

Introduction: Mother and son work together on a kinky project.

Mom Needs Son's Help, Ch. 1 of 2

By Kinkybelle

I had been wanting to ask my son for a favor, but the embarrassment stopped me each time I tried to bring it up. As Daniel finished his dinner, I served him his favorite dessert and prepared myself for yet another attempt.

"What about you?" he asked.

"I don't need the calories," I said, patting my generous hips for emphasis, then sat down at the table with him.

The fact of it is that I'm a big gal.

It's not that I'm grossly obese or anything like that, but as my husband Bill says, I have a lot of meat on my bones. Which is the way he likes me. About ten years ago I went on an all-out health kick and lost almost thirty pounds. I liked the way I looked, but I was miserable the whole time. Bill especially hated how my boobs got smaller. We were both much happier after I let the diet go by the wayside. I slowly returned to my 'normal' weight, and my boobs filled out to their previously huge proportions.

These days I simply did my best not to over-indulge, and made an effort to get some exercise a few times a week. This seemed to strike a happy balance for everyone.

"I bought a new camera the other day," I mentioned conversationally.

"Cool," Daniel responded through a mouthful of banana cream pie.

"It's one of those fancy digital ones," I went on, trying to work my way toward asking about what I wanted. "It does video, too."

"It's about time you joined the twenty-first century," he laughed. "I think you're the only one who still uses film in your camera."

"The reason I got it," I tried to swallow away the lump in my throat but couldn't, "I wanted to surprise your father and send him a video."

"He's still coming home next month though, right?" Daniel's voice was anxious.

"No, honey, I talked to him on the phone yesterday and the company extended his contract again."

"Fuck!" He was about to pound his fist on the table, but he restrained himself. "Sorry, Mom."

Daniel sat back in his chair, trying to hide how upset he was. "It's been over eight months. It was only supposed to be three. It's not fair."

I didn't realize he would miss his father so much, but this was the longest he'd ever been away from us, so we were navigating uncharted waters. Bill was a consultant with a security company. He told us he was working in Saudi Arabia, but I knew better.

"I know, I know." I patted his hand to comfort him. I looked at my seventeen-year-old son and even though I knew he was almost a man now, I could still see the little boy in his hurt eyes. "I miss him, too. But he'll be back with us safe and sound soon enough, you can count on it."

"Can I record a message for him, too?" he asked, trying to put on a brave face.

"Um...sure, I think he'd like that." I felt myself chickening out again and forced myself to just say it. "I need your help, though. You know how I am with technical stuff."

"I swear I'm going to teach you how to work the remote for the TV before I die," he teased and returned to the last of his dessert.

I got caught up, as I often do, in admiring my boy. He was wearing his hair short these days. I missed the curly brown mess he'd had all through high school, but the new style did make him look more mature. He kept his handsome face clean-shaven, like his father. There were some faint scars from a bad case of acne when he was younger, but he wore them well and it gave him a somewhat rugged edge. When my gaze fell to his broad shoulders, as it always seemed to, the attraction shifted dangerously close to that of a woman rather than a mother. I snapped myself out of my brief reverie before it could go any further.

"Go ahead, rub it in," I said. "I just need you to set it up for me and show me how to make it record."

He shrugged. "Yeah, sure."

"Okay, good. I'll go get it." My nerves were jangling all over now. I didn't have the guts to tell him the whole story. Maybe I could get away with not having to let on what I was up to. It was a long shot, but it was the only way I could handle moving forward with this foolishness.

I brought him the camera in its box. Daniel dug it out, put the batteries in, leafed through the manual, played with the settings, and in no time at all sorted the gizmo out. I tried to sit patiently, twirling a long strand of my honey-blond hair around my fingers nervously--a habit I'd been trying to break since I was a girl. Once I forced myself to stop, I instead found myself pacing, and wiping up messes on the kitchen counter that weren't there.

"All set," he announced. "Where do you want to shoot it?"

He followed me out of the kitchen, through the living room, down the hall and into my

bedroom. There he saw the tripod I had set up by the bed.

"You want to do it in here?" He looked around a little confused.

I took a deep breath and fought past my embarrassment.

"Yes. Like I mentioned, I want to make a video. For my husband. Who I haven't been 'with' for eight months."

"Yeah, but..." I could see it suddenly dawn on him. "Oh."

His cheeks blushed redder than mine must have been at that moment. I was mortified that I had to basically tell my son I was trying to make a sex video for his father, but at the same time I couldn't help thinking how cute it was the way he became so flustered.

Daniel attached the camera to the tripod, and made sure it was properly angled toward the bed without saying a word.

"Press this button to start," he mumbled. "Then press it again when...ah...when you're done."

I patted him on the shoulder and gave him a kiss on the cheek before he made a quick exit.

There, that was over with. Now I just had to summon the courage to put on a show.

I'd never done anything like this before. I hated having my picture taken, and I was never comfortable with letting Bill make a video of me naked. But this was a special case. He sounded so lonely and far away on the phone, I knew I would have to get over my self-consciousness and do what I had to for my husband.

I changed into some revealing lingerie, fixed my hair and makeup, then pressed the record button. I got on the bed, knelt facing the camera, and started with some sexy poses. I rubbed my boobs and pulled at my nipples the way he liked. I lay back and reached down between my legs and played with myself. I had no idea if I was even still in view of the camera. It took longer than usual since I wasn't able to concentrate very well, but I finally managed to coax out a respectable little orgasm.

I blew a kiss to the camera, then hit the button to stop the recording.

As I put on my robe and tied the sash I realized that it was actually kind of fun. I felt so naughty. I wanted to see it! I fiddled with the camera, but couldn't figure out how to make the video play. I got stuck on some setup menu, and couldn't get it to go away.

I sighed, knowing I needed my son's help again. Daniel was in his room with headphones on when I found him.

"Can you show me how to play it back?" I could see the blush return instantly to his face, but he dutifully got up and followed me back to my room. "I'm sorry, honey, I know this is awkward. Thanks for helping me."

He pressed a few buttons, the menu disappeared and he had it in playback mode. He was so smart.

"Press here and it will play."

"Hold on," I said before he could leave. "Let me make sure I can do it. Don't look." I pressed the button he'd showed me. The image of my bed appeared on the little view screen for a second, then it stopped. "Wait, what happened?"

Daniel checked it. "You must have hit the record button twice when you started." He flipped through some screens. "Yeah, see here's a second video. When you hit the button to stop, you actually started recording again." He selected the second video, and there was suddenly an extreme close up of my left boob filling the view screen. "Whoops," he blurted out with surprise and quickly looked away.

I burst out laughing in a fit of embarrassed nerves. Leave it to me to screw up pressing a button. And now my boy had gotten an eyeful of his mom's big ol' titty. Could this get any more humiliating?

"Oh, well," I tried to diffuse the situation. "It's not like you've never see one of those before."

"I'll just erase these for you," he said with a slight quaver in his voice. He deleted the two files and returned it to record mode. "Did you want to...try again?"

"I'm all dressed up with no where to go," I joked, trying to play this all off as no big deal, while inside I was bouncing between profound discomfort and giddy exhilaration.

"Okay then, how about I start it recording, then you can call me when you're finished, and I'll come in and stop it. That way you don't have to do anything except...well...you know."

"Sounds like a plan," I said merrily. It was weird thinking that my son was going to be in his bedroom, fully aware of the fact that his mother was playing with herself in front of the camera a few rooms away. I was more than ready for round two.

Daniel reset the camera angle, pressed record, then left me to it.

I pretty much repeated what I had done earlier, only this time my orgasm came a little easier, and I felt it a bit more intensely for some reason. I got back into my robe and called Daniel. He came and stopped the recording.

"Did it work? Let me see it," I pestered him.

He cued up the video, pressed play and looked away before I appeared. I watched several seconds of my empty bed before seeing myself step into the shot and look into the camera.

"Hi baby, I miss your cock."

I screamed! I didn't know these things played the sound, too!

"Cover your ears!" I yelled at Daniel.

"Press the mute button," he yelled back as he stuck his fingers in his ears. "Bottom left, bottom left!"

"Have you been missing your favorite girl's puss--" I found the button and my dirty talk was silenced. My heart was racing and I felt a warm flush all over.

"I'm sorry, honey, I didn't realize..."

"It's okay," he conceded. "It's not like I've never heard that before."

I watched myself on the tiny screen step back away from the camera and get onto the bed. I started going through my sexy routine, but it was really dark and I was totally hidden in shadows.

"Does it look different on this screen than it really does?" I asked.

"What do you mean?"

"It's too dark, you can't see anything."

"I don't know. I can't tell without looking."

"Well...you can look if you want. There's nothing showing."

Daniel hesitantly looked at the video of my silhouette writhing suggestively. He swallowed hard and checked some settings.

"No, it's not the screen. I think it's because you had the nightstand lights on behind you, or something."

I don't know what came over me, but before I realized it the tears were flowing.

"Why can't I do this?" I wept and plopped down onto the edge of the bed. "I just want to do this for your father, but I'm so stupid I can't get it right. What's wrong with me?"

"Aw, Mom, it's nothing to cry about," Daniel said, then sat down and put an arm around me. "It's a tricky camera, it's not that easy."

"It's easy for you. I'm just a big dummy who can't even make a simple video myself."

"Come on, don't say that," he squeezed my shoulder and I could feel the strength in him. It wasn't an empty gesture on his part. In my moment of desperate vulnerability, he made me feel safe and loved. Loved in a way I hadn't felt for so many long months.

"I'm sorry. I'm being silly." I took a deep breath, and leaned my head on my son's shoulder. "He's risking so much and working so hard for us over there, and all I wanted to do was give him something that would make it a little easier to get through it all."

"I get it, Mom. I think it's really cool what you're trying to do. And I know Dad is going to love it once you get it sorted out."

"Maybe I should just write him a racy letter instead."

"Don't give up now. You already have the camera and all."

"I don't know. Even if I do get it right, I'll probably look awful anyway."

"Don't say that. You've still got it going on."

