

Be Mama's Good Boy

Laura Lovecraft

Chapter One

“Like what you see, baby?” Beth asked her reflection, staring into her dark brown eyes. “You want to take this sexy cougar home and be my hot little boy toy?”

Beth cocked her head, and slowly licked her red lips while narrowing her eyes into what she hoped was a seductive look. After a moment, she rolled her eyes and waved her hand in disgust.

“Sexy cougar,” she muttered still looking in the mirror. “Hot boy toy, you sound like a goddamn idiot.”

She slumped back into the chair in front of her bureau and added in a subdued tone. “No, just someone who hasn’t flirted since friggin college.”

Beth continued to eye her reflection. Having owned and operated a small but successful advertising agency with her husband for the last fifteen years she decided to look at tonight, in terms of work.

In this case Beth herself was the product she was looking to market. As she would with an actual product, Beth thought on what her selling points were as well as what she wanted to take focus away from.

Her strength was her appearance, Beth wasn’t vain by nature, but she was aware of the fact she was an attractive woman. At forty five, an age where most women were going with shorter hair styles, she continued to enjoy her long chestnut brown hair.

Beth loved how long and lustrous her hair was, lustrous, she allowed herself a small smile, now that’s an advertising, lay it on thick term, if she ever heard one. In this case it fit, her hair was still thick with a natural shine to it and she always felt it looked damn sexy, especially when she took the time to put some curl in it like she had tonight.

Her eyes were the color of her hair and equally bright, along with being wide and expressive. When she was acting naturally and not posing in the mirror, her eyes could smolder dangerously, and as she had been told by Donald many times in their younger years, could look very inviting, bedroom eyes he called them.

She used to get a thrill out of that line back when he meant it. Now it was just part of his brand of adverting and sales schmoozing. Beth’s jaw clenched and her lips turned down in a scowl at the thought of her husband of twenty two years using that line on whatever little slut he was paying to fuck him on his ‘business trips’.

Beth blinked and took a deep breath; this wasn't the time to think about that. Tonight was about getting what she wanted. Not just wanted, but desperately needed, and enjoying every fucking minute of it.

She relaxed, and turned her scowl into a big fake smile as she tilted her head and batted her eyes. She was aiming for a 'hey, baby, come on over' look, instead she looked like she had something in her eye as the forced smile looked more like a grimace.

"Less is more, let the product sell itself," she told the no longer smiling woman in the mirror.

If less was more then she should wipe off and start again with her makeup. Beth normally wore minimal make up. Enough blush to accentuate her high cheek bones and some eye liner to call out her large, expressive brown eyes.

Beth's lips were full to the point of being puffy, a feature that could look either sensual or bratty depending on her mood. For many men, bratty could be considered sensual, and she was well aware that to most men her lips would make them think of one thing, and it wasn't kissing.

Beth did miss kissing; long, deep, passionate, tongue filled kissing, but found lately she missed the other thing her lips were good for even more. That other thing Beth missed, and had been shamelessly craving was sucking cock

She sought to satisfy that craving tonight, in which case her current shade of slut red lipstick was the appropriate look. If that was the case then she may as well leave the heavier than usual blush, eye shadow and thick mascara alone as well.

For tonight, Beth's usually tastefully done make up and professional appearance, had given away to what could only be described as trashy, and again that suited tonight's goal of getting dressed up to get messed up.

If her cosmetic style was the more in her less is more approach, her dress was definitely the less. Beth's eyes lowered to take in her plunging neckline. Not only did it show off an improper amount of cleavage, but plummeted enough to show off the inner half of her breasts.

Beth's already ample breasts were pushed up by the dress to look even more impressive and so tight that despite the thin padding it featured so it could be worn without a bra, she could see the faint outline of her nipples and they weren't even erect at the moment.

The hem of the one piece blood red dress, a perfect match for her bold lipstick, was as high as the top was low. Glancing down, she noted that just sitting in the chair she was exposing a lot of thigh.

