyal to him?"

"Well...both, I suppose."

"So, if you were this guy whose girlfriend is cheating on him, would you want me to tell you what I saw?"

There was a loud clatter. We all looked toward Mom. She had dropped her fork and it banged against her plate. "Whoops," she offered timidly. "Maybe we shouldn't be discussing this at the table."

"It's an interesting dilemma," my dad went on, spearing a green bean with his fork. "Ignorance can be bliss, but in this case I think I would want to know." He popped the green bean into his mouth and munched on it. "Trust is the main thing in a relationship, Alex, always remember that. Once you lose the trust, well, you pretty much lose everything and it's all over after that."

"She's a bad girl," Becca piped up.

"She sure is," I said, unable to keep the smirk off my face as I glanced once more at Mom. She wasn't willing to look me in the eye, but I could see by the way the space between her eyebrows was all scrunched up that she wasn't happy at all.

"Your friend won't like hearing it," Dad warned, "but he'll be better off in the long run and he'll probably thank you for it one day down the road."

"Thanks, Dad," I said with a smile. "That makes a lot of sense."

"There's pudding," Mom announced before I could say any more. "Who wants some?"

She was tense for the rest of the night, but Dad and Becca were oblivious to it all. I loved watching her squirm, no matter how many dirty looks she gave me.

The next day when I walked out of school I was surprised to see Mom's car parked out front. She was waiting there to give me a ride home.

I plopped into the passenger seat, then leaned over to give her an innocent kiss on the cheek. She backed away and didn't let me.

"Put your seat belt on."

I did as I was told with a shit-eating grin on the whole time.

"I never even thought of other stuff I could make you to do for me. A ride back and forth to

school every day is a good idea."

She didn't dignify my snarky comment with a response, and kept her attention on the road. After a couple minutes she pulled over in front of the pizza place and parked. Mom reached into her purse and pulled out a thick envelope. She looked around and held it out to me.

"I can't take any more of this, Alex. I hate myself for letting you get away with your perversions with me, and it has to stop."

"So what's this?" I took the envelope and looked inside. It was full of cash.

"It's fifteen-hundred dollars," her voice cracked as she spoke. "You take this money, give me all the CDs you have with the pictures, stop forcing me to do sexual things with you, and we forget everything and never speak of it again."

I actually had to think about this. Fifteen-hundred bucks! This was serious cheddar. Mom must really be getting desperate.

"You think you can just buy your way out of this?"

"Please take the money, Alex. I want it to end."

"How do you even know you can trust me?"

"I don't have a choice." She stared out the front windshield. "All I can do is hope that there's some small bit of decency left in you, and you'll stop using me the way you have been."

I watched a group of seniors from my school head into the pizza place. I realized now why Mom picked this spot. She knew I wouldn't be able to make her do anything out in public, especially with kids that might know me around.

"It is a lot of money," I said. "But I really like seeing you naked whenever I want." She tensed up at that. "Jerking off with you watching is ten times better than doing it alone with only pictures. The real thing is way better."

"What else can I give you?" She was doing everything she could not to cry. "What do you want for everything to go back to normal?"

I reached over and squeezed her thigh. "After what you did, I don't think we can go back."

"If your goal is to punish me," she moved my hand away before I could slide it any farther up her leg, "you've succeeded. I've more than learned my lesson."

She took a deep breath and I watched her chest rise and fall. I wanted to grab her titties so bad right there in the car--I almost didn't care who might see. Instead, I opened the envelope

and took out two twenties, then tucked it back into her purse.

"I'm the one who gets to decide when your punishment is enough." I opened the car door and climbed out. I leaned back in. "Tonight, after Dad falls asleep, come to my room. You're going to suck my cock, and I'm going to cum in your mouth again." She still refused to look at me.

"Later, Mom."

As soon as I shut the door, she gunned it and pulled away as quick as she could. She was pissed! Normally that would have bothered me, but not anymore. All that mattered was that I was going to be getting a sweet blowjob later that night.

* * * * *

My English teacher was droning on about Hamlet killing Polonius. Just when I thought I was about to die of boredom I began to wonder about old Gertrude. I realized that she was maybe a bit of a slut whore herself. The way Hamlet was so worked up over things he probably wanted to punish her for banging some guy other than his father. The story would have been much better if Shakespeare had Hamlet make her get naked and do sex stuff with him.

Once my mind got on that track, I thought about what happened in my bedroom last night. Mom showed up just like I'd told her to. She was wrapped up tight in her robe like before. This time I had her strip down to nothing right out of the gate. I made her just stand there while I looked her over from my bed and played with my dick some.

After a minute or so of that, I told her to come over and suck me. She had to get onto the bed to do it, and I could feel her tits pressed against my thighs while she was swallowing my prick. Holy shit did that feel good. A warm, wet mouth; tongue wiggling against my shaft; lips sliding up and down.

The really weird part was that she took my cock out of her mouth and started licking and sucking my balls. It felt crazy good, so I wasn't complaining, but it wasn't anything I made her do. She just did it on her own. I couldn't figure that out.

After she went back to blowing me, I put my hand on the back of her head. She got all torqued and told me not to do that. So, of course, a few seconds later I put both hands on her head. She didn't bother yelling at me again, knowing it would probably only make things worse. It was so cool having the power to control her like that.

When I was about to cum, I sort of started fucking her mouth and it didn't even seem to be any trouble for her to take it. I blew my load, and I might have seen stars for a second when I did. As soon as I spunked in her mouth, she began looking around for something to spit it out into. I told her she had to spit it out onto her tits.

Mom obviously didn't want to do it. She gave me the angriest look she could while holding my wad in her mouth, then gave in. She pushed her tits together and let all my spoooge dribble

down onto her boobs. I had her rub it all around, and smear it on her nipples. She hated it, but I loved it.

I made her say thank you, and tell me how much she liked sucking my cock for me. I'd never heard my mom say a single dirty thing before a week ago, and now I had her talking to me like a complete whore. It was all seemed too good to be true.

She had to sit there on my bed naked, with my jizz all over her tits, and watch me jerk off after that. It probably seems lame, but I really got off on watching my mom watch me jack my cock and shoot my load. She didn't say anything, but the way her face looked I could pretend that she liked seeing me do it.

After cumming the second time, I sent her away. There was something very cool about knowing I could do stuff with my mom whenever I wanted. If I was messing around with a regular girl I'd be at her mercy, never knowing if she would all of the sudden decide to not let me feel her up one day, or maybe even dump me. Having dependable, sexual access to a real woman meant that I could take my time and not worry that I was going to miss out on anything. Life was good.

The bell rang and I realized I had a huge boner in my pants. I stayed in my seat and copied the notes off the board while everyone headed out. I forced myself not to think about Mrs. Kelly's ass. She was probably older than my mom, but for an English teacher she had a pretty sweet little caboose. Finally, when my hard-on went down enough, I went to my next class.

When I got home there was no one around. Mom was probably making an effort to avoid me, or at least not be home with me alone. I dropped my backpack and headed straight for her bedroom. I started with her underwear drawer, and began snooping through it. I don't know what I was looking for. I'd thought about doing this before, but I was always afraid about what would happen if I got caught. Mom couldn't do anything to me now if she found out I was going through her things.

Most of her underwear was boring. I tried sniffing them, but they only smelled like Tide. In the back, there was a blue thong with the price tag still on it. I guess mom wasn't very adventurous in the panty department. Probably because she didn't have anyone to show them off for.

It pissed me off that my dad was so lame. He had this totally hot woman that he could stick his dick in whenever he wanted, and Mom said they haven't fucked in months. I wondered if he was cheating on her. I couldn't picture it. But then again, I never pictured my mom spreading her legs for a guy with a camera. Anyway, it was more likely my dad was just whacking off by himself instead of banging Mom. What a fucking loser.

I found a bottle of something called Astroglide in the drawer of my mom's nightstand. It looked like it might have something to do with sex. My dick started getting hard as I tried to figure out what she used it for. I snooped around a little more and hit the jackpot.

Under the edge of her mattress my fingers touched something hard. I pulled it out and it was a vibrating dildo. It was plain white, made of hard plastic, and had a blunt rounded end. When you twisted the base it buzzed. The more you turned it, the faster it went. It wasn't all that exotic, but the idea that my mom had put this thing in her pussy and fucked herself with it got my boner up to full strength in about two seconds.

I sniffed it. There was a very faint smell of something, but I wasn't sure if it was pussy. I licked it. It mostly just tasted like plastic. Knowing Mom, she probably cleaned it each time after she used it. I took my dick out and turned the vibrator on. I ran my mom's sex toy along my shaft, and touched it to my balls. It felt funny, but it wasn't anything that I could really get off to.

I put the dildo back under Mom's mattress and continued exploring. I wasn't finding anything else kinky, and my dick had pretty much gone limp, but then things took a turn.

In her closet was a Fredrick's of Hollywood box, and inside was some kind of flimsy lingerie. There were a bunch of different things in there and I had to dump it all out on the bed to sort it out. Everything was white. The top part was all lacy where the boobs go, and the rest was see-through. The matching panties were the same kind of see-through fabric, and there wasn't much to them. There was some kind of other thing with straps all over it. And there were two white stockings.

I wondered if my mom ever actually wore it. She'd look like a slutty angel. It was probably for some special occasion. I rubbed the panties on my dick, thinking about Mom getting fucked while wearing all of this sexy stuff. I decided that I had to see it on her.

I laid everything out as neat as I could on the bed, then went and got a pen and a piece of paper. I wrote a note that said, "Put this on and come to my room so I can jerk off to my slutty mom's sexy body."

I left the note on the bed with the lingerie, then went to my room, made some preparations, and waited. Mom was probably dropping Becca off at dance class. The theory was that she'd be home soon and we'd have plenty of time before Dad or my little sister showed up. This was going to be awesome!

When I heard my mom's car pull into the driveway, I threw my comic book aside and stripped off my clothes. I listened to her move around the house. When I heard her finally going to her bedroom, I began to get hard. I forced myself not to touch my dick as I waited. After another minute, my door opened up.

My mom was standing there in a pair of jeans and a shapeless sweatshirt, looking all pissed off. I was disappointed and angry at the same time.

"I don't appreciate you going through my private things," she hissed at me.

"And I don't appreciate you cheating on my father."

"Look, Alex, I know you have the advantage over me, but you can't really expect me to answer your every perverted whim forever."

Damn, I never noticed how hot she looked when she was mad.

"No, not forever." I tickled the underside of my dick. I admit that it was kind of a turn on that she barely even reacted to the fact that I was naked with a hard-on when she came into my room. It was like she was almost expecting it at this point. "I'll probably get tired of screwing around with you some day, but until then you have to do what I say."

"And if I decide to call your bluff?"

I just shrugged and didn't say anything. She gave me a long hard stare, like she was trying to see if I would give away some hint that I didn't have the balls to follow through on my threats. With an angry shake of her head, she walked away.

It wasn't clear what she'd decided. I still thought my mom was a complete slut, but now that wasn't as angry about it, I couldn't say if I was bluffing or if I would really show my dad the pictures. When I thought about it, my life would probably get just as messed up as Mom's if they ended up getting divorced.

There had to be a limit to how far I could push this thing, but there was no way of me knowing where the line was. It would be better for me to stop too early, than go too far and fuck things up beyond all recognition. The trick was to make sure I didn't let on that I was having any doubts.

Mom appeared in my doorway wearing the slinky lingerie. All other thoughts left my head immediately, and the only thing my brain could do was go bonkers over how amazingly sexy she looked. I almost couldn't breathe for a few seconds.

"I don't have time for this, Alex." She walked into my room. The fabric swayed seductively, her big tits bouncing slightly as she moved. "Hurry up and get your pathetic thrills whacking off to your own mother so I can go get dinner started."

I noticed something then that I hadn't expected. "You put on high heels."

She looked down and maybe even blushed a little. "It's just part of the outfit."

That might have been true, but she didn't have to go through the trouble. I was glad she did. The effect was stunning. The shoes gave her legs and ass had a different shape to them. But it was more than that. It was almost like she had a whole different attitude about her. She came across as stronger, or maybe more confident. I couldn't really tell exactly, but it was definitely different.

I gave up trying to figure it out and focused on her body. Her tits were all pushed up by the lacy white cups. She was sporting major cleavage. My mom normally never wore anything the least bit revealing, so this was pretty much the first time I'd seen her boobs packaged and displayed like that. It was majorly hot. I could also see the circles of her wide nipples through the lace. For some reason that was sexier than seeing her tits naked.

The see-through parts of the negligee hung down over the middle of her body to her hips. It barely veiled her skin, and did something to accentuate all her mature, womanly curves in a very enticing way.

The skimpy little panties might have been the best part of it all. It had frilly stuff that went around the waist and her thighs, but all the rest of it was sheer. I was able to see the dark shadow of her whiskers easily through a gauzy mist. What was better was that I could see a hint of the crease of her outer pussy lips. I didn't get why, but it turned me on more than when she had nothing on at all.

"Turn around," I told her.

"What for?" She shot back in an annoyed tone.

"I want to see how your ass looks."

She looked like she was going to protest, then didn't bother. She turned around and let me see her butt. It was fantastic. The panties had bunched up into her ass crack, so they looked almost like a thong. My mom's butt was fairly big, wider than it was when she was young, but it looked great anyway. She couldn't help adjusting the panties. She pulled them out of her butt crack and arranged them how they were supposed to go. Even seeing her do that was as sexy as hell.

"Okay, you can turn back around." I looked her up and down hungrily as she did. "Even though you're a complete slut, Mom, at least you're a smoking hot one."

"Are you going to jerk off, or what?"

"Do you want me to?"

"Alex, quit playing games and just do it already."

"Tell me you want me to."

"I want you to."

"Not like that." I gave my balls a light squeeze.

"I want you to jerk off. Is that what you want me to say?"

"You can do better."

She gave an exasperated sigh, then tossed her hair back over her shoulder, looked straight at me, and in a very sexy voice said, "I want you to jerk off for me, Alex."

"More."

"I want you to wrap your hand around that hard cock of yours and stroke it for me."

I did what she said.

"That's a good boy. Rub your penis up and down. Look at your mom dressed up all sexy for you and stroke your cock."

"Keep going," I whispered.

"Do you like looking at your mommy's tits when you jerk off?" She squished them together between her upper arms, making her cleavage bulge up beautifully. "You're a dirty little pervert, aren't you? Jerking your cock over Mommy's big titties."

"What about your pussy?" I was already about to explode. "Say some stuff about that."

That annoyed look was back for a second, but she quickly hid it. She knew the faster she could get me off, the faster she could get this over with.

"Yes, my dirty boy likes his mommy's pussy, doesn't he? You look at it while you make your little penis cum. Do you think about your mom's big, wet pussy when you masturbate in your room all alone like a nasty pervert?"

I didn't like that she was slipping in those digs--calling my penis little, and saying I'm a perv--but it was turning me on so much that I didn't even care.

"I'm almost gonna cum," I blurted out. "Put it in your mouth, Mom. Hurry!"

Her jaw clenched, and she didn't move.

"You know you don't have a choice," I said quickly, trying as hard as I could to keep from cumming too soon. "So hurry up and put my cock in your mouth so you can eat my cum!"

As soon as the head of my dick slipped past her lips I let loose. My balls jumped, and I filled my mother's mouth with several spurts of warm jizz. She took it all in without flinching and swallowed it down in two gulps. She held my cock in her mouth for several seconds more than she needed to, then released me and straightened up. Only then did it hit me that my mom

really did it. She ate my cum like I told her and didn't spit it out. Maybe what her profile said on that MILF web site was true about how she liked the taste of cum.

Even in my dizzy state of mind I still couldn't get over how hot she looked in that slinky outfit. She turned to go, but I wasn't ready for it to be over yet.

"Hold on," I said before she got too far. "I'm going to play with you some more."

"Alex, I don't have all day." Her back was to me, which gave me a chance to once again gaze at her shapely ass. "Maybe you don't care, but I have responsibilities that don't include servicing your depraved fetishes."

I wasn't even paying attention to what she was babbling about. I got out of bed and stepped aside.

"Come over and lay down," I instructed her.

"You just came in my mouth. Isn't that enough for one day?"

"Stop bitching, and lay down on my bed. Now." Mom stubbornly refused to obey me. "Am I going to have to start tying you down to make sure you do everything I want?"

Her hands curled into fists. I waited, not saying another word. After a few moments she let her hands relax and open up. She shook the tension out of her fingers and did as she was told. I looked over her lingerie-draped body once again. The effect was still mind blowing. I didn't get how more clothes could be more erotic than less. I walked around to the other side of my bed, drinking in her reclining form the entire time.

"Take off your panties."

She followed my instructions quickly and efficiently. She had her legs out straight on the bed, pressing them together trying to hide herself down there as much as possible. It wasn't going to work.

"Open up your legs."