I wiped the tears away and could feel the sudden storm of emotions ebbing.

"Thanks, sweetie, but maybe it wasn't meant to be."

A comfortable silence enfolded us as we each became lost in our own thoughts. After a time, Daniel cleared his throat and spoke up.

"Well...um...probably not, but if you wanted I could help."

"You've already been a big help."

"No, I mean help you, ah...actually make the video." His voice was quiet and unsure.

I took a moment to make certain I understood what he was proposing.

"Are you saying that you would be in the room working the camera while I was..."

He gave a slight nod of confirmation.

"Oh, honey, no." Now I was the one who was flustered. "I couldn't let you do that."

"I can tell how much you want this for Dad, and I hate seeing how upset it's making you."

"I understand, darling, but I couldn't do those things in front of you. Besides, you'd be scarred for life seeing your own mother behaving like that."

"Okay. It was just a stupid idea. Forget it."

"Thanks, honey." I gave him a smooch on the cheek. "I appreciate the offer."

He gave me a small smile. It looked as if he wanted to say something else, but chose instead to head back to his room.

That night I wasn't able to fall asleep. I tossed and turned, my mind racing with all sorts of useless thoughts. I rolled over onto my back and could see the shadowy shape of the tripod and camera near the foot of the bed. I realized all those random thoughts were a way of not thinking about the one subject I was trying to avoid.

I imagined Daniel standing behind the camera and looking over the top of it at me.

I pulled aside the covers and opened my pajama-clad legs experimentally. A thrill ran through me and I was suddenly ashamed of myself for even imagining such a thing. I closed my legs quickly and tried to think of something else.

I wondered what Daniel was doing in his room right now. Was he asleep, or was he still awake, thinking about what had gone on tonight? Maybe he was touching himself and remembering the quick peek he had of my breast on the view screen. He had obviously been uncomfortable with the whole situation, but was there a small possibility that in the privacy of his own room he was a little turned on by it all? Like I was right now.

My legs seemed to part of their own will, and I finally gave in to my perverse thoughts. No one would know I was dreaming of my virile young son looking at my naked body. No one would ever know I was masturbating to a secret fantasy of him.

I made myself come in no time at all, and was more than a little surprised that I permitted myself to go there. Now that it was over, I was ashamed of myself for allowing my nasty thoughts to take me to such a forbidden place. I tried to explain it away with the fact that I hadn't had a man for almost eight months. Daniel certainly wouldn't ever think of me in that way.

I needed to get a grip, and not let making this video get the better of me.

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The following afternoon I was standing outside Daniel's bedroom door, too afraid to knock.

That morning I had waited anxiously for him to leave. Neither of us mentioned the events of the previous evening, and he headed off to register for classes. I was so happy he decided to attend the local state college instead of going somewhere far away.

Once he'd left, I changed into something sexy and made another go at it. After three failed attempts I'd managed to get the camera to lock up with a big 'error' icon blinking accusingly at me from that smug little damn view screen.

I wanted to throw the stupid thing across the room.

My knock on his door was quiet enough so that he wouldn't hear it if he had his headphones on. I was half hoping this was the case, and was ready to give up and creep away, but then I heard him.

"Yeah, just a second," he called. My heart thumped a bit quicker. "Come on in."

I went in and found him sitting in bed reading a book. "Did you get what you wanted?"

"Huh?" He looked guilty for some reason. "Oh, you mean for classes? Yeah, it wasn't as much of a madhouse as I'd expected, so it went pretty smooth."

I sat down on his bed, and fidgeted with the threads around the edge of the hole in the knee of the old pair of jeans I had on. I was as nervous as a schoolgirl. A forty-four year old schoolgirl.

"I've been giving it a lot of thought," I began without being able to look him in the eye. "And maybe I was too quick to dismiss your suggestion."

"About me helping you with the video?"

"I'm not saying I want to do it, but we could at least discuss it."

"Okay," he said, sitting up and putting his book aside.

"Well, first off, do you really understand what is...involved?"

"Not sure what you mean by 'involved.'"

Once again I felt a displaced sense of not quite being myself as I pushed past the embarrassment and said what needed to be said out loud.

"I mean, you understand exactly what I'm trying to make a video of."

"I think so..."



"I'd be naked, for one thing." I began to feel lightheaded as I heard myself saying these words to my son. "And I would be doing things...to myself. Very intimate things."

"That's pretty much what I guessed," he acknowledged hoarsely as the blush rose once again on his cheeks.

"You really think you'd be okay with seeing your own mother pleasuring herself like that? Wouldn't you be too embarrassed, or ashamed, or...disgusted by it?"

He thought about it for a few moments.

"Well, I can't say it wouldn't be weird. But I know for sure I wouldn't be disgusted at all. I think what you're doing is a beautiful thing. I'd hate for you and Dad to miss out on sharing it because you can't work out some minor technical glitches."

"Oh, I just don't know. I had a hard enough time doing...you-know-what in front of the camera by myself, much less in front of you."

"Yeah, but everything you never tried before is kind of like that at first, isn't it?"

"Maybe if it was anyone else."

"Who? Ernie the mailman? He would probably pay to do it!"

"Eww, I bet he would at that," I giggled. Daniel was always able to find a way to make me laugh in any situation.

"Look, obviously it's totally up to you. I'm not trying to push you into anything you don't want to do, but who else could you trust more than me with something like this? And, speaking as a guy, I know how much Dad would appreciate a reminder of what's waiting for him at home. Maybe once he sees your video he won't agree to another stupid contract extension."

It was all I could do to keep from getting all teary-eyed when I heard that.

"I need to think about it some more." I was finally feeling comfortable enough to look him in the eye and give him a smile. "I would hate for this to make you think less of me."

"Why would I?"

"Well, because I'm your mother. And there are certain things a child isn't supposed to know about his mom."

"I'm not supposed to know that you masturbate?"

"Don't say it like that," I scolded reflexively. He chuckled at my shocked reaction.

"It's what we're talking about isn't it? If you can't say it in front of me, how do you expect to be able to do it in front of me?"

"All right then." I steeled myself for another try at it. "You shouldn't know about how I...masturbate. That's something that should be kept private."

"Come on, Mom," he nudged my shoulder playfully. "Your husband's been away for most of a year, you don't think I know you're taking care of yourself now and again?" He paused, then gave me a little smirk. "To be honest, I was doing it when you knocked on my door."

I cast an involuntarily glance at his lap, now understanding why he was in bed under the sheet 'reading' in the middle of the afternoon.

"Oh, dear, I'm...I'm sorry. I'll get out of here and let you--"

"Mom, relax, it's no big deal." He took my wrist and got me to sit back down. "I'm not a little kid anymore. We're both adults. Even if we don't do the video, we should at least be able to be honest about these kinds of things with each other. I've got no girlfriend, and you've got no husband right now, so what else are we supposed to do?"

"I'm sorry, I shouldn't have overreacted like that." I took a few calming breaths. "But you know me. I wasn't raised to talk about sex stuff, so this is very strange and scary to me."

"I think it's hysterical how uncomfortable you get when we're watching TV together and a condom commercial comes on."

"I do not," I slapped his arm, knowing it was true. "Okay, I'll try to loosen up, but you have to understand this is really difficult for me." I tried to gather my thoughts, and not be distracted by the little tingles I was feeling between my legs. "So, you were masturbating your penis and I interrupted?"

Daniel laughed at my clumsy attempt to openly talk about sex with him. He happily played along.

"Yep, rubbing one out before dinner."

"Were you looking at a dirty magazine, or something?"

"Nope. Just fantasizing in my head."

"What were you thinking about?"

I felt a jolt of surprise when his eyes flicked to my chest for a split second. He may not even have been aware that he'd done it, but I fully understood what it meant.

"Oh...about a hot girl...that I saw at registration."

"Sounds nice," I said to cover my lingering astonishment. "I better let you get back to it then."

I stood up, then leaned down and gave him a kiss on the forehead. I realized as I was doing it that he would have a clear view at my more than ample cleavage only inches from his face. Instead of being troubled by this, I found it gave me one of those little thrills I seemed to be getting a lot more of lately.

I paused at the door on my way out, giving in to a naughty impulse before I could stop myself.

"Dinner will be ready in an hour," I said nonchalantly. "Have a good come."

I closed the door, satisfied by his astonished expression, and pressed my hand to my crotch. I couldn't believe how turned on I was, and it only got worse (or better, actually) when I realized my son was probably on the other side of that door right now with his hard cock in his hand thinking about my breasts as he masturbated himself.

I couldn't decide if being this turned on by the idea of my son making a video of me playing with myself was a sign that I should do it, or a warning that this was a road better left untraveled.

The urge to get myself off was quickening my pulse, but I resisted, wanting to hold on to this wicked feeling as long as I could. I knew how wrong this all was, but I was beginning to realize I might not be able to resist the deviant temptations being presented to me.

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"Feeling better?" I asked Daniel coyly as he sat down for dinner.

"Yep. Had a good workout, but I'm still a bit stiff."

"Watch it, buster. Don't get fresh." I winked and spooned some rice pilaf onto his plate.

"Sorry," he said without really meaning it. "I like you in that shirt, Mom. Red's your color."

"You don't think the neckline is too low?"

His eyes zeroed in on my décolletage once I'd given him my tacit approval to look. I was rewarded with a lascivious grin.

"Looks great from here, Mom."

I couldn't believe I was actually flirting with my own son. They were fixing up a special room

in hell for me, no doubt about it. I poured myself a glass of Pinot Grigio.

"Wine?" Daniel raised an eyebrow. "What's the occasion?"

"Would you like a glass?"

"Sure," he answered quickly and I poured him half a glass, then sat down.

We ate, and made small talk, and drank our wine. It was all very pleasant, and normal, but there was an undercurrent of sexual tension that was undeniable. I felt his bright blue eyes on me every time he thought I wasn't looking. With boobs as big as mine you get used to men staring at your chest. I'd even caught Daniel taking a peek more than a few times over the years. I knew the poor fellas couldn't help themselves, but tonight it felt different somehow.

