



My Son's Cum Rag

Incest Fiction

by

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CHAPTER 1

The Awakening

IT ALL STARTED when I saw my 16-year-old son masturbating for the first time.

Over the winter, my son Nick moved his bedroom down into our finished basement. I guess he was feeling crowded up on the second floor with the rest of the family and moved down there to get some more privacy. What he got was just the opposite.

While puttering around the backyard on a warm day in March, I passed by the small window that sits down near ground level and looks in on Nick's bedroom. His bed is positioned practically under that window, and I caught a glimpse of movement. When I looked more closely, I discovered that I could see my son lying in his bed half undressed and masturbating his hard cock.

I'd never had any overtly sexual thoughts about my boy before, but seeing him pleasuring himself turned me on in a way that I didn't want to acknowledge, even to myself. In the days that followed, I noticed that every day after school he came home, grabbed a snack and headed straight down to his room. I was unable to resist sneaking out and peeking in his window and learned that the first thing he did when he got down to his bedroom was take out his penis and beat off.

I knew it was wrong, and terribly shameful, but I couldn't stop myself from spying on him. By the third time I was groping myself as I watched. The window is at the back of our house almost under one end of our deck. We have a 7-foot stockade fence that runs around the perimeter of our back yard. There are woods behind and to the left of our house. There is another house on the right side, but the way our street curves you can't see it unless you're about 20 yards away from the rear of our house. The point is, without the risk of any neighbors being able to see me, I soon began slipping my hand down my pants and fingering my wet pussy while I spied on my son jerking off.

The orgasms I gave myself while doing this were decadently delicious. I'm generally very conservative when it comes to sex, and this was the kinkiest thing I'd ever done.

I should probably get some of the personal statistics out of the way before I go any further. I'm 42 years old, have been happily married for 18 years, and also have a younger son who is 13. I'm Asian. My parents came to America after my brother and sister were born, but I was born in the U.S. I'm 5'2" and weigh a stubborn 118 (my target is always to be under 110, but I love food!). My boobs are 36Bs. They aren't as perky as they were before I had kids, but I didn't breast feed so they've held up fairly well. I must admit that I really like my tits, and enjoy flashing my hubby whenever I get the chance. I don't have much of a butt to speak of, but what I do have is pert and cute (if I do say so myself). I shaved my pussy lips about 10 years ago at my husband's request. I

didn't want to do it, and it felt really weird at first, but I quickly got used to it and I still shave either side of my slit to this day. He got me to shave it all off once, but I didn't like it so I grew the patch back at the top. My favorite feature is my hair. It's long and black and very full. I do different highlights all the time, but I keep them subtle. I get a lot of compliments on my hair, and I have to say I enjoy that very much. And, up until I began spying on my son, my favorite hobby was shopping (big surprise, right guys?)

My son is a sophomore in high school. Nick was a tad on the chubby side until he had a growth spurt last year. He's gotten taller and leaner. He is currently about 5'8" (he's growing so fast it still feels strange that he's taller than me). He has dark hair (like mine) that he keeps very short, and he has the most beautiful brown eyes. He's having a little issue with some acne right now, but he's a very handsome boy (I might be biased, but it's true). He's had 'girlfriends' since he was in the sixth grade, but I'm 96% sure he's still a virgin. It's a little difficult to judge from outside his window, but he has a lovely cock that I would estimate to be somewhere around 7 inches. His father is a 6'1" blond-haired, blue-eyed American with a nice big dick, so it appears our son takes after his dad (because he certainly didn't get a cock that size from the Asian side of the family). He is circumcised, which is something I regret now. I probably should have left his penis in its natural form, but I didn't know any better at the time and it just seemed to be the expected thing to do.

We are a close, happy family. We have our arguments and rough spots like anyone else, but we have a lot of love to go around and generally aren't afraid to show it. I was expecting Nick to pull away from me as he got to the age he's at now. You know how most teenagers are embarrassed to death by the very existence of their parents, but to my happy amazement he hasn't done this yet. He'll still give me hugs, even when his friends are around or when I drop him off in front of the school with kids everywhere. He loves to make me laugh, and we're always joking around with each other.

One more bit of background, then I'll get on with the story. I grew up in a very conservative household. Sex was never mentioned by my parents, nor did they show any kind of physical affection with each other or us kids. I never got a sex talk from my mother (not even a book, or anything). I learned everything from friends, and a little from my sister although she wasn't comfortable talking openly about the subject either. Our parents did a real number on us, but I guess I'm not unique in this respect.

I didn't want it to be like that for my children. I'm not shy about kissing or being affectionate with my husband when the boys are around (much to their annoyance). I'd rather have them be embarrassed by these expressions of love than never to see them at all. One day they'll realize it was for their own good! I have tried to foster an open and accepting environment when it comes to talking about sex, but I'm afraid that despite my best efforts I'm not at all comfortable going about it. I've had little sex talks with them from time to time, and let them know they can talk to me or ask me about anything, but I think my boys can sense my clumsiness with the subject and haven't really taken advantage of my willingness to discuss sexual topics with them.

So this is the situation a normal, boring, suburban soccer mom finds herself in right up until that fateful day. Practically overnight I became an obsessed pervert stalking my own son in hopes of catching him playing with his penis for my own carnal gratification. I go from masturbating myself a few times a month, to several times a day. Thoughts of what I've been seeing Nick doing with his cock pop into my head at all hours, and I can't keep my fingers from repeatedly finding

their way into my panties. The mix of shame, guilt, and pleasure is an intoxicating brew.

One day, while Nick was at school, I was sprawled out naked on his bed rubbing my stiff clit when I realization hit me. During a few of my spying sessions I'd noticed him using a small towel to clean up the seed he'd spilled. He kept that towel just under his bed. I looked and it was there. With a shaking hand I took it out from its hiding place and I lay back down.

It was one of my good maroon hand towels, but I was too entranced with what I was holding to be annoyed about that. It was crusty all over with stiff patches of dried cum. Who knows how many loads of his potent teen sperm were infused into that towel I was holding. It had a distinctively sweet smell; not at all the same as the scent of fresh semen. I inhaled deeply, taking it all in. I touched the scratchy cloth to my bare nipples and resumed fondling my pussy.

I rubbed my son's filthy cum rag all over my naked skin, finally draping it over my face and using both hands on my very wet pussy. I fucked the fingers of one hand, while vigorously strumming my clit with the other. I had a screaming orgasm that rocked my whole body. I'm normally not one to make much noise during sex, even when alone, but something just erupted out of me that day and I released all the pent up desire in one primal cry of ecstasy. It felt beyond amazing.

By the time I returned the dirty towel to its hiding place, I was already feeling disgusted with myself. How could I let my desperate need for satisfaction drive me to do something so unlike me? I shuddered to think of what depths I'd just lowered myself to and resolved to maintain a certain level of dignity in the future.

I broke that promise to myself the next day and returned to my son's cum encrusted towel like a bitch in heat. I had to connect with this only physical specimen of my son's sexuality that I had access to. I'm ashamed to admit that I even went to it one afternoon just after he used it so that I could experience a freshly deposited sample of his boy spunk. I found the spot on the towel that was still moist. The smell of that spot was different, and I shocked myself when I realized I was touching the tip of my tongue to it. I've never been a huge fan of the taste of semen, but I had a visceral need to taste my boy.

What had started as me being content with the unbelievable pleasure of secretly watching Nick masturbate developed into a desire for him to see me in a sexual way. I didn't want to go so far as to actually have sex with him (though I allowed myself to fantasize about it), but I did want to relate to my son on a more intimate level. I began planning various ways to accomplish this.

One tactic I came up with was to try having another sex talk with him. Even though my other talks hadn't met with great success, I now had a different agenda. I very much wanted him to open up to me. I wanted Nick to express something of his sexuality to me, and I wanted to use the opportunity to make him aware of mine. I rehearsed several possible approaches and topics in my head for weeks, then finally settled on using his cum towel as my entryway into my son's private sex life. It was just as likely to backfire as it was to bring us closer together, but as they say: high risk can lead to high reward.

Nick breezed into the kitchen as soon as he got home from school. He made himself a thick fluffer-nutter sandwich on Wonder bread and wolfed it down. I asked him how school was and got the usual response, "It sucked." Once he was done with his sandwich, and swallowed a full glass of Mountain Dew in one go, he headed down to his bedroom. In a matter of minutes he was going to have his hard cock in his hand. I was sorely tempted to put off the talk and go around back and spy on him, but I knew there could be a bigger pay-off if I went through with my plan now.

I knocked on his door. "Nick? Can I come in?"

"Hold on a minute!" he yelled. "Don't come in, I'm.. changing."

More like frantically tucking his hard-on into his pants, I thought. I nervously chewed at my thumbnail as I waited, resisting the temptation to bail out and forget the whole thing.

"Okay!" Nick called. I took a deep breath and opened the door.

His room smelled faintly of boy sweat and old socks, but because it was my boy I found it almost pleasing. Or maybe that was just the pheromones talking.

Nick was sitting on his bed, his laptop on his lap. It would have seemed innocent enough if I did know for a fact that it was concealing his erection. I forced myself not to glance up at the small window just above him, and I sat down on his bed. I looked him in the eye and gave him my most loving smile.

"I have something I'd like to discuss with you," I began, "and I don't want you to be embarrassed about it."

"Aw, geez," he rolled his eyes. He thought he knew what was coming.

"You don't have to act that way." I gave him a playful slap on the knee. "At your age it's important that you understand the changes you're going through, and a big part of that has to do with sex. I don't want you getting bad information from your friends, or anywhere else. As your mother, I'm responsible for you, and that includes your sexual well-being."

"Mom," he whined, "I'm not having sex. Okay? End of talk!"

"That's not exactly true, is it?"

"Yes, I swear."

"You're having sex with yourself, aren't you?"

"Huh?" A guilty look came over him.

"You're masturbating." My voice sounded funny saying the word aloud.

"No, I don't do that..." He wasn't the least bit convincing.

"All boys your age do it." I patted him reassuringly on the knee. "And most girls as well. I masturbated all the time when I was your age. It's not something to be ashamed of."

He chuckled nervously. "All the time?"

"Sure." It felt surreal confessing this to my son. I always kept my self-pleasuring habits strictly private, and never spoke of them to anyone - not even my husband. "Everyone does it. Even moms masturbate from time to time." I gave him a wink.

He looked shocked. "But... you're married," he stammered.

"True..." I knew what he was getting at, but I was hoping to draw him out.

"I mean, well, I figured that was something people did only because they didn't have a, um, partner, or whatever."

"That's what I thought too, but I suspect you'll find yourself masturbating for the rest of your life, whether you're with someone or not." I couldn't help wondering if he still had a boner under his laptop or if hearing his mother talking about jerking off killed it. "Pleasuring yourself is a special treat that you will always want to enjoy, even when you have a girlfriend or a wife. No one understands how to make you feel as good as you can make yourself feel."

He took a moment to absorb that. I couldn't help but notice his eyes stealing a quick glance at my chest. This set my heart beating a little faster. I wondered if he was picturing what I might look like while pleasuring myself. At least that's what I wanted him to be imagining.

“So, let’s try again,” I said in a bouncy tone. “You can be honest with me. I’m not going to judge you. Nick, are you masturbating?”

His cheeks reddened, but he nodded, confirming what I already knew.

“A lot?”

He shrugged. “Once in a while, I guess.”

“That’s good,” I said encouragingly. I could have called him out on the frequency, but I decided to let him slide for now. “I usually try to do it at least a couple times a week myself. It’s a great stress reliever, but I’m sure you already know that.”

There was an awkward silence as my mind drifted to the thought of how thrilling it would be for him to watch me doing myself.

“Okay, so that’s all?”

“Sorry, no,” I snapped out of my daze. “I wanted to talk to you about cleaning up your ‘mess’ after you’re done playing with your penis.”

“Um. . .”

I got up and plucked the cum-stained towel from under his bed, then sat back down. I handled it like it was a normal towel, not like it was an object of revulsion.

“I noticed this the other day. You’ve been using my good towels to clean up your sperm.”

He looked like he wanted to disappear forever, or at the very least die on the spot.

“I. . . I, ah. . .”

“It’s okay, sweetheart, I’m not upset.” I rubbed his leg to comfort him. “I understand how these things work. Your sperm has to go somewhere. I’d just you rather use something else to clean yourself up with after you cum.”

“I’m sorry.” He was still mortified. I hated to see him so embarrassed, but it was more than a little adorable.

“I bought you a set of your own towels just for that purpose. Okay?” I was still holding his soiled jizz rag in my lap. “And you don’t have to hide it under your bed. It’s all dusty and dirty under there. I don’t want you wiping off your penis with a filthy towel.”

“Okay,” he croaked.

“And speaking of dirty,” I lifted the towel and took a whiff, “your towels should be cleaned more often. At least once a week. Just leave the dirty ones by your door and I’ll wash them for you.”

“I can wash them. It’s too gross. . .”

“Oh, sweetheart, moms are immune to gross.” I gave his cheek and exaggerated pinch. “Especially when they love their darling boys as much as I do.”

I put the nasty towel aside and tried to figure out where to take the conversation next.

“Masturbating is something that should normally be kept private, but I want you to know that there’s no need to hide it from me.” I was feeling warm all over. I knew where I wanted to go with this, but I didn’t know how Nick might react. “I know you do it. It’s a natural part of your sexuality, and I think it’s a beautiful thing. As a matter of fact, I think for a boy your age you should be doing in more than just ‘once in a while.’”

“Geez, Mom,” he said while trying to keep from cracking a shy smile. “Okay, I’ll do it more, alright?”

“Do what?” I prodded gently.

“What you said.”

"I want you to say it." I gave him a playful nudge.

"Whatever. Masturbate, I guess."

"Is that what you call it?"

"Not really." He noticed me looking at him expectantly. "I don't know. I guess I call it jerking off or something."

That got a big smile out of me. "Jerking off," I repeated wistfully. "I always thought that had a nice ring to it."

"God, Mom, you're so weird sometimes." He said it in a lighthearted way.

"Tell me," I said with a conspiratorial whisper, "when was the last time you jerked off?"

"I don't know," he said bashfully.

"I played with myself just yesterday," I confessed boldly, as if I was proud of it. He probably couldn't tell, but my nerves were jangling inside me like crazy.

"Really?" His eyes went to my chest again for a split second. "Yeah... me, too."

If he only knew how horny I was at that moment...

"Wouldn't it be funny if we were both doing it at the same time and didn't even know it?"

"Yeah," he chuckled nervously.

I gave him an appraising look. "Honey, can you do me a favor and put your laptop aside for a minute."

"Um, that's okay."

"It's all right," I assured him. "Please."

Hesitantly he slid the computer off his lap and set it next to him on the bed. The bulge in his pants was plainly obvious.

"It looks like you have an erection," I mentioned matter-of-factly.

He shrugged.

"Has your penis been hard this whole time we've been talking?"

"Pretty much," he admitted with a sly grin.

"Were you hard before I came into your room?"

"Yeah."

"You were probably getting ready to masturbate before I came barging in, weren't you?"

"Sort of."

"Oh, I'm sorry, honey. I didn't mean to interrupt you." I hoped he wouldn't be able to tell I was lying. "Do you want me to leave so you can jerk off?"

"I guess..."

"Or I can stay," I said as nonchalantly as possible. "I don't mind if you do it around me."

"Yeah, right!" he laughed.

"You think I'm joking?" I nudged him again affectionately. "I saw your little penis every day for years, there's no need for you to be shy around me."

"Things have changed."

I looked meaningfully at the bulge in his pants. "I can see that they have."

He made a move to cover himself, then didn't. "So, you're really serious?" he asked, incredulous. "You want me to jerk off in front of you?"

"Only if you want to." I almost couldn't catch my breath. "I'm not telling you to do it, but I think it could be nice... for both of us."

“And you won’t be grossed out, or think I’m a freak?”

“Of course not, sweetheart.” I gave him my most understanding smile. “I want you to be proud of your body, and not feel guilty about doing what comes naturally. If there’s anyone in the world you should feel free to be yourself in front of it’s me. I love you more than anybody in the world, and all I want is for you to be happy. If jerking off makes you happy, then it makes me happy, too.”

He looked around his room nervously, like he was trying to make up his mind. I waited quietly while he processed it all.

“This is weird,” he said with a bit of a laugh.

“I don’t want to pressure you. If you don’t want me to see you playing with your penis, that’s okay. I’ll let you have your privacy and you can jerk off by yourself.”

“No,” he said quickly. “I mean I sorta want to, but it’s still weird, that’s all.”

“Everything is weird the first time you try it,” I assured him. “Maybe if you start slow and just take it out and show me how big you’ve grown since the last time I saw it.”

He swallowed hard, checked one more time to make sure I meant it, and began fumbling with this zipper. This was it! He was really going to do it! My mouth began watering, and could barely contain my jitters. When I saw that first peek of cock flesh I almost came on the spot.

Nick, with some difficulty, fished his erect penis out of his boxer shorts, and then quickly moved his hand away. There it was, within hand’s reach. It was my turn to swallow hard.

He had a nice thick shaft topped with a perfect mushroom-shaped head. The tip glistened with a hint of pre-cum. As I stared at his dick, it jumped. I couldn’t hold back a delighted giggle. “Sorry,” Nick said with a bashful smile.

“My goodness,” I proclaimed, “you certainly have grown. Look how nice and big your penis is.” I could see how proud he was to hear me saying this. “You’re almost as big as your father, and you still have some growing to do yet.” I wanted it in my mouth, but I had to stay in control. “You’re going to make some girl very happy one of these days.”

“Some girls, with an ‘S’!” he corrected me playfully.

“Don’t get cocky,” I quipped. “Although, I now see why you’re playing with it all the time.”

“Not all the time.”

“If I had a nice big penis like that I’d be jerking it off every chance I got.” It sounded like I was joking, but I really did mean it. I often thought about what it would be like to have a dick. I would be playing with it nonstop!

“Geez, Mom, I never knew you thought about that kind of stuff.”

“Everybody thinks about sex. Just because I had a couple babies doesn’t mean I’m not just as horny as the next girl.”

His cock jumped again, and a little bead of pre-cum dribbled out.

“Looks like you’ve sprung a leak,” I said.

He looked down at himself. “I don’t know why it does that.”

“It’s just a little extra lubrication to make it easier to slide your penis into a girl’s vagina,” I explained, worried I was sounding too much like a lame sex-ed teacher. “And it tastes very good, too.”

“How do you know that?” he blurted out.

“What? You don’t think I’ve ever sucked a cock before?”

That got his cheeks blushing. “Whoa, Mom! T.M.I.”

"Sorry, sweetheart, I shouldn't be talking like that in front of you. It's just that with your penis out in the open like this it seems silly to hold back."

We both looked at his erection for a few pleasant moments. "I thought girls didn't like giving blowjobs," he said.

"Some don't. But only the stupid ones." It was all I could do to stop myself from ravishing him right there on the spot. He was so damned cute! "There's something very wonderful and special about having a man's penis in your mouth. If you're with a girl who hasn't figured that out yet, you need to think twice about being with her."

"I'll be sure to remember that."

I patted him affectionately on the knee once again and let my hand linger there. My boy was so grown up.

"So, how're you feeling now about having your penis out in front of your mother?"

"It's all right, I guess. Maybe it's not as big a deal as I thought it would be."

"Do you want to try playing with it a little? It would be a shame not to put a nice hard-on like that to good use."

"Just admit it, Mom, you totally want to see me jerk off, don't you?"

It was my turn to blush. I was so anxious that I couldn't help being obvious.

"Okay, fine! I admit it! But can you blame me? You're such a handsome boy, and just look at that beautiful cock." I took a deep breath and reined myself in. Nick seemed surprised by what I was saying, but not upset. "All I'm trying to do is let you know that I understand that you're a healthy young man, with certain urges, and that there's nothing you have to hide from me or keep secret. There's no reason that you have to be sneaky about doing what only comes naturally to all of us, and I think it would be nice if we could be comfortable enough around each other that you can masturbate when I'm around and not feel embarrassed about it. That's all."

"It sounds funny hearing you say 'cock,'" he teased.

"Would you rather I say 'penis'?"

"No, the other way is better."

"You like the dirty talk, eh?" I couldn't wait any longer. "Then why don't you pull those pants down, grab a hold of that big cock, and jerk it off for me."

Nick smiled from ear to ear and quickly shucked off his pants. It was like all he was waiting for was a definitive green light from me.

My tummy was fluttering as I eyed my half-naked boy. Actually, more than just my tummy was reacting. My pussy was soaking my panties, and it was a real effort not to rub myself between the legs as I drank in the site of Nick wrapping his hand around his stiff shaft.

Now that I had a full view of everything I was taken with how scrumptious his balls looked. They were two perfect, oblong spheres of masculine enchantment. I wanted so badly to cup them and give them a nice gentle squeeze. Nick had a dark patch of pubic hair above the root of his cock, but his balls were nearly bare. I imagined how nice they would feel in my mouth.

"So...just go for it?" he asked.

"Just do it like you would if I wasn't here."

He gave himself a few tentative strokes. "All the way to the finish?"

"The whole point of masturbating is to make yourself cum, right?"

"I wasn't sure if you wanted to see that part of it."

“Just assume that I want to see whatever you’re willing to show me. Trust me, I can handle a little cum. How do you think you got here in the first place?”

We shared a nervous laugh, and then I forced myself to keep quiet. My gaze moved conspicuously down to his cock and balls. He took the hint and began stroking again. His hand moved up and down nice and slow to start. My son looked so cute with his penis in his hand. I couldn’t believe it was happening. After watching him so many times secretly from the window, I thought it would only ever be a fantasy to be sitting on his bed with him as he pleased himself.

He picked up the pace a little. Our eyes met and we exchanged apprehensive smiles. He was obviously enjoying it, and I was certainly enjoying it, but there was still a tension between of us as we pushed ahead through uncharted waters together. Nick must have been wondering if I was going to pull the rug out from under him at any moment, or suddenly cover my eyes and run from the room disgusted with him. I know I was anticipating him realizing how perverse this all was and covering himself up in a fit of shame and guilt. We both held our breath, while he continued stroking and I continued watching.

Nick’s hand was moving at a steady rhythm. He was more relaxed now that we’d gotten past the initial minute or so without incident. I caught myself licking my lips, and quickly stopped. I didn’t want to lead him to believe I wanted to do anything more with him than what we were doing already. As much as I would have loved to indulge in that beautiful cock of his, I wasn’t going to allow myself to go so far as to engage in full-contact incest with my own child. That just wouldn’t be right.

Watching him masturbate wasn’t anything all that bad, if you thought about it. If he was okay with it, and no one was being forced, what could be the harm? It seemed a wonderfully special way for me to form a new kind of bond with my son. There were sure to be all sorts of practical benefits that could come from us having a closer and more open relationship. What better way for him to learn the finer points of love and sex?

I was mesmerized by his motions. The action seemed so natural to him. He knew the exact amount of pressure, the perfect speed, and the right moment to give his wrist a slight twist at the top of his stroke. It was apparent that he’d been practicing for years. I was thinking that I could watch him do this all day when the sound of his voice startled me.

“Sorry it’s taking so long,” he said. It seemed like only a few moments had passed, but it was probably more like four or five minutes. “Maybe because I’m nervous.”

“No need to rush, honey, I’m enjoying the view just fine.”

“Okay, I just didn’t want you to get bored.”

“Not likely.” I gave his thigh a motherly caress. “I notice you’re not using any lotion or oil.”

He shrugged. “It’s alright like this.”

“Here, hold out your hand.”

Nick took his hand away from his cock and gave it to me. I turned his palm up and spit as much saliva as I could into his palm.

“There, see how that feels,” I said and let him have his hand back.

He grabbed his cock with his spit-slicked hand and resumed stroking. A wet noise now came from his pumping fist that sent chills up my back. His broad grin told me he was feeling the difference.

“It might be taking longer also,” I supposed, “because I’m assuming you’re usually looking at some type of porn when you’re jerking off.”

"No...not really..." he lied.

"I don't mind, honey. Do you use your computer, or do you have magazines hidden around her somewhere?" I knew the answer, but I didn't want him to know how familiar I was with his private habits.

"The computer...but that's okay, I don't need it." He started beating off faster as if he really wanted to prove it.

"Maybe I could help."

"What do you mean?"

I began unbuttoning my blouse. "Tell me if you want me to stop." I undid another button and he didn't say a word. His hand slowed as he stared. I got to the last button and opened my shirt up. In preparation for just such a possibility as this I had on one of my sexier bras. It was powder blue and the cups were made from a very open-style lace. This allowed my dark nipples to show easily through the thin material. "I'm no Playboy model, but there they are if it helps you any..."

"Sweet," he choked out under his breath.

"You can tell me if seeing your mother's boobs is a turn off. It won't hurt my feelings." I made a move like I was ready to cover them up.

"No! Yes! I mean, it's okay, I don't mind."

"All right, as long as you don't feel strange about jerking off while looking at your mom's tits."

"Oh, it's definitely strange, but I like it."

As he leered at my chest I noticed he was beginning to add little thrusts of his hips. It was like he was fucking his fist right in front of me. He pulled his t-shirt up, exposing his stomach and chest. Now we were getting somewhere!

"To tell you the truth," I said with a wince, "this lace is kind of scratchy on my nipples." With that I reached into one of the cups and scooped my boob out. I did the same with the other, leaving my bra scrunched up under my tits, propping them up almost like a bustiere. The effect was quite flattering, making my mature breasts almost appear perky.

And suddenly there I was, sitting in front of my son with my naked tits hanging out. I hadn't planned on going this far, but it felt exhilarating.

"Holy schnikies, Mom!"

It sounded as though he approved, but I couldn't let it go at that. "Do you like them?" I pinched my nipples and gave them a firm tug to be sure they were standing up nice and proud for him.

"Hells, yeah!" His cheeks were flushed crimson and he was jerking faster than ever. "I've never seen real ones for real before." He was barely able to make sense, and he was getting that lost look in his eye that men get when they're close to orgasm.

"Mmm, that's my boy, jerk that cock good." I couldn't take my eyes off his pounding fist. "Are you going to cum for Mommy?" I gave my boobs a jiggle. "Look at my tits and make that beautiful cock cum for me."

"Oh, God," he moaned. "You're so..." He couldn't finish the thought. A frothy stream of pre-cum was leaking out and mixing with my spit that was already glazing his shaft.

"Almost there," I said encouragingly to my boy. "Let me see that cum. Show me what a big boy you are. Shoot that big load."

"I'm...I'm going to... Mom, I'm going to cum..."

"That's it, baby, let it happen. I'm watching."

His body suddenly clenched in a powerful spasm and spurts of thick white goo began erupting from his cock. The first one shot up onto his shirt, but the subsequent squirts coated his belly in fresh, warm spunk. It was gorgeous. If I touched my clit right then I would have been able to orgasm in a matter of seconds. I was on the verge of cumming without even having to touch myself.

Nick continued pulling on his cock and grunting with pleasure as he milked several more gobs of jizz out of his penis. My mouth was once again watering. And as soon as the scent of his semen reached me I nearly lunged for his dick. But, before I could, I noticed him reaching for his nasty old cum towel.

"No! Hold on."

I jumped up and hurried to just outside his room where I had a stack of three cheap white hand towels I had picked up at Walmart for him to use from now on. I purposely didn't tuck my tits away, and so when I came rushing back in they were bouncing all over the place for him to see.

He reached out for me to hand him a fresh towel.

"Let me take care of that mess for you," I suggested. "I'm always cleaning up after you anyway."

I took my time and gently dabbed up the cum from his chest and belly. I then pinched his cock between my thumb and forefinger and lifted it so I could wipe his gooey shaft and head clean. My whole body was alive with tiny bolts of electricity as I went about my work. His cock was still pulsing with the aftershocks of his orgasm. One last dribble of semen emerged from his little pee-hole. I swiped it with the tip of my finger, then wiped my finger on the towel.

"There, all clean." I looked up and didn't see the smile I was expecting to find. "Is everything okay?"

"Yeah... I don't know. I'm just being stupid."

"Tell me, sweetheart. What is it?"

"It's that sometimes I feel like a loser after I... you know, finish. It feels really good when I'm doing it, then as soon as I'm done I get annoyed at myself and wish I could stop. I've tried a few times, but I can't go for more than a couple days. It makes me feel a little pathetic I guess."

"Don't worry about that," I said like it was no big deal. "Everyone sometimes has a bit of post-orgasm remorse. When I was a girl I thought I was the only person in the world who masturbated, and I felt like a depraved monster. Nobody ever talked about such things when I was younger. There's nothing pathetic about enjoying the pleasures of your own body, and you're not a loser at all."

That seemed to cheer him somewhat. "I know, but this is going to take some getting used to." His eyes couldn't stay on my face and I realized that my tits were still out. I felt a happy tingle in my nipples.

"So, you think you maybe want to try this again?"

"Right now?"

"Well, I meant in general."

"Oh... sure, I guess that would be cool."

"Could you really do it again right now if you wanted?" I had noticed that his cock hadn't gotten the least bit soft since he'd come.

"Probably."

"Your brother is going to be home from school soon, so if you want me to stay and watch again you better make it quick."

He gripped his erection and got started. "I'd like it if you stayed."

"Should I keep my tits out for you?"

"Yes, please." He was whacking away vigorously. "I liked it when you touched your nipples like that before."

"You want me to do that again?"

He nodded enthusiastically. I gave him a nice show, tweaking my nipples, giving them a good pull and a twist. I grabbed my boobs and squeezed them together. I was tempted to demonstrate how I could lick the tips, but I thought I'd better save that for another time. I massaged my breasts seductively, and my son was captivated. I was keenly aware that the only thought on his mind was likely how much he wanted to suck on them.

Nick was less reserved this time around, and he masturbated energetically. The sound his fist made beating up and down was so arousing. He even felt comfortable enough to play with his balls as he was getting ready to come again. But the best part was when he reached his hand out to me palm up. I leaned forward and spit in his hand again, then watched him smear my slick saliva all over his prick and resume jacking even faster.

"Your tits are so good, Mom! Ahhhhh!"

More cum sprayed from his dick. I couldn't believe he had any left after his last performance. This time his body went slack when he was done and a look of contented satisfaction was there instead of shameful guilt.

He lay quietly as I went about cleaning him up for a second time. When I was done, I leaned over and gave him a quick kiss on the lips, then another on his forehead. I ruffled his hair, put my tits away, and buttoned up my shirt. His cock was softening some, but not much. The power of youth.

"Well, after all that, I have some things to attend to myself. When your brother gets home, can you try to keep him downstairs? I don't want him upstairs while I'm in my room masturbating, I might get a little noisy."

"You're really going to go do it right now?"

"Like I told you, moms get horny, too." I patted my crotch suggestively. "And I haven't been quite this horny in years."

I picked up the older cum-crusting towel, along with the freshly anointed one, and headed out of the room, feeling my son's eyes on my ass as I went.

"Would it be too soon," Nick called after me, "if we did this again tomorrow?"

"It's a date, stud." I blew him a kiss and headed upstairs with my prizes.

I was naked as soon as I closed my bedroom door. I didn't even make it to the bed and just dropped down on my hands and knees right there on the carpet and attacked my pussy. As predicted, I came in about ten seconds flat. I crawled up onto my bed, got on my back, spread my legs wide, and gave myself a slower more relaxed pussy massage. The image of my son coming all over himself as I watched played over and over in my head and soon I was racked with another major orgasm.

I heard my younger son Timmy arriving home, but I wasn't done yet. I brought myself off three more times before I was at least somewhat sated.

There would be some feelings of guilt and post-orgasm remorse for me to deal with at some point, but for the moment I was as happy as could be. I was already looking forward to doing it all

again the next day!

CHAPTER 2

The Panties

I ANXIOUSLY CHECKED the clock. Only two minutes had passed since the last time I'd checked. I couldn't believe how keyed up I was-I hadn't been this horny since I was a high school virgin. All I could think about was how much longer it would be before my son came home from school, and whether or not he'd be up for repeating the crazy little game we'd played the day before.

Several times throughout the day I had to question if it had all been a deliciously decadent dream, or had it been real? Since I was holding the small white towel that I'd used to clean up the gobs of warm sperm from my boy's tummy and penis after he'd jerked himself off right in front of me in his bedroom yesterday it had to be real.

I once again sniffed that stained towel as I glanced out the window to see if Nick's school bus was anywhere in sight. The sweet, primal scent of his dried semen sent tingles down my back. I rubbed my crotch, desperate to make myself cum, but I mustered every ounce of willpower to hold off and save it for later. I'd already changed panties twice after having soaked them through and through just thinking about what might happen when he got home from school. I hadn't realized I could actually still produce so much pussy juice at my age!

The whole thing was somewhat silly. I was perfectly aware of how pathetic it was that I was having these outrageously lustful feelings toward my own teenaged son. I mean, it wasn't like I was lonely, or stuck in some kind of sexless marriage. I loved my husband, and we had a satisfactory sex life. Granted, we weren't setting the world afire with our bedroom activities, but I was quite happy with our routine.

So why was I suddenly looking at my son as an object of sexual fascination? What sane, middle-aged mother in a happy marriage would do something as unthinkable as convincing her boy to masturbate in front of her? I wouldn't dare tell anyone that I'd done such a thing, which confirmed for me that what I was doing was bad. It seemed so obviously wrong, but for the life of me I couldn't come up with a good reason just exactly why it was so wrong.

Sure we were mother and son, but it wasn't like I had forced him to do it. Nick certainly enjoyed it. I definitely enjoyed it. It made us both feel good, brought us closer together, and maybe it will help him become more comfortable with himself sexually. I paced around the house aimlessly churning over the pros and cons in my head for the twentieth time since I woke up. There was just one thing I that worried me.

What if he walked through the door and couldn't look me in the eye. Nick was a smart kid, and I was sure he'd spent at least part the last twenty-four hours considering the weird encounter he'd

had with his mother. It's entirely possible that once the fever of the moment passed, and he came to his senses, that he realized how sick it was that his mom talked him into whacking off in front of her. There would be shame, and guilt, and doubt. With a clear head, he might even be repulsed by the whole thing. I mean, what boy wouldn't be conflicted about getting off to his mother's boobs? Or worse, he could be angry with me for taking advantage of him for my own perverse pleasure.

I checked out the window again and saw the big yellow bus lumbering around the corner. I felt excited, nauseous, and insanely horny all at the same time. This was it. I tucked the cum rag I was holding behind a sofa cushion, grabbed a magazine and sat down as if it was just another ordinary day.

The wait dragged on, but finally I heard him come in through the back door. Usually this was a noisy affair as his backpack was dumped on the floor, his sneakers kicked off in a careless rush, and him tromping through the kitchen in search of an afterschool snack. I listened, but there was none of the usual ruckus. I tried to focus on my magazine but nothing on the page was registering in my hyped-up brain.

"Oh... hey, Mom."

I looked up and saw Nick peeking into the living room with a stricken look in his eyes. My heart fell a little, not knowing how to read that expression.

"Hi, sweetheart. How was school today?"

"Regular, I guess." He was having a hard time looking straight at me. He shrugged his shoulders nervously, and lingered just outside the threshold of the living room as if he wasn't sure what to say or do next.

"Is everything okay?" I asked, casually flipping a page.

"Sure... um, okay then, I'm going to go hang out in my room, I guess."

"Are you going to masturbate?" I said the words without thinking.

He chuckled and looked down at the floor. I had no idea if I was making things better or worse. I tried to swallow away the lump in my throat, but it didn't help.

"I don't know. Maybe." He fidgeted for a moment, then shrugged again. "Probably."

I knew what I wanted to say, but he looked so painfully uncomfortable that I couldn't bring myself to push the issue any further. It might have been what he was waiting for, but I couldn't tell for certain.

Before I could formulate a coherent response, he gave me a goofy salute and disappeared around the corner. I wanted to jump up and chase after him, but stayed put. I couldn't force it, or crowd him. I had to let him figure it out for himself, and-

"Those towels?" Nick's voice startled me. He was back at the entryway. "Those new ones you got me, you know, for... cleaning up after. Where are they again?"

"Oh, right, I put them in the top drawer of your night stand."

"Okay, cool." He lingered.

"Is there something else you want?" I asked, trying not to sound too obvious.

"No." He ran his hand over his short crop of hair. "I just didn't know if you were going to come downstairs or not."

It was all I could do not to let out a happy squeal. "I could... if you want me to."

Looking down he gave a one-shouldered shrug. A moment later he looked up at me and nodded. I was going to have to change panties again soon.

"Are you sure? You're not having any second thoughts about any of what happened yesterday?" I didn't want to give him an excuse to back out, but I had to at least attempt to exercise a smidgen of responsible parenting. "It's okay if you're not comfortable about it. You can be honest with me and I won't be upset."

"It's not that," he said quickly. "I wasn't sure if you really... if you meant it when you said... um..."

"Slow down," I said and gave him a smile as I stood up and walked over to him. "Just tell me what you're feeling."

"I... I want to do it again, like we did yesterday, but I don't want to be annoying about it, that's all."

"Oh, sweetie." I kissed him on the forehead. "Why would I be annoyed? I enjoyed our special time together yesterday." I gave his ribs a tickle, which got him to squirm and crack a smile. "Enough with the serious face, mister. Let's hurry up and have some fun before Timmy gets home."

I followed him down into the basement to his bedroom. He went to his nightstand drawer, and fetched out a clean towel.

"Should I just take it out, like before?"

"If you want." I couldn't get over how handsome he looked standing there all unsure and excited. "Or you can go ahead and get naked, if you like."

Without hesitating Nick pulled off his t-shirt, dropped his pants and then pulled down his underwear. In a matter of seconds he had on nothing but a pair of white socks. His cock was almost fully hard, and it bounced enticingly as he tugged off those socks.

"Turn around and let me see your butt," I said half-jokingly.

"Let me see yours."

I turned and gave him a wiggle. I was wearing my tightest pair of jeans that I could actually fit into. My butt is almost non-existent, but I think it's still pretty sexy.

Nick laughed at my display and returned the favor. He was the cutest thing alive. His behind was as smooth as when he was a baby, but now there was obviously some muscle in those cheeks. Yum!

"Okay, silly, quit screwing around and let's take care of that hard dick of yours."

He flopped onto his bed and grabbed his erection. I wanted to jump on top of him and ravish the hell out of my sexy young man, but I managed to control myself. Watching was one thing, but taking it any further was out of the question.

Looking down at himself, Nick began stroking. I sat on the edge of his bed, my heart beating like mad, and I greedily took in the erotic sight before me. It would have been wickedly exciting for me to see any man pleasure himself, but the fact that it was my sweet son doing it made it ten times more thrilling. There was no doubt in my mind that there was something deeply immoral about that.

"I couldn't stop thinking about seeing your boobs," he mumbled in a rapid spill of words.

"Is that so?" I asked coyly as a wave of pins and needles played across my skin ending as a happy tingling sensation in both my nipples.

"I had a hard-on practically all day."

"Oh, come on, I'm sure you've seen much better boobs with all the online porn you look at."

"Yeah, but yours are for real." He was blushing.

"So, I'm guessing that means you wouldn't mind seeing them again?"

Nick nodded, wide-eyed and eager. This was going even better than my fantasy! I pulled my shirt off over my head. He stared at my satin, ivory-colored padded bra with rapt anticipation. I reached around back to unfasten the clasp and paused.

"Now, you're sure seeing my breasts will help get you off?" I couldn't help tormenting him just a little. "You won't feel guilty about jerking off to you own mother's boobs?"

"No," he insisted, "I know it's not normal, but you're the hottest mom out of anyone, and I liked seeing you like that yesterday more than anything ever."

Nick earned his prize. I unhooked my bra and let it slide away, revealing my modest breasts. Reflexively, I gave them a squeeze and a jiggle as soon as they were free, pinching my already erect nipples. Nick's reaction was immediate.

My son began pounding his engorged cock harder and faster. His eyes were fixed on my chest, and his breathing quickened. The sound of his fist working up and down his shaft was beautiful music to my ears. I was captivated by the way his balls, dangling freely between his legs, bounced up and down in rhythm with his frantic masturbation. I wanted to tell him to slow down and enjoy it, but seeing him beating off so intently within arm's reach of me was too appealing to interrupt.

"You really do like your Mommy's tits, don't you?" I said, trying to coax him into talking.

"Yes..." he muttered breathlessly.

I cupped my boobs, lifting them and squeezing them together. My thumbs played over my hard nipples. I'd only ever done this sort of thing for my husband. It was a huge boost to this suburban soccer-mom's ego to see the reaction I was getting from someone new (even if it was my son).

"That's it, honey, look at my tits and make yourself cum." I hardly ever talked dirty in bed with my husband, but I didn't feel as self-conscious with Nick for some reason. It was like the more excited I got the easier the nasty words came out of my mouth. "Stroke that big cock, and-"

"Fuck, Mom! uuhhh!" Nick cried out suddenly and began spurting jets of milky goo all over his chest and belly. He thrashed helplessly and kept pulling at his erection. His face was contorted as if in pain, but I knew he was feeling the exact opposite in that moment.

"There you go, sweetie. Get it all out." I marveled at the quantity of cum he was spattering all over himself.

His body relaxed. Seconds later a tremor shook him, and then another came moments after. It had only taken about fifteen seconds for him to orgasm after I bared my breasts for him.

"My, my, that was quick," I said, trying not to drool as I looked him up and down.

"Sorry... Mom..."

"No need to be sorry. I'll take it as a compliment." I gave him a wink and reached for the towel. When I leaned forward to dab up the biggest puddle of near on his belly my stiff nipple brushed against his bare thigh.

My first instinct was to pull away, but instead I pressed forward letting my swaying breast rub against him as I cleaned up his naughty mess. As I reached for the cum that had shot all the way up to his chest, my left tit made gentle contact with his erection. I wanted to rub myself all over his body and hump myself against his developing muscles, but that was much too far over the line.

The head of his cock was coated with remnants of his powerful ejaculation. Nick watched me without uttering a word, his breath slowly returning to normal. I gingerly took his shaft between my fingers like the previous day and carefully cleaned away the residue with the towel. Much to his surprise, and mine, I found myself wrapping my hand around his hard cock, gripping it tight,

and pulling upward to milk one last glob of cum out of him. I had an urge to lick up that pearl of semen, but quickly used the towel to wipe it away before I could give in to such an abominable desire.

"There," I said, "all nice and clean."

"That felt good."

"That's why we masturbate."

"No, that too, but I meant I like the way it feels when you clean up for me."

"Oh, well..." I felt my cheeks getting warm, "I suppose that makes sense." I realized that I was still holding onto his erection. It seemed so big for a boy his age that I couldn't get over it. "It feels good for me, too," I confessed and gave his dick a few casual pumps before I even realized what I was doing. A little moan came out of him.

I should have let go. Right that second, I should have taken my hand away, put my top back on, and headed upstairs. But that's not what I did.

"Are you all finished, or do you want to cum again?" I asked as if it was a perfectly normal question for a mother to pose to her son.

"Again."

"Do you want to do it yourself," my mouth was running ahead of my brain again, "or would you like me to do it for you?" I gave him a couple more easy pulls.

"My arm is kinda tired, now that I think about it." He gave me a sly smirk.

I began stroking him up and down. "It's been a while since I've given a boy a handjob, so let me know if I'm doing it right."

"I will, Mom."

I massaged his cock in my hand, exploring each contour, feeling the virile power in his straining manhood. His sensitive skin slid like a silken sheath beneath my grip. I could feel the ringed ridges of his shaft, and the pulse of hot blood filling every pubescent vein. The edge of his mushroom head met my hand at the top of each stroke, and the soft flesh of his scrotum caressed the heel of my fist with each down stroke. But it was the look of pure ecstasy on my little boy's face that gave me the most satisfaction.

"How's that?" I asked even though the answer was apparent.

"Your hands are so soft..." he whimpered dreamily.

"And you don't think it's creepy that your mother is jerking you off right now?"

"You're the best mom in the world..."

Maybe I was certifiably crazy, but I couldn't think of a time that I felt more contented and loved. I leaned down and let a long trail of saliva dribble from between my lips and land directly on his beautiful cock. Only a few inches lower and I could have taken him into my mouth, but I sat up straight and didn't let myself get carried away. I was already well beyond where I had decided I was willing to go with him. I had convinced myself that looking was okay, but that touching was out of bounds. I smeared my spit around his shaft, and then added a little more to make sure it was good and slick.

Clearly jacking off my son was inappropriate, but how bad was it when you really think about it? I mean he and I touched all the time without it being a crime. Was it really so different from running my fingers through his hair, holding his hand, or giving him a nice hug? Of course it was, but I wasn't about to admit that to myself.

"You have such a nice penis," I admired proudly. "So perfect and hard."

"I'm glad you like it, Mom," he murmured with a chuckle.

"And your balls are just so cute." I ran my hand down and permitted myself to fondle them for a few indulgent seconds. They really were adorable.

"I can't believe you're really doing this," Nick breathed.

"That makes two of us."

By the way he was moving his hips I could tell he wanted me to go faster, but I wanted to make this last. I also wanted him to know the pleasure of delayed gratification. I knew how good it felt to just go at yourself like wild and get off as quickly as possible, but as a mature woman I also knew the benefits of taking things slow and drawing out the pleasure.

My tits jiggled with each stroke I gave his cock. It felt amazing to be so open and uninhibited with my body. Even with my husband after all these years together I could still get self-conscious about being exposed in front of him. With Nick it was unexpectedly different. It was like we were connected in a deeper way that defied the fear of being judged or evaluated. I knew that he would accept me as I was, just like I would love him no matter what. This unconditionally security with each other was unlike anything I'd experienced with any other person in my life.

A frothy foam of pre-cum was gathering at the tip of my son's cock. Without any hesitation I circled the head of his leaking dick around one of my nipples. The soft touch of his engorged cap against my aroused nub evoked a giggle of delight from me. He groaned and arched his back, trying to press himself further. I slapped his prick against my other nipple, enjoying the sharp sensation each strike elicited.

"Holy shit, Mom, that's so fucking good," he sputtered as his eyes rolled with delirious bliss. "So fucking good..."

"I guess I haven't lost my touch," I replied and picked up the pace. "You ready to cum yet? Is my big boy ready to shoot another big load of cum?"

"Yes!"

I toyed with his balls using my free hand, and jacked him faster. "I want to see this big cock cum. I want to make my boy squirt all over himself. Come on, Nick, do you want to cum for Mommy?"

"Yes, Mom!"

"Show me that cum, baby! Cum for Mommy!"

"Yes! Oh, yes! I'm cumming...!"

I pumped steadily at his flaring hard-on, and with a final contraction I watched him erupt in my hand. The cum flooded out of his cock in a spasm of delight and oozed thickly down over my knuckles. With his head thrown back into his pillow he let out a continuous series of moans and grunts of satisfaction. The wet warmth of his fresh spunk trickled along my fingers. I was tingling all over, especially between my legs.

"How'd I do?" I asked, giving his prick one more loving squeeze before releasing it.

"That was awesome, Mom."

I located Nick's cum rag and reluctantly cleaned the semen off of the back of my hand.

"I'm glad you enjoyed it." I used the towel to dry off my son's dick, and dab up the few drops of jizz that had ended up in his modest patch of pubic hair. I went about my work very slowly and very thoroughly. Nick seemed content to let me fuss around down there as long as I wanted.

"I came so hard that my balls hurt," he chuckled.

"My poor baby," I cooed and gave his wrinkly sack a tender massage.

I traced my fingernails around his groin, as I absently gazed at his penis. I loved how even after cumming twice he was still hard and at full attention. My hand meandered up to his tummy and I tickled my touch along the faint trail of hairs leading down from his belly button. He lay quietly in drowsy gratification. When I looked up at his face I could tell that he was happily staring at my chest as I caressed him. I'd almost forgotten that my tits were out. I suddenly felt uncertain about exposing myself like this to him. But even this wave of misgiving became a twisted kind of turn on for me as I ran my fingertips along the length of his sticky shaft.

"Is it true what you said yesterday?" Nick asked in a soft voice. "Did you really go up to your room and play with yourself after you watched me jerk off?"

"I did," I confessed.

"Are you going to do it again today?"

I cupped his balls in my hand. "Absolutely. To be honest, all this is probably as exciting for me as it is for you."

"How do you do it?"

"What do you mean?" My hands massaged his strong thighs.

"Like, when you play with yourself, do you just touch yourself, or..."

"Oh, I see." This seemed so unreal. "I mostly masturbate using my fingers, but I have a small vibrator that I use sometimes."

"That's cool," he said. I could detect the nervousness in his voice. "So, do you just use the vibrator on the outside, or do you put it in sometimes too?"

Wow, he was a curious little monkey. And I was glad for it. Talking openly about my masturbation techniques with my son was oddly liberating (and incredibly arousing).

"I usually just use the vibrator on my clit. You know what a clit is, right?"

"The clitoris, yeah," he nodded.

I guess there wasn't much kids didn't know about sex these days with the internet and all.

"To be honest, I also have another toy I use, but it's a secret. Your dad doesn't know about it, but I have a dildo that's shaped like a real penis. I use it when I want to masturbate with something inside me."

"Geez, Mom, I never thought you were so kinky," he teased.

"Hey, you asked," I protested and gave him a pinch for good measure. "Besides, women have been using dildos for thousands of years, so just because I use one every once in a while doesn't mean you can call me kinky."

"How about jerking off your son, can I call you kinky for doing that?"

"Okay, I suppose you got me there." Our eyes met over the expanse of his naked body, his stiff cock lying between us as we shared knowing smiles. I patted his leg, then stood up. I found my bra on the floor and worked my way back into it, Nick unabashedly watching my every move.

"You don't have to go upstairs, Mom," he said as I began hunting for my top.

"I know I don't have to, but I really need to."

"No, what I mean is that you don't have to go upstairs to play with yourself...you could do it right here."

If he only knew how badly I wanted the same thing.

"I don't think that would be a good idea, sweetheart." I fumbled with my shirt, trying to get it turned right-side out while my brain was going haywire.

"Why not? You said masturbating was beautiful, and natural, and that we didn't have to hide it from each other."

"What I said was that you didn't have to hide what you were doing from me. It doesn't work the other way around."

"How come?"

I finally managed to get my top on and tried to come up with a better argument than 'Because I said so.' This task was made all the more difficult by the fact that my darling boy was still completely nude and sporting a never-ending boner.

"Trust me, you don't want to see your mother's old-lady pussy, and you especially don't want to see me playing with myself. I'm sure there are plenty of young hotties on your computer who you'd be much happier seeing do that."

He made his pouty face, the one he always uses when I don't give him what he wants. My resolve was on the verge of disintegrating already, and then that sad face of his. I knew that if he made one more halfway reasonable argument I was likely to give in.

"Are you kidding? Seeing it for real would be a million times better, and you're way sexier than those fake girls on the porn sites. And, plus, you got to watch me do it, so I should get to see you." He was sitting up at this point as he rattled off his list of reasons I should masturbate in front of him. "And, anyway, you already let me see you half naked, so what's the big deal?"

Nick must have detected that I was about to cave. Kids are so damn good at knowing just the right moment to take advantage of a weak-willed parent. I realized that I was fiddling with the top button of my jeans. It was insane that I would even allow myself to fantasize about something as profoundly taboo as pleasuring myself while my son watched me, and yet there I was about to actually do it.

"It's a big deal to me," I corrected him as my top button came undone, "but you—"

We both heard the back door slam upstairs, and panic instantly iced my insides.

"Timmy's home!" Nick rasped, pointing out the obvious in a tense whisper.

"Okay, stay calm." I wasn't feeling anything near calm myself. I turned around and fastened my jeans, hoping that maybe he hadn't noticed I'd popped them open in the first place. "Just get dressed, and I'll go up. Stay down here for a while, I don't want you walking around the house with that hard-on."

"Obviously!"

"All right, everything's fine, there's no reason he would suspect anything strange is going on just because I'm down here. If he asks, I'll just say I was talking to you about your grades." I checked myself over to make sure there wasn't any stray cum on me anywhere. "How are your grades?"

"Fine."

"Good. We're good. Right?"

"Chill, Mom! He's going to know you're spazzing out about something if you keep talking like that."

"You're right. Deep breath. Just a normal day. Nothing freaky going on."

I headed for the door, then went back and gave Nick a quick kiss on the lips. I wanted to grab his cock again, but I held back. I hurried upstairs and found my younger son already planted in the

living room in front of a video game.

“Timmy?”

“No homework today and I already brought the garbage barrels in,” he rattled off before I could interrogate him about his responsibilities.

“One hour, then turn it off and go outside and play for a while.” I waited for an acknowledgement, but he was already too absorbed in the game.

It was just as well. Nick was right. If Timmy was paying any attention to me he'd know right off the bat that something was weird with me. For a split second I considered slipping back downstairs to see if Nick was still naked. It was too big of a risk with Timmy home, and after the shock of almost getting caught I was thinking clearly enough by that time to know better. As I nonchalantly headed upstairs I sniffed the back of my hand.

The scent was still fresh. It would have to be enough. Once safely behind the closed door of my bedroom, I stripped down and treated myself to a wonderful session fueled by the fresh images of my sexy boy and his cock. Only a few days before I would have been satisfied with one good orgasm, but with what was going on it took no less than three to get me somewhat close to fulfilled.

As I lay sprawled out on my bed feeling totally relaxed and basking in the afterglow of my private exertions I started to wonder about the serious consequences of what I was doing. I was risking a lot by letting what had started as a fantasy take me over. I was thinking and doing things that no good mother should. This wasn't who I was. I had always enjoyed sex, but plain vanilla normal sex had always been more than enough for me. Ever since I spied on Nick masturbating that day something had changed. Was this really something new, or had this 'kinkiness' been bottled up inside me all my life?

My rational side was under no illusions that what I was doing with my son was wrong. For God's sake, only half an hour earlier I was playing with his balls and jacking him off with my naked boobs flopping around everywhere. I was using his natural adolescent curiosity and my authority as his parent to manipulate my son into quenching my lust for something I never even knew I wanted.

If anyone found out what I was doing it would be a disaster. My husband would never understand and our marriage would be over for sure. There's no telling what it would do to little Timmy if he found out what his mother was doing to his big brother. I could almost see my mug shot in the local paper, and shuddered at the thought of it. I also had to consider what the effect on Nick might be. He was obviously eager to participate, but that was only his hormones taking control of his mind and body. What was it going to do to him in the long run? I was probably messing up his head in all kinds of ways. The last thing I wanted to do was ruin his chances for having a healthy relationship with women. And what was he going to think of me once he got older and realized that he was actually the victim of sexual abuse?

That last thought sent a twinge through my middle. That was what I was doing, wasn't it? No matter how I tried to justify it, I was sexually abusing my own child. The guilt was suddenly heavy, filling my chest with a dark weight. But even as I struggled with what a horrible human being I was, I felt a renewed sensation between my legs. There was an insistent ache pulsing deep inside my pussy. I didn't understand what was happening.

“I love him and I don't want to hurt him,” I whispered as I touched myself down there. “I have to stop sexually molesting my son.” Saying the words just loud enough so only I could hear caused my vagina to clench with longing. “I can't let myself imagine what his cock would feel like inside of

me.” My whole body felt suddenly hot. “I have to stop making him jerk off his big young cock for me.” I was rubbing myself hard and fast, my legs thrown open wide. “I shouldn’t want to taste his cum.” I desperately licked the back of my hand where his semen had been. “I shouldn’t let my son see my tits, I shouldn’t show him my naked pussy, I can’t let him watch me fuck a dildo!” I was probably getting too loud, but I was too far gone to care.

The acknowledgement that I was molesting and abusing Nick was somehow driving me to new heights of sexual ecstasy. I was disgusted with myself, but that additional guilt and shame only stoked the fires more. I twisted one of my nipples mercilessly, and slapped my own pussy hard. The pain lanced through to my core and intensified every sensation of pleasure I was experiencing. I needed to be punished for what I had done. I slapped my pussy again.

What would my parents think if they knew what I was doing with their grandson? The very thought of it terrified and thrilled me. I imagined them standing in Nick’s bedroom watching in shocked revulsion as their perfect, obedient daughter beat off her own son’s hard cock. I could see my strictly conservative mother’s horrified expression, and my father’s painfully disapproving scowl. The palpable condemnation emanating from them made me want to jerk him off even harder.

Before I knew it my devoutly Christian younger sister joined the scene and began praying fervently for my damned soul, and the older brother who used to hit me for talking on the phone with boys was there, swelling with fury at the sight of his sister incestuously molesting her darling boy’s penis. And all their appalled faces were merely the living representation of hundreds of stoic Korean ancestors looking down on me with accusing disgust, their spirits witnessing my sexual violations and judging the depths of my depravity.

“Bad pussy!” I groaned and slapped my cunt again, then again, and again. “Yes, I admit it,” I said to the phantom jury of my family, never letting up on my pussy for a second. “I masturbated my son’s cock, and I liked it. I’m a sick fucking pervert for what I did, but it felt so God damned fucking goooood!”

I arched myself up off the mattress. The relentless abuse I was inflicting on my pussy was about to result in a mind-blowing orgasm.

“I did it...I made him cum...I jerked his cock and made him cum...made him cum for me...cum for Mommy...cuuummmmm!”

In my deranged fantasy Nick’s cock erupted at the moment I reached climax and the cum streamed from his cock in massive gouts, shooting across the room and dousing my mother’s angry face. I directed his cock to the left and drenched my prissy little sister in hot cum. The bedsprings squeaked wildly as I thrashed and bucked my way through an orgasm that seemed to build in a rolling series of intensifying waves.

The fantasy images faded. I opened my eyes to a room that was slowly spinning to a stop. A pleasant dizziness made my head feel like it was floating away from my body. It took a few minutes before my breathing returned to normal and the fuzz cleared from my mind.

“Where the fuck did that come from?” I wondered. The bizarre mix of shame, repressed hostility and illicit desire had all crashed together to bring about a spectacular release. If things were confusing before, they had suddenly become much more complicated. There were forces at work inside me that I didn’t understand, and it had become frighteningly obvious that I wasn’t even entirely aware of what they were.

I tried to will myself to get out of bed and put my clothes back on, but my limbs remained limp.

How could something so disturbingly wrong make me feel so good? I needed to seriously reconsider the entire situation...but not right then.

By the time I got myself together and went down to get dinner started Timmy had already headed outside. I watched him through the kitchen window kicking a soccer ball repeatedly into his practice goal and cheering himself on with simulated crowd noise after each score. He was almost as tall as his brother. It struck me at that moment that with him being fourteen that he had probably discovered masturbation by this time also. I'd always thought of him as the baby, but I couldn't ignore the fact that he was probably well into puberty and all that comes along with it.

"Hey, Mom."

The sound of Nick's voice at the basement door made my tummy flutter like a nervous schoolgirl. I was relieved to see he was dressed. "Oh, hey, sweetie."

"Obviously you already, um...took care of yourself."

"Oh, God, please tell me you guys couldn't hear me down here."

"No, but you might want to fix your hair before Dad gets home."

"I'll do that."

I dug a big pot out of the cupboard and began filling it with water. As I reached up to get the spaghetti out of the cabinet over the stove I could feel Nick's eyes on me as he stood quietly at the other end of the kitchen. It gave me a pleasant prickling sensation all over to be the object of his hungry gaze.

"Is there anything you want me to do?" he asked as I put the pot on the burner.

"Wow, volunteering for chores?" I joked.

"Yeah, I don't know...whatever."

"There are a couple things I'd like you to do for me. First, I could use a hug."

He came over and wrapped his arms around me, pressing his whole body tightly against mine. I held him for a nice long time, feeling his warm breath on my neck and the enjoying the feeling of my breasts squeezing hard against his chest.

"The other is that I would really like it if you went outside and kicked the soccer ball around with your brother for a while. He's out there all by himself."

"I hate soccer," he grumbled.

"But you love me, so you'll do it, right?" I gave him a quick kiss on the lips and a playful slap on the butt, before we ended our hug.

"Yeah, okay." He looked like he wanted to say something more, but decided against it and headed outside. While I watched my two young men jostling over the ball the water came to a boil.

My husband Evan and I had sex that night. It began while we were cuddled on the sofa watching TV together. My hand found its way to his crotch and it was only a matter of minutes before I had his zipper down and his cock in my mouth. He started soft and pliable, slowly growing longer and thicker as I sucked. It wasn't something I would normally do right there in the living room, but he wasn't complaining.

I was taking my time, savoring the experience, wondering if it would feel any different if it were Nick in my mouth instead of his father.

"What's this?"

I looked up at the sound of my husband's voice and saw him lift a small white hand towel out from behind one of the cushions. Panic almost choked me when I saw him holding up the cum rag

I had used to wipe up his son's semen.

"I was wondering where that went." I quickly plucked it out of his hand. "I was dusting in here the other day and it must have fallen between the cushions." I tossed it casually onto the coffee table and quickly went back to his cock, swallowing it as deeply as I could. This proved enough of a distraction to take his mind off of the towel.

Once I got him to cum in my mouth (something else I hardly ever do), I asked him to take me upstairs. He gave me a lovely orgasm with his mouth, then I used my hand and managed to get him hard enough to fuck me. The whole time Evan was on top of me I couldn't stop thinking about Nick. I imagined at first that my son was watching the two of us having sex. Then I pictured him jerking off next to me, the head of his cock against my cheek, then my lips, his precum on my tongue. Then it was Nick on top of me. It was his young, fully hard cock inside me; his lean strong body moving over mine; his hips thrusting between my open legs. I almost called out his name when I came, but was able to bite it back. My husband came also, releasing his spermless semen inside of me. It had been a while since he'd cum twice in one night. With a kiss, he rolled off of me and was asleep minutes later.

I reached down and toyed with my hole, feeling the warm sex fluids from my husband seeping out of me. "Show Mommy your cock," I whispered unexpectedly. I bit my lip and listened to Evan's breathing next to me. He remained sound asleep.

"Show Mommy how you play with your cock," I said under my breath and rubbed my clit. "Masturbate for me, Nick."

I tried to restrain my motions so the mattress wouldn't bounce. It was strange for me to be lying next to my sleeping husband and pleasuring myself when we'd just had some pretty good sex, but I couldn't help myself. And it was downright foolish to be talking dirty to myself about our son, even at a whisper.

"Mommy wants your cum," I moaned and slipped two fingers into my pussy. "Give me your cum, Nick." I added a third finger and fucked myself with my hand as delicately as I could so as not to rouse my husband. "Show Mommy how you make your cock cum, baby." My whole body shivered with silent orgasm, my throat clenched tight to keep the cries of pleasure from escaping.

Instead of getting up and cleaning myself, I drifted away to sleep with my hand still on my warm, wet pussy.

The next day had me running around doing errands, leaving little time to worry over the troublesome situation I was allowing myself to sink deeper into. One thing I knew for sure was that I had to get a handle on whatever perverse psychological demons I had inadvertently unleashed, and dial things back. Not just for my sake, but for Nick's as well. He might think that this was all fun and games now, but he wasn't thinking about what it could lead to and the emotional damage messing around with his own mother was sure to cause.

I didn't want to shut it all off entirely, but I clearly needed to make sure things proceeded in a more controlled manner. Nothing bad had happened yet, and I had to make sure it stayed that way. I went a little farther than I should have with Nick, so it was merely a matter of insuring that we both understood where the boundaries were and being certain that we stayed within the limits.

When I got home from the store I got started on the laundry. Upstairs, I sifted through the hamper in my bedroom, tossing most of the smelly contents into a basket, then went to Timmy's room. I had to gather the majority of his dirty clothes from the floor (there was nothing in his

hamper except for a remote control dune buggy and a single sock). I decided that his pillow cases and bed sheets could use a wash as well. When I picked up his pillow, what I found caused me to let out a little yelp of surprise.

There in a crumpled ball were my tiger-stripped panties. What were they doing under Timmy's pillow? Yes, I was so stunned that the obvious answer didn't occur to me until moments later.

I picked them up, and it was instantly apparent that there was dried cum on them. And not just in one spot, it was all over them. I gave them a sniff and the combination of carnal odors was heavy. There was that increasingly familiar scent of jism, but the ripe aroma of my own pussy almost overpowered it. I then realized that these were one of the pairs I'd had to change out of the day before because I'd soaked them through anticipating another jerk off session with Nick.