"You can see all you need to see like this."

"Not good enough." I reached over and groped one of her lace-covered tits. "Open up, Mom."

She parted her legs slightly.

"Wider."

I got one of her vicious dirty looks, but I was immune to those by this point. She splayed her

legs further apart. This brought a victorious smile to my face.

Mom's pussy was more exposed to me than it had ever been so far--not counting when she was spreading it for that guy. But this was just for me. And it was a million times better than a picture. I was really and truly staring straight at my own mother's naked pussy.

Dark whiskers covered her outer lips and formed a neat triangle above her slit. It looked awesome when it was shaved bald, but it also looked smoking hot like this. I couldn't wait to see what it would be like when it was all hairy again.

She had a pretty good sized mound that rose up then sloped away toward her belly. Her lips were plump and full. Her slit was a thick crease that widened toward the bottom, hinting at the opening within. I felt a strange falling sensation deep in my tummy. Mom's pussy was probably the most beautiful thing I'd ever seen.

"Spread it open for me," I said softly.

"Alex, don't make me do this," she begged in a quivering voice.

I was getting very tired of her always resisting. "Spread it for me like the way you spread it for that douchebag guy."

"How far do you plan on going with this?" She brought her legs together much to my frustration. "This has already gone far beyond what it should. You can't expect to keep pushing me like this."

"My plan is to make you do whatever I want for as long as I want." I stroked my fingers along the length of her thigh. "And there's nothing you can do about it."

"You may not believe it, but there is a line, Alex." She turned her hips before my touch could reach the place where her thighs met. "At some point you're going to force me to accept that divorce is preferable to allowing my own son to mistreat me in such a vile manner."

I toyed with the hem of her negligee for a few seconds, as if thinking over what she was saying. But it was all just for show.

"If you hate it so much, why is your pussy wet right now?"

"It is not." She said firmly, shame tinted anger flashing in her eyes. "This is the most humiliating thing that has ever happened to me, and I hate you more every day for putting me through this."

"Spread your pussy open for me, Mom."

Her hands clenched into fists again. "No."

"I'm not asking you, I'm telling you. Spread your pussy wide so I can see everything."

"You're a disgusting little monster." She punched a fist against my mattress. "If you want to get your thrills, go ahead, but this is as far as I will go."

"Last chance, Mom." I walked to my bookshelf that sat opposite the end of my bed. "I want you to open your legs, spread your pussy lips apart, and show me your wet, slutty vagina hole."

"I won't."

I reached between a couple of tilted books on the top shelf and pulled out what I had hidden there earlier.

"This should be interesting," I said in a snide kind of way.

"What's that?" She sat up, suddenly worried. "What do you have there?"

I held it up for her to see. Dad's video camera.

"The divorce is going to be tough, but going to jail is going to be even worse."

"Jail?"

"Once the judge sees evidence that you've been molesting your poor, innocent 16-year-old son, you'll probably go to jail for that, right?"

"Please tell me you're not serious." There was genuine panic in Mom's eyes. "You didn't really just record us, did you?"

I pointed the camera at her. She crossed her arms over her chest, pointlessly trying to hide herself.

"I knew the pictures wouldn't always be enough."

"Enough for what?"

"To keep you in line." I circled the bed keeping the camera centered on her. "But a video of you talking dirty to me, sucking my cock, and eating my cum, should be enough to make sure you're obedient from now on. Unless you wouldn't mind a big trial and going to prison for sexually abusing me."

"You're the one abusing me," she murmured in a plaintive lilt.

"Yeah, but c'mon, Mom, you know it's not all that bad."

"This is the worst thing that has ever happened to me in my life, Alex. I know that you have it all twisted around in that sick head of yours, but this is beyond torture."

"I call bullshit on that." I moved in closer with the camera. "Move your arms so we can see your nips."

After giving me a scowl she did what I wanted. I zoomed in on the lace that was barely concealing one of her big nipples.

"I know you like showing off your body like a slut," I went on, "so that's not torture for you. I also know for a fact that you like sucking cock. Plus, you admitted that Dad isn't getting it done for you in the bedroom." I pulled the top of Mom's negligee down so that one of her boobs was completely out. Damn, that looked sexy with one out and one still in the lacy cup. "Isn't this exactly what you were looking for? A little excitement."

"Not even close, Alex. No matter how hard you try to convince yourself, being sexually blackmailed by my own child is not remotely exciting to me. I just want it to be over, and go back to my normal life."

"That's not going to happen, Mom."

I rubbed the head of my hard cock against her naked nipple. I got it all on video.

"Just how far do you intend to go with this?"

"What do you mean?"

"You know what I mean. How far?"

She wanted to know if I planned on fucking her. I honestly didn't know myself. I mean I wanted to, but did I really want to? Obviously I was still a virgin. I'd been thinking about how awesome it would feel to put my cock into her pussy. But even though she was way sexy, she was still my mom. Did I want to lose my virginity to my own mother? I wasn't even sure she'd let me get away with that. Maybe, now that I had her on video, I could. That wasn't even the whole issue.

Plain and simple, I was kind of scared. I know I was acting all badass with this blackmail stuff, but it was mostly for show. I couldn't shake the feeling that even as I was doing all this stuff, and I was in control, that my mom was going to turn it around somehow and punish me for what I was doing. Or tell my dad and I'd be grounded for life. That was part of it, but there was more to it.

Looking at Mom, and jacking off in front of her was one thing, but actually having sex with her

was altogether different. I didn't know what it was exactly. What if I didn't do it right? I didn't want to come off like a stupid kid--even though she knew that's what I was. Even after all the things I'd been doing, having real sex kind of scared me some. But I couldn't let her know that.

"How far, Mom? I guess as far as I want."

"Be sensible, Alex, things have gone far enough. Let's not go beyond what we've done already."

"And what have we done so far?" I pointed the camera at her face.

"You know very well what that is."

"Say it."

She shook her head. I waited. It only took ten seconds of silence before she gave in.

"I let you see me naked."

"What else."

"You masturbated on me. I performed oral sex on you. And I let you force me to dress up like this."

"You forgot that you titty fucked me, didn't you?"

"Yes." Her cheeks were bright red with burning shame.

"And when you gave me oral sex, how did that end?"

"You know the answer to that."

"Say it for the camera."

"I swallowed your cum, all right? Is that what you want to hear? I sucked your little cock and you came in your own mother's mouth, and I swallowed my filthy son's sperm. Happy?"

The combination of her being angry and talking dirty was so sexy!

"That was perfect. Now spread your legs."

"Alex, no. Becca is going to be home any time now, and I still have to get dinner started."

"Then you better hurry up and open your legs for me."

She was backed into a corner once again. "Fine, I will, but not with the camera on."

I didn't feel like arguing over it, I just wanted her to hurry up and do it. I stopped the recording and put the video camera in one of my desk drawers (somewhere that it wouldn't be easy for her to grab if she wanted to).

"There, no camera. Now let me see that skanky pussy of yours."

"You honestly have no idea how sick you are, do you?"

I just gave her another one of my big shit-eating grins in response.

Mom settled back onto the bed, her one tit still hanging out, and opened her legs. Her hands moved reluctantly to her crotch. I grabbed my cock and began stroking slowly in anticipation.

Her fingers touched her stubbly outer lips and paused. Oh God, I couldn't believe she was really about to do this. How humiliating it must be to be forced to totally expose yourself in front of your own horny son.

My mom slowly pulled her pussy lips apart, opening up all her intimate secrets to me. If this was a movie it would have been the cue for the heavenly choir to start singing. A real live pussy, spread wide for me in all its glory. Not only that, but it was my mom's pussy to boot. Something I never imagined I'd ever see in my whole life. And now there it was, right in front of my eyes. The cherry on top was that I could also totally jack off to it as much as I wanted.

Which is exactly what I did. I stared at the pink intricacies of her lady parts and whacked away at my cock like there was no tomorrow. I could see where her clit was, and her pair of wavy inner lips that bowed out to each side then came together lower down near where her hole was. It looked so fucking good.

She had her head turned to the side, and her eyes were closed. It was like she couldn't stand to look at what she was doing. This was turning me on in its own way, but I wanted her to see me while I jacked off to her pussy.

"Why are you all wet down there, Mom?"

"I'm not wet." She didn't move.

"It looks all wet down by your vagina."

She tried to see for herself, but couldn't from the angle she was at. The fingers of one of her hands slid lower and she felt around her pussy hole. She looked up at me and seemed like she was embarrassed or something.

"That just happens to women sometimes," she said dismissively.

"It happens when they're turned on and horny, right?"

"I'll give you one more minute to cum, Alex, then I have to go get dressed before anyone comes home."

"Yeah, it would suck if someone came home early and caught you acting like a slut and spreading your pussy open."

She just glared at me. I liked it though and I stuck my dick out towards her and beat off faster. Mom didn't look away. She looked straight at my cock and kept holding her pussy open for me. I could see more wetness trickling out of her whore hole and dribbling down her butt crack.

"Your pussy looks so beautiful, Mom," I said without even thinking. The closer I got to cumming, the braver I got it seemed. Not really brave, I guess, but more like I wasn't afraid to say or do almost anything. "I'm going to cum on your pussy!"

"No, Alex, don't!" Mom yelled in a panic. "You could make me pregnant that way."

I tried to move closer so I could squirt on her open twat. "Bullcrap."

"I'm not on any birth control," she said quickly covering her pussy. "If any of your sperm gets inside me I could get pregnant!"

I was on the edge of cumming. "Okay, fine! Just move your hand!" I backed off some.

Mom took her hand away and once again pulled her lips apart nice and far. Seeing her do that for me made me lose it. My balls felt like they twisted up in a knot and I shot a huge load that flew across and landed on one of my mom's naked thighs. The rest of it spurted on my bedspread and then just oozed out and spilled onto the floor. My whole body shivered and it was the best feeling in the world.

I was lightheaded and things were sort of spinny for a few seconds. My mom scooped up the blob of jizz that landed on her leg with her fingers and put it in her mouth. She must have noticed the shocked look on my face. She looked guilty for a second, then said, "I assumed that's what you were going to make me do anyway, may as well get it over with, right?"

All I could manage to do was nod.

She got up off my bed and hurried past me out of my room. I stood there with my dick in my hand trying to understand what really just happened. Did she want to eat my cum? Or did she just want to get out of there as quick as she could? Either way it was awesome to know that my mom was tasting my dick spunk. What if she really did actually like it? That would make her such a total slut whore it was ridiculous to even think about.

That's when I noticed she'd left her panties behind. Maybe it was just because she was in a rush, but maybe not. I picked them up and sniffed them. It was barely there, but I thought I could smell a hint of her pussy. I used them to wipe the tip of my cock clean, and then to mop up some of the goo on my bedspread. I decided to make sure those panties were saturated with my cum before giving them back; which might have been exactly what she was hoping for.

After that I decided to play it cool for a couple days. I basically wanted to force my mom to do sex stuff with me 24/7, but I also wanted to mess with her head. Knowing that I had even more control over her now that I had the video made it so I knew I could have her whenever I wanted for a long time to come.

During those days I was the perfect son. I did my homework, took care of my chores, was nice to my little sister, and even volunteered to help my clueless Dad clean out the gutters. Mom kept giving me suspicious looks, and I'd just give her an innocent smile in return. Every time I went to say something to her she got this worried look like I was going to tell her to do something dirty. I was discovering being in control gave you power even when you weren't doing anything. Sweet.

After three days of this I noticed Mom out in the front yard messing around with her flower beds. I decided it was time to get back into it with her. I grabbed the panties that she'd left in my room and headed outside. They were all crusty now with about a dozen of my dried loads. I'd been watching the video I made and jacking off into them the whole time. They were completely nasty.

Mom was on her knees troweling the dirt as I quietly came up behind her.

"I thought you might want these back," I said casually. As I said this I draped the sperm-covered panties on the top of one of her rose bushes.

Startled by the sound of my voice she looked around at me with an annoyed expression. That expression changed quick when she saw what was dangling in the sun right out where anyone could see. She snatched the panties as fast as she could and hid them under her shirt, looking around to see if any of the neighbors might have seen. It was hysterical.

"What's the matter with you?" she hissed at me.

"Come to my room tonight," I told her in a serious voice. "I want you to get totally naked."

"Keep your voice down," she whispered harshly.

"Once your naked, you're going to lick my balls," I said a little louder, "while you jerk off my cock for me."

"Okay, fine! Now go away!"

Mrs. Tanner was coming down the sidewalk with her ugly little dog.

"And I'm also going to touch your pussy."

I caught her off guard with that. "Whatever, Alex, just go inside, please."

"Hi, Mrs. Tanner!" I called out and waved. "What do you think of my mom's bush?" I motioned toward the blooming rose bush, and my mom just about choked next to me.

"It's lovely," she answered back and headed toward us. "So big and full," she gushed. "I wish I could get mine like that. You have to tell me your secret, Sue."

"Go ahead, Mom," I said with a smart-assed grin. "Tell her your secret...the one about your big bush."

She shot me daggers with her eyes as Mrs. Tanner bent down to pick up her yippy mutt. She was a few years older than my mom. Her face wasn't bad, but you couldn't hardly tell if she had tits in that pink track suit she was wearing, and her ass was flat as a pancake. I hadn't cared about women her age before, but now I wouldn't have minded seeing what she looked like naked.

"Okay, Mom, I'm gonna head inside and watch that video you gave me the other night." I added a wink for good measure. "See you later Mrs. Tanner. Stay sexy!" I caught a glimpse of her pleasantly shocked expression as I turned and trotted off.

"What was that?" I heard her ask my mom. She sounded more flattered than offended.

"Don't pay any attention to him, he's going through a phase. You know how boys can be."

I could barely keep from busting out laughing. As soon as I got inside I went into the living room and peeked around the curtain at them out there talking. My mom had her hand pressed across the front of her belly, trying to be normal about it. She was trying to keep the panties that were all stiff with my spoooge hidden. It must have felt all scratchy against her skin. Mrs. Tanner had no idea what was going on right in front of her. The funniest part was that her stupid little dog kept leaning out and sniffing toward where the panties were under Mom's shirt. Classic!

That night Mom did exactly as she was told. She quietly slipped into my room just after midnight. All my lights were off, but I could still see pretty good from the light that was coming in through my window. She took off her pajama bottoms and her t-shirt. That was all she had on, so she was naked after that. My cock started getting hard as soon as she came in, and I had a full stiffy by the time she sat down on my bed.

"You awake?" she whispered. I wondered if she was hoping that I'd fallen asleep and would get out of being my slut for the night. No chance.

"Mm hmm." I heard a slight sigh, and then she pulled my blanket back.

Without wasting any time she got a grip on my dick, put her head down there, and began licking my balls. Holy shit! It felt better than incredible. My mom slowly pulled on my shaft, sliding the sensitive skin of my cock up and down. I couldn't get over how soft her hand was.

She sucked one of my balls into her mouth. Her tongue played around with it, then she let it go and did the same to the other one. She licked all over my sack, then licked around the sides and even underneath. I got a big chill that went all through me when her tongue flirted with my taint.

"Do that some more," I instructed.

Without a word she did what I said. Her tongue roamed around in that small area between my legs just under my balls. It was like nothing I'd ever experienced before. She gave me some kisses down there, then moved back up to my balls.

Her hand started moving faster, and I wasn't about to complain. I hadn't noticed at first, but I realized that her big boobs were pressing against my leg. So nice!

"You really know how to suck balls good, Mom," I moaned. She sucked me a little harder and kept on jerking my dick. "You're such a whore...aren't you, Mom? You love cock, don't you? You're a cock-loving slut. Say it."

"I'm a cock-loving slut," she mumbled against my nut sack.

"You love my cock, don't you?"

She was licking my balls all over. "I love your cock." She almost sounded like she meant it that time.

"Tell me how much you want my cum, Mom."

"I want it, Alex. I want your cum."

"You want it all over your face."

"Yes." She jerked me harder and rubbed the head of my dick against her cheek. "I want your cum on my face. Cum on Mommy's face."

I couldn't stand it any longer. That feeling whipped up the length of my cock and I began shooting spurt after spurt of cum onto my mom's face. She turned her other cheek and took a

couple squirts on that side as well. When I was done, she sucked the tip of my dick clean.

"Did that feel good, Mom?"

She didn't answer right away. "You should be thinking about doing this stuff with a girl your own age, not with your own mother."

"No girl my age would ever be able to suck my balls as good as you just did." I reached out and touched her hair. "Or look as pretty with my cum all over her face."

"Can I wipe this gunk off now?"

"No, you have to leave it there. And if you're good, I'll let you eat my next load of gunk." I loved making my mom do these disgusting things. Maybe one day I'll find a girl that likes doing disgusting things as much as me.

"There was something else I wanted to do with you tonight. Do you remember what it was?"

"You said you wanted to touch me down there."