"There would have to be some rules," I finally said to broach only subject that was on both our minds.

"Sure." Daniel knew exactly what I was referring to without me having to say. "Like what?"

"We couldn't tell anyone," I poured my second glass of wine, and emptied the remainder of the bottle into my son's glass. "Most especially not your father."

"Agreed. Tell no one."

"And you would have to promise not to laugh at me, or make fun."

"Just for this, though. I can still make fun of you for other stuff, right?"

"Since you mentioned it, no. You can never make fun of me for anything ever again."

"Agreed. No more teasing you for not knowing your left from your right."

"I told you, that's a real medical condition!" I couldn't help but laugh. This was good wine!

"And it would have to be only this one thing. After, we'd go back to being a normal mother and son, and never do anything remotely freaky like this again."

"Well, I can go back to being a normal son, but I'm not sure if you can pull off being a normal mom."

"Which brings us back to rule number two, mister."

"Okay," he chuckled and gulped the last of his wine. "One video, then back to normal. Agreed."

**"What about you? Any rules?"**

**"None that I can think of." His face became serious. My son looked me in the eye. It was a look I'd never seen from him before. I felt naked already. He leaned toward me and asked, "Does this mean we're doing it?"**

**I nodded and finished off my glass.**

**"Yes. I obviously can't do this without your help. I need you, Daniel."**

**\* \* \* \* \***

**I stepped out of the shower and held onto the towel rack to keep from falling. I was still loose from the Pinot, but not so much so that I didn't know exactly what I was about to do. I dried off, smoothed some lotion onto my legs and body, then put my long hair up in a sexy style.**

**I stepped into my outfit and pulled it up around my middle. It was a corset-type bodice, black with deep purple highlights for the trim. It fit snug to my torso, but not too tight. There were no cups for my boobs, and so they spilled over the top edge of the bodice and hung down freely. Two frilly straps circled around my breasts, framing them as if they were works of fine art. Another strap ran from the top of each breast and led around behind my neck to meet in a bow that I tied there.**

**Two similar straps dangled from the bottom. These looped down between my legs and up the cleft of my butt, giving the illusion that I was wearing a crotchless thong of sorts. Next I slipped on a pair of sheer black stockings, one at a time, and fastened them to the garter straps of the corset. The outfit was completed with a pair of 4-inch heels of black patent leather. I called them my slave-girl shoes. They had wide leather straps, with silver studs, that went around my ankles and made it look like I had on a pair manacles.**

**I finished with my make up. Dark, smoky eyes, and bright, red lips. I stepped back and checked out the result in the mirror.**

**Not bad for a middle-aged, fat broad. I'd fuck me!**

**Now all I had to do was get the butterflies in my stomach to settle down. I fussed with my makeup a little more, straightened the seams of my stockings, tucked up a strand of stray hair, and realized I was stalling.**

**I pulled on my robe and covered myself up, then went out into my bedroom.**

**"Ready?" Daniel asked, his voice sounding high and nervous.**

**"If you're having second thoughts, just say so and we don't have to do this."**

"No, I'm good to go," he quickly assured me. "You look really pretty, Mom."

"Thanks, sweetheart, I need all the confidence I can get right now." I held my arms out and he came over and gave me a hug. "It means a lot that you're willing to do this for me...and your dad. I love you."

"I love you, too, Mom." He gave me one more big squeeze then went back behind the camera.

"Okay, now how do you want to do this?"

"Why don't you get on the bed first and let me check the lighting."

"I can keep my robe on for this part, right?"

"Sure, that's fine. Just relax, Mom, try to have fun with it."

"You get over here and get naked in front of the camera and see how fun it is," I grumbled as I climbed up.

He turned various lights in the room on and off, checking the camera each time. He brought in a reading lamp from the living room and set that up off to one side. It took about ten minutes for him to get it the way he wanted. I was getting more nervous by the minute, a thousand thoughts and last minute doubts running through my head.

"You'd better hurry up before I chicken out," I warned him.

"I think we're all set."

"Oh, honey, this is too bright," I complained.

"I know it seems like it from there, but it looks perfect for the camera. Trust me."

"Fine, but let's get this show on the road before I have a panic attack."

"Ready to go. Start over here behind the camera so it will look like you turned it on yourself, then walk over and get onto the bed and...do your thing."

I got up and went over next to Daniel.

"Should I take off my robe when I get to the bed or before?"

"Before, I guess would be better."

I reached for the sash, but hesitated. "Don't look at my stretch marks. And don't look at my tummy or my big thighs either."

"Mom, stop. Just think about getting Dad turned on, don't worry about me. Pretend like I'm not even here."

"This is really happening, isn't it?"

"Yep, no turning back now. We're making a porno, Mom. Now lose the robe."

"Stop being fresh, you." His breezy attitude actually made me a little more comfortable.

"Don't look," I said, knowing it was silly.

He shook his head and turned away. I opened my robe and took it off. I looked for a place to hang it, but ended up tossing it on the floor. My heart hammered in my chest.

"Tell me when you're ready," he said, still not looking.

"Ready as I'll ever be."

"Okay, then. Action!"

He pressed the button. I waited a second then moved out in front of the camera, and also in front of my son's wide-eyed gaze.

"Holy fucking shit," Daniel blurted.

I quickly covered my breasts with one arm, and my crotch with my other hand.

"What? What's wrong?"

"Sorry. Sorry," he stopped the recording. "My bad."

"What happened? Something with the camera?"

"No, it's just that...um..." He looked over at me sheepishly. "I guess I might as well say it and get it out of the way. Mom, you look fucking hot. Pardon my French and all, but you are fucking movie star hot right now. I never knew--"

"Stop that," I cut him off, not wanting to admit how much I was loving it. "You're not supposed to be looking at me like that. Don't forget that I'm your mom, and this is strictly business."

"Okay, sorry. Wasn't expecting all the crazy hotness, but I've got it under control now. Strictly professional from here on out. Let's take two."

I went back behind the camera, waited for him to hit record, then made my entrance once

again. I crawled up on the bed and turned toward the camera. I got up on my knees like I had in my previous attempts to film myself. It was difficult not to notice the way Daniel's eyes were riveted to my exposed breasts.

I swayed my hips a bit, and ran my hands up my thighs and along my sides. That lightheaded feeling of unreality was with me again. I had to actually remind myself to breathe. I'd had the odd inappropriate thought about my son a time or two in the past, but I'd always been quick to suppress it. There was no hiding from those thoughts now. And no denying the way my body was responding.

My hands reached up to my chest. I caressed the contours of my massive breasts with the lightest of touches. My fingertips traced slow circles around each of my nipples. Some girls have little buttons, some have silver dollars, but my areolas are like two saucers.

Daniel licked his lips as he watched my hands roam over my huge boobs. He was captivated. I know I was supposed to be performing for my husband, but I couldn't help playing to my entranced son.

I slid my hands under my tits and lifted them. So heavy in my palms. I bobbed them up and down and couldn't help looking down at myself to see how nicely they jiggled. It had been so long since I felt someone's hands other than my own on my breasts. I longed to be touched, and fondled. I ached for the feel of a man's strong, rough hands grabbing and squeezing at my big titties.

I raised them both up high and let them drop. My son bit his lower lip to keep from uttering any sound. I could see by the expression on his face that this was sublime torture for him. I lifted and dropped again. It hurt to do it, but it was the kind of pain that felt good after the initial shock of it.

My hands rubbed more aggressively. I grabbed as much as I could of each tit and squeezed hard. My fingers sank into my fleshy mounds, and I massaged them passionately. I felt something running down my inner thigh. I couldn't remember the last time I was so turned on that I was literally dripping wet.

I wanted to take the next step, but I was terrified. I'd only ever masturbated in front of one other person in my life, and that was my husband. We were married almost five years before I was secure enough to let him watch me. And now I was supposed to do it with my son looking on. I suddenly wanted another glass of wine.

I closed my eyes and imagined I was alone. I let my hand drift down until I touched the downy softness of my pubic hair. I paused there and toyed with it for a moment, before reaching lower. My fingers slipped easily along the length of my slick slit. The skin of my freshly shaved outer lips felt so smooth and soft.

My mind wouldn't let me escape and pretend I was alone. I knew he was watching me. I was



touching my pussy in front of my son, and he was right there watching it all. My boy was about to see his mother masturbate. The excitement was too much for me to exercise any self control. I couldn't stop myself if I wanted. I was going to make myself come, and Daniel was going to see it.

I went for my clit. It was hard and ready.

I pressed down on it from the top, feeling its stiffness. I teased my little bundle of impatient nerves. They'd been screaming for my attention all day long, and now they had it. Every grazing touch sent sparks of excitement through my pussy that felt so good they almost hurt.

With deliberate slowness, I opened my eyes. Daniel was fixated on the action of my hand down between my legs.

"Oh, yes," I moaned and he looked up, almost surprised to be reminded that the rest of me was still there.

Our eyes locked. I wanted him to know I was right there with him. I wasn't hiding somewhere, sending my thoughts into a fantasy or imagining I was with his father. Mind, body and soul, I was present in that moment. He recognized it, and was helpless in the face of the power it imbued within me. I was mother, lover, and goddess all at once.

I pressed my fingers along one side of my clit and moved my hand rapidly back and forth. The pleasure mounted. I clutched one of my tits and dug my fingernails into my own flesh. Sharp points of pain radiated through me, transforming into pleasure as it spread. I was fast approaching climax. This wasn't going to be the amusing firecracker like last night in front of the camera, this was a daisy-cutter raging for release.

"Ohh, yesss!" I cried out.

Daniel finally broke eye contact. He looked down to where my hand was flailing away at my pussy. My son stared at my most intimate sanctuary and was unable to keep his jaw from falling slack at the sight of what I was doing to myself.

"Ohh, God. Yesss!" I yelled even louder.

My orgasm sizzled to life between my legs. It raced up my belly and around my ass at the same time. The sensation hit my tits and coalesced in my nipples. As that was happening, that same sizzle fired up my spine and erupted in my brain. It was all happening at once, like my body was being pulled in a dozen dazzling directions simultaneously. I was a puppet and the overwhelming pleasure was my master.