Timmy must have fished them out of my hamper at some point last night and had apparently whacked off into them at least half a dozen times. That answered the question about whether or not he'd discovered masturbation yet. I just couldn't imagine my little cherub doing such a thing, much less using my panties like this. I sniffed them again, breathing deeply, and found myself getting inappropriately turned on.

I tried to imagine what he had been doing with my underwear. Was he just looking at them? Maybe rubbing his penis on them? Obviously he was cumming on them, but was that all? I undid my pants and began rubbing my pussy through the panties I was wearing. The idea that my innocent baby boy had sneaked into my bedroom and prowled through my dirty things should have been upsetting, but instead it was getting me excited. How long had he been doing this without me knowing?

I imagined him hiding my soiled undies beneath his shirt like a guilty treasure and hurrying back to his room hoping not to get caught. As soon as he closed his door he probably got his stiff prick out and rubbed my dirty panties against it, feeling the satiny material against his sensitive skin. I let out an embarrassed laugh as I stood there in my son's bedroom earnestly working my juicy pussy through the crotch of the white cotton underwear I had on.

My behavior was becoming so irresponsible I had to laugh at myself. My intention was to cool things down and behave myself for one day, but it looked like that plan was out the window. I must have looked ridiculous. A 42-year old woman standing there with her pants down to her knees, sniffing her own dirty panties encrusted with her youngest son's day-old seed, and masturbating like some kind of deranged sex deviant.

"You're a nasty little boy, Timmy," I moaned. "You like jerking off into Mommy's panties? You like cumming on things your mother's pussy has touched? My horny little boy...oh, fuck...fuck, yes...ohhhh, God, yes!"

My legs went wobbly as my orgasm consumed all the energy in my body and converted it into that inexplicably good feeling that bursts brightly for a fleeting moment then fades leaving only traces of the sublime sensation that ebbs slowly into joyful relief.

"What am I doing?" I asked the empty room. Well, if I was losing my mind, at least it felt good.

It looked like I was going to have to have another conversation with one of my boys about his cum rag. This time, I assured myself, that's all it would be: a conversation.

I kicked off my slacks the rest of the way, and pulled down my moistened panties.

But, in the meantime, poor little Timmy might as well enjoy a nice fresh pair of Mommy's pussy-soaked undies. I laid out my damp cotton panties at the head of his bed, then settled his pillow in

place over them. I tossed my pants into the laundry basket and carried everything downstairs.

I made it to the basement door before that feeling hit me. I was a bad mother. So very bad. Blatantly leaving a pair of my dirty panties under Timmy's pillow. How could I be playing sexual games like that with my fourteen-year old son? I set the laundry basket down and turned to go upstairs to retrieve the soiled panties from his room. Just as I did, the back door opened and Nick walked in.

His eyes bulged and his mouth dropped open when he saw me frozen there in the kitchen. . . naked from the waist down.

"Don't look!" I screamed and tried to cover myself.

"Mom, you don't have any pants on!" Nick blurted out.

"I didn't realize how late it was," I said with both my hands clapped over my crotch. I couldn't turn around and get my pants from the laundry basket without exposing my bare ass to him. "I'm sorry."

"I'm not." He closed the door behind him, grinned, dropped his back pack, and walked toward me.

The look in his eye set my nipples to tingling and my clit to pulsing.

I'm such a bad, bad mother. . .

CHAPTER 3

The Exhibition

THERE I STOOD in the kitchen, both my hands covering my crotch, hiding my naked pussy from Nick, my 16-year-old son. He eyed me with lascivious intent, delighted at finding his mother traipsing around the house with nothing on but a v-neck top that was too short to provide any modesty down below. I'm sure he assumed this was some after school sexual treat I had arranged just for him, but the truth was that I'd lost track of time while I was upstairs in his brother's room masturbating as I sniffed a pair of my own panties that my younger son had saturated in cum. Lord, my once-normal life was becoming stranger by the minute.

"Is this what you do all day while we're at school, Mom, run around the house with no pants on?" Nick asked with a huge grin. He boldly approached me. What happened to that shy, bashful boy from the other day?

"Stay right where you are, mister," I warned him. "I was doing a load of laundry and I wanted to wash the slacks I had on, so I threw them in the basket. I was going to put on sweatpants, but I didn't realize how late it had gotten." None of my excuses changed the fact that I was trapped out in the open half-naked under the lustful gaze of my son. "Now look the other way so I can put something on."

"Why can't I see?" His hand massaged his crotch.

"You just can't," I insisted feebly.

He unzipped his jeans and pulled out his erect cock. "Just one little peek?"

"Nick, put that away."

"If you can be naked in the kitchen, then so can I." He began stroking himself as he eyed my bare legs and naked hips.

"I'm not fooling around with you!"

"You could be..." He gave me a wink. God, he as bad as his father.

"Okay, if I let you have one peek will you take that thing of yours downstairs?"

"Sure," he quickly agreed, licking his lips.

"Fine, then, here you go." I twisted around, flashed him my nude butt, then quickly turned back around. "Now scoot!"

"No way! That's not what I meant."

"Well, that's all you're going to get."

"I wanted to see the front," he whined.

"Forget it, I'm not showing you my pussy." I felt my nipples begin to react as soon as I said 'my pussy' out loud in front of my son. Damn, why did that feel so good?

"Then at least let me have a better look." His face clearly showed his desperate desire. "I've already seen your boobs before, so showing me your butt is nothing major."

He did have a point. "What happened to not wanting to be annoying?"

Nick could only shrug and give me that pleading look of his. With a resigned sigh, I turned around and gave him a full view of my backside.

"Sweet," he gasped. The sound of him frantically jerking off was suddenly apparent.

As I mentioned before, I don't have much of an ass to speak of thanks to my Asian, or should I say Korean, heritage. My backside is fairly small, and flat, but it has a nice shape to it and some respectable curves where my cheeks meet the tops of my thighs. I couldn't get over how much of a turn on it was to expose myself like this to my son. The fact that he was madly beating off to the sight of my ass was giving me goose bumps.

"I think that's enough," I announced.

"No, Mom, wait!" he begged. "You look so hot, don't move." The fleshy slapping noises increased in pace. "Please..." he added with strained yearning.

I was tempted to lean forward and thrust my butt out towards him. If I did he might get a glimpse of my asshole. The thought of showing off this intimately secret part of my body sent a thrill up through my tummy into my chest. I decided not to let my fantasies get the better of me in a way that might send this little encounter down a path neither of us was prepared to deal with. He seemed happy enough jacking off to what I was letting see at the moment, so I should be more than content with that.

I couldn't resist giving him just a little wiggle, however. Seconds after I did, he let out a groan and the sound of something wet splatting on the kitchen floor let me know he was finished.

"There, happy now?" I turned to see Nick standing there with rosy cheeks, holding his stiff prick, a dribble of cum hanging from the tip. "Look at the mess you made," I clucked in a motherly tone.

"Sorry..." he mumbled, not really meaning it.

I saw what I was about to do in my mind's eye. The rational part of my brain was shocked by the very thought of it, but the animal side of me had control.

I knelt down, pulled off my shirt, and used it to mop up my son's sperm from the floor. He stood over me without uttering a word. I took my time, making sure I didn't miss a single drop. I knew I was tempting the beast, and half expected Nick to lose control and attack me. I didn't want that to happen, but if it did...

There was no point in even thinking such thoughts. That wasn't going to happen, and I definitely shouldn't want it to happen. Once every trace of his orgasm was erased, I straightened up and tossed my shirt into the laundry basket. "Might as well make it a full load," I said offhandedly as I unhooked my bra and added it to the pile.

Nick gaped down at me. His eyes roved over the sight of his mother kneeling on the floor in front of him completely naked. I looked up at him, wondering what he might do next. My knees were together, but he could see my small tuft of black pubic hair. Most of his attention seemed to be focused there. I could hear my own heart beating in my chest.

He began stroking his cock again. Slowly this time, as if he was trying not to startle me into running away like a skittish deer or something. Part of me wanted to do just that, but I remained

on the floor. He carefully edged his pants down and stepped out of them. I watched without moving or saying a word. Nick had no idea that if he only stepped forward at that moment and pressed the head of his cock against my lips that I would have gladly taking him into my mouth.

His hand gripped his shaft tightly and moved up and down its length. The fluid motion of his masturbation technique entranced me like nothing else I'd ever known. He drank in my naked flesh, not seeming to be bothered by the slight droop of my tits, my extra bit of belly, or the increasing plumpness in my thighs. All he could see was a real live naked lady on display right in front of him.

"You're so fucking sexy, Mom," he muttered sincerely.

I felt my cheeks warm. Flattery will get him everywhere. I brought my hands up and cupped my breasts, squeezing and massaging them for his pleasure. I tweaked my nipples, playing first with one, then the other. He watched attentively and continued working his stiff cock. I was wet earlier, but ever since he walked through the door I had been getting increasingly wetter. That insistent ache was between my legs and I wasn't going to be able to resist it much longer.

"You're pretty sexy yourself, young man," I told him honestly. "I like seeing your cock and watching the way you handle it." I noticed his chest swell a little at my compliments. "I love seeing you make yourself cum."

"It feels way better with you watching."

My hands caressed my hips and tummy as I stared at the head of his dick bobbing up and down with each steady pump of his fist. I couldn't take it.

I slid my knees apart just enough so I could get a hand in between my thighs. Nick made a plaintive 'mmmm' sound as I began touching myself down there. He couldn't see exactly what I was doing, but he knew I was playing with my pussy. I slipped a finger into my wet crease, circled the tip around my pulsating opening, then pressed against my excited nub.

"My clit is so hard right now," I sighed.

This was really happening. Despite everything I was worried about, and how I promised myself I wouldn't let things go any further than they had, there I was fingering myself in front of my son. And it felt fucking wonderful.

"That is way cool," Nick said, his voice wavering with disbelief. "You're really playing with yourself, aren't you, Mom?"

"I really am," I moaned. "Seeing you jerking your hard cock makes me want to touch my pussy. It's crazy how wet I am."

"Holy shit, that's hot." He was obviously dying to go at it full throttle, but he was struggling to hold back and pace himself. How adorable was that?

I felt myself drifting into dreamy un-realness. On one level there was no possibility this could actually be going on. I was a responsible, conservative mother; he was a normal, innocent boy. On another level my inhibitions were gone, my sense of morality was inexplicably absent, and I was hostage to the sensual bond between my son and me. I didn't want to think about the sacred taboo I was violating, but it was one of the very things that made it all so much more tempting.

"We can't do this," I sputtered and withdrew my finger from my vagina.

"Mo-om!" Nick complained with a distressed whimper. "Please don't stop now!"

It had been years since I'd seen him so close to crying. "I'm sorry, sweetheart," I looked around, suddenly self-conscious about being naked and exposed in the middle of the kitchen in broad daylight. Nick held his cock, and his breath. "What I meant was that we can't do this here. We should

go down to your room.”

He brightened instantly, and a bead of pre-cum appeared at the tip of his dick. “Yeah, sure, okay,” he rattled off in quick succession. He dodged around me, picked up the laundry basket and hurried down the stairs, leaving me there on the floor naked with nothing to cover up with.

I double checked to make sure there were no tell-tale sex fluids left behind by either of us. I paused at the threshold to the basement. Was I really going to go through with this? I couldn’t trick myself into believing that I was merely bending the line, this would undeniably be crossing it. I was about to go down those steps and not only expose my pussy to my son, but I was going to let him watch me pleasure myself - something I didn’t even do in front of my husband until the second year we were married.

“Mom? You coming?” He called from his room.

Either way I wanted to take it, the answer was yes.

I hurried down the stairs, acutely aware of all the different parts of my body that were jiggling as I went. I realized then that it was the first time I’d ever come down those steps naked. It might not seem like much, but it was just one more little thing that added to the foreign nature of what I was about to do.

Nick looked up from straightening his bed sheets when I walked in and closed the door behind me. He had shed the remainder of his clothes, so that we were both completely naked. He looked me over, not bothering to disguise the interest he had in my groin area.

“I didn’t know if you wanted to use the bed or do it on the floor,” he said nervously.

“What do you think would be better?”

“On my bed, I guess.”

I took a few hesitant steps in that direction. “Are you really sure about this, Nick? It’s something that you won’t be able to un-see.” The pause in the action had allowed my rational side to gain some influence and doubts were beginning to surface.

“I’m one-thousand percent sure, Mom. It’s all I’ve been thinking about since when we first talked the other day.”

I climbed onto his bed. “Fine, but if at any point you change your mind, we can stop and I promise I won’t be upset. Understand?”

He swallowed hard and nodded.

“No matter what, I love you,” I said to assure him. . . and myself.

Nick stood by the side of the bed. I could hear his ragged breathing. His aching anticipation was apparent as I settled back, resting my head on his pillow and stretching my body out flat before him. His penis jutted from his lean body, pointing right at me. He took hold of it and waited for my next move.

“Let’s play a little game.” I tapped the tip of his dick. “I want you to put your hands at your sides, and keep them there as long as you can.”

“That doesn’t sound like a fun game.”

“Trust your mother. You might be surprised.”

He let go of his shaft and put his hands at his sides. Such a good boy.

I closed my eyes and took a deep breath. It was show time.

I began slowly by caressing my body. My touch meandered around my breasts, down over my stomach, along my thighs, and up my sides. It felt like every one of my nerves was hyper-sensitive.

I went for my nipples. Circling, pinching, twisting. I licked my fingertips and moistened my brown areolas, making them appear even darker. The soft, slippery skin delighted my touch. I checked to see how Nick was doing. His hands were still hanging at his sides, but they were clenched into fists.

One of my hands drifted down. I combed my fingers through the black hair adorning my mound. It wasn't very thick, but it was fairly long as pubic hair goes. I keep my outer lips bald, though Nick couldn't yet see that with my legs together the way they were. It just so happened that I had shaved my pussy that morning. I wasn't expecting anything like this to happen, but I figured 'just in case.'

I was at the moment of truth... the top of the rollercoaster. Once I made my next move, there'd be no going back. I had just about enough wherewithal remaining to stop myself, but in a few more heartbeats my self-control, for all practical purposes, was going to be non-existent. I pinched my nipple hard, and plunged ahead.

"Ready?" I asked, giving Nick one last chance to stop the madness.

"So ready," he assured me in a firm voice.

I spread my legs.

The cool air hit my heated wetness, and my stomach clenched as the world dropped out from under me. My son could see my pussy. I was showing my pussy to my son. My pussy was on exhibit for my son to look at. And boy was he looking.

His right hand made a move for his hard-on, but he restrained himself at the last second. What a dutiful son.

I was so revved up that I hardly knew what to do next. I tried to relax and pretend like I was alone in my own bed. I lightly touched my smooth outer lips, stroking my fingers up and down. I enjoyed the ticklish sensation radiating from between my legs. My inner labia lips had already swollen with excitement and were protruding from my slit. I brushed my fingers over them, toying gently with their pliant edges.

Nick was biting his lower lip, his fingers tapped anxiously against his thigh. The head of his cock was taking on a faint purple hue. I held out two fingers toward him.

"Spit," I told him.

He leaned down and did as I asked, then watched as I rubbed his saliva all over both sets of exposed pussy lips. I squeezed my breast hard, causing my nipple to stand out invitingly. Even though I couldn't say it, I was hoping that he would bend over take it into his mouth without asking. Instead he straightened up, and remained intent on what I was doing with my pussy.

"Mmm, feels good," I said in a hushed voice. "You were right about it being better with someone watching. "

Nick smiled, his eyes flicking up to meet mine. "I know, right?"

"Does it seem weird to see your mother naked like this?"

"A little," he chuckled, "but in a good way," he added quickly.

"Most kids get grossed out thinking about their parents in a sexual way." I parted my lower lips a little with my fingers. "Are you grossed out that you can see my pussy right now?"

"Not at all," he insisted emphatically. "I think it's great, Mom, honestly."

"Do you think I'm a freak because I'm about to masturbate my pussy and make myself cum in front of my own son." My middle finger slid slowly up and down between the flaring lips of my labia.

Nick hesitated before answering. "I'm starting to think that you might be kind of a freak," He couldn't stop staring. His cock twitched every few seconds. "But that's not a bad thing."

"So you don't think it would be a bad thing if I put a finger into my vagina, like this..."

"Ho, shhhit," he groaned.

"Watch your language, young man," I pushed my finger in as deep as it would go. "You shouldn't swear around your mother while she's fucking herself."

"Sorry, Mom, but what you're doing is so damned hot I can't help it." His willpower finally failed and grabbed his visibly throbbing cock.

I squirmed on his bed, moving my finger in and out of my sopping hole. We could both clearly hear the sloppy, wet noises this was causing. I made an effort to keep my hand positioned in a way that wouldn't block Nick's view. I wanted my boy to see it all.

"What you're doing is pretty hot, too," I said. "Slow down, honey, I don't want you to finish too fast." I watched his shuttling hand ease back to a more controlled pace. "Have I mentioned what a nice penis you have?"

"Once or twice," he conceded with a pleased smirk.

"I'm glad that you started showing me your cock." I noticed that somewhere along the way I had added another finger, and was fucking myself with both of them.

"Me, too. And I'm happy that you're showing me yours."

"You can say it, sweetheart. I want to hear you say it."

"I'm happy that I get to see your pussy."

"And what else do you like to see?"

"Um... your tits... and your ass... and everything."

"What horny boy you are..."

We were both going at ourselves at a pretty good clip by that point. I was still fucking myself with two fingers, but I was also working my stiff clit with my other hand. My hips thrust up rhythmically to meet my plunging fingers. Meanwhile, Nick was stroking himself faster and faster. His balls joggled wildly beneath his beating fist.

"I shouldn't be doing this," I muttered weakly. "I shouldn't be masturbating with you. Am I a bad mother for playing with my pussy while I watch you jerk off your cock?"

"You're not bad at all," my son said with feeling. "Doing this together with you is better than anything I could ever imagine, Mom."

I hated myself for fishing these kinds of responses out of him, but it made me feel so good inside to hear him saying those things out loud.

"I'm getting close," I gasped and strummed my clit more intensely. "I'm going to have an orgasm, Nick. You're about to see your mother give herself an orgasm right here on your bed." The breathless words streamed out of me without any reservation.

"Do it, Mom! I'm close, too."

"Don't cum yet," I urged him. "Watch me first." I continued fucking myself with mounting aggressiveness. "Mommy's going to make her pussy cum for you, baby."

Nick snatched his hand away from his dick with a resolute growl. It was cruel to ask so much of him at a moment like that, but everything was going too fast.

"Can you hear how wet I am, sweetie?"

"You're making me want to cum so bad."

I had never relished being looked at before as much as I was just then. My darling son was captivated by my naked body. My own flesh and blood was lusting for me in a way that was forbidden throughout history. His cock was hard for me, and my pussy was wet for him. No one could possibly understand how natural this unnatural act felt to me.

"I'm going to cum, Nick! Oh, God, watch me cum! Mommy's pussy is cumming! Oh, fuck, I'm cumming! Yes! Yes! Ohhhh, fuck, yes!"

My hands worked in rapid unison, pumping and strumming simultaneously, bringing on a full-body orgasm that forced all the air out of my lungs in a long, loud moan of mindless exaltation. My back arched, my legs quivered, and arms burned. When I thought the pleasure had reached its peak it magnified with a sudden whip-crack surge of more. For the first time in my life I believed it might actually be possible to pass out from an orgasm.

I forced myself to take air into my lungs, and had to pull my hands away from my pussy as it became too sensitive to touch. Even after I'd released myself, the sensations continued to cascade through me, awakening every nerve, giving me an awareness of every centimeter of my bare skin like I'd never known before.

"I'm sorry, Mom, I have to," Nick whimpered, standing at the side of the bed.

He was jacking himself once again. Pre-cum drooled from the end of his prick as he masturbated more vigorously than before.

"Go ahead, sweetie, beat off for me. Let me see you cum now."

"I saw you, Mom. I saw you fucking yourself. I can see your pussy..."

"That's right, baby, look at Mommy's naked pussy." I spread my lips apart, rotating my hips enticingly.

"Oh, shit! I'm cumming! Where's the towel? I don't-"

"Cum on me!" I called out in the passion of the moment.

"Mom?"

"Cum on my tits, Nick. Shoot it all over Mommy's tits."

I grabbed my boobs and pushed them together, giving him the perfect target. That was all the encouragement he needed. His cock lunged toward me and he let loose!

I watched with enthralled joy as each spurt blasted out of my boy's cock and splashed onto my breasts. The second shot landed on one of my nipple, the third up high on my chest. My son was cumming on me. His warm, fragrant sperm continued to squirt out of him and coat my proffered tits. It was glorious.

By the time he was pulling out the last drops, one of my hands was back down between my legs. I was rubbing my clit again and overdosing on the feeling of the gooey wads of fresh cum seeping across my flesh.

"You've got cum all over the tip of your cock," I noticed. "You should wipe that off. Here, use my cheek, honey."

"Seriously, Mom? You want me to clean off my dick on your face?"

"Yes... if you want to."

He moved to do it, and hesitated. I don't think he believed I meant it. I offered him my cheek. Tentatively he leaned forward and touched the sperm-covered head of his penis to my face. I started masturbating with renewed purpose as soon as he did.

"That's good," I whispered, "clean it all off on Mommy."

My son rubbed his cock along my cheek, leaving a smear of slick semen. I couldn't have kept the huge smile off of my face even if I had wanted to. A funny thought had suddenly occurred to me.

I had become my son's cum rag.

"Doesn't that feel good?" I turned my other cheek. "Make sure you get all that nasty cum off of your beautiful cock."

"Sure, Mom." He was onto my game, and gladly played along. He caressed my face with the tip of his dick. His soft balls grazed my chin, then I felt them brush against my lips. I really needed to put a stop to this.

Nick traced the spongy point of his cock up to my forehead. I was too close to cumming again to resist. His shaft pressed along the bridge of my nose. I could smell his boyish odor as he rubbed his penis all over my face.

"I'm going to cum again, Nick," I announced. "Don't stop, I want to feel your cock touching me when I cum."

I spread his jizz all over my tits with one hand, while the other handled my pussy. My nipples were slippery with his mess. I turned my face one way, then the other. I wanted him all over me. I wanted him in my mouth, in my pussy, back inside my body. I couldn't get enough of him.

"Oh, sweet pussy fucking cock!" I blurted out as my body convulsed with another orgasm. This one wasn't as intense as the first but it had staying power. I squeezed my tit hard and rode it out, willing it to last as long as physically possible. When the fireworks subsided my body went slack. Neither one of us moved for nearly a minute.

"I have to get cleaned up before your brother gets home," I finally managed to say, feeling myself on the verge of dozing away into a blissful sleep.

I gave Nick's penis a quick kiss and he backed away so I could get up. I looked around and realized I still didn't have anything to cover up with.

"Okay, well, that was nice," I said, not knowing what a situation like this called for. "So I'm just going to run upstairs, and I'll be back down later for the laundry." I sidled toward the door. Nick watched me, holding his erection, giving it a stroke here and there. I must have looked like something else, naked with his drying cum smeared all over my tits and face. "I think maybe we should sit down and talk about all this at some point."

"Yeah, okay. I'll probably just be down here jerking off over this for the rest of the day."

"Alright," I opened the door, "sounds like fun. Wish I could stay, but..." I shrugged and slipped out, closing the door behind me.

Oh, Lord. What had I gotten myself into? I couldn't deal with the kind of feelings I was having for my son at that moment. Being sexually aroused by him was one thing, but something else was starting to happen that I wasn't prepared to acknowledge. I just had to put it out of my head. My body was feeling too good to deal with anything serious.

I hurried to the top of the steps, everything bouncing and jiggling once more as I went. I listened to make sure Timmy wasn't home, and when I was sure the coast was clear I dashed through the house and up the stairs. If I wasn't so scared that I'd be caught I would have been able to really enjoy the exhilarating sensation of running around naked in the middle of the day.

I went straight to my bedroom and into the master bath where I wet a towel with warm water and cleaned away all the evidence my son had deposited on my chest and face. Back in my room,

I pulled a pair of white cotton underwear out of the drawer, then changed my mind and dug out a slinky pair of pink lacey panties. Having something sexy on beneath my “mom” clothes that only I knew about might help me hang onto the good parts of the naughty feelings still bubbling around inside of me. Once I snuggled them in place, I patted myself between the legs noticing how sore my poor pussy was getting with all the abuse I’d inflicted on her in the past few days. I needed to take the weekend off and give my lady parts a chance to recover.

I pulled on a loose pair of shorts, and an oversized t-shirt. I checked myself in the mirror to see if I could get away with not putting a bra on. My nipples were still hard from my earlier frolics and were showing as two conspicuous little bumps through the fabric. I was about to get a bra when I suddenly remembered that my dirty panties were still under Timmy’s pillow where I’d left them! I had to go grab them before he came home and discovered that his misguided mother had lost all sense of propriety.

I rushed down the hall and into Timmy’s bedroom. I was halfway to the bed before I realized it was occupied by a naked boy. My brain locked up and I just stood there like a statue. Timmy was lying on his stomach and looking at me wide-eyed and surprised. He let my white panties with the little violet flowers drop from his mouth.

“Awk-ward...” It was one of his favorite expressions lately, and never had he used it at a more appropriate moment. I noticed that he was sort of straddling one of his pillows.

“I...I’m sorry, I didn’t know you were, ah...home,” I stammered with my mind going in all directions at once. I had never thought to check the time. I must have been downstairs fooling around with Nick longer than I realized. “I didn’t mean to interrupt while you were masturbating.”

“Geez, Mom, why don’t you just make this as embarrassing as possible?”

He couldn’t help being a little wiseass, even in a situation like this. And, speaking of asses, he had a heck of a nice butt now that I could see it in all its glory.

“Okay, I think I will. Were you just sucking on the crotch of my dirty panties, young man?”

“Were you the one who left a pair of your dirty panties under my pillow?”

It’s amazing how two boys raised in the same house can be so different. Nick would have died of mortification by now if I had caught him like this instead of challenging me the way Timmy was.

“Alright, let’s take a step back. We obviously need to deal with this.” I closed his bedroom door, then pulled his desk chair near his bed and sat down. He was still lying on his tummy and hadn’t made any effort to cover himself.

“Should I get dressed?” he asked. It was apparent how confused he was, but he was trying not to let it show.

“No, you can stay like that. Nothing I haven’t seen before.” I tried to gather my thoughts, but I couldn’t quite focus on anything but how my clit was beginning to throb. “Tell me what’s going on with you.”

“I’m pretty sure you know, Mom.”

“How long have you been taking my panties?”

“A couple months.”

“Why?”

At least he had the decency to blush before he answered. “I like the way they feel.”

“And the way they taste?”

“Yes. And also the smell.”

"I see." I liked the way he looked me in the eye as he answered. He clearly knew what he was doing was wrong, but he wasn't going to back down. "So, you've been sniffing my dirty panties and then jerking off into them."

"Pretty much."

"That's somewhat perverted, don't you think?"

"Maybe. But if it is, then why did you leave me another pair when you found out?"

"How do you know it was me? Maybe it was the panty fairy."

It took a second before he realized I was trying to make a joke. He risked cracking a smile, and I had to laugh at myself.

"I was always afraid that you'd totally freak out if you ever found out."

"Life is full of surprises," I said wistfully, "especially lately." I picked up the pair of underwear that was lying there on his mattress and gave them a sniff. My scent was faint, but distinctly present. "I don't know why I did it. I guess I imagined how worried you must have been about the nasty things you were doing and I wanted to let you know I understood. I wanted to give you what made you happy. Even if that something was masturbating with your mother's dirty underwear."

"I can't believe you're cool with this."

"Me neither, but I'm realizing that, when it comes to boys, a mom has to accept these sorts of unexpected things. Sex is a big part of growing up, and I want to help you with that just as I would anything else. Does that make sense?"

"Sort of. I don't know, it's hard to think straight when you're naked in front of your mom."

"Speaking of things that are hard, did I spoil your erection when I came in?"

"You mean when you walked in without a bra on?"

I looked down and saw that my nipples were still stiff under my shirt. "You noticed, eh?" My first impulse was to hide them, but instead I pulled my shirt tight making them even more apparent. I heard myself giggling like a silly schoolgirl again. Poor little Timmy still didn't quite know how to take all this.

"Nice," he declared.

"Thanks, sweetie. So... can I see it?"

"See what?"

"Your erection?"

"Um..."

"You don't have to if you don't want to," I quickly assured him.

"It's not that, it's just... oh, what the heck."

He rolled to his side and revealed his hard-on to me. It was smaller than his brother's, maybe only an inch shorter, but it was much thinner. His balls were a good size, and the head of his penis looked too large compared to the shaft. His pubic hair hadn't developed much beyond peach fuzz. He'd turned fourteen only a couple weeks earlier, and it looked like he'd started puberty only a few months ago. Right about the time he began raiding my panties. But that's not all that caught my attention.

Beneath him, laid out on the pillow he'd been straddling, was another pair of panties. They were one of my satiny pairs and looked like they already had a few stains on them from earlier in the week.

"Very nice," I told him.

"You can go ahead and laugh if you want. I know it's pretty small."

"Did you expect it to just grow overnight as soon as you hit puberty? It looks to me like it's coming along nicely. It will get bigger over the next couple of years, don't you worry. At least you already figured out what to do with it."

"That wasn't too hard."

"So it looks like you rub your cock on one pair of my panties while you smell another?"

"Basically, yeah."

"I used to hump my pillow when I was a girl," I remembered fondly. "That's how I started masturbating. I didn't know boys ever did it like that."

"I didn't know girls did it that way, either."

"Any chance you'd be willing to show me what it looks like," I asked, knowing I shouldn't let myself go down this path.

"You want me to really do it in front of you?"

"Yes, show me how you like to masturbate on Mommy's panties."

He shook his head in a kind of disbelieving wonder and rolled back onto his belly. In that instant I was no longer the mom he thought I was. I expected to regret taking that virtuously maternal image away from him, but I didn't. I was the only tangible female in Timmy's life; the only example of femininity that he had intimate access to. With puberty came his awakening to the mysteries of women, and a driving need to lay open those secrets. He knew there was something different about us beyond the superficial affectations of clothes, and breasts, and genitals, and perfumes. There was a deeper difference that gave us our allure. He desperately wanted to explore and discover those differences. He needed to touch, and smell, and taste the ephemeral something that he uncomprehendingly longed for deep in his gut. What was that thing that made his heart race, his palms sweat, and cock swell? He had found his first inkling in mom's laundry hamper. That was something I didn't want to take away from him.

I watched as he began to move his body. Pushing with the balls of his feet against the rail of the footboard he rocked forward then back. Timmy was almost as tall as his brother, and would probably be taller in the end, but my little guy still held onto some of that baby fat. He wasn't exactly chubby, but simply rounder and softer in places where Nick had become lean and muscular. His tentative motions began to show more confidence with each successive push.

"There you go," I encouraged. "It must feel good rubbing your cock on those panties."

"Yeah... they're soft... and smooth..."

"What do you think about when you masturbate with my undies?"

"Different things," he hedged, not looking at me as he grinded himself into his pillow.

I couldn't resist reaching out and touching the curve of his flexing butt. I was pleased with the sight of goosebumps spreading across his back.

"Do you think about me?"

"Sometimes."

"You like the way my panties smell?"

"Yes."

"Is it because they smell like a woman's pussy?"

"Probably." He thrust more forcefully into his pillow.

"And that makes it better for you when you cum?"

“Uh, huh...”

I stood from the chair and stepped up onto his bed. Timmy froze mid-thrust, not knowing what I was doing. I moved to the top of his bed, dropped my shorts so that they fell around my ankles, then lowered myself down so my back was pressed against his headboard and I was squatting in front of him. My knees were splayed out to either side and he was staring straight ahead at my crotch.

“Do you want to sniff these panties?” I ran my fingers over the pink lace that was the only thing between my pussy and my youngest son. I could feel the spot where I had already soaked them through. “This is what a woman’s pussy really smells like.”

I put my hand on the back of his head and guided it between my legs. He didn’t resist at all. I brought him forward until his nose touched the wet spot. Nothing happened for a moment and I was afraid that I’d moved too fast for him. Then I heard him breathing me in. He exhaled and took another deep breath. I could see his upper body expand with the effort, and a moan of unadulterated bliss followed.

My fingers ran through the long tangles of his hair as he resumed humping his pillow. Timmy pressed his face forward, nuzzling me boldly down there. I watched his ass rise and fall lovingly; amused by the way he fucked himself against the panties below him. I knew it wouldn’t be long before he blew his load. I affectionately nudged his head back away from my crotch.

“Close your eyes,” I instructed him.

“What? Why?”

“Just do as your mother tells you.”

He did as he was told and shut his eyes.

“Are they closed tight?”

“Yes.”

“Keep them closed until I tell you.”

I pulled the gusset of my pink panties aside, unveiling the pink flesh underneath. I swirled the tips of my index and middle fingers around my opening, gathering some of my sex juices. I held those two fingers under his nose and let him get a sniff, then pressed them to his lips.

“This is what a pussy really tastes like,” I said to him and pushed my fingers into my son’s mouth.

His tongue tickled over my fingertips, and he sucked them greedily. I pulled them away, gathered more pussy cream, and gave my fingers to him again. My darling boy sucked them clean in a second. He was fucking his pillow like crazy.

“More,” he pleaded.

I went back for more, gathering as much of my pungent wetness for him as I could. As soon as my fingers approached his mouth he sucked them in.

“You’re tasting Mommy’s pussy. Is this what you wanted?”

He nodded his head, obediently keeping his eyes shut tight, unwilling to jeopardize the unexpected reward he was being granted by trying to get a peek at the nectar’s source. He released my fingers and I plunged them deep into my vagina. When I withdrew them they dripped with liquid sex. Timmy was holding his mouth open like a baby bird. I touched the tip of his questing tongue with my slickened fingers and he made a soft mewling sound of helpless rapture.

“Mm, mm, mm, mmmm...” Timmy emitted these throaty noises, sucking my fingers harder

and harder with each grunt. His humping reached a crescendo, his teeth bit against my flesh, and his body tensed, shuddering in a welcomed spasm.

I arranged the moist gusset of my panties so my slit was once again hidden. I waited while my son's body slowly relaxed. Once the grips of his orgasm had fully subsided, he let me have my fingers back "You can open your eyes now if you want," I said and stroked his flushed cheek.

Timmy's eyes opened and he stared ahead blearily at my crotch. He could see the dark patch of my pubic hair through the lace, and maybe even a hint of my fleshy lips.

"Did you cum on Mommy's panties?"

"Yeah," he croaked and rolled to the side to show me. There was a damp spot on my silky panties, a smear of spunk beneath his belly button, and more on the head of his dick. His load was apparently much smaller than his big brother's, but it sent a thrill running up my back to tickle the nape of my neck nonetheless. "Mmm, good job, honey."

I straightened up, stepped out of my shorts, and carefully got myself down off his bed. Since I had done it for Nick, I had to do it for Timmy. I always tried to be fair when it came to my boys.

Picking up the soiled panties from his pillow, I went about the task of cleaning him up. I dabbed away the mess on his tummy using my stolen underwear, then spent more time than was necessary to make sure his stiff little dick was clean as a whistle. He didn't make a peep while I was tending to him.

"How's that?" I asked when I was all done.

"Perfect."

I plucked up my other pair of undies. "I'm going to throw these in the wash, okay?" He nodded, still a little dazed and probably wondering if he was dreaming. I grabbed my shorts and headed to the door, hoping he was watching my ass as I went.

"Mom? Can, ah... can we do this again, or..."

"Or was this a one time thing?" He looked so adorable lying there naked with his hard pecker sticking straight up that I almost ran back to him and gave him a great big hug. I knew that would only get something else started and I needed to process what I'd just done before I let anything else happen. "We'll see," I answered cryptically and left his room.

Once out in the hallway I felt bad for just leaving him high and dry. I quickly pulled down my pink panties, and wiped my sopping pussy with them a few times. I opened Timmy's bedroom door, reached in and hung my dampened panties on his door knob, and quickly closed it. That should keep him busy for a while.

When I got back to my room, I reminded myself that I promised to give my twat a rest for a day or two, but there was obviously no way I could do that. I climbed onto my bed, set one of my pillows in the center of the mattress, placed the panties with Timmy's cum all over them atop the pillow, then straddled it. I hadn't masturbated like that since I was a teenager.

I began humping the pillow, feeling the alternate textures of the smooth satiny material and the rough spots where my son's semen from previous days had hardened to a stiff crust. It felt so dirty and sordid to be fucking my pussy against my baby's cum rag. It seemed like only yesterday that I was giving him baths and tucking him in with a bedtime story. Now I was shoving my crotch in his face while he pleased himself and feeding him my pussy juices. I was spinning completely out of control. This fact, however, didn't stop me from humping away to the mental image of my little boy's wiggling butt as he masturbated in front of me.

A couple weeks ago there wasn't a kinky bone in my body, but then I saw Nick playing with his cock that day through his window and something must have went funny in my brain. I needed to figure out what was causing my growing obsession with my sons' penises, and my overpowering craving to make myself sexually available to them. Until I could sort out what was behind my disgraceful behavior I would be at the mercy of my perverse impulses. I loved them both dearly, and I did want to give them anything I could to make them happy, but I knew that what I was doing was probably gratifying for us all in the short term, but might have serious psychological consequences in the long term.

My braless tits bounced freely under my t-shirt, and the feeling of the fabric against my excited nipples was just right. My mind flitted back and forth between thoughts of Nick's cock spewing spurt after spurt of thick white cum on my chest, and Timmy's insistent little spike of prick glistening with the nearly clear outcome of his enthusiastic orgasm. They both made me so fucking horny! I just wanted to love those developing cocks of theirs, and give them every pleasure they wanted from me. They would both be grown soon and off in the world on their own. They wouldn't need anything from me any longer. There wasn't much time left for me to be able to give them something. But should that include my tits, and ass, and pussy?

I jammed myself hard into the pillow over and over again until my thighs burned with the effort. I felt the payoff approaching and whipped my hips into it more vigorously. It was slow in coming, but when it arrived it was beautiful. My orgasm bloomed in slow motion between my legs. I hadn't felt anything like it since I was a teen girl who barely knew what sex was. I continued grinding and let the unfolding sensations ripple through my body, along my limbs, and fade as they reached my fingers and toes. I really needed to give my raw pussy a day off!

Once I'd recovered, I got myself dressed (like a plain old respectable mother this time). I went downstairs to the kitchen and all was quiet; the boys were still in their rooms. I needed to put the laundry in, but I didn't want to risk going downstairs and getting drawn into another escapade with Nick. I began getting dinner ready instead.

It wasn't long before Nick came up from the basement. I was at the sink washing a cucumber (of all things) for the evening's salad. He came up behind me, wrapped his arms around me in a hug, and kissed me on the side of my neck. I should have objected, but it felt too good for me to make a protest.

"Thanks, Mom," he said softly, "for downstairs."

"You're more than welcome, sweetheart."

He was quiet for a moment. "Does Dad know what's been going on?"

"No," I responded instantly. "And I'd like to keep it that way, if you don't mind."

"Yes, definitely. It would be way too weird if he knew we were... you know."

"Our secret... agreed?"

"Agreed."

He continued holding me as I scrubbed the phallic vegetable gripped tightly in my hand. I was afraid he was going to take untoward liberties with me right here at the sink, but not so afraid that I made any move to extricate myself from potential danger. Instead, it was Timmy who 'saved' me when the two of us heard him come thumping down the stairs.

Nick moved away, trying to act normal but looking like he'd been up to something inappropriate. Timmy sauntered in, oblivious to his brother's sheepish demeanor. He was smiling like a fool and

there was a noticeable bounce in his step.

"Hello, family," he chirped merrily. "Call of Duty?" he asked his brother.

"Sure," Nick said and headed into the living room.

Timmy came over to me and planted a kiss on my cheek. It might have been my imagination, but I swear I could smell a trace of my pussy still on his breath.

"You're sure in a good mood," I commented knowingly.

"Thanks to you, I'm in the pink."

When he said it I thought he was just turning a clever phrase, then he tugged down the waist of his jeans enough for me to see that he was wearing my pink panties. Oh, God, had I created a monster?

All I could do was shake my head and give him an exasperated smile.

"You know that you can't say anything to anybody about what happened today, right?"

"C'mon, Mom, I'm not stupid. Besides, Nick's the one who can't keep a secret, not me." He gave me a friendly spank on the butt and followed his brother into the living room.

The cheeky little scamp! He was right though; Nick had always been the one who spilled the beans when it came to surprise birthday parties, Christmas gifts, and the like. I needed to talk to him again and make sure he understood that we had to keep our masturbation fun strictly confidential. And I needed to make sure neither one knew what I was doing with the other. That would only spell trouble.

I listened to the two of them trash-talking in the other room, and suddenly had the absurd desire to shove that huge cucumber into my pussy and fuck myself delirious right there on the counter. Luckily, Evan came in from work just then and interrupted my aberrant train of thought. I really needed to do some serious mental inventory this weekend before I went completely over the edge.

"Hi, hon," my dear husband said as he stowed his laptop bag. "T.G.I.F." He came over and gave me a quick kiss on the lips before settling down at the table and sorting through the bills lying there. "I just talked to my mom."

"Oh? How's she doing?"

"You know her, same old boring routine in the boonies. She and my Dad wanted to come visit this weekend. I told her it shouldn't be a problem, but I needed to double check with you to make sure nothing was going on this weekend."

Yes, there damn well was something going on! An overnight visit from the in-laws was about the last thing I needed. But what was I going to say? Sorry, darling, but I'm going to be busy this weekend dealing with the fact that I'm sexually molesting both our sons, and maybe trying to score a little more action before word gets out and I go to prison.

"Timmy has a soccer game Saturday, which I'm sure your parents would love to see, but other than that there's nothing unusual going on."

"Great. I'll let them know."

The good news was, at least I didn't have to worry about being able to control myself. Nobody would be thinking about doing anything freaky with grandma and grandpa in the house. Julie, my mother-in-law, was a very nice lady but she would fall over dead on the spot if she had the slightest idea of the filthy things I'd been doing with her beloved grandsons over the past few days.

This was going to be a very long, and very weird, weekend to be sure.

CHAPTER 4

The Blanket

I WAS WORRIED that my husband might be able to smell traces of our son's cum on me, so I decided it would be prudent to take a shower before bed. I cursed myself for the hundredth time for being so stupid. Why was I risking a great 17-year marriage to a wonderful man, whom I loved now as dearly as the day I first fell in love with him, for the perverse thrill of molesting my own teen sons?

I tried to lose myself in the spray of hot water caressing my naked body, but my mind wouldn't stop thinking about it all. Things were moving too fast. I was acting without concern for the consequences. This wasn't like me at all. I was always careful and calculated. I was never the wild one, or the spontaneous one, and definitely never the kinky one. All I needed to do was begin reasserting my mental discipline and get this thing under control.

First, I needed to take stock of exactly what I'd done over the past few days - maybe, when looked at objectively, it wasn't as bad as I was making it out to be. It all started at the beginning of last week when I was working in the back yard and accidentally glanced into my 16-year-old son's bedroom and saw him masturbating. At first I was upset, but then I became intrigued. I purposely spied on him several times, peeking into his window from outside. Intrigue quickly became arousal, and by the end of that week I was sneaking out to his window wearing sweat pants and no panties so I could easily slide my hand down between my legs and play with myself while I secretly watched him jerking off and cumming. This was wrong, but he was none the wiser, which is how I should have left things.

Instead, I had an irresistible urge to be physically closer to my son while he was pleasuring himself. For some selfishly warped reason, I desperately wanted to be a part of Nick's sexual experience. I concocted a plan to use his cum rag as an excuse to discuss his masturbation habits, and ended up convincing him that there was no need to hide his private activities from his loving mother. He trusted me, and went ahead and jerked off while I sat next to him and watched. I admit that I did get swept up in the moment and bared my breasts to encourage him, which may have been taking things too far. I got so incredibly turned on that as soon as I could I hurried up to my own bedroom and got myself off several times. This whole thing was obviously inappropriate, but still relatively harmless. I might have manipulated the situation to serve my burgeoning perverted lusts, but nobody was being forced, and we both got a great deal of pleasure out of the encounter.

I might not be feeling so distressed about what I was doing if I hadn't let things go beyond that level of intimacy. The very next day, I found myself giving my boy a helping handjob. It seemed like a perfectly reasonable thing to do at the time, but once the horny fog cleared I knew I'd definitely

crossed the line. I could just about manage to trick myself into justifying the two of us showing off our bodies in front of each other, but I was clearly guilty of molesting my son the second I grabbed his erect cock with salacious intent. The difficulty was that even though I knew it was wrong, the feeling of his manhood erupting in my pumping fist, and seeing the expression of joyful bliss on his face, gave me a rush that infused me with a sense of fulfillment like I'd never quite known before. What's worse is that the realization that I'm sexually abusing my child only gets me more aroused. I needed to contend with the possibility that I'm a serious sicko.

The soreness of my pussy suddenly broke into my thoughts and I became aware that I had tucked a finger up inside my soapy vagina at some point during my musings. Not only had I been abusing my son, I'd also been abusing my own pussy. I promised myself I would keep my hands off of myself for a day or two and let it recover. This was proving more difficult than I had expected. I forced myself to stop fondling my twat and focused instead on my sudsy tits.

I told myself that I was going to slow things down, maybe even put a stop to it all for a time, so we could both come to terms with what was happening. That plan quickly went out the window when Nick came home from school earlier today and found me in the kitchen naked from the waist down. Well, it was too late at that point - the pussy was out of the bag. One thing led to another and next thing I knew I was sprawled out on his bed completely naked. I shamelessly masturbated in front of him while he watched and jacked off. I practically commanded him to shoot his cum on my tits, and got him to rub his cock all over my face while I frigged myself off to a mind-blowing climax. My son not only saw his mother's naked cunt, but he also witnessed me finger myself to orgasm... twice. And if that had been the worst thing I'd done for one day, I might have been able to deal with it.

Earlier, before I put on a live porn show for my older boy, I'd discovered that my younger one was stealing my dirty panties and jacking off on them. I was surprised, but I wasn't upset. I should have felt violated and disgusted by his behavior, but instead I actually found it oddly flattering. I made a misguided gesture and left a 'fresh' pair of used underwear for him. By the time I realized what a mistake that was, it was too late. I went to his room to get my panties back, but walked in on him humping his pillow with my dirty undies in his mouth. I couldn't say anything because he knew I was the one who'd left them for him to use. Since I'd already lost the moral high ground, I just went ahead and dug myself down deeper. I let my 13-year-old, who's not more than three or four months into puberty, sniff the panties I was wearing while he was rubbing one out onto another pair of my panties. And just to make sure I was pegging the needle on the depravity scale, I stuck my fingers in my twat-hole and had him taste his own mother's pussy off of them. The fact that he absolutely loved it doesn't make it right.

God damn it! My hand had once again found its way down to my crotch. What was going on with me? I'd never been so perpetually horny in my life. It was like there was some new hormone suddenly pumping through me that had me thinking about sex around the clock. It was also apparently sapping my ability to make responsible decisions when it came to my sons. I could only imagine what they must think of me after what I'd done with them. At the beginning of the week I was just plain old mom as far as they were concerned. Now I was some kind of wanton, cock-craving seductress luring them into committing unnatural acts of incestuous debauchery. I was all but inviting them to lose respect for me as a parent, and corrupting the loving trust that should form the foundation of a mother's bond with her child. Intellectually I knew I needed to find a way

to back off and get things back to the way they're supposed to be, but on every other level all I wanted was my sons' cocks.

I rinsed off and got out of the shower. Maybe I was just still high on all the orgasms I'd had that day and a good night's sleep would put me in a more rational state of mind. I'd just have to do my best not to think about it for the rest of the evening, and simply act like everything was normal. I quickly dried myself, threw on a pair of comfy yoga pants and a pull-over top which was thick enough so it wasn't obvious I didn't have a bra on. Once I finished blow-drying my hair I headed downstairs to the family room.

My husband Evan was stretched out on the sofa flipping between channels, watching four things at once. I went and gave him a kiss, then settled down on the love seat.

"You want the remote?" he offered.

"I'll watch whatever you're watching." I grabbed the fleece throw blanket and spread it over my lap and tried to zone out to whatever was on the TV.

I found myself trying to remember the last time he and I had watched a porno movie together. The little video store where he used to get them closed down at least ten years ago, so it had definitely been a while. One night a few years back when we had the house to ourselves I'd asked if he wanted to watch one on pay-per-view, but he couldn't get past the idea of paying \$9.99 for a watered-down, 45-minute porn movie. I wasn't particularly into the movies either, but I liked the naughtiness of it and how excited he got watching them. We always ended up having a great fuck after (or even during) the movie.

I fantasized about him putting one on the TV right then, taking his dick out, and stroking off there on the sofa. I secretly touched myself under the blanket, then realized what I was doing and pulled my hand away. I was a certified hot mess. I needed something to take my filthy mind off of sex.

"Hey, Mom." Nick said as he walked in. So much for that plan. "S'up, Dad. What're we watching?"

"A hundred and fifty bucks a month for this crap and nothing good's on," his father grumbled.

"Cool," Nick responded. It was obvious to me that his mind was on something else. He planted himself next to me on the love seat, even though there was an empty chair, and plenty of open floor space where he'd be more comfortable.

My foolish heart went pitter-patter as if I were a doe-eyed adolescent girl who was excited that the cute boy had chosen to sit next to her. I contemplated whether or not I should start shopping around for a therapist.

"Man, it's cold in here," Nick complained to no one in particular and stole half of my blanket.

I suspected he was up to something, but then I dismissed the thought, chalking it up to my own one-track mind. Then I felt his hand on my leg.

My sneaky son stared innocently at the TV as it jumped from one channel to the next and squeezed my thigh. The only thing to do in this situation was to firmly move his hand away and let him know that it wasn't the time or the place for such shenanigans. Instead, I sat quietly while my pulse sped up. His hand moved a little higher and squeezed. All I did was bite my thumb and check to see if my husband was paying any attention to us.

Evan had paused in his surfing for a news story about copyright infringement in Russia, and didn't appear to notice what his son was up to with his wife only a few feet away. Nick's hand

boldly advanced up my leg another few inches. If I let him get away with one more move like that he'd be squeezing my coochie next. Beneath the blanket, I placed my hand on top of his and held it there, letting him know that he'd gone far enough.

Everything was calm then, except for an occasional squirm or squeeze from Nick. It was actually kind of nice to be snuggled close with my boy again like when he was little. My fond, maternal memories were interrupted when that boy took hold of my hand and drew it toward his own crotch. I was about to pull back as soon as I realized what he was doing, but before I could I felt his naked erection. Somehow he'd managed to pull his cock out of his pants.

Before I knew it, my hand had reflexively taken hold of his shaft. Oh God, this was bad. What was he thinking? If his father noticed I was playing with his dick right next to him in the living room all hell would break loose. I checked again to see if my husband was at all aware that something funny was going on. Once I confirmed that he was still absorbed in whatever was on the television, I gave Nick's penis a few good tugs.

He was still pretending to watch TV and had an ear to ear grin on his face. Again, I went ahead and took the path of least responsibility and began subtly massaging his prick with one hand, making sure my movements weren't obvious. Nick sighed contentedly and relaxed against me, resting his head on my shoulder.

After a few minutes of cautiously playing with his cock it was becoming very hot under that blanket. The hand I was using to squeeze and rub him was warm and sweaty. My own crotch was heated and moist. As much of a precarious thrill as fondling a dick practically under my husband's nose without him knowing was, it was also maddeningly frustrating because I couldn't do anything with all the horniness that was building up inside me. It was divine torture.

I was thankful when I felt Nick's hand slip beneath my shirt. His hand tickled the skin of my side. His motions were hesitant, as if he was giving me the opportunity to push his hand away. I considered it, but I desperately needed to be touched. His hand inched higher. It was only fair, after all, for me to let him feel my boobs. I was touching his penis, for goodness sake, so why shouldn't he get to touch my tits?

Nick's hand crept higher and finally found its goal. My son was actually holding one of my boobs. He clutched it gently, and I could tell that his palms were sweaty as well. The blanket was only covering us from the waist down, so I checked to see if it was apparent that I was getting felt up. My pull-over was bulky enough that as long as his hand wasn't moving it wouldn't be noticeable. I rubbed my thumb around the softness of my boy's cockhead and waited to see what he would try next.

His fingers found the erect tip of my breast and lightly tickled over it. I didn't know if I could take much more of this. I wanted to tear all my clothes off and fuck him right then and there. I must have been insane for letting myself get into such a situation. I could feel a dribble of pre-cum leak from my son's pee slit. I smeared the slick liquid around his engorged glans with my thumb.

It was right about then that Timmy wandered into the living room to join the family. Nick's hand froze in mid-grope. My hand tensed around his shaft.

"Hey, honey," I piped up hoping no one could detect the strain in my voice. "Sit down and watch TV with us."

Timmy seemed to be noting that there was no place next to me for him, and then settled down on the floor in front of where I was sitting with his back against the love seat. I don't think he could

tell what was going on between Nick and me, but I knew I couldn't be sure of anything these days. I reached out with my free hand, ruffled Timmy's hair, and gave his ear a playful pinch. Meanwhile, Nick was back to fiddling with my nipple, gently pinching it, giving it a little pull, experimenting with a slight twist. It all felt way better than it should have, maybe because it was my son who was doing it, or was it the foolish risk we were taking with the rest of the family right there?

As I furtively kneaded Nick's cock, I fantasized about how great it would be if I could just openly jack him off here in the living room with my husband and Timmy present. I imagined the two of them with hard-ons waiting their turn. I'd have my fingers buried in my own puss for anyone to see, and everyone would be happy and horny together.

I must have been working him harder than I realized because all of the sudden I felt that familiar sensation of warm wetness oozing down over my hand. I looked over at Nick and he had a dreamily apologetic expression on his face. Oh, God, I hadn't thought he would cum that easily, but I should have remembered that I'm dealing with an adolescent boy.

I milked as much out of him as I could and just knew his goo was getting all over everything down there, including the blanket. And for my next trick, I had to figure out how we were going to get all this spunk cleaned up without anyone noticing. It seemed my favorite little fleece throw blanket was about to become a giant cum rag! Life would have been a whole lot less messy if I'd only had daughters.

I tried to wipe him off as best as I could without arousing any attention, then the two of us worked together to get his sticky hard-on back into his pants. I cleaned what I could off of my hand onto the underside of the blanket. We both sat there for a time watching TV like nothing happened, waiting for our bodies to cool down.

"When you go down to your room," I said casually to Nick, "bring this blanket down with you and throw it in the laundry room. I can't remember the last time I washed it."

He caught on right away. "I have to finish my stupid homework anyway," he complained. He stood, awkwardly gathering the blanket as he did, bunching it up and holding it against himself to hide both the cum stains and the bulge that was probably still in his pants.

"Night, hon," I said and watched him shuffle out of the living room. No one else seemed to have noticed anything strange, which allowed me to breathe a bit easier.

In the middle of mentally beating myself up for letting something like that happen, Timmy got himself up into the spot his brother had just vacated. He snuggled up against me, and wrapped his arm around me in an innocent hug. At least that's what it would have looked like to my husband.

What wasn't so obvious was that I could feel Timmy's little boner pressed firmly against my hip. I wanted to be upset, but I knew I'd brought this on myself. I sat quietly and let him enjoy the good feelings he must have been getting from the contact with me. What a mother will put up with for love.

That night I woke up from a dream. I was too groggy to remember the details, but I was naked and there were cocks everywhere. I think these cocks were attached to my sons, and my husband, and possibly my father and brother also. They were all over me and I couldn't get enough. I rolled over and tried to get back to the dream, but I had a strange sensation. It was a feeling like there was another presence in my bedroom.

I reached out and made sure my husband was lying next to me, and he was. I listened, but didn't hear anything. There was definitely someone else there. I didn't want to say anything and wake

Evan, so I waited and listened. Before I could confirm anything one way or the other, I apparently fell asleep. I awoke in the morning in an unexpectedly good mood. Even with all the stress of my ongoing sexual transgressions with my boys, and the impending visit from the in-laws, I couldn't help being happy.

After showering, I fixed myself up a little, put on my robe and tiptoed into Timmy's bedroom. His eyelids peeped open when I sat down on his bed.

"Can we talk?" I asked, brushing his long hair out of his face.

He nodded and forced himself awake the rest of the way.

"Are you naked under there?"

"No," he said in a gravelly morning voice. He lifted his blanket to show me that he had on a pair of white briefs, and some obvious morning wood.

"We need to talk about what happened yesterday," I started gravely. A big smile spread across his face. "I'm worried that I did something with you that I shouldn't have done."

"It was only about the best day of my life for me."

"Okay, I know it made you feel good, but doesn't it bother you that your own mother would act that way. It's not exactly normal, you know."

"Then I guess I'm not normal either, because I think you're the best mom possible."

"I think maybe you're just saying that because you're hoping it will happen again."

"Will it?"

"It shouldn't," I answered right away. I took his hand in mine, so warm and soft. "But, I don't know, maybe." I was hopelessly pathetic. "I don't want you to end up thinking that I'm some sort of creepy weirdo."

"I'm a creepy weirdo already," he said with a smirk, "so what difference does it make?"

"Even still," I tweaked his nose, "maybe I'm going too fast for you. I didn't mean for everything that happened yesterday to happen. I'm afraid I got carried away and maybe this is too much for you to handle all at once."

"Yesterday was perfect, Mom. I liked rubbing off in front of you, and it was so cool of you to let me smell your panties and... between your legs."

"And you're not grossed out that I made you taste my pussy juices from my fingers?"

"Totally the opposite!" He was more than fully awake by this point. "I never knew that a girl's pussy would taste as good as that."

"And it doesn't bother you that it was your mother's pussy you were tasting?"

"It probably should," he admitted, "but ever since I first smelled your dirty panties a couple months ago, I've thought about what it would be like, so I guess it doesn't seem that bad to me."

"In that case," I said, "how do you feel about fooling around with me a little before your dad and brother get back from golfing?"

"Sweet!"

I stood and untied the sash of my bathrobe. "Why don't you start by getting out of those underpants." They were practically off by the time I finished speaking.

His fierce little prick stood up straight. It was so hard it looked like it hurt. It was so cute I just wanted to gobble in up in my mouth. Maybe I would... one of these days.

"You gave me an idea last night while we were watching TV," I told him and dropped my robe.

I stood before him in a slinky purple bra and panty set. I'd bought it for a weekend getaway Evan and I took a few years back for our wedding anniversary. I hadn't worn it since, but I thought this would be a good occasion to bring it out for a spin. The panties were the kind of shiny, satiny material that feels so good against your skin.

"Holy crap, Mom, that is the sexiest thing I've ever seen in my life."

I blushed and gave him a pose so I could soak up his adoring gaze a little longer. It had been a long time since I'd been looked at the way my boys had been doing the past few days. It felt damned good.

"Okay, slide over," I told him when I couldn't wait any longer to get started.

Timmy moved over and I lay down on his bed in the space that he made for me. I gave him a quick smooch on the cheek, then turned over onto my tummy.

"I was thinking that it might be fun for you if I was your pillow."

It took him a second to understand what I meant, then his eyes lit up.

"Want to give it a try?" I asked and wiggled my butt invitingly.

"Heck, yeah!"

He didn't need any more coaxing than that. He quickly mounted my hips, leaned over my back, and began rubbing his erection against the silky purple panties I was wearing. I let my body relax, enjoying the warmth of my naked boy on top of me. I'd thought of this as I was falling asleep the night before and it was the first thing on my mind when I woke up in the morning. It felt as good as I'd imagined it would.

"How is it? Would you rather go back to your pillow?"

"Are you kidding, Mom? This is totally way better!"

"Do these panties feel good against your cock, honey?" I pushed my ass up a little.

"It's awesome," he panted as he humped away on me. "And your butt has the perfect amount of softness."

"Mmm, this is the best ass massage I've ever gotten," I purred.

If you'd told me a month ago that one sunny Saturday morning I'd be lying in my youngest son's bed and letting him masturbate himself against my rear end, I'd have known for sure that you were completely insane. And yet, there I was. It was depraved, immature, and probably illegal, but I was loving every second of it.

I turned my hips slightly so that Timmy's grinding erection slid from my cheek and nestled into the groove of my ass crack.

"Yeah, that's the spot," I assured him when his humping faltered. "Fuck your hard cock on Mommy's ass."

He immediately began pumping himself against me faster. I could feel how strong his legs were each time they clamped against my thighs with every forward thrust. His chest touched my back whenever he strained forward, his head hovering just behind mine. My legs were together, but it would have taken much for his stiff little pecker to 'accidentally' poke into my wet hole. God, it was bad enough that I was letting this happen without wanting it to turn into something even more perverted. Playing with the boys this way was wrong, but fucking them was outright criminal.

"Hmm, you like fucking my panties, don't you?"

"Mm hm," he grunted into my ear. He was breathing heavy. "What should I do when I'm ready to shoot, Mom?"

Damn, he was adorable. "Just go ahead and shoot, sweetie. Pretend like I'm your dirty fuck pillow and cum on Mommy."

"I'm doing it, Mom! Here it comes. . . I'm gonna shoot! Ahhhhhh!"

Timmy humped away like his life depended on it and seconds later I felt his warm spend spitting onto my lower back.

"Good, boy," I cooed. "Cum all over my sexy panties, baby."

He continued rubbing his steely erection against my satin-covered ass. I enjoyed the feel of it while I waited for him to come back down to earth.

"Feels like you made a big mess back there."

"Yeah. . . looks like I did. . ."

"I guess that means I make a pretty good pillow."

"This was a million times better than anything ever." He relaxed and let his full weight rest atop me. I had to take shallow breaths, but it felt strangely good to have his naked body crushing down on me.

We stayed like that for what must have been about five minutes before he kissed the back of my neck and cleared his throat.

"Um. . . Mom? Would it be okay if I smelled your panties down there again like before?"

"Horny for more, are you?"

"What do you expect? There's an almost naked lady in my bed!"

"Good point," I chuckled. "Let me roll over and you can go ahead and sniff away."

He got off of me and I turned onto my back. I was briefly concerned about getting jizz all over his sheets, but then I realized he probably did worse on a daily basis. I settled in, and opened my legs. These panties weren't sheer, so he could see anything through them except for a dark spot where my wetness had soaked through. His humping had given me a bit of wedgie, but I left the way it was.

Timmy scrambled down there and got right to it. I watched the sublime expression on his face with great satisfaction. I was somewhat embarrassed when I realized that the real reason I was enjoying it so much was because it was almost like he was worshipping my womanhood. I know that my husband loved my pussy, but it was different with Timmy.

He breathed deep and I could feel the tip of his nose brushing against my lips through the thin material.

"How is it this morning?"

"Perfect," he sighed. "I thought it was good with just your dirty underwear, but this is way different and better."

"I'm glad you like it." I watched him indulge in my scent for a bit longer. I was dying to touch myself, but I was also taking pleasure in the building desire for relief. "Maybe you might like it even more if these panties weren't in the way."

I reached down and slid the crotch of my undies to the side. I hadn't told him to close his eyes this time, and he looked up at me to see if he was not supposed to look.

"Give it a good smell now, sweetheart."

He blinked then took a good look at what I was showing off to him. He leaned in and took a sniff or two.

"Oh, dang. Mom, that is. . . I don't even. . . just dang. . ." He took another big wiff.

“Do you want to taste it again?”

“Sure!” He waited for me to use my fingers again like the day before, but I just held my gusset aside.

“Go ahead.”

“You mean it?”

I nodded, not believing that I actually did mean it.

“Give it a lick, Timmy. Taste me.”

He gave me a quick lick. He looked up at me as if he wanted confirmation that what he just did was really okay. I gave him a reassuring smile.

“How was that?”

“I don’t know, I’m too freaked out to really believe what’s going on.”

“Just relax, then get down there and try it again.” I watched him take a deep breath, look at my naked puss, then go in for another lick. “There you go. Take it slow. Mmm, that feels nice.”