Beth crossed her legs, and watched the hem rise further. Short of a bathing suit she had never worn anything that showed this much leg. The bathing suit analogy was what she used to tell herself it was okay to where the dress when it had caught her eye at the boutique last night.

Now it occurred to her a bathing suit, even bikini was different; everyone wore them by the pool or at the beach. To wear something this revealing, no, scratch that word, to wear something this slutty out to a bar was completely different and required a confidence she wasn't sure she was feeling right now.

Beth told herself she had nothing to worry about; her insecurities were based on having been with one man for the past twenty three years and not putting herself out there.

Putting herself out there? In this outfit she may as well have a free lunch sign around her neck. Or maybe a more accurate one that read desperate and horny.

“Well if the shoe fits wear it.” Beth mumbled.

Speaking of shoes, she turned in the chair and looked down at the floor. Between her bare feet was the pair of red stilettos she’d bought to go with the dress. The shoes were open toed and she’d gone for a pedicure right after work and had her toes done to match her long fingernails fingers which matched the dress and that all made her...the lady in way too much red.

Another sign she either had no clue what she was doing or was trying to send a pretty obvious message of what she was looking to do. Beth continued to stare at the heels now doubting she’d be able to dance in them if anyone happened to ask, she’d be lucky to just walk in them without tripping.

They were hot though, with straps that cross-crossed over the top of her foot and wound up over her ankle. They might not be practical, but of all went well they’d look great in the air or on top of some sexy young stud’s shoulders.

On his shoulders when he fucked her and across his back when he went down on her. Those thoughts immediately affected her nipples and looking in the mirror Beth saw they were prominent through the dress even with the skimpy padding that consisted of her ‘bra’ for the night.

Her nipples, and the impressive breasts they accentuated, gave her confidence a much needed boost. Beth was a good looking woman with attractive features under her too heavy makeup, and more importantly for tonight she did have a body worth showing off.

Beth’s chest was her most noticeable feature from the neck down and had been since she’d blossomed into a full d-cup by freshmen year of high school. They’d always gotten her a lot of attention and when she had a boyfriend, or later when she was married, she’d dress to conceal them in order to avoid stares and the attention she’d formerly enjoyed.

Even in her mid forties her breasts were still the ‘things of wonder’ a boyfriend in college had once referred to them as. From their perfect shape, to her large wine colored nipples, and best of all at her age, they were still holding their own in the war against gravity.

Making them stand out even more was the fact Beth wasn’t busty other than her chest. At five nine, Beth was tall and slender with long well toned legs, just enough hips to give her a nice shape and a small heart shaped ass.

Beth had worked hard to keep her legs and ass looking good, jogging, yoga, and the elliptical machine at the gym twice a week, was a lot to fit in around a fifty hour work week, but she made the effort and it paid off.

That effort wasn’t just about being healthy, but she’d wanted to look good for Donald. Beth hadn’t wanted them to become the typical professional middle aged couple with the successful business, nice house, good looking son, and everything on the surface, but no longer any passion.

That passion had faded anyway the last couple of years and Beth had done everything she could to rekindle it. She worked harder than ever on her appearance and although never a prude, had become raunchier in bed, talking dirty, trying different positions, watching porn, and even suggesting role playing.

Despite her best efforts Donald's interest continued to wane. He blamed the fact he was six years older than her, working too many hours, stress and every other excuse. When Beth began to go from trying her best to getting frustrated and calling BS on his excuses, it turned into arguing and him accusing her of having a midlife and trying to recapture her youth by acting like a sex starved teenager.

The arguments had gotten nastier with Beth point blank telling him any other man would be thrilled to have a wife who tried so hard to be sexy for him. Not just sexy, but professional respectable business woman by day and his eager and willing personal porn star at night.

Donald told her she was a little too cocky about both her looks and 'performance'. That led to several months without sex and he seemed fine with it. That's when Beth had been contacted by a long time client, Jim Dixon who had sent her proof of the real reason Donald was no longer interested in sex with her.