I slumped forward, catching myself with outstretched arms. Panting on all fours, I struggled to regain my breath as the residual traces of my orgasm swirled through me.

I braced myself for what I knew was bound to come next. The guilt. The clarity of a mind no longer clouded by the all-consuming desire for orgasm. The guilt, the shame, the realization of the enormity of what I'd just done. A deep regret for the despicable transgression I'd just committed. I waited, promising myself I wouldn't cry in front of Daniel and let him think it was in any way his fault.

I waited, but those feelings never materialized. None of them.

There was a lightness. A deep sense of satisfaction. And an almost overpowering feeling of love. It was one of the most amazing moments I'd ever experienced.

I looked up and saw Daniel gesturing for me to come over by the camera so it would look like me stopping the recording. I had to laugh. I was so wrapped up with the thrill of my son watching me that I'd forgotten the camera was even there.

I staggered off the bed, blew a kiss into the lens, and moved around out of the shot. Daniel hit the button and immediately began applauding. I covered my breasts with my arms out of some misplaced instinct of modesty, and dipped down to pick up my robe from the floor.

While I was down there I noticed a nice long bulge in Daniel's pants. I also noticed he wasn't making any effort to conceal it.

I turned my back to him and slipped into my robe.

"Did it work? Can I see it?"

"Hold your horses, superstar." He navigated to the right spot and hit play.

"Don't look," I insisted and used my hand to shield the view screen from him.

"Seriously?" he laughed.

I saw myself on the bed, my hands beginning to wander over my body.

"Hey, I don't look half bad." I dropped my hand, no longer afraid I would look like a revolting mess on video.

"I'd say you look all good."

We watched the video, our heads close together so we could both see. It was a surreal situation that brought about a warm breathless feeling in my chest that was strangely pleasant.

"You got the lighting just right, honey. Not glaring, but you can see everything clearly."

"This part is great." He was referring to when I hefted my breasts and let them drop.

Soon we reached the part where my hand ventured down below. I realized I was biting my nails and tucked my hands in the pockets of my robe.

The view zoomed in and focused on my lower half. I was shamelessly intrigued by seeing myself playing with my pussy. Then a realization hit me. I smacked Daniel on the arm.

"Wait a minute! We can't use this!"

"What? Why not. It looks great, you said so."

"You used the zoom. He'll know someone was working the camera."

"Fuck, you're right. I was so...distracted I guess I wasn't thinking."

"We're not going to be able to use any of it." I couldn't believe it.

"I'm sorry," he said. "Maybe we can edit it somehow."

"No, it wouldn't look right at all then."

"Geez, Mom, I feel awful. You were really counting on me, and I fucked it up royally."

"No, it's okay." I rubbed his shoulder hoping to console him. "It was an honest mistake. You know what. We'll just have to try again."

"Now?"

"I'm pretty well spent, honey." I let out a heavy sigh. "Maybe tomorrow night? If you're free."

"Ah, yeah, that's cool with me."

He turned and shut down the camera, then plugged it in to recharge the battery. I couldn't help staring at the alluring bulge that was still going strong in his jeans. I had no doubt my boy was going to hurry back to his room and jack off like a mad man, all the while thinking about what he'd just witness me doing. I couldn't help thinking I'd like to see him doing it. I pushed the thought away and averted my eyes.

"All set?"

"Yep. Well, goodnight, Mom. You were amazing."

"Still am," I quipped and gave him a kiss on the cheek. I rubbed at the mark left by my lipstick, then held his face for a moment. "Goodnight, sweetheart."

I closed the door behind him, and stripped out of my lingerie. I sat on my bed after peeling my stockings off, and felt too lazy to get my pajamas out of the drawer. I climbed under the covers, deciding to sleep in the nude for the first time in ages, and was soon drifting off toward sleep.

It was so disappointing that we couldn't use the video from tonight. I was hoping I would be able to muster the same intensity tomorrow. How could Daniel have made such an obvious screw up? For such a smart boy, it was such a stupid mistake. Now he'd have to endure yet another sordid display by his mother.

A voice reached out from the corner of my mind. 'He is too smart to make a mistake like that.' I sat up, suddenly understanding. He did it on purpose! Hoping we'd have to do it all again. That little schemer.

I plopped my head back down onto my pillow. My brain was too discombobulated to sort it all out tonight. I wanted to be mad at him, but I couldn't help feeling flattered that he would engage in such devious machinations just to prolong this kinky project of ours. I'd figure out how deal with him tomorrow.

For now all I wanted to do was indulge in the persistent cloud of happiness that still surrounded me, and dream about Daniel, my helpful son.

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Introduction: Mother and son become more intimate as their kinky project heats up

Mom Needs Son's Help, Ch. 2 of 2  
By Kinkybelle

I woke up late after the best night of sleep I'd had in months. I stretched beneath the covers enjoying the sensation of my naked skin against the soft sheets. The sight of the camera perched on its tripod at the foot of my bed brought a smile to my face. The events of last night seemed like a fleeting dream.

What I thought was going to be a fairly simple matter of making a naughty video for my husband, who had been working abroad for the past eight months, proved to be a series of humiliating failures due to my utter lack of technical ability. Luckily, my son Daniel is a whiz with all things electronic.

The unreal part was that I was so hopelessly incompetent that we eventually came to the conclusion that the only way I was going to be able to make my private video was for him to be in the room with me to work the camera and record the whole thing. My seventeen-year-old son was right there watching me in my corset and stockings while I fondled my naked breasts, played with my pussy, and gave myself an orgasm. Not so private

after all.

What the hell was I thinking?

But that wasn't the end of the story. Daniel made the mistake of zooming in on my 'area' at one point during the performance. This would be an obvious tip off to my husband that I wasn't alone when making the video, and that just couldn't happen. He could never know that someone else was there while I performed sex acts on myself, much less our son. If I wanted to follow through on this idea, we would have to re-shoot the video again tonight. The problem was that I was ninety-eight percent sure Daniel was too smart to have made a stupid mistake with the zoom like that, and I suspected he'd done it on purpose just so he would get to see me put on another show. As flattering as it might be, I didn't want him to get away free and clear after pulling a sneaky stunt like that.

I put on my robe and went to find Daniel.

He wasn't in the kitchen or living room, so I figured he must still be in his bedroom. I knocked lightly, heard him say, 'Come in,' and opened his door.

When I looked into my son's room, the shock of a rapid series of conflicting emotions took my breath away. The first thing I noticed was that he was sitting at his desk with his back to me--totally naked! Next, it quickly became apparent by the motion of his right shoulder and arm what he was doing. He was most certainly jerking off. But this was only the half of it. He was saying something, too.

"I see you coming, oh yeah, let me see you come..."

I realized that was what I'd heard when I thought he said, 'Come in.' He was actually saying 'coming' not 'come in.' The biggest shock came when I saw he had his earphones on and they were plugged into his computer. Playing on his computer screen was a porno video. It took me a second to recognize that the shameless slut in the nasty video my son was watching was actually me!

Daniel was watching the video he made of me last night and masturbating to it!

My mind reeled. I was horrified and embarrassed beyond rational thought. I felt humiliated and violated. But, underneath that swirl of negative emotions was a stronger surge of exhilaration and lustful delight. My boy had access by way of the internet to literally millions of x-rated videos of millions of hot young things doing any sort of depraved act he could imagine, but instead he chose to watch his own mother's dirty video while he stroked his hard cock.

As I quietly back away and closed his door, I felt a longing pang of regret that I wasn't able to get a look at his penis from where I stood.

I took a deep breath, and tried to get my thoughts together. Only moments earlier I was on the verge of putting a stop to this perverse video project of ours, and now I could barely contain myself at the thought of getting naked in front of my son again tonight.

It was beyond me how something so clearly reprehensible could be so incredibly thrilling.

\* \* \* \* \*

The day had seemed to drag by, but when the moment arrived that evening I couldn't believe it came so fast. I think I was even more nervous than the first time. At least the previous night I was able to go into it with the illusion that Daniel wouldn't be looking at his own mother with any real sexual interest. But that illusion was shattered now. I knew that if I could go through with another performance, he would be looking at me as an object of desire.

I finished patting myself dry after a nice warm shower. Tonight I decided to change it up and instead of my corset I slipped into a pale blue baby doll nightie. It didn't have cups, but rather a billowy band of sheer fabric that gathered above and below my breasts. The blousy nature of the design made my already mammoth tits look even bigger. And I loved the way my wide pale nipples looked behind the transparent veil. Something about see-through lingerie always seemed sexier than being naked.

The gown flowed down over my liberal curves and ended in a frilly hem just below my crotch. It came with a pair of matching panties, but I decided not to wear them. The way my dark patch of pubic hair showed through was perfect the way it was. I stepped into my open-toe, midnight-blue high heels with the dainty little straps to bring it all together.

I put my robe on, feeling that I shouldn't reveal myself until the camera was recording, and stepped out of the bathroom.

"There's my favorite porn star," Daniel joked. (Or maybe it wasn't a joke.)

"No autographs, please, I need to get into character," I said playing the diva instead of scolding him to behave as I should have.

"Wearing your hair down this time?"

"Thought I'd mix things up," I said and couldn't resist primping and tossing my head just a bit. I could see his eyes already devouring my body as if trying to see through my terry-cloth robe.

"Okay, great. Well, I have everything all set up, so whenever you're ready."

"Before we do this, I wanted to tell you again how much I appreciate you helping me." I took his hand in mine and gave it a loving squeeze. "It was actually more fun last night than I thought it would be."

"How could making a sex video possibly not be fun?" he chuckled.

"Maybe when you're scared out of your wits and your own son is watching as you do it!"

"Nah, everyone's making sex tapes these days, Mom. You need to lighten up."

"Not laughing, funny boy." I shook my head in exasperation, trying to get serious. "Even though it wasn't as traumatic as I thought it might be, I still want this to be it. I want to get this video done tonight, and I don't want there to be any 'accidents' with the camera." I emphasized the word accidents by making air quotes with my fingers. He picked up on the meaning and smiled sheepishly knowing I was onto his scheme.