His inexperienced tongue moved up and down between my lips. Alarm bells were going off somewhere in the back of my mind, but the sight of Timmy’s head right there between my legs was too beguiling to put a stop to. Even though he had no idea how to properly eat a pussy yet, it still felt damn good to have his mouth down there. Just the very thought that it was my own son who was doing this to me was driving me wild.

“That’s it, honey, all over like that.” I tried to stay still and let him explore at his own pace, but it wasn’t easy. “Try down here,” I suggested and spread the lower area of myself open for him. “This is where the good stuff is. Lick right around here. There you go. You can put your tongue right in Mommy’s pussy hole if you want. Ooo, yes, like that. Can you taste that, sweetie? That’s what a pussy really tastes like. Keep licking my hole, honey, get all that good pussy juice.”

He wasn’t holding anything back any longer. His tongue roamed all around my opening, darting into my vagina every few seconds. Little moans of helpless delight came from him whenever he paused for a quick breath. The wet, slurpy noises coming from down there only added to my excitement.

“Yes, put your tongue in as far as you can, mmm. You’re making Mommy feel so horny.” I couldn’t resist any longer. “I’m sorry, Timmy, but you got me all worked up. Is it okay if I masturbate myself while you lick my pussy hole?”

He just nodded and kept tonguing me. I began fingering my stiff nub and instantly the pleasure I was getting from his mouth was magnified. I was fully aware that everything I was doing was beyond awful, but it was impossible to restrain myself. The pleasure fed the desire which enhanced the pleasure even more. It was an exquisitely vicious cycle and I was afraid of where it would lead me. In that moment, however, I was certain that I was incapable of stopping myself from going just a little bit further.

“Kiss my clit for me, sweetie. Right up here where my finger is. Good. Oh, that’s so good. Again. You like that? You like kissing Mommy’s clitty for her? Yes, you do. Try giving it a little suck. Put your lips around it, good, now gently...you have it. That’s the way, suck it like that. Can you feel it? Can you feel my hard clit with your tongue? Yes. Oh, fuck, yes.”

Was I really doing this? Was I actually teaching my 13-year-old son how to suck pussy? He was a fast learner, but this wasn’t how it was supposed to be. This was something he should discover for himself, with a girl his own age, years from now. It seemed impossible that I wasn’t somehow

damaging his psyche by making him go down on his own mother. And despite this, I wanted it all the more.

"You suck my pussy so good," I groaned. "You're going to make me cum." I felt his hands grab my hips and he pushed his face firmly into my crotch. He must have been in heaven down there. "Do you want to taste Mommy's cum?"

"Yes," he gasped, "please."

"Put your lips back down where my pussy hole is, honey. Hurry."

Timmy did as he was told and I quickly went back to diddling my clit. With all the fingers of my hand held stiff, I rubbed the tips rapidly back and forth across my tiny womanly erection. I could feel the building energy gathering low down inside me.

"Oh, sweet fuck, I'm going to cum," I said and worked myself faster. "Mommy's going to cum on your mouth, baby. Here it is... oh, fuck, here it is!"

My orgasm jolted my body with a sudden kick of undiluted adrenaline. The sense of euphoria immediately engulfed my already pleasure-clouded brain and sent me spinning to new heights. I continue stroking my clit as long as I could stand it while every last one of my pussy muscles convulsed in a spasm of ecstasy. Tightening my vagina like that forced out most of my natural lubricating juices, and I could hear Timmy struggling to lap them all up as fast as he could. I'd just cum on my baby boy's face.

"Damn, that was good," I mumbled. Lying still, I looked down and watched him still busily licking and sucking me. I ran my fingers through his hair. Once he'd gotten his fill he looked up at me, his cheeks glistening with my wetness.

"This is the best thing in life!" he pronounced with a wicked smile.

"Better than our trip to Disney World?"

"Fuck Disney. Pussy rules!"

"You make a good argument," I laughed. "Give it a kiss goodbye."

"Aww."

"Your father will be home soon and I don't think he'd be too happy to catch you with your tongue in Mommy's puss."

He dipped his head back down and gave me a long, sensuous kiss with plenty of tongue. I settled my panties back into place. The feelings of doubt and guilt were already beginning to creep up from the sane part of my mind. I didn't want to spoil the high I was still feeling from my orgasm, so I pushed those thoughts away as best as I could.

"Do we have time for me to rub one off on your panties again?"

"You'll have to be quick." I began to roll over.

"Wait! Can I do it on your front this time?"

"You sure you want to do it that way?" I pressed, not sure if I wanted to let him do it like that.

"Why wouldn't I?"

"I might be a little too... oh, nevermind me. Let's go ahead and give it a try."

He climbed up on top of me and positioned his cock so it lay atop my purple panties. Timmy then pressed his weight down into my groin.

"Is that okay?" he asked.

"So far, so good."

He began slowly. He rubbed his hard dick back and forth against my mound. His hands were planted on the bed beside each of my shoulders, and he was holding his upper body up on stiff arms so he could look down between us. Timmy's hips started moving in small circles. If anyone would have walked into the room just then it would have looked like we were fucking. But we weren't, I reminded myself; this was nothing more than a bit of harmless masturbation. I wasn't so out of control that I would ever let things go that far.

"This feels nice, Mom."

"I thought you'd enjoy these panties."

"Yeah, but it's not just that. I can feel how soft you are underneath the panties."

"It feels nice for me, too."

"It's almost like we're having sex," he chuckled.

Horny minds think alike. "But we're not," I said without trying to sound too harsh. "As good as this feels, it's much better inside a girl's pussy." Why the hell was I saying that? "You'll find that out one day when you get a girlfriend." And that wasn't helping.

"I bet it would feel good to put it inside you."

"Okay, honey, less talking, more masturbating." I didn't want that idea to get fixed in his head, if only because I knew that if he tried to stick his cock in me right then that I'd let him. My resistance was weakening more and more after every encounter with one of my sons. I was undoubtedly skidding down the slippery slope, and I didn't know if I was already past the point of no return.

Timmy's movements between my legs were threatening to bring me to orgasm again, but because of our position he was only hitting the right spot on the occasional back stroke. I could probably eventually get off on this, but he would be done long before I got there.

With a pang of knowing I shouldn't do it even as I did, I wrapped my legs around his waist. This angled my hips up so that his prick was rubbing along my slit and grinding directly against my clit. Perfect.

I pulled him down on top of me so his chest was against mine. His hot breath blew onto the side of my neck, and I could feel the sweat on his back.

"You make Mommy's pussy so horny," I whispered in his ear. "Your cock feels good on my clit." I felt him pushing into me harder. "You're going to make me cum in my panties."

"Oh, Mom..." Timmy moaned and gripped me tighter.

Seconds later there a warm spurt of wetness between our bellies.

"Don't stop, honey, I'm almost...there."

He obediently continued humping me. I squeezed my legs tighter around his body, and grabbed both his ass cheeks with my hands.

"Fuck me, fuck me, fuck Mommy hard!" I was losing it, and I didn't care. "Fuck your cock on my pussy. Harder, yes, make Mommy cum with that cock!"

The small bed was squeaking madly and I started to cum.

"Gimme your cock, give Mommy your cock, oh...fuck your sweet, hard cock!"

Colors flashed across my vision, and I let out one long, sustain moan. My body reflexively gripped his. My arms and legs crushed him to me as resounding wave after wave of happiness coursed through me. I thought about letting his cock slip inside me and another tiny orgasm spontaneously fired off and added to the effect.

"My goodness, that was nice," I panted.

"Wow, Mom, you really got excited," Timmy said, beaming with a kind of deviant pride.

"I guess I did, didn't I? I can't help myself when a sexy boy is making me feel good."

"And you talk dirty."

"You noticed?" I couldn't help being a little embarrassed about that. "I get caught up in the moment sometimes and don't know what I'm saying. Sorry."

"No, I like it," he assured me. "It's fun hearing my mom saying stuff like that. It makes it even hotter."

"That's good to hear." I kissed the tip of his nose. "Now we have to stop playing with ourselves and get cleaned up before your father gets home."

He made a pouty face, but rolled off of me. Both our tummies were smeared with sticky boy cum.

"We're going to do this again, right?" Timmy asked.

"We probably shouldn't, but I suspect we will." I stood up and put my robe on. "But we can't do anything while your grandma is here. It would cause enough trouble if your dad found out what we've been doing, but if your grandmother had any idea we were masturbating together she'd flip out and probably call the police."

"Grandma is usually pretty cool about stuff. I don't think she'd get us in trouble."

"You really think someone that still goes to church every Sunday would be cool with what you and I are doing?"

"Guess not."

"So no monkey business. If you behave, maybe the panty fairy will leave you a surprise under your pillow." I gave him a wink and headed for the door.

"Mom?"

I turned and saw him smiling shyly at me, his cheeks shiny with my dried sex juices.

"Thanks for letting me... taste you like that."

"You're welcome, and thank you right back. You licked my pussy pretty good, but I think maybe you could use a little more practice." I blew him a kiss and left him there naked on his bed with his boner still standing bolt upright.

As I stood in the shower and the warm water washed away the remnants of my son's sperm, all I could think about was Timmy's and Nick's cocks. It was strange because I'd always been perfectly contented with my husband's cock, and never thought of any but his. I never really even fantasized about other men at all. Now all I could think about was sex, sex, and more sex. I fought the urge to diddle myself yet again there in the shower. I needed to exert at least some amount of self-control before I became a hopeless sex fiend. There was more to life than getting myself off.

Later, after Evan and Nick came home, Timmy came into the kitchen to get some lunch with the rest of us. I felt ridiculously awkward. I knew that Timmy was thinking about how I had let him suck my pussy an hour earlier, Nick was wondering if I was going to jerk off with him before his grandmother showed up later, and my poor husband had no clue that I was getting naked with our two sons and sexually molesting them right under his nose.

It was clear that I was on a dark path heading straight into trouble, and yet I couldn't wait to sexually violate my sons again as soon as possible.

CHAPTER 5

The Visit

I WAS VACUUMING when the guys got home from their golf game. My husband gave me a kiss on the cheek and a pat on the butt as he passed through the living room on his way upstairs. A few moments later my son came in, gave me a kiss on the cheek and pat on the butt. Just like his father. I can't say I didn't enjoy it, but he needed to be more careful about that sort of thing.

Once I finished tidying up, I headed down to Nick's bedroom to talk to him. I knocked and went right in. He was just out of the shower and had on nothing but a towel wrapped around his waist. He smiled when he saw me.

"How was the game?" I asked.

He dropped his towel and walked past me to his closet, obviously enjoying his newfound freedom to be naked in front of me.

"I was kicking butt on the front nine, then Dad used his Jedi mind tricks and smoked me on the back nine."

"Grandma and grandpa are going to be here in an hour or two. I wouldn't mind a little help getting things in order."

Nick tossed the clothes he was going to wear onto his bed. His hand went to his semi-erect cock and he casually fondled himself as we talked.

"C'mon, grandma doesn't care if everything isn't perfect," he complained.

"Perfect isn't even an option for me at this point. I'm just hoping to hide our mess enough so no one notices."

"Fine, no biggie." He had graduated from fondling his cock to stroking it. I couldn't help but stare.

"And that's another thing," I said with a shaky voice. "No funny business while your grandparents are here."

"They're not here now," he pointed out and gave himself a few hard tugs.

"No, but your father and brother are, and I don't have time right now..." I trailed off, distracted by the swaying motion of his loose balls fresh out of the warm shower.

"Just a quick one, Mom, then I'll be good for the rest of the weekend. I promise."

"All right, all right. But make it fast."

"Can I cum on your tits?"

"What happened to that shy boy from last week?"

Nick just grinned and shrugged as I quickly unbuttoned my shirt and pulled each of my boobs out of my bra.

"Holy shit, Mom, that looks so hot the way you do that with your tits."

"You shouldn't use that kind of nasty language in front of your mother," I scolded him. "Especially when you're jerking off your big fucking cock for me."

"It's only going to take longer if you make me laugh!"

I knelt down in front of him. I pushed my tits together and held them up so he'd have an easy target. He stared longingly at my taut nipples as I flicked them playfully. I watched his hand shuttling up and down his shaft only inches from my face. It was just as captivating as the first time I spied on him, but better.

After a minute it was clear he wasn't working very hard to finish quickly. The little brat was pacing himself to make it last as long as he could. I really did have a lot to do, and so I decided that I had no choice but to move things along.

"Keep jerking for me, sweetie," I said and then ducked my head down beneath his cock.

I took one of his balls between my lips and sucked it into my mouth. I heard a sharp intake of breath from Nick.

"Oh, yeah!" he exclaimed and began stroking faster.

I released him with a pop. "I'm only doing this to hurry things along, so don't get any ideas, young man." I licked my tongue all over his scrotum then took his other testicle into my mouth.

"Mom...you're sucking my balls. Un-fucking-real!"

It sure as hell was. Another slide farther down the slippery slope. But, that was a worry for another time. At that moment I needed to concentrate on teasing my boy to orgasm as quickly as I could so I could get everything squared away before my mother-in-law arrived. I gave my son's soap-clean balls a gentle, suckling pull.

"I'm gonna cum!" he warned.

"Don't get it in my hair!"

"I'm cumming!"

I knew he was going to spray everywhere, and I didn't have time to get out of the line of fire. Without thinking I clamped my lips around the head of his cock a half second before he began spurting his thick load.

One, two, three shots of semen erupted into my mouth, hitting the back of my throat. A fourth landed on my tongue, and more oozed onto my lips and down my chin. Oh God, did I really just do that?

"Honey? You down there?" My husband Evan's voice called down from the top of the stairs. "Where'd you put my phone charger?"

Nick froze like a deer in the headlights. I had to answer or he might come down looking for me. I had no choice...

I swallowed the entire mouthful of my son's cum.

"It's...it's in the drawer next to the pantry!" I hollered back hoarsely.

I heard him wander away and the rising panic in my chest began to subside.

"That was too close," I said and licked the drop of cum from the tip of Nick's cock. "Now get dressed and pick up your toys from the yard and put your bikes away in the garage."

He was staring at me with his mouth slightly agape. "Did you just..."

“Oh, come on, don’t act like you’ve never seen a woman swallow a load of jizz before.”

“I thought that was only in porn. I didn’t know real women did that...especially not you.”

I got up off of my knees, tucking my tits back into my bra. “Well, now you know the truth. You’re mother likes to eat a nice big wad of cum every once in a while. Now get some clothes on that cute ass of yours and start behaving yourself like you promised.” I kissed him on the forehead, gave his naked pee-pee a parting grope, and hurried upstairs.

Evan was in the kitchen fiddling with his phone. The smart thing to do would have been to run up to the bathroom and brush my teeth to make sure there was no chance he might smell cum on my breath. But everything had all happened so fast that I didn’t get a chance to really enjoy it, so I wanted to hold on to that taste as long as I could. The inside of my mouth still tingled with a heavy coating of my son’s sperm and I didn’t want to wash it all away just yet.

I went about tidying up, thinking about the sensation of Nick’s balls on my tongue and his warm seed sliding down my throat. I hung up the boys’ coats in the closet. While I was in there I cupped my hand over my mouth and nose, then puffed a couple breaths into my palm and quickly inhaled. Yes, there it was. That faint smell of his sex. I should have been ashamed of myself for what I’d just done to my own son, but all I could think about was doing it again.

Before I knew it, my mother-in-law was letting herself in and calling out her sing-song greetings that brought us to the door from all corners of the house. It hadn’t been easy for me to connect with Julie when I was dating Evan all those years ago. She wasn’t like anyone I had ever known. But it didn’t take long before we became close. Honestly, I’m actually more comfortable and open around Julie than I am with my own mother.

Evan’s mom always seems to be in a good mood, nothing gets her down for long. And she is completely incapable of acting her age. This was one of the difficulties for me in the beginning. My culture is steeped in the idea of respect for elders, and has strict expectations of behavior. My mother-in-law is the total opposite of strict, and it took me a while to loosen up and accept that it was just the way she was. She was closer to being like one of my friends than a parent figure. Once I began thinking of it in those terms, we started to get along a lot better.

It also helped that she didn’t look like a dried up old lady. Unlike most women her age, she wore her blonde hair long instead of cropping it sensibly short. She was tall, and slender, and looked better than some women did in their forties. I couldn’t help but laugh whenever Evan would go out somewhere with his mother and come home with another story about how someone had assumed she was his wife or sister. I guess having a light, bubbly personality helps keep you young.

As soon as she saw me I was being squeezed in a big hug. When the boys showed up running she was all over them as well. Don, my father-in-law came in carrying a large suitcase and a small duffel bag. They were staying over one night and Julie had apparently packed for a three-week stay. He kissed me on the cheek on his way by and headed straight for the guest room to drop the bags off. Despite myself I couldn’t help but notice his butt as he went. I hoped Evan was still in that kind of sexy shape when he got to be his father’s age.

After the quick flurry of greetings, and grandma spoiling the boys with the little presents she always brought them, we all piled into the minivan and headed to the soccer field. The weather was beautiful, and the teams were closely matched. Timmy’s team was ahead more than not, but the other side managed to tie it up three times. Julie was cheering for Timmy, and his team, and the other team. She wanted everyone to win! If I didn’t know her I’d think she was a crazy person.

I watched my boy running around out there on the field. The image of seeing him naked in his bed this morning flashed through my mind, his hard little pecker poking straight up. I had to get my mind on something else before I soaked through another pair of panties.

I looked around at the small crowd. Mrs. Miller was there watching her son Tyler playing goalie. He had a mess of blond hair and was going to be a real heartbreaker one of these days. Mrs. Miller was a bit on the chunky side, but you could tell she was probably one of the hot girls back in the day. I wondered if she ever tasted her son's cum, or squatted over Tyler's face and let him suck her puss.

Geez, what was wrong with me? Projecting my perversion onto other people like that was uncalled for.

Anne McFaye was sitting in her folding chair alone, hiding behind a big pair of designer sunglasses sipping her ice coffee. The woman could barely fill out an A-cup, but she had an ass I'd have killed for. But I suppose it takes more than a great ass to keep a husband. Hers left two years ago. Her son Zach was the star player on Timmy's team. Maybe there were nights when she got lonely enough to slip into Zach's bed and suck his young cock. She may even get horny enough to spread her legs and let her boy slide his cock right up inside her. Anne looks like she'd be a screamer in the sack, and with no one else in the house except her and Zach, she could make all the noise she wanted while he banged his mom's tight little twat.

I wondered how many other people were thinking about sex right now. I scanned the crowd and picked out a few likely suspects, mostly creepy looking men. Which wasn't fair. I wasn't a creepy looking guy and I was thinking about some pretty sick stuff in the middle of a kids' soccer game. If I wasn't enjoying myself so much I would really be concerned about the state of my mental health.

I noticed Julie talking to a woman I didn't know, maybe a mom from the other team. They were chatting away like they were best friends. My mother-in-law had that effect on people. Everywhere she went, complete strangers would tell her the most intimate details of their lives within minutes after they met. Well, no matter how easy she was to talk to, there was no way I'd be opening up to her about my recent intimate details. I could only imagine how disgusted she would be with me if she ever found out I was molesting not one, but both, of her beloved grandsons.

Timmy's team scored a goal and took the lead again. Julie jumped and cheered, then rushed over to where I was standing all giddy with excitement.

"C'mon, girl, make some noise!"

I joined her and made some noise, which I normally didn't do, but had to admit felt good. During a timeout she leaned over and whispered in my ear.

"I think that woman I was talking to is having an affair with the referee."

I glanced over at the pudgy, balding ref and saw that he was talking to the woman and smiling.

"Him? No."

Julie shrugged. "Hey, you never can tell what some people will do. Especially when it comes to S-E-X."

I thought it was funny how she spelled it out like it was a swear word, but my guilty conscience made me feel like maybe she was talking about me.

"There's a new restaurant that opened up by the mall," I said trying to change the subject. "We were thinking we could go there tonight for dinner."

"If it's near a mall, count me in!"

The other team had the ball in front of our goal and Julie ran off to the sideline calling for a goal and a save all at the same time. Maybe she was crazy after all.

We went home after the game, got cleaned up and changed and went to dinner. Most of the conversation was the boys catching their grandmother up on everything they'd been doing lately (everything except for "that"). As a matter of fact, I learned a few things that I hadn't known myself. Timmy had a crush on a girl named Amber, and Nick had gotten into a bit of trouble for organizing a student protest at school over the removal of pepperoni pizza from the cafeteria menu. What was it about this woman that made people want to confess everything to her? Maybe she was a priest in a former life.

Following dinner we went over to the mall. After a few hours of trawling the stores we all ended up at the food court for ice cream and coffee. It had been a long day, and I was on the brink of exhaustion, but as I sat there looking at the cheerful faces of Nick and Timmy I couldn't stop the dirty thoughts from filling my head and making me horny. My dear husband had no idea that earlier that day I'd swallowed our son's cum. My father-in-law would never guess that his grandson had spent the morning humping his stiff cock against my ass. Julie didn't even suspect that my pussy was soaking wet at that moment thinking about what other depraved things I might do with my boys. My secrets were deliciously arousing, but also maddeningly frustrating.

"Oops, I almost forgot," I suddenly piped up. "Timmy needs some new underwear. I'll go grab some real quick." I stood and motioned to Timmy. "Come on."

"I don't need underwear," he complained, not wanting to leave his half-finished sundae.

"Fine, I'll pick them out myself. Which one do you like again? Little Mermaid or Nemo?"

"If they have any with Justin Beiber, get him those," Nick teased.

"Oh, gawd, alright, I'm coming," Timmy grumped and stuffed his mouth with a big scoop of ice cream.

I hurried him away from the food court, and he grudgingly followed, dragging his feet. When we reached Victoria Secret I pulled him in after me.

"Why're we going in here?" he sputtered.

"Just like I said, I want to get you some new underwear."

His eyes bulged as he realized what I was up to. He looked around to make sure none of the family could see us, then eagerly followed me into the vault of girlie delights.

I sorted through the selection of lacey panties with Timmy glued to my side. He was glancing around nervously, as if he was someplace that he wasn't supposed to be. I held up a flimsy pair of sheer briefs.

"Do you like this one?"

He looked at them sheepishly and shrugged a shoulder. "Yeah, I guess."

I picked up an ivory pair of silky panties. "What about this? Do you think my pussy would smell good in these?"

"Sheez, Mom, cut it out," he hissed under his breath. "You're going to give me a boner."

"That's my plan," I admitted and kissed him on the cheek. "Now hurry up and help me pick out something nice for you to cum on."

The bright blush on his cheek faded as he slowly became accustomed to the feminine surroundings. He browsed through the panties with me, pointing out the ones that he might like. I got a strange look or two from other shoppers. I normally would have been mortified by this, but I was

so turned on that it didn't bother me in the least. Actually, it added to the thrill in some twisted way.

"Can I help you find anything special?"

We looked up and found a gorgeous, twenty-something sales girl smiling at us. She looked like she probably had some Latina in her. If I was the type who was attracted to girls, she would be the type I'd go for.

"No, I'm just trying to help my son find a birthday present for his girlfriend."

The sales girl's eyebrows raised, but she managed to keep her composure.

"Okay, great. Um, I'll be around if you have any questions." She looked at Timmy, then back at me, as if she wasn't sure if she really heard me right, then moved away with a pleasant smile plastered on her face. "I think she's got the hots for you," I whispered to Timmy.

"Really?"

I intended it as a lighthearted joke, but from the way he perked up I think he took me seriously.

"She must be able to tell how much of an underwear aficionado you are."

Timmy dropped the pair of white lace undies he was holding and walked over to where she was sorting slinky robes. What had I started?

"Excuse me," he said to her, clearing the squeak out of his throat. "Do you have any crotchless panties?"

This time the girl couldn't hide her shocked expression. I'm sure I wasn't doing any better. I was struck by how his big brother would never do something like that in a million years. Nick's shyness gives him a cute appeal, but Timmy's boldness has its own kind of sexiness about it.

"We...um, actually don't carry that type of apparel," she answered as professionally as she could, obviously trying to wrap her head around the idea that it was a 13-year-old boy asking for crotchless panties. "Maybe you should ask your mother to take you over to Frederick's."

"Oh, okay. How about thongs? You have any of those around?"

"Right over here."

He followed her to another part of the store where she showed him the selection of thongs. I couldn't hear what they were saying, but I could easily make out the bulge in my son's pants. That kid was something else.

After five minutes he came back to me with two pairs of thongs.

"I want you to get these," he announced with a self-satisfied confidence.

"I don't know...I've never worn anything like these before."

"Are you kidding? C'mon, Mom, your ass would look smokin' in a thong."

"You think so?" God, it felt so good to hear that kind of thing, even if it was from my own son. "I need the dressing room. Follow me."

"Ah, I don't think you're supposed to try on underwear."

"Yes, well, I've been doing a lot of things I'm not supposed to do lately."

On the way to the fitting rooms I grabbed a random pajama set. Timmy waited by the entryway to the dressing rooms while I went into one of the little booths. As soon as I closed the door I undid my pants and pulled them down. My heart was going a mile a minute. This was so stupid.

"Psst, Timmy, is anyone one looking?"

"No, I don't think so."

"Then get in here, quick!"

In a matter of seconds I had managed to sneak him into the dressing room with me. I pushed him to the back wall so no one could see his sneakers through the high gap under the door.

"Mom, what are you doing?"

"Put your hand in my panties," I insisted in a hushed tone.

He didn't ask any more questions and did as I asked. His fingers dove past my tuft of hair and straight to my hot slit. I grabbed his cock through his jeans.

"Put your fingers in my pussy." My whole body shuddered. "Oh, yes, like that. Feel how wet Mommy is?" This was completely insane. "As far as you can, that's good, oh shit that's good."

I put my hand over his and increased the pressure against my cunt. I humped myself against his palm and within seconds I was cumming on his fingers. I can't remember ever having an orgasm that fast in my entire life. I bit his shoulder to keep from making noise and rode it out right there in the dressing room with people shopping not more than twenty feet away.

"Mom, I just came in my pants," Timmy whispered into my ear.

I didn't want to come back down to reality yet, but the fact that I was taking an incredibly foolish risk by doing this with my son in public sobered me up quickly.

"Hurry up and get your underwear off before it soaks through your pants."

He shucked off his jeans, and pulled down his cum-filled briefs. I was sorely tempted to suck his messy prick clean, but by then I was so paranoid about being caught I didn't dare. He put his pants back on. I peeked out the dressing room door, and when the coast was clear, I sent him out. I tried to get myself put back together so that none of my family would wonder what I'd been up to. I slipped my wet panties off, balled them up with Timmy's underwear and tucked them away in my purse. Once I got my pants back on and took a deep breath, I headed out.

I brought the two thongs Timmy had picked out to the counter. Our sales girl was there at the register. She took the thongs and gave me a strange look. I was certain she knew we had been up to something in the dressing room and security was on the way to take me off to pervert prison.

"Looks like his girlfriend is about the same size as you," the girl said as she rang up the first pair.

"Oh, ah, yes, I suppose she is," I answered trying to hide how flustered I was.

"He's a cutie." She glanced over to where Timmy was lurking near the entrance of the store, his hands in his pockets to camouflage his hard-on.

"He sure is," I handed over my credit card and we finished the transaction.

"You two have a good evening," she said with a curious smile as she handed the bag over to me.

I couldn't tell for sure if she knew something or not. I think she might have suspected, but if she did she wasn't acting like she was disgusted or perturbed by it. As Timmy and I headed back toward the food court I found myself getting aroused all over again by the idea that maybe the hot young sales girl knew what was going on between me and my son. Not only might she know, but it might have turned her on a little. I had to stop entertaining such sick fantasies and get my head screwed on straight.

We made a quick pit stop at the Gap, and I grabbed a couple pairs of boxer shorts for Timmy since this was our excuse for wandering off in the first place. I then hid my Victoria's Secret bag inside the Gap bag. My boy's boner had finally gone down enough by this point that it was safe to meet back up with the family.

On the ride home I glanced back and noticed Timmy quietly sniffing his fingers in the shadows

of the back seat. It gave me a weird little thrill to be the only one in the car who knew exactly why he was doing that. Meanwhile, Nick was leaning forward talking to his grandparents, all of them oblivious to the fact that I was sitting there in the front seat with no panties on, dying to touch myself. Evan reached over and patted my leg affectionately, sending a jolt of excitement up my thigh and making me all the more horny. I thought about how great it would be if I could just lean over and suck him off right in front of everyone. Damn, it seemed like I was getting sicker by the minute!

When we got home I handed the Gap bag over to Timmy, then rummaged around in my purse. I pulled out our wadded up underwear and separated them. I dropped my panties in his bag.

"Those should get you through the night," I told him quietly. His eyes lit up and I could see he was ready to get started as soon as possible. Then I held up his semen-soiled underwear. "Do me a favor and tuck these under my pillow for me, just in case I need something to get me through the night." I could tell he absolutely loved the thought of me getting myself off while sniffing his cummy briefs. He took all the nasty treasures and hurried upstairs. I wanted so badly to follow him, but I had houseguests to deal with.

The men were in the living room watching TV while Julie and I sat in the kitchen chatting. After a bit Nick came in to say goodnight. He gave his grandmother a hug, and me a goodnight kiss, before heading downstairs to his bedroom.

When I turned my attention back to my mother-in-law, she had a strange smile on her face.

"What?"

"Oh, nothing." She sipped her tea to cover her smirk.

"Why are you looking at me like that?" I pressed with a nervous chuckle.

"I don't know," she began coyly, "I suppose it's just seeing the way you and Nick are with each other reminds me of when Evan was that age, and how close the two of us were back then."

"How do you mean 'the way we are with each other'?"

"Oh, you know how it is, that special bond between a mother and her boy." She still had that odd look in her eye, like she knew something. "Of course you love all your children, but there's something more with your first that you feel but don't want to admit to."

"Like they're a part of you in a way no one else can ever be," I heard myself saying.

"Yes, that's it exactly. You'll give anything of yourself to make them happy, and to see them happy just fills you up inside like nothing else."

"I love that feeling," I admitted wistfully. "It more than makes up for all the other not-so-great parts of being a mother."

Julie sipped her tea. "And then our little boys start turning into men. There's that strange in-between time where we can still see the child in them, but those hormones are at work making everything bigger and stronger. This is when we fall in love with our boys all over again... in a different kind of way."

I nodded, but wasn't really sure what she was saying. "They grow up so fast."

"And all they can think about is girls," she said smiling. "Or any woman that happens to be nearby." She paused and looked at me, gauging my reaction to see if she should continue or not. "I remember when Evan was a teenager how he would peek at me while I was in the shower."

I could feel my jaw dropping, but was incapable of stopping it from happening. "Evan?"

"Oh, sure, all boys are curious about women's bodies at that age. The problem is that they

usually don't have easy access to any women other than their mother, or maybe a sister, if they're lucky."

"Easy access?"

"You know what I mean." Julie was trying to get me to say something, but I wasn't about to incriminate myself so easily.

"So, what did you do when you realized your son was spying on you in the shower?"

"Started taking longer showers," she laughed. "And making sure the bathroom door was unlocked."

"Stop it, you did not," I said, not knowing if I should believe her.

"I admit that it caught me by surprise at first, and I was upset with him for violating my privacy like that. But then I tried to look at it from his perspective. He was a horny teenager who was so desperate to see a naked lady that he was willing to risk being caught peeping at his own mother. I realized that there wasn't any harm in it, so I let him peek."

I didn't know what to say to that. Here was a woman who I'd always believed was a paragon of propriety telling me she knowingly let her son see her naked. Not only that, but the son in question was my husband. My already skewed world was becoming even more warped.

"To tell you the truth, I found it flattering in an odd way." She took another one of those pauses. She must have seen that rather than being repulsed by her admissions that I was dying to hear more. "It feels nice when someone admires your body, even if it is your own son."

"Well, you're braver than I am," I said, trying to sound convincing. "I don't think I could let my boys see me naked."

"Oh, you might be surprised at what you're capable of under the right conditions." Julie checked to make sure no one was within earshot and lowered her voice. "I shouldn't be telling you this, but there was a time or two when I pleased myself during those showers."

"With Evan watching?"

"I figured that if he was outside my bathroom door doing it, why not do it myself."

My heart was racing, and my mind was spinning. Did my dear, sweet mother-in-law just tell me that she willingly masturbated while her son was watching her? This couldn't be. She was trying to bait me into saying something. I wasn't going to fall for it so easily.

"I would never have imagined that you would do something like that," I said.

"It sounds pretty bad, doesn't it?" She shrugged. "But it didn't feel wrong when it was happening. Just a natural thing to do in response to natural human urges."

"Wow. Sorry if I'm a little out of it right now, but I'm just trying to wrap my head around everything you're saying."

"Sorry if I've upset you. I probably said too much. You must think I'm some kind of weirdo."

"No. It's not that at all. It's just unexpected, that's all." I had so many questions, but I wasn't sure I wanted to keep going with this conversation. "Did anything else happen? Between you and Evan...?"

Julie picked a cookie from the plate that sat between us and took a nibble. I could almost see her deciding how much to divulge.

"What about Nick?" She finally asked. "Has he tried anything like what his father did?"

"Not that I know of," I hedged. I wanted to spill my guts, but I didn't dare. "But something did happen."

"Oh?" She could see my hesitation. "You can tell me, I'm obviously not one to judge."

"Okay, well, I was out in the yard one afternoon, and I happened to walk past Nick's bedroom window, and I saw him in his room naked..." I couldn't believe I was doing this. "And he was, you know, masturbating himself."

Julie's eyes went wide. I couldn't be certain, but it seemed like it was more like delight than shock. "So you were the spy?"

"Ha, yes, I guess I was."

"Did you see him finish?"

That seemed like a strange question. "Ah...yes."

"My goodness," she pronounced leaning back in her chair and looking me over appraisingly. "That must have been something. How did it make you feel?"

"I don't know." I was already in dangerous waters and sensed that I was one wrong word away from getting in over my head. "I felt uncomfortable. Guilty, as well."

"Because you stayed there outside his window and watched until he finished?" There was a peculiar gleam in her eye as she waited for my answer.

"Yes, that. But..." I needed to shut my mouth and not say anything more about it. "But also because there was a part of me that wanted to see it." I cringed and waited for her to tell me what I did was wrong.

"You're telling me you wanted to see your son masturbating his penis?" Julie leaned forward and put her hand on mine. "I don't blame you. I would have done the same thing myself."

Relief flooded through me. "I know it was bad, but I couldn't make myself walk away. I feel awful about it, like I'm the worst mother ever."

"Oh, nonsense," Julie dismissed my apprehensions with a wave. "If watching your son play with himself was the worst thing a mother could do, then I'd be on the top ten most wanted list."

"You've seen Evan touching himself when he was a boy...sexually?"

"I have," she answered without reservation.

"And...did it...get you, ah...aroused?"

Her expression took on a triumphant glow and she squeezed my hand. Julie was about to say something when her husband Don came into the kitchen and went to the refrigerator. Evan came in close on his heels.

"What're you two hens squawking about in here?"

"We're just talking about how hard it is to be the mother of a teenaged boy," Julie said breezily.

I wouldn't have given the look Evan and his mother exchanged a second thought before, but now it seemed there was more to it than I would have otherwise suspected.

"Your mom's teaching me how to deal with all those raging hormones," I added.

Don laughed. "Don't take advice from her, she hasn't figured out how to deal with her own hormones yet!"

The men sat down at the table with us and the conversation quickly moved onto more mundane topics. I caught Julie's eye several times as we all talked and got the sense that she was as disappointed as I was that we had been interrupted.

It wasn't long before Don was ready to "hit the hay," and took his wife off to the guest room with him. Before I wouldn't have thought twice about it, but after the suggestive talk we had I found myself wondering if the two of them were going straight to sleep or if they would be fooling

around first. And it wasn't just a fleeting thought, I was disturbingly turned on by the idea that my in-laws might be getting it on just a few rooms away.

"So you and Mom were talking about hormonal teenagers?"

Evan's voice brought my mind back from dirty town. "Something like that."

"What'd she have to say?"

"I was just asking her about how to deal with the boys being curious about girls, and sex, and their own bodies."

"What's to deal with? They'll figure it all out one way or another."

"I'm sure they will." I got up and put the tea cups in the sink. "But don't you think it would be better for a boy to learn about women from his mother."

He took a long time before answering.

"I guess that depends on the mother."

I couldn't tell if we were talking about the same thing, and I hated that I wasn't confident enough to come right out and discuss what I really wanted to discuss. It just wasn't the type of thing you were supposed to talk about. At least that's how it was in my family. And if I was misreading this whole situation with Evan and Julie, I could end up making a real fool of myself - or worse. I was tired and horny and I didn't want to think about it anymore.

I wrapped my arms around Evan and kissed his neck.

"All I know is that this mother could go for a good fuck right about now."

"I may be able to help you out with that," he kissed my lips. "I know a guy at work that can probably get the job done. I have his number around here somewhere."

"Not funny, mister" I bit his earlobe. "Now get upstairs and get naked. I want a cock inside me within the next two minutes and I don't care whose it is."

We hurried up to our bedroom and went at it like a couple of teenagers. I couldn't remember the last time that we messed around for more than half an hour at a stretch, but we must have been fucking and sucking for a solid two hours. I tried to keep focused on Evan and stay in the moment, but my fantasies were running wild.

When he was eating me, I imagined it was Timmy. When he was fucking me doggie-style, I pretended it was Nick. I pictured Julie and Don down in the guest room going at it. I even thought about them being in the same room with us. I got incredibly turned on when I thought about them fucking in the bed right next to us while we were doing the same. And, of course, Nick and Timmy watching us all the whole time and jerking off to the sight of Mom and Dad, and Grandma and Grandpa humping away like sex-crazed animals and then squirting their hot loads of cum all over us as we did.

I lost count of how many times I came, but I do know I had the best night of guilt-free sleep I'd had in a long time. The strange thing is that I woke up early the next morning feeling hornier than ever. It was like I was stuck in some sort of sexual feedback loop. The more sex I got the more I wanted. I quietly got out of bed, slipped into my robe, and tiptoed downstairs.

The house was quiet and everyone was still asleep. I snuck down to Nick's room and found him sprawled out in his bed in just a pair of boxer shorts. I listened for a few moments to hear if anyone was moving around upstairs. After not hearing anything I got naked and climbed into bed with him.

I snuggled up behind my son and pressed my bare nipples against the warmth of his skin. I

reached around and tucked my hand down the front of his shorts. I took his soft cock in my hand and began massaging it gently. He was hard before he even woke up.

"Who's that?" he mumbled.

"Who do you think it is?"

"Mmm, morning, Mom." He turned a little so I could stroke him easier. "Are you naked?"

I took his hand and put it between my legs. "Does that answer your question?"

"I thought we weren't supposed to do anything this weekend."

"We weren't, but I thought you might want to sneak in a quick jerk off session with me before everyone wakes up."

His fingers toyed with my small patch of pubic hair and felt experimentally along my slit. This was his first time touching me down there. I held his shaft lightly and slowly caressed his cock.

"Yeah, sure." He clumsily parted my lips and explored me deeper. "I'm surprised you told Grandma."

"Told Grandma what?"

"About how you and me have been masturbating together lately."

"Oh," was all I could manage. What the hell was he talking about? How did she know? My panic was rising once again. If she knew what was going on, this could be it for me. "What did she say?"

"She just came down last night and said how you told her what we were doing, and she wanted to know how I felt about it."

"And you told her about everything?"

"Pretty much." The tip of his finger found my opening and circled around it. "It's not the kind of thing I ever thought I'd talk about with my grandmother, but she was really cool about it all, same as you."

"Your grandma is full of surprises." My mind was racing all over the place. Julie had obviously suspected something was going on, and she tricked Nick into divulging our secret by making him think she already knew about it. That sneaky bitch. Now it was just a question of what she intended to do now that she knew for sure I was misbehaving with my son. Sure, she had told me she let Evan peek at her, but for all I knew that was just another one of her devious traps. I moved my hand down and fondled Nick's balls while I considered the potential fallout.

"She definitely surprised the hell out of me." He risked venturing further and slowly inserted one of his fingers into the threshold of my vagina. Despite the fact that I was freaking out of my mother-in-law's knowledge of my sins, what he was doing to me felt too good to stop. "Especially when she told me I could jerk off in front of her too if I wanted."

I had to force myself not to tense up at hearing that. I didn't want him to know what a shock all this was to me. I deliberately let go of his balls and went back to playing with his cock.

"What did you think about that?" I asked, trying to sound calm.

"I wasn't sure at first, but she told me how you guys talked about it and you said it would be okay." His finger probed deeper, and my inner muscles flexed involuntarily as he did. "It felt weird at first, but like you said before, everything feels strange the first time you do it."

I couldn't believe what I was hearing. Julie apparently wasn't fishing for incriminating information to bust me. It seemed she wanted in on the action. I would have thought I was dreaming if it weren't for the fact that my son's finger was as far into my pussy as he could get it at that

moment, which was more than certainly not a dream.

“So you jerked off for Grandma?”

“I started to, but it was taking me a while because I had done it just before she came down.” He wiggled his finger around inside me. “But then she took over. She said I was trying too hard and needed to relax. Her hands are so soft.”

“She actually touched your penis?”

“I never thought about Grandma in that way, but she really knew what she was doing.”

I had no idea how I was feeling about all this. It didn’t help that I had Nick’s cock in my hand and his fingers were in my twat. Between that and our naked bodies rubbing together I could barely hold an articulate thought for more than a few seconds, much less deal with what he was telling me. I was nervous about having been discovered, and yet found it a bit of a thrill that someone else knew I was doing perverted things with my son. I was upset at my mother-in-law for tricking Nick into spilling the beans, but I had to admire her intuition. I was jealous that she had gotten him to jerk off in front of her as well, but turned on by the idea that she might be as horny as me when it came to this sort of thing.

“Did she make you cum?” I asked while I squeezed the head of his cock.

“Yes... but not with her hand.”

“Then how?”

“I don’t know if I should say,” he murmured, sliding his finger in and out of me.

“It’s okay, you can tell me.”

“Grandma made me cum with her mouth.”

“She sucked your dick?”

“Um, yeah.”

“And you came in her mouth?”

“She swallowed it all, just like you.”

“So, I guess that was your first official blowjob,” I said, feeling a little disappointed. I had been hoping to be the one to give him that.

“Pretty much, I suppose.”

“Did you do anything else with her?”

“Not really. She never took any of her clothes off.” He took his finger out of me and groped around between my legs, tugging my inner lips, touching my clit, feeling my pussy all over. “She did squeeze her boobs some, and rubbed herself between her legs through her pants while she was sucking on me. That was actually pretty hot.”

“There’s no doubt that she is sexy for an older lady.” I released his cock and ran my hand over his stomach and chest, circling a finger around his tiny nipples. “How did it make you feel getting a blowjob from your grandmother?”

“It seemed very strange at first, like it would be really gross to do, but then the way she did it felt so good that it was awesome after that. She went real slow, and did this thing with my balls the whole time she was sucking me, and then when I came in her mouth it was the best.”

“But she didn’t let you play with her pussy, did she?” I grabbed his cock again.

“No.”

“Do you like touching your mother’s pussy?”

“Yes.”

"Do you think Mommy's a slut for letting you put your fingers inside me?"

"I don't know." He pushed his finger into my hole again. "Maybe a little bit."

"I like being a slut for you, sweetie. I don't know what it is, but your cock makes me so fucking horny. I'm jealous that Grandma got to suck it and I haven't."

"God, Mom, you're driving me crazy."

"Do you want Mommy to suck your dick?"

"Yes... please."

"Do you want Mommy to eat your cum? Just like your grandmother did?"

"Oh, shit, yes."

"Say it."

"Mom... I want you to... suck my cock."

"And..."

"And I want to cum in your mouth and for you to swallow it."

"What a nasty little boy I have."

I got up onto my knees, turned my son so he was lying flat on his back, then I lifted a leg and mounted him with a twist. I ended up straddling his shoulders so that my pussy was in his face and my mouth was over his cock. I couldn't be the first one to give my baby a blowjob, but I sure as hell could give him his first 69.

"You okay back there," I asked.

"Mom, your pussy is like right there."

I reached back and spread my lips open. "Can you see everything all right?"

"Holy fuck, Mom, it's beautiful."

"You just relax now and enjoy the view while Mommy sucks your cock for you."

I held his erection straight up and kissed the tip. I ran my tongue around his swollen head, and licked along the slit of his little pee-hole a few times. His hands were on me. He felt along my thighs and up my sides. I licked the length of his insanely hard shaft. Nick squeezed each of my ass cheeks with both hands, massaging my backside while my pussy hovered only inches from his mouth.

I gently took him between my lips and engulfed his cock one slow inch at a time. I heard him moan softly, then give my inner thigh a sucking kiss. Julie might have gotten to him first, but this was going to be the blowjob he remembered. The spongy end of his dick reached the back of my throat, and I kept going. I admit that I'm not very well-versed when it comes to exotic sexual skills, but the one thing I can do is swallow a cock to the hilt. Nick's moan became a groan and he squirmed beneath me, pushing his young prick even further down my throat. I was able to handle it all without a problem.

I stroked him in and out of my throat a few times then came up for air.

"Did Grandma do that for you?"

He let out a series of inarticulate sounds that I interpreted to mean no, then he begged me to do it again. I was more than happy to give my boy what he wanted. I took a breath and went down on his pulsing hard-on again. I let him fuck my throat this time with several short thrusts before I had to back off. I could tell he was on the verge of blowing his load and I wasn't ready for it to be over quite so quickly.

I began sucking him off in the usual way, being careful not to go too fast and spoil my fun. At the same time I lowered my hips so that my pussy touched against his mouth. His body went rigid,

and he seemed not to know what to do. I circled myself around his face a little to let him know it was no accident that my pussy was where it was. My son began sucking and licking me like he'd been waiting for his chance to do this all his life. He wasn't any more practiced at it than his little brother, but it felt like I was in heaven.

As much as I tried to concentrate on giving Nick a top-shelf blowjob, I couldn't help being distracted by the way he was devouring my pussy. His hands were planted at the small of my back and he pulled me as tight against his face as he could. My belly was on his chest, and my tits were mashed against his tummy. Before then, I didn't mind the 69-position, but I was never especially wild about it. At that moment, however, it was the most exciting thing I could remember ever doing sexually. Why hadn't I been doing this every night of my life?

I gave up trying to intentionally accomplish anything rational and just gave in to the dozens of different sensual signals I was receiving from all over my body. My mouth, my tits, my hands, my pussy, my clit, and more were all alive with ever increasing sensitivity. I couldn't focus on just one thing and had to lose myself in the overall effect. I'd never taken drugs before, but I couldn't imagine being high was half as good as what I was experiencing.

Lifting my head I let out a strained grunt of pleasure through gritted teeth. When I opened my eyes I saw something that sent my senses into free fall.

My mother-in-law Julie was standing in the doorway. I was stunned beyond all reason and had no idea what to do.

That's when I noticed she had her nightgown hiked up around her hips and her hand was busy between her legs.

"Looks like the early bird caught the worm," she said with a pleasant lilt in her voice. "You don't mind me watching, do you?"

"Hey, Grandma!" Nick took his mouth away from my pussy just long enough for the greeting and then went right back at it.

"Morning, kiddo," Julie shot back without missing a beat. She continued rubbing herself and watched to see what I would do.

My secret was out. It was real. I'd just been caught having incestuous oral sex with my son. But the person who'd caught me wasn't innocent herself. The mother of my husband, my son's grandmother, was guilty of the same act of molestation. This sweet, respectable woman had a side to her that I never could have suspected. She stood across the room from me openly fingering herself with voyeuristic amusement.

She confessed that she had allowed her own son, my husband, to spy on her in the shower years ago, but now I had to wonder if that was all she had done. I remained frozen, not knowing what to do. I saw her hand move up and watched her toy with her nipple through her gauzy nightgown. This wasn't any kind of bluff. She was really getting off on what I was doing with her grandson.

Nick's mouth felt good on my pussy. His hard cock felt good in my hand. I'd never been in a situation where there'd been a third person present while I was having sex. I should have been more embarrassed, or more ashamed, but I wasn't. I lowered my head and took my son into my mouth again. Let her watch if that's what she wanted. I had what I wanted.

I deep throated Nick's cock all the way. It was more to show off for Julie, but it felt great to give my son that kind of pleasure. I played with his balls, and rocked my pussy back and forth against his mouth. As I sucked him hard and fast I could see my mother-in-law pulling at her

nipples and playing with her pussy. I'd never even imagined this woman was the type who would pleasure herself, but there she was shamelessly doing it for me to see. I'm not normally one to get aroused by other women, but there was something about her brazenly masturbating in front of me that made an already highly charged experience even more intense.

Nick's hips lifted off the bed and his cock began pumping creamy gobs of cum into my mouth. I took the first couple and swallowed them. I pulled his dick out of his mouth and let the rest shoot on my lips and dribble down his cock. I wanted his grandmother to see what I'd accomplished.

At the sight of Nick's white goo flowing out of his cock, Julie sank to her knees and went at herself even more vigorously. Her hand was mostly in the way, so I couldn't really see her pussy, but I could tell that she had a good amount of hair down between her legs. Her lips were moving, but I couldn't hear what she might be saying. Her eyes were locked longingly on her grandson's cum-drenched cock.

Between my mouthful of semen, the sight of my husband's mother finger-fucking herself, and my son's tongue in my pussy I was ready to explode.

"Suck my clit, Nick," I said out loud. I had a twinge of embarrassment talking like that with Julie listening, which I knew was silly given the situation. I was so far past caring that it didn't stop me. "That's it, baby, right there. Oh, you suck Mommy's pussy so good. Don't stop!"

Nick had managed to latch onto my clit, and the surrounding knot of flesh, and was sucking away like a madman. It wasn't perfect technique, but it was exactly what I needed to get off.

Through my haze I thought I could hear Julie saying "Suck your mother's cunt" over and over again under her breath. That was all it took to push me over the edge.

It started with a small flutter. Just when I thought I was going to lose it, the flutter expanded into a tingle. The tingle became a spasm, which flourished into a full-blown orgasm. I jammed my pussy against my son's face, unconcerned about his ability to breath, and fucked his mouth while my climax ravaged my body.

My head was swimming, but I was aware enough that I could tell Julie was about to bring herself off. I quickly got off of Nick's face and pulled his arm to get him to sit up. He was looking a bit dazed himself, but his eyes widened when he saw what had been going on during our 69.

"Grandma's masturbating," he blurted out.

"Grandma's about to make herself cum," I added.

My mother-in-law appeared to enjoy having an audience. She thrust her hips forward, and enthusiastically pounded her pussy with everything she had.

"I'm cumming! Oh, my fucking sweet cunt, I'm cumming!"

Nick and I watched as his grandmother trembled and shook her way through what appeared to be a deeply fulfilling orgasm. I could sense that he was as astonished as I was to be witnessing a sight as entirely unexpected as this.

After several moments Julie's convulsing body settled to stillness. Her hand fell limply away from her crotch. We were treated to an unobstructed view of her swollen pussy. Her lips were splayed open and shone wetly at the center of a curly nest of dark hair. Even from across the room we could clearly see the protruding nub of her clit and the dripping opening of her vagina.

"Geez," Nick whispered reverently, "that's Grandma's pussy..."

"It sure is," I responded just as mesmerized as he was.

Julie opened her eyes and looked hungrily at our naked bodies as we perched there on Nick's

bed staring back at her in wonder. Her wandering gaze zeroed in on Nick's cummy erection, and she licked her lips.

I could almost feel our three heartbeats in the room drawing us together, but then another sound seized our attention. Footsteps could be heard overhead. Someone else was awake.

"I'll get breakfast started," Julie said. She stood and arranged her nightgown before heading upstairs without another word.

Reluctantly, I left Nick's bed and put my pajamas on.

"Did that really just happen?" Nick wondered aloud.

"I don't know if I believe it myself," I responded honestly. "I'm sorry, honey, this must be somewhat overwhelming for you. Tell me if it's all too much and I'll back off if you need time to figure it out."

"No! It's not too much, I swear." He could barely get the words out fast enough. "I love it, everything, you and the things we're doing, and now Grandma. It's the best thing that's ever happened in my life and I don't want it to stop."

"Okay, okay, slow down, take a breath." I gave him a hug. "I need to talk to Grandma and figure out where this is going, but in the meantime don't say anything about it to anyone. Understand?"

He nodded.

"I had a nice time with you this morning." I kissed him on the lips and could smell my scent on his mouth.

"Me, too. I liked how we sucked each other at the same time like that."

"I've got to get upstairs before you get me going again." One more kiss and I forced myself to walk away.

I looked back as I closed the door behind me and saw that Nick had already begun beating off again. I couldn't blame him; I'd be doing the same exact thing if I could. I glanced down and noticed a pile of small towels. Nick was apparently going through cum rags at a record rate. It looked like it was time for me to do a load...of laundry, that is.

I headed up the steps having no idea what to expect next. The lurid image of my mother-in-law's gaping cunt was enticingly fresh in my mind, and all I could think about was how good it would feel to bury my face in that furry patch of paradise. My life might very well be spinning out of control, but I was enjoying my descent into debauchery too much to prevent my downfall.

CHAPTER 6

The Confession

“MORNING, KIM,” Don, my father-in-law, greeted me as I emerged from the basement door into the kitchen. He gave me a friendly wink and went back to reading the newspaper. I couldn’t help feeling like he somehow knew that less than ten minutes ago I had my son’s cock jammed halfway down my throat. I was probably just being paranoid.

“Coffee’s almost ready, dear,” Julie, my mother-in-law, said in her usual cheery sing-song. “I’m making French toast for the boys. Put your orders in now if you want some.”

“Count me in,” Don piped up.

“Sure, I’ll have a little,” I added and sat down at the table.

As I watched Julie moving around the kitchen in her airy nightgown I was unable to reconcile the fact that I had just seen her pussy spread open with her current casual attitude. The woman had caught me 69-ing her grandson, then masturbated herself to orgasm in front of the two of us, and here she was cooking up French toast as if nothing was out of the ordinary. It was all very surreal, but the truth was that I was as wet as ever because of it.

My husband Evan came shuffling in rubbing the sleep from his eyes. He went and gave his mother a hug and a smooch on the cheek. All very innocent, but I couldn’t help but notice his hand on her hip during the exchange. Probably nothing, but it made me wonder.

“I was thinking,” Evan said as he poured himself a cup of coffee, “that we could take a ride out to the lake and do some fishing.”

“Count me in,” Don piped up again. I had to smile. He was such an easy-going guy. Don was rarely one to lead the way, but he was always ready to join in the fun.

“Kim and I can pack a picnic lunch!” Julie offered enthusiastically. The woman wasn’t even done cooking breakfast and she was already planning the next meal. I would be lucky if I had half her energy and enthusiasm when I got to be her age.

It wasn’t long before Nick came up from his bedroom, and Timmy came down from his. Nick blushed when his grandmother extorted a kiss from him before placing his plate of French toast in front of him. Timmy, who had no idea Grandma was a horny exhibitionist, obliviously paid her price and commenced drowning his plate in syrup.

Our family breakfast would have seemed normal enough to a stranger, but I knew that four of the six of us were thinking about at least one other person in that room in an unwholesomely sexual way. And, based on the way I spotted my father-in-law glancing at my chest on more than one occasion, I would be willing to bet we were probably all thinking dirty thoughts.

It was a bright, warm day, and the lake was as scenic as ever. Sitting at the picnic table I closed my eyes and turned my face to the sun. After all the getting ready, driving, unpacking, and feeding of the troops it was nice to just be still and relax for a minute. I listened to Julie humming nearby as she puttered about cleaning up and putting things away. Timmy was down by the water's edge with his grandfather learning how to cast. Nick and his dad were playing horseshoes in the grassy field. The day couldn't have been more perfect.

"Are you mad at me?" Julie asked as she sat down across from me.

"No," I answered sincerely, but I still wasn't exactly sure how I did feel.

"I wouldn't blame you if you were," she sighed and gazed at our fishermen along with me. "I really did overstep my bounds. That was bad of me."

"I wouldn't mind knowing what brought it on."

She fidgeted for a bit, deciding what to say. "The way you and Nick were acting I could tell something was going on. I should have left you to have your fun without interfering." She fussed with paper napkin, tearing off little bits as she talked. "But I let myself get caught up in the thrill of discovering your secret and I couldn't resist wanting to be a part of it."

"I didn't mean to let it go as far as it has. I'm going to end it."

Julie didn't say anything for a few long moments. I knew she couldn't judge me on my transgressions, but I wanted to at least get some sort of absolution from her.

"I'm going to come right out and say it." She took a deep breath. "I've never told anyone, and nobody knows this outside of my husband and daughter, but when Evan was seventeen I also let myself go too far. I think about what he and I did together almost every day, but I haven't once regretted doing it."

"How far did you let it go?"

"It started with a little flirting, then some touching. Nothing too explicit, but we both knew what was behind it. One thing led to another, and one day I found myself showing him how a woman masturbates. I told myself that I was merely educating my son so that he would be more confident with his sexuality and with women, but I was getting as much, if not more, out of it than he was." Julie looked at me to see if I was really willing to hear more of the truth. "We graduated from there to oral sex, and before I knew it I was teaching my boy how to make love to a woman."

Even though this is what I had anticipated, it still came as a shock to hear it.

"So, you let Evan have sex with you? You're saying you two have had actual sexual intercourse."

"That's what I'm saying, my dear. I fucked my son." She shrugged in apology. "There's no other way to say it. Your husband fucked his mother."

"I'm sorry, I know it shouldn't be such a surprise after what I've been doing, but I never imagined he, or you, would do anything like that."

"We never told you because we thought you'd be the last person to accept family members having sex together... with your traditional, Korean upbringing and all. I never imagined I would one day find you deep-throating my grandson's cock."

I could feel the heat in my cheeks. Her words weren't an accusation, but meant as a good natured tease. Even so, it was hard not to react with a touch of shame.

"Are you and Evan still..."

"Oh, no. We stopped fooling around way back when he first met you."

"And you don't feel guilty about what you did?"

"Like I said, I don't have any regrets, but you can't help but feel guilty about it from time to time. I think that Evan turned out to be a good father, and a good husband, and I suspect a good lover. I have to believe that our intimate relations made him the man he is."

She was right. Evan was all those things, and more. Him having a sexual affair with his own mother as a teen didn't seem to have damaged him psychologically or emotionally. Maybe it was time for me to stop fretting about messing up my sons and simply enjoy the experience of introducing them to sex in the most loving and nurturing way possible. Society would never condone what I was doing, but I'd taught my boys everything else about life, why not this?

"I'm not mad at you," I said, reaching across the table and taking Julie's hand. "Though I am a little jealous that you were the one to give Nick his first blowjob."

"Oops."

"And..." I checked to make sure no one was near, "I have to admit that I really liked what happened this morning. I've never had sex in front of anyone before, and I've never seen another woman... doing what you did."

"I was afraid it might have been too much for you, but I was so turned on seeing you with your pussy in Nick's face I couldn't resist." She lowered her voice and leaned toward me. "My clit is getting hard now just thinking about it."

"I had no idea you were such a dirty old lady," I laughed, loving the way she was talking with me so openly about such intimate matters. We were always close, but never this close.

"And I had no idea that my reserved, conservative daughter-in-law was such a horny slut." She looked at me in a way I'd never known her to do before. It was a look of curious lust. I noticed that the way she was leaning forward brought the tips of her breasts to where they were just touching the edge of the picnic table. With the slightest movement she was able to rub them against the hard corner and stimulate herself here in the open without anyone being able to tell what she was doing. "So how long have you been getting naked with Nick?"

"With Nick it's been only about two weeks," I answered.

Julie's eyes narrowed. "Wait a minute... you're playing with Timmy's cock, too, aren't you?" She must have seen that my reaction confirmed her suspicion. "You are! Oh, you are a greedy whore. I love it!"

"It's not like I planned on it, but I found out Timmy has a thing for my dirty panties and, as you said, one thing led to another."

"I always knew he was going to grow up to be a little pervert. Now I'm the jealous one." She looked around, squirming a bit in her seat. "I'm sorry, but I can't take much more of this. We need to continue this conversation somewhere else." She stood and motioned for me to follow. "Let's go for a walk."

I wasn't sure exactly what she had in mind, but I followed her. We walked to the edge of the lake, then followed the shoreline away from the picnic area. In less than a minute we reached a place where the woods came right down to the water. After another couple minutes of picking our way through the trees and brush we stopped.

"This looks like a pretty spot," Julie said and sat down on the leaves, making herself comfortable.

She was right, it was a pretty spot. We could see out over the lake, but it would have been nearly impossible for anyone to see us. I sat down on the ground, still curious about what this was all about.

“Does Evan know that you’re playing with the boys?” she asked.

“No. I’ve been sneaking around my own house and hiding it all from him.”

“What about now that you know he would likely be more understanding about it now that you know he had sex with his mother?”

“I feel like such a pervert for molesting my boys, I don’t know if I want to tell him.”

“He’s going to find out eventually, so I would advise you to be up front with him. I talked to Don before I did anything with Evan and it worked out very nicely for all of us.”

“You’re right. I need to talk to Evan about this.” A thought occurred to me. “Did you tell Don about me and Nick?”

“I might have mentioned that I’d had the pleasure of seeing our grandson with his tongue buried in his mom’s cunt. I haven’t seen the old boy get hard that fast in years. He’s been hot for you ever since the first time Evan brought you home to meet us.”

“That explains the looks he’s been giving me all day.”

“I’ll tell him to stop drooling over you.”

“You don’t have to. I don’t mind.”

“My son and grandsons aren’t enough, now you want to fuck my husband, too?”

“No! I...I...”

“I’m just teasing, don’t get in a panic. To tell the truth, I’d love to see you and the old man doing it.”

Julie unbuttoned her jeans and tucked her hand down into her pants.

“I’m sorry, dear, but is it okay if I touch myself while we talk? All this sex chat is making me so horny I can’t help it.”

“Well, I guess it’s okay with me,” I said with a touch of hesitation and looked around to make sure no one was coming our way.

“Don’t worry, Don will make sure no one bothers us. You can join me if you like.”

I watched her hand moving slowly beneath the crotch of her pants and was tempted, but it all seemed too strange. I couldn’t just start fingering myself in front of my mother-in-law in the bright light of day with my family just on the other side of a thin veil of trees.

“How did it all start?” Julie asked once she saw that I was too reticent to touch myself along with her. “I want to hear everything, and don’t hold back on the nasty parts.”

I began from the beginning and told her how it started with Nick, then how Timmy and I got involved. The whole time she reclined in front of me with her hand down her pants working in slow circles. When I’d come to a particularly graphic part she would ask for more details, and when I used a word like “cock” or “pussy” she’d smile lewdly and work herself a little faster. It was one of the most bizarre things I’d ever been involved in, but it didn’t take long before it made me horny as hell.

When I got to the part of the story where Nick caught me naked in the kitchen and I let him watch me get myself off, Julie moaned and pulled her hand out. I thought that maybe she had finished, but she only wanted more freedom. She pulled her pants down until they were below her knees opened her legs wide and resumed masturbating under my attentive watch.

“Oh, that feels so much better. There’s nothing like feeling sunshine on your naked cunt.”

I watched her spread her hairy outer lips and run her finger along the wet inner creases of her beautiful pussy. It suddenly seemed silly for me to be holding back the way I was. She’d already

seen me naked, and I realized that it didn't really matter if anyone of my family caught me out her playing with myself. My father-in-law was the only one who hadn't seen me naked, and I had a funny feeling it was only a matter of time before he did.

I unzipped my pants and slid them down. I was going to leave my panties in place, then decided to just let it all hang out. I pulled down my panties and spread my legs. The dry leaves felt scratchy against my bare bottom, but the warm sun did feel good down there.

"Oh my," Julie whispered, "your pussy is beautiful."

"Um, thanks." It felt weird hearing my husband's mother complimenting my privates. "Your pussy is very nice looking, too."

"This old thing?" she laughed and spread herself wide open. "It has quite a few miles on it, but it still gets the job done."

I'd never had the desire to touch another woman's pussy, but seeing Julie splaying her lips apart like she was made me want to slip my fingers into her gaping hole and feel the soft, warm inside of her womanly orifice.