"Oh, that's right." I was surprised she didn't pretend like she'd forgotten. "Is that okay with you, Mom? If I touch your pussy?"

"No, it's not okay with me at all."

"Stand up," I ordered. She stood, and I sat up on the edge of my bed. I put my hands on her hips and turned her body so she was facing me. Her pussy was directly in front of my face. I reached for it.

My mom deflected my hand before it reached its goal. I smiled at her useless attempts to avoid the inevitable. I went for her crotch with my other hand. Slap! She lightly smacked it away. Mom really wanted to test me. I faked a quick move for her snatch and she swiped at empty air. This type of defiance called for stricter measures.

"I don't know why you're bothering to put up a fight," I said mockingly and stood.

"I'm not letting you touch me there."

I went to where my robe was hanging from a hook on my closet door. I removed the thin sash and stepped up behind my mom.

"Put your hands behind your back."

"Why?" She tried to turn, but I held her shoulders and kept her facing away from me. "I don't like this, Alex. What are you trying to do?"

"I'm reminding you who here is in control." Her body stiffened. She wanted me to think she wouldn't budge on this point. I brushed her hair aside and kissed my mom on the back of her neck on the ridge of her rigid spine. "I was thinking that maybe I wouldn't show the pictures to Dad first." Another soft kiss. "Maybe I could give the dirty, naked pictures of you to grandma and grandpa first before anyone else." Kiss.

Her barely perceptible change in posture betrayed her.

"You wouldn't dare do that to your grandparents."

"What would your dad think about seeing his sweet daughter spreading her pussy like a tramp? How about your mom? Would she be proud of the way you swallowed that cock all the way down your throat?"

I stepped back half a pace. Her fingers flexed. She rolled her shoulders. And then, after a strangled sigh, she put her hands behind her back.

Damn I was good. I looped the sash around her wrists and tied her hands together. I was never in the Boy Scouts, so I didn't know any fancy knots. I did it up the same as how I tied my shoe laces. I snugged it tight, but it wasn't really all that secure. If she wanted to, Mom could have easily wiggled her hands free.

I moved back around in front of her and sat on the edge of my bed like before.

"How about now?" I looked up between her massive boobs to her agonized face. "Can I touch your pussy now?"

"Does it matter if I say no?"

"It does to me." I put my hand on her belly. "I want you to tell me yes. Ask me to touch your pussy."

"Alex, isn't it enough that you have me at your mercy? Do you also have to be cruel about it?"

"I like hearing it when you say dirty things to me. It makes it better."

I ran my hand down from her belly and around to one of her thighs. She was soft and smooth everywhere I touched.

"Ask me."

"Alex," her voice was shaking, "do you want to touch my pussy?"

"I do." My hand brushed past the short hairs covering her mound and I caressed her other

thigh. "But only if you tell me you want me to."

"I want it."

"Are you sure?"

"Yes." She let her feet slide apart a little ways, opening up a space for me to reach my hand in. "I want you to touch Mommy's pussy."

"Are you sure? Is it really okay if I touch it?"

She glanced down at me. Her face wasn't so upset any more.

"Yes."

I let my fingers trail up the inside of her thigh. "Does that feel good?"

"It does," she said. Her voice was getting raspy.

"This is it, Mom, ready?"

I looked up at her. My eyes had adjusted enough to the dim light to be able to make out her face clearly. Her expression was serious. Her mouth was tight-lipped and firm, but all the rest of her was pliable and round. My cum had formed glistening streaks along her cheeks. She nodded, letting me know she was ready.

My hand moved up those last few inches. The back of my knuckles brushed against the puffy swell of her prickly lips. A jolt went through my body, and my head went a little funny. None of this seemed real anymore. I was about to touch a pussy for the first time in my life.

I stroked it back and forth a few times, then turned my hand over. I felt along her slit with the tip of my middle finger. There was a hot silkiness to it. I pressed gently with a slight wiggle and my finger worked its way into her crease where something even softer met my touch. I was hoping she couldn't tell how nervous I was right then.

"Is that okay?" I asked softly.

"That's fine," she whispered back.

I drew my finger toward me slowly, keenly aware of every contour of my mother's inner smoothness. When my fingertip reached that small knot of flesh near the top of her slit she let out a gasp. I suddenly felt hot all over my body. I rubbed that spot some more. I wasn't totally sure, but it seemed like her breathing changed. I think I was actually getting her turned on. I sensed a new kind of power sweep through me.

It wasn't long before I thought I could feel right exactly where Mom's clit was. It was like a hard little stalk surrounded by a confusing arrangement flesh. I stroked my finger over it and Mom couldn't help but shudder.

"This is your clit, right?"

"Yes, Alex, you're touching your mother's clitoris."

It sounded weird how she said it like that. I didn't know if she was trying to make me embarrassed or feel foolish, but all it did was make me more horny.

"If I rub it some more, will it make you cum?"

"No." She didn't sound very convincing. "Unlike boys, a woman needs more than just physical stimulation to orgasm. She needs to be willing. You can't force a woman to cum."

"Interesting." I continued circling my fingertip around her erect clit. I swear I could almost feel her pushing herself against my touch.

I kind of wanted to try to make her cum, but I didn't know if I really could. I didn't want to fail in front of her for not really knowing the right way to do it. Plus, I reminded myself, this wasn't about her pleasure. This was supposed to be a punishment for her. This was penance for her cheating, and being a whore.

"I think you're starting to like being my slut, aren't you Mom?" I felt her tense up some at that.

She didn't answer until I took my finger away from her pussy. "What do you want me to say, Alex?" With her hands tied behind her back it made her chest stand out even more. Those tits of hers were a work of art. "Do you want the truth, or do you only want me to say what you want to hear?"

"The truth."

"Then for the hundredth time, I don't like this. I'm not enjoying a single second of it, and I am not the least bit aroused by my son treating me like his own personal sex object."

"Your pussy feels real nice, Mom."

"Are we done?"

"Can I put my finger up inside you?"

"No, definitely not." She was trying to sound like she was in charge.

"I could make you let me if I wanted."

"Touching is one thing, but penetration is another. That's a line that can't be crossed."

"We've crossed a lot of lines already. What difference would one more make?"

"I hate what you're doing, but you're still my son, and I don't want my son to be a rapist."

I couldn't help but laugh. But then I realized that she wasn't kidding.

"Do you really think that's what I am?"

"You're very close to it as far as I'm concerned." She moved back and stood with her feet together. "You know what you're doing is bad, but I might still be able to forgive you. One small step more and I don't think I could find a way for things to be okay again."

For some reason that made me feel kind of sick inside.

"And I might not be able to forgive you for what you did either," I said back to her. "You were willing to throw away your whole family just because you were bored and horny and a slut."

She didn't have an answer to that.

"You got what you wanted. Now untie me."

"No." I wanted to hurt her, but I didn't know how. "You're going to let me touch your pussy some more." I stood up and stepped close to her. She held her ground.

I kissed her lips. She didn't kiss back. I was only about an inch shorter than her, so when I leaned in for the kiss my cock poked against the spot between her belly button and her mound. I wondered what would happen if my father walked in just at that moment. Would he even have the balls to say anything?

I pressed my chest against my mother's. Some of my cum had dripped down from her face and landed between her tits. One of my nipples lined up with one of hers. I turned slightly from side to side, rubbing one against the other. It honestly didn't feel like much, but it was such a turn on just to be able to do something like this to my mother while she just stood there and let me.

My hand moved down her side and went to her crotch. I touched her outer lips again, and my cock twitched against Mom's belly. Her legs were close together; she wasn't opening herself up to me this time. That didn't stop me. I pushed my first and second fingers into her cleft. It wasn't easy. I rubbed her pussy for a few seconds, then put those two fingers up near her mouth.

"Lick them," I ordered. She turned her face. I moved my fingers to her lips. "Get them wet. Even though it won't bother me that much if hurts for you to have dry fingers poking around down there."

She gritted her teeth for a moment, then gave them a hurried lick. I kept them in front of her face. After some hesitation, she licked them once more before taking them into her mouth and sucking my fingers for a few moments. When she pulled her head back they were slick and ready.

This time they slid easily into her slit. I massaged her inner lips and clit, enjoying the soft, slippery sensation. I then moved my touch back toward her hole. She tightened up all over. I felt where her opening was and it was totally drenched. I had found all the lubrication I needed. I began spreading her pussy juices all up and down her gash. Her breathing started changing like it did earlier. Faster, shallower. I pushed against her clit, pulled at her inside lips, tickled my fingertip around the rim of her pussy hole. It was impossible that she wasn't getting turned on by all of this.

I gave her stiff nub one more rub, then lifted my fingers to my own face. I sniffed at my fingers.

"I like the way your pussy smells, Mom." I held them under her nose. "You're so wet down there."

"That doesn't mean anything," she mumbled.

"So you keep telling me." I went back down and gathered some more of the juices seeping from her vagina. "I'll bet your pussy tastes good, too."

"Alex, don't..."

I leaned in and kissed her on the tip of her nose, then whispered into her ear.

"The first pussy I ever taste is going to be yours, Mom."

I put my two fingers into my mouth and sucked my mom's sex flavor from them. It wasn't like anything I could compare it to, but I knew in an instant that I loved it.

"Why do you have to be so foul?" my mother spat in a hushed voice.

"You like tasting my cum. What's wrong with me tasting yours?"

Her silence said more than any words could have. I went back down there and swirled my fingers around her hole again, and tasted another fresh sampling of her pussy. It was even better now that I had an idea of what to expect.

"Kneel down," I said firmly.

She went to her knees in a swift, smooth motion. I grabbed my dick. It was so hard that it ached.

"I'm going to let you eat my cum." I began jerking in front of her face. "Tell me how much you want it, Mom."

She knew better than to protest at this point.

"I want your cum," she said evenly.

"Where?"

"In my mouth."

"Why?"

"I want to taste it." Her eyes were focused on the tip of my bouncing cock. The moonlight shined along the curve of the head as I tugged away. "I want to feel it on my tongue, and let it slide down my throat. I want to swallow you."

"Open your mouth," I growled. My mom tilted her head back and opened up. I positioned the end of my cock just inside. "Play with my balls."

She struggled for a few seconds. I forgot I had tied her hands behind her back. As soon as she worked herself free, her hand came up and she gently toyed with my nut sack while I jerked myself. It was too much.

I lurched and a stream of jizz flooded my mother's waiting mouth. The white goo practically glowed in the silvery light as it coated her tongue. She kept her mouth open until nothing more came out.

"Go ahead, Mom, eat it. It's all for you."

It took a couple of swallows but when she was done she opened her mouth and let me see that she had obeyed my command.

"Good girl," I said to her without thinking. She turned her face up to me, but I wasn't sure about the look she was giving me. It might have been a trick of the shadows, but she almost seemed proud of herself.

A long moment passed between us, then I touched the tip of my dick to her lips. She kissed it, and dutifully licked it clean for me.

"I'm finished with you," I said a little too loud. "Go clean that gunk off your face, slut."

She blinked, like she was all of the sudden coming out of a trance. Her scowl was back. She stood up and grabbed her pajamas from off the floor. She left without even getting dressed, shutting the door behind her as quickly and quietly as she could.

There were a couple muted squeaks from the floorboards in the hall as she tiptoed away. I listened for the telltale sound of her bedroom door opening and closing, but I didn't hear it. I waited. Still nothing. I was about to just go to sleep, but then I thought I heard one more faint squeak. What was she up to?

I crept to my door, turned the knob as slowly and silently as possible, and opened my door just enough to peek out. I didn't see anything at first, so I drew it back a little more. That's when I spotted her. It was very dark in the hallway, but I thought I could just barely make out her shape after a few seconds.

She was in front of her bedroom door, on her hands and knees facing away from me. What the heck was she doing? I held my breath, and that's when I heard it. A wet noise. The same noise my fingers made when I was touching her pussy. Holy shit! My mom was masturbating!

I thought I must have been imagining it, but as the seconds passed the noise got louder and the rhythm got faster. She was really doing it. My mom was fingering her own pussy right there in the hallway on all fours. I knew it! I knew all the sex stuff we were doing was making her horny. She didn't want me to think that her pussy was wet because she was turned on, but now I knew the truth. I didn't know if I should be more excited by that, or by the fact that I was witnessing my mother masturbating for the first time ever.

She let out a breath that was almost a moan and stopped moving. I figured she must've just made herself cum. I squinted hard, but I couldn't see much of anything at all. After a few seconds she stood up and got her pajamas on, then went into her bedroom.

I couldn't believe it. This put a whole new spin on things. In one way I didn't like that she was getting off on what was supposed to be a humiliating punishment for her crimes. But in another way it was insanely hot that she was secretly into it. I couldn't wait to make her play with herself like that in front of me.

Things were about to get a lot more interesting.

Introduction: Son gradually pushes the boundaries with his mother in various ways.

Boy Dominates Sexy Mom, Chapter 3 of 4

By Kinkybelle

It was Saturday morning and I joined my dad at the breakfast table. He was reading the owner's manual for the gas grill he had bought last year and was still in the box out in the garage. What a dork.

Becca came in right after me, her hair done up in five pony tails and looking all crazy. Mom was at the stove frying eggs and bacon for Dad. It was the perfect picture of lame suburban bliss.

"You sleep good last night, Mom?" I asked cheerily.

"Not especially." She slid the eggs onto a plate. "Had a very bad dream."

"Was I in it?"

"As a matter of fact you were."

"Aw, then it couldn't have been that bad," I teased. "I think you might have even liked it more than you're willing to admit."

"Nobody likes a bad dream," Becca pointed out using her patented 'duh' attitude.

"Some people like weird things," I argued, "don't they, Dad?"

"Hmm, what?" he looked up from his assembly instructions. "Oh, yeah, you never know what you like until you try it."

He had no clue what was going on around him. My mom put his plate down in front of him and gave me one of her increasingly familiar dirty looks. I couldn't wipe the sly smile off my face.

"Becca, doesn't Mommy look pretty this morning?" I said. Becca checked for herself and nodded vigorously. "Are you using a new face cream, Mom?"

"Frosted Flakes or Coco Puffs," my mom asked Becca, ignoring my taunts.

"Coco Puffs!" Becca chirped.

She didn't offer me any breakfast, so I had to fend for myself. Tormenting Mom like this wasn't nearly as fun as the other way, but I still enjoyed it to no end. I was busy most of the rest of the day--in and out of the house a few times. Whenever I could, I would make some comment to her that sounded innocent to anyone around, but had a different meaning between her and me.

As I was leaving to go to the movies I met up with her in the hallway. She had her hands full with a laundry basket. I used the opportunity to reach over and give both her tits a quick

'honk, honk!' She twisted her body away and tried to hurry past me, but I was able to give her ass a nice grope as she went. It didn't get any better than this!

I got home late from the movie. Everyone was already asleep, so I just went up to bed.

In the middle of a weird dream I woke up. Something was strange. It took me a second, but I realized my blanket was pulled back and someone was sucking my cock. Wait...was I dreaming? I reached down and felt my mom's hair. Her head was moving slowly up and down on my dick. What a great way to wake up.

I let my hand rest on the back of my mother's head as she gave me an incredible blowjob. The way she moved her lips, and how she hit the perfect spot with her tongue, and just the right amount of sucking pressure. She really knew what she was doing.

Mom used both her hands. One was cupping my balls and giving them a gentle squeeze now and then. Her other was stroking the lower part of my shaft in concert with her mouth. She kept going nice and slow. The other times she had done it pretty fast, like she was trying to get it done with as quick as she could. This was different.

This must have gone on for more than five minutes without either of us saying anything. It was a long, slow build-up but I was finally about ready to blow my load. Mom kept a strong steady rhythm, and just like that I was pumping the contents of my balls into her mouth once again. She sucked me extra hard and pulled out every drop I had in me. She swallowed it all without letting go of my dick.

"Mom," I said once my senses returned, "what are you doing?"

Her warm mouth slipped off of me and she cleared her throat. "I'm sucking your penis...like you told me to."

"I didn't tell you to do that."

"Yes," she sounded defensive, "I'm pretty sure you did."

I knew for certain that I hadn't instructed her to come to my room. Not that I was upset about it, but she must have misunderstood something I said earlier in the day. There's no way she would have just done this on her own without being forced to. Was there?

"Are you naked?" I asked.

"No." She stood up and let her robe fall away without waiting for an order, leaving her in nothing but a pair of panties. These came down next. Even though it was dark, it was still exciting to have a naked woman in my room. Especially one who was at my command.

"Lay down with me," I told her.

I moved over and made space for her, and she got into my bed lying on her back, legs together, arms at her sides. As soon as she was settled I began running my hand all over her. I felt her breasts, circled my fingertips over her nipples, caressed her belly, tickled the bristles on her mound, and stroked her thigh.

"I was just thinking that I haven't sucked your tits for a few days." I kissed one of her nipples. "Do you want me to?"