"Okay, Mom, I promise. We'll nail it tonight and forget it ever happened."

"Good," I said, knowing this was one experience I'd never forget. "Now let's make sure the first take doesn't get ruined by someone hooting and hollering when I step in front of the camera."

I dropped my robe and let him get a good look at me in my negligee.

"Oh, fucking hell yes, Mom," he gasped despite himself. "I'm sorry, but I can't help it, lady." His eyes traveled up and down my barely concealed body as I did a little turn in front of him. "I think you're the reason they invented the term MILF."

"MILF? What does that mean?" I asked. Even though I'm naturally a brunette, my blond highlights allow me to get away with playing dumb when I need to.

"It means a mom I'd like to f..."

"Like to what?"

"Um...like to fuck."

I feigned scandalized shock. "You want to fuck me? Your own mother?"

"No! Well...it's just what it stands for, but it's more for like a mom who's hot, you know? I didn't mean..."

"I know, honey," I smiled and patted his cheek, letting him off the hook. "But if I wasn't married, and you weren't my son, who knows..." I let that rattle around in his horny little mind for a few moments. "Should we do it?"

"Really?" He swallowed hard.

"It's what we're both here for," I said a little too seductively, "to make the video."

"Yeah...oh, the video. Right."

I should have felt guilty for playing with him like that, but for some reason I was feeling especially flirty and couldn't help tormenting him.

"Wish me luck, and keep your hands where I can see them," I teased.

"Recording in three, two..." he pressed the button.

I sashayed over to the bed and crawled onto it. I took my time as I did, unlike before. I let the camera, and Daniel, get a nice long look at my generous derriere. One thing I especially liked about my body was that even though I was big I had a smoothness to me that made the extra proportions nice to look at. I wasn't all lumpy, or bumpy, or saggy. Just full round curves and plenty of soft warm flesh.

I wiggled my healthy rump and gave myself a little spank before turning around and getting up to my knees and facing the camera. I began as I had on all the other attempts. With my hips swaying, I ran my hands over my thighs, up my sides and to my breasts. As I ostensibly teased my husband, who was supposed to be the only one to ever see this, I couldn't help glancing at the front of my son's pants.

The butterflies took flight in my tummy when I saw the bulge of his hardness. I continued playing with my tits, then I pulled the top band of my nightie down ever so slowly, revealing my giant nipples like a pair of fleshy pink sunrises. I grabbed each of my nipples with a robust pinch and lifted them upward, pulling the considerable weight of my tits up with them. Daniel's eyes widened at the sight of this little trick of mine, and his mouth fell open when I began jiggling them vigorously as I held my tortured nipples up high.

I swear I saw him reaching for his crotch, then stopping himself when he realized what he was doing. I once again felt the tickle of my pussy juice trickling down the inside of my thigh. I'd purposely held back from touching myself all day, so I was primed and ready to get myself off.

I lifted the hem of my negligee and displayed my pussy. It was a fairly tame display, more Playboy than Hustler, but I felt so totally exposed doing it in front of my son. I reached down and my pussy squelched when my fingers infiltrated the drenched folds of my womanly center.

Once I touched myself down there, I was off and running. I became lost in an incoherent flood of sensations. My fingers rubbing my clit, the pinch on my nipple, the sight of my son's constrained erection, the shudder up my back, the feathery touch of my lingerie sweeping against my ass, three fingers buried in my pussy hole, the gathering storm of my approaching climax, Daniel's broad shoulders and strong hands, the bouncing of my tits as I fucked my fingers like I usually only did when no one was watching, and then it was upon me.



The all-encompassing sensation of orgasm bloomed around my plunging hand and spread throughout my body in an instant. The world ceased to exist in that split second, and all I knew was the glorious euphoria of every nerve being bathed in undiluted pleasure. It was over all too fast.

I pulled my fingers out of my pussy and resisted putting them to my lips. I didn't want Daniel to see me doing something as nasty as tasting my own juices. Once my faculties fell back into place, I looked at the camera and gave a little wave, then climbed off the bed and moved out of the frame.

Daniel stopped the recording, and as before made his opinion known with a round of enthusiastic applause.

"That was absolutely smokin', Mom!" he said excitedly as he navigated the camera to playback mode, knowing I'd want to see it right away. "Dad is going to spank himself raw when he sees this." It struck me funny hearing him talk about his father that way.

"If it came out half as good as it felt, then I think we got it that time," I said and moved over close to my son so I could see the finished product. I pulled my negligee up over my tits, but I didn't bother to cover up with the robe this time.

"Here we go," Daniel announced and pressed play. We watched the video on that tiny little screen, our faces practically cheek to cheek. His shoulder was pressed against mine and I could smell the light scent of his sweat.

When I saw myself in the early throes of orgasm, I began to feel more self-conscious. I didn't realize I was so intensely into it, and my son saw it all. Then I noticed something and my heart sank.

"I hate to say this," I said as the sound of me moaning got louder. "But something looks a little off to me."

"The lighting's good, you're awesome, no odd camera moves--" Then he noticed it, too. He went back to the beginning and played it again in fast forward where it was even more obvious. "You keep looking at something off screen."

"Yes, you. You kept distracting me."

"Me? What did I do?"

"Oh, I don't know, Captain Boner."

He looked down and took note of his own obvious bulge. He tried to tuck it down, but it only made it more prominent.

"I'm sorry, Mom. But it's hard...I mean, it's difficult not to, you know, with you looking all sexy and touching yourself like that."

"I know," I sighed. "It's my fault for looking, not yours."

"Maybe if he asks, you can just say there was a monitor there and you were looking at yourself to make sure you were in front of the camera."

"I don't think so. Your father knows better than anyone what a ditz I am with gadgets. He'd know I wouldn't be able to arrange a set up like that." Though I tried to inject an exasperated tone into my voice, I was more than a little happy about the situation. "We're just going to have to try again."

"Sure," he was quick to agree. "No problem." Daniel reset the camera and got it ready to record again.

"But I'm thinking that I'll be distracted again unless you do something about 'Mister Happy' down there."

"Maybe I could cover up with something?"

"No, I'd still know it was there." I acted as though I was trying hard to think up a solution. "Maybe if you 'relieve' yourself that will take care of the problem."

"You mean masturbate to get rid of my hard-on?"

"There's no being subtle with you, is there?"

"Okay, I guess, if that's what it takes." He headed for the door.

"Where are you going?"

"I'm going to jack off like you said."

"Now wait a minute," I said, putting my hands on my hips while at the same time being very aware that Daniel could clearly see my tits and pussy through my nightie. "You've seen me play with myself twice now. Maybe I should get a turn to see you."

"Yeah, right," he scoffed and continued for the door.

"Hey, hold on. I'm serious."

"You want me to jerk off in front of you?"

"Why not? I jerked off in front of you. It's only fair, don't you think?"

"Well...okay, I guess." The blush was back on his cheeks, but I could tell by his body language that he was more than willing. "You want me to do it right here?"

"No," I said and noticed my clit begin to throb with anticipation. "Get naked and get on the bed like I did."

"I have to get naked?"

I held out my arms, indicating my own current state of exposure. He nodded in consolation to my irrefutable argument.

He shrugged and pulled his shirt off over his head. I marveled at his well-defined chest and flat stomach. I'd seen it all before, of course, but I now saw his body in a whole new way. Daniel undid his jeans and pulled them down, kicking them away and tugging off his socks. He was just in boxers, his erection poked out more noticeably now that it was no longer restrained by his pants.

My son looked at me, and I looked at him. An unspoken acknowledgement passed between us in that moment. He did want to fuck me, and I wanted to fuck him. It was nothing more than animal lust. But we both knew it could never happen. Seeing each other naked and watching as we pleased ourselves was one thing, but it could never be more than that, despite our lustful urges.

Daniel pulled down his boxers and his cock sprung free. And it was spectacular.

I expected it to be like his father's, but it wasn't. It was much wider at the base and tapered gracefully toward the head. I immediately knew how good it would feel if he drove it all the way into me, stretching my hole out as his full girth filled me completely. Like his father, he was circumcised, but his cock head was larger, flaring like an exotic mushroom cap. His pee hole caught my attention as it seemed fairly large and gaped open unlike any of the limited number of penises I'd seen before. There was a tell-tale glistening of pre-cum just beneath that alluring opening.

His balls hung large and loose underneath. And it appeared they were shaved. Something I'd never encountered before. It sent a little chill up the crack of my ass and along my spine. It was all I could do to keep myself from falling to my knees and taking my boy's huge cock in my mouth and loving it until he spilled his seed onto my tongue.

"Not so easy," I said, trying to keep my voice steady, "is it?"

He gave a nervous laugh and confirmed my instructions. "On the bed?"

"Yep, show us your stuff, stud."

He went to the bed and sat down. I couldn't help but notice he wasn't so quick with the jokes now. He slid himself back until he was on the spot where I'd recently made myself come.

"Okay. Here I go." Daniel wrapped his hand around his shaft and gave it a few slow strokes, looking down at himself rather than at me. I reached over and pressed the record button.

"Whoa, wait. What did you just do? The red light is on."

"You said you wanted to record a message for Dad, didn't you?"

"Come on, Mom," he complained. "Stop messing around."

"Now, now," I said firmly and looked him in the eye. "It's only fair that I have something to watch while I'm sitting naked in my bedroom some morning, and playing with myself in front of the computer."

It took him a second, but he got my message loud and clear. He just smiled and shook his head, knowing he'd been caught.

"So now all of the sudden you're the expert videographer?" he grumbled good-naturedly.

"I've been watching and learning. Now quit stalling and do something about that monster hard-on of yours so we can get back to work."

He laughed nervously and resumed his tentative stroking.

I looked at my handsome young boy, laid out on my bed, his long muscular legs stretching toward me, propped up on one arm, and his big cock in his fist. As I took it all in I realized this was the first time I'd actually had a man masturbating for me.