"Back to you naked on the bed and Nick stroking his cock to the sight of his mother's pussy," Julie prompted me as she buried two fingers in her furry twat.

I went on with the story, telling her how Nick had cum on my tits and rubbed his cock on my face. I told her how I let Timmy lick me and hump himself against my butt. It wasn't easy to tell it while being distracted by seeing this amazingly sexy older woman pleasuring herself. When I told her how I had been on my knees swallowing Nick's load the day before she couldn't hold back any more.

"You horny bitch," she groaned as her hand blurred back and forth over her clit. "That's so fucking hot. There's nothing better than eating your own son's cum, is there? Oh, oh, oooooh!"

She lifted herself off the ground, once again thrusting her hips in my direction. Not only was she making herself cum, but it was like she wanted to direct her orgasm toward me. Meanwhile, I was ready to go off myself seeing her let loose like she was. I began rubbing myself faster.

"That's it, sweetheart," Julie urged even as she was still coaxing her pussy through the tail end of her own climax. "Work that hot little cunt. Make it cum. Show me how you make that cunt cum."

Hearing the woman I had always thought was a sexually reserved religious lady spouting such filthy talk was turning me on in ways I never expected. I loved the way she was staring at my pussy as I fingered myself. I had apparently been bitten by the exhibitionism bug and couldn't get enough of showing off parts of me no one had ever seen except for my husband.

"My pussy feels so good," I muttered, feeling self-conscious about saying it aloud.

"I bet it does. Work that nasty cunt."

We sat facing each other, only a few feet apart. Julie was rubbing herself as she watched me. I was bringing myself toward climax as I stared fixedly between her legs. We were really doing this, outside, in the open, in front of each other. Masturbation was supposed to be a private thing. Something done alone, secretly. Something not to be spoken of because it was embarrassingly shameful and dirty. Something to feel guilty about, a weakness, a surrender to temptation, a base and immature self-gratification. And yet there we were, two grown women, mothers, exposing our naked twats to one another and frigging ourselves like a pair of sex-craving adolescent girls. It was gloriously liberating.

"I'm going to cum," I announced breathlessly. "Oh, shit, I'm fucking cumming. Watch me! Watch me make my pussy cum!"

I mimicked my mother-in-law's orgasmic style and lifted my convulsing pussy up and brandished it urgently in her direction. It felt good. Like I was putting my joyous collision of physical and emotional release on proud display. After squeezing every ounce of ecstasy from between my legs I sunk back onto the forest floor and drifted on the cloud of contentment.

I waited for those nagging feelings to begin to surface, but they never materialized. I had just masturbated with my mother-in-law, and I inexplicably didn't feel the least bit bad about it.

"That was the most fun I've had in a while," Julie said after a long quiet spell.

"I have to admit that I enjoyed it more than I would have imagined."

"Your boys are lucky they get to play with such a gorgeous pussy as that." Her voice was thick with an undisguised longing. "They're lucky they've both had a chance to taste it."

I peeked through half open lids to see Julie still focused on my pussy, slowly massaging her own sex. I found myself opening my legs once again to give her a better view.

"I feel pretty lucky myself," I said languidly, feeling limp and relaxed.

"Kim, I want to taste you," Julie said straight out.

She caught me off guard, but I felt a thrill go through me at the prospect of it. "But... I'm not a lesbian."

Julie smiled. "Letting a woman lick your pussy doesn't make you a lesbian, trust me."

My heart was suddenly thumping in my chest. I wanted it, but I didn't want to admit it. She moved toward me, and I stayed still - not encouraging her, but not resisting either.

"Just closer your eyes," she said, "and imagine it's Nick or Timmy down here."

A feathery kiss touched my leg just above the knee and my eyes closed. Her kisses quickly moved up my inner thigh until I could feel her breath on my pussy. She used her fingers to part my outer lips, then ran her tongue from the bottom of my hole to the tip of my clit.

My back arched and we both let out a moan of sublime fulfillment. My mother-in-law had just licked my cunt. The very thought of it was almost as arousing as the sensation. This was something I had never imagined, and had never wanted, but now that it was happening I didn't want it to stop.

She went to work, using her lips and tongue all over my pussy. These weren't the tentative fumbblings of a first-timer, my mother-in-law was obviously well-practiced at eating pussy. I looked down and saw her head between my thighs, but it still didn't seem like it could be real. It was about then that she began lapping my clit while she slid two fingers inside me. It only took her a moment to find my g-spot and I was propelled to another plane of pleasure. In the building haze I realized that her oral technique was very similar to my husband's - which made sense since he learned by sucking his mother's pussy. Julie had taught him well, but the fact was that she was better at it than her son.

I reached down and put my hands on her head. Being able to touch her while she expertly drove me toward orgasm made me feel connected to her even more. Looking just beyond I could see her bare ass rising and falling rhythmically. Further beyond was the lake. A small boat had drifted into view about a hundred yards off. Two men were fishing from it. It was unlikely they could see us, but I suddenly felt very exposed. Julie put more pressure on just the right area inside my vagina and suddenly I found myself hoping they could see us. I wanted them to witness me getting my

pussy sucked and fucked by another woman. I wanted their cocks to get hard and for them to jack off tonight to the memory of it.

My hips moved in tandem with the motions of Julie's tongue. The sounds she was making told me she was enjoying this almost as much as me.

"Oh yeah, lick it," I said. "Lick my cunt, lick my horny fucking cunt."

This spurred her to increase her efforts and within seconds I was cumming on my mother-in-law's face. She sucked my clit right up to the point where she knew I wouldn't be able to take any more, but continued to massage my inner pussy until she had gotten everything out of me that I had. The spots of blue sky I could see through the trees spun with dazzling playfulness. As I floated without a care, my legs spread wide there on the forest floor, Julie kissed and caressed my sensitive pussy lovingly. There were few ideal moments in life, and this was definitely one of them.

"That was amazing," I said once I'd gathered enough energy to speak.

"I'm glad to hear it." She gave me one more kiss on my clit and stood, pulling her pants up. "I'm sure you'll return the favor one day, but for now we better get back before they send out a search party."

I brushed the leaves off my butt and managed to put myself back together despite my sex-muddled brain. We walked back to the picnic area and I found myself resisting the impulse to grab Julie's ass or slip my hand up under her shirt and feel her tits. She probably would have let me, but I kept telling myself I wasn't like "that." But I'd just permitted another woman to give me oral pleasure, so technically I was. If my new predilection for incest wasn't confusing enough, now I had deal with this new flood of homosexual urges.

When we got back I grabbed a beer and drank it quickly. I figured everyone would assume I was giddy from the alcohol rather than being high on orgasms. Julie, meanwhile, went straight over to her husband. She gave him a hug and a kiss while he held his fishing rod in one hand and her in the other. I noticed they kissed several times, which I thought was nice to see for a couple their age, then I realized where her mouth had been only minutes before.

My cheeks burned and I opened another beer. My heart thumped knowing that she was probably telling him what we had just done, and he was tasting my pussy on her lips. Instead of being properly mortified by this I was instead excited by it. I wondered if his cock was getting hard hearing about how his wife had sucked his daughter-in-law's cunt to orgasm in the woods.

Nick ambushed me from behind with a surprise hug.

"Hey, Mom!" His strong arms squeezed me tight. "You look super sexy today."

I almost choked on my beer. I looked to see that his father was far enough away that he wouldn't have been able to hear.

"Stop talking like that, you're going to get me in trouble."

"Come go swimming with me," he insisted, stuffing his mouth with potato chips.

"I didn't bring a suit."

"We can skinny dip!"

"Tempting, but no."

"Damn, that would be hot." He leered at me for a few moments, clearly undressing me with his eyes.

"You better get in the water quick," I suggested, "before everyone notices your boner."

With a grin he pulled off his t-shirt and ran down and jumped in the water just before Evan arrived and sat down next to me.

“What a perfect day,” he sighed and stole my beer.

“Absolutely perfect,” I agreed and leaned against him.

The rest of the day was fairly normal. I noticed my father-in-law eyeing me knowingly a few times. I don’t recall him ever making a suggestive comment or even approaching the topic of sex in conversation, but he didn’t seem shy about being caught looking at me the way he was. On the ride home I kept noticing my mother-in-law’s lips as she talked. There was nothing particularly special about them, except the fact that they had been all over my pussy. When I realized that was true of most of the people in the car I felt like a complete nympho-slut. The tingling in my nipples, however, distracted me from worrying about it too much.

Before they left, Julie insisted that we all come to visit them at their place the next weekend. Don was prepared to beg off, probably thinking I wouldn’t want to deal with his parents two weekends in a row, but I cheerfully accepted the invitation. I could tell Julie had something very inappropriate in mind, and I was dying to find out what it was.

I woke up the next morning feeling like I was ready to take on the world. I got the boys off to school, got a load of laundry going (including Nick’s pile of DNA-infused towels), ran some errands, and even baked a pan of brownies all before noon. The only downside of my morning was that I was maddeningly horny the entire time.

I’d had more sex in the past week than I’d had in at least the three months prior, and yet I still wanted more. I made a mental note to look up sex addiction on the internet one of these days. I didn’t want to do it while I was alone because I knew I’d be too tempted to look at porn instead, and I wanted to try to exercise some semblance of self-control. I was dying to hump Timmy’s fuck-pillow, or diddle myself while sniffing Nick’s cum rags, but I kept myself busy with chores. I knew that if I couldn’t maintain some discipline that my life would quickly come crashing down around my ears. And that wouldn’t be fun for any of us.

I picked Nick up early from school and took him to his doctor’s appointment for a physical. This actually helped put me in a more stable state of mind. Even something so simple was enough put me into mother mode, distancing me from sexual partner mode. For a brief time I was able to think of myself as something other than a depraved pervert. This lasted until the drive home.

“The doctor said everything is good,” I told him.

“Cool,” he answered automatically, then smiled. “He wanted to know if I was sexually active yet.”

“What did you tell him?”

“I asked if getting hummers from your mother counted as being sexually active.”

My heart skipped a beat. “What!”

He couldn’t keep a straight face, and broke out laughing. “Ha! You should see the look on your face.”

“That’s not funny!” I was so relieved that it was a joke that I couldn’t help laughing at myself for reacting like that. “You keep that up and there won’t be any more blowjobs for you until you get to college.”

“I told the doctor I wasn’t having sex yet, but I was pretty sure I would be soon.” He wagged his eyebrows at me.

"Don't count on it, Romeo." I knew he was only being silly, but it didn't stop me from getting wet over his flirty manner. "Things have gone farther than I intended, and I was thinking we should consider dialing it back a bit."

"I vote for dialing it up."

"This isn't a democracy, mister. The original idea was that I wanted you to feel comfortable about your body and your sexual feelings, and to do that I told you it would be okay if you wanted to masturbate while I was around. It wasn't supposed to end up being like this."

He was quiet for a while. Too quiet.

I looked over and saw that he had his dick out.

"Put that thing away!"

"You just said the whole idea was for me to jerk off in front of you." He began jacking himself with exaggerated playfulness.

"Not in the car!" I reached over and pulled his hand away from his erection, and gave his cock a quick slap.

"Ooo! Do that again!"

"I'm not screwing around! Put your penis back in your pants right this minute, young man." We pulled up to a stop light and I was forced to cover his hard-on with my hand so the people next to us wouldn't see what was going on.

"Should I turn my head and cough?"

"Don't try to get cute with me." I looked around, afraid a neighbor or a cop would be nearby. The light turned green and I got moving quickly.

By the time we got clear of traffic I realized that I was no longer covering his dick, but instead had it gripped in my hand. Damn, it felt nice to be able to hold my boy's cock like that. I tried to let go, but I couldn't. I gave him a few strokes. Neither of us said anything as we made our way home. All I wanted to do was pull over and suck him off right there on the side of the road. And I had been doing so well behaving myself all day!

I drove with one hand and played with my son's cock with the other until we got to our neighborhood.

"Alright, you got what you wanted, now put it away until we get in the house."

He took this as a promise of more to come, and did as I asked. We passed Michelle pushing her son along the sidewalk in a stroller. She waved when she saw us. If she had seen me molesting Nick's cock in the car word would have been all over the neighborhood within the hour.

Once we were in the house Nick grabbed the huge bulge in his pants.

"Mom, you got me totally horny. We have to do something."

"Settle down, stud." I gave him a quick kiss on the lips. "Go downstairs and get ready. I'm going to freshen up and I'll be there in a minute to take care of that for you."

His smile lit up his face and he hurried down to his room. I went up to my bedroom and got undressed. We had over two hours before Timmy got home from school, so we could take our time today. I poked around in my special drawer and picked out what I wanted. I also decided to bring my vibrating dildo along with me, and headed down to Nick's bedroom.

I opened the door and found him in bed naked with a pronounced boner. He carefully set his laptop aside on his nightstand, sat up and stared as I posed in the doorway. I had on red high heels, white thigh-high stockings held up by a lacey white garter belt. My dark pussy hair was clearly

visible through the sheer panties I had on. Up top I was wearing a little white half bra that lifted my tits and left my nipples exposed. It was the first time my son had ever seen his mother decked out in sexy lingerie, and judging by his wide eyes and open mouth he liked what he was seeing.

I turned and let him have a peek at the outfit from the back, wiggling my rear end invitingly as I did. I loved the look on his face. It felt good to be desired with such raw lust. Even though I still had a good sex life with my husband, after so many years of marriage there were almost no opportunities for me to get this kind of reaction from him. I know that I'm not some young, hot bikini model, but seeing my son ravishing me with his eyes made me feel like I was. He probably would be just as excited about any mostly naked lady in his bedroom, but in this case it was me he was salivating over.

"You like?" I asked shamelessly.

"Mom, you are the most fuckable thing I've ever seen!"

"Now, now, let's not get carried away, boner boy. We're just playing around here, okay? Remember, nothing serious, just a little naughty fun."

He nodded, licking his lips and looking me over for the tenth time. "I think I'm going to cum just looking at you."

"Go ahead, I want to see you jerk off to me." It was somewhat pathetic, a middle-aged woman feeding her own ego, but I couldn't resist. "Masturbate for Mommy."

Nick grabbed his cock and went to it. I continued to pose for him provocatively. Hands on my hips, tits thrust forward; sideways with a shy smile; leaning forward mouth open; bent over with my ass towards him. I would have felt foolish putting on such a display in front of my husband, but it was invigorating to be able to do it in front of my horny son.

"I'm gonna cum, Mom!"

"Already? But I haven't even shown off my pussy yet." I squatted down and pulled my flimsy panties up hard in the front so the fabric jammed up in my ass crack and deep into pussy slit. My shaved outer labia bulged to either side and Nick's cock began squirting. Three thin ropes of semen jetted through the air toward me and fell onto the carpet between us. I was sad it was going to waste like that, but I enjoyed seeing him ejaculate so powerfully over me.

"There's my boy," I giggled as he shuddered and shook. "Now don't move, I have something else I want to show you."

Nick sat there with a bemused smile on his face and his messy cock in his hand as I dashed out and grabbed my dildo I'd left on the shelf outside his room.

"Say hello to Mr. Pinkie," I joked as I made my way to his bed.

"You got a sex toy?"

"Oh, me and Mr. Pinkie go back a long way." I winked and climbed onto his bed. "I thought you might like to see what Mommy does when she's feeling extra horny." I licked the pointy tip of the rubber shaft. "I don't want to traumatize you though," I rubbed it around one of my nipples, "so if you don't want to watch your mother fuck herself with a big dildo, I won't force you to."

"Are you kidding, I'd love to see that!" he insisted strenuously.

"First, let me clean off that messy dick of yours. Come put your cock in Mommy's mouth."

He came right over, kneeling on the bed next to me, and offered me his cum spattered cock. I licked it, then opened up and took him in. It tasted so good. The feeling of his soft head on my tongue was better than anything. It probably sounds strange, but it still seemed like an undeserved

privilege to be able to be able to suck my boy's cock.

I twisted the cap at the bottom of the long, pink dildo and it buzzed to life. Like one of Pavlov's dogs, as soon as I heard that sound my pussy began drooling in anticipation.

With a slow, steady hand I moved the vibrating toy down my body to my crotch. I opened my legs and passed the dildo over my waiting vulva. I could see Nick watching and holding his breath. I remembered, even though I had been alone, how embarrassed I was the first time I used the naughty device on myself. Now there I was about to use it in front of my son while suckling his penis.

I pulled my panties down, with some difficulty, then ran the vibrator up and down my slit. Once it was well lubricated with my natural juices, I aimed the bullet end toward my opening and pushed it into my hole. I moan at the feel of that first stretch and gradually inserted the buzzing phallus inside me. Each tiny bump gave me a thrill as it penetrated me further and further.

"Whoa..." Nick breathed in rapt fascination. "You're really putting it all in there. I didn't think it could fit."

I loved how everything was new for him. Porn was one thing, but to experience the real sights, smells, and tastes of sex was another. And I was lucky enough to be the one to give that to him. I wanted to believe that this was better for him than some inexperienced little teenaged girl who hadn't figured out her own body yet, much less what to do with a cock when she got ahold of one. I may not have been as tight and perky as a girl his age, but I like to think that I more than make up for it in experience.

Drawing the dildo out of me, I let him see how wet it had gotten. It glistened in the light for a moment before I slid it back in as far as I could. I popped his dick out of my sucking mouth.

"You like that, honey?" I asked, knowing the answer.

"Fucking awesome, Mom. Is it okay if I get a closer look?"

He was so cute. "Of course, baby boy."

Nick quickly scooted down between my legs with his face as close as he could get it without risking being batted in the eye as I fucked myself. I pumped the toy in and out of my vagina, occasionally pulling it out and buzzing my clit for a few seconds before plunging it back into my hole. Nick's big goofy grin filled me with happiness.

I pinched my nipples and lost myself in the pleasure of masturbating for my son. My mind flashed to all the depraved things I'd done recently from letting little Timmy rub his cock against my ass, to being eaten out by my mother-in-law, to swallowing Nick's cum. It was a despicable collection of perverted acts that I never imagined I would even consider, much less actually perform. And yet I had, and I loved every one of them.

"Mommy's cumming!" I cried out. "Oh, my pussy! Fuck, yes!" I had a good long cum and then relaxed. I turned off the vibrator and let it fall from my hand. There was nothing like that foggy, floaty feeling after an orgasm.

I felt Nick fiddling around down between my legs. I remained still and let him have his fun. His fingers traced the contours of my womanly folds. His tongue explored my clit, my lips, and my well-worked hole. He wasn't trying to make me cum, he was just learning all the intricate ins and outs of a pussy. After fifteen minutes of probing and prodding, my son climbed up on top of me.

He kissed my cheek, then my lips. I kissed him back. His naked body was hot where my bare skin touched his. I kissed him again and gently pushed my tongue into his mouth. He was surprised

at first, but was soon enjoying the game along with me. I was very conscious of his stiff cock rubbing against my mound. With the smallest of motions he could be inside of me. It's what my animal desire wanted, but my motherly sensibilities reminded me that I couldn't let things ever go that far. I'm sure Nicked wanted it too, but I had to be the responsible one and do the thinking for both of us. Losing his virginity to his mother would be a mistake he would come to regret for the rest of his life. I didn't want that for him.

"The doctor gave me something," he said after we'd been making out for a while. He reached over and opened the drawer of his nightstand and took out a pair of condoms.

"Why'd he give you those?" I asked despite the answer being obvious.

"Because of when I told him I was thinking about having sex soon." He looked me in the eye, grinding his hard-on against me. "Can we try them out?"

"Oh... um, I don't think so, sweetie. That's a big step. I'm not sure you're ready yet."

He looked down between our bodies. I was suddenly struck by how foolish I must have sounded.

"Mom, I've wanted to fuck you from the minute you talked to me about my cum rags. I think I probably even wanted to fuck you before then, but I didn't want to admit it."

"Oh, my dear, sweet baby." I caressed his earnest face and wanted so badly to give in to him. "We shouldn't do that. We shouldn't be doing any of this. I've been a very bad mother to let it go as far as we have. But I can't help... I like making you feel good, and seeing you happy."

"You're so sexy, Mom, and I love you so much."

Even though Julie had told me she had done it with Evan, and he turned out fine, I couldn't completely shake the fear of actually doing it with Nick for real.

"I love you, too. But I don't want to confuse you about the way you should love your mother and the way you should love a girlfriend or a wife. I'm worried I might have already screwed you up when it comes to that. I wish we could make love together, but I think we probably shouldn't. You understand that it's not because I don't want to, but it's for your own good."

Nick looked serious for a moment, then smiled. He kissed the tip of my nose and got up so he was kneeling between my open legs. I felt ridiculous lying there with my tits out and my pussy exposed after making that little speech.

"Okay, but can you at least show me how these things work so I'll know what to do when I'm with a real girl?"

"That I can do." I was so relieved that he took my refusal in stride that I was more than happy to show my boy how to put on a condom.

I opened the package of the generic-brand lubricated rubber, showed him which end was up, placed it over the tip of his pulsing erection, and carefully rolled it down the length of his shaft. He laughed, remarking about how funny his dick looked sheathed in rubber. I had to laugh, too. I hadn't seen a cock with a condom on it since I was dating Evan.

"Thanks for the lesson, Mom." He leaned over and kissed me.

Nick moved his weight forward, pushing me down until I was once again on my back. He French kissed me and we were making out again. As lovely as all the kissing was, putting that condom on Nick had recharged my horny meter. I wanted to get my pussy licked and suck his cock again. That's when I noticed something different.

Nick wasn't rubbing his hard-on over my mound like before. I could feel it against the inside of my thigh. The way his hips were moving was like he was trying to...

"Nick, sweetie, no," I insisted gently. "I said we can't do this."

"I love you, Mom, and I know you want it as much as me."

He gave his hips a turn and I could feel the tip of his cock brushing against my pussy lips.

"Nick, don't," I said more firmly, my heart racing. "Stop."

"I want to fuck you, Mom," he breathed heavily into my ear. "I want to fuck your pussy so bad."

His cock poked at me down there, missing my wet hole by the merest margin.

"We can't, Nick," I pleaded. "Not like this. Please don't."

"You want it, Mom. I'm sorry, but you do."

I tried to turn myself away, but he forced his weight down over me, pressing me to the bed. I pushed at his shoulders, but he took hold of my wrists and pinned my arms to either side of my head. It was the first time I realized how strong he was. It was suddenly apparent that I was no match for him physically. All I had to rely on was my authority as his parent.

"Nick, I'm still your mother! I'm telling you right now to stop this. I'm saying no. Do you understand, Nick? No!"

His next blind jab found its target. The head of my son's cock pushed into my opening. As soon as he understood he'd achieved his goal, he thrust his hips forward and rammed the length of his hard penis into my pussy hole.

"No! No!" I screamed out and struggled. Then I heard myself yelling, "Yes!" It was the last thing I wanted to say, but my mind was no longer in control. "Yes, yes, yes!"

"I'm sorry, Mom," he muttered and thrust again.

"It's okay, baby. It's okay. I want it. I want your cock. I want you inside me."

"It's so good," Nick whimpered, with another thrust.

"Fuck me, sweetheart. Fuck Mommy's pussy."

I wrapped my legs around his waist. I would have hugged him to me, but he was still holding my wrists tight.

"I love you so much, Mom."

He pumped himself in and out of me. This was really happening. My boy was fucking me. I could feel his balls just touch against my ass with each forward lunge. His breathing became fast. His cock filled me, and I squeezed him as hard as I could with my inner muscles.

"Your cock feels so good in Mommy's pussy."

His motions became uncontrolled and I could tell he was getting close already.

"I'm really doing it." His face was buried in the pillow next to my head. "I'm fucking you, Mom. I'm fucking your pussy. Holy shit, for real."

"Yes, Nick." I kissed his ear. "You're fucking me. You're fucking me so good. Don't stop!"

It was like a dream. Something that never should happen was happening. The child that I had raised for sixteen years had his cock inside me. The little boy that I fed, and bathed, and rocked to sleep was fucking me. This was the worst, most dreadful act a mother could perform with her son. And yet everything about it felt right. How could anyone understand? My whole life the very hint of any kind of incest was met with disgust and condemnation. It was a sin, an abomination, a violation of nature. But how could something so loving and intimate be so wrong? I never felt closer to Nick. Now that it was happening, I realized that I never wanted anything as much as this. All the guilt and denial became nothing more than wisps of foolish fancy. This was what mattered. This was real. My son between my legs, pushing himself deep into my most intimate places, his

body heaving against mine, my baby joined once again with me in a way that I hadn't known since the moment they cut the cord. He was back inside of me, inside his mother, completing a circle that completed the two of us.

"I'm cumming," he said. His voice was straining in a way that I wondered if he was on the verge of crying. "I'm cumming, Mom."

"Me, too. Don't stop. Don't stop fucking Mommy."

He pounded into me harder. His arms straightened, lifting his upper body. A rush of cool air flowed across my bare tits. Nick was biting his lower lip, struggling to hold back, but losing the fight.

"I want you to cum, Nick. Fuck my cunt and cum. Fuck me!"

"I am. I'm fucking you, Mom. I'm fucking you! Cum with me! Cuuuummmm!"

Nick was going wild on top of me. I did everything I could to match his spastic, unpredictable thrusts. Just as he grunted with climactic release, I started to cum too. Our bodies and orgasms were in perfect harmony as we peaked together. I had done it - I had given my son his first fuck. And it was glorious.

His humping motion waned and became a slow gyration. His cock stirred around inside my soaking wet pussy. He rested his weight onto me, pressing his sweaty skin against mine. I could feel his heart beating fast against my breast. There was no sound except for the two of us sucking air for a time.

"My baby's not a virgin anymore," I whispered and nibbled his earlobe.

"That was the best thing I've ever done in my life," he chuckled.

"The good news is that it gets better."

"Impossible." Nick let go of my wrists and propped himself up, looking me in the eyes. "I'll never forget this, Mom. Thanks."

He said it with such heartfelt sincerity that my heart seemed to swell. "Stop it, you're going to make me cry." I squeezed his cheeks, giving him fish lips. "Now comes the tricky part. Getting the condom off without any toxic spills."

Nick was reluctant to pull out of me, but eventually he did. I had him lie on his back while I peeled the rubber off of his slightly softened erection. What a mess. The smell of his fresh seed, mixed with the scent of latex, lubricant, and pussy juice was a strange but enticing combination. I dropped the used condom on the floor and began sucking his cock clean. I couldn't seem to get enough of him. I'd never craved cum like this before, but since I started fooling around with Nick I'd become a hopeless addict.

"And that completes our sex ed lesson for today." I gave his ball sack a quick lick and sat up.

"Aw, Mom," he whined. "Not yet. Can't we do it again? We've still got an hour before Timmy gets home from school."

"I don't know..."

"Please! You look so hot in those stockings, and with those shoes you're like a mega porn star. I'm still super horny."

"Well, I suppose one more quick one wouldn't hurt." I swear his cock got fully hard again in an instant. Just one more benefit of having a young lover to play with.

He reached for his one remaining condom.

"Actually, why don't you save that one for another time?" I unhooked my half-a-bra and let

my tits assume their natural poise, then I stretched out and spread my legs once more. "I think we should practice the pull-out technique. You might not always have a rubber handy, so you need to develop enough self-control to pull you cock out before you cum and end up a daddy."

"You want me to fuck you with nothing on?"

"Unless you don't want to..."

He was on top of me in a flash. I reached down and grasped his bouncing hard-on, guiding him back into my ready hole. With a single jab he was once again back inside.

"Ohh, snap. Now I know what you meant about it getting better, Mom."

"Feels different, doesn't it?" I clenched my pussy and squeezed his dick. "Start slow this time. No need to rush. Take your time and pay attention to every sensation."

Nick pulled most of the way out, then eased himself back in to the hilt.

"That's it, sweetheart. Let your cock slide in and out of Mommy's pussy nice and slow. When you feel like you're getting close, I want you to pull out and cum in my mouth. Understand?"

He nodded.

"It's not going to be as easy as it sounds." I pushed my hips up against him in time with his controlled strokes. "You're going to want to cum in my pussy, but you have to make yourself pull out and shoot your load down my throat."

"I will."

Nick dipped his face down to mine and kissed me. He might have just been trying to get me to shut up, but as soon as I felt his lips on mine I didn't care. His tongue sought out mine, and his cock filled me up again and again. This time he wasn't just fucking me - we were making love. I could feel him testing different approaches, shifting his body to find new angles. He pressed up high with short thrusts, then he came in low and turned his hips with each gentle penetration. I let him experiment, letting out a soft moan whenever he stumbled on a style that felt particularly good. The truth was that he didn't have to work very hard to please me - I was so turned on that no matter what he did I was sure to cum.

"Is this okay?" he asked at one point. His cock was pushed into me as far as it would go and he was only moving with tiny circular pushes, causing the tip of his dick to just brush to deepest part of my insides as well as putting pressure against my clit.

"It's wonderful, Nick," I told him truthfully. "Are you sure you haven't done this before?"

He took the compliment with a modest laugh and went back to finding more ways to move inside me. He kissed my neck and sent tingling shivers all through me. I wanted that feeling to go on and on. I hugged my boy and melted into the moment with him.

After several minutes he suddenly tensed up and stopped.

"Wait, don't move," he said in a choked voice. "I don't want to cum yet."

I did as he asked and remained stock still until the crisis passed. He began again slowly.

"You don't need to hold back," I assured him. "It's not like this is the only time you'll ever get to do this."

"Oh. Because I wasn't sure...if this was a one-time thing...or if you might not want to do it again...with me."

"Honey," I grabbed his butt cheeks and pulled him into me, "you can have Mommy's pussy whenever you want it. We can't let your brother or father know about it, of course, but you can fuck me as much and as often as you want. Don't hold back."

Nick took me at my word and was soon pumping away between my legs. In a matter of seconds I could sense another orgasm approaching. Everything else in the world faded away, and the only thing I was aware of was the feeling of my son's cock against the inner walls of my cunt. I let out a series of staccato moans each time he rammed himself home. And just like that I was cumming again. My body writhed under him, and the moment seemed to stretch beyond the normal limits of time.

Before I was completely done, Nick whipped his dick out of me, climbed up over me and shoved his slick cock toward my face. My brain was still adrift somewhere in la-la land, but my instincts prompted me to open my mouth. Just as the head of his cock passed my lips he began spurting. The thick, warm fluid hit the back of my throat and I began sucking him. I let him fill up my mouth, and when he had spilled his last measure of semen, that's when I swallowed. The gooey mass slid down my throat, leaving a heavy coating that I would savor for a while yet.

"Holy shit, Mom, that was too fucking awesome." He flopped over onto the bed next to me like a ragdoll - a ragdoll with a big, beautiful cock.

"You won't get an argument from me." I fanned myself with my hand. "That was some seriously good fucking."

"Better than Dad?"

"Ho, I'm not going there. Let's just say it's different with you than it is with your father."

"It feels so good. You guys must do it, like, every night."

"Not since we were first married," I laughed. "You'll find that life sometimes gets in the way and you forget the things that really matter."

"Are you and Dad going to fuck tonight?"

"I don't know, maybe. Why do you ask?"

He shrugged, and I didn't think he was going to answer. "I guess it's just hot thinking about you fucking both of us in the same day."

"Now that you mention it, I suppose it is... in a twisted way."

"This whole thing is pretty twisted, when you think about it."

I turned and snuggled against his naked body. "I don't want you to feel bad about what we're doing. If you have any doubts I want you to tell me. The last thing I want is to mess up your head with all of this sex stuff."

"No, I didn't mean it like that at all. I meant twisted in a good way."

I lifted my head and gave him a dubious look.

"You know what I mean, Mom," he tried to explain. "It's something I never thought could ever happen. How many guys are even lucky enough to have a sexy mom much less get to see her naked? Who would even guess that you and me were fucking? I even thought about some of my friends doing things like jerking off with their moms and it was too weird to picture, but here we are..."

"Yup," I agreed as I cupped his soft balls in my hand, "here we are."

While I played with his balls he reached over and toyed with one of my nipples. I was so relaxed and comfortable that I was about to fall asleep next to him. Just before I nodded off, Nick's voice roused me.

"One more time?"

The boy was insatiable. I moved my hand up and found his shaft was once again stiff.

"I guess we can't let this go to waste," I said and got on top of him. "But this time I'm going to fuck you."

I lowered myself down onto his naked cock and it slid into me so easily that you'd think we were custom made for each other. I rode my son and was cumming again minutes later. This time it was one of those slow-rolling, deep-down orgasms that you can feel from your guts right through to your spine. I then got my feet under me so I was squatting on his prick and bounced up and down the length of him until he grabbed my hips and lifted me off moments before he squirted a small load up onto my ass.

One more time turned into two more times after he rolled me over onto my back and jammed his cock back into my pussy. This time it took much longer, but he banged away relentlessly giving me two more mini-orgasms. When he finally got there himself he pulled out and shot one small, single spurt of clear fluid onto my belly. I'd apparently fucked the boy dry.

"Timmy's going to be home in ten minutes," I pointed out after we had a brief time to recover. "Let's get cleaned up and presentable." I forced myself off the bed and collected my discarded lingerie.

Nick rolled over in protest. I spanked his bare ass and scolded him to put some clothes on knowing he wouldn't and headed upstairs. As I went I could feel the jizz drying on various parts of my body. As I stood under the hot spray of the shower I wondered if my pussy would be sore the next day. It had been a while since I'd had that much sex all in one session. I was actually kind of hoping I would be. Once I was clean, dried, and dressed I almost felt like a normal suburban mother again.

That feeling lasted until I opened my bedroom door and found Timmy standing there wearing nothing but a pair of my panties, sporting a big smile and a little hard-on. A mother's work is never done. . .

CHAPTER 7

The Recording

I GOT HOME LATE from doing errands and was surprised at how upset I was about it. I wanted to get home before Timmy got out of school so I could fuck Nick while we had the house to ourselves. I'd been fantasizing about it all day. The memory of that first moment when my son slid his cock into my pussy was more arousing to me than anything I ever did sexually. It seemed impossible that it had really happened, and I couldn't wait to do it with him again.

The trick was that I wasn't ready for Timmy to know I was fucking his big brother, and I was afraid that Nick might be bothered if he knew that I was playing around with his little brother. What I was doing with each of them was special in its own way, and I didn't want there to be hurt feelings or some perverse kind of sibling rivalry to spoil things for all of us. Meanwhile, I was increasingly frustrated that I wouldn't be able to use my son's cock to relieve the sexual tension that had been building up in me throughout the day.

I went upstairs to change. For the third time that day my panties were soaked through and I needed a fresh pair. I dropped my pants, and slipped off my moist undies. The strong scent of my excitement became immediately apparent. I took a deep breath and tried to understand why Timmy enjoyed my smell as much as he did. I ran my fingers through my small tangle of pubic hair, thinking back on yesterday afternoon.

The image filled my mind of Timmy standing outside my bedroom door wearing nothing but a pair of my used panties. His little hard-on was peeking up out of the waistband and he looked so cute. I had just finished fucking his brother downstairs, but the sight of my baby boy all eager for me got me horny again in a matter of seconds. I gave him a tight hug and pulled him into my bedroom. He pressed his cheek against my breast. His hands massaged my ass. He rubbed his hardness against my leg. I loved being able to make my boy feel good in this new, socially forbidden way. I reached down between us and toyed with his cock and balls through the dainty panties he had on.

"Mom," he began after a few minutes of hugging and touching, "can I rub my dick between your tits?"

I loved how forward he could be at his age. "I don't see why not," I said and pulled off my shirt. "Would you mind taking my bra off for me?" I held my hair up and turned so he could get at the clasp.

Timmy ran his hands up my back to the strap, then unhooked me with little difficulty. I let him take the bra off of me himself. He sniffed it, probably more out of habit than anything, and tossed

it aside.

"Do you want me on my knees," I asked, "or on my back?"

"Laying down."

I went and lay down on my bed, and he immediately climbed up onto me, straddling my midsection. He put his hands on my breasts and squeezed them. I basked in the sheer pleasure he took from something as simple as touching a woman's chest. It reminded me of the fumbling schoolboys who felt me up when I was a teenager, only this time I was able to enjoy it instead of being scared out of my mind.

After playing with my boobs for a while, he pulled the waistband of the panties he was wearing down and hooked the elastic underneath his ball sack. His scrotum was tight and wrinkled. So adorable. Timmy shuffled up my body. His fierce boner pulsed with little jumps, moving in time with his heartbeat. He leaned down onto me, lining his dick up along the center of my chest.

My breasts almost filled a B-cup - nothing to brag about, but pretty good for an Asian chick. I had just enough to manage a respectable tit job. I pushed them together and my soft flesh engulfed my son's prick from either side. He let out a shuddering moan upon seeing this. It was obvious one of his fondest fantasies was in the process of coming true.

"How does that feel?" I asked.

"Awesome plus one."

I wasn't sure exactly what that was, but I knew it was good. Timmy began moving his hips. His hard penis slowly went up and down within the tight valley between my tits. I wondered if I should grab some lotion or oil, but something about the friction of his dry skin against mine felt better in its own way. I relaxed, held my modest breasts firmly around my boy's cock, and reveled in the simple moment of shared pleasure.

"Mom..." he breathed in a whispering moan. "Your tits...are so...fucking amazing..."

I looked down and watched the engorged head of his cock emerge from the crease between my boobs, then disappear, only to pop up again a second later. His little slit glistened wetly, but I noticed that he didn't produce anywhere near the same amount of pre-cum as his brother did. It was funny how similar they could be, and yet how unique.

Timmy leaned down more, and his belly brushed against the tips of my nipples as he humped my tits. Damn, that felt good. I imagined how incredible it would be if Nick were down between my legs at that moment eating my pussy. I was dying to touch myself down there, but I couldn't. The mounting desire was driving me wild.

"That's it," I said, "fuck mommy's titties. Mmm...I like that."

I honestly did. There was something about Timmy rubbing his young cock against my naked body that gave me a strangely maternal feeling inside. It makes no logical sense, but it created a connection between us like nothing else I'd ever known. He rocked back and forth on top of me, his achingly hard rod of developing manhood grinding against me. It was like we were both indulging our shameful secrets with each other, and yet there was no risk of being judged. I loved my son; he loved his mom; and we were now suddenly free to use each other to make ourselves feel good. There's undoubtedly a lot more psychological and emotional stuff underlying it all, but all that mattered to me was how happy it made me to be able to give my boy the gift of my body in any way he wanted it.

"Here it comes..." he warned, his jaw clenched. "Here it comes...oh yeah, yeah, yeah...right

here... aahhhh!"

I felt the warmth of his ejaculation high up on my chest. He continued thrusting and his creamy mess became smeared between my pressed tits. His thin, naked body wiggled as he milked every bit of sensation out of his spasming prick.

"Holy crap, that was nice."

I let my boobs go, allowing them to resume their natural position. I stroked his heaving chest, running a fingertip around his hardened, dime-sized nipples. Once he regained his senses, he smiled down at me, gave me a kiss on the end of my nose.

"Thanks, Mom. Oh, I, um, told Greg that I would go over and play Halo."

"Well then, I guess you'd better get going." I gave him a friendly slap on the butt.

He hopped off of me and headed back to his room as happy as could be. Before his cute, panty-clad butt was even out the door I already had one hand down the front of my pants. As I frantically ravaged myself, I dabbed a finger of my other hand into the dribbles of fresh cum that were trickling up toward my throat. I licked those traces of boy-juice from my fingers and went back for more.

Timmy had left my bedroom door half open. It was so liberating to be able to lie on my bed and masturbate without caring if anyone in the house walked by and caught me. I sucked more sperm and semen from my fingers. I could still feel the impression of Timmy's cock between my tits. I rubbed my cunt harder, lifting my butt up off the bed.

"I love my baby's cum," I blurted out. "I love eating my baby boy's cum... nnnnnnggg!"

The sudden release of my orgasm forced my legs together, and pulled my body into a tight curl. I heard myself laughing. It was more physical joy than one person deserved.

This memory of yesterday was only making my present situation more desperate. I stood there in my bedroom, holding my damp panties and rubbing my heated twat. It wanted to cum, but I wanted it to be with one of my boys. I wanted to cum with Nick's cock inside me. But how to fuck Nick while Timmy was in the house? Maybe if I gave him a fresh pair of mommy-soaked panties that would keep him occupied.

I went to his room and tapped on his door. "Timmy?"

There was no answer. I opened the door and peeked in. He wasn't there. I checked the bathroom. Not there either. He wasn't downstairs. I called his name again, but no answer. I checked out the window and didn't see him in the back yard. I figured that he must have been at a friend's house. Maybe I had time to get in a quickie!

I grabbed a pair of yoga pants and hurried downstairs wearing just my yellow button-up blouse, naked from the waist down. I double-checked along the way and didn't find Timmy anywhere. Butterflies fluttered around in my tummy as I headed down the basement stairs. I almost couldn't remember the last time I wanted to fuck so badly.

I went straight into Nick's room and my heart practically stopped.

Nick was sitting on his bed with his laptop on his lap, and Timmy was sitting next to him. They were as shocked to see me as I was to see them. Nick's eyes went straight to my crotch, and out of reflex I covered myself with the yoga pants I was holding.

My shock was multiplied when I saw that they were both holding their cocks in their hands. They had their pants unzipped and apparently they were both in the middle of jerking off.

Nick blushed.

Timmy smiled. "Hey, Mom!"

"What are you two doing in here?" I asked, as if it wasn't obvious.

"Nick taught me a new way to whack off," Timmy reported proudly and gave his dick a few yanks to demonstrate. Only then did it occur to me that I'd only ever seen him masturbate by rubbing himself against something. I never considered that it was the only way he knew to do it. Maybe I wasn't as good a teacher as I had thought.

"But... why... how...?"

"I walked into the laundry room," Nick offered hesitantly, "and found this little pervert sniffing your underwear and rubbing them on his dick."

"You're the pervert for watching me do it," Timmy rebutted.

"I told him to quit being a creep, and he said you knew about it and didn't care."

"Then Nick told me that you and him were doing stuff," Timmy added, "and I told him about the things you and me were doing, and..."

Nick nudged him and Timmy's explanation trailed off. He smiled and gave his dick a few nervous pulls. My head was spinning. What did all this mean?

"So then you two just decided to jerk off together," I said trying to wrap my mind around this.

"Sure," Timmy said. "Why not?"

"What're you two looking at on the computer?" I asked, not knowing what else to say at that point.

"Nothing," Nick mumbled with a guilty shrug. "Just some regular porn stuff."

"Oh." I began wondering if I should just back away and leave them alone to finish whatever they were doing in private.

"Asian MILF porn," Timmy laughed and his brother jabbed him in the ribs.

There was something going on that Nick didn't want me know about. I walked toward the bed.

"Show me what you two are looking at," I said firmly.

Timmy giggled, and Nick looked embarrassed. He turned the computer around so I could see.

It was some kind of low-quality, amateur video of a couple having sex. The angle was bad, and you couldn't see much except that there were two naked bodies moving against each other. I tried to figure out what they found so great about this video that they would get them excited that they'd be willing to beat off in front of each other. I didn't know what to make of it.

Then I heard the woman say, "You like fucking Mommy's pussy, don't you?"

It was the same thing I had said to Nick while we were doing it the day before. And the voice sounded almost like mine. That's when I noticed the bed sheets and headboard looked familiar.

The video was of me and Nick!

I remembered him setting his laptop on his nightstand. I never suspected it was recording everything. The devious little devil.

I looked at Nick, too flabbergasted to know what to say. I was somewhat embarrassed, and more than somewhat upset, yet I was nonetheless oddly flattered.

"Timmy didn't believe me when I told him we did it, so..." He at least had the good sense to look remorseful, despite not having sense enough to realize that it wasn't the fact that he was showing our "sex tape" to his little brother that was distressing me in the first place.

I realized my mouth was hanging open and made an effort to compose myself. My jumble of thoughts and emotions wouldn't settle down long enough for me to put anything in order. We all heard my panting moans begin climbing the scale toward orgasm.

“Oh, God, pause it, or stop it, or at least mute it!” I begged.

Nick hit something and the video froze. I could make out one of my nipples on the screen amidst the swaths of naked flesh. I had the twisted urge to see it from the beginning, but not in front of the boys. How the hell was I going to handle this?

“C’mon, Mom,” Timmy chirped happily, “join in!”

“What? No,” I responded without thinking.

Timmy only laughed at my pointlessly indignant response. “You’re the one who came down here with no pants on...”

I had completely forgotten that I was standing there with my bare ass flapping in the breeze, as it were. They both had the flies of their pants open with their mismatched hard-ons poking out. My secret was out. They each knew what I was doing with the other, and it appeared that they were fine with it. More than fine, actually, if they had no qualms about jacking off together about it. As it turned out, their encounter in the laundry room seemed to have solved a lot of the problems that had been stressing me out. There was no need to worry about hiding anything.

The boys smiled at the same time. It took me a moment to realize it was because I was smiling myself. I began unbuttoning my shirt.

“Oh, what the heck. Let’s get naked and watch some porn.”

“Woo hoo!” Timmy hooted and began stripping out of his clothes.

Nick hesitated for a moment, then pulled off his shirt and pants. I climbed onto the bed and squeezed in between the two of them. We were all sitting with our backs up against the headboard. There was barely enough room on the tiny twin bed to fit the three of us. Nick set his laptop on his bare thighs and was about to click ‘play.’

“No, not this,” I quickly interrupted. “Let’s watch something else.”

Nick opened a new browser window and went to a porn site. I felt a hand on my breast and looked down to see Timmy was groping me. I reached over and gave his narrow erection a fondle. The sound of sex brought my attention back to the laptop screen.

There was a slender Asian woman with huge, fake tits. She looked like she was probably Japanese. She was kneeling, and standing on either side of her were two naked men. She held one cock while she sucked the other.

“Interesting choice,” I said, giving Nick a playful pinch. “I wouldn’t have guessed you were into threesomes.”

Nick just blushed and shrugged. I tried not to think about how strange it was to be watching a porno movie with my sons, and moved my hand down and wedged it in between my legs.

“I don’t know about you guys, but this is making me horny.” I dug my finger into my slit and began playing with my stiff clit.

“Me, too.” Timmy grabbed his dick and stroked it. His motions were awkward as he put his newfound technique into practice.

Nick joined in and started working his hard-on up and down in his fist. It was like nothing I’d ever experienced before, and I was loving it.

“I’ve never had sex with two guys at the same time before,” I confessed.

“Me neither,” Timmy quipped, getting a nervous laugh out of his brother and me.

We all played with ourselves and watched the woman take both cocks in her mouth at the same time. Nick squirmed a little next to me.

"Is that something you think you'd like to do one day?" I asked him. "A threesome?"

"I don't know. Maybe, I guess." More squirming followed.

"You wouldn't mind there being another naked cock around while you were having sex?"

Nick and Timmy exchanged a look.

"He's mostly gay already anyway," Timmy teased.

"At least I'm not the one running around wearing Mom's panties," Nick shot back.

"All right, boys, play nice now." Hearing their brotherly bickering while I sat naked between them fingering myself got me turned on in strange ways I couldn't have expected.

What a sight the three of us must have made, all sitting in a row diddling ourselves merrily to online porn. I could feel the tension building. Each of us anticipating what might happen next. Each wondering who might make the next move. The woman in the video went down on her hands and knees. One of the studs got behind her, while she continued to blow the other.

"I really shouldn't be doing this with you guys," I said just to provoke a reaction.

"You definitely should," Timmy quickly countered me.

"Boys your age shouldn't be watching x-rated porn. I'm a bad mother for letting you see such filth."

"You and Dad probably watch porn all the time," Nick argued. It felt weird hearing him mention their father while we were misbehaving the way we were. What would Evan do if he walked in on us?

"Not all the time," I replied.

The screen was suddenly filled with a huge cock ramming into a huge pussy. The woman's asshole was on full display.

"Oh, yeah." Timmy began jerking noticeably faster.

"You like that?" I asked and nudged him with my elbow.

"Mmm hmm. That's what I want to do to you, Mom."

"I don't think so."

"Why not? You did it with Nick."

"Maybe when you're sixteen." I couldn't help messing with him.

"Besides," Nick jumped in, "your dick is too small to even do anything."

"Hey!" I scolded Nick and gave him a smack on his thigh. "Your brother's cock is just perfect. Yours was probably about that size when you were his age." I reached over and Timmy let me take his hard-on in my hand. "He's still growing, and I wouldn't be surprised if he ends up being bigger than you."

I stroked Timmy's cock and saw a jealous look in Nick's eyes.

"I was only kidding, sheesh," Nick said in a sulky tone.

And I thought dealing with them one at a time was a challenge. The two of them together was going to be an ego minefield.

"I know." I gave him a smooch on the cheek. "I just don't want anyone to get upset and ruin the fun. I noticed a small bubble of pre-cum appear at the tip of Nick's cock. "Now, there's something I was always curious about," I said nodding toward the action on the small video screen. "What would it feel like to have both my nipples sucked at the same time while I masturbate? Any volunteers?"

"Me!" they both yelled out at the same time.

Within seconds both of my handsome boys were suckling at the tips of my tits. I went from horny to deliriously aroused in less than a second.

“Holy shit, that’s better than I could have imagined,” I babbled and sunk back onto the pillow propped up behind me.

Nick and Timmy were practically cheek to cheek as they each sucked and licked one of my nips. They had totally different techniques and rhythms, which resulted in a curious mix of sensations. I spread my legs, putting one over Nick and the other over Timmy. Nick broke away just long enough to put his laptop on the floor next to the bed, then he was quickly back on my right boob. I was almost disappointed that there wouldn’t be a video of this.

I inserted two fingers into my wet hole and pushed them in until the palm of my hand pressed against my straining clit. I moved my hand in a rapid rotation, and tried to focus on the mind-blowing feeling of having two mouths at work on my tits at the same time. Timmy used his free hand to squeeze the tit that he was sucking on, while Nick used the hand that wasn’t on his cock to rub high up on my thigh. I had never seriously contemplated being part of a threesome before, but as the possibilities became apparent to me I was more than ready to venture into this new sexual landscape.

“Oh, God, Mommy’s going to cum,” I warned them. I didn’t want to cum yet, but I was too far along to stop. They both began sucking more intensely, and my hand moved faster. I was on the verge of hyperventilating when the first flash of my orgasm rushed through me. I heard myself making a noise somewhere between a scream and a moan, then the second flash hit, and a third. I didn’t think my body could take much more. My muscles convulsed, and the sensitivity of my nipples increased and increased until it was off the scale.

“Ohgod! Ohgod! Ohgod!” I had to pull my hand away from my pussy. It felt so good it was beginning to hurt. I went limp and the boys mercifully stopped suckling. I saw them exchange wolfish looks. Their smirks giving away the pride they felt from what they’d accomplished as a team.

“What now?” Timmy wanted to know.

“Give me a second...” I pleaded. I offered him my fingers, and he was happily distracted with sucking my pussy juices from them.

Nick kissed all around my chest as I caught my breath. Timmy was rubbing his dick against my hip; Nick was slowly stroking his.

“Who wants to get their cock sucked?” I asked.

“Me!” was once again the simultaneous response.

“Last one in is a rotten egg,” I said and opened my mouth wide.

It was all frenzied knees and elbows for a few seconds, then Nick shoved his cock into my mouth. Timmy was a split second too slow. I gave Nick a few sucks, then turned and gave Timmy a few.

“Do you guys want to take turns? Or go at the same time?”

They looked at each other, neither willing to speak up first. I licked the tip of Nick’s dick while I waited, then sampled Timmy’s with my tongue.

“I don’t know,” Nick shrugged.

“Whatever,” Timmy shrugged back.

I knew they wanted what they saw in the porno we were just watching, but neither of them wanted to be the first to admit it. I had to take things into my own hands.

I gripped both their cock and pulled them toward my mouth at the same time. Neither resisted. I licked and sucked the swollen heads in turn, then took them both into my mouth together. I could feel Nick's thickness rubbing against his younger brother's thinner prick. It was a strange feeling, and I didn't know what to do at first, but I don't think it mattered.

After sucking and tonguing them simultaneously, I backed off, sucking one while jerking the other, then switched off. They weren't saying anything, but they were definitely enjoying themselves. I spent a little time on their balls, going from one to the other and back again. I could definitely get used to having more than one cock to play with.

I sucked both their shafts into my mouth once again. Their cocks were pressed tightly together, and yet nobody was calling anyone gay. I would have never suspected that my boys would ever jerk off in front of one another, much less share a double blowjob. I couldn't help but wonder just how far their brotherly openness might go. Attitudes about sexuality were certainly different from when I was their age, so who knew what they might be willing to do. Of course, given the perverse example I was setting for them, anything was possible.

Timmy's body suddenly stiffened. With a regretful grunt he lost it and spewed several squirts of cum against the back of my throat. Nick acted like he was going to pull out, but I held him where he was. I had to imagine he could feel his brother's cock flexing against his own as he ejaculated. That was so sexy to me. Once I had swallowed down his load, I pulled free.

"Mmm, I liked that," I said to Timmy and licked my lips. "Now how about sucking my pussy for me while I finish off your brother?"

"Sure, Mom." Timmy got down between my legs and went straight at it.

Nick and I watched him bury his face in my crotch. I couldn't be sure what he was thinking as he stared at his little brother eating his mother's cunt, but I got that tingly sensation all over my body from the very idea that we were both witnessing such an intimate and illicit sex act together. I kissed the end of his cock and sucked it back into my mouth. I bobbed my head, taking him as deep as I could manage. Doing it from below was hurting my neck, but I didn't care. I wanted as much of him as I could get. If that meant I had to choke myself and deal with some stiff neck muscles for a few days, so be it.

Timmy's aggressive oral exertions were making it difficult to focus on the blowjob I was trying to deliver. Dealing with getting and giving pleasure from and to multiple partners was going to take some getting used to. And that was one challenge I didn't mind tackling head on!

"There you go, baby, suck Mommy's clit!" I took a deep breath and swallowed Nick's cock as soon as I finished spurring Timmy on. I could still taste cum, but I wanted more. I sucked Nick faster, reaching up and playing with his balls as I did.

I was riding on the edge of that tipping point into another orgasm, but I wasn't able to devote enough attention to myself to bring it all the way there. I hovered in that sublime twilight between anticipation and frustration. I wanted to cum, but I wanted to do it with a mouthful of warm, gooey semen.

Nick's hand grabbed one of my tits. I arched my back and moaned without taking his cock out from between my lips. I could tell he was getting close. He put a hand on top of my head. He wasn't applying any pressure, but instead just feeling the cadence of our oral lovemaking.

"Are you going to cum for Mommy?"

"Yes."

“You want to cum in Mommy’s mouth?”

“Oh, fuck, yes.”

“You want to see Mommy swallow your big load of cum?”

“Yeeeeesssss!”

I jerked him as rapidly as I could in front of my face and could see the head of his cock swell a second before thick globs of semen pulsed up from my son’s fertile balls and erupted into my open mouth. He strained, and groaned, and more of that luscious fluid spilled over the back of my tongue. I forced my throat closed, making every effort not to swallow any yet. It was almost impossible to concentrate with Timmy suckling away at my clit.

Nick sank back on his haunches. I opened my mouth, letting him see the slurry of pearly white spunk on my tongue. I toyed with it for a few seconds, then swallowed it bit by bit in a series of small gulps. The look on his face was priceless. I opened up wide, showing him that all those nasty little sperms of his were now safely in his mother’s belly.

“Suck my tits again, sweetie” I begged, unable to draw it out any longer.

Nick didn’t hesitate to fulfill my wish. He sucked one of my nipples, then quickly shifted to the other, going back and forth every couple of seconds. It was exactly what the moment called for. I reached down and pulled Timmy’s head tighter against my pussy.

“Oh, baby, you eat Mommy’s cunt so good. Suck me! Suck my cunt! Suck Mommy’s nasty fucking cuuuuunt!”

Sensory overload is too much of an understatement to describe what I experienced. The flavor of both of my boys’ cum in my mouth, my nipples getting a rapid-fire sucking, and a young, eager tongue on my pussy was nothing more than a riot of sensation beyond anything I ever could have imagined. I swear there was a moment where I thought my orgasm would just keep going without end. Finally, it came to a crashing conclusion and I involuntarily let out a victory whoop, like some sort of wild barbarian woman.

“Oh, sweet fuck that felt good,” I gasped at I struggled to catch my breath. Even though I was spent, neither Nick nor Timmy wanted to give up their mouth play.

Nick flicked his tongue over my taut nipples, gently kissing, testing, learning. Timmy wiggled his nose along the well-lubricated creases of my slit. I did nothing but lie there and let them explore and experiment with my body. I was their plaything. It felt counter-intuitively satisfying to exist as nothing more than a sexual object in those intensely intimate moments. I was reduced to little more than a pair of pliable breasts and a freely accessible pussy. I wasn’t a woman, or a mother, or a wife - I was just tits and cunt. And that was all I wanted to be right then.

But, wouldn’t you know it, that’s when the damn doorbell rang.

For a second I wanted to believe my ears were playing tricks on me, but the boys stopped everything they were doing.

“Someone’s at the door,” one of them said.

The bell rang again. Whoever it was wasn’t going away. I groaned and rolled off the bed. I threw on my shirt and yoga pants and hurried upstairs, hoping it was nothing more than a UPS package that I had to sign for. Just my luck, it was Deirdre from down the street with her daughter delivering the Girl Scout cookies I had ordered last month and forgotten about. Why did they have to show up today? Well, I thought, at least they didn’t come ten minutes earlier - who knows what they might have heard!

Of course, Deirdre wasn't one to just drop off the cookies and go. No, she had to chat, catch me up on all the neighborhood gossip that I didn't care about. While I was trying to think of a good excuse to get rid of her, she managed to infiltrate the foyer and before I knew it I was doing the polite thing and offering her a cup of tea, which she obnoxiously accepted.

As I hustled around the kitchen I noticed Trish, her 10-year-old daughter, looking at me strangely. Was I imagining things or was she checking out my butt? With a pang of dread I wondered if my pussy juices were soaking through my thin yoga pants. I didn't have any panties on underneath. I didn't dare look, but was Trish noticing a wet spot? I quickly sat down at the kitchen table and crossed my legs.

Deirdre droned on, but I didn't hear a word she said. My mind was entirely consumed with the fact that my naked sons were just below us in the basement, and thoughts of what they might be up to without me. This was contrasted with the dire fear of the consequences of the neighborhood gossip discovering something as socially unsavory as consensual incest was going on in my house.

It was a good forty-five minutes before she finally ran out of wind and headed off to afflict her next victim. By then it was too close to Evan getting home from work to get back into it with the boys. They both came upstairs, hastily dressed, to see what was what.

"Sorry, guys," I said. "Your Dad will be home soon, so no more hanky-panky for today."

They took the news in stride, apparently expecting as much. Each of them came and gave me a hug and a kiss on the lips, then went outside to shoot some hoops. It was nice to see them playing together without me having to guilt them into it. Apparently sharing sex with mom was bringing them closer together in more ways than one. I couldn't help but worry that there might be rivalries between them at some point, but for now I was happy that they were bonding in this new, albeit unconventional, way.

Dinner that night was fun, but nerve racking. The boys were giddy and almost hyper after our afternoon sex orgy. I knew why they were all wound up and was afraid that Evan would know something strange was going on. I reminded myself a dozen times that I was just being paranoid, and forced myself to relax and enjoy the fun. Later that night, after Nick and Timmy had gone off to their rooms for the night, I tried to get up the guts to tell Evan about what was going on between me and the boys.

I was hoping that since he had been physically involved with his own mother that he would be understanding, but I couldn't get over the natural instinct that he should be angry with me for molesting our sons and basically cheating on him with my own boys. After three or four abortive attempts to bring it up and make a full confession I realized I wasn't going to find the right moment that night and would definitely tell Evan everything the next day. We climbed into bed, he gave me a goodnight kiss, patted my butt affectionately, and dozed off.

I tried not to think about the things I had done with Nick and Timmy in the basement that afternoon. I knew it would only get me all worked up again and make it impossible for me to fall asleep. The image popped into my head of the two of them sitting side-by-side with their penises poking out of their pants. They looked so cute like that. They looked even cuter after they both got naked. I couldn't resist being endlessly fascinated by the sight of their perpetually hard cocks.

My mind wandered back to thoughts of what they could have been up to while I was chatting with Deirdre. Did they go back to watching the "sex tape" and jerking off together? Did they talk about what they'd done with me and compare notes? Did they take things farther? I pictured Nick

talking Timmy into sucking his dick. “Just for a second,” he would say. Timmy would be curious, but resist. “Suck mine first,” he would insist. “Do it to me, then I’ll do you,” Nick would offer. Nick would hold his cock steady while Timmy reluctantly lowered his mouth closer. He would take just the head of his brother’s penis into his mouth and give it a couple hurried sucks before withdrawing quickly. “There, now your turn.” Nick would feel cheated, but would hold up his end of the bargain. He’d take his younger brother’s dick between his lips, probably pushing halfway down the length of his shaft. He’d give it a few experimental sucks. It would feel strange and foreign to him, but he’d find that he liked it more than he was ready to admit.

My hand was between my legs and I was writhing with arousal. Wow, how did I let myself go there? I knew my boys weren’t gay, and I’d never been the least bit excited by the idea of man-on-man sex, but the thought of Nick and Timmy experimenting with each other had me turned on like crazy. I was far sicker than I allowed myself to suspect. I seemed to be getting more depraved by the day. But, damn, it would be sexy to see the boys suck each other off.

I had to stop. I couldn’t let myself imagine such things. I tucked my hand under my pillow and forced my mind away from the filthy fantasy. I tossed and turned for a long while, wrestling to control my improper thoughts, and finally drifted off into a fitful sleep.

At some point during the night I awoke. That sense that someone else was in the room was there again. I listened, but didn’t hear anything. I was about to fall away again when there was a soft noise. It could have been my imagination, but it sounded like a breath. I continued listening and thought I could make out a faint, repetitive shuffling sound. The kind of sound a boy slowly rubbing his cock in the dark might make. I was almost certain that one of the boys was in my bedroom jerking off. Most likely it would be Timmy, but I wouldn’t be surprised if it was Nick. The twinge in my pussy warned me that I was once again getting aroused.

I considered joining my mystery intruder and masturbating myself, but then decided to go one better. I pulled the covers back, reached into my husband’s pajama bottoms, pulled out his limp cock, and began sucking. I couldn’t hear any sounds coming from the shadows, but I was sure whoever was lurking in my bedroom was still there. Evan was halfway hard before he finally woke up.

“Wha-” he murmured.

“Shhh. . .”

I slid down my own pajamas as I sucked him to full attention. Once he was completely erect I climbed on top and took his cock inside me. It slipped in easily, and he let out a sleepy moan when I’d taken him as far as I could. I leaned down, finding his lips in the dark, and kissed him. I made sure it was a noisy kiss so that anyone else in the room would know exactly what was going on. Mom and Dad were about to fuck.

Evan’s hands blindly gripped my ass cheeks. There’s something about the feeling of a pair of strong hands on my body that makes me melt every time. He squeezed my ass and moved his hips in synch with mine. I dangled my tits down over his face. His stubbled whiskers scratched against my soft nipples. That little hint of pain sent a chill down my spine. Evan sucked me as I continued to ride him.

I wanted to turn on a light and let my voyeur get a good look at his father’s cock moving in and out of my pussy. There was a tiny bit of light filtering in around the window shade, but it was hardly enough to make out the barest hint of what was going on in my bed. I compensated by

letting out a soft moan to show how much Mommy was enjoying getting fucked.

It was getting more difficult to hold onto a train of thought as I worked my way toward orgasm. Was there any limit to how many times a day I could cum? I hoped not. Once again images of the boys' cocks came into my head. Masturbating while they both sucked my nipples. Timmy licking my pussy. The taste of Nick's sperm on my tongue. My fantasy of them swapping blowjobs. Someone standing in the dark jerking off to the sounds of our lovemaking. Evan's hands on my ass pushing me down on his stiff cock. My tits swaying loosely as I fuck and fuck and fuck!

It started with a scintillating tickle at the base of my spine, then spread through my center. Every muscle in my pussy flexed and tightened around my husband's shaft, and that delicious feeling suffused my whole body, emanating outward from deep inside my convulsing cunt. No, I could never have enough of those in one day. Evan couldn't hold back any more. As soon as he felt me cumming he let himself go and began shooting his load into me. I loved how his body tensed up under me and he strained to get as deep into me as he could with each pulse of release.