She didn't respond for a couple seconds. "Go ahead."

"Does that mean you want me to?"

"I can't stop you."

"That's true."

I leaned over and took her nipple into my mouth. It didn't taste like much, but that wasn't the point. It was the feeling that was what mattered. And it felt great. Not just the sensation of her soft flesh against my lips and tongue, but the feelings I had inside about doing this to my own mother, and pretty much being sure she was liking it.

After about a minute, I came up for air.

"It must be fun for you to have such big tits," I said and gave her hard nip another lick.

"Most of the time they're more of a pain than anything."

"Do you play with them when you masturbate?"

She stared up toward the ceiling, and I didn't think she was going to answer. Then I heard her whisper, "Yes."

"That must be nice." I suckled her for a few seconds. "You probably masturbate a lot, don't you?"

"I don't want to talk about this with you," she said in a calm voice. She seemed more shy about it than angry.

"It doesn't matter what you want, Mom." I pinched the nipple I hadn't been sucking on and twisted it a little. "What matters is that you have to do what I want, and I want to talk about it."

"Fine. I don't do it a lot, just when I need it. To relieve stress."

"Yeah, I get stressed about three or four times a day." I think I almost got a smile out of her with that one, but it was hard to tell in the dark. My hand drifted down to her thickening patch of pubic hair as we talked.

"I'm the one who does your laundry, remember? I have a pretty good idea how much you're in here doing 'that' to yourself."

"When was the last time you masturbated your pussy, Mom?"

"I don't know." Her hand that was between us began fidgeting. "Three weeks ago, maybe."

"Back before you spread your legs for the guy and his camera?"

"Yes."

"But not since we started doing stuff together?"

"No," she lied.

I dipped my finger into her slit and toyed with her clit. "Has Dad put his cock in you lately?"

"No."

"You must be very stressed right now."

"Don't worry about me," she said a little out of breath. "Do you want me to jerk you off or something?"

I didn't fall for her attempt to distract me. I moved my finger down and touched her opening. I felt her pussy clench and her hole close tight. I smeared some of her wetness up along her lips, and around her hard clit.

"No, that's okay, I want to talk some more." I squeezed her nub gently between my thumb and forefinger, rolling it around slowly. "How about if I jerk you off, Mom? Would you like that?"

"No, Alex, we're not even going to go there."

I leaned across her body and sucked at the nipple that hadn't gotten much attention yet, and continued to fiddle with her clit.

"I want to make you cum," I said.

"You can want it all you want, but it's not going to happen."

"It will if I tell you it will."

"You're not getting it, Alex." As she spoke I thought I detected her legs moving apart ever so slightly. "For boys it's mostly a mechanical process. Pull on their dick and they cum. For women it's primarily a mental thing. There's no magic button for us, we have to be fully engaged with our partner in order to have an orgasm. Meaning we have to be a willing participant."

"You don't think I can force you to cum?"

"I will try to fake it if you insist, but what's the point of that?"

I went back to her nipple. I licked the stiff rise of crinkled skin near the center of her areola. My finger wiggled down and played around her opening. This time she didn't tense up. I could have penetrated her easily if I wanted. Would she call me a rapist if I did? Feeling her silky wetness at that spot was plenty good enough for me at that moment.

"I want to watch you have a real orgasm."

"Even if it was possible, I still wouldn't do that in front of you."

"How come? I do it in front of you all the time."

"I don't know how you have this thing all turned around in your head, Alex, but I'll say it again, this is an ordeal for me that I don't know if I will ever get over." She paused for a second when I slid my fingers back up to her clit and began rubbing it again. It seemed like her brain disconnected for a moment then kicked back on. "The things you are forcing me to do are hurtful and disgusting. My orgasm is something special that I share with a lover, not with someone who's abusing me for his own perverted gratification."

"Your pussy feels amazing, Mom." I gave her nipple a soft bite. "I wonder what it would be like to put my cock in there."

"Don't bother wondering about that."

"I know, save the lecture." My hard-on was pressed to her hip. I grinded it against her a few times. "Spread your legs for me."

Mom opened up, putting one leg over mine. I patted her pussy, then stroked the insides of her thighs for a little. It was very nice lying with her like that, feeling the warmth of her naked flesh against mine. Even though she probably didn't want to be here, it was easy to believe that maybe she liked how it felt too.

"God, you're so fucking sexy, Mom. I don't get why Dad doesn't fuck you every night."

"I suppose a person can get bored of anything given time."

"I would never get bored of putting my cock in your pussy and fucking you until we both got to cum." I pushed my cock harder against her side. "That would be so awesome."

She didn't say anything, but I knew she was thinking about it--imagining what it would be like to have me on top of her with my cock going in and out of her pussy. To be honest, I hadn't really seriously considered trying to actually fuck my mom until just then. I'd thought about all sorts of other things I could do to her, but I hadn't dared to consider it for real. Even though I'm pretty much the perverted sicko that she says I am, really having full-on sex with my own mother hadn't seemed like a possibility. Right then it sort of did.

"It's late," Mom finally said. "I need to get to sleep."

I nuzzled the tit closest to my face. "You said I couldn't put my finger up inside you, so I want to see you put your own finger in there."

"Haven't you embarrassed me enough? Don't make me do that."

"What's the big deal? Don't you stick your fingers in there all the time when you masturbate?"

"That's something I do in private."

"We're not exactly in public right now."

"I mean when I'm alone."

"You must do it when Dad is looking, so what's the difference?"

"We don't do that in front of each other."

"Seriously? Dad's never seen you finger yourself?"

"No one has." She squirmed uncomfortably next to me. "Like I said, that is meant to be kept private."

For some reason this was making me hornier than ever. Obviously Mom had some sort of guilty hang up about playing with herself. I couldn't even imagine how guilty she must be feeling about messing around with her son! I sucked each of her nipples and massaged her pussy lips as I thought about this. I was leaking pre-cum all over Mom's hip and it was nice and slippery when I rubbed my cock against her now.

"Mom," I said using my 'in-charge' voice, "put your finger in your pussy or I'm going to go down the hall, wake up Dad, and tell him everything you did with that guy, and everything

you did to me." It was hard to read her expression in the dark, but I had a good idea what it must have been. "You know I will. It's either a little bit of embarrassment now or a whole lot later. What's it going to be?"

With an irritated huff she pushed my hand away from her crotch and replaced it with her own. I heard that wet noise her pussy makes, then that was it.

"There. My finger is in my pussy. Satisfied?"

"I'm getting there."

I felt my way down her arm to the hand that was between her legs. I traced my touch toward her fingers and discovered that the middle one was inserted in her vagina. A tingle went up my back. I felt around the spot where her opening encircled her finger. It was almost too much to get my head around.

"Move it in and out." I whispered the order. "Like you're fucking yourself." She didn't respond. "Do it, Mom. Fuck your finger."

She had no choice but to comply. Her hand moved haltingly. Her finger glided out, then back into her wet hole. I rested my hand on top of hers and felt her doing it. Those wet noises could be heard, just like in the hallway the night before.

"That's good," I breathed. "Is this how you masturbate your pussy when you're by yourself, Mom? Is this how you make yourself cum?"

"I'm not going to cum, Alex. Get that idea out of your head."

"Doesn't matter. I just like knowing how you fuck yourself." I got up on my knees next to her so I had a good view of her whole body by the light of the moon. "Keep going."

I took hold of my cock and started jerking over her. What a sight it was. My mom lying on my bed, legs spread wide, and her finger working in and out of her pussy. Not only was I able to watch her doing this, but I could also beat off right in front of her without any inhibitions. It practically made me dizzy to think about it.

"Masturbate for me, Mom. Make yourself cum while I jack off on you."

"I'm not doing either of those."

"I don't care, just act like you are," I told her.

"Oh, oh, look at me, I'm masturbating." She was trying to be as unconvincing and as mocking as she could. "Ooo, my pussy feels so good, I'm about to cum."

"You are such a hot fucking slut, Mom," I moaned and spanked my meat faster. "Are you going to think about this later when you get yourself off for real? I know this makes you horny."

"Hurry up and cum on me, son." She was saying the words, but trying to sound like she didn't mean them. "Squirt your hot cum all over your mommy's big tits."

"You like it, but you don't want to admit it." I aimed my cock at her tits as I continued to crank it hard. "You came in here on your own tonight. You wanted to suck my cock, didn't you?"

"Sure I did," her disaffected tone faltered. "I can't resist your big, manly cock. I have to have it. I can't live without your cum. Shoot it all over me."

She wanted to act like her words were false, but I knew there was a certain amount of truth behind them. Hearing her saying those things, sincere or not, was enough to bring me off. I thrust my dick toward her and sprayed several jets of jizz on her tits and tummy.

As soon as I spunked, she stopped fucking herself. She pulled her finger out, and I caught hold of her wrist. I lifted her hand to my mouth, and I sucked her fingers. My expectation was that she would try to jerk her hand away, but she let me suck and lick until I was content.

"I really did think you told me I to come to your room tonight."

"I'm glad you did."

"You think I'm a slut, Alex, but I'm really not. It was just..."

"Let me guess, it was just a one-time thing."

"It was, I swear."

"Yeah, right." I wiped the tip of my cock off on her body. "There's a blob of cum on your nipple. Lick it off."

She didn't bother arguing. She pushed her tit up, and leaned her head forward. Her tongue reached out and lapped up my warm jizz. She swallowed and then sucked the remnants away as well. If she wasn't my mom, I could have fallen in love with her right then.

"Be honest," I said. "If I hadn't walked in, would you have fucked that guy?"

"No," she answered too quickly. "I wouldn't...it was just pictures...and..."

"And you accidentally started sucking his cock? I saw how worked up you were. You were totally going to fuck him."

She looked up at me and decided to give up the lie. "It wasn't what I had planned, but once I got caught up in the moment...to have a man look at me that way...it's been so long." She took my hand. I don't know why, but she held it and squeezed tight. "Yes, I would have had sex with him if you hadn't interrupted."

"You were going to let that scumbag put his scuzzy cock inside your pussy and fuck you." I held onto her hand when she tried to let go. "You were going to wrap your legs around his hairy ass, and ride his dick until you had yourself a nice big desperate housewife cum."

"Don't say it like that," Mom pleaded as she held back her tears.

"You were going to let him bust his nut in you on the spot where Becca sits to watch cartoons."

"Please..."

"What does that make you, Mom?"

"I didn't..."

"What are you?"

"I'm what you say I am." She took a sharp breath. "I'm a slut. I'm a horrible wife, a bad mother, and a whore. You're right, Alex, your mother is a dirty, filthy slut."

"That's right." I leaned down and kissed her on the cheek. "And I'm the only one who ever has to know it as long as you behave and do what I want."

"It was a mistake, but you can't keep punishing for it." She closed her legs and hugged her arms over her naked breasts. "You need to forgive me at some point so we can go back to normal."

"I like this better than normal," I said and nudged her to get off my bed. I watched her gather up her robe from the floor and put it on. "For tomorrow night, I want you to bring your vibrator with you."

She froze for a second, then clumsily tied and cinched the sash of her robe. "I don't have one of those."

"Then bring the one that's tucked under your side of the mattress." She wasn't expecting me to catch her in that lie. "I'm sure whoever it belongs to won't mind if we use it."

She didn't bother responding. Mom picked up her bra and panties and left. I waited half a minute, then I tiptoed to the door and peeked out. Sure enough there she was, masturbating outside her bedroom door again. This time she was leaning with her back against the wall, her

robe hanging open, one hand massaging a tit, the other going crazy on her pussy. It barely took twenty seconds before her whole body shuddered and her legs gave out. She slid down the wall holding her pussy tight. Seeing Mom make herself cum was beyond the coolest thing ever. It was even better than the things I made her do because this she was doing for herself without being forced. I wanted more of that.

I watched while she got herself together and snuck back into her bedroom. I thought about how she was about to get into bed next to my dad with the smell of my cum still on her breath. Wouldn't it be awesome if he kissed her like that? The clueless bastard deserved it.

I went out into the hallway, went to my mother's bedroom door, and jerked off in the same place that she just had. What little cum I had remaining spattered onto the floor and I just left it there.

The next day I was watching TV after school and my mom came into the living room. This got my attention. She had been doing her best to avoid me ever since that fateful day, so something was up. She looked like she had something to say, but was embarrassed.

"Good afternoon, Mommy," I said with a smirk.

"Alex, I...I can't do what you asked tonight."

My first worry was that she had found some trick to get out from under my control. But I stayed calm.

"That's okay. We can do it now instead."

"No," she said too meekly to have anything tricky up her sleeve. "We can't." She looked around to make sure no one else was within earshot even though we were the only two in the house. "I got my period this morning, so we can't do anything."

There were obviously some things we could still do, but I was so relieved that it wasn't something else more major that I wasn't even going to push it. Well, maybe just a little.

"How do I know you're not just saying that?"

"I don't know, Alex. I'm a woman, it happens every month. What do you want me to tell you?"

"Prove it."

"You want me to prove that women have a menstrual cycle?" She crossed her arms and looked at me like I was an idiot.

"No, that you're having yours right now. Pull your pants down."

"Don't be crude."

"I'm serious. Pull your pants down or you'll be having your menstrual cycle alone in a motel room tonight when Dad kicks you out of the house."

Her jaw clenched, and her eyes burned with anger. I waited her out.

Finally, in a fit of infuriated annoyance, she yanked open the top button of her jeans, tore the zipper down, and pushed her pants down off her hips. I nodded for her to continue. She jerked down her underwear. I leaned forward to get a closer look. Standing in front of me, she parted her thighs enough that I could see the tight crease of her slit, and down near the bottom a short length of white string dangled down.

I really didn't have any doubt that she was on her period, but I didn't want to pass up an opportunity for a little afternoon humiliation. I reached out and flicked the string and Mom immediately moved away.

"There, you got your sick jollies, alright?"

"Okay, fine." I leaned back on the sofa and watched her pull her pants up. "But make sure you come and tell me as soon as your pussy is open for business again."

She gave me a face and shook her head at my vulgarity.

"And that's how I want you to say it, understand?"

"Whatever."

"I'm going to be saving it all up for you, so be ready to swallow a huge load."

"That's enough, Alex." She would have loved to have been able to smack me, or ground me, or take away my TV privileges, but all she could do was storm out of the room. I watched her ass as she went and realized I wasn't taking advantage of Mom's butt nearly as much as I should. I'd have to fix that soon.

I pretty much left her alone for the rest of the week. Well, except for one thing.

Warren Sneltz rode my bus home with me on Thursday. He smelled a bit like last night's fried fish, and didn't speak to me the whole ride. I got a few strange looks from the other kids, but no one bothered us. When we got off the bus, he just stood in front of my house looking lost and scared.

"I think I changed my mind," he said in a high-pitched voice that didn't seem to fit a boy as big around as he was.

"A deal's a deal, War-man." I patted him on the shoulder and nudged him up the driveway. "I promise you won't regret it."

I made sure he went in the side door ahead of me so he couldn't run off. My mom was there in the kitchen making cupcakes for Becca to take to school the next day.

"Hi, Mom, this is Warren."

"Hi, Warren." She gave me a suspicious look. She knew I would never willingly hang out with a dork like this kid.

"Hi, Mrs. Taylor." It sounded like a mouse was talking instead of a teenaged boy.

"What are you two up to today?" she asked as she slathered icing on a cupcake.

She'd asked Warren, but he just looked at me. I could actually see beads of sweat on his chubby upper lip. The poor kid was about to shit himself.

"Warren's never seen real boobs before," I told my mom as normal as can be. "Real naked boobs, I mean."

"That's enough of that kind of talk," my mom bristled. "It isn't the least bit funny."

Warren was ready to turn and book it out of there.

"I told Warren that you would show him your boobs."

My mother glared at me with a caustic hatred.

"No, that's...I..." Warren stammered and sweated. "I only thought he was kidding when he said...y'know."

"I wasn't kidding, Warren," I assured him. "I told you they were big, didn't I? Look at those babies. My mom likes showing them off to strangers. Don't you, Mom?"

"Enough, Alex." She put down the ruined cupcake she had unintentionally crushed in her hand. "I think the two of you had better leave."

Her voice was hard as rocks, but I wasn't fazed.

"No problem." I just shrugged like it was no big thing. "C'mon, Warren, let's go to the living room. I have some cool pictures on my computer you'll like better anyway." I grabbed him by the arm and pulled him in the direction of the living room, adding, "I also have a hot video that'll blow you away."

Mom knew exactly what pictures and video I was talking about. "Wait!" she called out suddenly.

We stopped and turned toward her. She was fuming, trying to figure a way out of this. I noticed the familiar clench of her jaw. She was trapped once again.

"It's cool, Mom. Warren promised not to tell anyone." I led him back to the center of the kitchen. "He doesn't have any friends anyway, so there's really no one for him to tell. Plus, even if he did, no one would believe him. Right, Warren?"