Because apparently what she was wasn't the issue, it was what she wasn't; and that was a blonde escort in pig tails and a naughty school girl outfit who didn't look like she was old enough to legally drink.

Jim had suspected Donald was cheating on her, but hadn't said anything because he had no proof. Over the years he'd become far more than a client, but a great friend to the point their twenty year old son DJ still referred to him as Uncle Jim.

Jim decided he needed to know once and for all and had hired a PI when he and Donald attended a marketing convention in Chicago. The pictures he'd sent left no room for doubt; the little slut on her knees between her husband's legs.

Her on all fours on the bed, her skirt over her hips and Donald pulling on her pig tails as he fucked her. There was even a short video clip of her riding him and while playing with her perky little tits and asking 'Mr. Roberts' if she were earning her A.

Donald had told her not two weeks before Jim had him followed that role playing was ridiculous and something 'kids would do'. Now Beth knew what he really meant was it was something you did with kids.

Kid was the key word because after Jim had supplied her with evidence, Beth had decided to stay quiet for the moment and hired a local PI to follow Donald locally. Within six weeks he'd provided her with photos of her husband with four other girls.

All were young, ranging from 19 to 21 according to the man she'd hired who'd more than earned his money by going the extra mile and checking into the girls. All had come from the same agency that sold 'companionship' but of course claimed they were paid for time, any sex was the girl's choice and was...free.

The PI had also discovered Donald had two credit cards she wasn't aware of one personal, one a corporate card even their accountant wasn't aware of. The agency showed up on the cards a mind numbing forty five times in the last two years.

That was local, there were charges on the corporate card every time Donald went out of town that wasn't hotels, rental cars or dining related. Those charges all appeared on their main business card.

He'd been out of town when she'd gotten the pictures from Jim, then again when her PI had supplied her with everything he could in the time frame she'd paid him for. That was for the best as her instant reaction, and most would agree the correct one, would have been to throw the pictures in his face, toss him out of the house and get a lawyer.

Both times Beth drank some wine to relax enough to try and look at the big picture, or at least long term versus. heat of the moment. Everything in her was to tell him to get the fuck out of her life and get ready to lose half your shit.

Beth rightfully felt angry, humiliated and betrayed. The humiliation hit her the hardest. Here she was a good woman dealing with sexual frustration because her husband no longer seemed interested in sex.

She had continued to push for sex before she'd found out he was cheating, practically begging at times, asking him what was wrong, and dealing with him acting like she was wrong for wanting it. What she'd never done was even for a second think about finding it elsewhere. If her sex life was to never be more than toys and masturbating while watching porn, with an occasional five minute boring missionary fuck tossed in then she'd deal with it.

She'd chalked it up to the hazard of marrying someone ten years older than her. She was in her prime; he was just shy of fifty five and 'not a kid anymore' as he kept saying before he'd gotten nasty.

His nastiness was an extra dagger of humiliation, the gall of him treating her like she should be ashamed of her desire while he fucked girls their son's age. One of the first things that hit her was the fact when she'd met Donald he was already a successful advertising agent and she was an intern in her third year of college.

She'd been ten years younger and knew that was part of his initial attraction to her. Difference being he wasn't married back then. He had been in a semi serious relationship which ended not long before their flirting at the office turned into him asking her out.

Now Beth wondered if he'd only said the relationship had ended. Had he been fucking her while still seeing his girlfriend? Regardless, for all his talking of her 'midlife crisis' because she craved sex more than ever, here he was paying young girls to have sex with him.

As it did every time she thought of it, Beth's anger flared and using it to convince herself tonight was going to happen just as she wanted it to, she bent over and put on the fuck me shoes, strapping them tightly around her ankles.

As she did, Beth caught a glimpse of herself in the full length mirror on the open door of her walk in closet. Bent over, her breasts looked ready to spill out of her dress. Her long hair looked sexy falling down over one side of her face and lying across her chest.