I let myself relax and lay on top of his warm body for several minutes. I listened for sounds of our spy, but between my thumping heartbeat and Evan's heavy breathing I couldn't make out anything. Evan was asleep within seconds after me rolling off of him. My pussy was still twitching. I didn't know if I was alone or not, but I wasn't done getting off. I spread my legs and began to massage my pussy. I plunged my fingers in deep, coating them with a combination of pussy juice and Evan's spunk. I tasted the pungent mix of our sex and went back for more. I began masturbating fiercely, not caring how much I was rocking the bed or how much noise I was making. I fantasized about one of the boys eating me out right then. Sucking my clit and slurping up the remnants of their father's cum as it oozed out of my freshly fucked cunt hole. Oh, God, what a disgusting thought. What a wonderfully disgustingly erotic thought. I never would have even conceived of such a depraved thing a couple weeks ago, and now I was making myself cum over the most vile sex acts I could imagine. But as I pounded my pussy as fast as I could it was no time to analyze my degradation. With several barking grunts I thrashed my way through another pair of orgasms, one immediately on top of the other. Shit, that was good.

I didn't know if my watcher had snuck out by that point or not, and I was too dazed to care. I fell asleep without covering up, naked with my legs splayed open. I dreamed about being fingered and fondled by a faceless figure in the dark, and woke up in the morning feeling refreshed and in love with life. I may have been in the processes of becoming a twisted sexual pervert of despicable proportions, but it certainly seemed to suit me quite well.

Despite my sense of oneness with the world, I decided that I had to talk to Evan about what was going on before I let anything else happen. I reconsidered this decision several times throughout the day - I kept thinking about how good it would be to spend the afternoon playing with my boys - but I knew our family could be ruined if I kept sneaking around behind my husband's back and fucking our kids without him knowing about it.

I struggled to act like my normal self that day, several times resisting the urge to masturbate to memories and fantasies about sex with Nick and Timmy. I distracted myself with errands, and I made sure that I was out of the house when the boys were due home from school. I went to the gym, did a circuit on the weight machines and joined in on an aerobics class. As much as I tried to avoid it, all I could think about was sex. Everything seemed to be turning me on. The guy with the shoulders doing bench presses, the girl with the ass on the stair-stepper, even the odd assortment of

smells in the ladies locker room. I had to sit on my hands in the steam room to keep from diddling myself.

Maybe it was only in my head, but the sexual tension around the dinner table that night was thick. Even innocent comments from the boys seemed to mean something more. “Mom, is there any more juice?” All the sex was surely warping my brain. “Do you want a breast or a thigh?” I worried that I might not be able to go back to being normal, but I also worried that I might. “Mom’s pie is my favorite!” God help me.

After dinner I called Evan up to our bedroom and told him we needed to talk. He usually took this as a sign of bad news coming, but he didn’t seem concerned. Evan sat on the edge of our bed and waited for me to gather the courage to speak as I paced in front of him trying to pick out the best words for what I had to say.

“I have to tell you about something I’ve been doing,” I started. I could hear the nervous waver in my own voice and tried to calm down. There was a distinct possibility that I was about to ruin my marriage.

“Uh oh,” Evan uttered, trying to lighten the mood, “this sounds interesting.”

I wrung my hands and almost chickened out.

“It has to do with me and the boys...”

“Okay,” Evan waited patiently for me to continue.

“I guess it all started when I had a talk with Nick one day about... you know, the kind of things teenaged boys do...”

“Wow, I don’t think I’ve see you blush like this in years,” Evan chuckled. “What the heck are you talking about, honey?”

“I’m sorry. This isn’t easy for me to say.” I took a deep breath and went on. “I had a talk with him about masturbation. He was using my good towels to clean up after himself and so I got him a set just for that to use instead.”

Evan was smiling and shaking his head. “Oh, Nick must have loved that. His mother delivering up a supply of brand new cum rags. And somehow he managed not to die of embarrassment?”

“He was embarrassed, but we discussed the matter like adults,” I said, trying to keep the conversation serious. Evan always had a way of making light of almost any topic. “I told him that masturbation is normal and not something to be ashamed of, and that he didn’t need to try to hide what he was doing from me.”

“And...?”

“And, well, some things happened after that.” I could see that Evan was thinking this was all fun and games, but I was afraid it could turn ugly at any moment. I tried to ignore the knot in my stomach and go on with my confession. “The things that happened weren’t quite so... normal.”

“What kind of things?”

“Sex things.” There. I’d said it. My inner fears were no longer contained; they were out in the open and capable of anything. “I... I sort of encouraged Nick to do it to himself while I was there.”

“Wait,” Evan sat up straight, his eyes wide. “Let me get this straight. You made our son jerk off for you while you watched?”

“I didn’t make him,” I insisted defensively. “I wanted him to feel comfortable about himself and sex and, well, you know how boys his age are curious...”

“Almost as curious as women your age,” he chided.

"Alright, yes, I admit I was interested to see how he was...developing."

"In other words, you wanted to know how big your boy's cock had gotten."

My cheeks burned, and I knew they were bright red. I didn't like hearing him saying it that way, but I couldn't deny the truth of it. I was so stressed about it all that I couldn't tell if he was being snide about it or if he was only teasing me.

"Maybe," I admitted, "but I never forced him."

Evan took a moment, looking at me with an appraising eye. "There's more though, isn't there?"

"Yes. But I'm worried you're going to be angry with me."

"There's only one way to find out for sure."

I swallowed nervously and decided to get it over with.

"After I saw Nick masturbate, I got caught up in the excitement and...whatnot. And, well, I basically let him see me do it to myself as well."

"Seriously? You actually masturbated yourself in front of our son?"

"It wasn't like I had planned it, exactly, but it sort of happened spur of the moment...more or less."

"Did he see you finish?"

I still couldn't tell if he was angry and too shocked to show it, or if he was purposely trying to torment me. I felt ridiculous hearing myself admitting the things I had done out loud, but at the same time it was a thrill that Evan was finding out about what a kinky slut his wife truly was.

"Uh, yes...a few times."

"Holy sheep shit," he exclaimed. "You are the last person I would have guessed would do something like this." He rubbed his chin and looked at me as if seeing me for the first time. "I mean, I knew something has been going on lately, but I had no idea you'd gone that far."

"What do you mean you knew?"

Evan smirked. "C'mon, give me a little credit. I may be dumb, but I'm not stupid. I could see how you were acting different, and the way Nick has been looking at you lately. I wasn't one hundred percent sure about him, but I knew for certain something was going on with you and Timmy."

"What makes you say that?" For some reason I was feeling panic. Was I so obvious? Who else might have noticed that I was acting strange?

Evan leaned over, reached under my pillow and pulled out the pair of Timmy's soiled underwear that I had hidden there and forgotten about. Damn, I was bad at this keeping secrets thing!

"I guess you can say I became suspicious when I started finding our son's cum-covered underpants tucked under his mother's pillow. I'm no Sherlock Holmes, but even I can connect those dots."

The good news was that not only wasn't he yelling at me about any of this yet, but I noticed when he leaned over that he had a full-blown hard-on in his pants. He couldn't be too upset if this was getting him turned on.

"I was getting to that. After things started happening with Nick, I discovered that Timmy was using my panties to pleasure himself. I guess one thing kind of lead to another, and we ended up masturbating together as well."

"Is that as far as it's gone?"

"Not exactly." My palms were sweaty, and my mouth was dry. "Is your dick hard from hearing about all of this?"

He looked down at his crotch. "It appears so."

"Take it out and I'll tell you the rest."

Evan shook his head and smiled. He was still unsure, but I think he was enjoying the new me. Once he fished his stiff cock out of his pants, he leaned back and waited for me to go on.

"I've also given them oral sex," I told him while staring at his erection.

"You sucked their cocks?" He nodded thoughtfully. "How did that work out for you?"

My heart pounded knowing I was going to tell the truth and not hold anything back.

"I loved it. Especially when they came in my mouth. I've never tasted anything that made me feel so horny."

"You've tasted mine," he said and took hold of his hard-on for emphasis.

"Yes, but it's different somehow with the boys..."

"Because of how wrong it is for a mother to swallow her own sons' spunk?"

"Maybe." I could tell Evan was very aroused by what I was telling him, and yet I was still feeling that panicky mix of emotions.

"But I'm getting the feeling that there's still more..."

"Um, yes," I cleared my throat, "I sort of let each of them perform oral sex on me."

"Holy crap, you really pulled out all the stops." He gave his cock a few contemplative strokes. "So, both of our sons have licked your pussy. Do they have any idea what lucky bastards they are?"

"I think that they do." I undid my pants, wiggled them down to my ankles, and stepped out of them. "They're not as good at it as their father yet, but they seemed to enjoy it." I took off my shirt so that I was in just my bra and panties.

"You are a very bad mommy."

I knelt down in front of my husband, looking up at him as innocently as I could manage.

"Are you mad at me?"

"A little," he said and touched the tip of his cock to my lips. "You should have told me when you first started having these kinds of feelings about them."

I kissed the soft head of his dick. "I was too embarrassed and ashamed to admit I was becoming sexually attracted to my own sons."

"But not too ashamed to actually act on that attraction." He caressed my cheek with his penis and a shiver ran down my back.

"I guess not. I didn't think you'd understand. I expected that you'd be disgusted with me for even having those kinds of thoughts. But then I..." I stopped talking, not wanting to say too much. I kissed my way down the length of Evan's hard shaft hoping to distract him.

"But then you talked with my mother."

I nuzzled his musky pubic hair, breathing in his maleness. I nodded to confirm his supposition.

"And what did she tell you?"

I sucked one of his balls into my mouth and then released it before answering. "She told me that she did the same sorts of things with you." I feathered a few gentle kisses across his hairy scrotum. "Is what she told me about you and her true?"

He stroked my hair. I began lightly licking his balls while waiting for him to answer.

"Yes. We did all those things together, and more." He unbuttoned his shirt. "So, you see, I would have understood."

"Why didn't you ever tell me about you and your mother?"

He smiled. "I thought you'd be horrified by anything remotely related to incest."

"I suppose I would have been. But now..." I took his cock into my mouth and sucked him.

"But now it doesn't seem like such an aberration. Now you understand how a mother can find her son to be sexually appealing. And how all boys secretly desire their own mother."

"I do." I unhooked my bra and shrugged out of it. I rubbed my naked tits on my husband's spit-slicked cock. "And I don't want to stop. I want to keep going with both of them, but I won't if you don't want me to. I should have told you before it ever got this far, but I'll stop if you say to."

"But you don't want to stop. And I'm sure the boys don't want to either. So even if I didn't find the idea of my wife giving up her pussy to her sons incredibly sexy, it would be very selfish of me to tell you to quit now, wouldn't it?"

I nodded devotedly and tongued that special spot just beneath his swollen glans.

"So, it's okay with you if I masturbate with the boys?"

"Yes."

"And you won't mind if I suck their cocks, or let them eat my pussy?"

"I won't mind."

I crawled up his body. "What would you say if I told you I want to fuck your boys?"

"I'm assuming you already did."

Straddling his hips, I pressed my crotch against his hardness. "Would you think I was a filthy slut if I said that I had?"

"You would be the filthiest slut."

"Your son Nick..." I whispered in Evan's ear, "had his big... beautiful... young... cock inside my pussy yesterday for the first time."

"Oh, fuck," he growled, grabbing me around the waist and pushing his cock forcefully against my panty-covered twat. "Oh, fuck!" His body convulsed and I realized he was cumming. Apparently just the mere mention of me fucking our son was enough to spontaneously bring him off. I'd never known my husband to cum with almost no physical stimulation like that. I'd never been so turned on by him before in all our years of marriage.

I reached down, pulled my panties to the side and plunged myself down on his cummy cock, letting it fill my sopping hole.

"Just like this," I said quietly. "Nick's cock was inside me... right where you are now." I slid myself up and down his shaft. "Your son fucked his mother. Your wife fucked your son."

He pushed himself up into me. "Where?"

"Down in his room... on his bed." I noticed that Evan's cock hadn't lost any of its stiffness like it normally does nowadays after he cums. "I laid back, spread my legs and your boy shoved his cock right in his mommy's cunt."

Evan could barely form his words. "Did he make you cum?"

"Fuck, yeah." I was riding my husband's dick, but I was thinking about doing it with Nick. "He made me cum so hard... all over his cock." That familiar feeling was building up inside me again. "My son made me cum," I babbled breathlessly. "I fucked my son's cock and he made my pussy cum... so... fucking... good!"

Evan strained and began unloading his balls inside of me. Seconds later I was cumming along with him as I slammed myself up and down on his thrusting erection.

"Your son's cock made me cum so damn fucking good," I whimpered as the shimmering ripples of my orgasm receded in expanding rings of fading bliss. "So fucking good. . ."

We lay together on the edge of the bed for a long while without saying anything. As the passion of the moment ebbed away, I wondered if Evan would feel differently once he was thinking clearly. I squeezed his softening cock with my pussy and hoped for the best.

"After all these years," I finally said with a kiss on his lips, "sex with you is still as exciting as when we first met."

"Hmph, so is that why you've been prowling around the house seducing everyone with a dick?"

I gave him a punch on the arm that he laughed off. "You don't have to say it like that. I didn't seduce them, exactly, it just sort of happened."

"I'm sure it did."

"And," I went on, "it would be nice if it could keep happening."

"Are you officially asking my permission to continue fucking our boys?"

"I only fucked Nick, so far." I gave his nipple a playful nibble. "But, yes, I want to fuck Timmy, and I want to keep playing with both of them. . . if you say it's okay."

As he thought about it, I stayed quiet doing my best to keep his limp cock from sliding out of my pussy. I ran my fingers through his chest hair, and teased his nipples with my tongue.

"Like I said, this isn't something I ever imagined you'd be into, but I'd be a hypocrite if I told you that you shouldn't have done it." His hands roamed over my back and butt. "I remember how exciting it was when my mother and I first started fooling around. I learned a lot from her, but it was about more than sex. She really taught me a lot about how to be a man and how to treat a woman."

"She did a great job."

He pulled me up and kissed me. "I want the boys to be able to have with you what I had with my mom. As long as you understand there's more to it than just getting your rocks off. Look at it as. . . what are they calling them these days? Teachable moments?"

"There's a lot I can teach them." I flexed and Evan's cock popped out of me with a wet slurp. A stream of spent semen followed in a gooey flow. "Especially about getting our rocks off."

"You've become a hopeless nympho over this, haven't you?"

"I guess I'm learning a lot about myself, too. Things that used to scare me turn me on now like crazy. I've become a voyeur, and an exhibitionist, and a swinger, and a. . ."

"And? What else?"

"I was going to tell you another time, but I guess we should get it all out now." I climbed off of him, sprawled out on the bed, and began casually fiddling with my clit. Evan watched me with amused curiosity. He normally had to beg and bribe me into putting on such a display in front of him with the lights on. "And I guess you could say I've become a bit of a lesbian."

Evan's jaw dropped. Aside from never suspecting I would become sexually involved with my own sons, he would have never guessed I'd willingly cross that line.

"Your mother figured out what was going on with me and the boys, and while we were discussing it she somehow ended up with her face in my pussy."

"Yeah, that sort of thing seems to happen a lot with her." He tickled the insides of my thighs lightly as I played with myself. "So all those years of saying you'd never get freaky with another woman was an act?"

"No, I meant it. But she had me so horny that I wasn't thinking straight."

"You were thinking the opposite of straight, that's for sure," he laughed, giving me a pinch to drive home his lame joke. "Well? How was it?"

"I couldn't believe how much I liked it." I rubbed myself faster as I recalled lying in the woods with my mother-in-law lapping my pussy in the open air. "I mean, obviously getting your clitty licked by just about anyone would feel good, but I thought it would be too weird to enjoy if it was a woman doing it to me. But when your mom started sucking my cunt, it felt perfectly natural."

"And you want her to do it again?" Evan asked and moved between my legs.

"Yes. I want your mother to eat my pussy again."

He slipped the tip of his semi-hard cock into my hole while I continued to work my clit.

"Do you want to do it to her?"

"Yes," I admitted without hesitation. "Your mom's pussy looks so good...I want to taste it. I want to taste your mother's hot, wet pussy."

"I'd love to see that," he said, pushing his softness in and out of my opening.

I grabbed my tit, squeezing it hard, and worked my clit harder.

"I want you to watch me eating your mother's pussy like a horny slut."

"And what about the boys?"

"You want to watch me suck Timmy's cock?"

"Yes."

"You want to see Nick fuck me?"

"Yes."

"You want to see them shoot their cum all over my face?"

"Yes!"

"You want to watch your sons make me cuuummmmm!"

"Yes!"

I buffed my clit madly as my self-induced orgasm rocked my body. The rush of vital energy filled me up for an instant, then coalesced somewhere deep in my pussy. My thrashing gyrations and filthy exclamations were enough to also get Evan off yet again, despite only being half erect. He squirted the scarce remnants of sex fluid left in his balls onto my shivering twat and slumped back.

We had just enough strength remaining to crawl into each other's arms. We held on loosely, our limbs draped lifelessly upon one another, as we slowly recovered.

"So..." I ventured, "you're honestly not upset that I've been getting nasty with the boys?"

"Like I said, the only thing that bothers me is that you waited this long to finally talk to me about it." He kissed the part of my arm that was nearest his lips. "But I can't really blame you for not knowing how I'd take it. It's the same reason I never told you about the things I did with my mother and father."

I barely contained my reaction. I didn't want him to regret opening up by letting him know how shocked I was at that moment.

"Wait, did you say mother and father?"

"Yes, but don't let your perverted mind get ahead of you. A little while after Mom and I started doing things together, she lured my dad into the mix with us. But it was pretty much just like a normal threesome where the two guys only do stuff to the girl...mostly."

“Mostly?”

“Mostly. Sometimes when things are happening and the lights are out you just end up going with the flow.”

“Looks like I’ve still got some things to learn about ‘normal’ threesomes. Good thing I have an expert on hand to consult if I need to.” I worked my hand down between us and fondled his limp, sticky dick. “What kind of stuff did you do with your parents?”

“I don’t know. I guess it started with Mom inviting me to watch them doing it. Then, eventually, Mom talked me into letting Dad watch us do it.”

“Did your father jerk off while he watched you fuck your mom?”

“Yes.”

“Damn, that’s hot.” I couldn’t believe after everything we’d just done that I was beginning to feel horny all over again. Picturing my father-in-law masturbating was an intriguing new addition to my collection of indecent fantasies. “I would love to see you stroking your cock while one of the boys fucked me.”

“Or how about both of them?”

“Oh God, stop! Just thinking about it is going to make me cum again.”

“You say that like it’s a bad thing.”

“After the week I’ve had, I might be risking a serious repetitive orgasm injury.”

“And here I thought you hit your sexual peak in your thirties.”

“Me, too. I must be hitting my sexual freak now.”

Evan’s chuckle was more of a groan. “Better late than never.” He caressed my bare thigh and a warm sensation flickered across my skin. I remember feeling the same exact way when he touched me like that for the first time so many long years ago.

“But seriously,” I insisted, “are we talking about a fantasy, or do you really want to get in on the fun with the boys?”

He took his time before answering. “If you want to keep it between the three of you, I’m fine with that. I don’t want to horn in on your special thing. But if you want me to be a part of it, and if Nick and Timmy are into it, then yeah. I’d understand if you think me getting involved might put a damper on the excitement and you’d rather I stayed out of it, but I’d want you to at least tell me about everything that’s going on.”

“In very graphic detail?”

“Of course.”

“Wow, I never realized my husband was such a pervert.” I kissed him. “No wonder we get along so well.”

I thought over what he’d said. It had been exciting having such a scandalous secret. Hiding my illicit sexual activities with the boys from Evan had certainly added to the thrill. The fear of getting caught intensified the whole affair in a way that couldn’t be recaptured. But, the thought of being open about having sex with my sons added a different sort of thrill to the adventure. I loved what I had with just me and the boys, but I could imagine how it might be so much better with their father as part of it all.

“I’ll talk to them and see what they think.”

“Tomorrow?”

“Someone’s an eager beaver.” I tugged on his soft member lovingly. “Yes, I’ll do it tomorrow.”

And you're sure you won't be jealous if you walk into the kitchen and find me on my knees sucking Nick's cock?"

"As sure as I can be."

"And you won't get upset if Timmy climbs into our bed some night and wants to lick my pussy?"

"I'll cheer on the horny little son of a bitch."

"And you won't be disgusted with me if you get home from work and find me passed out on the sofa naked, covered all over with loads of fresh sperm?"

"As long as I get to add my own contribution, I don't see a problem." He tickled me between the legs, making me giggle and squirm. "Although, speaking of sperm, I'm thinking it would be a good idea for you to get back on the pill or something."

"Not ready to be a granddad?"

"Hmm, now that I think about it, you are sexy when you're pregnant." He patted my belly and tickled me again. It seemed I wasn't the only one feeling like a kid again.

"Okay, no more fooling around. I need to get to sleep. I have a long day of teachable moments ahead of me tomorrow and I need all the rest I can get."

We snuggled under the covers together, and I lapsed into a blissful slumber in a matter of moments.

By the time I woke up the next morning everyone was gone. It's amazing how deeply you can sleep when you have absolutely no guilt nagging at you. I was once again faced with getting through the day without giving in to the temptation to relieve the insistent desire in my pussy. As the morning passed it became more and more difficult to resist touching myself. I wanted to save up all that horny energy for the boys. I called my friend Celeste to see if she wanted to get together for lunch. At least that would get my mind off of sex for an hour or so.

The first thing I noticed when we sat down at the table was the low-cut top Celeste was wearing. I couldn't help stealing glances at her tanned, sun-freckled chest and cleavage every chance I got. As she complained about her job, and her husband, and her kids, all I could do was wonder what it would be like to see her face down between my legs. We'd been friends ever since Nick and her son Taylor started first grade together, and I'd never had anything close to a sexual thought about her during all that time. Of course I recognized that she had a pretty face and a good figure, but that's as far as it ever went.

If I made her cum with my mouth, would she moan or scream? Would she grab my hair and pull my face into her cunt, or just lie back and whimper softly while I licked her clitty? When I shoved two fingers into her sloppy, wet hole, would she beg for a third? How good would her soft tits feel pressed against mine? Yeah, so much for getting my mind off of sex.

I tried to refocus and get my thoughts out of the gutter. I chit-chatted about what was going on with me - struggling to come up with topics that didn't involve sexually molesting my sons. I felt this suicidal urge to come right out and confess everything to her. She'd probably never speak to me again, and I'd likely have the cops on my doorstep within the hour, but I kept fantasizing that she'd be into it and want to try it herself. The image of her coming by the house with her son Taylor and fucking him on our living room floor while Nick and I fucked on the carpet right next to them kept playing over and over in my head. It would be so freakin' hot to see this ultra-conservative soccer mom taking two huge loads from her son and mine all over her face. Just thinking about it had me on the edge of orgasm as I sat there in the restaurant sneaking peeks at my best friend's

tits.

By the time I got home I was a frazzled mess. My clit was so hard it almost hurt. I tried to watch TV, but couldn't sit still. There was an hour before Nick would be home, and it seemed time was standing still. I was at the front door when his bus arrived, but he wasn't on it. For a moment I felt like I'd been stood-up for the prom! I was being ridiculous, but I couldn't seem to help it. Forty minutes later I heard the back door bang shut and I rushed to the kitchen to find Timmy rooting around in the refrigerator.

"Where's your brother?"

"He texted and said he was staying after for some yearbook thing."

"Yearbook?"

He pulled out the carton of milk and jar of hot fudge. "Yeah, there's some weird red-headed chick he's hot for, and..." He paused and looked at me like he shouldn't have said that.

"Nick has a girl he likes?"

"No, not really," he quickly backpedalled. He grabbed a glass out of the cabinet. "I don't know, probably not." He was clearly flustered.

"It's okay if Nick likes a girl, Timmy. It's not like I'm going to be jealous or anything."

"Oh, well, I just thought...nevermind." He scooped a glob of hot fudge into the glass and filled the rest with milk. "Yeah, I guess he likes her then."

I had lied. I was jealous as hell. But I couldn't let either of them know. It was something I hadn't anticipated having to deal with. I obviously wanted them to get involved with girls their own age and have their little romances, but I couldn't help hating this slutty red-headed bitch I'd never even met.

Timmy attacked the hard blob of chocolate at the bottom of his glass with a spoon.

"You know we have chocolate milk mix in the cupboard, right?"

"This is better," he said as he struggled to make his concoction drinkable. "You okay, Mom?"

"Yes, why?"

He shrugged. "You look nervous or something."

"Or something." I wanted to jump on him right then and there, and rape him on the kitchen counter. "I was wondering about how you were feeling about what happened yesterday."

"Like what?" He tested a sip of his fudge-milk and went back to trying to mix it.

"Like, is there anything that you're uncomfortable about? I mean...as far as the things I'm doing with you and your brother go?"

"Are you kidding, Mom? It's the best thing that's ever happened in my life. And I'm pretty sure Nick thinks so too."

"I admit I was more than a little surprised to find you two masturbating together."

"Yeah," he laughed and took another slug of his muddy milk, "I guess we're kind of jerk off buddies now. I thought he was going to rag on me about the panty thing, but he ended up being pretty cool about it. And then when he showed me the video with you and him I had to rub one out over it, and I didn't care who was around."

"Seeing you two playing with your dicks like that really turned me on," I said stepping closer to him.

"I noticed."

"I've been thinking about you and your brother all day. My panties are soaked. If you don't believe me, you can check them for yourself."

Timmy grinned and put his glass aside. He stepped up to me, unbuttoned my jeans, and reached his hand down into my pants. His fingers probed the silky fabric of my panties, confirming how wet they were. He drew his hand out, closed his eyes, and sniffed his fingertips. His smile broadened.

"Nice..." he murmured.

"You like the way mommy smells down there, don't you?" I pushed my jeans down off my hips.

He nodded. I put my hands on his shoulders and coaxed him down onto his knees. I arched myself forward and pulled his head into my crotch, nestling his face into my moist panties.

"Can you smell how horny I am for you?" I got pleasant shivers all over hearing his muffled moan of assent. "I've been thinking about how good your mouth feels on my pussy."

He moved his head in small circles, grinding his nose deeper into my warm, womanly cleft. I wondered what Celeste would say if she saw me doing this. Would she be horrified that I was standing in my kitchen in the middle of the day pushing my youngest son's face against the dampened crotch of the panties I was wearing? Or would she be turned on by it so much that she'd begin frigging herself like crazy while she watched? I wish this didn't have to be such a secret, but that's part of what made it so exciting.

I knew I would be able to get off easily just by humping Timmy's face, but I wanted something more.

"Mommy really wants her pussy sucked," I told him pleadingly. "Will you do that for me? Will you lick my pussy and make me cum?"

Timmy smiled up at me. "Sure thing, Mom."

I boosted myself up on the counter of the center-island and leaned back. He looked a little surprised. I guess he didn't expect me to spread my legs for him right there in the kitchen. He moved in and went right to work, pulling the gusset of my panties aside and jamming his tongue straight into my hole.

"Oh, fuck, yes!" I cried out involuntarily. "Stick your tongue in me, baby!"

As he began licking and sucking me I dragged off my shirt and tugged my way out of my bra. This was what I'd been craving ever since I woke up that morning. I grabbed the back of his head and forced his face hard against my impassioned vulva.

"Eat me! Eat that fucking pussy, my sweet baby!"

He went at me more vigorously. His hands gripped my thighs. Fingers dug painfully into my soft flesh, but even that felt good. The edge of countertop cutting against my ass cheek felt good, the cold car keys pinned underneath my back felt good, the cramp in my hip from holding my leg in the air felt good. Every sensation somehow transformed itself into pleasure.

Timmy couldn't concentrate in any one area for very long. He'd poke his tongue into my opening, lick my lips, suckle my clit, kiss the crease of my inner thigh, then do it all again in reverse. If he had stuck with any one of those for more than ten seconds he would have made me cum, but every time he changed my orgasmic build-up downshifted and began to rev up all over again. I wanted to cum so badly, but I also wanted that feeling of almost being there to go on and on.

"Oh shit, you eat Mommy's pussy so good." I began to feel light-headed. It was the exact same feeling of euphoric disorientation I'd gotten from doing my deep-breathing exercises when I was in the delivery room giving birth to him. My baby was sucking the hole he came out of. "Don't stop!"

Taste it! Taste my cunt! Taste you mother's horny fucking cunt!"

The next time he got to my clit I grabbed his head and held him in place.

"Right there! Suck my clit! Suck it... make me cum... I want to cum on your face! All over my son's face. I'm going to cum on your face! I'm going to cum... I'm going to cum... suck me, suck me, suck me! Yes! Oooooooh, yes..."

All the pent up horniness that had been building over the course of the day burst free in a flood that deluged my mind and body with too many good feelings at once for me to make any real sense of it. I tried not to think about the fact that it was only going to last a few seconds, and pretended my orgasmic high was going to last and last. My leg shivered, my middle spasmed, my chest got warm all over. I was more alive in those fleeting moments than seemed possible.

Timmy continued to lap at my climax-engorged lips. The snackety noises resulting from my son essentially making out with my pussy was a delight to hear. I ran my fingers through his hair as he continued to feast on my sex. My handsome young man.

He finally relented and looked up at me with wet cheeks. "Mom, is it okay if I ask you to do something for me?"

"Of course, honey." If I had been more coherent I would have been more cautious, but I was so relaxed and contented I would have likely agreed to anything.

"Can you turn over onto your hands and knees?"

"I supposed I can, but only if you promise to catch me if I fall off of the counter."

I forced my drained limbs into action and managed to get onto my knees. My rear end was pointing toward Timmy at about his eye level, with my feet extending out over the end of the countertop. I'd fooled around with my husband once or twice in the kitchen before, but it was the first time I'd ever found myself in that position. I felt exposed, and slightly embarrassed, but excited for whatever was going to happen next.

Timmy's hands glided up over my calves and I felt him moving in closer. I resisted the temptation to look back to see exactly what he was up to. His touch moved up the outsides of my thighs and over my hips. He slipped his fingers under the waist of my panties and slowly pulled them down toward my knees as far as he could. I heard his belt being unbuckled and the sound of his pants, and presumably his underwear, being lowered. All was quiet for a few moments. I gently bit my lip and waited. Then something barely touched me back there.

I felt the slightest tickle near the lower part of the crease of my ass, then it was gone. After a few seconds it returned. I heard Timmy inhaling in quick little staccato breaths. He was sniffing my ass. My instinct was to pull away and distract him with something else, but I didn't let my self-conscious reticence ruin his enjoyment. Even though I didn't fully understand this fascination of his, I didn't want to make him feel awkward about it.

I could hear him stroking his cock, giving it about a dozen quick jerks, then stopping abruptly.

"Is that good for you?" I asked after a letting him sniff for about a minute. He cleared his throat, but didn't respond. "I thought you were only interested in the way my pussy smelled."

"Yeah, but I guess I like all of it." His hand touched one of my butt cheeks, petting it like a delicately exotic creature. "I know it's weird, but it's like... I guess because... I don't know how to explain it."

"You don't have to explain it, sweetheart." It felt strange talking to him like this while he was staring at my naked backside. "We can't help liking what we like. Sometimes there's no

explanation.”

“Do you think it’s gross?”

“It’s not something I’ve encountered before, but I don’t think it’s gross. It’s just something different than what I’m used to.”

He leaned in for another whiff. “I really like the way your ass is.” He touched it with both hands. “Is it okay if I see more of it?”

I knew exactly what he was asking and felt a alarmed flutter in my tummy.

“Well, actually, to tell the truth I’m a little shy about that ‘area’ of my body.” My heart rate picked up. “Even with your father.”

“Oh, okay, sure.” He pulled his hands away.

I could hear the disappointment and possibly a little regret for having taken the risk.

“But, it is pretty silly when you think about it. I mean, you’ve seen my pussy and everything else, so it shouldn’t be any big deal. Right?”

“Right,” he concurred hopefully.

“Well, then go ahead if you want.” I bit my lip and waited anxiously.

He laid his hands on my rear end once again. Gave it a light rub. Gave it a squeeze. Then with easy pressure he slowly spread my cheeks apart.

My heart leapt. There I was, in full daylight, up on my kitchen counter, allowing my son to spread open my butt and look straight at my asshole. I apparently had no boundaries left whatsoever. What I couldn’t quite get my head around is how something so intensely humiliating could be so extraordinarily exhilarating. I’d never exposed myself like that to anyone before in my conscious life - including my doctor or my husband.

I made myself hold still as my son inspected my formerly most private area. I don’t know why I was so protective of it, but I’d always assumed most people were like me in that way. I thought opening up sexually to my boys would provide them with a valuable learning experience, but there was another case of Timmy teaching me something new.

“This feels so strange,” I giggled.

“It’s totally awesome, Mom. I never...damn...this is just awesome.”

I always do my best to keep myself clean, but after a day of running around I had no delusions that I probably wasn’t particularly fresh back there. I tried to refrain from cringing, but I couldn’t help it. Suddenly I flinched and let out a little squeal.

The tip of Timmy’s nose had touched my asshole!

“Sorry,” he mumbled and backed off.

“No, no! It’s okay, you just caught me by surprise, that’s all. Go ahead, I’m ready now.”

A few seconds later he was back in there. His nose brushed back and forth, then up and down. He really was into it. Maybe the attraction had something to do with pheromones. Maybe it was the forbidden aspect. Or maybe my baby boy was just a big ol’ freak. I tried to relax and enjoy the experience for what it was. I was giving my boy what he wanted, and if he was happy then I was happy. Sniff away my little perv.

It was just at that moment that the back door opened and Nick walked in to the sight of his mother naked up on the counter on all fours, and his little brother with his nose buried in my asshole.

“Holy shit, you guys! I’m glad I didn’t invite Kaylin over like I was going to!”

Wow, what a disaster that would have been. I was definitely going to have to get smarter about how and when I went about indulging my incestuous urges, but that was a consideration for another time.

“Quit complaining, drop your drawers and get over here,” I ordered with authority. “I need a big hard dick in my mouth while your brother is busy jerking off to my asshole.”

Nick shook his head and grinned. He dumped his book bag to the floor and began urgently stripping out of his pants. It was obvious I wasn’t going to be able to have dinner on the table for Evan by the time he got home from work, but hopefully he’ll be pleased by what he was going to find laid out on the table instead.

CHAPTER 8

The Menagerie

I WAS NAKED on all fours atop the kitchen counter in the middle of the afternoon. My ass was up in the air, and my stiff nipples were pressed against the cold granite of my countertop. Timmy, my youngest son was behind me with his pants down around his ankles, sniffing my butt and jerking himself madly. Nick, my older son, had just gotten home from school and was standing on his tiptoes next to me while I sucked his cock. I couldn't help wondering if this was going to be a normal day for me from now on!

I reached back between my thighs. "Give me your hand," I mumbled to Timmy with Nick's cock still in my mouth. He did as he was told and I brought his hand up to my very wet pussy. "I want your fingers inside me." He slipped two fingers easily into my hole. "More!" I demanded. He added a third and I felt the tight stretch that I looking for. "Oh, that's it, baby. Fuck me just like that."

As he pushed his fingers in and out of me I began playing with my clit. There was a hint of soreness as I touched myself. It was the good kind of sore. With all the attention it was getting over the past days it was no surprise my pussy was feeling the effects. I rubbed myself even harder.

Nick steadied himself against the counter with one hand to keep from falling off his toes. His other hand caressed my hair, and ended up at the back of my head. This sent a chill of excitement through me. This little gesture made it feel like he was taking possession of me, letting me know he owned my mouth at that moment. And he did.

It was difficult to move my head in that position, so he made up for it by thrusting himself gently into my mouth. His shaft slipped passed my lips and along my tongue. The soft head of his cock pressed against the back of my throat, choking me for a scant moment, then withdrawing, only to repeat the delectable cycle a second later. I had only ever tolerated blowjobs before I began playing with my boys, now it felt like a special kind of privilege. It seemed impossible to believe that I was actually sucking my own son's hard cock, but it was really happening. I had become a shameless slut for my sons, and I was loving every second of it.

I jumped suddenly when I felt something strange at my back end. Nick let out a slight yowl when I accidentally scraped his dick with my teeth.

"Timmy? Did you just lick my asshole?"

He didn't answer right away. "Sorry."

"Do it again," I said.

I felt his face press between my cheeks and his probing tongue touched against my anus. It caused my butt to clench and sent a delightful tickle through me. My husband had never done that

to me before, and I probably wouldn't have let him if he'd asked. I admit I was more than a little embarrassed about it, but it felt so good that I didn't want him to stop.

"Oh, wow," I breathed. "Keep doing it, Timmy. Keep licking Mommy's asshole." He went at it with gusto, his tongue lapping, and circling, and poking my nasty bottom hole. "Mmm, yes, just like that."

"Damn, you two are a couple of total sex freaks," Nick chided.

"This from the boy who's fucking his own mother's mouth?"

He just smiled and shrugged, then shoved his cock back down my throat. He reached down with his free hand and cupped one of my dangling breasts, squeezing and jiggling it playfully. No one spoke for the next few minutes, each of us focusing on what we were doing. Timmy licked and jerked, I diddled and sucked, Nick fondled and sighed.

I felt myself getting close. I popped Nick's cock out of my mouth for a second. "Don't stop licking Mommy's asshole. Fuck that feels so damn good!" I then went right back to blowing my big boy.

Timmy didn't seem like he had any desire to let up on my buttohole anytime soon, but it turned me on to say such dirty things out loud in front of my boys. I'd spent almost their entire lives being careful not to swear in front of them, and now look at me! I had the filthiest gutter mouth I'd ever heard, and it was like a new drug that made everything more vivid.

I was almost there. I began turning my hips, pushing my asshole back onto Timmy's questing tongue. I heard him gasping for air. His inability to breathe wasn't slowing him down any. I heard his muffled moan behind me and heard something wet splattering on the tiled floor. My baby just made himself cum while licking my ass. This sent me over.

My moans started with Nick's cock filling my mouth. Timmy's tongue must have been just about worn out, but he kept at it and pumped his fingers into me deeper and faster than before. Nick pinched one of my nipples, giving it a good tug and a twist. Perfect!

These boys were quick learners and they already knew exactly what to do to get their mother off. I rubbed my clit as fast as I could until POW! It hit me like a bolt of concentrated exultation. The world dropped out from under me and I was in blissful freefall. Seeing me spasm with such pleasure finally put Nick over the edge.

In the middle of my mind-scrambling orgasm, warm goutts of spunk jetted against the back of my throat. Nick grabbed a fistful of my hair, holding me in place. I had no intention of pulling away. I swallowed and let him fill my mouth up with more. Instead of my orgasmic sensations ebbing away they intensified, and as I gulped down my son's sperm I began cumming even harder than I had been. The room was spinning and I felt myself spinning with it. I almost fell off my perch on the edge of the kitchen counter, but I kept sucking as hard as I could and pulled one last serving of cum out of his cock. This mouthful I savored while I rode Timmy's fingers through the fading stages of my double climax.

Nick was holding onto me to keep me from falling. I swallowed the sticky wad, and panted for air.

"God damn, that was incredible," I said with a joyful laugh. "Whew, I'm dizzy..."

The boys helped me down and waited until my legs were steady enough to hold me up. The two of them looked so adorable with their peckers poking straight out, all swollen up as hard as can be and ready for more.

"As good as that was," I said in a shaky voice, "I could still go for a nice fuck. Any volunteers?" "Me!" they both yelled almost simultaneously.

Timmy had been in the midst of kicking his pants off from around his ankles so his brother beat him by a hair.

"We have a winner," I said and took hold of Nick's hard-on.

"Aww, not fair," Timmy grumbled.

"Quit crying, virgin," Nick taunted.

"Hey," I scolded, "be nice. Don't forget, Nick, that only a week ago you were a virgin, too."

"Yeah, but not anymore. Now I'm the looove master."

Timmy and I exchanged a look. We both rolled our eyes as Nick did a little shimmy and waggled his wang around lewdly for our benefit. If he only knew how much he was like his father.

"C'mon you two." I spun Nick around, pointed him toward the dining room and gave him a shove. "We need to find somewhere safer to fuck so I don't end up breaking my neck when I cum." Timmy and I followed along.

"Where are we going?" Nick asked.

I moved the centerpiece out of the way, hopped up on the dining room table, and spread my legs.

"Right here, baby cakes!"

Without argument Nick quickly went to the chair at the head of the table that his father usually sat in and moved it out of the way. He stepped up between my legs and positioned his cock for entry.

"Watch and learn, virgin." With this he pushed the head of his dick into my ready hole.

Timmy did watch. Intently. He moved forward, staring wide-eyed at the view of his brother's heftier cock sliding into his mother's pussy. The rapt look on his young face gave me tingles all up my back and across my shoulders. I watched Timmy take hold of his thin prick and begin pulling at it lightly. I couldn't decide if it was more exciting being a voyeur or an exhibitionist. Luckily I could be both at the same time.

"Timmy," I beckoned, "do me a favor and come rub your dick on Mommy's face."

He snapped out of his trance with a grin, stepped up on a chair and knelt on the table next to my head.

"I have a question, Mom," Timmy said as he laid his stiff prick along my proffered cheek. "We haven't called you 'Mommy' for probably more than five years. Why do you keep saying it that way?"

Nick was working himself in and out of me with exquisitely slow strokes. He was learning to pace himself. I turned my face this way and that, reveling in the contrast of the soft hardness of Timmy's erection.

"I don't know," I finally answered dreamily. "I suppose it just feels dirtier to say it like that."

I kissed and licked the underside of his potent little hard-on, brushing my lips over his scrunched up ball sack. Nick pulled back too far and his cock fell out of me. He quickly fumbled it back into my hole and pushed it home, filling my grasping emptiness.

"Does Mommy want to suck my cock?" Timmy asked with a cheeky tone. I took in the entire length of him into my mouth. "Oh, Mommy, that's good..." he sighed.

I took his hand and placed it on one of my tits. He began playing with it. The coolness of his sweaty palm was soothing against my protruding nipple.

"Mmm, Nick," I said, "your cock feels so nice inside my pussy. Keep going just like that, sweetheart."

I suckled Timmy's tightly wrinkled scrotum for a few moments then went back to his stiff prick. It was going to be fun watching him grow and seeing how his cock and balls developed over the next couple years. I couldn't wait to find out how big my little boy would get.

I heard the sound of the back door opening, but it wasn't until the distinctive clack-snap of Evan's shoes crossing the kitchen floor was heard that the boys realized their dad was home. They both stiffened instantly, looking at me and freezing dead still. I could practically see them willing their father to walk past without noticing what was going on in the dining room. No one was breathing, not even me.

"Well, well, well." Evan's voice sounded serious. "Look what we have here."

Nick looked like he wanted to bolt right out of the room. Timmy pulled his dick out of my mouth and covered himself with his hands. Strangely, even though this was just what I had planned, I had that queasy thrill in my tummy like I had just been caught at something I shouldn't be doing.

There I was, splayed out totally naked on the dining room table with one of my son's cocks in my pussy and one in my face. My husband's eyes raked up and down my incest-infused body with newfound lust. My heart pumped double-time with fear and excitement.

"I'm sorry, boys," I said as calmly as I could. "I forgot to mention that I finally told Dad about what we've been doing." They looked at me like they didn't fully understand the words I was saying. "Your father and I discussed it, and he agrees that it's a good idea that we teach you two as much about sex as we can...just like his mother and father taught him."

Timmy's eyes all but bulged out of his head. "Grandma...?" Nick tried to hide a knowing smirk.

"That's right," Evan confirmed, stepping closer to our naked tableau. "Your grandmother taught me everything I wanted to know about sex when I was a teenager, and so I don't see why you guys shouldn't have the same advantages as I did with your mom."

"You and...Grandma?" Timmy sputtered, still incredulous.

Evan shrugged. "That's right. Just like you and your mother." He leaned down, kissed my bare nipple, then kissed me on the lips. "Hmm, tastes like someone's already cum in Mom's mouth."

"I swallowed a load from Nick, and now I'm working on getting one from Timmy." I moved Timmy's hand away from his hard-on and began sucking him right in front of his father.

Evan watched for a few seconds, then looked down to where Nick was standing motionless with his cock half in and half out of me. Nick's cheeks flushed a bright red and he didn't know what to do or where to look.

"Okay, well," Evan said, clapping his hands. "I don't want to interrupt your little threesome here, so I'll get out of the way. He patted my belly. "Don't hold back, Nick, your mom likes it good and deep." As he turned to go he gripped Timmy's skinny shoulder. "Have fun, big guy."

They remained still until they heard their father's footsteps reach the top of the stairs.

"No way that really just happened," Nick choked out.

"Seriously, Mom? Dad and Grandma?" Timmy asked in wonderment.

"I was as surprised as you when I first found out," I said. "So I guess maybe it runs in the

family... in more ways than one.”

“So Dad really is cool with this?”

“You saw it for yourself.” I was getting anxious to get back to the fucking and sucking. “He’s more than just cool with it. He loves you guys as much as I do and he wants you to be happy. Part of being happy is to understand your own bodies and the urges that you have. Having a safe, loving way to learn about these things will help you be better men. At least that’s how he explained it to me.” I pushed myself down on Nick’s cock, encouraging to get back into the groove. “He knows that a boy can’t have a better teacher than his own mother, and he wants to do whatever he can for your education.”

“Are you saying that Dad wants to do this with us too, or something?”

“Or something,” I answered cryptically and returned to sucking Timmy’s cock.

From the corner of my eye I saw them share a look. Nick smiled and shrugged as if saying “sure, whatever,” then turned his attention back to fucking my pussy. This was apparently good enough for Timmy, and he went back to fucking my mouth. It couldn’t have been much more than a minute later before Nick was shooting a load deep into my cunt, Timmy was spraying his seed down my throat, and I was bouncing my through another mind-altering orgasm.

I haven’t been able to look at my dining room table the same after that day.

After we all got our energy back, I sent the boys off to get their homework done and I headed upstairs. I got myself cleaned up while Evan eyed me wolfishly the whole time. I wasn’t saying a word, just merrily humming to myself as I got dressed.

“So...?” he prompted, unable to stand the suspense any longer.

“So what?” I asked, playing coy with him.

“Everything went okay after I left?”

“Why wouldn’t it? A good time was had by all.”

He was done with my teasing him. I let out a screaming laugh as he grabbed me and pulled me down onto the bed, using his strength to pin me under his body. I could feel his hard-on digging into my thigh.

“I have ways of making you talk.”

“My, my, someone’s testosterone is running high!” I bit his lip playfully when he tried to force a kiss on me. “What do you want me to say? You saw what was going on. It was fucking amazing... literally.”

“They looked like a couple of deer in the headlights when I walked in.”

“I know, that was cruel of me. I should have told them about you knowing before you came home, but I kind of wanted to see the looks on their faces when Dad caught them banging Mommy. I’m such a bad mother.”

“A very, very bad mother.” He nuzzled my breasts through the fresh shirt I had just put on.

“Slow down, tiger, keep it in your pants. My pussy is on a time-out right now. Save yourself for later.”

“What’s going on later?”

“You, and your little friend, will just have to wait and see. Until then, I’m starving. How about you take me and my two young lovers out for some pizza?”

“You are a cruel, cruel woman.” He climbed off of me and tried to tuck his erection down so it wouldn’t so obvious. He ended up having to un-tuck his shirt to cover his obvious excitement.

As much as I tried, no one was up for much conversation during the ride to the restaurant. There was enough uncomfortable awkwardness to go around, so I didn't push it. Once the pizza came things started to lighten up, and by the ride home it was a normal family night out like any other. When we got home, Evan and I watched a little TV while Nick and Timmy played a video game. Anyone peeking into our window would have never suspected we were anything but an average family on an average Monday night.

I kissed the boys goodnight and we all went off to our separate bedrooms. I cleaned off my makeup and washed my face. Evan was in bed pretending to read. I went through my lingerie drawer and picked out a sheer white camisole and a pair of barely-there peach panties. I put them on and checked myself out in the mirror. Pretty hot for a forty-something mom with two kids, if I do say so myself. I turned off all the lights except for the one on my husband's night stand.

"You better be naked by the time I get back," I said to him as I slipped out, closing the door behind me.

I went down to Timmy's bedroom, knocked and waited for him to say I could come in. He was in bed playing his PSP.

"I told you not to play with that before you go to sleep," I nagged him gently.

"What should I play with before I go to sleep?"

"Don't get fresh with me, young man."

"What do you expect coming into my room looking like that?"

I did a little turn. "Like it?"

"Love it!"

I sat down on the edge of his bed. He never took his eyes off my modestly swaying tits as I got myself settled.

"I wanted to check in with you to see if you're feeling at all overwhelmed by all of this sex stuff. It's a lot to deal with all at once. I know it has been for me, and I'm worried that it's maybe too much for you to handle. You can be honest with me and say if you want things to slow down."

He was giving me a wry smile. "I think I can handle it, Mom."

"I just don't want to overdo it. If you feel like there is too much sex going on for you, I want you to tell me."

Timmy pulled his bed sheet aside revealing that he was naked from the waist down with a raging boner standing proudly. "I was jerking off when you knocked - thinking about what we did today."

I ran my fingernails lightly along the length of his shaft. "I suppose this means you'd be up for some more fun before you go to sleep?"

He tossed the PSP aside and reached for my tits. I caught his wrists just before he could grope me.

"Actually, we have a different idea."

"We?"

I nodded and placed his hands on my tits. "Your father and I were getting ready to make love, and he suggested that you might like to come to our bedroom and watch."

He wasn't sure how to respond at first. "Dad wants me to watch you guys have sex?"

"He does." I stroked his penis softly. "If you want to."

"Won't that be weird?"

"Maybe. But it would also be pretty exciting, don't you think?"

"Yeah, I guess." He fondled my tits as he thought it through. "And I'm supposed to just watch?"

"Well, I supposed you could jerk off while you watched, if you wanted." I tickled his balls.

"It was kinda messed up having Dad see me naked in the dining room today, I don't know if I could whack off in front of him."

"That's okay, sweetie. I don't want you to feel pressured. It was just an idea." I stood and leaned in to give him a kiss on the cheek.

"Hold on! I didn't say no yet. I'm just trying to figure this out."

I waited, silently praying he would agree to go along with me. I fought against the urge to rub my increasingly horny pussy. I didn't want to unfairly influence him any more than I already had.

"Okay, I guess I could try it, but if it's too weird would it be alright if I didn't stay?"

"Of course, honey. Dad and I don't want to make you do anything you're uncomfortable with. We just want to show you what sex between two adults who truly love each other looks like. If you're not ready for that, then we understand."

He climbed out of bed and picked up a pair of sweatpants off the floor.

"You won't need those," I said as I headed for the door, "unless you really want them."

He thought about it for a second, then dropped the sweatpants back onto the floor and followed me down the hallway to my bedroom in nothing but a t-shirt, his hard-on pointing the way. I was tempted to drop to my knees and suck him off right there in the hallway, but I managed to control myself. I opened the door to my bedroom and saw that Evan had done as I had told him. He was lying on the bed naked with an almost full erection. His penis jumped when he saw me enter.

"Guess who's decided to join us." I stepped aside and Timmy sidled in next to me.

"Hey, buddy," Evan greeted his son trying to sound at ease. "Looks like your mom got you going too." He gave his own dick a couple casual pulls.

"Yeah," Timmy said glancing down at his modest boner, "she's good at that."

I pulled Timmy's t-shirt up. He raised his arms and let me take it off him like when he was little. "I told him if things got too weird for him that he didn't have to stay."

"I remember the first time I saw my parents doing it was strange for me in the beginning," Evan said. "But it only took a few minutes before I was able to relax and enjoy it."

"You're talking about grandma and grandpa..."

"Your grandmother was a very sexy woman when I was your age." Evan fondled his balls absently. "Matter of fact, she still is, don't you think?"

Timmy thought for a second. "I never really thought about it before, but...yeah. I guess she is."

"Honey," I said to Timmy, interrupting, "can you take my panties down for me?"

"Sure, Mom."

He eased my panties off my hips, and slid them down my legs. When I stepped out of them he instinctively brought my moist undies to his nose and breathed deeply. He seemed to suddenly remember that his father was there seeing this and looked like he half expected to be scolded, or maybe taunted. Evan just smiled and didn't say a word.

"Can you do me a favor?" I asked, getting Timmy's attention. "Can you check my pussy to make sure it's good and wet for your father's cock?"

His fingers went straight for my crotch. He felt along the crease of my slit and found my hole. Timmy's fingers went inside me, then pumped in and out experimentally, testing my wetness. He

pulled them out and looked at them as if he was checking a dipstick. His tongue stretched out and sampled my sex juice.

"I'd say you're ready to go, Mom."

"Almost," I agreed. "Just help me off with this."

Timmy lifted my camisole and pulled it up and off, leaving me completely naked. He eyed me hungrily, even though he'd seen it all just a few hours earlier. It was exceedingly exciting to be the object of that kind of raw, unquenchable lust. I wanted his curious, inexperienced fingers back inside me, but I had to remind myself that this was about more than just getting me off.

"You can sit over there if you want," I said motioning to the chair in the shadowy corner, "or you can stand closer, if you like."

"Whatever's good for you, buddy," Evan added. "There's plenty of room on the bed too, if you want to get a front row view of the action."

I double-checked to be sure the dim lighting would be enough for Timmy to see everything that was going on between his father and me. Those butterflies were batting around in my tummy again. I'd cleared the hurdle of my first threesome, but this was an entirely different kind of experience I was about to embark on. I'd spent all of my married life working to conceal my sexual activities with my husband from our kids, and there I was about to put them on full display for my youngest son. I was actually going to let him see Mommy and Daddy fuck. It was surreal and intensely erotic at the same time.

I kissed Timmy on the lips and headed toward the bed. He slapped me sharply on the ass as I went, like a coach sending a player into the game. The little rascal.

Evan watched my approach eagerly. A couple weeks ago I had no clue about the kinky past he had had with his own mother and father, and I realized that this encounter must be especially thrilling for him. He'd given up family sex when he married me, and now that I'd discovered the unique joys of loving incest we could finally share this forbidden gift together.

I climbed onto our big bed and went straight for his cock. I licked the pre-cum from his small slit, then ran my tongue around his swollen head. The soft resilience of his engorged glans against my lips was so enticing. My senses were keyed up and more receptive than usual. I could feel every contour of my husband's cockhead and became aware of the subtle but noticeable differences between him and Nick. Evan flared a bit more there, and Nick was rounder here. They tasted different, too. It suddenly amused me to think that I would be able to easily tell my guys apart in the dark just by putting their cocks in my mouth. I couldn't wait to test this hypothesis!

Without being too obvious, I took a peek to see what Timmy was doing. He had retreated to the shadowy corner of the room and was sitting on the edge of my antique high-backed chair. I never expected to see my butt-naked son sitting on it when I bought it in that little shop. He held his stiff prick in his hand. Timmy would tug himself a few times, then stop. Between tugs he lifted my pussy-scented panties to his nose and took a measured whiff - like a connoisseur sampling the bouquet of a fine wine. The spellbound look on his face confirmed that he was fully invested in this encounter. I was still worried that he was only going along with it because I passively coerced him into it, but it appeared that he was surely enjoying it so far.

I continued teasing the end of Evan's cock as I cupped his balls and began gently toying with them. I have to admit that I think the balls are the unsung heroes of the male anatomy. I love them. I like them when they hang low and sway. I like them when they are pulled up tight and

firm. They're good hairy or shaved. I love the smell, the feel, and the taste of them. In many ways they are the source of a man's potency, and yet they are also one of his greatest vulnerabilities. The trust given to you when he lets you hold them in your hands, or take them in your mouth, is a privileged thing. And I try to enjoy that privilege every chance I get.

I noticed that Timmy was playing with his own balls, mimicking the way I was massaging his father's. He looked so cute. I began sucking Evan more aggressively.

"Oh, yeah, suck that cock, honey," he moaned.

That gave me a little shiver of delight that trickled down my spine. He wasn't usually much of a talker, so I had to assume he was doing it for his son's benefit. For some reason this was a real turn on for me. From the wide grin I could see on Timmy's face, he was enjoying it as much as I was.

"You're such a good little cocksucking slut, aren't you?"

I wasn't sure how to respond. "I'm your cockslut, baby." He seemed to like that and shoved himself deeper into my mouth choking me for a brief second.

When I could sense that Evan was getting close he pulled himself out. He held me at bay and stayed stock still for a few moments. He didn't want to cum. His swollen cock, all slick with my saliva, looked insanely sexy twitching and flexing on the verge of an explosive orgasm. I was tempted to grab him and force him to cum with my hand. But I behaved myself and waited until he had calmed down enough to move again.

"You want to get your pussy licked?" he asked.

"Yes."

"Tell me."

"I want you to lick my slutty pussy. I want you to taste how wet I am." He rolled me over onto my back, spread my legs apart, and began going down on me like a hungry animal. "Oh, fuck, yes, suck it, suck my fucking cunt."

My husband's experienced tongue knew exactly what to do. I grabbed onto his head and rode his face. I looked across the room toward my son. He had stood up and was leaning forward trying to get a better look at what was happening down between my legs. It was unbelievably arousing to have a spectator in my bedroom. Letting my son into this most private part of my marital life was doing more for me than I had anticipated.

I was torn between conflicting desires. I wanted Timmy to come join us. I wanted him to suck my tits, and let me handle his cock while his father ate me out. But I also wanted to keep him at arm's length and go on enjoying him as a spectator. The lasciviously new sensations of putting on a live sex show, like some kind of wanton porn star, were too deliciously decadent for me to resist. I watched him take a step closer.

He noticed that my attention was on him. Our eyes met, sending electric darts of illicit pleasure racing through me. Timmy looked bashful for a moment, taken off-guard by my observation of him being as absorbed as he was in his parents' lovemaking, but then that cocky smirk of his quickly reappeared. I gave him a wink and gave both my nipples a fierce tweak. He licked his lips, apparently also thinking about getting in on the action, and jerked himself a little quicker.

I kept my gaze on my masturbating son as my husband used his mouth to bring me up the path toward divine release. I'd cum in front of Timmy several times already, but this would be the first time he'd see his father giving me an orgasm. It was reprehensible just how horny this made me. I

was such a bad mother. Such a bad, horny, slut of a mother.

“I’m going to cum!” I cried out. “Daddy’s going to make me fucking cum right now!”

Evan sucked harder and faster. I humped his face more desperately. Timmy moved in closer, straining to see over his father’s shoulder.

“Oh, shit, that’s it, right there, right there, oh, yes, yes, fuck yes!” My orgasm bolted through my body. My head flung back against the mattress, I pulled my nipples as far as they could stretch, my feet shot out, and my back arched forcing my pussy hard against Evan’s mouth. Sound and vision became muddled as my brain short-circuited for a few seconds and I wanted that feeling to go on and on. When my senses came crashing back to me I heard myself laughing. A good orgasm always does that to me.

While I was still drifting my husband climbed on top of me and immediately plunged his cock into my exceedingly well-lubricated pussy. It almost felt too good to tolerate, but I somehow managed. He pushed himself into me as deep as he could go, then began methodically pumping in and out of me. This was something we’d done countless times over the course of our relationship, but it was like the first time all over again. It was the first time we’d ever openly fucked in front of one of our sons. It was astonishing how doing something so indefensibly bad could feel so damned great.

I was so wet that our fucking was twice as noisy as usual. Evan seemed more impassioned than usual. Apparently he was eager to put on a good show for his boy. And I had to imagine this whole situation was elevating his libido to levels it hadn’t reached in years. His pace gradually built until he was giving me a righteous pounding. I bounced helplessly beneath him like I was a plaything at the mercy of his driving thrusts.

Timmy wasn’t anywhere that I could see him. I twisted and tried to look past my sweating husband. I could barely see that Timmy was kneeling at the foot of our bed. He had a close-up view right between his father’s thighs to the sight of his cock ramming into his mother’s cunt over and over again. I admit that I envied him in that moment and would have loved to have been able to see that for myself. I tried to spread my legs and angle my hips up so he could see as much of me down there as I could possibly show him.

Evan was once again on the brink of cumming. I pulled him down on top of me, and clamped my legs around his waist. I held him tight, doing all I could to keep him still. He fought it for a second, then realized I didn’t want him to blow his load yet. I felt him struggle against every impulse to continue, but he stayed strong and slowly eased back from the edge for a second time. I was worried that his head might just explode when I finally did let him cum.

I pushed him sideways and we rolled over so that I was on top. Evan’s cock stayed in me throughout the maneuver, which was a trick I always enjoyed. I carefully rotated my hips, testing Evan’s resilience. He seemed to be okay to continue without losing it. I began riding his hard rod nice and easy. I then leaned forward as I fucked him so I could accomplish two goals.

First, I rubbed my dangling tits over Evan’s mouth. He quickly took the hint and began sucking my nipples just the way he knows I like it. Secondly, I moved my knees apart a bit more so that my dear youngest son would have a perfect view of my pussy getting fucked and a nice peek at my asshole. I wasn’t lying when I’d told him that I had always been shy about that part of my body, but I was finding that it gave me a kind of visceral gratification that I’d never known before to expose myself to him in that way. I reached around and pulled my cheeks open wider to make sure nothing was denied to his curious eye.

I noticed that Evan's lips were moving and he had a faraway look on his face. He was reciting baseball stats, or thinking about whatever he thinks about to keep himself from cumming too soon. I knew he couldn't last much longer. I climbed off his cock, turned around and straddled him once again with the intention of finishing off with some reverse cowgirl. I could have easily got him back inside me hands-free, but on impulse I took a different approach.

"Sweetie," I said to Timmy, who was still at the foot of the bed, "could you help me get Daddy back in?"

He knew right away what I was asking, and he didn't hesitate for a second. He stood, reached over and grabbed a hold of his father's slick erection. He pointed his dad's cock straight up and held it steady while I took my time zeroing my hole in on the target. It was just about the most sensuous thing I'd ever witnessed to see my son holding my husband's penis in his hand like that. I circled my opening around Evan's cockhead a few times, then eased myself down. Only when my pussy slid down far enough to touch Timmy's hand did he let go.

Timmy stared at his mother's pussy being stuffed full, and sniffed the hand that had just been gripping his father's stiff cock. He licked the traces of cunt juice from his palm without any reservation. I don't know how he became so self-assured, but damn it was sexy as hell.

"You feeling okay about this, Timmy?" I asked, partly from genuine concern, partly so I had an excuse to talk dirty with my son.

"Yeah, sure, Mom. This is totally sweet."

"It's not gross for you to see your parents having sex?"

"Not at all," he insisted. "Probably because you're so hot looking and everything."

"You like seeing how your father's cock goes in and out of my pussy like this."

Timmy looked down and watched me slowly fucking my husband's dick for a few seconds.

"Yeah... I like that a lot."

"Is it weird to be looking at your father's penis?"

"A little, I guess."

"Your Dad has a nice cock, doesn't he?"

He nodded. I then purposely lifted myself too far and Evan's hard-on fell out of me. Without me asking, Timmy reached over and got a hold of his father's cock once again and held it up for me. I took my time remounting him.

"Can you feel how big and thick it is?" I asked casually. "Yours is going to be that size one day soon. Maybe bigger."

"I can't wait," he said almost dreamily, still holding on.

"Me neither." I lowered myself down, taking Evan all the way inside me.

As Timmy took his hand away he rubbed his thumb over my clit. I knew this wasn't yet the time for it, but I could imagine how amazing it was going to be to have him suck my clitty while I was being fucked by his father or his brother at the same time. There were so many new possibilities available to me now that threesomes were on my sexual menu of options.

"Did you cum yet?" I asked.

"Once so far," he admitted. "It mostly ended up on the rug, but I'll clean it up."