He nodded, wide-eyed and speechless. Mom knew it was either show Warren her tits or he would see pictures of her spread open pussy and video of her swallowing my load. I was certain she'd pick the much lesser of two evils.

"Just my chest. Nothing else."

"That's all," I confirmed. "Just your big, fat, beautiful tits."

She gave Warren the evil eye. I half expected him to bust out crying on the spot.

"Not a word to anyone, Warren. Ever."

She unbuttoned her blouse as quick as she could. I heard an odd little sound coming out of Warren. I don't think he believed I was serious when I'd made the offer and only came along because no one ever invited him to do anything. Mom had on a huge, peach-colored bra. Without ceremony, she pulled it up and her big titties flopped free.

Warren choked. I smiled. Mom grimaced.

She tried to pull her bra back down right away, but I spoke up before she could.

"Hold on, let him get a good look." I pushed Warren closer toward her. "Look at those things. Aren't they the shit? What d'ya think, Warren?"

"I don't know," she squeaked in awed amazement. "They're very nice."

"I told you she had big nipples, didn't I? Bet you'd like to suck on those."

Warren blushed a deeper shade of red. He licked his pudgy lips.

"Seen enough?" my mom asked sharply.

"You can give them a feel," I told Warren. "Go ahead, she doesn't mind, do you, Mom?"

If looks could kill. "Alex, this has gone far enough."

"She's just a little grumpy today, Warren, don't be afraid." I pushed him toward my mom.
"Give those puppies a good squeeze."

He reached out and grabbed both of my mom's tits at the same time. She cringed. I could only imagine what his cold, clammy hands must have felt like on her nipples. He held them for a few seconds then let go and stepped back.

"I'm sorry, Mrs. Taylor," he mumbled.

My mom pulled her bra down, hiding away her perfect rack.

"Real, naked boobs, Warren, just like I promised. Now pay up."

Warren dug around deep in his pocket. As he did, it became obvious to both me and my mom that he was sporting a woody. Once again, it seemed awfully small for a boy of his girth. He held out a fistful of dollar bills to me.

"Not me," I said pointing to my mom. "She's the one who earned it."

He turned and held out the money to my mother. She didn't move.

"It's time for you to go, Warren." She said it in a way that sounded like she was about to explode.

He spilled the wad of cash on the counter next to my sister's cupcakes, gave me a quick wave, and bolted out the door. I had no idea how the poor sap was going to get home, and I really didn't care.

My mom poked at the crumpled pile of sweat-soaked bills.

"Six dollars? That's the price for my last shred of dignity?"

"Funny, I didn't know whores had any dignity at all." I tried not to laugh. "Oh, my God, that was classic!"

"It was stupid, is what it was. If he tells anyone this grand perverse scheme of yours is going to come crashing down around your ears and we'll both be fucked."

"He won't tell. That's why I picked him. How was it to have the biggest loser in school feeling you up? I think he may have literally creamed his pants."

She shivered involuntarily. "You caught me by surprise this time, but if you try to pull something like that again I'll make sure you regret it."

"Ooo, that sounds like a threat."

She gave me one of her 'I shit you not' looks and went to the sink. She turned the water on and waited for it to get warm.

"You think you've got me where you want me, Alex, but you're going to make a mistake somewhere along the way."

She wet a paper towel, lifted her bra, and swabbed each of her tits with it. No doubt to get rid of Warren's sticky sweat residue that was left behind. It was so hot that she just whipped them out like that in front of me when she could have gone and cleaned herself up in private.

"Leave your tits out," I instructed her before she could cover up again. "Finish doing the cupcakes like that."

With a shake of her head, and an exasperated sigh, she did as she was told. I pulled my cock out and watched her smear vanilla frosting onto a chocolate cupcake.

"You're seriously demented, Alex."

"It's not my fault you have gorgeous tits, Mom."

She acted like she wasn't paying any attention to the fact that I was jerking off, but I noticed her eyes flicking to my dick a few times.

"Put some frosting on your nipples."

She looked around like she was double checking to make sure no one was watching, then frosted the tips of her boobs.

"Mmm...that looks yummy," I said as I jacked my dick harder.

"Alex, get your balls off the counter, it's unsanitary."

I kept my balls right where they were.

"Lick the frosting off."

She put the cupcake and spatula down, held her big tit with both hands, lifted it and tilted it so the nipple was pointing up. My mom licked the frosting up off her titty the same way she did when it was my cum. Damn it looked sexy when she did that.

"Come over here so I can do the other one."

She came over and presented her other tit to me. I leaned down and licked the sweet, white glop off of her boob, then gave it a good hard suck. I liked the way I could feel her nip stiffen in my mouth. When I was ready to blow, I took my mouth away from her tit.

"Fuck that's good!" I was beating my dick hardcore. "Watch me cum, Mom! Look at my cock...ahhhh!"

She looked down just in time to see me shoot my load. It spurted onto the wad of damp dollar bills from Warren's sweaty pocket. It seemed funny, so I aimed the rest of my cum so it landed all over the money too. When I was done I had my mom suck the tip of my cock clean, gave her a pat on the butt, and headed off to my room leaving behind my gooey mess for her to deal with.

This was almost too much fun for me to handle. I couldn't wait to see what perverted thing I thought up next!

I figured Mom would be pissed at me for at least a couple days for that stunt I pulled with Warren, but she was acting almost normal toward me by dinner time. It made me a little paranoid, like maybe she was up to something and had a plan to screw everything up. She was okay again the next day, which made me wonder if she was just getting used to the situation and accepted it as the way things were going to be from now on. That would be sweet.

Sunday afternoon I was lying on the couch watching TV. Dad was out mowing the lawn, and Becca was off at a Girl Scout meeting. Mom came in wearing a pair of shorts and a t-shirt. She was all sweaty from being on the treadmill.

"I'm done," she said out of nowhere.

"Done?"

She rolled her eyes and huffed. "My pussy is open for business," she recited unenthusiastically. Ha! I almost forgot I told her to say that. I expected her to try to get away with stretching her period excuse out a few more days, but as best as I could tell she didn't try to cheat.

"Cool." I looked her body up and down. "I want to see you use your vibrator?"

"Tonight?"

"No." I sat up. "Right now."

"Alex, don't be an idiot. Dad is right outside."

"I know. As long as we can hear the mower going we'll know we're safe. Go get it and bring it

down here."

"Becca might come home early."

"She won't."

"That's what I thought when you were supposed to be at soccer practice."

"Turn around," I said with stern authority. She turned. Pull your shorts down. There was a pause, but she did it. "And your panties." Mom obeyed.

I took a good look at her ass. It was good sized, but still pretty smooth. There was a small dimple here or there, but nothing bad for a lady her age. It was the kind of ass you could really grab onto if you wanted. I went and stood behind her.

SMACK!

She gave a surprised yelp when my hand slapped her cheek hard. I could see the ghostly handprint it left behind. Oops, didn't mean for that to happen. Hope it doesn't leave a mark for Dad to see!

"Go upstairs," I whispered in her ear, "get your sex toy, and bring it down here."

She bent over to pull up her shorts and underwear. **WHACK!** On the other cheek.

"Leave those here."

She kicked them off the rest of the way then hurried upstairs in nothing but a t-shirt and sneakers. It was about as cute as hell seeing her running like that with no pants on. My cock was already hard as nails. I looked out the window and saw my pathetic excuse for a father pushing the mower across the front lawn. If he had been fucking Mom like he should have been none of this would be happening. I didn't know if I should hate him or thank him.

Before I knew it Mom was back, holding her vibrator, looking embarrassed.

"It's not very big," I observed.

She was listening for the sound of the lawn mower. "It doesn't need to be." Mom looked nervously at the two windows.

"Lay down on the floor," I said. "That way he won't be able to see anything."

She did it without thinking twice. Her hair down there was longer than the last time I'd seen it. It looked nice. She wasn't at all comfortable, lying there on the floor of our living room on a Sunday afternoon, bare from the waist down, and her husband just outside. But she waited

quietly for my next command.

"Open your legs." I sat on the sofa as she did so. "Good. Now spread your pussy open for me."

Mom left the vibrator at her side and parted her lips while I pulled out my dick.

"Very nice. It looks like you're already wet down there."

She cleared her throat. "Probably because I was working out."

Yeah, right. I let her have that one.

"So, you use that thing to masturbate?"

"Sometimes."

"What do you do? Do you fuck it?"

"Sometimes, yes."

"Show me. I want to see how you masturbate with your dildo."

She picked up the toy with a shaky hand. "I meant what I said the last time. I'm not going to orgasm, if that's what you're expecting."

"I don't care," I lied. "I just want to see how my slutty mommy plays with her pussy when she's horny for cock and isn't getting any."

She didn't even bother telling me what a sicko I was, and started rubbing the plastic vibrator up and down her pussy slit. It was sexy, but it really didn't look like much.

"Is that all you do?" I asked.

"Basically this is it."

"Wait, you didn't turn it on."

She fumbled with the thing, twisted the black cap at the base, and a dull hum filled the room. My mom then went back to rubbing herself with the toy. It took about fifteen or twenty seconds, but I began to notice a very slight movement of her hips. Even though she said she didn't want to, I think the vibrations were getting her horny anyway. Now we were getting somewhere!

"You are one sexy slut, Mom." I was trying not to beat off too fast while I watched her. "How does it feel to be masturbating in front of your own son?"

"Humiliating."

"Good."

I watched her quietly for a few moments. I noticed two little bumps at the front of her t-shirt. Her nipples were fighting to poke up from under the sports bra she was wearing. Her hips were now clearly moving in slow circles. The muscles in her thighs tensed, then relaxed in rhythm with each turn. There was no doubt she was feeling it.

"Let me see you fuck yourself," I told her.

She spread her legs a bit wider, found her opening with the tip of the vibrator, and then gave it a gentle push. Just like that her pussy swallowed the small toy up. Holy fuck it would be awesome if that could be my dick. She drew it out and I could see that it was now all wet with her sex juices. Back in it went, and she continued sliding it in and out nice and easy.

Her eyes were closed, and her head turned to one side. It didn't look to me like she was just going through the motions. Her hand was pushing the dildo in and out of her pussy, but her body was moving like she was fucking it back. At one point her other hand slid over her hip and it looked like she was reaching for her clit, but then she pulled it back. I was so close to blowing my wad that I had to let go of my cock for a few seconds.

"That looks so hot, Mom." I thought about taking over and fucking her with the dildo, but I didn't want to spoil what was happening. "Now take it and rub it on your clit again."

She was slow to respond, but not because she didn't want to follow orders, but more because she was so into fucking herself. Mom pulled the toy out of her hole and brought it up to her clit, which I'm sure was totally hard. Right away it was obvious that she was super turned on by the way her body sort of jumped when the buzzing vibrator touched her sensitive spot.

Her free hand was on the move again. This time it crept up toward one of her breasts. I held my breath and didn't say a word. Her hand brushed over it briefly, almost like she didn't mean to do it. She was pressing the vibrator tight to top area of her pussy and grinding her hips a little. I noticed her biting her bottom lip, like maybe she was trying to hold something back. Her hand went back to her chest. This time she gave her tit a squeeze before quickly moving her hand away. She was definitely going to make herself cum. My head was spinning with anticipation.

I was dying to say something, but I didn't want to disrupt her concentration. She was once again touching her breast, and even pinching at her nipple through the fabric of her t-shirt and bra. Her hips started making jerking motions, and her mouth opened in a silent moan.

Then, BANG! The screen door slammed shut. Someone was in the kitchen! My mom sat up instantly and we both realized we couldn't hear the lawn mower running. She jumped up and

ran for the stairs. I quickly began trying to jam my hard-on back into my pants. My stupid dad was about to walk in and find me with my cock out and Mom butt naked halfway up the stairs with a buzzing dildo in her hand. We were completely fucked!

I heard the refrigerator door open and knew I had a little more time. I got myself tucked away and zipped. Mom was out of sight up the stairs. My dad stepped into the living room and cracked open his can of Miller Lite. He took a swig and I was sure he could hear my heart beating from across the room.

And that's when I noticed Mom's shorts and panties still lying on the floor right there between us.

"Hey, sport!" Dad said cheerily. "What're you doing inside? It's a beautiful day, you should be outside playing." He took another drink.

I stood up, hoping to keep his attention away from the floor, even though it risked giving away that I had a raging boner in my pants.

"Yeah, I...I was just going out to shoot some hoops."

"Great. You're going to turn into a mushroom sitting around inside all day."

He was about to turn and leave, then he paused. Dad sniffed at the air, made a puzzled face, shook his head, took another swig then wandered back into the kitchen. As soon as it was safe I dashed over and grabbed Mom's stuff. I hurried to the stairs. She was standing at the top of the steps, naked from the waist down, looking scared as hell. I balled up her shorts and panties and threw them to her. I was hoping my dad would go back outside so we could finish, but he came back in with another beer and flipped on the TV. He sniffed around again, shrugged, and settled down in his easy chair.

Fuck.

All I could do was head out to the driveway with my unsatisfied erection and shoot some hoops. The whole time I couldn't stop looking up at Mom's bedroom window knowing that she was probably up there fucking her dildo and making herself cum without me.

I decided then that it was about time I pushed this thing with my mother to the next level.

Introduction: Mother puts a stop to her son's sexual domination over her, but is this what she really wants?

Boy Dominates Sexy Mom, Chapter 4 of 4
By Kinkybelle

I spent the whole rest of the day frustrated after my retarded father walked in the house and ruined things. Mom was spread out on the floor in front of me and about to make herself cum with her vibrator, but had to run off before my dad caught us both jerking off in the living room. I was so close to seeing her have an orgasm it was almost painful to think about.

That night, just as I was about to turn off the light next to my bed and rub one out, there was a light knock at the door. My mom came in and closed the door softly behind her. She was wearing her big terry-cloth robe and pajamas underneath. She looked very tired.

"We need to talk."

"Okay," I said, already knowing where this was going to lead.

"That was too close, Alex...this afternoon."

"I know, I know. I'll be more careful from now on."

"That's not enough." Her voice was calm, almost sad. "This has to end. That's all there is to it."

"I'm pretty sure it's up to me when, and if, this ends." I wasn't feeling like I was on especially solid footing in that moment.

"No. It's up to me. It has always been up to me." Mom hugged her arms around herself. She was having a hard time looking at me directly. "I was afraid of losing something I didn't deserve to have anymore. I was so busy being angry with you, and lying to myself, that I couldn't see the truth."

I didn't know if I completely understood what she was saying. I all of the sudden felt like a child again--a child that was in way over his head.

"It's not that big of a deal, Mom. I'll take it down a notch, and as long as you play along everything can be good the way it is."

"That's just it, things aren't good the way they are. They haven't been for a long time."

I could tell she was trying hard to not cry.

"You think I won't do it, do you?" I didn't know if I was more scared, upset, or relieved that my reign of terror might be coming to an end. "I'll show Dad the pictures. I'll show the video of us. Everyone will know what you did."

"It's not what I want, but if that's the price I have to pay for the things I've done, then so be it."

Shit. I couldn't tell if she was really calling my bluff or not. Was I even bluffing? I was serious about the threats in the beginning, but now I wasn't so sure. All I knew was that I didn't want it to end.

"What if we make a deal?"

"I tried that with you before and you didn't hold up your end of it."

"That was me being stupid, but this time I'm serious."

There was a small glimmer of hope in her eyes. "What is the deal?"

"Just one more time, then I'll leave you alone forever. I swear."

She looked at the floor and didn't move for a while. I stayed still as my heart thumped in my chest. It couldn't be over. Not yet.

"No," she whispered. "I can't let this happen again."

"Only one last time, Mom. That's all."

"What do you want to make me do?"

"Only stuff we've already done before. Nothing you don't want to do."

The words were out of my mouth before I could stop myself. I waited for the angry comeback that she never wanted to do any of it, but she didn't make her usual denial this time.

"This really will be the last time, Alex. One way or another. I don't know why I'm trusting you, but if you try me again after tonight you're going to have to go ahead and follow through with your threats. Understand?"

I nodded and held my breath. She stared me in the eye for a good long time. I guess she was convinced that I wasn't bullshitting her this time because she untied her robe and let it fall to the floor. Without me having to tell her, she took off her pajama bottoms and pulled down her panties. Mom then took off her top. She wasn't wearing a bra and just like that she was standing there totally naked. My cock went from zero to hard in 2.6 seconds.

"What do you want me to do?" she asked.

A thousand perverted things raced through my mind, but for some reason all I wanted to do right then was give her a hug. Maybe it was because of how sad she seemed. I just wanted her to not feel so bad about this anymore for some reason.

"Get in bed with me."

I scooted over and pulled the covers back. She tiptoed over and got into my bed. I put the blanket over her, and we settled in next to each other. Her warm, naked body against mine felt so good.