I'd obviously seen my husband pull out of me and jerk himself a few times and come onto my belly, or pull out of my mouth and finish on my face, but not like this. It might seem like a small thing, but it aroused me like nothing else to suddenly be the one who was the audience being played to, rather than being the performer. I felt like I owned him, and his pleasure was solely for my amusement.

"That's it, Daniel," I heard myself saying. "Rub it for me."

He smiled and opened his legs a little as he relaxed into it. It was delicious how his balls swayed in rhythm with his hand. I wanted to touch them. I wanted to feel them in my mouth. I wanted to sniff their manly odor.

"Show me how you like to jerk off," I said, unable to keep quiet. "I want to see my boy masturbate his hard penis."

Daniel squirmed at hearing my nasty encouragement and stroked himself a bit faster.

"Not too quick, dear, I want this to last." My hand was on my breast, massaging it and increasing the good feelings my son's display was creating within me. "You have such a nice penis, Daniel."

"Thanks, Mom," he said with a telling rasp in his voice. "Your body is so sexy, it gets me really hard."

"Is that so?" I teased. "Do my big titties get my boy excited?" I pulled the gauzy top of the negligee down once again and exposed my naked breasts to him.

"Oh God, yes," he moaned. "Your tits are amazing, Mom."

I lifted them and let them drop, knowing how much he liked it when I did that the previous evening.

"You like jerking off to my huge boobs? Are you going to make your beautiful cock come while you look at your mom's naked titties?"

"I am," he panted. "Holy shit, I really am."

"But what about the rest of me?" I tugged at my baby doll nightie and it fell to the floor around my ankles. I stepped out of it toward my son. I stood before him completely naked and ran my hands all over my body.

"Fuck, Mom, you are so goddamned hot. Can I see your ass again?"

"You want to see my big, juicy ass?" I was so out of control, and I didn't give a damn. "I'll show my sweet boy whatever he wants to see to make his big penis come."

I turned around, bending over, rocking my hips back and forth. I rubbed my cheeks and gave myself a nice hard spank before turning back around, not wanting to miss any of my private show. "How was that?"

"Mom, I want to fuck you so bad right now."

"I know you do, darling." I couldn't believe he said it out loud. My pussy clenched with desire when I heard him say those words. "I would love to have you inside me, but we can't do that. We can watch each other, though. Okay?"

"Yes...yes, we can."

"Play with your balls for me, baby." I reached down between my legs, no longer able to withstand the aching need calling to me. "Squeeze those big balls for your mother."

He used his free hand to immediately comply with my request. Daniel fondled his balls, cupping them, then pinching the loose skin of his scrotum, pulling it downward and stretching it. It looked so painful, but he seemed to be taking great pleasure from it.

"I'm going to come, Mom!" he groaned suddenly.

"That's right, honey, make your cock come for me." I increased the pace of my own masturbation. I was driving two fingers into my hole with one hand, and strumming my stiff clit with the other. All the while my eyes never left my son's thrashing cock.

"I'm coming! I'm coming, Mom! I'm...ahhhhhh!"

He lifted his hips and gave his cock a mighty series of rough pulls. His balls jerked up tight to his body. My own orgasm began to crest at that exact moment.

A blast of white cum flew from his cock and landed way up high on his throat. The second shot went nearly as far. I felt myself peak and suddenly my every sense was assaulted with another overwhelming explosion of ecstasy.

Daniel cried out in delirious agony and pulled another spurt of thick semen out of his cock, then another, and another. My God, it was glorious. Watching his whole body spasm as more and more cum sprayed out and coated his naked belly. I had to drop to my knees, and I continued pounding away at my pussy in order to bring along the next orgasm that was riding close on the heels of the last one.

My son gritted his teeth and grunted, milking the last few drops out and letting them dribble down over his knuckles.

"You came so much, baby! Look at all the beautiful cum you made for me! My pussy is going to come again! I'm going to make my pussy come again so hard!" I screamed like I hadn't done in many long years. "Fuck my pussy! Yessss! Uuuunnnngggghhhh!"

I shuddered uncontrollably as my last and most intense orgasm took hold of me. I knelt on the floor, both my hands pressed tight to my pussy, eyes locked on my only son's gorgeous cock, and I rode out the successive waves of bliss in that position.

After a moment, Daniel moved to sit up. I grabbed his foot before he could.

"No, don't move," I told him. "I don't want anything to get on my sheets. Wait right there."

I got myself up on unsteady legs and retrieved a towel from the bathroom. I sat down next to my son and dabbed the towel to his chest and stomach. As I carefully cleaned the spent cum from him, I noticed his erection was still as strong as when he'd started. So much for my plan of 'relieving' the pressure.

His cock jumped and a fresh dribble of semen oozed from his opening. Without thinking, I took a hold of his shaft with my thumb and forefinger, held it upright, and wiped the sperm from the tip. Daniels cock spasmed again at my touch, issuing a bit of frothy residue this time. I was tempted to lick it away, but I used the towel before I could give in to this impulse.

"Did I miss any, sweetheart?" I asked. My motherly tone sounded wholly out of place.

He held up his chin and I could see some pearly liquid running down the sides of his neck.

"My goodness, honey, you almost came on your own face," I giggled.

"I had some great inspiration," he said, and I felt his hand slide up and cup one of my dangling breasts. I sucked in a quick breath, and nearly melted at the feel of his firm hand grasping my long neglected flesh. I regained enough presence of mind to give him a little slap on the arm.

"None of that, now." I was relieved when he respected my light rebuke. If he hadn't, I don't think I would have had the willpower to resist him.

"You know the camera is still recording, right?"

"Oh, shit!" I jumped up and managed to get it to stop. Standing there in my bedroom, totally naked, with all the lights on and my son sprawled out on my bed with an undiminished erection, I just had to laugh. "What the hell have we gotten ourselves into?" I wondered aloud.

"I don't know," Daniel answered with a sly smile, "but whatever it is, I like it."

\* \* \* \* \*

We agreed that there was no point in trying again that night to shoot the video for my husband, and we were simply going to have to make another go at it the next evening. I can't say I was the least bit disappointed. I was beginning to question my insistence on us returning to our normal mother and son relationship after we finished this twisted little project of ours. Maybe it would be okay if we continued until his father came home. Nothing serious, just a little harmless showing off for each other. It's not like we were really even having sex together. If you thought about it, we were only doing the things we'd be doing anyway in the privacy of our own bedrooms, it's was just that we happened to be doing those things in the same room. Would it really be so bad to do that together from time to time? A little unconventional, I'll admit, but not the worst thing in the world.

Daniel was off at an orientation for college, so I had the house to myself for the day. I had just finished putting in a load of laundry when the phone rang.

My stomach knotted.

Was this the call? The one where they calmly explained that there had been an unfortunate incident. A hostage situation gone bad, a roadside I.E.D., a suicide bomber in the hotel. I got to it before the third ring, praying it was a telemarketer.

It was Judy, from human resources at Bill's company. The company never called him at the house, they always got in touch with him using his cell phone. I lost all strength in my legs and dropped down onto the sofa. There was a sudden nausea and my heart raced. I wanted to hang up before she could say anything more, but I couldn't move.

A wave of relief flowed over me like a cold breeze when it turned out it was only a matter of Bill needing to sign some insurance papers ahead of an impending deadline, but Judy hadn't been able to get a hold of him. Then she said something very odd.

She mentioned that she was expecting to get our answering machine since she thought Bill and I were supposed to be in Hawaii for two more weeks on our vacation. Being married to a security specialist for so many years made me naturally wary, so I instinctively told her that we had to cut our trip short and that Bill had dropped his phone in the ocean and hadn't gotten the new one yet. She nattered on about forms, and overnight deliveries, but it was only so much background noise to me at that point.

I don't remember finishing the conversation as my mind went into overdrive, examining a thousand minute details culled from the past year, trying to make sense of what something deep inside of me already knew.

It seemed I had some work to do.

\* \* \* \* \*

I stepped out of the bathroom after taking longer than usual to get myself ready. It had been a long day, and I wanted tonight to be special. Underneath my robe I had on a lacey purple bra and panty set that I knew Daniel would greatly appreciate.

"Hey, Mom," he said, grinning like the horny teenager he was. "Gorgeous, as always."

"Thanks, lover boy." I smiled, hoping he did detect the underlying stress I was feeling.

"Ready for another try?"

"Are you kidding? I'm getting to be a regular pro at this by now," I joked, feeling comforted just being near Daniel. "But we need to figure out a strategy first."

"Okay, what's the plan?"

"I ruined yesterday's video because I was too distracted by the huge bulge in your pants."



"Which you caused," he interjected.

"Guilty as charged. But I think I had it backwards when I thought you had to take care of yourself to relieve the problem."

"Yeah, that didn't quite solve the 'problem,' did it?"

"That's why I was thinking that it's me that needs to get it all out of my system."

"How do you mean?"

"Maybe if I see you do what you did last night before we shoot, I will be able to focus on the camera instead of you."

"You want me to put on a jerk off show for you so you won't be distracted by my cock?"

"Basically, yes."

"Worth a shot." Daniel was stripping out of his clothes before I could say another word.

By the time he got onto my bed, he was already most of the way hard. This time he got up on his knees, mimicking the position I had been using for all my attempted video shoots.

"Do you need some inspiration?" I asked in a sultry voice.

"Show me the mommy!" he cheered a la Jerry Maguire.

I slowly untied my frumpy robe as he got a firm grip on his cock. I turned my back and dropped the robe off my shoulders, then looked back and gave him a seductive wink. I let the robe fall away and he was treated to a view of me from behind.

With my bottom thrust toward him, I ran my fingers up under the edges of my purple panties along the curve of my butt. I grabbed both my cheeks and gave them a few playful squeezes.

"How's that? Does that get you hard?"

"Mom, your ass is amazing. I'm so fucking hard right now."

"You are? Let me see." I went and sat on the corner of the bed to get a closer look. My son's eyes were locked onto my voluptuous cleavage that was accentuated significantly by my sexy bra that lifted my breasts and pushed them together. "Show me how hard you are."