She had what it took to get what she wanted tonight, there was no doubt about that, just the nagging doubt about this being the right way to handle things. Beth knew it wasn't. The right way was what everything in her wanted to do' divorce Donald and make sure everyone knew what a cheating dog he was.

Right now only Jim knew and Beth had his word he would say nothing until she made things public, if she chose to. He did say from now on he would only work with her or one of the other reps and never with Donald and would come up with a reason other than the truth for that decision.

A divorce, like many 'right ways' to do things' however, would come with two heavy prices, and Beth decided she couldn't meet either of them. The first was DJ. Granted her son was twenty years old. He was no longer a boy, but a young man and in his case mature and far more serious than most men his age.

He could handle his parents divorcing and at his age things like visitation and custody were irrelevant, DJ could still be just as close to both of them. Beth's issue was that DJ didn't just look up to his father, he all but worshipped him.

Part of that stemmed from Donald being an excellent father, who in spite of his long hours and frequent traveling, had always been there to support their son. Unlike many work obsessed fathers, Donald never missed a birthday, award presentation at school, graduations even at the preschool level, and never missed one DJ's starts when he played baseball in high school.

DJ was already interning at their firm in the summers and wanted nothing more than to follow in their footsteps and although Beth was as good as Donald in their field, it was natural that as a boy DJ spent more time learning at his father's feet.

To find out his father was cheating would be a devastating blow to DJ. Especially seeing Donald had raised DJ to be respectful to girls and always stressed that if you were going to be with one woman, than be with just that woman.

That hypocrisy would piss DJ off as much as it did her. As close as he was to his father, DJ shared that closeness with her as well. Where most boys his age didn't spend much time with their mothers, or made a fuss if they had to, DJ was surprisingly affectionate with Beth, and they still kept up their weekly movie night they'd started when he was ten.

DJ wasn't just more serious than most, but a bit sensitive, and he would be heartbroken for her. That would turn to anger and resentment towards his father and although well deserved, Beth cherished how close their family was and wasn't willing to ruin that just yet.

The second reason was the firm. Donald was already a top exec when she met him and after they'd married and she'd begun making a name for herself, they'd gotten a loan, took money out of the house, and borrowed from family to open B&D advertising. Considering they had a young son at home many people thought it was a risk for them both to give up their steady jobs, but they took the plunge and never looked back.

They'd just celebrated the agency's eighteenth anniversary and they were going stronger than ever with forty employees in addition to several freelance designers and photographers they frequently called in when they had a backlog of work.

A divorce wouldn't mean the end of the company as far as they were concerned. Beth was sure they both loved it enough to manage to still run it together, but their reputation would suffer. B&D was built on family values, both in the marriage of the founders, and in the types of campaigns they and who they would represent.

Over the years they had turned down good money because of the dubious values of a client and had cut ties with one of their biggest at the time when it was discovered the owner had been arrested for domestic abuse.

A divorce would be a bad look for them period, but if the reason was ever discovered, many people would see Donald as the hypocrite she now knew him as. The hazard of having morals and values and holding others to that standard was if it was discovered you were doing the same, people would line up to crucify you.

So at this point Beth had not even made Donald aware she knew of his affairs. Affairs, she grunted in disgust, an affair at least meant there was something there; this was nothing but a series of fucks and all with young girls.

Not one girl in the two dozen pictures she had on her phone and not one name the PI had checked out at the agencies Donald used was older than twenty one. Some were only eighteen. 'Barely legal' is what those girls were referred to in porn, and it wasn't a coincidence; Donald had picked these girls profiles off the agencies website.

That angered her as well and she knew it wasn't just the age, but it made her feel inadequate. Donald wasn't with these girls just for looks or their willingness to please, Beth was good looking and an enthusiastic lover and no prude in anyway, but there was nothing she could do about her age.