I couldn't keep myself from touching her. My hand caressed her lightly, roaming over her belly and thighs as she lay quietly. My touch ventured up and I ran my fingers over each of her soft breasts, lingering at her broad, sensitive nipples. They responded quickly and I felt my mother's body relax. Her eyes were closed, but I couldn't tell if she was taking in the sensations or if her mind was elsewhere.

My hand soon found its way down between her legs. Her scratchy whiskers had grown out so that they were curly little hairs that felt soft to touch. As one of my fingers tickled up and down her slit, she opened up her legs for me. That gave me a good feeling inside, along with an excited tingle up my back. I gently spread her lips apart and explored deeper. While my hand was at work on her pussy, I leaned over her and began sucking on a nipple.

I had only been at it a few seconds when I felt something strange. Mom's hand was on my head. Her fingers played through my hair as I suckled her tit. She pressed down some, pushing me against her large, pillowy breast. I assumed she wanted me to suck harder, and so I did. I thought I heard a small moaning sound coming from her, but it could have been my imagination. I played with her clit, kept sucking, and rubbed my hard dick against her side.

Mom's hand slid down to my back. It was the first time I was almost sure she was getting into it. How cool was that?

I forced myself to stop sucking her nipples, and moved my hand away from her very wet pussy. Her eyes snapped open and she seemed confused and maybe a little frustrated.

"In the living room today," I said, "if Dad didn't interrupt you were going to give yourself an orgasm, weren't you?"

She cleared her throat before trying to answer. "I told you I wouldn't do that in front of you."

"I know that's what you said, but it looked like you were almost going to cum."

"Well, that doesn't matter now, so there's nothing to say about it."

"Why don't you want me to see you have an orgasm?"

"A woman should only share herself like that with her lover, not with her son."

"I have seen it though. You having an orgasm."

"What are you talking about?" There was a slight edge to her voice.

"I saw you out in the hallway a couple times." I licked her nipple. "You were down on your hands and knees masturbating after you left my room. You were rubbing your pussy like crazy and I saw you have an orgasm right there on the floor."

"You spied on me?"

I nibbled the side of her breast. "Pretty much. But you were the one who decided to play with yourself right out in the open." I squeezed her other boob, and tugged gently at her nipple. "You looked sexy. Especially your ass. I jerked off about eight times thinking about seeing you make yourself cum."

"You don't...it was only because..." she tripped over her words then gave up.

"You don't have to try to explain it, Mom. Dad hasn't been taking care of you, you got horny, and you fingered your pussy to get off. I get it." I pushed my stiff cock against her some more.

"My life has become a series of one humiliating embarrassment after another," she whispered more to herself than to me.

"You can masturbate now if you want. I've already seen you do it before, so there's no reason not to. I know you don't want to admit it, but your pussy is soaking wet and I can tell you're horny and excited." I let that sink in for a few moments. "You deserve to feel good."

I took her hand and placed it over her pussy. I pressed her hand into her warm softness. At first she didn't do anything and just let her hand lie there. After a minute, her fingers started to move. Hardly at all at first, then more and more. She was doing it. She was pleasuring herself because she wanted to and not because I was forcing her to do it. This was the most exciting thing yet.

Mom turned her shoulders a tiny bit, then lifted her chest up some, bringing her breasts toward my face. I knew exactly what she wanted.

"Do you want me to suck your tits while you play with yourself, Mom?"

She nodded ever so slightly.

"Tell me," I said in a nice way, not like it was an order.

She resisted for a few seconds, then gave in.

"Suck my tits, Alex. Suck my nipples for me while I masturbate."

I gladly did what she asked. Strangely, it felt different this time. I mean, her nipples felt the

same in my mouth as I sucked them and ran my tongue all over them, but knowing that I was doing it as much for her pleasure as mine made it different...better.

"Does that feel good for you, Mom?"

"I shouldn't be doing this," she panted and kept right on playing with herself. "I shouldn't be masturbating my pussy in front of my son." She opened her legs more and slid two fingers into her hole. It wasn't like when I made her do it that time before. She was seriously fucking herself, and totally getting into it.

I went back to squeezing and sucking her boobs for her. The hand that Mom wasn't touching herself with groped around until it found my dick. She grabbed me and gripped it tight.

"You like my cock, don't you?"

"Yes," she breathed. The wet noises from down there got louder. "My baby has such a nice cock. It feels so good in Mommy's mouth." She began jerking me with one hand while banging her pussy with the other. "I like tasting your cum, and feeling it on my tits."

She wasn't holding anything back tonight. The floodgates had burst. I had wanted to believe all the things she was saying were true this whole time, but I wasn't completely sure until I heard her saying it without being threatened.

"I love you so much, Mom."

I didn't know why I blurted that out all of the sudden. I tried to remember how I was supposed to be mad at her for cheating, and for being a slut whore of a mother, but I couldn't be angry at her with everything that was going on.

"Put your cock in my mouth. Let Mommy suck your penis one last time."

I got up on my knees and shuffled over to where she could turn her head and take my dick between her lips. She sucked it, kissed it and licked it. I loved seeing her do this to me, and I could also look down the length of her naked body sprawled out on my bed and see her hand working over her pussy hard and fast. I didn't realize you could treat a delicate pussy as rough as that and have it still feel good. I guessed that she must know what she was doing.

Just as I was getting close, Mom stopped sucking.

"Jerk yourself off for me. Masturbate into my mouth." Her whole body was squirming and she was probably close to getting off too. "You like that, don't you? When I eat your cum?"

"You're so nasty," I moaned as I began beating off right in her face.

"So fucking nasty," she said before licking a drop of pre-cum from the head of my cock. "What

does that make me? Tell me what I am, Alex."

I wasn't sure what she wanted me to say at first, then I got it.

"You're a slut, Mom."

"Yes."

"You're a horny fuck slut."

"I'm a slut for my baby's cock," she moaned as she thrashed around even harder on my bed. I started to get worried that we might wake up Dad. "I shouldn't be doing this," she repeated.

"It's what whores do," I said, ready to blow, but not wanting to yet.

"You saw me being a whore, didn't you? You saw me spreading my pussy for that man."

"I did."

"And you saw me down on my knees sucking his fat little dick."

"I'm going to cum, Mom!"

"Right in my mouth, baby."

My balls clenched, and that funny feeling ran up my spine. I pointed the end of my cock at my Mom's open mouth, and let my cum squirt onto her outstretched tongue. Spurt after spurt shot out of my cum hole. Some of it landed on her lips and chin. I hadn't seen my mother look that happy in months. She didn't have to hide it this time.

"Uhh...uh...uh...mmmmm!" she grunted as all her muscled tightened up and her hand moved faster than ever down between her legs. Her hips came up off the mattress.

She was holding my load in her mouth, but when she started cumming she swallowed it down. Right as she did, her orgasm really took off.

Her legs shook, and she clenched her jaw tight to keep from screaming out. She moaned and groaned and bucked against her hand for about five or six seconds then all of the sudden went limp. Her body fell slack and the only sound was her breathing hard.

I stared at her in awe. I'd never seen anything like that before, and I knew I wouldn't ever forget it. Her body was shiny with a light coating of sweat, making her even more sexy than she already was. Her fingers continued to tickle up and down her swollen pussy lips. I wasn't sure what I should do, so I just knelt there with my dick in my hand and waited.

"Oh, God, why did I do that?"

It made me feel a little bad that she was regretting it so soon.

"It felt good though, didn't it?"

"Yes," she sighed. "I obviously can't deny that."

"And you really like sucking my dick and swallowing my stuff?"

She gave a little chuckle. "No comment," she said, then licked her lips.

"Want me to suck your boobs some more?" I was desperately trying to find a way to keep her in my bed with me.

Mom turned to me with a strange, hungry look in her eye.

"Since this is your last hurrah, how would you like to suck something else for me?"

"Like what?" My heart raced.

She bit her lip, like she was reconsidering and I got a little scared she was going to change her mind.

"How would you like to suck Mommy's cunt?"

It was like a bucket of ice water got dumped over my head. Not only was my mother asking me to lick her pussy, but she actually said the dirtiest word ever invented!

"I haven't had my cunt sucked in years. This might be my only chance." She must have noticed the big grin on my face. "You like hearing me talk like that, don't you?"

"I never thought that you even knew the word cunt," I told her honestly, "much less say it in front of me."

That got a giggle out of her. "Well, I figure at this point I've done a lot worse in front of you. What harm could one little word do?"

"So...you seriously want me to lick your, um...cunt?"

"Seriously." The tone of her voice let me know she meant it for real. I quickly got down between her legs, realizing that I had no idea what to do. "I'm going to spread my pussy lips open, and I want you to lick it up and down nice and soft at first." Problem solved.

As soon as I got comfortable, my mom parted her outer lips. Her smell was strong; probably

because she just had an orgasm. It was all wet, and a darker shade of pink than it ever was before. I was so glad she came into my room before I turned off my lamp. My face was just inches from my mom's pussy--inches from her hot, wet cunt--and I could see everything clear as could be in the dim light.

"You've tasted mommy's pussy before," she said softly. "You're not scared, are you?"

"No," I answered right away. "I just wanted to look at it for a second."

"Take your time. When you're ready to start, remember slow and soft, okay?"

It was almost too much for my brain to handle. This was really going to happen. I was actually about to suck on my own mom's pussy. I thought about it a lot when I was jacking off, but I didn't think I would actually get to do it. God, she smelled good.

A thin dribble of nearly clear pussy juice was leaking out of her hole. I decided to start there.

I closed my eyes, leaned in, and stuck my tongue out. The instant it made contact with the warm flesh of my mother's most private place reality melted away. I was in another world. All that existed was the sensation of her.

Mom let out a small moan as I licked around her hole, making sure I went slow like she told me. Her flavor was more mild than I expected from the way it smelled. Her pussy tasted like nothing else. It wasn't sweet, or bitter. It just tasted like...Mom.

As I was licking she continued to hold her pussy lips open. She began moving a little, pushing herself against my tongue. I worked my way up to where her inside lips were. I licked them slowly, and kind of flicked them with my tongue some. She seemed to like that.

"Shit, that's good," she groaned. "Suck my pussy lips for me, honey."

I did as she instructed. I carefully took one between my lips and gave it a light suck. Another moan told me I was doing it the way she wanted. I pulled away slightly without letting go, tugging her delicate flesh before releasing. I sucked on the other one the same way.

"I can't believe my son is sucking my cunt right now," she said breathlessly. "Do you like it, Alex? Do you like eating Mommy's pussy?"

"It's awesome, Mom. I love it." I went right back to it.

"Suck my clit, baby." Her finger tapped the spot she wanted my mouth to be on. "Right here. Suck Mommy's cunt right here. Nice and easy."

I gave it a little kiss first, and heard Mom gasp. The hairs stood up on the back of my neck. I suddenly realized that I might be able to make her cum. It was more than I'd dreamed of to

just see her do it for herself. I never dared think that she would let me get her off.

After another soft kiss, I gave it a lick. I was easily able to feel the hard little nub of her clit. I zeroed in on that and wrapped my lips around it, sucking gently. Mom must have turned her head and buried her face in my pillow because her long moan was muffled. The muscles of her legs tightened up and her thighs closed in against my ears. I was lost in heaven.

I thought I knew what it felt like to have power over her. I thought I knew what it meant to be in control. Now, with my mouth lovingly locked around my mother's most sensitive spot, I realized what it was to truly own someone.

I could make her moan for more with a quick kiss, make her catch her breath with a swirling lick, or make her squirm with a firm, well-placed suck. She was helpless. Completely at my mercy.

Even so, I had no desire to use this power against her. All feelings of anger and resentment were gone. I didn't want to hurt her, or make her suffer. I wanted to please her. I wanted to be the one to give her what she needed. It was all about her now, not me.

"That's it," she panted. "You're doing good. Suck and lick at the same time...yes, just like that. Oh, fuck, right there, Alex. You suck Mommy's pussy so good."

Hearing her saying all those dirty things, and telling me how good I was doing, made me want to do it even better. I never wanted anything as much as I wanted to make my mom cum right then.

Her hands moved away from her pussy lips. I took a peek and saw one slide up to her tits. She grabbed one of her boobs and squeezed it hard--harder than I ever had. She began pulling and twisting her nipple. Her other hand ended up on the back of my head once again. Like the other time, she lightly pressed my face more firmly against her pussy.

"Yes, just like that," she said in a raspy voice. "Keep going...a little faster...good...yes...suck my pussy, baby...suck mommy's cunt...make mommy cum...yes...make mommy's cunt cum..."

Mom was humping herself against my face. My jaw was hurting a little, and my tongue was starting to get tired, but I kept going as fast as I could. She was almost there.

"Oh, fuck, yes...eat me...eat my cunt, Alex...Oh, Alex...yes! Yes! Unnnngggghhhh!"

She grabbed my head with both hands, and she shoved her cunt against my mouth. Everything was happening at once, and it was all a blur. I couldn't breathe, but I didn't stop sucking and licking her clit as her legs clamped tight around my head. I heard her scream into my pillow. If someone was out in the hallway they would have been able to hear it for sure.

Then just like that she was pushing my head away. Her whole body shivered, then it did it

again. She covered over her clit like she was trying to protect it from me. I thought maybe I did something wrong. Then I heard her laugh breathlessly.

It sounded beautiful. A mix of pure happiness and satisfaction. For the moment, she didn't have a single care in the world. I felt strangely proud, knowing I gave her that feeling.

"Was that okay?" I asked selfishly.

"Give me a second, honey...whew..."

I waited. The coolness of her pussy juices drying on my cheeks was a nice sensation. I kissed the inside of one of her thighs.

"Mmmm...that was very okay." She tussled my hair. "My horny, young man." She uncovered her pussy and trailed her fingers up over her mound. "But I've got one more..."

"One more what?"

"I can feel it. One more orgasm in there that needs to come out." Her touch moved down to her saliva-drenched clit. "Put your finger in me."

I wasn't sure I heard her right. "But you said before that--"

"It's okay now, I want it. Find my hole with the tip of your finger, and then slide it inside my pussy."

I didn't have to be told a second time. I did as she asked. The opening to her vagina was wetter than ever. I circled around a few times, then pushed my index finger slowly inside. It felt weird, and amazing, and softer than anything else in the world. So perfectly warm, and wet.

Her cunt flexed and clutched around my finger. It startled me at first. I didn't know how strong a woman could grab onto something with her pussy like that. I right away thought about what it would be like to feel her do that to my dick.

While I was sliding my finger into her slick hole, she had begun playing with her clit again. It was like we were masturbating her pussy together.

"You can put two fingers in if you want," Mom said in that same seductive voice I'd heard her use with the stranger back when I first caught her.

I added a second finger and it felt like I was stretching out her hole when I did. It didn't seem to hurt her at all though. Just the opposite. She was moving her hips and kind of fucking my fingers back as I worked them in and out.

"Turn your hand around, honey."

It took me a second to figure out what she meant, then I rotated my hand so my palm was facing up.

"That's it," she said. "Now press your fingers up and keep moving in and out."

I pushed my finger up against the top of the inside of my mom's pussy. I never realized there were so many different parts and things down there on a woman. It was more complicated than I ever imagined, but I must have been doing it right because she began moving faster and letting out short little moans while she rubbed her clit harder.

"Fuck Mommy's pussy with your fingers." She was already getting close to cumming again. "You like that, Alex? You like having your fingers in my cunt? Fucking Mommy's pussy with your fingers? Oh, fuck, that's it right there...nngggghhhh!"

And just like that, she was wracked with another intense orgasm. She just about crushed my fingers, but I kept them buried in her hole as she thrashed around and fought not to scream out. I could feel a surge of wetness suddenly soaking my fingers and running down onto my bed.

"Holy shit, that felt good," Mom stammered. "We might both end up in therapy for the next ten years, but that cum was worth it." She chuckled to herself.

It was pretty great that she was able to make jokes about what we were doing. It had turned me on back when she was always mad at me for forcing her to do dirty things, but I realized that it was even hotter when she wanted to do nasty things voluntarily.

Her hand moved down to where my fingers were stuck inside her. She felt around where they entered her, then gently eased my hand back until my fingers came out of her.

"As good as it was, I can't do this all night. We have to finish it." She toyed with her swollen pussy lips enticingly right in front of my face. "I suppose you want to make yourself cum one more time before we're done?"

"Definitely."

"How do you want it?"

I took a longing look at her pussy. "In there."

"Oh, honey, no." She didn't sound upset, but more like she was sorry about it. "You don't want to fuck me. It might seem like a good idea to you now, but you'll always regret it if you do. Trust me."

It was a long shot, but I had to at least give it a try.

"Okay, then how about your butt?"

A look of shock came across her face. "I'm certainly not going to let you fuck me in the ass! My, God, Alex!"

"No! I meant I want to I jerk off on your butt."

"Oh." She smiled. "That we can do."