He proudly displayed himself to me, and I was once again taken with his size and shape. It had been over eighteen years since I'd seen a man's cock other than my husband's, and it made me feel like a virgin on her wedding night.

"Oh, Daniel," I gushed, "it's so beautiful. Your penis looks so good to me."

"Do you want me to come for you, Mom?"

"Yes, honey, play with your big penis and make it come."

He began pumping himself for me. My eyes were glued to his swollen head bobbing right in front of me, and that tantalizingly gaping cum hole of his. I wanted to push the tip of my tongue in there.

"You like that, Mom? You like watching me masturbate?"

"I do," I breathed. "It makes me so wet."

"Where?" he prodded.

"My pussy," I said, knowing he wanted to hear me talking filthy. "Seeing you jerk off your cock makes my pussy all wet. I can't believe looking at my son masturbate makes me want to fuck my fingers like crazy.

"Show me your tits, Mom. I have to see your nipples."

I was more than happy to fulfill with his request. I reached into my bra and scooped out one of my voluminous breasts and let it flop free. I repeated the maneuver with the other one so that both my tits were fully exposed to him.

"You like Mommy's giant titties, don't you, sweet heart?"

"They're the best I've ever seen in my life. I want to suck them so bad. I want to rub my cock all over them."

"Mmm, that sounds good." I took a hold of one of my breasts, squeezed and lifted in such a way that I was able to bring my nipple to my lips. I reached out with my tongue and gave my stiff nub a lick. I licked around the circumference of my nipple, then sucked it into my mouth.

"Oh, fuck, Mom, that's so hot!"

"Such a nasty boy," I teased him. "Getting off on watching your mother suck her own tits." I lifted the other one and kissed my nipple before suckling it as well.

"I going to come," he grunted.

"Don't come on the bed, honey," I said urgently and he cupped his hand under the end of his penis. "No, not like that. Come on my boobs!" I squished them together and provided him

with the ideal target.

"Oh God, yes!" He shuffled closer to me, his hand working his cock fast and furious, and aimed himself directly between my breasts.

In only a matter of seconds he was shooting jets of hot cum forcefully onto my chest. I almost came myself as the gooey fluid splashed onto my naked skin and began oozing downward.

"My nipple," I pleaded. "Get some on my nipple."

Daniel redirected his cock lower and ended up pressing the tip of it against one of my wide nipples and unleashed a small spurt of semen directly onto it. He moved to the other one and rubbed the tip of his penis against that nipple as the last remnants of cum leaked out of his cum hole.

I felt so alive. Alive like I don't think I've ever felt before in my entire life.

"Holy shit, Mom. Thank you. That was...I don't even know how to say it!"

"It was great for me too, honey, but now it's my turn. Hurry and get me a towel."

While he dashed off to the bathroom, I couldn't help but lick up a dab of his cum off one of my tits. I got a shiver that ran all through my body when my son's salty flavor filled my senses. I couldn't wait until I'd be able to get an entire mouthful of it.

He returned and I cleaned up real quick, then threw the towel aside.

"Let's get this show on the road," I said excitedly, wanting to get started before Daniel could think about putting his clothes back on.

I tucked my tits back into my bra, and got to my starting position. He stood at the camera naked and counted down, then pressed record.

This time my 'foreplay' was quick. I wasn't making this video for my husband any longer. This was for me, and for Daniel.

I stripped out of my bra, and played with my breasts for a few moments. Then I lay on my back and slipped off my panties. I took a deep breath, and opened my legs. Wide.

Daniel covered his mouth with his hand, fearing he might make a sound at the sight suddenly revealed to him. The previous two nights I was up on my knees and when I played with my pussy, my hand pretty much hid everything. This was the first time I was exposing myself to my son this explicitly. But there was more.

I reached down and toyed with the meaty flaps of my inner lips that jutted out from between

my crease. I then spread myself open using both hands. My pink inner secrets were unveiled to my stunned boy. He could see my clit, my generous pussy lips, and my dripping wet hole.

My body writhed with anticipation as I ran my fingers through my moist flesh. I pinched the edges of my big, fat pussy lips and pulled them apart, delighting in the raw perversion of displaying my cunt like this to my own son. I followed this by plunging a finger into my eager hole, followed quickly by another.

I pumped myself for a few moments, then brought my soaked fingers up to my lips. I shamelessly licked and sucked my own juices from them, no longer afraid of Daniel seeing me as anything other than a sexual beast.

When I looked over at him, the sweet dear was playing with himself again. He was struggling to do it quietly, but he was staring longingly at my open pussy and stroking his wonderfully persistent cock.

I couldn't hold back any longer.

"Daniel, come here. I need you."

He didn't hesitate for a second and came to the side of the bed. "What is it, Mom?"

"Touch me, Daniel. I need you to touch my pussy." I once again spread myself open.

"Mom...are you sure?" He wanted this so badly, yet he still asked.

"Yes. Put your fingers inside me. I need this."

He didn't ask a second time, and with a shaking hand he reached down and pushed his middle finger into my pussy. My whole body reacted with the sudden shock of pleasure that simple act ignited within me. I grabbed his wrist and pushed his finger deeper into me, then began humping against it.

"More, Daniel," I moaned, and he added a second finger. I fucked his hand a little more, then begged him again, "One more." He added a third finger and I could finally feel that tight fit I was striving for. "Yes, that's it. Fuck me with your fingers, baby."

I doubted my son had been with many girls like this, but he seemed to know what he was doing and was handling my pussy quite well. He jammed his fingers into me, twisting them at just the right time, withdrawing them the perfect amount, then plunging them back in with the ideal speed and force. I was in my own personal paradise.

"You're going to make me come. Don't stop! Make me come!" I cried.

Daniel continued to work my pussy, never missing a beat, and I clenched my inner muscles

around his thrusting fingers as the rush of my orgasm unfurled and energized my movements to greater levels of intensity.

"Oh, yesss! I'm commmming!" My scream filled the room and it felt so liberating to let loose like that. I rode out the electrified sensations sparkling throughout my groin, but I wasn't sated.

"Geez, Mom, you're so wet," my son marveled at the almost ridiculous amount of pussy juices flowing from me.

"Taste me," I whispered. He slid his fingers gently out from between my legs, brought them to his mouth, and tasted my most intimate essence. His eyes fluttered as if he was experiencing true rapture. "Taste me," I whispered again, more insistently this time and held myself open. He looked down at me, and I nodded to confirm his silent question.

Daniel moved so he could easily get down between my thighs. I could feel his breath on my enlivened flesh as he paused a moment to behold the delights he was about to feast upon. His mouth descended, settling softly over my pussy. That was all it took to put me on the verge of another shattering orgasm.

My son kissed my clit. My own boy's mouth was actually on my pussy. The reality of such a thing was almost beyond imagining, and yet it was happening. It was happening because I wanted it to happen. Because I needed it. I needed his love, and his tenderness, and his cock. I needed him to remind me what it was like to be a woman. A woman who could give ultimate pleasure, and was worthy of receiving the same in return. His tongue glided over my sex, and I was his woman.

"Oh, Daniel, that feels so good. Lick my pussy, baby. Lick it all over."

His movements were unsure but enthusiastic. My son was obviously not very experienced at giving a woman oral satisfaction, which made it all the more exciting. I wanted to believe mine was the first pussy he'd ever had his mouth on. I was so close to coming that it didn't really matter how practiced he was. I was about to come on my sweet Daniel's face regardless of his lovemaking skills.

"Suck my pussy," I begged him on. "Suck your mother's pussy! I'm going to come in your mouth! I want to come in my baby boy's mouth! I want to come!"

I grabbed hold of his head, lifted my legs and pressed his mouth firm to my cunt. I humped his face, heedless of any discomfort I might be causing him. He may not have been able to breathe, but I had to get this out. I was going to come, and come hard!

"Fuck, there it is!" I yelled. "Right there! I'm coming, coming, commmming!"

I beat the mattress with a clenched fist as my orgasm assailed my every muscle, nerve, and

emotion simultaneously. I screamed, and screamed again. It was like a living creature inside me fighting to get out. I was transported to a place I'd never known. It was a beatific delirium that held the promise of purity and renewal. I was never one for new age foolishness, but I actually felt I'd achieved a moment of transcendence.

My body collapsed back down to the bed. I had apparently arched myself up onto my feet and shoulders. I gulped for air and waited for the flashing colors to fade from my vision. My fingers were twined in Daniel's hair as he lapped at my saturated vagina.

I luxuriated in the carnal sensations my son was giving me and embraced the glowing feeling that incomparable orgasm had awakened in me. I felt somehow cleansed. All the worry, the stress, and the guilt of the last eight months had been washed away. All the years of loneliness and self-doubt were a bad dream that faded with the light of new dawn.

I would be the first person to laugh if any woman told me she had such a revelatory awakening as the result of a single orgasm, but I knew this was a turning point for me. I was ready to embrace my life like I'd never had the clarity and strength to do before.

Starting now.

"Daniel, I love you so much," I said, feeling the truth of those words stronger than the first time I spoke them in the hospital the night he came into my world. "Your mouth feels good on my pussy, baby." I didn't want him to stop, but there was something I wanted more. "I want your mouth on my nipples."

He responded by kissing his way up through my pubic hair, over my rounded belly, and to my enormous breasts. Daniel latched onto a nipple and sucked my delicate flesh into his mouth. It felt incredible. But almost as tantalizing was the occasional touch of his erection against the inside of my naked thigh. I prayed he wanted it as much as I did.

"Daniel," I moaned, running my hands over his broad shoulders and strong back, "I want you to make love to me." He reluctantly abandoned my nipple and looked up at me.

"Mom?"

"Yes, honey, I want you inside me." I searched his eyes, looking for any trace of revolt, or anger, or distress. What I saw was fiery passion, tinged with confusion.

"But Dad..."

"Do you trust me?" I took his face lovingly in my hands. "Be honest. Do you trust me completely?"

"Of course, you're my mother."

"Then believe me when I say it will be all right. If you want me--if you want to make love to me--then take me."