That gave me an odd little thrill. I don't know why, but the thought of the rug in my bedroom slowly becoming infused with boy spunk over the next several months turned me on like crazy. I could envision Timmy and Nick spilling load after load onto my floor and leaving it there to dry

- like it was one giant cum rag. I could walk around on it with my bare feet and feel the crusty accumulation of hundreds of sperm-filled orgasms. I was almost able to smell the sweet tang of the odor it would give off. I could lie naked on this giant cum rag and get myself off, adding my own sex fluids to the mosaic of layered cum stains. I was becoming one sick puppy.

"Don't worry about cleaning your mess, just leave it." I leaned back and Evan's hands reached around to fondle both of my tits. "Are you going to make yourself cum again?"

"Definitely." He grabbed his small prick and tugged at it.

"Good." I watched Timmy stroke himself while he watched me slowly fuck my way up and down. "I want to see you cum this this time. You're not shy about jerking off and making your dick cum in front of your father, are you?"

He shrugged. "I don't know... I guess not really."

At that moment an image of Timmy jacking his load into my husband's open mouth flashed into my mind. The vaguest thought of my husband doing anything sexual with another man had always made me cringe in the past, but picturing him eating his own son's cum caused my nipples to tingle in anticipation. Definitely something to keep in mind for another time.

"I think he'd like to see you shoot a nice load of sperm." I twisted so I could see Evan behind me. "You'd like that, wouldn't you, hon? Tell him."

Evan gave me a "you are something else" shake of his head, then a wink. "Sure thing, buddy," he confirmed leaning sideways so he could see his masturbating son. "You've got a nice dick there for yourself. Your mom has been telling me all about it. We invited you in here with us to have some fun, so no need to hold back around me. I know I'm not."

"Okay, Dad, I won't." Timmy promised, sounding a bit nervous.

"Can you see everything down there, buddy? Your mother has a gorgeous pussy, doesn't she?"

"The most beautiful thing I've ever seen in my life," Timmy answered, staring down between my legs. "Your dick fits in there just perfect. It's funny to think about how this is the way you guys made me."

It was surprising to me how my boy could be so adorably cute and ravishingly sexy at the same time. I pulled up too far again and Evan dropped out of me. Timmy went into action without pause.

"Timmy," I said with a pouty lilt, "would you mind rubbing your father's cock on my clitty for me."

I moved myself a little lower, and Timmy was able to press his dad's cockhead against my hard little nub. He moved it back and forth in a tick-tock motion. It felt good, but not as good as seeing my son handling his father's penis the way he was.

"That's the spot, mmm, yes." I didn't have to put on an act, it really did feel lovely. "If any of this makes you uncomfortable, it's okay to tell us you know."

"I know," he said without taking his eyes off his work. "It's all good."

"You don't mind me asking you to touch Dad's cock?"

He chuckled. "It seemed weird at first, but I guess I don't mind it much. I mean, it's not like I never touched a dick before." He gave his own a few exaggerated yanks to illustrate his point.

"I never thought about it that way. Can you tickle it around my hole? Ooo, perfect." I resisted the urge to plunge myself down on Evan's cock and instead prolonged the teasing pleasure of the moment. "I suppose I was just concerned that a boy your age would be worried about something

like that being considered too 'gay.'"

Timmy thought about without interrupting what he was doing. "Maybe. But touching another guy's dick doesn't automatically mean that I want to be in love with dudes or anything like that. It just feels good, that's all."

This enlightened attitude of his had me on the edge of cumming. I dipped myself down enough to let Evan's cockhead go inside of me. "Your dad's cock feels good to you?"

He gave a slight nod and a quiet "uh huh."

"And how about his balls?" I lowered myself more, engulfing my husband's shaft.

Timmy moved his hands down lower and tentatively fondled his father's balls.

"They feel good, too, don't they?"

My son just smiled and kept on playing with his dad's sack.

"How are you doing back there?" I asked over my shoulder.

"Damn, he has soft hands," Evan blurted out. "I can't hold off any longer, hon, I'm sorry."

Evan grabbed my hips and rammed his cock up into me. Timmy kept working his father's balls. My husband gave me a couple more violent thrusts and began cumming inside me. "Fuck, yeah!" he yelled and pumped his cum deep into my pussy.

"Whoa..." Timmy breathed, apparently awed by the experience of holding his dad's balls as they emptied themselves into me.

"I can't hold off any longer either," I said to Timmy, "how about you?"

"I'm almost there."

"Move around to the side here," I panted as I fucked Evan's cock. "Let Daddy see you cum on my face. You want that? You want to cum on Mommy's face?"

Instead of answering, Timmy quickly came around to the side of the bed. I leaned back onto Evan's chest, but instead of angling myself toward the side where Timmy was I put myself away from him. In order to get into position he had to get up onto the bed and kneel so he was jacking off right over his dad's face. This was so fucking hot to me that I orgasmed almost the instant I saw this happening.

"Oh, Timmy, yes!" I cried. "Just like that, cum on Mommy's face! Let Daddy see you shoot it all over me!"

With perfect timing, Timmy began squirting just as I was hitting the peak of my climax. I felt the first spurt hit my cheek. I opened my mouth and the next shot landed across my upper lip. He leaned in closer and just managed to get another jet of semen to land on my forehead. His last few drops of cum dribbled out of his cock and fell between us, landing on his father's face.

"Sorry, Dad," he offered guiltily.

"It's alright," Evan assured his son, "friendly fire is a risk I'm willing to accept."

Their voices sounded distant to me as I shuddered my way through the tail end of my orgasm. I licked the thick goo from my top lip and marveled at how the flavor of cum was quickly becoming a daily requirement for me. I slid off of my husband and kissed away the few drops of Timmy's ejaculate that had fallen on the side of his face.

"That was good," I sighed, reaching out to take Timmy's hand and give it a squeeze. "Did you like that, sweetie? I hope we didn't traumatize you by making you watch your horny old parents fucking."

"No, it was fun. I loved it!" He tried to put as much sincere emphasis in his response as he could

muster. "Probably it's because you guys aren't old-looking and ugly like a lot of other parents are. Anybody with a mom as sexy as you would want to watch."

"What about your sexy dad?" Evan protested with mock indignation.

"Oh, um, I don't know... I guess..." Timmy blathered uncomfortably.

"Don't listen to him, sweetheart," I interjected. "He's just messing with you."

"No, I know," Timmy said, "but I can admit it. Dad's a good looking guy, and is still in pretty good shape, and... has a nice dick."

"Pretty good shape?" Evan challenged, slapping his abs for emphasis.

"Shut up and take the compliment, old man," I chastised him, and added a punch to his gut for good measure.

"Umph. Alright, alright! Thanks, buddy."

There came an awkward silence. Evan's cock had softened some. Timmy's was still as hard as ever. Timmy looked like he was thinking that it was time for him to leave.

"Did what Nick said this afternoon bother you?" I asked before he could move away.

"What did he say?"

"When he teased you about being a virgin."

"Oh." He thought about it and shrugged. "Whatever. It's no big deal, I guess."

"Do you not want to be a virgin anymore?"

Timmy looked at me, unsure if I was saying what he thought I was saying. "It'll probably be a while before there will be a girl who would want to have sex with me."

"I'm not trying to rush you," I said, "but whenever you're ready, I'm willing to be that girl... if it's what you want."

He swallowed nervously. Timmy looked at his dad.

"I was a virgin until I was seventeen," Evan told him. "My first time was with my mom, and I never regretted it a day in my life."

Timmy grinned and looked over our naked bodies lying before him as he mulled things over.

"What if I said I was ready now?"

"Then I guess I'd have to let you fuck me," I said with a smile, opening my legs.

He made up his mind. "Yeah, let's do it."

A jab of undistilled excitement hit me deep in the tummy and set all my nerves atingle. It was the answer I wanted. God help me, but I wanted that ferocious little spike of a prick of his inside me. My chest and cheeks felt suddenly warm.

"Do you want this to be just between you and me?"

"Dad can stay if he wants." Timmy hopped off the bed and came around to my side.

"Should I go and clean myself up first?"

Timmy looked at my already fucked pussy. "I don't mind it like the way it is."

"Nothing wrong with sloppy seconds," Evan joked. "Right, buddy?"

"I'll let you know in a minute," Timmy shot back and climbed onto the bed next to me.

"How do you want to do it?"

"Just the regular way to start, I guess."

Evan shuffled over to give us a little room. I noticed that his cock was back up to full attention. I settled myself onto my back, and Timmy got on top of me.

"You should always start with a little foreplay to get the girl in the mood," I instructed him.

"Mom, if you're not in the mood by now then there's something wrong with you!"

"Don't be a smartass," I scolded and gave him a smack on the butt. "Just give Mommy some foreplay and suck my nipples like a good boy."

He dove right in and did as he was told, latching onto my left tit and sucking it nice and hard. I turned and looked at my husband. His expression told me he couldn't believe this was all happening, but was immeasurably grateful it was. I gave him a wink, and he blew me a kiss. It was difficult for me to fully wrap my head around what was about to happen.

I know Evan had already seen me with the boys in the dining room, but this felt different. I was about to take my youngest son's virginity there in my marital bed with my husband as a witness. He was going to be jerking off to the sight of his wife fucking his son for the first time. He was going to see me cum on Timmy's cock. I couldn't wait another second.

I ran my hands up and down my son's young, hard body. "You know what to do, right?"

"I think I'm supposed to put my penis in your vagina," Timmy answered with jittery sarcasm.

"Close. What you're supposed to do is put your cock in my cunt." I grabbed his ass and pulled him toward me. "But give me a kiss first."

My son leaned down and our lips met. I gently pried his mouth open with my tongue. His tongue played against mine, and he Frenched me right back like he was a natural at it. I felt the goosebumps rise on the back of my neck and spread down my back. I became lost in the moment and almost forgot my husband was right there watching.

Timmy's prick was poking against my thigh. I shifted so he was positioned right where he needed to be. He pushed forward and hit a little low, almost against my asshole. I adjusted my hips and the next time he surged forward he penetrated me. Timmy didn't stop until he had gone as far as he could go. My baby's cock was inside me. He wasn't a virgin anymore.

"Oh, Timmy, there you are, all the way inside Mommy's pussy. Do you feel that? Can you feel Mommy's cunt holding your cock tight?"

"Yes," he gasped. "It's better than anything I've ever felt before. Thank you, Mom. I love you so much. Thank you."

I kissed his lips again and wrapped my legs around him, pulling him into me as tightly as I could. It was nothing like having his father or his brother inside of me. I gripped his thin rod of rigid manhood with my inner muscles. This was the most depraved and deviant thing I had ever done in my sexual life. Not only was I fucking my own son, but I was fucking a thirteen-year-old boy. I was a grown, mature woman with a cock just barely beyond the threshold of puberty inside my pussy. I'd never felt so disgracefully ashamed and vibrantly alive at the same time.

"I love you, too, baby," I breathed in his ear. "Your cock feels so good inside Mommy's cunt. I need you to fuck me now. Tell me you want to fuck me."

He stayed as deep in me as he could. "I want to fuck you, Mom. I've been wanting to fuck you so bad. I love your pussy more than anything."

"I love your cock, sweetheart. Fuck Mommy with your beautiful cock."

Timmy pulled away slightly and pushed himself back home. He didn't have to move much to get a full stroke. The way he moved inside me was nothing like his brother's bigger cock. Timmy withdrew all the way, leaving my hole empty, then plunged himself back into me. His pelvis butted against mine with a fleshy smack. "Not too fast," I warned him. "We have all the time in the world." I grasped him to me with my legs and held him fast. I rotated my hips and felt his prick swirling

around inside me. "Can you feel Daddy's cum in there?"

"Uh huh."

"Can you feel how wet I am for you?"

"Uh huh."

I could hear the telltale sounds of Evan jerking off vigorously on the bed beside us.

"Do you want to cum inside Mommy's cunt?"

"Yes. Oh, fuck, yes!"

"Alright then, go ahead and give it to me."

I took my legs from around him and spread them as wide as I could. As soon as I did, Timmy began humping me with a single purpose. Within a few strokes I was matching him, lifting my hips up in time to meet each of his short thrusts.

"There you go, fuck Mommy's pussy. Fuck my pussy hole just like Daddy did. Fuck it hard!"

I knew he wouldn't last long, and wasn't the least bit disappointed when he began making noises that let me know he was about to go off after only about twenty seconds of fucking.

"Are you going to cum, sweetie?"

"Yes!"

"Cum in my pussy, baby. Cum in Mommy's pussy!"

"I am! I'm cumming, Mom! I'm fucking cu...aaaaaaah...mmmmm!"

"That's it, let it all go! Fill Mommy's cunt, baby!"

"Oh, shit. Oh, fuck. Oh...ohhhh." Timmy's expletives wound down like a spent top and he let his weight rest on top of me.

At about the same time, I heard the crescendo of my husband's impassioned moans. I looked over just in time to see him brandish his purple-headed erection toward the two of us and let loose with an energetic stream of semen. It shot up onto Timmy's back, onto my arm, then the remainder scattered all over our bed sheets. I couldn't remember the last time I'd seen the old guy fire off a load with that much power behind it. Timmy didn't even seem to mind that his father had just jizzed all over him.

Everyone lay still for several minutes. It felt so good to have my naked boy lying heavily on top of me. His cock was still inside me. I gave it a squeeze with my pussy. The feeling was just like when I was younger and used to stick a Sharpee marker in my virgin hole while I was learning to masturbate. I had no idea back then that a man's cock would be so much bigger around than my skinny improvised fuck toy. I never would have believed that something so big could fit into a hole that was apparently so small. My son's skinny prick brought back warm memories of those naive times of wonder, exploration, and discovery.

"Your father just jerked off all over us," I murmured in Timmy's ear.

"I know," he murmured back. "I don't mind." He nuzzled his face in the hollow of my neck, pushing himself tightly into my crotch. "It felt kinda good, actually."

"You're like me. I love it when your dad cums on my naked skin." I carefully ran my hand up Timmy's back until I found the large wet spot.

I circled my finger around in the pool of spent semen. My son remained motionless, allowing me to play however I wanted. I collected as large a glob as I could on the tip of my finger and brought it to my mouth. With my husband's cum on my tongue, I lifted my boy's face to mine and kissed him. His tongue entered my mouth, withdrew, then returned. He licked my tongue clean, and went

on kissing me. In time he had relaxed enough so that his insistent erection finally subsided and his limp cock slipped out of me. Timmy rolled off me onto the side of the bed opposite his father. I lay between them in blissful contentment feeling the cool air against my sweaty skin. Evan's hand came to rest on my belly.

"You okay?" he asked, his voice thick with lust.

"More okay than I ever thought possible."

He leaned over and kissed my nipple. I had assumed that after cumming a second time he'd have conked out almost immediately. Apparently he was still in the mood for something. His hand crept down my stomach to my small patch of pubic hair and paused there. Moments later he was kissing his way down my side. He reached the spot where my hip bone protruded, kissed that hard peak, then began working his way across the top of my thigh. Was he going to do what it seemed like he was going to do?

When his lips reached my hairy mound, he brought his body over my leg. He pushed my thighs apart and contemplated my gaping pussy. I could feel a fresh trickle of cum leak out of me. My husband suckled my clit for a few seconds, then licked me there. He continued licking and moved his head lower. He was really going to do it.

My chest tightened in a strange combination of panic and anticipation. My husband's tongue circled my opening, then delved straight in - into my vagina dripping with a hot mix of his son's cum and his own. The civilized part of me silently cried out in disgust, but every other part of me was suddenly alive with bestial rapture. I never could have imagined my husband tasting his own cum, much less his son's. Evan sealed his lips around my hole and sucked out the combined sex juices of all three of us and swallowed them down without reservation. It might have been one of the sexiest things I'd ever seen him do.

I nudged my lethargic son. "Timmy, look what your father's doing."

"Huh?"

"Dad's eating my pussy. Look."

Timmy raised himself on one elbow and saw what was going on.

"Your father is sucking the cum out of my cunt," I explained excitedly. "He's eating your cum right out of my cunt hole."

"Whoa," Timmy breathed in lurid amazement, "that's intense. I always thought I was the most freakiest person in this house, but you guys have me beat by a mile."

"My tits, sweetie. Suck my tits! Mommy's going to cum again!"

Evan was going wild between my legs. His lips, his cheeks, his tongue, his nose, his chin. I could feel them all pressed hard against my pussy at different places at different times, but moving so fast that it seemed like my cunt and his face were somehow fused together. I still couldn't fully grasp the idea that my husband was eating the cum out of my pussy. It seemed like something he'd done before, but in all the time we'd been together I never saw the slightest hint that he was capable of such a depraved act, much less wanted it. I had been afraid that if he found out I was getting intimate with the boys it would ruin our sex life, and possibly our marriage, but it was becoming obvious that it was just the opposite. Not only was I discovering new things about myself, but I was learning more than I ever expected about the man who had been my lover for over twenty years.

My son sucked my tits while my husband sucked my pussy. The physical sensations were as splendid as I could hope for, but what was pushing me inexorably toward orgasm was my new

conception of my husband as a flagrant cum-eater. Not only had he revealed this part of who he was to me, but he was so overcome by his craving that he couldn't stop himself from sucking my jizz-coated cunt in front of his son. I had to wonder what else he might be capable of.

"Oh, fuck, right there, don't stop!" I yelled out as all rational thoughts fled my mind. All that mattered were my nipples, my clit, and the magnificent force building up inside me. "Suck me! Suck me! Suck me!"

With one hand pushing Timmy's face against my breast, and the other shoving my husband's head mercilessly against my sloppy cunt it all came crashing together. I was already regretting that it had to end even before it started. My orgasm seemed to burst into being at every one of my erogenous zones at the same time. It flared in my nipples, in my clit, at the base of my spine, across the back of my neck, my asshole, and deep inside my vagina simultaneously. Within a second all these distinct points of pleasure expanded and merged into one pulse of pleasure that was greater than the sum of the individual delights. Later I would come to realize that my orgasms up until then had been little more than shadows on the wall.

I'd always been happy with the orgasms my husband gave me, but I learned they could be something so much more once I began playing with the boys. Keeping these affairs with them a secret was most definitely part of what amped up the thrill. But now, this new kind of freedom I was just beginning to discover was opening up whole new sexual vistas I never could have conceived of as a normal, conservative housewife and mother. I was slowly learning to trust this freedom and let the people closest to me see who I really was for the first time. They were opening up and revealing themselves to me. We'd each been clinging so tightly to our own private sex secrets, afraid of being judged or condemned for the things that bring us the greatest pleasure, and now we no longer had to hide from one another. We were all at the threshold of a new way of being, and I had no idea where it might take us.

I was dizzy and gasping for air by the time my body finally stopped convulsing. Despite having barely enough oxygen to keep myself from blacking out, I had to laugh. It seemed impossible to feel that good. Timmy and his father exchanged triumphant smirks. They had worked together as a team to bring me off to the best orgasm of my life, and they knew it. But I knew something that they didn't. As incredible as it was, there were greater heights that I could achieve. Attaining those heights was going to become the singular focus for me in the coming week.

CHAPTER 9

The Backdoor Man

I WAS AWAKENED by my husband's kiss. I opened my eyes and found him leaning over me, dressed in his suit, ready to leave for work. It's amazing how soundly you can sleep after being fucked to half-a-dozen body-quaking orgasms.

"See you when I get home," he said with a wink. It was what he said to me most mornings before leaving, but this time he sounded more excited than usual by the prospect.

I stretched, causing the bed sheet to shift and expose my naked tits. They were the same tits he'd been looking at for as long as he'd know me, but it seemed there was a little spark in his eye when he caught sight of my stiffening nipples. It was as if he was seeing them in a whole new light. Maybe it was just my imagination, but it still felt good to see my husband look at me like that.

"C'mon, buddy." Evan shook the motionless body on the bed next to me. "School."

Timmy groaned and buried his face deeper into my pillow. Evan shot me a smile and went to leave, then turned back and gave one of my nips a kiss and a quick suck before forcing himself to leave before it went any further. I watched him go with a pang of regret. I wanted him back in bed with me, naked and hard. I just wanted to stay in bed all day and fuck. I reached down between my legs to find that my pussy hair was stiff with dried cum. That fact sent a happy shiver through me.

I squeezed one of my sleeping son's bare butt cheeks. "Let's go, lover, go get in the shower and wash Mommy's pussy stink off that handsome dick of yours."

His only response was another plaintive groan. I tickled his back and thighs with my fingertips for a few minutes, thinking back to the night before when he was mounted on top of me. I could still almost feel the way his young, developing body struggled between my legs. His earnest thrusts pushed his growing penis as far as it could reach into my mature pussy. Now both my sons had lost their virginity to me. It was probably selfish of me, but that fact made me sinfully proud.

Timmy finally stirred. He rolled onto his side, displaying an urgent little hard-on. I looked at it longingly and found myself amused by the thought that I had yet to see my youngest son's cock when it was limp.

"Morning wood," he said as if he expected me to do something about it.

"You'll just have to save that for later," I told him regretfully. "Bus in twenty minutes."

He grumbled and climbed out of bed. Before he was halfway to the door I was seized with a naughty impulse. I turned onto my side and spread my ass.

"Before you go, come give Mommy's butthole a kiss."

Timmy turned and he was suddenly wide awake. He stared at my proffered backside for a second before his body kicked into gear. He dashed back to the bed and was French kissing my asshole with sincere passion. I giggled with delight at this newfound kink. I never would have guessed something so nasty would feel so amazing.

“Okay, okay, okay! That’s enough, lover!” I had to push his face out of my ass crack. If I had let it go on any longer it would have turned into another full blown fuck-fest. “You’ve got eight minutes. Go!”

My son gave my asshole one more lick, gave me a playful love-bite on my rump, then ran naked to the shower. In that moment of contented bliss I didn’t understand why this wasn’t the way all families were. I understood the practical prohibitions against procreating with close family members, but why not be able to enjoy the people we love most at a more naturally intimate level? I was giving my boys a new kind of pleasure I never thought I could have. And they were opening up new realms of ecstasy for me that society would deny I should have. I reached around and touched my saliva-slicked asshole, recreating the sensation of my son’s tongue exploring me back there. This was the way families should be.

By the time I woke up for the second time that morning I had the house to myself. I loved waking up naked. I teased my bare nipples and thought again about all the strange turns my sex life had taken over the past weeks. I suddenly remembered that we would all be going to visit Evan’s parents that weekend. If I already didn’t have more sex than I could handle between my husband and two sons, how was I going to deal with my horny mother-in-law and adorably randy father-in-law? Definitely problems I never expected to have.

After a nice long shower I was sorting through my underwear drawer. I found myself choosing what I was going to wear that day based on what I guessed Timmy would like most. Which pair of panties would best soak up my scent for him to enjoy later? I loved being a kinky mommy!

I was about to put on a bra, but then threw it back in the drawer. Panties would be enough for now. I headed downstairs in nothing but the red thong Timmy had chosen for me at Victoria’s Secret the other day. I made myself a cup of tea and some toast, emptied the dishwasher, and picked up the living room. I’d never enjoyed my morning routine so much. My tits swayed freely as I went about my chores. It felt good when I’d bend over and they’d dangle loosely. I found myself purposely brushing my exposed nipples against various objects around the house just to feel the different textures and sensations. I also had to get used to wearing a thong.

It felt strange at first having something crammed up the length of my butt crack, like I had a huge wedgie. But it didn’t take long before I stopped trying to adjust it and began enjoying the way it felt up in there. I liked how I could be wearing panties that left my cheeks naked. I couldn’t resist checking out my rear end every time I passed a mirror. Of course, all I was doing was torturing myself.

At one point I somehow ended up humping my crotch against the corner of our coffee table and had to make myself stop. As fun as doing my housework naked was, it was only going to make me hornier than I already was. I was dying to masturbate, but once again I didn’t want to release all that pent up sexual energy alone - I wanted to share it with my boys. I got dressed and headed to the gym.

Working out in a thong was another first for me, but I wanted to get it extra funky for my perverted panty-sniffing son. I usually had to drag myself through my workout routine, but I was

feeling up and ready for anything. While I was exercising I never stopped thinking dirty thoughts about the other people around me. What would he say if he knew I was imagining sucking on his sweaty balls while he was doing bench presses? Would she like it if I was fingering her as she did those leg lifts? Was there anybody else there who had the pleasure of having their asshole licked in the last twenty-four hours? I admonished myself several times for having such depraved thoughts, but I couldn't seem to stop doing it. My mind and morals were being warped by all the illicit sex I was having. The scary thing was that I actually liked being so demented.

There was something about carrying around the secret of my incestuous sex with my sons that made me feel powerful in a way I'd never felt before. It's the opposite of what I would have expected, but knowing that I was capable of defying the considerable weight of social expectations gave me the confidence to put all other conventions in their proper perspective.

I watched a good-looking twenty-something guy curling dumbbells in front of the mirrors. He had on a snug pair of shorts, giving me a good impression of his well-shaped butt. I stared at him from my perch on the exercise bike I was pedaling. I checked out the reflection of his crotch in the mirror to see if I could spot any hint of his package. He noticed me eyeing him down there. Normally I would have instantly looked away, and probably escaped to the locker room if I thought he knew what I'd been doing. Instead, I was able to meet his eyes, offer a friendly smile, and go right back to checking out his goods. Twenty seconds later I noticed more than a hint of his package making itself obvious in his shorts just before he hurried off to the locker room himself.

It might not seem like much to many people, but I would never have even contemplated doing something like that a few weeks ago. Before, as a married woman, I would have thought such a thing was unquestionably wrong. But after the past couple weeks, a little friendly ogling or flirting with a stranger seemed like nothing more than a bit of innocent fun. I looked around and spotted a young hottie with a gorgeous rack and lustfully leered at her perky young tits until my timer went off. Which was probably a good thing since I was dangerously close to cumming all over that bicycle seat!

I thought about lingering around the locker room to see if I could catch a peek at those juicy tits while she was changing, but I had to run because I wanted to be ready for Nick when he got home from school. I had to keep my priorities straight.

Once I got home I changed into a casual outfit that would be easy to get out of quickly, put away the few things I had picked up at the store, and tidied up a little while I waited. When I heard the back door open my heart quickened and my pussy fluttered. I hurried from the living room to the kitchen to greet my stud, promising myself I would wait until we got downstairs to his bedroom before I yanked his pants down and began sucking his cock. I breezed in, ready to make a crudely filthy comment and stopped dead in my tracks.

"Mom, this is Kaylin," Nick quickly announced before I could say anything.

Standing next to him was a shapely red-headed girl with a shy smile holding her books demurely beneath her breasts. Breasts, which I must say, were anything but demure. The hottie at the gym had nothing on his little hussy. And, my God, the cleavage! I couldn't believe girls were allowed to walk around school showing that much of their boobs. No wonder boys couldn't focus on their studies these days!

"Hi, Mrs Richards, nice to meet you," Kaylin offered in a musical voice with a sincere smile.

Her sweetness was making it difficult to hate her - and I really wanted to hate her. I could see

the desperation in Nick's eyes. He was practically willing me to like this little slut of his. I crushed down my unwarranted feelings of jealousy, and did my best.

"Hello, Kaylin. I hope you're here to help Nick study." I went and opened the 'fridge not knowing quite why. "He's going to end up in summer school if he's not careful."

She was about to correct me, but Nick jumped in. "Yeah, study. We have biology together and we're going to study for the test this week." Kaylin looked confused for a moment, then Nick nudged her and she nodded to confirm his obvious lie. Biology, indeed.

I pulled a pitcher out of the refrigerator. "Iced tea?"

"No, we're fine," Nick insisted. "Um, so, we're going to go down to my room and study now. Okay?"

My natural instinct was to laugh and tell him to dream on. But then my unnatural instinct took over and I bit my tongue. Before I had completely thought it through, I found myself playing along with my son's obvious designs to get this girl alone in his bedroom.

"Okay, as long as you two promise to behave yourselves."

Nick tried to cover his surprise that I was letting him get away with having a girl in his bedroom. "Um, yeah, we will, Mom," he spluttered and quickly ushered Kaylin toward the basement. She seemed embarrassed by the entire situation, which indicated to me that she had no intention of behaving herself with my boy.

I put away the iced tea, and fussed around with a few things in the kitchen that didn't need fussing with. I listened but couldn't hear any sounds from downstairs. They were probably just studying, but my dirty mind couldn't help wondering what else they might be getting up to. I thought about sneaking down the stairs and listening at his bedroom door, but the steps were too squeaky for me to get away with that. After a few more minutes of stalling I finally gave in to what I knew I was going to end up doing right from the beginning.

It was a beautiful day outside with only a few fluffy clouds floating beyond the treetops. It was warm with a faint breeze. I crept around to the backyard and stealthily approached Nick's bedroom window and peeked in. Nick was sitting on his bed, and Kaylin was inspecting the various do-dads on his shelf. Trophies, model planes, souvenirs from our various vacations. I could hear their voices, but not what they were saying. I suddenly felt silly and backed away.

What was wrong with me? I was basically having more sex than I knew what to do with, and yet there I was spying on my son and his little girlfriend in search of a cheap thrill. I knew my moral compass was in the process of being radically recalibrated, but I needed to exercise some sort of discretion. I noticed some branches had fallen into the yard. I picked them up and threw them over the back fence, then checked on my scraggly rose bushes that never managed to bloom. As I was headed back into the house I decided to take one more quick peek just to see.

Kaylin was sitting next to Nick. They were facing away from me and I could see Nick's hand lightly rubbing up and down her back. My boy was making his move. The sly devil. I decided to watch just for a minute, then leave them alone. I'm sure he'd tell me all about anything that might happen between them, so there was no need for me to spy. Kaylin leaned her head on his shoulder and my nipples tingled in response. I was a lost cause.

It took several more minutes, but they worked their way up to kissing. She was obviously inexperienced, though willing. She wasn't giving in too easily, either because she was playing hard to get or because she was nervous. My guess was this was the first time she'd done anything like

this with a boy. I had to envy her.

It wasn't long before Nick eased her back onto the bed, never taking his lips from hers. She went down reluctantly, but was clearly yielding to him. I had to imagine she could feel the hard-on in his pants pressing against her thigh. I moved to the side, making sure they wouldn't spot me outside the window and continued peeping. Her hand found its way onto his hip. I don't know why, but the sight of it made my pussy tingle.

My prurient excitement, however, was still tainted with a twinge of jealousy. I had no intention of keeping Nick all to myself, but I didn't expect him to start playing with other girls so soon. There were so many things he hadn't yet tried with me, and I had so much more to teach him. How could he be interested in this inexperienced trollop? Nick suddenly rolled off Kaylin, reached into his backpack, pulled out his ringing cell phone and turned it off. I looked down at those bodacious melons barely contain in that shirt of hers and could see exactly why he'd be interested in her. And I really couldn't blame him one bit.

He said something that made her giggle sweetly and then they were once again lip-locked for several minutes. I remembered when making out seemed like the pinnacle of romance to me. Before I understood anything about sex, I had thought that kissing was the ultimate act of physical love two people could share. Boy was I surprised when I found out there was so much more! But before then I was happy to kiss and make out for ages. Crouching outside that window, I became aware that it was infinitely more fun participating than watching. I was about to make myself go when I noticed Nick's hand moving up her side. He was going for it. I bit my lip and watched in breathless anticipation.

Kaylin blocked his hand using her arm. He backed off. When her arm moved, he went on the offensive once again, slowly advancing toward his goal. Before he could get there she put her hand on his and pushed it down. The kissing went on unabated as the struggle played out. A minute later Nick was mounting another assault. She put up a token defense, shifting her body slightly, but Nick's hand reached the Promised Land. I saw him squeeze that big, bountiful breast and practically cheered for him like I was on the sidelines at one of his games.

Their kissing intensified as Nick massaged her tit over her shirt and bra. I couldn't hold back any longer. I stood, unbuttoned my jeans and yanked the zipper down. I silently knelt down next to the window and slipped my hand into my panties. My pussy was as hot and as wet as I knew it would be. It felt so good to slide my finger along the slick inner folds of my slit, and rub my aching clit. The sensible part of my brain was all in a tizzy about the catastrophic consequences of Kaylin noticing that her boyfriend's mother was spying on them and masturbating, but the horny part of my brain was in full control by that point. Good sense would have to take a backseat to my carnal lusts yet again.

"Mom? What're you doin' back here?" The sound of Timmy's voice nearly gave me a heart attack!

I automatically began scrambling for a lie to explain myself, then realized I didn't need one.

"I'm spying on your brother and his girlfriend," I admitted straight out.

He moved up behind me and looked over my shoulder. "And...?"

"And fingering my pussy."

"Sweet." He stayed behind me and peeked in the window. "Oh man, it's that red-haired chick with the knockers."

“Shhh, keep your voice down or they’ll hear you.”

“Look, he’s totally feeling her up,” Timmy whispered, sounding somewhat in awe of his big brother.

I heard his zipper go down behind me. I was about to tell him he could do that out here, but he was only following my lead, so I couldn’t really say anything. He leaned against me to get a better look and I could feel the jerking motions of his body as he stroked himself. What a pair we made. I stopped thinking about it and went back to playing with myself and enjoying the weirdly erotic situation for what it was.

“She’s grabbing Nick’s butt,” I whispered to Timmy.

“The way he’s humping her leg he’s probably going to cum in his pants any second.” Timmy pressed his cock against my butt and humped himself against me to demonstrate his point. It was embarrassing being caught peeping, but it was certainly a lot of fun sharing it with someone just as perverted as I was.

“He’s making a move,” I said and pushed my ass back against my son’s erection.

Nick drifted away from Kaylin’s well-groped tit and moved down across her stomach. With a quick shift he tucked his hand into her crotch. She pressed her legs tighter together and squirmed. Nick fought to get deeper in, but she grabbed his wrist. Kaylin held him for a few moments, apparently debating whether or not to let him continue rubbing her pussy through her pants, then she firmly pulled his hand away.

“Oh, snap,” Timmy wheezed in delight. “You see that? Ha, his balls are probably about to explode.”

“What a little tease,” I breathed and shoved a finger into my hole. “She wants it as bad as he does.”

“No shit. Her panties must be soaking wet by now.”

“I bet you’d love to be down there with them,” I accused Timmy, wanting that for myself.

“Nope, I like it better out here with you.” With that he tugged at the back of my jeans, causing them to fall off my hips.

“Stop that,” I hissed as loud as I could manage safely. “Pull my pants back up, right now!”

“Whoa, nice thong, Mom.” Timmy rubbed his prick against one of my bared butt cheeks. “Sex-ay!”

I couldn’t fight it. He knew I was enjoying it as much as he was, so there was nothing I could do but enjoy it. Timmy grabbed onto my hips and humped himself against my backside while he looked over my shoulder at the wrestling match going on down on his brother’s bed. Nick had given up trying to storm his objective and pursued another strategy. As they continued sucking face, he took her hand and delicately maneuvered it to his own crotch. I watched with growing trepidation, not know how she would react.

When her hand first made contact with his bulge it looked like she tried to pull back, but Nick held her hand in place. After a few seconds she relented and gripped him through his pants. He kept his hand over hers for a few more seconds, then reached for a handful of boob once again. Seeing her small, pale hand on my son’s crotch was rapidly bringing me toward joyful completion. Timmy’s dick grinding against my butt only accelerated the thrill.

“I’m going to cum,” I whispered, biting my lip.

“Me, too.” Timmy slid one hand up under my shirt and fondled one of my tits. That did it.

I swallowed the moan that rose in my throat and pressed my clit hard. Not being able to fully release all that orgasmic energy at once seemed to prolong my climax beyond normal limits. I silently spasmed there in the shade next to the window, three, four, then a fifth time. With my last restrained shudder, Timmy's fingers dug into my hip and tit and he pushed himself hard into me. I felt the warm squirts of cum shooting up between our bodies and begin dribbling down my skin as soon as they had landed. With his face against the back of my shoulder he managed not to make any noise either.

We remained still, Timmy clutching me from behind, and watched the young lovers petting each other over their clothes. It must have been a maddening mix of delight and frustration for poor Nick. He was clearly dying to get straight to the kind of good stuff he'd tried with me, but she wasn't ready to move that fast. I guess my lesson for him that day was going to be on blue balls: the cause and the cure.

Kaylin suddenly jumped. She went for her cell phone, checked who was calling and made a face. She answered it while Nick just lay there with an unsatisfied hard-on tenting the front of his pants. Even though I thought it looked cute, it also looked rather ridiculous if I'm being honest. She hung up and said something to Nick with a pouty face. I suspected she was telling him she had to go. She sat on the bed and they talked. There was a little bit of hand holding, and an occasional smooch, but mostly talk.

"Looks like the show's over, my little peeping Tom."

"More like peeping Tim."

"Ha, ha." I rolled my eyes. Why did all the men in this family think they were comedians?

The two of us carefully backed away and got our pants pulled up. Timmy took my hand and sucked the two fingers I'd had in my twat just a few moments earlier.

"Stop that," I said without much conviction. "Someone might see."

"Oh, now you're worried about someone seeing you?" He laughed at me and finished his after-school snack of Mommy's pussy fingers.

When he was done he gave me a quick kiss on the lips and headed for the driveway, basketball in hand. I got inside just before the two of them came slinking up the stairs. Even if I hadn't seen what they'd been doing I would have known by the flushed cheeks and the sheepish demeanors.

"Kaylin's sister is going to be here to pick her up in a few minutes," Nick explained as he herded her by me.

"It was nice meeting you," I said before they could escape. "I hope you come again." I couldn't resist putting a little extra emphasis on the word "come." Nick's eyes widened, but she didn't seem to notice.

"Bye," she offered weakly with a small wave and let Nick hurry her out the door.

Once they were gone, I went and flopped onto the sofa and turned on the TV. I remembered that I had Timmy's cum all over my left butt cheek under my pants, but I didn't feel like getting up to clean it off. Besides, I liked knowing it was there. In a little while I could hear the telltale sounds of Timmy and Nick playing one-on-one. The hoop was hung over the garage door, so each shot sent a resounding hum through the house. I used to find it annoying, but I'd grown to find it reassuring. I knew right where my boys were and what they were doing when I could hear that noise. I didn't want to think about the day I wouldn't hear that noise any more. The idea of that inevitability made much sadder than ever before. I flipped the channel and tried to forget about it

and pay attention to whatever was making Judge Judy so angry.

It wasn't long before someone was tromping around in the kitchen. Nick came into the living room all sweaty, drinking from a big glass of ice water. He sat on the sofa despite there being plenty of other places he could sit. He wanted to be close to me.

"Where's Timmy?" I asked.

"Joey came over and they went somewhere on their bikes. Probably down to the playground."

It seemed strange that the boy I was making love to the night before was still going to playgrounds. I convinced myself that it was probably just a cover and he was really going someplace he shouldn't to cause some sort of juvenile mischief.

"How was your date?" I asked. "Did you get lucky?"

"It wasn't a date," he protested. "And, we didn't do nothing."

I gave him a look to let him know I didn't believe a word he was saying. "Nothing?"

"I made out with her a little."

"Well, that's something at least." I nudged his leg with my foot in an effort to chase away the gloomy look on his face. "You have to understand that not all girls are as slutty as your mother. She's probably never even seen a penis, much less know what to do with one. If you like this girl, then you have to take things slow and let her go at a pace that she's comfortable with."

"I know, but... it's just that..." He struggled to find the words. "Whatever."

"Not whatever. Tell me."

"I guess it's only that we do all this stuff and then stop before it gets anywhere. It's frustrating."

I rub his leg with my foot, trying to soothe him. "I know it is, but all you need to do is change the way you look at it. You're too focused on the end goal and you're forgetting to enjoy the ride. All that 'stuff' is part of what makes it good, not just the end result." I wasn't convincing him. "Remember that first day you jerked off for me?"

"Of course. That was great."

"Don't you think it was frustrating for me that I couldn't jump you right then and there, and fuck your brains out?"

"Back then I didn't even know you would even want to do that with me."

"The point is that we both had a lot of fun before we got around to doing it. Think of all the exciting things we did together before we got 'anywhere.'" I slid my foot into his lap and found his package with my heel.

"I wasn't thinking about it like that." He took a hold of my foot and rubbed it along his lengthening shaft. "It's okay, though, right? Me doing stuff with Kaylin. I mean, if it bothers you..." He trailed off, not completely willing to say he'd stop seeing her for my sake.

"I can't say I'm not a little jealous." I put a bit of threatening pressure on his balls. "But I want you to be with girls your own age. It wouldn't be fair to keep you all to myself." I could feel that his cock was at full attention. His hardness felt nice running up and down along my instep. "I'm just worried that you're not going to be interested my little titties anymore after you get to play with those monster jugs."

Nick laughed. "Jugs? I never heard them called that before." It was easy to forget how young and clueless he was. "Yeah, she's got a killer rack, but some of it is from her padded bra."

"How do you know she wears padded bras?"

"Um, because... I guess I kind of felt her up a little while we were making out."

"Tsk, tsk, tsk. When are you going to learn you can't keep secrets from your mother?"

Instead of answering he yanked my sock off and began tickling my bare foot. I screamed in sudden surprise and tried to pull away. As soon as I got that foot free, he had my other one. In a matter of seconds my frisky son had denuded that one as well and was tickling ruthlessly. I squirmed and fought, squealing helplessly with laughter, but was unable to escape his torture.

"Stop! I'm going to pee my pants!"

This only made him redouble his efforts. My stomach began to ache from laughing, and I could barely catch my breath between gales of frantic shrieks of hysterics. He finally relented and I collapsed into a thankful pile of exhausted jelly. I was glad it was over, but disappointed at the same time. He still held my bare feet in his lap. We sat like that for a while as I caught my breath. Nick began to knead my feet with his strong hands.

"Mmm, that feels nice," I said, hoping to encourage him to continue.

I couldn't remember the last time anyone had given me a foot massage. We both turned our eyes to the TV, but neither of us was really watching what was on. Nick continued to rub, and I surrendered myself to his touch. That warm, sparkly glow suffused me. I'd always felt a close bond with Nick, especially with him being my first born, but our closeness had become so much deeper. There was a dimensionality to it that hadn't been there before - one that couldn't have been there because of the necessary barriers we had to maintain around one particular type of intimacy. Before I would have been overcome with poisonous guilt for the arousal I was feeling in that moment. A son rubbing his mother's feet may appear on the surface a perfectly innocent act, but the carnal desires it awoke in me were anything but innocent.

"I never noticed before how pretty your feet were," Nick commented.

He pressed his thumb up along the pad of my right foot, then singled out my second toe. He gave it a little tug and a wiggle. It made me twitter like a little girl. He repeated the gesture with each of my other piggies, then moved to my other foot and did the same. I felt like an empress being attended to by a devoted bed servant. He lifted my foot, leaned down and kissed the top of my it up close to my ankle. His kisses moved down and next thing I knew he was sucking on my big toe. It felt wonderful, but it once again triggered my tickle reflex and made me laugh.

"Don't you dare get me started again," I warned.

He kissed the tips of my other toes, then worked his way around to the underside. Nick kissed and licked my instep. The tickle was there, but the sensuality of what he was doing began to overpower my impulse to giggle.

"Nick, honey," I said, pressing against his hard-on. "Take your cock out for me. Please."

He quickly undid his pants and pulled his erection out, then went right back to kissing my foot. I rested my other foot against his naked cock. His hot flesh felt nice. I rubbed him up and down, surprised that I was able sense the way his skin moved over his shaft. Nick pushed up against my touch, increasing the pressure. He began sucking my big toe again and all ticklishness was gone. It became immediately obvious to me that if a blowjob felt anywhere near as good as that I could understand why the guys loved them so much.

With an urgent motion he grabbed my other ankle and positioned me so the soles of my feet were pressed together. He quickly turned his body so he was facing me. I wasn't sure what he was going to do until he slid his cock into the space made by my arches. My son held my ankles and began fucking my feet. Not only had I never done anything like that before, but I'd never even

conceived of it being done. If I had known something so weird could feel so good I would have been fucking Evan with my feet all the time!

Nick stared down at the head of his cock poking out from between my feet then disappearing again. Between him and his brother I suspected that in time I was going to get every part of my body fucked in one way or another, even if I had no idea those parts were even fuckable. I let out a nice long moan to let him know how much I was enjoying this unexpectedly kinky interlude.

"You like that, sweetie? Rubbing your big cock on Mommy's feet?"

"So fucking good..." he panted. "So fucking good I'm going to cum."

"That's my boy, cum for Mommy."

He gave several powerful final thrusts and began spewing a fountain of jizz at me. Two big gobs of white goo landed on my wide open crotch and began soaking into my pants. Some landed on the sofa cushion. The remainder spilled out onto my bare feet, slathering my heels and instep with warm teen spunk. I wondered if I'd eventually get tired of that deliciously slimy feeling of fresh cum on my skin. I was inclined to doubt I ever would.

I waited for Nick to regain his wits. "Did that cheer you up?"

"A little." He grinned and relaxed back onto the sofa, finally releasing my feet back to my control.

"Only a little?" I tapped my big toe against his cummy pee-hole. "I hate it when my baby's not happy. Would a nice fuck help you forget about that naughty cockteasing girl of yours?"

"I guess it's worth a try," he sighed with mock resignation.

"Let's go down and do it on your bed." The idea of having sex with my son in his own bedroom made it feel extra dirty somehow. Especially since we'd be doing it on the same spot where that girl wouldn't give him what he wanted. Mommy would give her boy everything he wanted and more.

As soon as we got down to Nick's room we both quickly stripped. I went down on my knees and began sucking his cock. I could taste the remnants of his last orgasm. He was still mostly hard, but after a minute in my mouth he was back to maximum rigidity. I had no hard feelings against my husband, but the unquenchable resilience of a teenage cock was a true blessing.

I got onto my son's bed, stretched out on my back, and open my legs invitingly for him. He stood there staring at my pussy, tugging on his erection. I let him stare. Reaching down, I parted my outer lips, giving him a better view of my wet inner pinkness.

"I love the way you look at my cunt," I told him.

He smiled and met my eyes with his. "It's nice to look at." His gaze lowered once again and I spread myself a little wider. "I still can't believe sometimes that I really get to see it. I mean, I never thought I'd ever get to even see you naked, much less be able to look at your pussy like this."

"Did you think a lot about seeing me naked?"

"I don't know," Nick shrugged, "I guess." He fondled his balls for a moment then re-gripped his shaft, giving it a couple careful pulls. "I felt bad about it, so I tried not to. Guilty, maybe. Or more just weird for thinking about my mom in a sex kind of way."

"How about now?" I circled a finger around my aching clit. "Do you feel guilty about putting your cock inside your mom's pussy and filling it up with your cum?"

"Not really," he grinned. "No." He got onto the bed, kneeling between my legs, continuing to look down at my freely offered cunt. "You're really into all this, aren't you?"

"I didn't realize I was so obvious about it," I said innocently, getting a good laugh out of him.

"I never imagined anything like this could ever happen, but I can honestly say I'm glad it did. I love seeing your cock and being able to touch it. I love having you back inside me. I love seeing you licking my pussy. I love eating your cum." I could hold back and jammed two fingers into my twitching hole. "So, yeah, I guess you could say I'm really into this."

"Do you think there are other moms that do this sort of thing?"

"I didn't before, but now I suspect there might be at least a few other mothers out there playing with their naughty sons."

He chuckled. "Mrs. Cordell and Todd, maybe?"

I burst out laughing picturing squat little Mrs. Cordell showing off her perfectly round body to her equally round son. "Maybe," I cackled, barely containing a snort. "As far as we know, they could be humping like a couple of sex-crazed weebles every chance they get."

"Speaking of humping..." Nick moved closer and aimed his stiff hard-on toward my ready hole.

He stroked the head of his dick up and down my soft pussy lips, spreading my wetness. The feel of the tip of my son's cock pressing against my pulsing clit inflamed my longing need to be penetrated. I had to have him inside me.

"Stop teasing and fuck your mother like a good boy," I groaned.

He continued teasing me. Nick leaned over and sucked up one of my nipples into his mouth. A new wave of pleasure washed over me, causing me to squirm beneath his naked boy. The end of his cock played at the opening of my vagina, tantalizingly close to giving me what I needed.

"I want you inside me, Nick." I grasped his buttocks and tried to force him into me. "I want your cock. Mommy's cunt wants your big, young cock so bad."

His mouth found my other nipple and the torment continued. I squeezed the strong, hard muscles of his ass and tried again to pull him into my desperately wet hole. I couldn't understand my straining need. I'd just been fucked the night before by two cocks, and there I was starving for my son's fuck meat like I hadn't had sex in months. Something was definitely different about me. Ever since I became intimate with my boys, my libido had gone through the roof. Maybe it was just because everything was new, and I would go back to normal in time. The problem was that I didn't really want to go back to normal.

Nick's cock slid along my engorged slit. The length of his harness rubbed along my clit. He sucked my tits like a pro. His skills had noticeably improved over the past week of practice. He had me on the verge of cumming and he hadn't even entered me yet. My son was becoming a lover.

"Fuck me, Nick," I begged. "I need your cock in my pussy... please, baby..."

He took his lips from my nipple and kissed me. His tongue slipped easily into my mouth and his naked body pressed down on mine. Flesh on flesh. And then I felt it. The head of his cock nestled into the hollow of my opening. My heart swelled. I had a brief sense of being a virgin about to be overtaken for the first time. I almost cried out with anticipation.

Nick shifted forward ever so slightly and pushed himself past my carnal threshold. "Yes," I whimpered, "all the way, baby, all the way in Mommy's pussy." I gripped his manly girth with my inner muscles, and luxuriated in the slow, inch-by-inch insertion of my son's cock into my cunt. How could this possibly feel so good? Something I've done thousands of times with my husband was now like some kind of new intoxicating drug I'd never known before. It had to be because it was my son.

By every societal measure what I was doing was wrong. For most of the world a mother making

love to her son is a repugnant act of the most profound depravity imaginable. And yet there I was, by all accounts a normal suburban mother on my son's bed with my legs spread wide and his virile teen cock pushing deeper and deeper into my pussy. I was a criminal, a monster, a pervert of the lowest order. Despite all this, or maybe because of it, I'd never felt as uplifted and fulfilled in my life. Giving my body to my sons seemed so natural. More than natural, actually, it somehow seemed right. Right in a way that I couldn't quite put into words. Not right in terms of society, but right in a primal sense. It was almost as if my job as their mother would be incomplete if I were to send my boys out into the world without having properly taught them the joyous pleasures of sex and laid bare the mysteries of a woman's body. If nothing else, they would be able to face the world with a confidence and understanding that wouldn't have been possible if I'd denied the urges I had for them. Urges that I suspected most mothers have but are forced to suppress. As my son's cock reached as deeply inside me as it could, I wasn't suppressing anything.

"Oh, fuck, your cock feels so good inside me!" I teetered on the edge of a kind of elated delirium. "Mommy's cunt loves you so much. . . your cock is in my pussy. . . all the way in Mommy's pussy. . . you fill me up so good. . . I love you, baby. . . love you so much. . ."

We kissed passionately between each of my ecstatic declarations. I couldn't believe it had taken me so long to discover how much talking dirty intensified the sexual experience. I'd always been too self-conscious to open up like that with my husband, but with my sons I knew I had a sort of unconditional acceptance that allowed me to fully express myself without fear of judgment or ridicule. There were no power games between us, just base sexual gratification. It was perfect.

"Your pussy feels so good, Mom," Nick professed as he nibbled at my earlobe. He kissed my neck, lifting his hips, then plunging back into me. "It's so warm. . . and soft. . . and wet." His thrusts were slow and deliberate, but I could tell he was only barely in control. "I love fucking you so much. Your body is so sexy. . . and your tits. . . and your pussy. . . oh, damn, this feels fucking good!"

I matched each of his thrusts. I wrapped my arms around him and hugged him tight against me. "There you go, baby, fuck that pussy nice and slow. Take your time. Mommy's cunt is all yours right now. You own this pussy, sweetie, it's just for you."

"Does it really feel good for you, Mom?" He pushed his cock as far as he could. "Do you like it the way I fuck you?"

"I do like it, Nick," I told him honestly. "You're really learning how to use your cock. There's more to sex than just sticking it in." I lost my breath for a moment as his body surged forward, propelling his erection to the hilt into my soft embrace. "But you're already figuring that out, aren't you?"

"I have the best teacher," he said before once again covering my mouth with his.

My mind flashed to when Nick first started being embarrassed when I'd kiss him or hug him in public, especially if his friends were around. He had even become squeamish about my private motherly displays of affection. It hurt my feelings a little, but I backed off, hoping it was just a phase. Apparently that phase was officially over. There seemed to be no expression of affection that he would shy away from. He couldn't contain himself any longer and began driving into me quicker and harder.

"Oh, yes," I moaned encouragingly, "give it to me. Give Mommy that big cock nice and hard!"

"I want to make you cum, Mom." He held himself above me, the muscles in his arms tense and bulging. "I want to fuck you and make your pussy cum."

"Keep going, baby, just like that." I became lost in the intensity of his eyes as he concentrated on putting all his energy into every powerful stroke. "You fuck Mommy so good...you're going to make me cum all over your cock."

I enjoyed the way my husband made love to me, and I had no complaints whatsoever, but the vigorous enthusiasm of my young son was a kind of fucking I hadn't enjoyed in many years. My whole body jolted with each forceful thrust. My tits bounced wildly in cadence with Nick's pounding hips. I gave myself up to his youthful strength, letting him possess me and became a helpless plaything beneath him. My growing cries of mounting exhilaration escaped by throat without restraint. Nick could hear just how good he was using his cock.

"Cum on my cock, Mom! Fuck me with your pussy!"

"Yes! I'm gonna cum! Make my pussy cum, baby! Fuck Mommy's cunt! Fuck it, fuck it, fuck it, yes, yes, yeeeeeees!"

A guttural noise came out of me then like I'd never made before. It was something between a moan and a roar and perfectly expressed the savage orgasm that was overtaking me. An airy lightness suffused me and for a moment I ceased to exist as anything but an ethereal fog of pure unadulterated pleasure. Nick's labored voice brought me back into my body with a sudden rush that sent me into a tailspin of bliss all over again.

"I'm going to cum, Mom! Oh, shit, yes!"

"Do it, baby! Cum inside me! Cum in Mommy's pussy!"

His face flushed a deep crimson, and I could see each tendon standing out in his neck as he crossed over the tipping point into orgasm. His body spasmed and I knew at that moment he was flooding the deepest part of me with his vital sperm. He heaved and pushed his cock violently into my cunt. More cum was being ejected inside my tightly clenched vagina. There followed one more lunge and the last of what he had to offer was deposited at the altar of my womb.

He huffed and puffed atop me. His crisis was over, but the trickling thrill from my orgasm was still tracing its way through my veins. I closed my eyes and let myself be absorbed in the raw physical manifestation of my love for my son. Every mother who denied herself this experience was only living half a life. I thought there could be nothing more profoundly felt than my love for my boys, but since I headed down the path of incestuous indulgence I have realized there was so much more than I ever could have conceived of. I was complete in a way I hadn't known was possible.

Nick and I quietly held each other for a long time. His breathing slowed. My pulse eased back to normal. The sweat of our bodies mingled. His penis remained unfailingly hard within me. I was content to lie there under him as long as we could. My fingertips traced lazy patterns across his broad back. He used to be my chubby cherub, and now I could feel the hard planes of muscle where there had once been baby fat. My little boy had become my young man. His cock stirred within me.

"I love you so much, Mom," he whispered hoarsely.

"I love you, too, sweetheart." I kissed his cheek. "I remember when you were born, and I held you in my arms, you were so tiny and I thought I couldn't love anything or anyone more than I loved you at that moment." I held his face in my hands. "But there was a way that I could love you more. I'm glad we found that out together."

He touched his lips tenderly to mine.

"Me, too." With a subtle movement of his hips, his cock shifted inside the fleshy grip of my

pussy.

“If you keep doing that,” I warned him, “you’re going to make me cum again.”

He kissed the tip of my nose playfully. “Good.” Nick began moving with purpose, keeping himself pushed tightly into me, and had me cumming again in a matter of minutes.

I made love with my son for the rest of the afternoon. He asked if he could fuck me doggy style, and I coached him through his first try at that position. We then tried a sideways approach. It was a bit clumsy, but effective. By the time I was on top, riding his weakening hard-on, he was shooting blanks. He was game for one more attempt after that, but when we heard his father arriving home from work, we decided that we’d probably had enough for one session and got dressed.

Since I was otherwise occupied and didn’t have anything ready for dinner we ordered Chinese food. Timmy arrived home just as it was being delivered and we all sat down to a boisterous meal. The boys were both eager to talk about school, and Nick’s “date,” and the trouble Timmy and his friends almost got into after they met up at the playground. Usually we had to practically torture this sort of information out of them at the dinner table, but now they were not only willing, but eager to share the details of their lives with us. I suppose once you begin exchanging precious bodily fluids with your parents, opening up about the details of your day becomes a whole lot easier.

As I was putting the dirty dishes in the sink, Timmy came and gave me a hug from behind. I thought he was just being sweet, right up until he grabbed my tits and gave them a couple squeezes. I panicked for an instant because Nick and Evan were right there, but then I realized it was okay. I let Timmy go ahead and feel me up in front of his brother and father, and continued rinsing the dishes.

Evan tossed some empty containers in the trash. He came and gave me a quick peck on the cheek then gave one of my tits a squeeze himself. The boys thought this was hilarious, and they were all still laughing over it as they trooped off to the living room to see what was on TV. It looked like I had to give up my expectations of respect around the house, but I honestly didn’t mind. Maybe it would become an issue one of these days, but for now I was rather enjoying the explicit sexual harassment from my guys.

We all watched television together for a couple hours until I began dozing off on the sofa. Evan and I headed up to bed, leaving the boys in command of the remote. When we got into bed, Evan wanted to know about what had gone on before he got home. I told him that Nick and I had been going at it for at least a solid two hours. He wanted to hear all the details. It wasn’t long before his dick was hard and he was slowly stroking himself as he listened to my blow-by-blow account. I pitched in and fondled his balls as I told him all the ways I’d been fucked by his son that afternoon.

Evan was ready to go at it before I was halfway through recounting the fun I’d had with Nick. I told him I didn’t know if my pussy could handle any more cock. He was more than happy to just lick my hard-used cunt. Knowing another cock had been buried in my twat all afternoon seemed to make it all the more appetizing for him. I continued telling him about how Nick fucked me until his balls were dry, and got a pleasant orgasm for my efforts. As soon as he’d gotten me off, Evan got up on his knees and jacked off onto my pussy as I held it open for him. His warm spunk squirting onto my clit and into my gaping hole had a wonderful soothing effect. I was too relaxed and sleepy at that point to clean myself off or bother getting back into my pajamas. I fell asleep naked, sticky and contented.

Later, something woke me.

The room was dark. My eyes immediately drooped and closed. I felt movement and realized someone else was in bed with us. I was lying on my side and a naked body snuggled up behind me. From the size of the thing jabbing my behind I knew it was Timmy. I wanted to ask him what he was doing, but I dozed off before I could make myself form the words. It must have been only moments later when I was awakened by him playing with one of my nipples. It felt good, but I was too out of it to respond.

The world began to fade again. As I was dropping off I thought I smelled something... baby oil. How odd.

Awareness returned. Half awake, half dreaming. Timmy spooning me. Sleeping naked. My husband breathing heavily next to me. Timmy doing something with my bottom. That boy sure does love Mommy's rear end. Something poking around my asshole. A finger? A tongue? Something soft and wet pressing against my anus. Feels nice. Just lie here and enjoy it. Let him play.

Slippery. Something slippery pushing into my butthole. Feels weird. Tighten up. Timmy holds still. Sticking his finger in my ass? Relax. What's the harm? Let him finger my ass if he wants. Relax. So sleepy. Going in deeper. Seems thicker than a finger. What's he doing back there? God, it feels strange. And good. Seems longer than a finger. His hand on my thigh. His hips against my ass. Wait. He's not. He couldn't be. No.

"Timmy?"

"Yeah, Mom?"

"What're you doing?"

"What does it feel like?"

"It feels kinda like you've got your dick in my ass."

"I do."

"You do?"

"Yeah."

I blinked and was fully awake. Timmy pulled back and pushed forward.

"Wait! Are you really fucking me in the ass right now? I didn't say you could do that."

"You didn't say I couldn't." He filled my butt with another long stroke.

"Stop. You can't do that there. I've never done anal sex before," I hissed. I wanted to yell it, but I didn't want to wake Evan. "Timmy, stop."

"Does it hurt?" He fucked himself into my asshole again.

I tried not to let my rising panic get the better of me. "It doesn't matter. That's not something I do."

"Why not?" He wiggled his cock around inside my rectum.

"I just don't. Now take it out of there. It's a disgusting thing to be doing."

"You let me lick it," Timmy whispered and continued pushing in and out of me from behind.

"Yes, but... but..." I didn't know how to answer that, mainly because I was too distracted by the fact that my son was in the process of taking my anal virginity.

"Does it feel good? Mom? Do you like it?"

I didn't want to admit that while the experience was completely alien to me, that it was beginning to feel good. Really good.

"I shouldn't be letting you do this," I mumbled weakly. "You shouldn't be fucking your mother in the ass."

"I've always wanted to do this to you," he said and drove his prick into me. "It's so tight, Mom. It's better than I thought it would be."

Despite my objections, I forced myself to relax and accept what was happening to me. "But it's so dirty. You can fuck my pussy all you want, you don't have to fuck me back there." There was no conviction behind my protests.

"I can tell you like it, Mom. Don't act like you don't."

"No...I...we shouldn't..." I bit my lip to hold back a moan, but it came despite my efforts to silence it.

Timmy was right, I did like it. Anal sex was something that had always repulsed me. I never stopped to determine why, it was just somehow ingrained in me. It did feel weird, that was true, but not in an entirely bad way. To be honest, it felt weird in an entirely good way. What had I been so afraid of all these years?

"We're really doing it, Mom," Timmy sputtered, giddy with his nasty achievement. "We're totally having awesome butt sex."

"Yes, but go slow," I cautioned. "Mommy's never had a cock in her asshole before."

"So fucking tight," he groaned and continued easing himself forward and back.

I focused on the new sensations my son's penis was opening up for me and made a conscious effort to savor the moment. After all, it's not every night that a girl gets to lose her virginity for the second time. His fingers dug into my hip and he worked to pull himself as far into my rear orifice as he could. Timmy let out a sigh of unbridled satisfaction.

That's when I realized what might be behind his heightened delight. I'd always done as much as I could to take care of my pussy - I'd long ago gotten into the habit of doing daily Kegel exercises - but there was no way around the fact that I had pushed two, slightly larger-than-average sized babies through there. I wasn't exactly loose, by any means, but I also didn't have the unspoiled vagina of a pristine teenager anymore. For Evan and Nick, their cocks were thick enough that I must have felt sufficiently tight down there, but not for little Timmy. His smaller dick must have been practically rattling around inside me like a teaspoon in an empty mayonnaise jar. Poor thing.

Timmy obviously was able to get off in my pussy just fine, but my ass had to be a perfect fit for his skinny 13-year-old prick. He must have had this whole thing planned out. He'd lubed his cock up with a liberal coating of baby oil, and crept into my bed when I was most vulnerable. I'm sure he knew I would object if he proposed anal sex while I was fully conscious. The little scamp had pulled off the perfect crime. And I was glad he did.

"You're the first one ever to fuck Mommy's asshole," I said and reached around to touch him. My hand settled on his thigh, feeling it flex rhythmically as he thrust into me again and again. "You're right, I do like it. I like feeling your cock in my ass."

"Mom," he breathed in a hushed tone, "can you say 'anus' for me?"

He caught me off guard with that unexpected request. "What? Why?"

"I don't know. I just want to see what it sounds like when you say it."

It seemed odd, but who was I to judge?

"You want me to say 'anus'?" I purred in the most seductive voice I could manage. I heard a soft noise of approval from him. "As in, you're fucking my anus so good right now, sweetie. I love feeling your cock going in and out of my anus."

"Oh, geez, yes!" He began pumping his dick into my asshole quicker.

"That's it, baby, fuck Mommy's dirty anus. Fuck it good and hard."

He grabbed me tighter and rammed himself home. He unleashed a series of restrained cries into my pillow behind me as his cock spurted a healthy load deep inside my ass. Evan stirred. All the commotion must have finally woken him up.

"Wha-" he mumbled, casting about in the dark for what woke him up.