"Roll over," I said. When she turned onto her tummy it almost felt like I was back in charge again. A buzz of excitement went through me. Another jolt followed when I got a good look at my mom's ass being served up for my pleasure.

"How's that?" Mom looked back at me over her shoulder and gave her backside a little wiggle.

"Perfect."

"I don't know why you'd want to cum looking at my flabby old butt."

"You've got a nice ass, Mom, and you know it." I was kneeling on the bed next to her, and reached down to grab a cheek in each hand. "I love it." I massaged my mom's full ass. She rested her head on my pillow and relaxed while I fondled her.

"Your father used to love it, too," she said wistfully. "I don't even think he notices it anymore."

"Did you ever let Dad fuck you in the ass?" The question just popped out.

Mom chuckled. "Are we playing truth or dare now?"

"Sorry."

"Well, it's not like I have any dignity left to protect, so I might as well be honest. Yes, your mother takes it in the ass on occasion."

By this time I was jacking off with one hand and feeling her butt with the other.

"Do you like it, Mom? You like getting fucked up the ass?"

"When everything is just right, it can feel really good. There's something very naughty about having a cock back there that makes it special."

"You're such a fucking slut."

"I can be," she agreed with a sly smile. "How are you doing back there? Sounds like you're beating that cock of yours pretty hard."

"I'm going to cum all over your big, beautiful ass!" I exclaimed and pulled my dick faster.

"Mmmm...that's my horny little boy. Cum on Mommy." She reached around and began rubbing her own butt. She dug her fingers into her fleshy backside, and even gave herself a little spank. "You like my ass?"

"Fuck, yeah!"

"What about this?" She lifted her hips and spread her butt cheeks apart with her hands. "You like this, too?"

I couldn't believe what she was showing me. I would have cum instantly on the spot, but I think I went numb all over for a minute.

"I...um, yeah...oh, hell, yeah!"

"Can you see it? Can you see my asshole, Alex?"

"I see it, Mom."

"Cum on it. I want you to jerk off on Mommy's asshole. Can you do that for me?"

"Sure!" I never expected my mom to act that way. "You're so damn nasty."

"This might be my last chance to have some fun for a long while to come, no point in holding back." She waved her ass in front of me, showing off her asshole in all its glory. I was about ready to pass out.

"I'm gonna cum," I warned her.

"Cum on my asshole, honey. Put the tip of your cock right up against it and cum all over it."

I quickly did what she said and touched the end of my cock head right up against her butt hole. The second I made contact I started gushing spunk all over it.

"Oh, fuck, Mom! Holy fucking fuck!"

She giggled into my pillow as I milked that last of my jizz out onto her rear end.

"Put your finger in there," she said as the spasms were still going through me.

"Are you kidding right now?"

"I have to cum again," she said urgently. "Stick one of your fingers in my asshole."

Mom's gooey butthole was so slick with my spunk that my finger went in easy. As soon as it did she moaned a happy moan and started fingering herself again.

"Fuck my ass, honey. Go ahead. Finger fuck Mommy's asshole."

I pumped my finger in and out. It was even tighter than her pussy, and her asshole muscle gripped my finger hard as I fucked her.

"This is so wrong," she said half into my pillow. "I shouldn't be doing this with you, Alex. I'm the worst slut mother...God, that feels good...my son's finger is in my asshole...I'm going to cum...oh, fucking hell am I going cum!"

Her fingers were going wild on her pussy, and my finger was making loud squelching sounds as I jammed it deeper into Mom's ass. Her butt was going every which way as she brought herself to another orgasm--or maybe it was more than one, because she was practically flipping out for three times as long as before.

When she finally stopped thrashing around, she started laughing again. It was such a good laugh.

"Mmm...don't take your finger out yet, honey. Give me a minute."

I stayed where I was, with my finger in up her butthole and my cum smeared all over her ass crack. She was fiddling lightly with her pussy still, and every few seconds she would clench her ass around my finger.

"I'm sorry," she said after a while. "That was too weird, wasn't it? I shouldn't have asked you to do that."

"It was pretty crazy," I agreed, "but I liked it."

"You like playing with your mommy's asshole?" She laughed that playfully seductive laugh once more. "We make quite the kinky pair, don't we?"

She reached around, patted my hand, then took hold of my wrist and slowly drew my finger out of her ass. I was happy to see it was perfectly clean, except for a thin coating of my cum.

I lay down next to my mom. Neither one of us said anything for a long while. It was nice just to have her there beside me. I thought about how angry I was with her before and felt shitty about it all. She was lonely and horny. It wasn't all her fault that she was looking for a little

excitement that Dad wasn't giving her. What she did with that guy was stupid, but at least I could understand why she did it.

"Do you hate me?" I asked in a small voice, afraid of what her answer might be.

"You're my son. I'll love you no matter what, Alex." She put her hand tenderly on my chest. "I was more angry with you than I'd ever been in my life at first, but I know it had to be difficult for you to deal with walking in on me and seeing your own mother acting like a shameless whore." She kissed my shoulder. "We both made mistakes."

"I'm sort of glad we did."

I wanted to hear her say the same thing back to me, but instead she just gave my chest a loving pat. Her thumb played casually over my nipple, as if it was the most natural thing in the world.

"You know, Mom, we don't have to stop if you don't want."

"Haven't you had enough for one night?" she teased.

"No, I mean you can keep coming to my room at night and I can make you feel good when you want. That way you don't have to go find strangers to do it with."

"If there's one thing I can promise, it's that my stranger days are over." She snuggled a little closer to me. "I appreciate that you want to be there for me, but it can't happen, Alex. Even if I wanted to, we would eventually get caught. You may not see it now, but it would ruin your life. It would ruin everything if it happened that way."

"But I know you like it, and it feels good for you, doesn't it?"

"This has to be the end of it, sweetheart. It doesn't matter that it feels good. It's bad on so many levels. Satisfying my sexual needs isn't your responsibility, and it never should be. Stopping now while we can is the best thing for both of us. Trust me, sweetheart."

I was afraid to say anything else because I didn't want her to know that I was getting choked up over this. I didn't want to look stupid in front of her and start crying like a baby.

"Everything will be fine," she whispered. "You'll see."

Her hand caressed my chest a little more, then moved down to my stomach. Her finger twirled around my belly button. I never wanted her to stop touching me. After a little while her hand was on my cock. I was more than halfway hard, and I got stiff again right away. She squeezed the head gently, tickled the length of my shaft, and cupped my balls in her palm.

"Would it be okay if I sucked your penis just one more time?"

Like she even had to ask! "Sure, but I don't know if I can cum again."

"That's okay. I just want to feel you in my mouth."

She reached over and turned my bedside light off. Her body slid over top of mine. Her big, soft tits pressed against my belly. She kissed the tip of my cock, then gave it a couple sensuous licks. Mom took me between her lips. The warm wetness of her mouth, and the experienced motions of her tongue, lulled me into a trance. I felt like I was floating in space, and I was nothing but my cock, and Mom was the only other person that existed.

She sucked my penis, and licked my balls. She rubbed it on her cheek, and ran the tip of her tongue along the slit of my little cum hole. My mom was taking her time. She was doing this for herself, not for me. It had to have been almost twenty minutes before I said something.

"I think maybe I'm going to cum."

Mom began sucking me with a purpose after that. She held onto my balls as her head moved quickly up and down. The small sucking sounds she made as she did it were making it even better. Then, when she started moaning with my cock in her mouth, that was the best. I couldn't help but thrust my cock deeper. She took it without a problem and so I basically began fucking her face. She kept moaning and bobbing her head up and down along with my thrusts. The whole time she was gripping my balls tighter, but it didn't hurt at all--it felt fucking fantastic!

Seconds later I was shooting yet another one of my loads down my mother's throat. She sucked really hard, like she was trying to get every single possible drop of cum out of me. Mom forced my cock as far into her mouth as she could and held it there. She finally pulled back, and my dick came out of her mouth with a loud pop. She gasped for air.

"Shit that was good," she murmured in a hoarse voice. "I never would have imagined that I'd love the taste of my own son's cum so much." She gave me one more quick suck, then slipped out of bed.

I listened to her getting her things on in the dark and tried to ignore the empty feeling that was growing inside me.

"Goodnight, Alex." She came to the side of my bed, leaned down and gave me a kiss on the lips. I could smell my own cum on her breath. I made a desperate grab for her breasts. Mom stayed where she was and let me squeeze and feel them through her robe. "You understand that this is it, right? No more fooling around between us." She kissed my forehead. "For our own good, yes?"

"Yes," I managed weakly.

"Tomorrow we're back to normal, like none of this ever happened."

She stood and headed for the door.

"I love you, Alex."

"Love you, too, Mom. I really do."

And with that she was gone. I knew she was right about everything, but that didn't make it hurt any less.

The next few days were rough. I tried to forget about all the stuff that had been going on, and go back to being normal like Mom said, but every time I saw her I just wanted to rip all her clothes off, and let her suck my cock or stick my fingers in her pussy or up her ass. All I could do was look at the pictures and the video and jack off whenever it got too much for me to handle.

One morning I was eating a bowl of cereal at the kitchen table before school and Mom was making scrambled eggs for my dad, when he walked in with just his boxer shorts and a t-shirt on.

"Susan, where's my gray suit?" Even if it wasn't for the tone of his voice, I would have been able to tell he was annoyed because that's the only time he uses Mom's whole name like that.

My mom froze and didn't answer right away. Something was wrong.

"Oh, darn it." She turned with a pained look on her face. "I'm sorry. I meant to pick it up from the dry cleaner's yesterday, but I completely forgot."

"For fuck's sake, are you serious?"

"Your blue one is clean, can't you just wear that?" she offered quickly, trying to salvage the situation.

"I wore the goddamned blue one the last time I met with these guys. You want me to look like a one-suit moron? It's the vice-president of the whole region, Susan, is that so hard to get through your thick skull?"

"I know, I'm sorry, it's my fault. I can call and see if the cleaners are open and run over right now if they are."

"Don't be stupid," my father fumed, pacing back and forth in his underwear. "Even if they are open, which they probably aren't, there's not enough time."

"How about your black suit--"

"I'm not going to a fucking funeral, Susan. Jesus Christ, what is it with you lately? You've been walking around with your damn head up your ass for weeks now! Losing the credit card bill, then running the car battery dead, and now this."

"I'm sorry," she repeated.

I'd seen my mom and dad have arguments like this before and never really paid much attention. This time was different. I was getting really angry about how he was treating her. And I was even more pissed off that she just stood there and took it so submissively. I felt a stab of guilt when I realized that if she wasn't that way then I probably would have never gotten away with making her do all those things with me when I was blackmailing her for sex stuff. I was just as much of a shit bag as my father was...maybe worse. I didn't exactly know it at the time, but I was definitely taking advantage of that submissive side of my mom's personality.

"If you had half a fucking brain you'd be dangerous," my dad growled as he stormed off to deal with his suit crisis on his own.

Mom looked at me with watery eyes, and an expression of profound embarrassment. She wanted to say something, but instead turned back to the scrambled eggs with her head bowed. I felt a big lump in my throat. For the first time ever I thought about going and punching my asshole father in the face. He wasn't a big guy, but he could still probably pound the crap out of me if he wanted. Not being able to do anything about it made me even more mad.

I got the hell out of there, and spent the rest of the day at school being pissed off.

When I got home I was relieved that my mom wasn't there. I went on the computer in the living room and surfed around for a while. I didn't know what I was looking at--my brain was a million miles away. I didn't even notice that Becca was home from school until the TV went on behind me.

"Get out of here, puke," I snapped at her.

"No, you get out, butt wad." She plopped on the couch and began flipping through channels.

I started up a stupid game of solitaire. After a while Becca spoke up.

"Are you in trouble?" she asked.

I ignored her.

"Alex, are you in trouble or something?"

"No. Now shut up."

"Then why is Mom acting so weird toward you?"

"She's not acting weird. Watch your gay show."

"It's on a commercial, jerk face." She pouted behind my back for about three seconds. "And she is too acting weird."

"Okay, fine, you want to know what's going on?"

"Yes." I could hear the eagerness in her annoyingly peppy little voice.

"Mom told me not to say anything, so you have to keep it secret."

"I will. Tell me."

"Nah, I shouldn't. You're too young."

"Am not, Alex. Stop being a suck head."

"Fine. Mom accidently walked in my room and caught me masturbating."

"Oh." She was quiet for a few moments. "What's masturating?"

"You're such a baby, you don't know anything." I laughed at her and watched her get more upset. "Masturbating is when a boy plays with his dick or a girl plays with her twat."

"Oh, I already knew what that was."

"Did not."

"Yeah, huh."

"How?"

"I seen Daddy do it before."

This got my attention. I turned to face her.

"What do you mean?"

She bit her lip and looked away, staring at the TV like she realized she said something she shouldn't have.

"Hey, I told you my secret," I reminded her, "you have to tell me yours."

She chewed her lip for a few more seconds. "Sometimes when you and Mommy aren't here Daddy watches TV with me and I sit on his lap. His thingie gets hard, you know, and a couple times he took it out and pulled on it to make it get soft again. I only didn't know what doing that was called, that's all."

"What else happens?"

"Something comes out. It's not pee. It's white and kind of gloppy looking."

"No, I mean does Dad do anything to you?"

She bit her lip and shrugged. "I don't know."

"I'm not going to tell," I assured her.

"Daddy said I wasn't s'posed to tell anyone or I'd get in trouble."

"I'm your brother, you can't get in trouble from me."

"He sometimes rubs here between my legs." Her hand went down to her crotch to demonstrate.

"Does he hurt you?"

"No," she answered slowly. Her cheeks blushed. "It feels okay, I guess."

"I'll bet it does." I was totally blown away by all of this. I never would have guessed my father was molesting my little sister. Maybe that explains why he wasn't interested in taking care of Mom in the bedroom lately.

"What's a twat?"

"Huh?" I realized Becca was looking at me expectantly. "It's that thing between your legs that Dad likes to rub."

"Oh, Daddy says it's called a pussy."

It was weird hearing her talking about all this, but I liked it in a way.

"It's called a lot of different things

"Are you in trouble for Mom seeing you masturbating?"

"It's mastur-bating," I corrected her. "I'm not really in trouble, everybody does it. It's just that Mom was a little freaked out when she saw how big and sexy my dick is." It was stupid, but also kind of fun to be teasing her with all this talking dirty.

"Eww, gross." She flipped around a couple of channels. "You're not going to tell, right?"

"Not if you don't want me to."

"I like it when Dad watches TV with me," she said without looking at me.

It seemed that being a horny slut ran in the family.

"Fine, but if anything happens that you don't like, come tell me. Okay?"

She nodded. I turned back to the computer and a plan to turn this to my advantage began to form in my mind.

It only took me about a week and a half to gather up everything I needed to pull it off.

Things were tense around the house for everyone. Dad seemed intent on bickering with Mom over any little thing. Mom wasn't exactly avoiding me, but I think she was having a hard time being 'normal' around me, especially with Dad harping on her all the time. Becca wasn't talking as much, either, and she was spending more time by herself in her room. In the middle of all this, I was pissed at my asshole father and couldn't let him know that I was angry at him. I felt bad for my mother and just wanted to give her a hug and let her know it was going to be okay, but I didn't trust myself not to do something stupid, like grab her butt while I was trying to comfort her.

As shitty as it all was, I made it to Sunday morning and everything was in place to execute my big plan. This was it--all or nothing.

Becca had spent the night at a friend's house and wasn't due home until after lunch. Dad was off at the hardware warehouse like he was every Sunday, and Mom was just getting into the shower.

I made the phone call. The plan was in motion.

I gathered up everything and went quietly into my parents' bedroom. I quickly connected our video camera to the TV they had in there, and then rigged up the bed. The water in the shower turned off. I checked my watch. The timing was almost perfect so far.

The nauseous feeling in my stomach got worse as I stood there waiting for my mom to finish drying off. If the next part didn't work, the plan would be completely screwed.

The bathroom door opened and I heard her coming down the hall. My heart beat faster. She

stepped into the room. There was a towel wrapped around her head like a turban, and another around her body. Her tits were squeezed tight and were barely contained. She was startled when she noticed me standing there.

"Oh! Alex, what are you doing?"

"There's something I have to do," I said in a nice way.

"What's that?" She went to her dresser and pulled out a pair of panties.

"I need to lick your pussy and make you cum."

She froze for a second. Then chuckled. "Very cute, Alex. Not going to happen."

I stepped up behind her. She could see me in the reflection in the mirror mounted over the dresser.

"Yes, it is." I was using the most confident voice I could. "Because I know you want it."

"No..." there was no conviction to her denial. "We're not doing this anymore. You promised."

I tugged at her towel and it fell away leaving her naked. She didn't even try to stop it from dropping to the floor. I kissed the side of her neck.

"All I've been able to think about is the taste of your pussy, Mom. I need it."