"I do want you, Mom. I want you so much it hurts."

Daniel looked down at me. He licked his lips, his expression clearly showing the inner turmoil of his dilemma. I held my breath, not wanting to put any more pressure on him than I already had. His face relaxed, the stressful expression faded away.

He leaned down and touched his lips to mine in a long tender kiss. "I trust you," he whispered and entered me in a single, smooth thrust of his hips.

My son's cock was in my pussy. He kissed me harder, and pushed himself as deep into me as he could. It nearly brought tears to my eyes.

"I'm going to come," he whimpered as if in apology.

I quickly wrapped my legs around him, and grabbed his buttocks, holding him inside me with all my strength.

"It's okay," I assured him, "come inside me. I promise it's okay. Come in my pussy, baby."

He grunted and strained hard into me. I felt his body convulse with each spurt of cum he unleashed within my pussy.

"That's it, baby. Fill me up. Fill my pussy with your cum."

When his body finally relaxed, and he'd emptied every remaining drop of his semen deep inside me, he looked at me with watery eyes.

"I'm sorry, Mom. I didn't mean to be that quick. It just felt so good, I--"

"Oh, darling," I interrupted, "please don't be sorry. I've never felt anything as perfect as that in my whole life. I mean it."

"It feels perfect for me, too."

I drew him back down to me and we kissed once again. We kissed like lovers. Lips and tongues propelled by love and passion. It wasn't long before he was moving inside me.

"Daniel, your cock fits me like it was made for my pussy."

"It's the most amazing thing I've ever felt." He lifted himself up and looked down at our naked bodies joined together, as if he had to actually see it to believe it. "I've only done this once before, Mom, so say if I'm not doing it right."

**"You doing it just right, baby."**

**My son made slow love to me. I blessed the resilient power of youth and reveled in the pleasures his hardness was coaxing from every part of my womanhood. He experimented with long deliberate thrusts using his entire shaft, then small quick jabs with just the head of his cock at my opening. He pushed himself deep and was grinding into me, pressing just right against my hard clit as he did.**

**"You fuck me so good," I gasped. I felt myself losing touch with reality. My son's cock became the only thing I could focus on. It was the only thing that had any meaning to me. "You fuck my cunt so good, baby."**

**"I want to make you come, Mom," he breathed into my ear.**

**"I'm ready. Give it to me."**

**With that I set my feet firmly on the bed and used the leverage to thrust myself down onto him. He responded to my movements, and was soon matching my rhythm. We fell into perfect sync, and I wanted to scream and laugh and cry all at the same time. To feel a man on top of me like this was incredible enough, but for it to also be the one person I loved more than anyone in the world took it to heights I couldn't even describe.**

**"That's it, fuck me hard. Fuck my pussy good and hard, baby."**

**"Like this?" he said with a growl in his voice and drove himself into me.**

**"Oh, yes. Fuck me!"**

**"You like my cock inside you?"**

**"Yes!"**

**"You like when I fuck your pussy hard with my cock?"**

**"Yes, Daniel, harder!"**

**We were going at it like mad. He slammed his huge cock into my pussy with strong, almost punishing, strokes. It was rough and it was fierce, but I wanted it even harder!**

**"Come on my cock, Mom! Fucking come all over my cock!"**

**"Yes! Fuck my cunt! Make me cum! Make my cunt come with your cock!"**

**My huge tits were flying loosely in all directions like big fleshy sacks of pudding. The sloppy**



wet noise of my pussy being fucked increased the thrill for me. Daniel's big balls slapped against my ass, making an enticing staccato sound.

I felt the tunnel vision closing in and knew I was about to come.

"Fuck me, baby! Fuck my cunt harder! Almost there, almost there..."

He gripped my shoulders and intensified his already powerful efforts, fucking me harder than I could remember ever being fucked. I was in absolute heaven!

"I coming, Mom!" he groaned through the exertions. "I'm going to come again!"

"Come with me, baby!" I screamed, barely able to get the words out. "Come with me!"

We both achieved orgasm at almost the same moment. His began first, and it was the final inducement I needed to put me over the edge as well. His cock penetrated to its extreme limit, and my pussy clamped around the thick base of it in a convulsion of ravenous possession.

My cunt owned that cock!

Daniel crumpled on top of me, exhausted and spent. I accepted the weight of him gratefully as I ran my hands over his sweat-soaked back. I held him inside me, feeling as if we were a single entity bonded within the warm depths of my vagina.

It may have been as long as ten minutes before my son's cock began to soften. He rolled off of me and I couldn't resist taking his half-hard penis into my mouth.

I tasted the mixture of his cum and mine and sucked up every trace of it I could find, even licking some from his balls. That's when I noticed the little red light on the camera.

I smiled, pleased with the fact that our first time together had been captured on video. I got up and stopped the recording.

"Oh, shit," Daniel cursed. "I knew you were up to something. Now you're going to blackmail me, aren't you?"

"That's right." I caught some of the cum now dribbling out of my pussy and smeared it across my nipples. "If you don't lick my nipples clean, I'm posting this video on the internet so everyone will know that you fucked your own mother."

He smiled at me as I got onto the bed and mounted his hips.

"I guess I'd actually be worried if I thought there was even a chance you could open a browser, much less post a video."

"Shut up and do as you're told, young man." I let my cum-covered titties hang down over his face, then lowered a nipple into his mouth. He didn't balk, and gladly suckled me, cleaning away the daubs of our co-mingled cum with his tongue.

As he did that, I managed to tuck his semi-hard penis into my pussy as I straddled him.

"Mom," he said, taking his mouth away from my breasts. "What brought all this on? I mean, it's easily the best thing that's ever happened in my life, but I thought you said we were only going to look and not touch."

"Are you sure you want to have this conversation while your cock is in my pussy?"

He gave me a 'why not' shrug, even as I could feel him growing harder inside me.

"Well, I got a strange call from your father's office this afternoon."

"Is Dad all right?"

"He's in Hawaii." I couldn't help but turn my hips and grind my pussy down onto Daniel as I talked. His expression was an odd combination of confusion and placid elation.

"What's he doing there?"

"I have to assume that's where his girlfriend wanted to go, since your father has always hated the beach."

"Dad's cheating on you?" The consternation in his voice stood in bizarre contrast to him taking hold of my hips and pressing himself up into me upon hearing this news.

"I had to do some checking, but he's been back in the States for over a month. New York City for a few days, then a couple weeks in California. Ooo, that feels good right there."

"And now he's in Hawaii?"

"I called his room, and a woman answered."

"And you're certain about this?" he asked as his hands slid down to caress my ass.

"I may be a dummy when it comes to technology, but I'm a master when it comes to using a telephone to find out what I need to know. You may find it hard to believe, but I did have a life before I became a stay-at-home mom. I was working at the company when they hired your father. That's how we met. My specialty was giving good phone." I fondled my breasts as I continued to ride his cock. "I can't believe you're going to make me come again already."

**"Does this make me your rebound guy?"**

**"Maybe a little," I admitted, not really having thought of it in those terms. "All I know is that something happened to me over the past couple of days that I never expected. The only thing holding me back was my marriage to your father. I suspected him of cheating a few times in the past, but I convinced myself I was just being paranoid."**

**"Why would he do that when he already has the perfect woman?"**

**"Don't get carried away, sport, I'm far from perfect. But I think we've learned today that people are capable of doing just about anything--even things they never imagined they could do."**

**"What does this mean, then...for us?"**

**"It means I'm going to fuck you a little faster now and have another mind-blowing orgasm."**

**"And after that?"**

**"It's just as much your decision as it is mine, but I want more of this."**

**"I do, too."**

**"Then, for now, we can go on making each other feel good, and see where it takes us."**

**"That sounds good, Mom. That sounds really good."**

**"I'm glad you think so. Now be quiet, and let Mommy finish fucking your brains out."**

**\* \* \* \* \***

**Annoyed at the interruption, Bill hastily pulled on the complimentary hotel bathrobe to cover his nakedness and answered the door. It was a bellman with a FedEx package. Bill snatched the package from the boy and sent him away without a tip.**

**He went back into the room where Fahimah waited for him on the bed, naked except for the leather harness of her strap-on dildo--the shaft glistening with a fresh coating of lube.**

**"Who is it?" she purred in her heavily accented English.**

**"Just a package?"**

**"But no one is knowing you are here, yes?"**

**Bill was ready to toss the package aside, but she had a point. He checked the sender's**

address.

"Oh, shit."

He tore open the package and pulled out a clear jewel case.

"What is it?"

"Looks like a DVD."

"Put it on video machine, I want to see."

"No, I don't think that's a good idea."

"You don't say no to me, little man. Play it or you no get my cock in your dirty man pussy."

"Yes, Mistress."

Bill reluctantly put the DVD in the player and turned on the TV.

"Who is it, this woman?"

"That's my wife," Bill explained gloomily.

"Very beautiful. And the handsome young man?"

"My son."

"Hmm...you have sexy family at your home."

"Only if you consider uptight, conservative and boring to be sexy."

"Oh, look. Why are they becoming naked?"

"What the fuck?"

"She have such big beautiful tits. And you son have nice cock, no?"

"What the fucking hell is this?"

"Hi, Dad." Daniel's voice sounded cheery and carefree. "I just wanted to let you know that I'm taking good care of Mom while you're away. Hope your little trip to the beach was worth it. Now go ahead, sit back, and enjoy the show."

Bill watched in horror as his wife blew a kiss to the camera, then lay down on their bed and

spread her legs. His son climbed on the bed with her, his hard cock in his hand, and appeared to be about to get between her legs.

Bill jumped up to hit the stop button.

"Don't touch!" Fahimah barked. "I wish to see boy make sex with his mother."

"Please, Mistress, no," Bill sniveled.

"Shut up and watch how real man does fucking."

Bill watched in chastened silence as his wife of eighteen years had the best sex of her life with his own son.

It hurt even more the second time through, when Fahimah made him replay it from the beginning so she could watch it while she fucked him in the ass...hard.

THE END