"Shhh," I soothed him. "Timmy couldn't sleep so I'm letting him fuck me for a little bit until he gets tired. Go back to sleep."

Evan grunted and turned over. He probably wouldn't remember anything in the morning. I waited a minute until I heard his breathing to fall into that familiar pattern of sleep.

"Timmy?"

"Yeah, Mom?"

"Keep your cock right where it is. Can you do that for me?"

"Sure."

I parted my legs and touched myself. My pussy was sopping wet after my surprise butt-fucking.

"Keep your cock right there in Mommy's asshole," I cooed and began masturbating. "God, that feels so strange."

As I lay on my side - my fingers in my pussy, my youngest son's penis in my ass, and my dear husband sleeping next to me - I had to smile at the absurdity of my situation. I'd barely had a kinky impulse my entire life, and now my days were consumed by depraved acts of perversity. Sex had been just one small part of my life. It had been mysterious, romantic and exciting when I was younger, but over the years it had become little more than a convivial chore. Something to be done more out of habit than ardent desire. The brief zap of an occasional orgasm was a nice treat, but nothing more. I had let my sex life lag to a somewhat pathetic exercise of dull repetition.

Timmy couldn't hold still behind me. As I massaged my clit to a fully erect state, he began once again slowly humping himself into my butt. Even though he was small, I expected to be sore back there the next day. It seemed impossible that at my age I was having new sexual experiences for the very first time.

"Oh, God, you really are fucking my ass," I moaned, unable to enjoy it in silence. "You like that, don't you, sweetie? You like fucking Mommy's tight, virgin anus with your hard cock."

"I love it, Mom. I fucking love it."

"Keep going." My fingers rapidly strummed back and forth over my clit with increasing fervor. "Fuck my asshole, Timmy. Fuck your cock in Mommy's dirty, slutty asshole."

It's not that he needed to be told what to do, but it got me so much more turned on to hear myself talking dirty. And saying these filthy things to my son only amped up the thrill factor even more. I was no longer a normal mom. I had become a hopelessly degenerate pervert, and I never wanted to go back to the way I used to be. I had no choice but to accept my newly discovered aberrant predilections and enjoy them with my family as much as I could. The risks were frighteningly dangerous, but the rewards were too tempting to resist.

"Your ass is so awesome," Timmy said softly behind me. "I want to fuck it every day."

It sounded like a good idea to me at the time, but then again I wasn't in a very clear state of mind. The peculiar sensation of my son's narrow rod of stiff flesh probing tirelessly into my previously untried rear passage was becoming more and more arousing as I slowly got comfortable with it. I scolded myself for having let my insecurities hold me back all these years from enjoying

this potential source of pleasure. I worked my pussy as fast as my hand could fly. My thoughts began to fragment as I approached my impending climax.

I had lost coherence. All I could do was fixate on the rigid cock reaming my asshole and the vigorous beating I was inflicting on my impassioned clit. Nothing mattered except what was happening between my legs at that moment. The only thing I wanted was to reach that alluring horizon of ecstasy. Almost there. So close. That bright line of promise.

"Fuck me, Timmy," I gasped. "Ram it in my ass! Ram your cock in Mommy's fucking asshole! Oh, God... Oh, shit... Oh, fuuuuuuuck!"

I crossed the line in a sublime instant of light and happiness. It was everything I ached for and more. My anus clenched tight around Timmy's cock and I would have worried that I might be hurting him if I wasn't a million miles away as I hurtled through all the colors of my orgasm. My pussy quivered with seismic tremors and I had to jam three fingers inside me to calm the wild spasms. I distantly heard Timmy groaning as he dumped yet another pubescent load of sperm-laden jism into my previously unviolated rectum. It was almost like he was marking his territory with cum. I was more than happy to let my darling boy claim my ass for his own.

"Wha's goin' on?" Evan started to sit up. "Wha happen'?"

"Nothing, sweetheart, lie back down." I guided my husband's head back onto his pillow. "Timmy just made me cum, that's all. Go back to sleep."

My whole body shuddered with an orgasmic aftershock. I could feel another one hovering just at the edge. I pressed the heel of my hand against my clit and stroked my fingers in and out of my palpitating cunt hole. My pussy felt hotter than it ever had before. Within moments a second orgasm swept through me and pulled the breath right out of me. I tried to stay quiet, but a yearning wheeze emanated from somewhere far down in my chest as I rose and fell at the mercy of this second climax.

Timmy and I remained still for a time, my anus molded around the modest girth of his oiled prick. After a few minutes he slowly drew himself out. It gave me the bizarre sensation that I had just gone to the bathroom there in my bed. I stifled my giggle and tried to appreciate the odd new feeling instead of shrinking away from it. I rolled over and hugged Timmy against my naked body. He hugged me back and let me hold him like that for a long while.

"Okay, my little stud muffin," I finally said and gave him a kiss on the forehead. "Go get in bed and I'll see you tomorrow."

"Aww, can't I sleep here with you?"

"Maybe some other night. I don't know if my ass could take any more tonight."

"I wouldn't do anything else, just sleep."

"We both know that would be impossible. One of us is bound to get horny sleeping naked next to each other, and it's a school night."

"Fine," he grumbled. He ducked his head down to my chest and gave one of my nipples a long hard suck. The little shit. I was just cooling down and now he was going to go and get me all worked up again.

I gently pulled him off my tit. "Make sure you wash your dick off with soap before you get back into bed."

"Yeah, right," he chuckled as he slipped from my side. "Night, Mom."

"Good night, sweetie."

I heard my bedroom door open. “And, um... thanks for letting me do it in your ass.”

Such a little gentleman. “You’re welcome, Timmy. I very much enjoyed having your penis in my anus.” I could practically hear him grinning in the dark. He quietly closed my door. I listened but didn’t hear any water running. My guess was that he was going to spend the rest of the night jerking off his soiled prick and reliving the experience of banging his mom’s butthole for the first time. What a nasty boy I had.

As I began dozing off once again, I felt a trickle of cum leak out of my ass, run down over the back of my thigh, and onto the sheets. I told myself I should get up and clean myself out, but then decided I was too comfy. I’d slept in wet spots before. Plus, I kind of liked the idea that my ass was filled with Timmy’s spunk. What a nasty mother he had.

CHAPTER 10

The Devil's Trifecta

"TIMMY!" Nick yelled up the stairs to his brother.

"What?" came Timmy's distant and somewhat annoyed reply.

"Get down here!"

"What for?"

"Mom wants us to jerk off on her!"

We heard heavy footfalls as Timmy urgently made his way out of his bedroom and along the upstairs hallway. Nick returned to the living room where I was reclining naked on the sofa lightly stroking my pussy. His hard-on was poking out through the fly of his pants.

"Take of your clothes, sweetie, I want to see you naked."

I watched my eldest son begin stripping for me as my baby Timmy rushed down the stairs wearing nothing but a t-shirt. He was naked from the waist down and already had a boner. I guessed he'd most likely been upstairs sniffing a pair of my dirty panties and beating off when his brother called him down.

When I woke up that morning I had resolved to take a break today from all the sex. I was acting like a kid with a new toy, and I needed to exercise a little mature restraint. Between masturbating and fucking, my pussy had taken a lot of willing abuse over the past week. And now I could add my ass to the list of places I've had a dick in. My asshole was still a bit sore, but in a good way.

I was behaving myself respectably all day until Nick came home. He'd stayed late at school and so he got home after Timmy. I was just putting the vacuum away when Nick sauntered in, gave me a nice hug and a kiss. He gripped my ass with both hands and pulled me hard against his crotch, where I could feel the bulge of his manhood through my jeans. I'd told him and his brother before they left that morning that I was taking the day off from playing with them, so after his friendly kiss and grope, Nick headed down to his room leaving me standing there all hot and bothered.

I got out my dust rag and tried to distract myself, but my launch sequence had been initiated. All I could think about was sex. Cocks, and pussies, and balls, and tits, and cum, and assholes. Sucking, and fucking, and fingering, and touching, and feeling, and more cum. Before I knew it I was rubbing myself through my pants. I realized quickly that I had to make myself cum. I was about to run up to my bedroom to masturbate, then I decided I didn't need to bother going all that way.

It still felt strange that I could do it, but I took off all my clothes and got completely naked right there in the living room. I stretched out on the sofa and began playing with my pussy. It's

not the first time I'd ever done that, but it was the first time doing it while both my boys were home.

It wasn't long before Nick came back upstairs and "caught" me. I was so bad. He strolled into the living room, his eyes unabashedly locked onto my wet cunny.

"What happened to no sex today?" he asked with a smarmy smile.

"I said no sex, I didn't say no masturbating." That wasn't what I had intended when I got up this morning, but when it comes to being a mom you have to be flexible.

"Mind if I join you?" He already had his zipper down.

"Only if you promise to cum on me."

He fished his half-hard dick out of his pants and began tugging it. "I promise."

"Go see if your brother wants to whack off with us."

Shortly thereafter, the two of them stood over me, naked and beating away at their cocks like seasoned pros while they ogled my naked body. I still couldn't quite come to grips with the fact that this was all real and not some demented fantasy of mine. There I was, splayed out completely naked on my sofa in the middle of the afternoon, with my two sons jerking off wildly to their mother masturbating in front of them. It was too incredible to believe, and yet it was happening.

"You two like watching Mommy play with her pussy?" I asked as I shoved three fingers in my hole.

"Yes!" they answered in unison.

"You like jerking off your cocks for me?"

"Yes!" came the resounding response from both of them.

"Tell me where you want to shoot your cum," I prompted.

"On your cunt," Nick called out first.

"On your tits," Timmy declared.

"You guys make Mommy so horny," I moaned and fucked myself even more intently. "I want you to cum all over me. Cum on my pussy, cum on my tits, cum on Mommy's face."

The three of us passionately rubbed our genitals with singular purpose. What we had only done in private a few weeks ago, we were now doing openly in front of one another. No longer did we have to hide our natural inclination for self-pleasure from those closest to us, but we were suddenly free to share our perverse tendencies with one another. Everybody masturbated, and now we could share this disgraceful proclivity with the people we had the most intimate relations with.

Nick moved down between my legs and within seconds he was spraying a liberal serving of sperm and semen all over my pussy. Timmy watched his big brother spurting gobs of white goo all over his mother's twat and was soon sending a shower of jizz across my chest. He aimed for my erect nipples, but his seed coated me from chin to tummy. Moments after my boys soaked me in gouts of fresh spunk I began to orgasm. My pussy was lubricated with Nick's hot cum, which sent me spiraling into an incestuous Nirvana. Timmy's cock juice dribbling down over my nipples and tits was the icing on the cake. I came like a woman having her first conjugal visit after five years in lockdown.

"Shit, that was good," I sighed and gently teased my puss.

Timmy offered me the tip of his dick, and I licked the remnants of cum from his piss hole. I sucked the pointy head of his prick and swallowed the modest leftovers I was able to draw out of him.

"Do you want us to fuck you, Mom?" Nick inquired, squeezing one last dribble out onto my carefully manicured triangle of pubic hair.

"No," I managed. "That's all I wanted. Thanks guys, that was just what Mommy needed."

Neither of them pushed the matter. They both seemed fairly confident that there would be plenty of more sex with mother down the road, so they weren't desperate to cram in as much as possible as soon as possible. Timmy leaned down and kissed me on the lips.

"Thanks, Mom, that was fun."

Nick did the same. "Love you, Mom."

As they walked away, I watched their pale little butts.

"Murph's dad got a new pool table," Nick told Timmy. "Wanna go over and check it out?"

"Sure!"

"Then go get some pants on, motherfucker," Nick chided.

"Meet you out front, jack wad," Timmy countered.

They high-fived, and their erections bounced in unison with the gesture. Fuck, they were cute. Nick trundled downstairs to his bedroom, and Timmy trotted up to his. I stayed there on the soft and scooped up the jism they'd deposited on my naked body and brought it to my mouth. I have to say that I loved my husband more than ever, but there was nothing better than the taste of my sons' cum.

I was still languishing naked on the sofa when Timmy came downstairs, dressed and ready to go to Murph's with his brother. He came over and gave one of my nipples a kiss and a suck. Nick came upstairs, gave me a sensuous tongue kiss and a couple playful pussy spansks, before the two of them headed out.

It was amazing how the two of them had taken all of this in stride. It still seemed so unreal to me. I probably should have contemplated what was happening more responsibly, but instead I finger-fucked myself to yet another soul-cleansing orgasm with the flavor of my sons' cum fresh in my mouth. Our lives were never going to be the same, and I simply had to come to terms with it.

The remainder of that day was as normal as could be expected, with one small exception. Evan and I were in bed reading before we went to sleep when there came a knock at our door. Timmy came in naked and hard. His father chuckled and shook his head, amused by his son's boldly carefree attitude.

"Hey, Mom, can I get the panties you wore today?"

"Sure, hon, they're in the hamper."

He went and rummaged through my dirty clothes until he found the prize he was after. Timmy scrunched my dirty undies into a ball, pressed them to his nose, and inhaled my lingering scent.

"Nice," he said to himself.

"Are you planning on wearing them or jerking off with them?" I asked with prurient intent.

"Both," he answered and rubbed the silky material against his stiff prick.

"My underwear are in there too if you want them," Evan teased.

"I'll be sure to let Nick know," Timmy shot back and headed out with his stinky sex aid.

"This is going to take some getting used to," I confided to my husband, "but I think I'm going to like our new lifestyle."

"I know I'm going to," Evan said confidently.

I tugged the covers back and saw that he was sporting a hard-on. "Hello, there." I put my book aside for the moment. "Jerk it for me."

"What?"

"I want to see you jack off that big thing and cum all over yourself."

"What if one of the boys comes in?"

"Then they're going to see Daddy beating his meat for Mommy."

Once again, all he could do was chuckle and shake his head. I relaxed and watched him stroke his cock for several minutes with increasing vigor until his balls rose and several goutts of cum decorated his belly. It was only then that I realized this was the first time I had come right out and asked my husband to put on such an exhibitionist display for me. I always got a kick out of watching him touch his cock, but I had always been too reticent to request what I wanted. Apparently, my sexual interactions with the boys had given me the confidence and strength to express my desires in bed without being mortally embarrassed.

"Looks like I'm going to have to get you some new cum rags of your own."

I licked up a generous helping of jizz, then toddled off to the bathroom to fetch a hand towel to clean up the rest of my accommodating hubby's mess. We settled down to sleep. I wondered if Timmy was going to try to sneak into my bed again that night and violate my asshole. I slept on my side, making my bare ass as easily accessible as I could. I woke up a few times thinking I heard a noise. Or maybe I was just hoping I did. It was my own fault for telling them we were taking the day off, but I could usually count on my little rebel to ignore the rules. I had to laugh at myself. I never anticipated there would come a day when I'd be longing to have my boy sneak into my bedroom and shove his dick up my butt while I slept. Ah, well, there was always tomorrow.

Tomorrow turned out to be a long, frustrating day. A maddening trip into bureaucratic hell to get my car re-registered ended up being a two-hour nightmare. When I came out of the dry cleaner I discovered someone had put a dent in my driver's side door and didn't have the decency to leave a note. Then I stopped to get an ice coffee and the idiotic girl behind the counter couldn't get my order right after three tries, and so that turned into a whole thing.

It was all I could do to put together a sketchy tuna noodle casserole for the troops without having a nervous breakdown. Finally, lying on the sofa with the soothing drone of the TV, I was able to begin decompressing. Evan was settled into his recliner. He probably had just as stressful a day at work, but he made it a policy to never complain to me about the office. Nick strolled in, lifted my feet, sat down at the end of the sofa, and began caressing my feet as he watched whatever his dad had on the television. Ahhh, that was more like it.

After a few minutes Timmy came tromping down the stairs. His father chuckled and shook his head. As my darling son passed through the living room on his way to the kitchen, I had to ask:

"Timmy, sweetie, why are you walking around the house naked?"

He stopped and shrugged. "Why not?" With a smile he continued on his nude trek.

"He's got a point, Mom," Nick said. "You should probably just be naked all the time, too."

"I second that emotion," Evan added.

"No comments from the peanut gallery," I protested. "There's already enough weirdness going on around here, we don't need to add nudism to the list."

Timmy returned with a grape popsicle and plopped down on the floor without a care in the world. His little dinky was sticking straight up enticingly. I tried to control my lustful urges and be

content with admiring his developing manhood from afar. Then Nick got into the act. He pulled his t-shirt off, and before I could say anything he shucked off his basketball shorts and underwear. I was going to scold him, for what exactly I didn't know, but when I felt his hard-on against one of my bare feet I decided to just go with the flow.

We all quietly watched TV like this for a few minutes. There was an odd tension in the air that no one wanted to break. I casually began unbuttoning my blouse. Nick was the only one who noticed. He watched me hungrily, pressing his cock against my instep, as I shrugged out of my blouse and undid my bra. As soon as my tits were free, Timmy seemed to sense it and turned around. He was happy to see that Mommy's tits were on display. His prick jumped in his lap, like a puppy wanting to play. Nick leaned over and graciously unfastened my pants. Such a helpful little gentleman.

I lifted my butt while Nick tugged my pants down. Evan finally noticed what was going on. He shot me a wink and grin. I was thinking I'd lounge around in just my underwear for a little while, but Nick had other ideas. He reached up and began pulling down my panties. I put up a token resistance, before giving in to what I really wanted anyway. Nick threw my underwear at his brother. Timmy took them up, pressed them to his face, and took a huge whiff. He wasn't the least bit shy about indulging in his fetish in front of all of us.

We all ostensibly turned out attention back to the TV - I don't even know what was on. Nick tickled my calves, slowly working his way up to my bare thighs. Timmy sniffed my panties and fondled his balls nonchalantly on the floor between me and his father. I began absently toying with one of my nipples, pinching and pulling it lightly. I could practically feel my pussy getting wetter by the second.

It must have been a very strange looking scene, but I loved being able relax with my family in such an uninhibited way. As much as I wanted that moment to last, I was also becoming insanely horny. I finally got up and walked over to where my husband was sitting in his recliner. All eyes snapped from the screen to me as I took a stance and put my hands on my hips.

"Why is everyone here naked except for Dad?" I asked.

Evan shrugged, flashing me a dopey smile.

"I can see that bulge in your pants, mister. Let's go. Get that cock out for me."

"Yes, ma'am," Evan replied and hurried to pull his dick out.

"You guys don't mind if Mommy sucks Dad's cock for a little bit, do you?"

"No, sure, go ahead," they insisted all at the same.

They watched me kneel down and take their father's erection into my mouth. Nick stood up to get a better view. Timmy was up on his knees holding his prick tightly in his fist. I flipped my hair out of the way so they could see everything I was doing. I normally just went to work, sucking to achieve the quickest end result, but this time I was putting on a show for my kids.

I licked my way down the length of my husband's shaft, then slowly back up. I teased the tip of his cock with the tip of my tongue. I took him back in my mouth and suckled just the head. My hand slipped down and gently massaged his balls. Timmy and Nick sidled in closer so they could better enjoy the private sex show their parents were putting on for them right there in the living room. I slid my lips up, making an unnecessarily loud slurping noise, then kissed my way along Evan's fleshy pole until I reached his scrotum. I gave his balls a sensual tongue bath while gripping his hard-on in my hand and giving it a soft pull now and again. I had my man squirming in his

seat.

"Would someone mind licking my ass while I suck Daddy's cock?" I asked our audience.

Before Nick fully grasped what I was requesting, Timmy was behind me with his face between my cheeks. I leaned back in and resumed administering Evan's hummer. I took his cock as deep as I could, then slowly backed off. I looked up to see him staring slack-jawed over my head to where his son was busy eating my ass.

"Mmm, that's it, Timmy," I said with my lips brushing against the head of Evan's dick. "Get your tongue right up in Mommy's asshole."

Evan blinked and looked down at me, not knowing how to react to seeing this new side of me.

"Make sure you save some for Daddy," I cautioned Timmy. "I think he might want a taste of it after you."

Evan nodded and began unbuttoning his shirt while I swallowed his cock once again. Nick, probably feeling left out, reached in and managed to cup a hand over one of my dangling tits. He squeezed my boob with one hand and jacked himself with the other. It was finally happening. My fantasy was materializing right there in the middle of my living room on a seemingly ordinary Thursday night. I was going to get to play with all three of my guys at once!

"Alright, boys," I said after another minute of sucking, licking, and fondling. "I've got three cocks here, and none of them are in my pussy. Nicky, honey, lie down over here on your back."

"Here?"

Nick followed my direction, and once he was in place I turned and climbed on top of him. I grabbed his erection and guided it into my waiting hole. Shivers ran through my body as my boy's manhood filled me up inside. The fact that I had two attentive voyeurs watching me take his cock into my pussy made it even better. I slid myself up and down his stiff shaft a few times, enjoying the dreamy look on Nick's face.

"C'mon, old man," I cajoled Evan. "Get the rest of those clothes off and come give me something to suck on while I fuck your son."

My husband also quickly followed my direction. I was like the puppet-master, moving my naked boy-toys around at will. Evan came and stood next to me, offering his hard penis, and I gratefully accepted it into my mouth. I rotated my hips, feeling my son's cock moving inside me as I bobbed my head on his father's cock.

"What do you think of this, Timmy?" I asked with a sly look. "Mommy has one cock in her pussy, and one cock in her mouth."

He glanced at my butt. "I think that leaves only one place where you don't have a cock."

"Are you saying what I think you're saying?" I gave him a wink as I rode his brother steadily. "Are you telling me that you want to fuck your mother in the ass?"

"Yes, I do," he confirmed with a knowing smirk.

"Ask your father first. If says it's alright with him, then I suppose I'll let you give it a try."

"Dad?" Timmy asked immediately. "Is it okay if I fuck Mom's butt?"

Evan and Nick were both looking at me in wide-eyed disbelief. As far as either one of them was concerned, this would be a first, but Timmy and had our little secret.

"Um, wow, it's fine by me," Evan sputtered, surprised by my unexpected openness to further anal play. "Yeah, sure, buddy, go for it."

"There's some hand lotion in my purse, Timmy."

He fetched the lotion and was back in a flash. In the meantime, I had Evan move around and kneel by Nick's head so I would be able to lean forward to provide Timmy better access to my anus while still being able to blow my husband. His cock and balls hovered only inches above his son's face, but Nick didn't seem to mind this in the least.

Timmy delivered a liberal supply of slippery lotion onto my asshole and spread it around. He then applied some to his raging stiffy. As these preparations were being made, I continued to serenely fuck Nick, making sure not to overdo it and make him cum too soon.

"You're going to do both at the same time?" my husband asked, still somewhat incredulous.

"Is that what you're thinking, Mom? Double penetration?" Nick couldn't believe it himself.

"Sure, why not? If you don't mind giving it a try, I'm very curious to see what it feels like to have two dicks in me at once."

"Or three," Evan added, rubbing his cock against my cheek, smearing it with some of the pre-cum that was beginning to leak from him in increasing quantities.

"All three inputs," Nick whispered in a reverent hush.

"Hey, what's the point of a family orgy if we can't all be in on the fun?" I sucked the tip of Evan's cock, then leaned down and gave Nick a passionate French kiss. "How's it looking back there, Timmy?"

"Fucking awesome, Mom." He was squatting behind me, getting himself into the ideal position.

"Do you need me to move any, or can you get at my asshole okay like this?" I angled my hips and pulled up a little too far. Nick's cock popped out of me. Timmy didn't miss a beat. He grabbed his brother's dick and helped get him back into my pussy.

"I think we're good," Timmy assured me. "You ready?"

"Be gentle," I pleaded and relaxed by backside in anticipation of being anally penetrated in front of everyone.

I'd stopped fucking Nick for the moment. My older son remained still beneath me, his hands caressing my flanks in a soothing manner. Timmy's cock poked against me just above my anus. He probed his way lower until his pointy tip found the threshold of my rear entry. I reminded myself to breathe, and let myself go as loose as I could. Timmy pushed with the slightest effort and his thin prick easily entered me. I tightened up for a second, but then made myself relax. When I did, he pressed ahead and was soon in my ass as deep as he could go.

"I'm all the way in, Mom," he announced.

"Mmm, I can feel it."

"He really is in there, isn't he?" my husband said, sounding astonished. "You always told me there was no way you'd never do that, and..."

"And now I'm doing it." I wiggled my rear end slightly and gave his cock a quick suck.

"Are they both in you right now? I can't see..."

"They are," I confirmed. "Your older son has his cock in my pussy right now, and your kinky younger son has his dick buried in my asshole. Plus," I took another suck, "I've got you in my mouth. The devil's trifecta."

"Ho-ly shit," he rasped in awe.

"Okay, boys," I said after we all took a moment to appreciate what was happening. "This is going to take teamwork. I'm pretty sure none of us have done anything like this before, so we'll just have to figure it out as we go. The good news is, if we don't get it right this time we'll have plenty

of opportunities to practice later.”

I sounded like I was calmly in control, but inside my head it was mad chaos. I had three fucking cocks in me, for goodness sake! And two of those cocks belonged to my sons! This really was an unholy orgy like I'd never imagined. But, damn, it felt good!

“Let's take it nice and slow to start.”

Timmy took the lead. He held onto my hips and began delicately fucking my butt. It was even better than the night before. Maybe it had something to do with the position. With each thrust, I let him push me forward a little ways. This allowed me to slide up Nick's cock. As Timmy withdrew, I eased back toward him, which let me take Nick back into my pussy. After we got the timing just right, I pulled my husband's erection into my mouth. I let the natural ebb and flow of the way the boys were fucking me propel me up and down Evan's cock. There were a few hitches and adjustments, but it only took about a minute before we were operating together like a well-oiled sex machine (literally and figuratively). It was fucking phenomenal!

“Everybody okay,” I checked in with my crew. “Nick, how's Mommy's pussy feeling?”

“It's great, Mom! This is fucking great that you're doing this.”

I licked his Dad's balls. “Doing what?”

“Taking us all on at once. You've got to be the coolest mother ever.”

“And don't you forget it.” I let one of my nipples hang down in front of Nick's mouth and he happily gave it a good sucking. “What about you Timmy? How's your cock doing back there?”

“Your ass is the best thing I ever fucked in my life, Mom. I love it!”

“You don't mind sharing me with your brother at the same time?”

“Our balls keep mashing together, but I don't care.”

“Is that okay with you, Nick? Does it bother you that your balls are touching while you fuck Mommy together.”

“I guess I don't mind,” Nick said as he switched to my other tit. “Actually, it feels kinda good.”

“What about you, old man? Any problems with watching your wife fuck both your sons at the same time right in front of you?”

“These boys have turned you into a real slut, haven't they?” he laughed. “I've got no problems with any of it. Looks like everyone's having a good time, so what the fuck.”

I heard the slap of hands over my head as Evan and Timmy high-fived.

“What about you, hon?” Evan asked, pulling his dick out of my mouth so I could answer. “How do you like have all your holes filled with cock?”

“Heaven on Earth!” I answered without having to think about it. “Timmy feels so good in my asshole, and Nick's thick cock is a perfect fit for my pussy. And I'm dying to taste a big, gooey load from you.” I nibbled Evan's cockhead playfully. “What do you say guys, who's going to be the first one to cum in Mommy?”

“Me!” they all shouted together.

“What would the neighbors say if they could see us now?” I giggled.

I wrapped my lips around Evan's cock once more, and everyone got down to business. The rhythm of our foursome had faltered somewhat with all the talking. It only took us a few moments to get the motion of all our bodies back into synch. In the midst of the raunchiest sex I'd ever had, all sorts of things were running through my mind.

It was the first time all four of us were naked together in the same room. This seemed to be

a trivial thing to be excited about given what we were doing, but it still turned me on to think of it. I don't know why I mentioned the neighbors. The last thing in the world I would want was for them to see the exceedingly immoral things my husband and I were doing with our sons, and yet I couldn't help fantasizing that they were standing there with shocked and horrified expressions while watching us going at it like horny animals on the living room floor.

There was no way I would have predicted that spying on my masturbating son one sunny afternoon would lead to this incestuous foursome with me in the middle. So much had changed in such a short time. Opening myself up to one perverse new experience had unleashed a flood of sexual adventures I had always denied myself because I believed they were too dirty, or too socially unacceptable. I had been conditioned into one way of thinking, and by breaking free of those boundaries I was finally discovering unique realms of pleasure that I had been missing out on for most of my life.

Timmy had gradually picked up his pace. The fleshy slaps of his body smacking into my ass as he humped my rear end were getting louder. Nick was wriggling beneath me. He was trying to fuck himself up into me faster, but this double-penetration position didn't allow him much room to move. From the sounds of his moans, however, I presumed that he was having a good time down there despite the restrictions. Meanwhile, Evan had gone all quiet, which usually meant he was concentrated on his final approach to release.

"Mom!" Timmy's fingers gripped onto my hips. "I'm cumming! I'm cumming in your ass! Oh, shit, yes!"

"That's it, sweetheart, give it to me!"

"Un-fucking-real," his father groaned. I felt the head of his cock swell, and a second later warm spurts of cum were being pumped into my mouth. Apparently seeing his son injecting his wife's ass with a healthy dose of sperm was enough to put him over the edge. I gobbled down my husband's cum in front of my children without a shred of guilt. They already knew how much Mommy loves cum.

"One more to go," I said, looking down at Nick with a dribble of his father's spunk running down my chin. "Are you going to cum in Mommy's pussy?"

"Yes," Nick croaked and tried to fuck me harder from below.

"You going to shoot that big load deep in Mommy's cunt?"

"Fuck, yes!" he assured me with conviction.

"I want it, Nick. I want it so bad." I tightened my inner muscles as much as could to help him along. "I've got your brother's cum in my asshole. I've got your father's cum in my mouth. Now I need your cum in my cunt, Nick. Mommy needs your cum."

"Almost there, Mom," he promised. "Almost there. Your pussy's so good. I love fucking you so much. So... fucking... goooooood..."

He gritted his teeth and his face screwed up in a grimace of desperate release. His vital offering flooded into me, and in my mind's eye I could see the urgent flow of thick, pearly fluid erupting from his cock in spasmodic pulses and coating the inner recesses of my vagina.

"Nice." I gave him a kiss. "I now officially have more sperm inside of me than ever in my entire life."

"Sweet," Timmy said from behind me. His cock was still hard, and remained firmly ensconced in my buttock.

"What's next?" Nick asked.

"Um, actually," Evan cleared his throat, "would one of you guys mind tagging out? I'd like to get in on a little of that double penetration action." He held his hand out to be tagged, but neither of them wanted to give up their current position in the match. "C'mon guys. Nick? Timmy?"

"No!" I protested. "You can't switch with Timmy. I'm not ready for anything that big to go in there...yet."

"Nick, buddy, help a brother out," Evan begged.

"Oh, all right." Nick reached up and slapped his father's hand making the tag.

There was a minute of jostling, but before long I was mounted on my husband's cock, Timmy promptly plugged his pecker back into my asshole, and Nick knelt in front of me. Evan's penis had wilted a bit, but once it was inside my cum-lubricated fuck hole he stiffened right up. Timmy got things going again, and we were right back in the double-dick groove.

"Come here, sweetie," I said to Nick. "I want to see what my pussy tastes like on your cock." He fed me his sex-covered hard-on and I savored it lovingly.

The four of us fucked and sucked and humped and rode each other for what had to be the next ten minutes or so. Surprisingly, Evan was the first one to blow his load in that round. Timmy went wild after that, depositing yet another DNA sample deep in my rectum. Nick came in last again. As he got close he grabbed a handful of my hair and fucked my face. I wasn't sure I could take his brutal onslaught, but I hung in there and let him jam his cock into my throat. The mix of relief and delight when he began cumming in my mouth was a heady combination. The first squirt went straight down, but I managed to catch the rest and hold it in my mouth.

When he withdrew, I let some of his spooge dribble from between my lips down onto Evan's cheek. He quickly picked up on what I was intending. My husband opened his mouth, obviously not sure if he was ready for something like what was about to happen. I parted my lips and a thin stream of his son's spent semen trickled from my mouth into his. I let him have half, and I greedily swallowed the remainder.

Nick looked surprised to discover that his father was a cum-eater, but he didn't appear to be the least bit upset by it. Quite to the contrary.

"Don't worry, Dad, there's plenty more where that came from," Nick joked, and wagged his wang suggestively.

I wondered if one day I'd have the privilege of watching the boys jerk off directly into their father's mouth. The very idea of it sent tingles through my pussy.

"Wait a minute," Timmy piped up, still grinding his prick in my ass, "I don't think Mom has cum yet."

"After all that you didn't cum?" Nick pressed.

"Well, there was a lot going on. It felt so good in so many different places all at once that I couldn't really concentrate on having an orgasm for myself."

"Should we keep going?" Timmy started fucking my butt again in earnest.

"You know what would be better? If I could fuck each of you one at a time while the other two watched. I'd like that a lot." My clit buzzed in anticipation. "Can you guys keep it up for that?"

They all assured me that there would be no shortage of hard-ons to fulfill my request.

"Let's start with a good, old fashioned fuck from Dad," I said as I disentangled myself from the double-dick position.

I rolled onto my back and spread my legs. Spunk from Nick and Evan leaked out of my pussy hole, flowing thickly over my ass and onto the carpet. It seemed that my entire house was destined to end up becoming one big continuous cum rag.

Evan got on top of me, pulling on his cock to get it as hard as he could. I was worried that my pussy might be getting slightly numb by that point, but I felt his shaft sliding into me and it was perfectly lovely.

"Guys, move to where I can see your cocks in case I need a little inspiration," I requested. "I want to see you guys jerking off, but I don't want you to make yourselves cum. If you do have to cum, I want it to be in my mouth. Got it?"

They'd never looked so happy to receive a detailed set of instructions from their mother before. They moved to kneel at either side of us and began tugging dutifully on their cocks. My husband was thrusting into me with long, deliberate strokes. I had underestimated earlier: this was beyond heaven.

"I can't get enough of all these beautiful cocks," I gushed.

I cupped Timmy's tight ball sack in my right hand, and Nick's larger loose sack in my left. I cradled my boys' testicles in my palms while my husband plowed himself into me repeatedly. That strange sensation washed over me when the realization once again hit me that I was getting fucked in front of my sons. They were seeing something they were never supposed to see. They were witness to what was supposed to be the most privately intimate area of my married life. They were right there, seeing their dad's penis ramming in and out of their mom's vagina. They were watching him heave himself in that manly way on top of me. Seeing my naked tits bounce as I got fucked. Seeing the look of sublime joy on my face as my cunt was being pleased by my husband's cock.

It felt like this is the way it should be. Our family had never been closer or more open with each other. We had spent all our years anxiously hiding our genitals from one another, concealing our nakedness, and remaining shamefully silent about our sexuality. And now we were free. Free to expose our primal selves to each other. Free to share our bodies, and give ourselves in every way to those we love most.

"Mommy loves getting her cunt fucked," I blurted out. "You like that, Nick, seeing Daddy fuck me like this? See how good he fucks my cunt?" I massaged their balls, trying not to handle them too roughly. "It's good, isn't it, Timmy? Watching Mommy fucking a cock..."

I didn't hear if they answered back, I was too far gone to even finish what I was trying to say. I'd been half-way to an orgasm for the past half-hour and I was finally about to get there. It hit me in a series of intensifying waves. The first one was a small flutter that was joined by the second and the two resonated in a way that made the pleasure greater than the sum of the two. Almost before I was fully aware of this a third wave surged into the pattern and added to the building harmony. Then another, and another, and yet one more.

Evan hammered into me, perpetuating and sustaining the sensations emanating from the epicenter of my sex like a force of nature. I heard myself screaming and felt myself pounding my fist against the floor. It seemed for a moment like I was outside of my body, and yet in that same moment I was reduced to being nothing but my body. Nothing else mattered, nothing else existed. For that split second, the electric explosion of pleasure became the God-center of my universe to the exclusion of all else. When I crashed back down to reality I found myself laughing at the blissful wonder of it all.

"Who's next?" I asked even before catching my breath. "Timmy? Want to make Mommy cum again?"

Evan pulled out and let his son take his place. After the righteous reaming his father had just given me, I could just barely feel Timmy's modest cock sliding into me. It didn't really matter though because I was suspended at the verge of another orgasm before he even started. All I needed was to feel him smashing his young body into mine. Just visualizing his thin prick poking repeatedly into my cunt would be enough to get me off.

"What a difference," Timmy marveled.

"Which is better?" I asked him. "Fucking Mommy's asshole or my pussy?"

"They're both awesome in different ways." He humped his dick into me faster and faster as we talked. "Your ass is super tight, but your pussy is all wet and girly."

I wasn't sure exactly what he meant, but it didn't matter. "You're such a good little fucker." I grabbed onto him, encouraging him to fuck me harder. "Fuck that pussy, baby! Ram it! Ram that cock in Mommy's cunt!"

And just like that, I was cumming again. More screams, more thrashing, more mind-bending euphoria. My orgasm was becoming my drvg of choice, and I was most definitely addicted.

As I was spinning down from my high, my son was climbing toward his own climax. His body tensed, his jaw clenched, his back arched, and even more sperm shot into my fuck hole. How many loads did that make sloshing around in my pussy? Four? Not enough.

"You want to get in there again, Nick?" I panted as soon as Timmy was finished.

"I want to warn you though, my cunt is all filled with cum from your dad and your brother."

As he got into position he pushed my legs open wide and looked down at my sweaty, well-fucked pussy. "I can see that."

"You're going to be fucking into everyone else's mess, and your cock is going to get all covered in their sperm." It must have looked like a cum-laden swamp down there by now.

"I guess it's something I'm going to have to get used to anyway."

His observation sent an excited chill up my spine. The thought of my pussy frequently being in this state in the days ahead was a welcomed prospect. He then hooked my legs and lifted them up onto his shoulders. I loved the way he was taking control of my body in front of his father. Nick thrust his cock forward and plunged into my soupy cunt hole on the first attempt. The stretch felt good after Timmy. As his larger cock pushed deeper, it forced out a torrent of mixed semen from three different cocks. It flowed down across my asshole, joining with the drizzle of cum leaking from my recently fucked rear opening. I never wanted to be able to lick my own pussy more than I did right then.

Nick adjusted himself, getting comfortable in this aggressive position he'd assumed. I felt helplessly trapped beneath him. He was firmly mounted on top of me, forcing my knees back toward my head, and I was completely at his mercy. He pumped his cock in and out of my swollen pussy, reaching deeper with me in this position than he ever had before. There was a slight jab of pain each time he hit bottom, but it was a kind of pain that only heightened my womanly pleasure of being sexually dominated by my own son.

"Are you guys watching this?" I asked in an advancing state of delirium. "Timmy? Where are you? Can you see how your brother is fucking me?"

"He's down at the other end," my husband reported, yanking on his semi-hard cock right near

my face. "Timmy's got a bird's eye view of it all."

"What about you? Do you like seeing me getting fucked like this? Watching your wife get her cunt fucked by your own son? Does that get you off?"

"You know it does."

"He's going to make me cum again. God, your son fucks my cunt so good! I love it! I love it, love it, love it! Nnnnngh! Oh, fuck I love it!"

Nick's cock made me cum like the sweaty fuck pig that I had become. Each of my studs had mounted me and had ridden my pussy to orgasm. Every muscle in my body shook, my heart pounded in my chest, and my lungs burned with the effort to draw in more oxygen for my flailing brain. My vagina continued to spasmed involuntarily. It was a spectacular series of orgasms, but I was still feeling unfinished.

"I can feel it, Mom," Nick growled. "I can feel you cumming. Your pussy...it's...I can feel...your cunt...my mom's fucking cunt...I'm fucking my mother's cunt!"

Nick talked himself into his own orgasm, and one more serving of sperm issued forth into my rapidly flexing canal. With that, Evan shoved his half-hard cock forward and jerked a sprinkling of droplets of semen on my cheek. I was able to catch a few of the flying drops on my tongue. His balls had to be just about empty by that point. He put his soft dick in my mouth and let me suck out what little ejaculate was left in him.

Nick pulled out and fell back, sprawling out on the floor in contented exhaustion. Likewise, my husband slumped down onto the carpet with a crooked smile fixed on his lips. Timmy crawled up next to me and cuddled against me, kissing the side of my fleshy boob. No one said anything for a time, each of us lost in our own contemplation of what we'd just experienced. My whole family had just fucked me. My kids saw their father fucking me. My husband saw my kids fucking me. I had had three cocks in me at once, and each one of them had cum and made me cum. The four of us were laid out on the living room floor naked and spent. And I could sense that none of us wanted this to be over quite yet.

"Timmy," I eventually managed to say. "Could you do me a favor and put your fingers in my pussy?"

He abandoned my tit and reached down between my legs. His fingers found my vagina and slipped inside. He twirled them around, briefly brushing against my g-spot. "Like that?"

"Mmmm, that's perfect." I let him finger me for a bit longer. "Now let me taste."

Timmy pulled his fingers out and brought them to my lips. I licked the thick glaze of cum and pussy juice that coated his index and middle finger. When I had sucked them clean, he went back for more. Nick and Evan watched with lascivious interest. Timmy fed me another sampling of the goopy sex fluids from my cunt. He went back for a third harvest, but this time he tested the pungent concoction himself using just the tip of his tongue. His nose scrunched up.

"It's an acquired taste," I explained. He bravely sucked the remnants from one finger, and selflessly offered me the slimy contents clinging to the other. "Rub Mommy's clit, sweetheart."

Timmy was happy to oblige me. His fingers deftly located my erect nub and began stroking it. I sucked in a breath, and my legs involuntarily opened wider. He knew instantly that he was touching me in exactly the right way. My husband shifted closer and began suckling on one of my nipples while his son masturbated me. They were working in perfect concert, re-awakening every nerve in my played out body. Nick wiggled himself along the carpet until his face was right between

my thighs. I could only imagine how ripe my cum-soaked pussy must have smelled that close up.

"This is the best," I murmured. "I love you guys so much."

Timmy continued rubbing, Evan sucking, and Nick staring. I was able to just lie there and be tended to like a decadent queen. It also allowed me to enjoy all the small sounds of sex that get missed when you're in the wild throes of the moment. I was able to pay attention to all those little touches of skin against skin, and the smells that were generated by our bodies and mingling in the air creating a potent combination. My hands caressed Evan's back on one side, and Timmy's on the other as I wallowed in the pleasure they were giving me.

"Oh, Timmy," I moaned, "I like the way you masturbate my little clitty. You're going to make Mommy cum again, aren't you?"

"I can't believe how much cum is pouring out of you, Mom," Nick commented from between my legs. "This is so fucking cool."

Seconds after he spoke I felt the tip of his finger circling my jizz-drenched asshole. I knew what I wanted, but I waited to see if he would do it on his own. I held my breath as he teased his way around my anus, then he went for it. His finger slid easily into my ass. One, two, all the way up to the third knuckle.

"Thank you, Nick," I said, the words catching in my throat. "Timmy, your brother has his finger up my asshole. I hope you don't mind."

"You always did teach us to share our toys, Mom."

"Yes." My mind was drifting up and away once again. "Yes, you two have to learn to share Mommy's asshole. Everybody gets to play with Mommy's pussy and ass. Everybody can suck me and fuck me. I belong to all of you now. Every part of me..."

I probably continued babbling like that, but I can't really remember what else I might have said. What I do remember is that my husband was sucking my tit like he'd never sucked it before. His wet cock was pressed against me on one side, and Timmy's hard prick was poking me on the other side. Nick was merrily working his finger in and out of my butthole, and Timmy was seconds away from bringing me off with his adept clit play. I'd had three good orgasms already, but I was hungry for more.

"Just like that, Timmy... keep rubbing Mommy's clitty... that's my good boy... make Mommy's pussy cum... mm... mm... mmm... MMMMM!"

The finger in my ass, the mouth on my nipple, and the hand on my pussy all conspired to elevate me once more to that unrivaled peak. My body rocked and jerked as my three men ushered me through my sexual seizure. I heard a wet, squelching noise from below.

"Whoa!" Nick exclaimed. "It's all gushing out at once." He held up his hand for all to see that it was bathed in a thick layer of spent cum. "Hey, Dad, wanna taste?"

"Tempting," he confessed, "but I'd rather get it for myself." Evan moved down between my legs and began eating my sloppy puss. "Don't be shy, son," he said after sucking my cummy twat for a bit. "Get in here and try some for yourself."

"Ah, I don't think I'd like the taste of sperm," Nick said, contemplating his gooey hand.

"Have you ever tasted it before?"

"No."

"Then how do you won't like it?"

Timmy pushed his way in between them and gave my twat a lick from bottom to top. "Mm,

mm! C'mon, Nick, it's an acquired taste." Timmy sucked my distended lips noisily to accentuate his point.

Nick gave in to peer pressure and leaned in for a sampling. His tongue flicked around my opening, and I squeezed my inner muscles sending a renewed flow of semen out of my hole and onto his tongue.

"Okay," he conceded, "not bad."

"I think there might be some left in Mom's ass, Timmy," his father pointed out. "I figure you got dibs on that, but if you don't want it..."

Timmy went for it before anyone could intervene. He pushed his brother out of the way and nuzzled his face down into my ass crack. I lifted my legs and angled my hips up to make it easier for him. He enthusiastically began sucking my ass, drawing out his own spunk and swallowing it.

"My goodness," I declared, "I never expected that all three of my guys would turn out to be nasty cum eaters. I thought I'd have it all to myself, but now I guess I'm going to have to learn to share, too." They all could do nothing but offer sly grins. "C'mere, Nick. At least let me help clean your hand off a little."

Nick let me lick and suck his fingers, allowing me to get a taste of what they were enjoying straight from my pussy and ass. It could be that this would be as far as Evan and the boys ever went, but I was hoping that eating each other's cum was only the tentative first steps toward more explicit physical intimacy between them. The thought of seeing Nick or Timmy mounting their father from behind sent a wonderful shiver all through me. It was becoming obvious that there might be no limit to my rapidly expanding perversity. This was a scary prospect, but at the same time I couldn't wait to see where it might take me next.

"Okay, whoever has the hardest cock right now," I announced, "I want you to roll me over and fuck me doggy style. I want the other two of you up here so I can give you both some emergency mouth to cock resuscitation."

Timmy turned me over and had his steely prick planted in my twat in no time. Nick and his father shuffled up in front of me, and I took both their flagging cocks into my mouth together at the same time.

I couldn't imagine it could get any better, but then I remembered where we were all going that weekend. Grandma's house...

CHAPTER 11

The Grandparent's House

“LOVE YOU, MOM.” Timmy gave me a hug and a sloppy French kiss before groping my ass and running out to catch the school bus. It was all very inappropriate, and I hoped it would be our morning ritual for a long time to come.

Nick scooped another spoonful of Honey Nut Cheerios into his mouth and smirked at my incestuous display of affection with his little brother. I was finding it hard to look at my firstborn son without thinking about how handsome he was becoming. I could see the first hints of the man he would be one day.

“Were you able to get all your homework done?”

“I’ll finish it in homeroom.”

“I don’t want your schoolwork to suffer because of all that’s been going on lately.” I poured some more orange juice in his glass.

“I’ll get straight A’s if that’s what it takes to keep ‘all that’ going on.”

He tugged on end of my sash, undoing the loose knot and causing my robe to fall open. He smiled when he saw that I was naked underneath. He pulled me closer and took one of my nipples into his mouth. Damn, that felt good.

“Don’t get me started, honey,” I pleaded weakly. “You have to finish breakfast and get to school, and I have to pack for our trip to Grandma’s.”

His hand slid up along the inside of my thigh. Nick shifted to my other nipple and slipped a finger inside me. I knew I should make him stop, but I couldn’t bring myself to do it. My mind flashed back to the previous night when I’d had three cocks in me at once. I wasn’t the kind of person who would do something like that. I always saw myself as a normal mother and housewife. But I was doing things no normal mother would do. I had insatiable desires no normal housewife should rightly have. I didn’t know who I was anymore, and couldn’t predict what exactly I was becoming. There was a faint voice deep inside me insisting that this couldn’t go on, that it had to stop. But I was powerless to resist. My will could not rouse itself to oppose these transgressive behaviors that brought such unparalleled satisfaction. I was lost in a dream that I didn’t want to wake up from.

“Honey, that feels good, but we can’t right now...oh, sweet damn.” His finger moved inside my pussy and my legs went weak. I wanted to pull his cock out of his pants and ride him right there at the breakfast table. “Nick...school...”

The more I protested the harder my son sucked my tit. His finger pumped in and out of me while

his thumb found my clit. Shit, my boy was getting good at this. His other hand reached around and grabbed my ass. I shouldn't be encouraging this sort of behavior, but I wanted it more than I was willing to admit. The way he acted like he was now entitled to my body was both disturbing as a parent, and exhilarating as a woman. And the woman in me was definitely winning out over the mom.

"Okay, hurry up then," I moaned with a clenched jaw. "Make Mommy cum. Faster... yes... keep going... right there..." I ran my hand through his hair and fucked back against his ramming finger. His mouth and lips and tongue worked the tip of my tit madly. "Do it... make me cum... make Mommy's pussy cum! Ohhhh, fuuuuuck, yeeeeeeessss!"

My knees buckled and I all but fell onto Nick. He caught me and held me, deftly nursing my cunt through the fleeting aftershocks of orgasm. I could feel how hard he was in his pants, but there was no time to fuck. Maybe I could write him a late note? No, if I started down that path things would quickly degenerate and I'd have him home from school every day servicing me. I might convince myself that this was a valid form of home schooling, but I doubt anyone else would agree. I had to maintain some degree of adult responsibility for his sake.

"Okay... all right... whew... thanks, sweetheart." I stood, a little wobbly, and put away the orange juice. I didn't bother closing my robe, preferring instead to leave my tits and pussy on display for my attentive son to enjoy. I turned in time to see him sucking his finger clean and then digging into the last of his cereal. "You're going to scare the girls with that big bulge in your pants."

"The girls might be scared, but my Miss Harlen won't be." He gave me a saucy wink. Miss Harlen was a young math teacher with a nice figure and a cute face that all the boys had a crush on.

"Oh, you think so?"

"How else am I going to get those straight A's?"

It's a good thing he laughed after saying that or I'd be worried that I'd created a monster. I leaned over him and gripped his hard-on through his jeans.

"This cock is mine, mister. No one else gets it unless I say so, got it?"

"Yes, ma'am," he answered, trying to keep a straight face.

"That goes for that hot slut Kayla, too. Understand? That tight little virgin pussy of hers doesn't get this meaty fuck stick without my permission."

"Meaty fuck stick?" Nick had to fight to keep milk from shooting out his nose. I thought he'd get a kick out of that.

"You heard me." I gave his dick a playful smack and took his bowl to the sink.

Nick drained his glass of juice, scooped up his backpack, and came to give me a kiss goodbye. Like his brother, there was plenty of tongue, then a sharp slap on my bare ass before he trotted out the door with a sizeable tent in his pants. I would have never predicted my life would be anything like this, but I was loving every second of it.

The rest of the day was as normal as anyone could expect. To a casual observer, we would have appeared to be a regular suburban family with busy lives like anyone else. I ran errands most of the day, then did the packing for our weekend trip. Evan ended up at the office later than he expected, having been saddled with entertaining a trio of potential investors. Timmy got home from school, rushed through his chores and was off with his friends before I had a chance to see him. And Nick stayed after school again. He came home for a quick shower and change of clothes before heading

out on a date with Kayla McJuggyTits. I really needed to stop being jealous of that girl. It wasn't her fault she had such a nice set of big, luscious melons.

By the time I climbed into bed next to Evan that night he was already half asleep.

"Long day, huh?" I cuddled up against him. I could smell the beer on his breath from his evening out with the investors. That turned me on. It's what a man should smell like.

"Hmm? Yeah." He was ready to doze off.

I reached into his boxers and fondled his soft dick and balls. "How about Mr. Happy?"

"Good Lord, woman. You were up half the night getting it every which way. I figured you'd be satisfied for a week, not to mention sore as hell."

"My asshole is a little tender, and my pussy feels like it's had a good workout, but it seems like the more sex I get the hornier it makes me."

"You've become a bona fide nymphomaniac, you know that?"

"Is that a bad thing?" I nibbled his earlobe and squeezed his floppy penis. It was growing as I played with it, but I could tell it wasn't going to make much progress.

"It is, if I can't keep up with you." His eyelids drooped. My cock massage was doing more to relax him than excite him at that point.

"Would it be okay with you if I went downstairs and fucked Nick? He fingered me before school this morning and I've been thinking about riding his dick all day."

A brief smile crossed my husband's lips. I could tell he liked hearing that. "You don't have to ask my permission, hon. You can fuck the boys whenever...you want." He was drifting off. "Be sure...cum in your pussy..."

I waited a minute before getting up to make sure he was soundly asleep. I was about to run downstairs and immediately hop on my son's cock, but then I decided to change into something sexy first. I stripped out of my PJs and began rummaging through my drawers. There wasn't much beyond my everyday bras and panties. He'd already seen the few bits of lingerie I owned. I really needed to go shopping. That's when I found something crumpled up in the back of my bottom drawer that I'd forgotten all about.

I took out the red wad of flimsy lace and untangled it. It was something I'd bought who knows how many years ago for Valentine's Day. It looked seductively cute on the model in the picture, but it came off as somewhat tacky on a real woman like me. I remembered feeling foolish wearing it. Evan said he loved it, but I got out of it as soon as I could that night and never put it on again. I figured I may as well try it on, and if it still made me look like a pathetic wanna-be porn reject I'd just go down to Nick's room naked. Naked was always in style.

The "bra" went on first, but it wasn't much of a bra. It was basically two rings of red fluff that I put my tits through, and two red elastic strings - one to go around my neck, and one for around my back. Next I pulled on the matching panties. Again, to call these things panties was an overstatement. It was little more than a couple pieces of sheer red fabric with a fluffy red waistband. It was, of course, crotchless - aggressively so, I might add. I hitched them up as high as I could to make them fit snug, and checked myself in the mirror.

My first reaction was to laugh. But on giving myself a second look, it wasn't half bad. The red fuzz framed my tits nicely, bringing out the deep brown of my areoles. I turned and checked out my butt. The slit in the crotch of the panties went almost all the way up the back so my entire ass crack was on display. I leaned forward far enough to take a quick peek at my recently de-virginized

asshole. Temptingly delightful.

I checked myself out from the front again, gave my pussy a couple of frisky slaps, and decided that I looked pretty dangd hot for a middle-aged mom who'd been up half the night getting gang-banged by her family. All that was left was to find the right shoes to complete the ensemble. I went through half-a-dozen pairs and nothing was working. Then I came across a sassy pair of ankle boots with spike heels that I wore only once ages ago. They hurt my feet something fierce after about five minutes of walking, but they were so devastatingly slutty I couldn't bring myself to return them.

After tugging on the boots, I gave myself another once over in the mirror. Yeah, I would totally fuck me! I headed down the stairs holding onto the railing, knowing that in about a minute my toes were going to start getting viciously pinched. I planned to be on my back with my legs in the air in about two minutes, so I wasn't going to let a little pain slow me down.

I tapped on Nick's door and strode in. He looked up from the notebook he was writing in, and his face immediately lit up. I gave him my best Playboy pose, hoping I didn't look too silly doing it.

"Damn, Mom, you look sexy as fuck!"

"Not too corny?"

"Not at all. Stay just like that." He reached for his cell phone and held it up.

I covered my naked nips and puss. "Hey, what do you think you're doing?"

"C'mon, Mom, I have to have a pic of you to jerk off to."

"You can jerk off to the real thing whenever you want."

"What if you're not around? Just one, Mom, it's no big deal."

"Someone could see it. We could get in a lot of trouble."

"I won't get your face in the picture, just your body. Your smokin' sexy body. Just one. Please, Mom."

I knew it was risky, but to tell the truth I kind of wanted to show off for the camera. "As long as you're the only one who will ever see it." I moved my hands away from my tits and crotch. I put my hands on my hips and struck a little pose. He snapped a pic.

"Wait, that one came out too blurry." Nick snapped another. "Awesome. Turn around."

"You said just one."

"Yeah, one from the front and one from the back."

I shook my head at his slick tactics. How he hadn't talked Kayla out of her bra yet was a mystery. I turned around, bent forward a little and thrust my ass out toward him. I heard the simulated shutter, then without thinking I dropped down into a squat. I could feel the fabric of my extremely crotchless panties part wide. Another pic was snapped.

Standing, I turned and gave my son as sultry a look as I could manage. Snap. I squatted again, my knees wide apart, laying my hands on my inner thighs and slowly licking my lips. Snap, snap.

"Squeeze your tits for me, Mom."

I did as my photographer ordered without argument. I grabbed my tits from below and hefted them up. Snap. I lifted one higher, reached out with my tongue until the tip of it touched my nipple. Snap. I mashed them together. Snap. I pinched both my nipples. Snap. This was going too far. I needed to stop. I leaned forward and let my boobs dangle. Snap.

"Can I get a close up?"

"Of what?" I asked, as if I didn't know.

"Your pussy."

"Just one?"

He nodded. I leaned back with my legs apart and made sure the opening in the crotch of my red panties was wide enough. Nick crawled off his bed onto the floor and held his phone about two feet from my exposed pussy. Snap. That sound sent a quiver through my clit.

"One more," he insisted and moved the camera closer. Snap. I spread my outer lips. Snap, snap. I slipped a finger in my hole. Snap. I pulled the hood of my clit back as far as I could. Snap. I turned onto my hands and knees. Snap. I ran a finger along the length of my slit. Snap. I grabbed both my ass cheeks and spread them. Snap. Snap, snap.

"Okay, Nick, time for you to put the camera down and fuck me. Mommy needs your cock right now. I want you inside me."

Nick had his cock out of his shorts in a matter of seconds and plunged it directly into my open cunt in one assertive thrust. Sweet Mother of Sin, that felt fucking good!

"That's what I'm talking about," I groaned. "Give it to me, sweetheart."

Nick grabbed onto my hips and began humping me from behind. My whole body jolted with each forceful lunge. Our bodies slammed together with a satisfying slap. It was exactly what I'd been dreaming about all day. Some pure, raw, down and dirty fucking.

"Don't hold back, baby. Fuck Mommy's pussy hard. There you go. Harder!"

My son was giving it everything he had. His cock pounded into me as fast as he could manage. My face was getting pushed into the dirty carpet, and I could feel my knees starting to get rug burned, but that only made it better. It made me feel like such a filthy slut getting banged senseless on the floor of my son's bedroom. I was becoming addicted to that feeling.

"How's that, Mom? Am I fucking your pussy hard enough for you?" He grabbed a handful of my hair, pulled my head back, and pushed himself to even greater intensity.

I'd never been fucked that hard in my life. I'd never been treated like such a lowly piece of fuck meat before. I'd never wanted to be nothing more than a warm wet hole for someone. And that someone was my son, of all people. I couldn't tell him how much I wanted to be his whore; how he could do whatever he wanted with me; how I was becoming a slave to his cock. He wasn't ready for that. He was still too young to handle it. I didn't know if I could handle it myself.

"Cum inside me!" I cried, not caring if anyone upstairs could hear my yells. "Shoot it in Mommy's cunt! I'm cumming, I'm cumming, fuck my cunt, I'm cumming! Mm..mm..mm! Oooooooh!"

While I was screaming through my orgasm, Nick was doing the same at his end. He gave me a series of fierce thrusts, penetrating me as far as humanly possible, and injecting my cunt with every drop of sperm he could muster.

"Holy fuck, Mom, that was amazing. My head's spinning." Nick pulled out and tumbled to the floor next to me, wheezing for air. I stayed on my knees with my ass and pussy up in the air, enjoying the elation infusing every part of me.

We stayed like that for several minutes. I flexed my inner muscles after a time and felt my son's gooey wad spill out of my pussy and run along my slit. It dripped down onto the carpet, adding to the filth. Absolutely perfect.

"Honey, can you get one of your cum rags and wipe my pussy for me?"

"Sure, Mom."

Nick crawled over and got a clean one off the stack next to his bed. He came up behind me and

gently dabbed at my recently abused puss. Being attended to in such an intimate way by my son gave me a strangely warm feeling in my chest. After he'd gotten most of it cleaned up, he gave my swollen twat a loving kiss, and briefly teased my protruding clit with his tongue.

"Thanks, sweetie." I was beyond relaxed, and could have fallen asleep right there, but I needed more. "Help me up onto the bed."

I could have gotten there myself, but it was more fun having my son all but lift me up and lay me on his bed.

"Do you want this outfit on or off?"

He looked me over with a lascivious gleam in his eye. "Keep the top and the boots, but lose the bottoms."

I straightened out my legs. "You take them off."

Nick took hold of the fluffy waistband and worked the comical-yet-sexy undies down over my hips, along my legs and over my feet. He then hung them on his bedpost like some type of trophy. My son next put his hands between my knees and firmly spread them apart. I offered no resistance at all. He looked at me lying there with my legs splayed open - his mother's sweaty, sticky cunt willingly exposed to him.

"I like the way you look at my pussy," I said.

"I can't get enough of it. I don't think I'll ever find anything in the world that's sexier."

"You're still young. There's a lot you haven't seen yet." Despite my words, I secretly hoped what he said would stay true. I liked the idea of my cunt setting the standard for his concept of what's sexy.

I reached for the lamp on his side table. "On or off?"

"On!" He was quick to answer.

His notebook was there on his nightstand. "What were you writing when I came in?"

"Nothing! Just homework."

I could tell when he was lying. I picked up the notebook and glanced at it. "Looks like a poem to me. And a love poem at that."

His cheeks reddened. "It's stupid." He snatched it out of my hands and tossed it toward a corner of the room.

"It's not stupid at all. Girls love to get poems from their boyfriends." I put out my arms and coaxed him to lie down with me. He settled in with a cheek pressed against my breast, and I held him close. "You've got a lot of new feelings going on, and it's important to try out different ways to express them. Plus, a good poem is likely to get you into her pants faster than anything else."

"Geez, Mom, is everything about sex with you?" He kissed the side of my boob.

I gave his ribs a tickle. "Everything is about sex for everyone. All the great works of man are little more than some horny guy's attempt to impress a woman so he can get into her panties."

"No way."

"The Eiffel Tower? A giant penis. Empire State Building? Giant penis. Rocket to the moon? Giant penis."

"The Pyramids?"

"Very oddly shaped penises. Possibly butt plugs."

"I have the weirdest mom ever."

"Lucky for you."

Nick's fingers traced lazy circles across my tummy. Occasionally his hand would slide down and his fingers would twine through my pubic hair, before returning to my belly. I played with his hair and scratched his back lightly with my fingernails. If I had to choose a single moment to define what love was, this would be it.

"So how did your date with Kayla go?"

"Good."

"Did you get any?"

"A little. I got my hand up under her bra during the movie."

"That's something."

"She got scared that someone would see and made me stop after only about twenty seconds."

"I bet she liked it. She's probably at home in her bed right now thinking about it and masturbating her virgin pussy like a nasty little sex kitten."

"That would be cool."

Nick's fingers glided up and down along my inner thigh. At the top of each stroke he toyed with my pussy lips for a few moments before resuming. It was divine torture.

"So what's the deal for this weekend?" he asked, breaking the warm silence.

"We're going to Grandma's house. Staying overnight and coming home on Sunday."

"No, I mean what's the deal about the sex. Grandma sucked me off last time she was here, and she knows me and you are doing it. Are we supposed to not say anything? Or should I just whip out my schlong as soon as we walk through the door?"

"Grandma would probably get a kick out of that, but I'm thinking we should play it cool at first." I couldn't take the teasing any more. I rolled on top of Nick, straddled his hips, and found the tip of his cock with my opening. I eased myself down onto his cock until he was firmly seated in my intimately wet embrace. "Dad and I are going to talk to Grandma and tell her about everything that's been going on with us."

"Everything?"

"Is there something you don't want her to know?"

"You're not worried that she'll have a heart attack when you tell her that I had my dick in your pussy while Timmy had his dick in your ass and Dad had his in your mouth?"

I gave him a nice kiss. "I think we'll find it's unlikely we can do anything that will shock your grandmother." I moved up and down on Nick's gloriously hard cock. "There's more to that old gal than meets the eyes."

"From the way she sucked my dick, I think you're probably right."

"Are you hoping Grandma will give you another blowjob this weekend?"