"Your father--"

"Is an asshole." I reached around and cupped my hands over her freshly showered breasts. "And won't be home for at least another hour."

"We can't do this..." Even as she protested, she leaned back against me.

"Have you been thinking about sucking my cock?"

"No...I..."

I let one of my hands slide down her body to her patch of downy hair.

"Yes you have." My fingers toyed with her lower lips. "You want my cock in your mouth, and you want one more taste of my cum. Don't you, Mom?"

"Yes..." she whispered as my finger parted her lips and found her wet hole.

"Go lay on the bed and spread your legs for me."

"Are you blackmailing me?"

"No. I just want to make you feel good." I circled my finger around her clit to prove it.

"We have to be quick," she insisted.

"Don't worry, I'm almost about to cum just looking at you."

This made her smile. She pulled away and moved across the room, removing the towel from her head and letting her wet hair free. She got onto the bed, settled back, and opened her legs just as she'd been told. God, what a beautiful sight that was.

I was expecting her to put up more of a fight, but she must have been wanting this as much as me.

She watched me anxiously as I went to the side of the bed. I took her wrist, lifted it, and moved it toward the bedpost. That's when she noticed I had attached a strip of cloth there with a loop.

"Alex, no, honey...you don't need to do that."

I slipped her hand through the loop and cinched it snugly around her wrist. "I don't need to, but I want to." I moved around to the other side of the bed.

"There's not enough time. Your father could come home early."

I took her free hand and tethered it securely to the other bedpost. She didn't even try to resist.

"I'm going to tie you down, then lick your pussy, then cum in your mouth. There's nothing you can do about it except be quiet and enjoy it. Got it?"

She nodded, looking worried but excited. Now that I understood how submissive she was, it made this a lot easier. I slipped a loop over her left foot and tightened it. She had to spread her legs a little wider for me to get the other foot secured.

There she was. My mom naked on the bed, spread eagle and helpless. I looked her over hungrily. I loved how her whole body shivered with anticipation; her pussy lips already swollen and flush with excitement.

In that quiet moment, the sound of the garage door opening was plain to hear.

Mom's eyes went wide with panic. "Someone's here! Your father! Untie me, hurry!"

"Relax," I said more calmly that I thought I was capable of. "I'll take care of it."

I walked out of the room, leaving her in a state of near terror.

She may have been able to hear our voices downstairs, but probably not what was being said. She would have at least been able to tell for sure it was my father who had returned early. Mom definitely would have heard two sets of footsteps climbing the stairs and coming down the hallway toward her bedroom. I knew this would be difficult for her, but it had to be done.

Mom was pulling against her restraints when I stepped into the room leading my blindfolded father along behind me. She instantly went still, holding her breath in shocked confusion.

"This must be one helluva surprise," my dad said as he gamely played along, feeling out ahead of him blindly. "What is your crazy mother up to this time?"

"You'll see," I promised and led him across the room toward the old cast iron radiator. I maneuvered him into position, making sure he was facing away from the bed. "Okay, now hold your hands out in front of you."

My dad stood there with a dopey smile and held his hands out palms up like he was expecting some kind of present.

"Susan? You there?" he called out bemused. My mom didn't make a peep.

The chain clinked noisily as I lifted it. This was the trickiest part of the plan, so I had to move fast.

"What the heck is that?" my father asked, his tone more curious than suspicious.

Before he had time to realize what it was, I clapped both handcuffs around each of his wrists. The smile instantly dropped from his face.

"Alex, what's going on? What is this?"

I quickly moved away and stood between him and the bed.

"Don't say anything," I instructed her. "Trust me."

Trusting me looked like the last thing she was ready to do. Her face was an angry red. Despite the look of hatred she was giving me, I couldn't help but notice how hard her nipples were in the middle of all this.

Dad pulled the blindfold off and turned around.

"What the hell--" his sentence was choked off when he saw his naked wife tied to their bed. A

dozen emotions flashed across his face before a thunderous rage fixed his expression. "Susan, are you all right? What's he done to you? Alex, let us go this instant!"

"Dad," I said in as steady a voice as I could muster. "Shut up and listen."

"You little shit!" He charged at me but only had enough slack to make it about two feet before being brought up short, like a noisy little dog on a leash. The handcuffs were threaded through a chain that I got from the garage, which was looped around the heavy iron radiator. He kicked out at me, but wasn't able to reach.

"Alex, what are you doing?" my mom sobbed behind me.

"What I'm going to do," I unbuttoned my shirt as I spoke, "is lose my virginity."

"Are you fucking insane?" my father lashed out again.

"Dad, I'm going to fuck your wife right in front of you, and you're going to watch quietly, and there's not a damn thing you can do about it."

"If that's what you think, you perverted little fucker, then you got another think coming! You stop this right now, otherwise I'll see that you're locked up for the rest of your insane life--if I don't kill you first myself."

"Alex," my mother pleaded, "do what he says. Let us go and we can figure this all out."

I dropped my shirt on the floor and went over to where the video camera was rigged up to the TV. I hit the play button and a shadowy image of our living room appeared on the screen.

"What the fuck are you playing at?" my father growled angrily.

"I said that you were getting a surprise when I called you, didn't I, Dad?"

On the TV screen my Dad appeared and sat down on the sofa. A few seconds later Becca came in with a big bowl of popcorn and set it down on the coffee table. Dad patted his lap, and she hopped up and settled her butt over top of his groin.

"Turn this off right now!" my father yelled. "Susan, tell your son to cut the shit this instant!"

"Alex, what is this about?" In her heart I think she already knew. "John? What am I going to see on this video?"

"Nothing, Susan, I swear it's nothing!" He pointed at me with cuffed hands. "It's him, he's trying to trick you with some kind of sick game. Turn this off!"

Mom watched as my father's hand drifted down her daughter's body and found its way

between her legs. She parted them willingly and let him rub her down there.

"John, no," Mom gasped. "She's only eleven for God's sake."

I fast forwarded to the part where he took his cock out and stroked it as Becca watched with an innocent smile. At one point he invited her to try and she gave his dick a few tugs.

"It's not...I didn't..." my father's voice trailed off feebly.

"Turn it off, Alex," my mom said coldly, "I've seen enough."

My dad stood there with his head hung like a man defeated. I looked at Mom, and she met my eye. There was pain, but there was also something else. Something much darker and more powerful. She now understood exactly what I was doing.

I undid my pants and took them off.

"Dad, take your pants down."

It took a second for it to sink in that I was talking to him. He looked up. "What? No."

"Do it or this video goes straight to the police. How do you think that will impress the regional vice-president in charge of asswipes?"

His face went from an angry crimson to a pasty pale color in a matter of seconds. He began fumbling with his belt buckle. "What are you going to do to me?" His hands shook violently as he pulled down his zipper.

"Do what I say, and maybe I'll let you get away with it. Fuck with me, and I'll destroy your life."

His pants slid down his bandy legs. He looked like a pathetic fool.

"Please don't take this out on your mother. She didn't have anything to do with it."

"Aren't you the chivalrous motherfucker all of the sudden?" I taunted. "Drop your shorts, too."

He hesitated, but all I had to do was glance toward the video camera and he followed orders quick enough. I told him to kick his pants and underwear away out of reach and he did it. He was left standing there with his hairy balls and limp cock hanging out. He was a beaten man. But I wasn't done with him yet.

"Now you're going to watch while I fuck Mom the way she deserves to be fucked." I pulled my own underwear off. My cock was only half hard, but I knew it would be at full strength in no

time. "If I see you closing your eyes, or turning away, that video goes to the cops. Got it?"

"Got it," he answered in a hushed tone.

I turned to my mom.

"You don't need to do this, Alex. You've made your point," she said, trying to make me see reason.

"He's got to see that you're not his anymore." I glared at my father. He wasn't able to meet my eyes. His dick and saggy balls just dangled there, withered scraps of useless hairy flesh.

I approached the bed and leaned over my emotionally brutalized mother. I caringly sucked one of her nipples, using my tongue and lips to try to soothe her.

"Alex..." she breathed.

"It's going to be okay, Mom. I promise."

I kissed my way down over the warm swell of her tummy and smelled the fragrant scent of her sex. The hairs stood up on the back of my neck and my cock pulsed to full length. I kissed and licked her furry lips, then ventured deeper. I caressed the delicate skin of her smooth inner secrets with my mouth. She couldn't resist squirming under me as I explored her vulnerable pussy.

"When was the last time you did this for her, Dad?"

All he could do was look on dumbly. I went back to work on Mom. I knew how she liked it and I did it just the way she taught me. She tried to hold back, but she was completely at my mercy. It took nearly five minutes, and my tongue was about to give out, but I got her to cum.

Mom did her best not to make any noise, but she couldn't completely keep in a strained moan. It didn't matter, anyone who knew anything about women could tell she was having a powerful orgasm. Damn, it felt good to be able to do that to her. And right in front of my good-for-nothing father on top of it all.

I checked to make sure he was still watching. He was. Not only that, but he had a hard-on with a long dribble of pre-cum drooling from the end. I almost had to laugh. Mom wasn't lying when she told me I had a bigger dick than he did. It almost made me feel sorry for the clueless bastard. Almost.

I made sure he got a good look at my hard cock, before I turned and got myself in between Mom's legs.

"Don't let him do this to you, Susan," he whimpered pitifully.

"There's nothing I can do to stop him." She looked up at me with her big, sad eyes. "If he wants to fuck me, he's going to do it no matter what I say."

"I love you, Mom," I whispered only loud enough for her to hear, then pushed my hips forward.

My cock found her opening as naturally as if it was made just for me. The tip entered her, and the world went all blurry. I eased my shaft into her tight wetness. My mother's vagina received her own son's cock like it was the only purpose it ever had. I pushed myself all the way into her until I couldn't go any deeper.

"I love you, too, Alex. Oh, God, I love you so much."

I didn't really know the first thing about how to properly fuck a woman, so I just did what felt natural. I began sliding my dick in and out of her. She couldn't move much with the way I had her tied up, but she matched my thrusts as best as she could. Mom was fucking me back.

It was by far the best feeling I'd ever experienced in my whole life by a thousand miles. I resolved to do this every single chance I could as much as I could. My cock was wrapped in the softest, warmest, wettest embrace imaginable and there was nothing that could possibly exist in the universe that was better. Not only did I actually have my dick in a pussy for the very first time, but it was my beautiful mom's pussy. The most loving and accepting pussy that I would ever know.

"I love your pussy, Mom," I blurted out as I pumped in and out of her.

"I love your cock."

"I'm already about to cum..."

"Don't cum inside me, baby." She wasn't being quiet about it anymore. It was like the two of us were the only ones there that mattered. "Please don't cum in my pussy."

I fucked her more and more. I wouldn't have been able to stop even if I wanted to. Mom was humping her pussy up to meet my thrusts and letting out increasingly louder moans each time my cock reached the deepest part of her.

"I'm cumming, Mom! I'm sorry, I have to...ahhhh!"

Everything lost its meaning for a few seconds, and I pushed myself as deep as I could go inside my mother's pussy and released every ounce of sperm I had to give. I came so hard it made my balls ache. It was the best pain I ever knew.

"Oh, God, don't stop," my mom cried out. "Fuck me, Alex! Fuck me!"

As soon as my brain kicked back into gear I did what she was screaming for. I pulled back and jammed my cock into her, then did it again, and again.

"Harder! Fuck me harder!" she screamed.

I poured every bit of strength I had into giving her what she needed. She was close to coming by the sound of her begging and I wanted to make her feel as good as I did. I rammed my cock into her cum-filled pussy hole as hard and as fast as I was able.

"Fuck my cunt! Fuck my slutty fucking cunt with your big cock!"

A chill ran up my back when I heard her yelling that, knowing my idiot father could hear it all.

"Oh, God...oh, shit...oh, shit, yes! Yes! Yeeeeees!"

And just like that my mother came on my cock. I'd done it. I made a woman cum with my dick. It was the most powerful feeling I'd ever known. I kept fucking her as best as I could with her bucking and thrashing under me. She pulled against the restraints with all her strength. It was so sexy the way her muscles tensed up and flexed all over her body.

"One more, one more," she panted. "Fuck me! More, more, more, yes!" She came again almost before her first orgasm was finished. Holy shit this was awesome.

Her body relaxed. Her eyes were closed. She was breathing heavy. Her huge breasts rose and fell enticingly. Her body was covered in a slick coating of sweat. She was perfect.

The best part of all, though, was when I saw the little smile on her face. That's when I was a hundred percent sure that everything was going to be all good.

I waited almost a minute before finally pulling out of her. A trickle of my cum spilled out of her pussy hole when I did. I knew I'd never see a sexier sight than what I was looking at right then.

I got out of bed and faced my father. His hard-on was starting to droop. I noticed a puddle of spunk on the floor in front of him. The loser had actually gotten off watching his son fuck his wife. The good thing was that there was no hiding from it. He knew he was humiliated beyond all hope at this point. There was no question that I had absolutely no respect for him, and he had lost all authority over me forever.

"Never heard her cum like that before, have you?" I commented as I passed by him. He could have reached me easily and probably done some damage, but he just stood there and let me go.

I disconnected the video camera and packed it up. I then went and carefully undid Mom's

restraints. First her feet, then her hands. There were some red marks, but nothing too bad. I put my clothes on, reached into my pants pocket and took out the key to the handcuffs.

"He's all yours." I handed her the key and walked out.

I went to my room and waited. I knew what I thought would probably happen, but I couldn't be completely sure. There wasn't any yelling or screaming. I heard someone go up into the attic and come back down. A little while later the garage door opened and then closed. Everything was quiet after that.

About an hour later there came a tap at my door.

"Yeah?"

The door opened and my mother peeked her head in.

"It's just me," she said in a soft voice. "Are you okay?"

"Forget about me, what about you?"

"He's gone." Mom stepped into my room. She was wearing her bathrobe, her hair in a wild tangle that despite everything that just happened was sexy as hell. Even with her puffy red eyes.

"Is there anything I can do?"

"I could use a hug."

I sprung out of my bed and went to her. I wrapped my arms around my mom and squeezed her tight. She melted into me, her face pressed against my neck. It made me feel strong for some reason. He was gone. The reality of it was barely beginning to sink in.

"What now?"

"I called Sheila's mom and arranged for Becca to stay over again tonight."

"Okay..."

"I don't really want to think about tomorrow just yet." She kissed me on the cheek. "Do you want to come lie down with me for a little while?"

"Yeah, sure."

I followed her to her bedroom. I couldn't help but notice that it still smelled like sex. The puddle of Dad's jizz had been wiped up. The closet door stood open and most of his shirts

were missing. The chain and handcuffs were lying by the radiator.

"Where did you manage to get those things?

"Joey's uncle was a cop. He swiped them last summer when they went to visit."

"I can't believe you planned all this yourself."

My mom stepped up to me and began unbuttoning my shirt.

"Um, yeah...I had to do something."

She pushed my shirt off my shoulders and ran her hands over my chest, looking at me admiringly. It gave me a good feeling all over. She gave me a nice kiss on the lips, and I felt even better.

Mom went over to the bed and shrugged off her robe. She was naked underneath.

"Come lie down with me," she said then slipped under the covers.

I hurried to strip off my pants and underwear, and join her. She snuggled up into the crook of my arm, resting her head against my shoulder just like you see in all the romantic movies. Mom's naked skin against mine was electric.

"I want to be sure you know that I had no idea he was doing that with Becca. Did she tell to you about it?"

"She told me, but don't worry, she's okay. She doesn't know it was anything bad, and he wasn't doing anything that was really hurting her."

"Still, he's her father."

"And you're my mother."

"That's different." She didn't seem sure about this. "I mean, you're practically a man." Her hand moved down and gripped my cock. "You are a man. She's just a child."

"We're all fine," I assured her. "Don't worry."

"I won't. Not today, at least."

She stroked me until I got hard, which didn't take long at all.

"And you're not mad at me for fucking you without permission?"

"I should be, but I'm not. But the next time I tell you not to cum in my pussy, you better listen."

"There's going to be a next time?"

"You'll find out soon enough." She gave my hard dick and tight squeeze. "There is one thing I'm mad at you for."

"What is that?"

"You promised you were going to put your penis in my mouth and you never did."

"Nothing's stopping you now."

She looked up at me with a strange expression, a kind of shy desire. She wanted to say something, but didn't quite want to say it. I quickly figured it out.

"Listen you whore, I want my cock sucked."

"No." She shot back. "It's all covered in dried cum, I'm not going near that disgusting thing."

I pulled the covers back, and pushed my mom's head down toward my crotch.

"You're going to put my cock in your mouth, Mom, and swallow my load like a good little slut or you'll be sorry."

"Mmm, I thought you'd never ask..." she wasn't able to say anything more because I was shoving my dick halfway down her throat.

Yes, everything was definitely going to be good from now on.

END