"I definitely wouldn't mind." He pushed himself up into me to meet my downward slide.

"What if she wants you to fuck her, Nick? Would you fuck your grandma?"

"Sure, if she wants it."

"I know she wants it." I pushed down and turned my hips, grinding my clit against Nick's pubic bone. "Will you let me watch? Will you let me masturbate my pussy while I watch you fuck your grandmother?"

"Yes," he breathed. His eyes fluttered closed in ecstasy, and he reached for my tits. "That would be so fucking hot."

"What if your grandpa wants to fuck me?" I lifted up on my son's cock and got a shiver of pleasure from the juicy slurping sound it made. "What if Grandpa is fucking your mother right next to you while you're fucking Grandma? Would you like that?"

"Shit, Mom, you're going to make me cum from saying this stuff."

"Oh, my. We wouldn't want that to happen, now would we?" I began riding slow and steady, pushing my chest down to his mouth so he could suck on my nipples. "We wouldn't want you to cum thinking about your father fucking his own mom right in front of you. Or imagining seeing Grandma eat my pussy while Timmy fucks your Mommy's asshole."

As I said this I took one of Nick's hands and moved it to my backside. I pressed it into my ass crack and shifted it down low until he realized what I wanted. His middle finger found my anus and he gingerly applied pressure against it. I relaxed and his finger easily entered me. I squeezed his wrist, guiding his finger in deeper. There it was!

Nick couldn't say anything with his mouth full of tit, so I continued rattling away on my own.

"I want all of that, Nick. I want it so bad." I was fucking him harder, making sure that his finger stayed buried in my butt hole. "I want to suck Grandma's pussy. I want to taste her cunt. I want you to jack off all over your grandmother's pussy, then I want to lick your cum off her twat while you finger fuck me."

Nick couldn't hold out any longer and for the second time that night he unleashed a flood of semen into his mother's vagina. Seconds later I was cumming, too. Nipples, clit, pussy, asshole - all were being stimulated simultaneously, bringing me to a climax of depraved pleasure.

"Ahhh! You mother cunt fucker!" I yelled out in mindless ecstasy.

I threw my head back as the orgasmic spasms seized me and that's when I spotted Timmy at the basement window whacking away like a maniac. The second I realized what I was looking at spurts of white fluid began pelting the glass of the window from outside. The only thing I saw after that was a thumbs up, and he was gone. I had no idea he was spying on us - the little perv. I wished I had known, it would have made it even more exciting.

My son pulled his finger out of my ass. "Shit, Mom, you're going to wake up the whole neighborhood."

"It's not my fault that you're such a good mother cunt fucker." I lay on top of him, feeling the intense heat coming off his naked skin.

"Actually, it is your fault when you think about it," he defended himself, wrapping his arms around me with his cock still socketed deep in my pussy hole.

"In that case, let's not think about it."

I woke up to a dark room. I must have fallen asleep right there on top of my son with his cock still inside me. Nick was asleep next to me, his hand cupped over one of my tits. I carefully slipped out of his bed and headed upstairs to my bed. On the way I felt a patch of dried cum on my belly that hadn't been there before. Why did I get the sense that my son had fucked me one more time after I'd conked out? It should have made me upset, but instead it gave me a happy feeling that danced gleefully up the center of my back. My legal opinion was that it can't be considered rape as long as I consent after the fact.

Don was up early the next morning. I dragged myself out of bed and into the shower after he was done. The hot water revived me a little, but I had the feeling I'd be snoozing in the car most of the way to the in-laws'. If I was smart I would have made sure I was better rested for this coming

weekend.

I started getting dressed, then realized I needed to get the boys up. I went down the hall to Timmy's room in just my underwear. I walked in after a quick knock and found him pulling on my pair of peach colored undies that I had worn the other day. He must have rescued them from the hamper. One of my bras and two more pairs of my used panties were laid out on his bed.

"Hey, Mom," he greeted me with a sheepish grin. "Do these panties make me look fat?"

"Smart ass." I went and stood behind him, looking over his shoulder at the two of us standing in his full-length mirror. "They look nice on you," I said and ran my hand over his satin-covered stiffness. "I can buy some for you, if you'd like."

"No," he answered, leaning back into me. "I like them because they're yours."

"Then it looks like I'm going to have to buy some more for me." I kissed his neck and shoulder.

"Nick probably thinks I'm gay because of how I like your stuff."

"He sees how much you like Mommy's pussy. He knows you're not gay."

"But what if I am... at least a little?"

"Just because you like the way my panties feel?"

"There's that, but also other things." He didn't want to meet my eyes in the mirror. "I've been thinking a lot about dicks lately."

"Me too." My joke didn't get the desired reaction out of him. I tried to be serious. "Tell me what you've been thinking."

"I don't know. I saw the way you were giving blowjobs the other night, and it looked like it would be fun to do that." He turned and hugged me, hiding his face between my breasts. "I've been thinking about wanting to suck Dad's cock."

I tried not to let on how shocked I was to hear this. I also didn't want him to know how titillated I was by the possibility of it. I began to feel guilty that maybe I was somehow transferring my fantasies onto my impressionable youngest son.

"Okay, well... there's nothing wrong with that, sweetie. Nothing you should feel bad about." I honestly wasn't sure what to tell him.

"I don't want to be gay, Mom, but I can't stop thinking about what it would feel like." His hands slid up under my panties, and Timmy held each of my butt cheeks tightly. "I liked it when I got to touch Dad's dick, and Nick's, too. It was awesome seeing Dad lick my jizz out of your pussy. I tried tasting my own cum last night. It was weird, but I liked it." He pulled my hips tighter against him and rubbed his cock against my crotch.

"It sounds like you've got a lot going on in that horny head of yours. We don't have time to sort it all out this morning, but there's nothing for you to be worried about. There's nothing wrong with the feelings you're having, and we'll work it all out as soon as we have a chance. Right now you've got to get your stuff together so we can get going." I let him continue grinding himself against me. "It might be best for you to talk with your Dad about this. He might understand what you're going through better than me."

Timmy didn't say anything. He was breathing heavily into my breasts, and humping against me with increasing urgency. I knew it would be quicker to let him finish than to try to pull him off me. In less than a minute his hands gripped my ass hard, and he let out a relieved whimper. When he stepped back there was a big wet spot covering the front of the panties he was wearing, and a smaller spot on the ones I was wearing.

"Feeling better?" I kissed him on the cheek, and he gave a quick nod in return. "Okay, then, get dressed and get downstairs before Dad begins threatening to leave without us." As I left his room I saw him stuffing my underthings in his backpack, and pulling his jeans on over the cum-soaked panties he had on. Ah, boys!

True to my prediction I was zonked out before we got to the end of the block. The four hour drive went by in an instant, and I didn't wake up until everyone was piling out in front of Grandma's house. My mother-in-law was on the front porch doing her happy dance and waving for us to hurry in.

There was a flurry of kisses, and hugs, and greetings, and all the usual arrival chatter. Evan and his dad set about bringing our bags in to the guest room. The boys ran out to the back yard to stretch their legs and make some noise after the long drive. My mother-in-law drew me into the kitchen with her and put me to work getting lunch on the table for everyone. As we were bustling about she whispered in my ear that we needed to talk later. I wanted to ask her about what, but her sly wink told the story.

The men and boys eventually piled into the kitchen and gorged themselves on sandwiches, potato salad, chips, soda, dill pickles, and Grandma's famous chocolate cake. After they had stuffed themselves, my dad grabbed a couple beers out of the fridge and they all headed out for a serious game of horseshoes. I helped Evan's mom clean up and put away the leftovers, then we made our way to the living room sofa. We exchanged the usual small talk for a few minutes, and then she cut right to the chase.

"I've thought a lot about our day at the lake."

The way she was looking at me left no doubt that she was specifically referring to how we'd masturbated together in the privacy of the woods, and the fact that she ate me out right there on the spot.

"And what exactly have you been thinking?" I responded coyly.

"About how much I enjoyed our special time together." My mother-in-law was obviously as horny as I was at that moment. "And whether or not you felt the same."

"I...I enjoyed it, too." I wanted her to jump me right then and there and tear my clothes off. "Very much so."

"No regrets? Second thoughts?"

"I'd never done anything like that before, so naturally I had to wonder..."

"Naturally." I had the sneaking suspicion that Julie was mentally undressing me as we spoke. She already knew I couldn't resist her, and was just waiting for the right moment to pounce.

"But I really did enjoy it, and...and it would be nice if it happened again."

"I'm happy to hear that." My mother-in-law's hand moved to her breast. She casually stroked her fingers over the spot above where her nipple was. "Evan told me how close you two are getting with the boys."

"It all seems to be happening so fast, and yet not fast enough." I gave in and began caressing the tips of my own breasts as well.

"I know that feeling." Julie watched me touching my breasts and began undoing the buttons of her shirt. "I envy you. Giving your boys the gift of your body. Watching them discover and experience true sexual fulfillment for the first time." She opened her shirt, exposing her bra-clad tits.

"It has been a little scary for me, but...exciting."

"I bet it has." She scooped one breast out of its cup, then the other. "Teaching my son how to fuck was probably the best sex I've ever had in my life."

"Were you Evan's first?"

"Yes. Why do you ask?" My mother-in-law pinched one of her nipples and twirled it between her thumb and forefinger as we talked like there was nothing unusual about it.

"It's just that...I took my both my sons' virginity. I'm worried that they may resent me for that."

"Trust me, you're more worried about it than they are. Nick and Timmy will only grow to appreciate it all the more as they get older." Julie massaged her tit with casual openness. "Your husband never regretted that his first pussy was his mom's."

"I'm glad that it was." I couldn't resist any longer.

I shifted closer, leaned across the sofa, and took one of my mother-in-law's nipples between my lips. Julie's hands rested on the back of my head, gently pressing me against her chest.

"It's about time. Mmmm, that's nice..." Julie let me suckle her for a time, apparently not worried about one of the guys coming in and discovering us. "There you go," she cooed, kissing the top of my head. "That's my good girl."

"I've never sucked another woman's breasts before," I said, moving to her other nipple. "I love it."

I cupped my mother-in-law's tit, feeling its soft weight in my hand, as I ran my tongue around the surface of her areola. I could feel the delicate texture of her delicate flesh, the taut stiffness of her nub, and the warm acceptance of her most motherly offering. I sucked as if I were a nursing babe. Although there was no milk, I somehow felt nourished by this simple act. Julie held me and let me suckle her pleasingly pliant breasts until I was sated.

"I can't tell you how much I was looking forward to that." Julie carefully tucked a stray strand of hair behind my ear as I looked up at her beaming face. "Are you as wet as I am right now?"

"Soaked."

"You ready to suck your first pussy?"

"Shouldn't we go upstairs?"

"Why not right here?"

"What if someone walks in?"

"Wouldn't that be something?" Julie unbuttoned her pants and slowly lowered the zipper. "Imagine your husband walking in and catching you eating out his mother's pussy on the living room sofa."

"It's just...I'm not sure..." I was having trouble holding my thoughts as she lowered her pants. She was wearing a tiny pair of sheer beige panties. The sensuous crease of her sex was easy to see through the transparent fabric, and the small strip of pubic hair gracing the swell of her womanly mound only accentuated the erotic effect.

"Let's review." She tossed her pants aside and began undoing my blouse. "You've had sex with your son Nick, yes?"

I nodded. The scent of her heated pussy reached up to me. My mouth watered as her fingers worked down the front of my shirt.

"And you fucked little Timmy?" Her question was clearly rhetorical. "Your husband knows

you've had both your boys' cocks inside you." She slipped my top off of my shoulders. "He also knows you've spread your legs for me and have cum in my mouth." Her thumbs played over the surface of my bra, teasing my nipples beneath. "I told Don everything. He knows what a horny slut his sweet daughter-in-law really is." Julie pushed my bra straps aside and exposed my tits.

"He knows everything?" I echoed breathlessly.

"Everything." My mother-in-law leaned forward and kissed my lips. "You know that I sucked Nick's cock. You know that I used to fuck my own son." Her hands expertly caressed my breasts. Her knowing touch propelled me down untried avenues of pleasure. "And you must know that I desperately want to fuck my boy again." She pushed me back onto the sofa and began opening my pants. "I want him inside me again."

"He wants that, too, I think." I was so turned on that I was incapable of doing much beyond stating the obvious.

"I know he does." She eased my pants and panties down all together at once. "There's that cute little cunny I've been dreaming of." Julie planted a kiss just along the top fringe of my pubic hair. "Everybody knows everything now, my dear." She kissed a little lower. "No need for secrets." She nuzzled her nose in my tangle of dark hair and took in my intimate fragrance. "There's no need to worry about someone walking in and finding you licking my cunt, is there?"

"I guess not..."

"You talked to the boys, didn't you? They both know Grandma is planning on fucking them this weekend, right?"

"To be honest, I wasn't certain about exactly what was going to happen this weekend." I spread my legs, hoping she would take advantage of my receptivity. I no longer cared who might walk in on us.

"I know what I want to happen." She favored me with a fleeting kiss on my lower lips, leaving me anxious for more. "I've dreamed of fucking those boys of yours for as long as I can remember." Her tongue flicked the very tip of my clit. "I would change Nick's diaper and try to imagine what his cock would be like when he was bigger." Another teasing flick. "I would help Timmy in the bath, always making sure his tiny little erection was very, very clean." A long slow lick skimmed up my slit, but it wasn't nearly deep enough to satisfy. "And now they're all grown up. I want to suck them, and fuck them, and love them in all the ways I couldn't until now. I'm sure you understand that, don't you?"

"I do." I needed some sort of relief, so I began massaging my own tits, twisting and tugging my nipples. "I never understood it before, but since I've been with my own sons I know there's nothing else like it. I've never felt more fulfilled as a woman or a mother."

"Nothing compares to the feeling of your son's cock inside you. Filling you up." Julie slipped out of her shirt and bra, leaving her in nothing but those insubstantial panties. "Having him on top of you, inside you, right back in there where it all started."

My mother-in-law leaned back at her end of the sofa. Her eyes stayed locked on mine. With one foot set on the floor, she lifted her other leg and rested it on the back of the couch. Her reclining figure exuded raw sexuality. Her hungry lust was undisguised. The wet crotch of her panties clung to every contour of her pronounced vulva. All that stood between my tongue and her mature, engorged pussy was that thin gossamer veil.

"Nothing is better than when they cum inside you," I said, joining in her incestuous testimonial.

"That moment just before they release, then suddenly they're flooding you with everything they have. I can't get enough of it." I sat up and kissed my mother-in-law's leg just above the knee.

"It doesn't feel like that with any other man." Julie waited patiently as I kissed my way up her thigh. "I love my husband dearly, but he can never give me what I get from my son. We can't deny it, Kim. There's a connection we have with our boys that's unique." A soft moan escaped from deep in her chest as my lips approached her impassioned nexus. "They're part of us... and they always will be."

"I've always liked sex, but with Nick and Timmy I crave it." I kissed Julie's pussy through her saturated panties. The smell was intoxicating, and I could taste the barest essence of her on my lips. "I think about their cocks constantly. I want to see them and touch them as much as I can." I kissed again, pressing my lips into the translucent fabric. "I love watching them jerk off. I love showing off my body for them. And I love their cum more than I can tell you."

Julie pulled her tiny g-string aside, offering her bare cunt to me in no uncertain terms. "So you can imagine how excited I am for this weekend. I haven't had my baby's cum since before you two got married."

I kissed the smooth flesh of a woman's pussy for the very first time. My head swam when the reality of it hit me. Not only was I about to eat my first pussy, but that pussy belonged to my husband's mother. I probably should have been ashamed that this fact made it even more enticing for me.

"Their cum tastes so good, doesn't it? The way it feels in your mouth." I tried a little lick. "The anticipation of waiting for them to shoot it on you, then the shock when that blast of warm semen hits your face." I gave her another lick, longer and slower. "Knowing that I'm walking around with sperm from one, or both, of my sons wiggling around inside my pussy gives me the most perverse satisfaction."

"There's no going back for you, darling." Julie lifted her hips bringing her pussy up to meet my mouth. "You'll never stop wanting your sons' cocks. And they'll never stop wanting your pussy. You've given them the one cunt that's forbidden to them above all others. Nothing will ever match being inside mommy's vagina. Trust me."

I let my mother-in-law mash her ripe pussy against my mouth. The feel, the smell, taste - these were all new to me and I was trying not to let myself get overwhelmed. I pushed my tongue into her cleft and explored the soft flesh within. This is what it must have been like for the boys the first time I let them suck my pussy. I wanted to savor every second of it.

It seemed like I should have felt a pang of jealousy upon hearing Julie's words. Realizing that, for my husband, fucking me would never surpass the experience of fucking his mother should have at least bothered me. Instead, it had the opposite effect. Knowing that the best sex Evan ever had was probably with his mother, and knowing that he was going to finally get to experience that once again, and further knowing that there was a good chance that I was going to be witness to it, made me gloriously happy. I couldn't wait to see my husband slide his cock into his mom's pussy and fill her with his cum.

These thoughts quickly faded as I concentrated on what was in front of me at the moment. Julie's pussy was spread before me like an exotic flower. Her clit poked its pink little head from its hiding place. Her inner lips bowed to the sides, graphically betraying her elevated state of arousal. And right there was her moist opening, just inches from my mouth. Julie's slickened pussy hole

flexed as I gazed at it, making it clear how much she was anticipating the moment my tongue dipped into that most private of spaces.

"Remember," I warned her, "I don't know anything about licking pussy."

"You may be surprised to find you know more than you think." She touched her wetness and brought a nectar-covered finger to her mouth. It was nice to see another woman enjoying the flavor of her own sex. "Just do what feels good and the rest will take care of itself."

Encouraged by her confidence in me, I lowered my face to her awaiting crotch and began eating my first pussy in earnest.

I was once again struck by the pillowy softness of her. I was so accustomed to the throbbing hardness of men and boys that the contrast was thrillingly novel. Then there was the taste of her. In the first seconds my mouth was suffused with the tang of my mother-in-law's lubricating juices. There was an underlying similarity to my own flavor that I could easily distinguish, but on top of that were a variety of distinctive notes that could only be unique to her.

Of course, in the moment I was not calmly analyzing the flavor textures of my mother-in-law's vagina - the only thoughts I was consciously aware of as it was happening were along the lines of: "Oh my God I'm eating a pussy! I'm actually sucking another woman's pussy! My mouth at this very second is literally pressed against a real, live pussy!" Only after the fact did I have the clarity of mind for reasoned introspection about the events of that afternoon.

But before that time came, I was busily teaching myself the art of cunnilingus as quickly and as intently as I could. I used my lips; kissing, sucking, gliding my mouth up and down. I used my tongue; teasing, licking, lapping. I tried side to side, and also going in circles. I focused on her clit, feeling its resilient hardness against my tongue like a plump pea. I focused on her opening, probing into her as far as I could. I sucked as much of one of her outer lips into my mouth as I could. I splayed her pussy open with my fingers and let my mouth roam. I licked the space below her slit, and passionately mouthed the area above. I was lost in her pussy.

"Oh, what a good little cunt sucker you are," Julie groaned.

I'd almost forgotten there was a person attached to the pussy I was so absorbed in, but her praise gave me a warm sensation. It made me oddly proud that I could give pleasure in this way; a feeling I never quite had with the guys. For the first time I believed that I could make a woman cum. I not only believed it, I was determined to do it.

I shifted my attention from me alone to the two of us in concert. I began paying attention to her body, her sounds, her movements. I gauged her reactions to what I was doing. Did she respond more when I sucked hard or lightly? Did she like it better when I kept my tongue tensed and stiff, or when it was relaxed and soft? What spots made her catch her breath? What spots brought no noticeable response? Long licks or quick flicks?

Once I'd worked my way through this series of experiments, I was ready to put my findings to the test. I fastened my mouth around the upper part of her pussy, encompassing the whole area around her clit. I sucked in a steady pulse of pull and release. I then added some tongue. Soft and relaxed. I swabbed it over her erect clitoris in a sweeping circle. Suck, swab, suck, swab. Julie's shuddering moan told me all I needed to know.

A consistent rhythm was key - I knew this from having been on the receiving end. Suck, swab, suck, swab. Her hips began rocking in time with my oral beat. She timed her push so her clit pressed up against my tongue at just the right moment in the cycle. Suck, push, swab, suck, push,

swab. I could sense her orgasm building somewhere in her core, right up there deep in her guts. I knew the enviable place she was in and wanted more than anything to be the one to bring her where she was longing to go. Suck, push, swab, suck, push, swab.

"Such a good cunt sucker," she mumbled almost incoherently. "Eat that cunt for me...eat it just like that."

A dull ache was rising in my jaw, but I wasn't about to let that disrupt what I was about to achieve. Suck, push, swab, suck, push, swab. Blindly, I felt for her hole. I slipped my index finger in, turned my hand palm up, and searched for her g-spot. My fingertip skated over the slick surface of the roof of her vagina. Was that it? Maybe here? There was too much going on for me to be sure, so I simply began pumping my finger in and out as I pressed against that upper wall. Suck, push, swab, pump, suck, push, swab, pump. I had to be doing something right because it was only a matter of about ten seconds before I knew for certain I had hit on the magic combination.

"Okay! Oh, yeah! Right there, right there, that's it! I'm going to cum. You're going to make me cum. Make me fucking cum, girl!"

Everything sped up in those few final moments. The sucking, pushing, swabbing, and pumping seemed like they were all suddenly happening at once. My mother-in-law's keening cries of mounting pleasure drove me on. I couldn't let up. I went faster. I was sucking her pussy, licking her clit, finger fucking her cunt hole. I was eating pussy like a wild woman and loving every second of it. I was about to make another woman cum!

"Oh, oh, oh, oh!" This series of guttural moans matched our rapid tempo that had reached its maximum possible fervor. "ffffffffffff-UCK!" This final cry burst out of her and Julie's body began to spasm.

I tried to keep my mouth clamped where it was, but she was thrashing so much I had to pull my face away. I did manage to keep my finger buried inside her and was amazed at the strength with which her pussy contracted around it. I tried to imagine how good that must feel for a man's cock to be in there when all that is going on.

Her orgasm went on for several long seconds. I couldn't tell if it was one big one, or a whole set of cums strung together. It didn't matter - all I knew was that I was witnessing an exquisitely beautiful thing, and that I was lucky enough to be a part of it. I continued pumping my mother-in-law's pussy with my finger until she stilled my hand with hers, begging me to stop.

"Whew!" she exclaimed with a wide smile. "It's been a while since someone made me see stars like that."

"I guess I did okay for my first try?"

"If I didn't know better, I would have guessed you'd been eating pussy since before you could walk." Julie fanned herself with a magazine from the coffee table. "Damn, girl, that was fantastic. Get up here and give me a kiss."

I moved up her body until we were face to face. Our boobs pressed together, sending a new kind of thrill through me. Our lips touched and it was scintillating. We must have kissed each other on the cheek a thousand times, but this was different. Her tongue worked its way gently into my mouth, and I gave myself over to the experience. The idea that she was tasting her own juices on my tongue heightened the eroticism. Her tits rubbing against mine as we made out gave me goosebumps all up my arms. I could feel the heat from her pussy where my thigh was pressed between her legs.

"So? What did you think?" Julie asked slyly. "Your first muff diving expedition."

"I loved it... more than I ever imagined I would." I kissed her again. "Can we do it again?"

"Of course, dear. Whenever you like."

"Now?"

She couldn't keep from laughing at my eagerness. I felt a little foolish, like a child with a new toy, but I didn't care.

"My, my, you are a horny little thing." Her hands moved up the length of my body. I could tell she liked the feel of me. "I'm not one to turn down a free pussy licking. How about we move this party to the floor where we'll have more room to work?"

We went to the center of the living room and she had me lie down on my back. My mother-in-law stood over me, looking down at my nakedness. Her eyes caressed my nipples, my belly, my thighs. There was no effort on her part to hide the lust she was feeling. Julie reached over and plucked a throw pillow from the chair and tucked it under my head. Once she was satisfied that I was comfortable, she stood with her feet set apart at either side of my head, then squatted down bringing her pussy right to my mouth. Her aim was flawless, and I immediately set in once again on her delicious cunt.

After less than a minute, Julie shifted. She came down onto her knees and leaned forward. Her hands parted my thighs, and seconds later her head was between my legs. The moment she latched onto my sex-enraged clit, my body convulsed and I nearly bucked her off. More spontaneous spasms rocked my body as she continued licking and sucking at my most sensitive spots. A pussy in my mouth and a mouth on my pussy. It seemed impossible that heaven could be any better than this.

There was too much going on for me to concentrate on any one thing for long. Between Julie's juices and my saliva, her pussy was becoming all slobbery. It was spectacular. The tips of my mother-in-laws long nipples were hanging down and sketching tiny circles on my tummy. It was the sexiest tickle there could be. Her tummy was brushing against the peaks of my tits, sending wave after wave to happy tingles across my bare flesh. My hands were kneading her ass, then gliding along the smooth skin of her flanks, then grabbing and fondling her breasts. It was all too much, and yet I couldn't get enough!

"I told you they'd probably start without us."

The sound of a deep male voice startled me. A misplaced panic jolted me. We'd been caught! I had to cover up, to hide, to come up with an excuse! Julie continued eating my pussy without interruption. My instant gut reaction gave way to rational assessment. I wasn't in trouble. Evan knew I planned on having sex with his mother this weekend, and I'm sure they'd talked about it as well. My father-in-law was well aware of the situation and enthusiastically approved. As Julie had reasonably pointed out earlier, there really was nothing I needed to hide from my family. I was free to be as perverse and depraved as I wanted without fear of judgment or shame from any of the people closest to me.

I returned to sucking my mother-in-law's cunt with a series of unnecessarily loud slurps.

"Nevermind what's going on in here, you two horndogs," Julie scolded her husband and son. "We're just having a little girl talk."

"I didn't hear much talking when we came in," Evan said with a chuckle, "how 'bout you, Dad?" I couldn't see him from my vantage between Julie's thighs, but it sounded like he was in a spot where he'd have a great view of his mother licking his wife's pussy.

"Put those things away and let us finish," my 69-partner barked at the men before returning her mouth to my coochie.

"I think we'll stick close in case you ladies need any help." That was Don's voice, and it sounded like it was just above me.

I opened my eyes and saw my father-in-law standing over me with his cock out of his pants. He was massaging it casually with his hand while he surveyed the scene of debauchery below him. Don was seeing me naked for the first time. I couldn't help feeling simultaneously embarrassed and excited by this prospect. Based on the way his cock was growing longer and harder by the second, I had to assume he liked what he saw.

I shot him a friendly wink and went back to sucking off his wife. At the same time, Julie was amping up her technique down between my legs. I suspected she was trying to put on a good show for Evan, who was probably jacking himself to the sight of his mom eating me out. After having my boys clumsily work over my pussy for the past week, it was a real treat to have Julie's expert mouth tending to my cunt.

Her tongue was quick and sure, finding all the right places at just the right time. She flicked my clit with fluttering licks, then clamped her lips around it and sucked. Her tongue never stopped moving. It was an oral dance skillfully choreographed to bring me off as proficiently as possible. I loved this woman more and more with every passing second.

I shouldn't have been self-conscious after all the things I'd done in front of the boys, but for some reason I was shy cumming with my father-in-law there to see. I knew it was silly, but I still held back a little as Julie coaxed my orgasm out of me. My brain short-circuited, and I gave myself over to the sparkling effervescence she invoked with her mouth. I wanted to scream, and grunt, and thrash about madly, but I contained my response as best as I could so as not to make a spectacle of myself. Even with my attempts to show restraint, a low moan of animal satisfaction escaped from me as my whole body tensed up as I came.

As soon as the euphoria began to wane, I re-acquainted myself with the mature pussy hovering inches above my face. I did my best to mimic her experienced ministrations, but I knew it was only a weak shadow of her oral artistry. Nonetheless, I stayed focused on the basics and in a matter of minutes my mother-in-law was once again cumming on my tongue.

Before she finished riding out her orgasm, the men were giving us a round of applause. Julie gave my pussy a big kiss then stood. She reached down and gave me a hand up. I had to hold onto her until the dizzy feeling in my head passed. There we stood in the middle of the living room, both of us stark naked, with our husbands close by, each holding his hard dick in his hand.

"I have a feeling that this weekend is going to be better than I hoped for," Julie said, eyeing her son's cock. "Would anyone mind if Evan and I ran upstairs for a few minutes?"

My husband was trying not to let his excitement show, but I knew him well enough to see that he couldn't wait to be alone with his mother after all these years.

"You two go ahead," I said. "I'm sure Don and I can find some way to entertain ourselves."

"Come along," Julie reached out and took Evan's hand. "We have some catching up to do, sonny boy."

It was a strange sight: my naked mother-in-law gracefully leading her son up the stairs with his cock poking out of his pants and bouncing stiffly as they went. I was truly excited for him, but disappointed I wouldn't be in the room for their sexual reunion. Once they were out of sight, I

became very conscious of my father-in-law's appraising gaze. He couldn't keep his eyes from roaming over my bare tits and naked pussy. His hand was still working his dick just enough to make it feel good without the risk of cumming before he wanted to.

"Nice cock," I said to break the ice.

"Thanks." He nodded toward me. "Nice everything."

I don't know why, but I gave him a playful little curtsy in reply. I can't deny that I was enjoying his lustful attention. I'd caught him checking me out several times in the past, but I'd never seen him look at me with such undisguised lechery before.

"Any chance you'd let me suck it?" I asked in my most innocent voice.

"I never say no to a lady."

"Such a gentleman."

I knelt down in front of him and sized up the situation before me. He was about as big as Evan, but there were enough subtle differences between the two of them that there was no doubt I was about to experience a new cock. My father-in-law let go of his shaft and turned his penis over to me. I wrapped my hand around it and gave it a few measured strokes. I held it up and inspected his balls. They were shaved, nice and plump, hanging loose and relaxed. I gave his nuts a casual fondle: warm and soft. They were a little sweaty from being outside playing horseshoes with the boys, which I liked.

I usually start my blowjobs at the head, but this time I went for the sack first. I licked Don's sweaty scrotum, breathing in his manly stink. He smelled distinctly different from Evan or the boys. This added to my excitement in a way that's hard to define. I sucked one of his testicles into my mouth and joggled it playfully with my tongue. While I did this, my hand moved up and down his hardened length. I switched to his other ball and gave it the same loving treatment. There was no way around how surreal this was. I actually had my husband's father's balls in my mouth. A month ago this would have been too bizarre to even contemplate, and yet there I was on my knees, buck naked, and about to blow him for the first of what I hoped would be many times.

"You like that?" I asked, knowing what the answer would be.

"Hell, yes, young lady!" He smiled down at me as I looked up at him submissively. "Evan is one lucky son of a bitch to have a woman like you."

"Well, right now you're the lucky son of a bitch." With that I took my father-in-law's cock into my mouth.

Between my husband and my sons I must have had a sucked dick a couple thousand times, but the fact that I'd never sucked this particular dick before made it all seem brand new. I felt a little like a virgin on my wedding night as I worked him as deep as I could. His moan let me know I hadn't lost my touch.

"I'm sorry, Kim, but I'm afraid I'm not going to last very long here."

His boyish excitement made it all the more enjoyable for me. I could only imagine what a thrill it must be for him to finally have his cock in his slutty little Asian daughter-in-law's mouth. How many times did the old guy fantasize about this moment while he was jerking off? Knowing I was giving him this long dreamt of experience made me horny in a way I'd never quite known before. I sucked him faster, toying with his balls the whole time.

"I'm going to cum," he warned me. "Kim, I'm going to cum."

I kept right on sucking.

"Ah ha. You're a swallower?" he sputtered, swaying slightly. "Okay then...if that's what you want...here it comes! Unnnngh! Uh, uh, uh, uuuuuh!"

Don unloaded into my mouth. His cum jetted against the back of my throat with urgent velocity. His balls jerked up tight and more warm goo flooded over my tongue. I wasn't able to get it all down quick enough and his thick jizz began spilling down my chin. But he still wasn't done. His body shuddered and his cock swelled, ejecting several more spurts of cum. I never knew a man could deliver so much semen in one go!

I pulled back off his dick and opened my mouth for him, displaying the generous quantity of cum I'd managed to hold on my tongue. Evan always liked when I did this, so I guessed that his father would like it too. Once I was sure he saw it, I made a show of swallowing, then opened up again to prove I'd finished it all. It was obvious how much he appreciated the perverse gesture.

"I always said you were a keeper." He ran his thumb over my chin, swiping away a good amount of his own spend, then he licked his thumb clean without taking his eyes from mine. This sent an electric shiver through me as I realized my husband had most likely picked up his taste for cum from his father's example. The depraved connection between the two of them that must exist for this to be the case intrigued me more than I would have expected. I wondered if Evan and his father had ever sucked each other's cocks. Maybe I'd get a chance to see for myself before the weekend was over.

"That really hit the spot." I patted my tummy and stood. "I might be too full for dinner now." He was kind enough to chuckle at my lame joke.

I undid Don's belt and lowered his pants. Once he stepped out of them, I lifted his Polo shirt. Don had always kept in shape, although he didn't have to do much. He had one of those bodies that just seemed to take care of itself. I'd kill to have that kind of metabolism. I looked over my father-in-law nude form. The telltale signs of his age were evident, but it didn't detract from his physical appeal. There was an enduring sexuality about him that I was never consciously aware of before. His cock stood out straight ahead of him, stiff and proud.

He noticed me staring. "You can thank the little blue pill for that," he admitted awkwardly.

"Well, then, it would be a shame to let it go to waste." I pressed myself up against him, running my fingers through his thick patch of chest hair.

"What do you propose we do about it?" His hands slid down my back and cupped both my ass cheeks.

"Your wife did a great job eating me out already." I rubbed my tits against him. "But now I could go for a good hard fuck...Daddy."

"Oh, you are a bad, bad girl, aren't you?"

I sucked his nipple in answer to his question.

"Should I go find a condom?" His thick fingers found their way between my legs. He smeared my wetness up and down the span of my slit, causing my knees to loosen.

"I'd prefer your naked cock inside me."

"That's good, because I don't think we have any condoms anyway."

He got a pinch from me for that. My father-in-law then caught me by surprise when he leaned down and kissed my lips. I melted into his embrace. After only a few moments I had to pull away - I needed to get fucked! There would be plenty of time for kissing later.

I sank down onto the carpet and opened my legs. Don didn't join me right away. He stood over

me taking in the view of my naked body much as Julie had earlier. As I had gotten older I had become less confident about myself, but after being with the boys I was feeling more secure with my mature figure. The way Don was ravishing me with his eyes only bolstered my confidence even more. I reached down and spread my pussy with my fingers.

"Come fuck me, Daddy."

"You got it, young lady."

Don carefully positioned himself on top of me and settled in between my legs. He kissed my breasts, and caressed my hip. I was already warmed up - I didn't need any foreplay! But I tried to relax and enjoy his attentiveness. It felt strange to be underneath a man who wasn't my husband. Granted, both the boys had mounted me recently, but that was just it - they were boys. There was something more substantial about it being an experienced, grown man atop me. I felt small and over-powered even though he wasn't being the least bit aggressive. Without trying, he was able to exert a natural control over me that I instinctually succumbed to. My breath rushed out of my lungs when my father-in-law entered me for the first time ever.

It was weird, and wrong, and wonderful. It was a fantasy fulfilled for both of us. He was fucking his son's wife. I was fucking my husband's father. It was a union that was clearly off-limits by any standards, and yet there we were, humping like a couple of horny teens on a Saturday afternoon on the living room floor.

And it was good. Not the wild out-of-control type of good I had with the kids, but an easy I-know-what-I'm-doing type of good. There was no need for me to think about anything that was going on between us physically; he had it all taken care of. Don was giving me exactly what I needed, and he was taking just what he wanted. I hooked my legs up around his waist and let him make love to my pussy at his own pace. It was a sexual slow dance, and he took the lead.

"What do you think they're doing up there?" Don whispered in my ear. He must have been reading my mind. I had been staring at the ceiling thinking precisely that thought.

"I suppose the same thing we're doing down here," I answered as he pushed deep inside me.

"How do you feel about that?"

"Fine." I wasn't expecting to be put on the analyst's couch at that moment. My father-in-law's cock withdrew then filled me up again. I could readily visualize each inch of him pushing into my opening. It somehow seemed like the perfect time to discuss the topic he'd raised. "More than fine, actually. I find it incredibly arousing that Evan had sex with his mother. It's driving me crazy that they're up there right now fucking. And I mean crazy in a good way."

"I know how you feel." Don kissed the side of my neck lightly and energized the whole left side of my body. "I used to get so worked up when I knew those two were going at it in his bedroom. I had some of the best sex of my life right after Julie finished banging our son."

"Then it looks like you're in for the weekend of your life." I squeezed my pussy tight around him as he pulled back, then relaxed as he came forward into me. "Your cock feels so good. I want you to know how happy I am that we're getting to do this."

"That makes two of us." Don lifted himself up and looked down between our bodies, taking in the sight of us coming together in one slow thrust after another. I loved how he wanted to see his cock penetrating me. "I've been wanting to see you naked since the day Evan first brought you by to meet us."

"That's all you wanted? Just to see me naked?"

"Got me there." He ducked his head down and licked one of my nipples. "There was many a night that I thought about doing this with you. Never expected it would really happen."

"Ever been in an Asian pussy before?"

"You're my first."

"A virgin then?"

"Looks that way." He rested some of his weight onto me and it was uniquely reassuring. His body pressing down on mine made me feel safe and protected. There was a trust between us that I never realized was there until that moment. "When I was kid someone told me Asian pussy went side to side instead of up and down. I believed that shit for longer than I like to admit."

I'd heard that one before too and had to laugh. I hugged him to me and decided I wanted all our conversations to be like this from now on. Not very practical, but it was a nice thought.

"I hope you're not disappointed with mine."

"Are you kidding? Don't tell Julie, but this is the best pussy I've had in years."

"Your secret's safe with me. . . as long as you make me cum soon."

"Let me see what I can do for you, young lady."

My father-in-law made a slight shift and suddenly his cock was hitting just the right spot. I don't know what he did, or how he knew to do it, but I wasn't about to ask any questions.

"Oh fuck," I gasped. "That's it right there."

"What us old guys lack in energy we make up for in technique."

His words barely registered with me as I was quickly drawn into a hazy mental realm where the sensation of his cock gliding along the insides of my pussy took over my mind. I expected my first time with Don would entail a certain amount of awkwardness, but there was a familiar comfort to our lovemaking that I hadn't anticipated. He was like my husband in so many subtle ways, but then a wholly different man in so many others. Analysis and understanding would have to wait for later, however, because at that moment my orgasm was building toward a brilliant crisis.

"Hey, Nick, come check it out! Mom and Grandpa are fucking in here!"

I was in too far along to react to the sound of Timmy's voice. I knew if I lost my focus I would lose too much ground, and I was almost there.

"Is it okay if we watch?" one of the boys asked.

"Fine by me," their grandfather answered. "As long as your mother doesn't mind."

"Mom likes it when we watch her having sex."

There might have been more said, but I was in another place by that point. I'd had so many fast and furious fuck-orgasms lately that this slow, gradual climb was frustratingly gratifying in the most unusual way. Instead of a pounding beat driving me toward a sudden clash of cymbals, this was a deliberate accumulation of one sensual stimulation upon another, carrying me toward a physically harmonic crescendo. The sum effect gradually intensified by small increments, always bringing me closer but not quite getting me there. I strove for that ultimate destination, but my lover's patient strokes held me in thrall and forced me to go at the pace he dictated. All I could do was surrender myself to him and trust that he would take me where I needed to go.

"Don't stop," I pleaded. "Your cock feels so good. You fuck me so good. Please, don't stop."

His only response was to continue sliding his rigid cock in and out of me with practiced discipline. I gripped him tighter around the waist with my legs and held him to me. I flexed my pussy as best as I could in time with his methodical penetrations. This man was calmly driving me toward bliss

in a way no one else ever had. If he simply began ramming himself into me I would have cum in the span of a few heartbeats, but my father-in-law wasn't going to let me have what I was yearning for that easily. Fuck, a little closer. Fuck, a little closer. Fuck, a little closer.

I hated him and adored him more and more with each maddening stroke of his cock. My fingers dug into his back as I silently urged him on. I was so afraid he was going to stop and leave me stranded within reach of that sublime precipice. I held onto him and put my whole self into my pussy. Nothing else mattered, nothing else had any purpose. I was my cunt, he was his cock. That's all we needed to be in that moment. Fuck, a little closer.

I could feel everything like I can't remember ever having felt it before. I had a vivid sense of his girth stretching wide my womanly threshold. The soft ridge of his cockhead brushed along my inner walls. His heavy balls pressed against my ass at the deepest point of each purposeful thrust. Even the curve of his thick shaft was evident to me as it passed in and out of my vagina's wet grasp. Fuck, a little closer.

The boys were around somewhere, but I had no awareness of what they were doing. Though, if I had been able to give it any sensible attention, I would have been able to guess. It couldn't have been much of a show for them. There was no way that they could see how close I was to achieving an orgasm with an order of magnitude that I couldn't predict, but instinctively knew would be at the top of the scale. I liked that they'd be there to witness it - to see that there were different methods to please a woman. Fuck, almost there.

Every nerve was poised for the inevitable. Fuck, only a few more strokes. His cock pressed on. Fuck, right there. His cock pumped into me like a devoted piston. Fuck, just a couple more. His cock felt like it was twice its size inside me. Fuck, one more. His cock filled my cunt. Fuck, it's about to happen. His cock ruled my cunt. Fuck. Fuck. Fuck! FUCK!

There are only so many ways to describe an orgasm, and most of them have become overwrought clichés. This orgasm was all of those clichés compacted in a singular moment and then some. Electricity shot through me like erotic lightning, and waves of pleasure lifted me on a tide of ecstasy! There were explosions, eruptions, fireworks, and a chorus of singing angels! There were convulsions, spasms, and tremors! Flesh shivered and quivered! My pussy clenched, and gushed, and throbbed! In other words, it was a damn fucking great orgasm!

How all this could happen in only the span of a few too-short seconds was inexplicable. Why did it have to be so quick? Why couldn't that feeling go on just a little longer? It was incredible how something as simple as moving a stiff shaft in and out of a hole between my legs could create such an unbelievable burst of sensation. Before I had even fully apprehended the reverberating effects of this orgasm, I was already looking forward to the next. I wanted to cum again, and again, and keep cumming until my body couldn't take it anymore.

I felt Don's breath bathing my neck in steady puffs. I felt the hair of his chest tickling my nipples. I felt his belly pressed against mine. The world slowly fell into place bit by bit, and I was back in my body again. I heard the familiar rhythmic smack of two boys whacking off somewhere close by. What a beautiful sound.

I whispered in my father-in-law's ear. "Don't tell your son, but that was probably the best orgasm I've ever had in my life. Thank you." He was too modest to say anything in response to that, but he wiggled his cock around inside me as a way of acknowledging my sincere compliment. "Now roll over onto your back and let me see what I can do for you."

There was no way I'd be able to match the gift that he'd just given me, but I was intent on spending the rest of the weekend trying. Once Evan's father was comfortable, I squatted over his pharmaceutically prolonged hard-on and once again took him inside me. We could both feel how much tighter I was in this position. Only after I bounced myself up and down on his cock a few times did I look around and find the boys.

Nick was lounging in the Lay-Z-Boy in front of me, his shorts bunched around his ankles and his dick in his hand. He flashed me a huge smile as he stroked himself. Timmy was kneeling on the carpet behind me (where else?). He was completely naked, and was also pulling on his cock. He had the wet scrap of his grandmother's sheer thong in his mouth, and held my discarded panties to his nose with his free hand. His gaze was fixed to the spot where his grandfather's cock was disappearing into my cunt hole. I knew it wouldn't be long before they were both spewing their loads.

"You two enjoying the show?" I asked.

"Can't you tell?" Nick answered and wagged his erection toward me as proof. Timmy mumbled something, but I couldn't understand him with Julie's pussy-soaked undies in his mouth. "Where are Dad and Grandma?" Nick inquired.

"Upstairs," I told him. "I assume they're up there fucking."

"This is insane." Nick obviously meant that in a good way.

Don remained quiet below me as I rode his cock. His hands rested lightly on my hips as he watched my tits flop up and down in synch with my bouncing cadence. I loved being the center of attention for so many lusty male eyes. It made me feel like a depraved movie star surrounded by adoring fans... with their dicks out.

My legs were already starting to feel the burn, but I wasn't about to let my father-in-law down. Knowing that Timmy was behind me eyeing my asshole with each bounding hump gave me a nasty thrill. Nick was just taking in the whole scene and looking at me with lascivious admiration.

"I'll tell you right now, boys," Don said, "your grandmother has one top shelf pussy, but your mother here has a mighty tight little snatch going for her."

"Trust me, Grandpa, we know." Nick pulled his cock a little faster after hearing that. "We love fucking Mom's pussy more than anything."

"Can't blame ya." Don was getting that dreamy look on his face and I picked up my pace. "That's the ticket, young lady."

"What do you think guys," I said, "you up for trying out your grandmother's pussy this weekend?"

"Hell, yeah!" Nick replied enthusiastically. "I'm totally up for fucking Grandma!"

"Me, too!" Timmy piped in. He must have spit out her panties because there was no mistaking his words. "Mom, do you think Grandma will let me lick her pussy?"

"I'm quite sure she will. And maybe if you're good she'll let you fuck her in the ass." I started fucking Don as fast as I could without injuring myself. "Is that true, Grandpa? Will your wife let her grandson fuck her asshole?"

"I'm cumming!" He tried to lift me off his dick, but I pushed myself as far down onto him as I could.

"Cum inside me, Don. Fill your son's wife's pussy with a nice big load of your cum."

As I was giving my father-in-law permission to blow his wad in me he began doing just that. His body jerked and he strained up into my pussy as far as he could. The grimace of agony on his

rugged face was in stark contrast to the rapturous release I knew he was experiencing. As soon as he had spent his last effort, I dropped back onto my butt and labored to catch my breath.

I could hear Timmy beating off rapidly right behind me. I lay back and looked up at him.

"You almost ready to cum, baby?"

"Uh huh."

All I had to do was open my mouth to let him know what I wanted. He scooted over and aimed the head of his little dick toward my face. Seconds later Nick was there at the other side of me doing the same. I could barely see their grandfather propping himself up on his elbows and watching this deviant display of incestuous lust.

Timmy came first, squirting most of his jizz in my mouth but spilling a good amount on my cheek. Nick's first spurt overshot me and hit Timmy's cock. He redirected his dick and I got a few good shots on my tongue, then he shifted quickly and milked the rest of his load out onto one of my hard nipples. He rubbed his cummy cockhead around the circumference of my areola. It felt too good to let go to waste.

"Keep doing that," I said and reached down for my pussy.

I began masturbating like a fiend while surround by the three of them. Timmy followed his brother's lead and massaged my other tit with his dick. I lifted my hips up off the floor and went at myself more intensely. Don must have taken this for an invitation, and surprised me by sticking a finger between my butt cheeks and teasing my anus.

"Stick it in," I begged, and he obligingly obeyed.

As my father-in-law's finger entered my ass, which was well-lubed by that time with a combination of pussy juice and his own cum that had seeped out of me, I felt my orgasm already upon me. I didn't let up on my violent assault on my own pussy and within seconds I was bucking my way through another mind-blowing cum.

My body went limp. My teeth felt like they were buzzing. Everything seemed a bit wavy. I was sore, and wet, and sticky. It was everything a girl could hope for.

The boys continued to play with my tits. Don gently stroked my pussy and asshole. I did nothing but lie still and enjoy being the object of their lewd devotions. My body was the altar of their most perverse desires upon which they had readily sacrificed their vital essences. Their thick, white, gooey vital essences. The least I could do was be their willing plaything.

"Kim?" It was Julie's voice calling down from upstairs.

It took a supreme effort to rouse myself from the euphoric happy place I was floating in. "Yes?"

"Whenever you're done fucking my husband, I'd like you to come upstairs. Evan and I have something we want to show you."

I didn't know exactly what they planned on sharing with me, but I knew it was going to be amazing. . .

CHAPTER 12

The Finale

“I’M COMING,” I called out.

“You sure?” my father-in-law teased. The boys chuckled as they watched their grandpa give my hyper-sensitive clit a playful flick.

It wouldn’t have taken much for me to cum again, but I was responding to my mother-in-law’s invitation to join her upstairs where she was waiting with her son (my husband) to “show me something.” As I lay naked on my back in the middle of my in-laws’ living room, with cum on my face, tits and pussy, I was eager to see what delights awaited me at the top of those steps, but I was in a state of such blissful relaxation that I was having a hard time forcing myself to move.

“Looks like you’re going to need help getting that sexy ass of yours up,” Don said.

“I think I can manage,” I answered, but wasn’t really sure if that was true. “Can you guys help me clean up a little?”

“Did you bring any cum rags?” Nick asked.

“There’s some towels in the guest bathroom closet,” Don told him. “Why don’t you two go grab a few and bring them here.”

Don waited for their naked butts to disappear around the corner, then he leaned over and took one of my nipples into his mouth. He sucked it greedily, then moved quickly to the other. There wasn’t a trace of Nick’s cum left on my left tit. Seconds later, all remnants of Timmy’s spoooge was gone from my right. Evan had apparently inherited his taste for sperm from his father.

“All clean,” he said with a grin, and backed off before the boys returned.

I couldn’t help wanting to see him clean off his grandson’s cocks in the same manner. Nick and Timmy came in with the towels and I let them have the honor of mopping up all the remaining cum off their mother’s body. Timmy won the battle to pat down my pussy, while Nick cleaned my face and dried off my chest. Don helped me up from the floor and I was suddenly very conscious of my nakedness. I wobbled up the steps, very conscious of their ravenous eyes following every bounce and jiggle as I hurried up the steps.

I reached the upstairs hallway and paused to let my eyes adjust to the dimness. More cum had leaked out of my pussy during my ascent. I was going to make a quick detour to the bathroom to clean it off, but then decided to use my hand to wipe the warm overflow from my inner thigh and lick the sperm from my fingers. No need to waste another towel.

A door was open at the end of the hall and I heard Julie’s voice murmuring something seductively to Evan. I crept down the hall, nervous but excited. I peeped in and was relieved to find they were

both naked. It might have been slightly awkward otherwise. I stepped in.

"There she is." Julie looked me up and down with an approving twinkle in her eye. She was standing at the side of her king-sized bed, her hand tucked in her crotch. Julie casually rubbed her pussy without any hint of modesty. Behind her were the full-length mirrors that functioned as the sliding doors of her closet. Seeing her naked body from the front and back at the same time was a luscious treat.

"Is that cum dripping down your leg, or are you just happy to see us?" Evan smiled lewdly at me as he lounged on the bed, propped up on one elbow, sporting a very erect penis. Seeing his mother naked again after all these years was really having an effect on him. I was able to detect the shimmer of pre-cum at the tip of my husband's otherwise dry cock. Apparently they hadn't done anything yet. My heart raced a little faster, and the ache in my pussy intensified.

"Both." I patted my pussy. "It's your father's cum, and I am happy to see you."

"We've been talking." Julie came toward me as she spoke. "It's been a long time since my son has made love to me." She reached between my legs and slipped a finger into my sloppy hole. "So I wanted to give him the opportunity to be alone with me." She swirled her finger around inside me, drew it out slowly, then sucked it clean without taking her eyes from mine. "But he suggested that you might want to be here for our sexual reunion."

"If this is too weird for you, hon. . ." Evan trailed off, looking at me hopefully.

I didn't need to think about it, but I hesitated just so I could enjoy the delicious tension of that moment a little longer.

"So, you're asking me if I want to watch you fuck your own mother?" Evan nodded. I turned to Julie.

"And you want to take your son's cock while his wife watches?"

Julie looked hungrily at Evan's erection. "More than anything."

I took a step forward, pressing my naked body against hers, and kissed her lips. She intuitively knew this signaled not only my willingness, but also my deep appreciation for allowing me to be part of such an intensely intimate moment between the two of them. The way her tongue moved in my mouth told me she could taste her grandsons' cum. After several moments she broke our kiss, eager to once again have her boy between her legs. I tried to imagine what it would be like for me to have to go almost twenty years without being able to fuck Nick or Timmy and shuddered at the thought of it.

Julie crawled onto the big bed. I got a beautiful view of her engorged vulva from behind as she tentatively approached her naked son. They kissed. I'd seen them exchange pecks on the cheek over the years, but this was different. This was a lovers' kiss. It stirred up an odd warmth in my belly, and sent a tingle running up my back. Seeing my husband and his mother in this way made me feel excited, jealous, embarrassed, perverse, and deeply horny all at the same time.

Julie took hold of Evan's cock. I could see that her hand was shaking. The anticipation must have been almost unbearable for her. My mind was unable to deal with what I was witnessing. Despite having done the same thing myself, there was still a part of me that wanted to scream out that this was unnatural. A mother wasn't supposed to stroke her son's cock like that. And yet my body instinctively understood that there was something right about it. Something pure and essential. The love between a mother and a son was unlike any other, and this was merely the ultimate expression of that love.

Julie massaged Evan's balls as their kiss intensified. She settled her body down against his. My husband's hand moved up his mother's thigh to her pussy. I heard him moan as his finger slid into her warm wetness. Evan was actually fingering his mother's pussy right there in front of me. It was hard to believe, but it was really happening. I realized that I'd stopped breathing and quietly sucked in a gasp of air. I wanted to touch my straining clit, but I knew if I did that I'd cum in an instant. I wanted to save that until things were further along, so I contented myself by softly tweaking and twisting my nipples as I watched.

"I have a few dildos in my nightstand drawer, Kim," Julie said, looking over her bare shoulder at me standing there playing with my tits. "Feel free to use any of them while you're watching me fuck your husband." She was loving every salacious second of this.

I slowly moved around to the side of the bed opposite the mirrors. I could see the two of them in front of me as well as the reflection of all three of us. It was almost too much to take in all at once. Julie was whispering to Evan between kisses, but I could only make out snatches of what she was saying. "...your cock inside me... wet for you... need this..."

Curiosity got the best of me and I slid open the drawer of Julie's nightstand. Inside, layed out side by side, was a tantalizing collection of phallic toys. The first was one of those big masturbation contraptions with the spinning head and all the sorts of stimulating appendages sprouting off of it. It was certainly too much for me to experiment with at the time, but I definitely wanted to treat myself to a ride on that thing at some point. Next to it was a hefty, flesh-colored dong, complete with balls. It was a couple sizes bigger than either Don or Evan, and I couldn't help picturing my mother-in-law shoving that monster into her and having a blast with it. There was a simple pink vibrator, slim and almost dainty next to the other two, with a smooth pointed tip and bumps along the shaft. I wondered how many times Julie had pressed that one against her horny clit and made herself cum. Lastly, I came to an elegant piece of sexual hardware. It was a glass dildo with a bulbous head, a sensually curved length, and three large spherical shapes fused together at the other end. I supposed at first that this design element was merely to serve as a comfortable hand grip, but then realized how amazing it might feel if you were adventurous enough to try forcing that end into yourself. I picked up the glass dildo.

The first thing I noticed was the solid weight of the thing. This somehow made me want it inside me even more. The other thing I noticed was that deeper in that drawer was a red, rubber butt plug, a string of silver balls, a blindfold, and a few other items that I didn't recognize but knew had to be some sort of kinky sex devices. Apparently, I still had a lot to learn, and hopefully my perverted mother-in-law would teach me everything I needed to know.

I rubbed the head of the gleaming dildo up and down the length of my wet slit and delighted at the touch of the cool, hard glass against my warm, soft flesh. I turned my attention back to the naked couple on the bed only a few feet away from me. They were still kissing passionately, their hands all over each other's bodies. Their movements were sure and confident. These weren't the awkward touches of two people exploring one another for the first time. Anyone could see they were the intimate touches of two devoted lovers. Yes, it had been two decades since they were last together in this way, but they handled each other like it had been only yesterday.

Evan rolled his mother gently onto her back, and took his lips from hers. He moved so that he was kneeling by her feet. Julie took the chance to glance at me. She saw me using her toy on my pussy and gave me an approving wink. Evan placed his hands on her knees and spread them apart.

He looked down at his mother's pussy. I'd never seen him with an expression of such longing lust when he looked at me down there, but surprisingly I didn't feel an ounce of jealousy or resentment. The way my husband gazed at this mother's pussy with such worshipful reverence made me feel good all over.

Julie was obviously enjoying it too. She beamed proudly as she watched her son staring at the object of keen desire lying between her legs. She let him look a little longer, then reached down with one hand and used two fingers to part her outer lips. She revealed the hidden treasures of her pink inner self to her son. He gripped her knees tighter, and I could see his cock flex in response.

"You missed this, didn't you?" she cooed.

Evan nodded silently.

"She missed you, too." She spread herself a little wider causing her hole to gape open. "Mommy's pussy wants her baby's cock so much."

Evan still couldn't take his eyes off his mother's open pussy. It was as if he was afraid he might never see it again and wanted to take it in as much as he could. Or maybe he was marveling at the hole he had emerged into the world from all those years ago. I couldn't know exactly what he was experiencing, but it was a heartbreakingly erotic sight to see. I wondered how often my husband had made love to me while thinking of his mom. The idea of him fantasizing about another woman while fucking me would normally upset me to no end, but it seemed weirdly flattering that he might have been using my body and imagining his mother.

Julie patiently held her pussy lips apart for her son. She toyed with one of her long, taut nipples. Seeing that brought on the urge to suckle her. I wanted to run my tongue all around the dark circle of her areola and feel that soft nub of her fleshy nipple between my lips. I never wanted to suck a tit so badly in my life, but I had to restrain myself. I was only a spectator at the moment, and there would be plenty of time later to get what I wanted. Right now it was just for Evan.

He finally leaned in and kissed his mother's protruding clit. He kissed it again, then licked the wetness gathering beneath her pussy hole. Evan slurped noisily at her sex, causing Julie's body to writhe and a plaintive moan to escape from her. It was obvious that the ecstasy she was feeling at the touch of her son's tongue was far beyond what it had been when I licked her down there. I couldn't help being a little envious at that point, but then I knew I walk out of that room and have one, or both, of my boys eating me out in a matter of minutes. I was aware of how lucky I was to have the pleasure of my sons, but seeing how much Julie must have suffered for want of her boy all these years really raised my appreciation for Nick and Timmy to a whole new level. I never wanted to take the privilege of fucking my sons for granted.

After only a few more seconds of mouthing his mother's pussy and tasting her most intimate sex juices, Evan climbed on top of her. I could see Julie's chest rising and falling with quickened expectation. Her mask of the confident seductress slipped in those moments, revealing a peek at the vulnerable woman underneath. She had been denied the pleasure of her son for many years, and here, at the long-awaited consummation of her indecent want of him, this mature, self-possessed woman was reduced to little more than a desperate slave to her own carnal lusts.

"I love you, Mom," Evan whispered and eased his cock into his mother's open pussy. He didn't shove it in like my boys tended to do, but instead he fed his penis into her vagina one delectable inch at a time. His mother's eyelids fluttered and she let out a soft gasps as she took him inside her all-enveloping vagina. Her boy was back where he started. He was home again.

"Evan . . . sweetheart . . . oh, my love . . ." Julie murmured breathlessly beneath my husband. Her son's cock pressing deep inside her was apparently making it difficult for her to articulate. Even so, we all know what she was trying to get across.

I noticed then that I had pushed the glass dildo up into my pussy as I watched my husband's cock penetrating my mother-in-law. As he pulled back, I did the same with the slickened toy phallus. This made me feel almost as if I was part of their lovemaking, despite them being miles away and lost in each other. They both wanted me there, but neither was remotely aware of my presence as Evan's ass tightened and he once again pushed himself into the pussy that had taken his virginity.

They moved together without any hint of clumsiness or hesitation. They knew each other's bodies, and hadn't forgotten the rhythms they'd wordlessly come to agree on so long ago. The estranged lovers were once again sharing a well-rehearsed dance without missing a step. I couldn't help but feel guilty for having been the one to come between them for all those years, but if Evan had told me about his sexual relationship with his mother before I had experienced it for myself with my own sons, I wouldn't have understood. I couldn't make up for the past, but I could be sure that they could have an intimate future together, along with the rest of the family.

Evan was moving steady in and out of his mother, their naked bodies pressed close together. I fucked myself in time with his gentle thrusts. I watched my husband's ass clench and relax. I'd felt this before while I was under him holding on to his butt cheeks, but I'd never actually seen it. It was sexy and adorable at the same time. I was able to get a glimpse of his balls each time he pulled back. This was a whole new perspective for me that I never thought I'd see. This is what my husband looked like having sex with another woman. It was a bigger turn on than I could have imagined.

I crouched down so I was at about eye-level with the top of the mattress. From that angle I was able to see Evan's wet shaft gliding in and out of his mother's sopping wet hole. A delicate ring of frothy sex juices had gathered around her opening, which was being stretched by the girth of her son's cock. I was well aware that my husband had a good-sized cock, but seeing it filling Julie's pussy hole somehow made it appear enormous.

It was becoming difficult to fuck myself at the same slow pace as they were going at. I wanted to cut loose and just go to town on myself, but I was able to control my impulses. Julie wrapped her arms around her son's back, then lifted her legs and embraced him around the waist, locking her ankles behind his back. This changed things dramatically. I had a much better view of pussy and cock coming together again and again, and I also had an unobstructed view of my mother-in-law's asshole. What a lovely addition to my voyeuristic delights.

It's funny how I never really considered the asshole in the past. Actually, I probably did my best to avoid considering it - especially when it came to sex. It was something "back there" that I didn't want to think about and was content to simply pretend wasn't there. It was a part of the body that was dirty, and embarrassing, and not to be shared with others. I guess I had to thank Timmy for completely changing my attitude regarding that neglected orifice. Not only had he taught me that the asshole was a source of uniquely gratifying pleasures, but I was also beginning to become more and more attracted to its possibilities. As I stared at Julie's anus I wanted so badly to touch it. I wanted to wiggle my finger into that tight posterior aperture of hers. God help me, but I wanted to lick her cute little butt hole and give her the kind of pleasure that was only possible by performing an act as decadently depraved as tonguing her asshole.

I had lost control. I was no longer in sync with Evan and his mother. I pumped the glass dildo in and out of my increasingly aching pussy faster and faster. I wanted to cum so bad, but I also wanted to make this feeling of building anticipation last.

The impossible reality that I was actually witnessing my husband fuck his mother within arm's reach struck me in a sudden rush of vulgar appreciation. It was at once so wrong and forbidden, but yet beautiful and affirming. Witnessing a mother giving herself so completely to her son unveiled a primal imperative that had been suppressed by millennia of "civilizing" influences on our true natures. I was convinced as I watched the two of them make love that every mother wanted this. Every mother, no matter how much she denied it, or how deeply she buried the instinct, felt the animal need to be taken by her son. What purer expression of love could there be?

I thought of Nick and Timmy as I hammered the unyielding glass phallus repeatedly into my cunt. I didn't have it all figured out, but I was beginning to better understand why it felt so good to violate society's rules with them. You can't have sex with anyone but your husband. You can't have sex with someone until they are the proper age. You can't have sex with your sons. Who made up these arbitrary codes of behavior? And why did I ever think I had to be a slave to them? It was time for people to stop denying themselves what they truly wanted and begin living by a new set of rules. I wasn't ready to start a social revolution, however, as I squatted there next to my mother-in-law's bed watching her fuck my husband while I masturbated furiously. All that mattered was milking as much lascivious pleasure out of the moment as humanly possible.

They had reached the point where they couldn't hold back either. Evan was fucking his mom quicker now. Julie was moaning as she received each powerful thrust. Her body jolted beneath her son's body, causing the bed to rock. They were both on the verge of cumming, and I had a front row seat. This experience definitely confirmed that voyeurism had become one of my fetishes. The old me would have shied away from watching a couple have sex, any couple, but there I was hungrily devouring the sight of them going at it and wanting more. I not only loved that I could witness such an intimate act as it was happening, but that I could openly masturbate as I watched without fear. I'd never felt more sexually liberated in my life.

THE END