Donald claimed his age and no longer having the drive he had before or even the interest in sex. Yet he had plenty of drive for these little whores. It wasn't her age, it was hers and she was having a hard time dealing with that.

That increased her anger along with pure old fashioned revenge had led her to tonight. Beth knew if she confronted Donald it wouldn't stay at just a fight between them. If he knew she knew and she didn't throw his dog ass out of the house and marriage, then she would look even more pathetic than she felt.

So she'd decided for now to get even a different way. Beth had been sexually frustrated and all but throwing herself at him for two years and going without. All the while he was living any dirty little girl fantasy he could think of and on top of it still touting his 'good man' reputation.

Tonight Beth would take a page out of his book, well not entirely; she wouldn't be paying for anything. Beth was going to take a cab to a club she'd read online was the best pick up spot in town.

She'd chosen a cab over Uber because she could pay in cash and have no trail. Once at the club Beth was going to drink like she was back in college while wearing her come fuck me shoes and a dress that left no question to her motives.

But she wasn't going to hook up with just any decent looking guy who hit on her. No, if Beth was going to pay Donald back, even if he had no idea he was being paid back, it would be in kind.

Tonight Beth was going young. She was looking for a young stud that would be more than happy to get the ride of a lifetime from a sexually frustrated cougar. Not just a wild ride; but a hardcore, nasty talking, around the world, utterly filthy revenge fuck.

Beth was well aware this made her no better than Donald and if anyone happened to see her could be just as ruinous for the firm, but she had to do something, and in this case doing something was doing someone.

She took another look at herself in the mirror and nodded. The overdone make up and trashy dress suddenly looked much better after she'd thought of her motivation. If she lost her nerve during the night or started getting an attack of guilt she would use simply pull out her phone.

Beth had downloaded eight pictures onto it from the dozens the PI had brought her. Each one featured Donald fucking or getting blown by a different girl. If she questioned herself at any point, by the time she'd scrolled through the pictures she'd be revved up enough to jump the next guy she saw and do it happily and with pride.

After all, anything, and anyone, worth doing was worth doing right.

Shame Donald would never know. It was shame he wouldn't see pictures of his 'good woman' wife on her knees sucking a big hard young cock, and taking that cock on all fours. It was a shame he wouldn't see the look on her face as she was getting fucked. Her eyes wide, her mouth open, her sweaty hair in her face.

The look of a satisfied woman; a look the asshole probably wouldn't recognize at this point.

Yes, it was too bad Donald would never know his wife went out for a hot nasty fuck while he was in Chicago with his latest little tween. A nasty smile spread across her slut red lips as she picked up the phone to call the taxi.

But she would.

Chapter Two

Beth stood by the large picture window in the living room, waiting for the taxi. It was eight and just dark enough she wasn't worried too much about being seen by her neighbors leaving the house dressed like well, hey, dressed like an escort.

She grinned at the irony of that last thought and idly wondered what outfit Donald's barely legal entertainment would be wearing. Beth knew he was doing it because thanks to the PI she was able to log into his secret credit card and see the latest transactions.

Yesterday afternoon, three hours before she'd taken him to the airport to fly out to the marketing expo in Chicago, he'd booked a 'companion' from the agency. Beth frowned when she saw DJ's black Mazda drift past the window and pull into the driveway.

With school out until late August, DJ was working full time at the firm, helping anyone who needed an extra pair of hands, even doing coffee runs, whatever he could do to help and learn what he could along the way.

From work he was supposed to be going to be going over his best friend Paul's house with some other kids to play the new Gods of War game that had just been released. He told Beth he'd be

staying overnight and would be home by noon tomorrow to take care of the yard work he'd promised Donald he'd do.

That was what had made her decide on tonight being her best option to go on the prowl. Paul wouldn't see her dressed like this and if she did indeed score herself a young lover, her plan was to take him to a motel where she'd paid for a room in advance in cash.

Not many places did that anymore and it had taken a dozen phone calls to find this one. It was kind of a dive, but she only planned on being there long enough to do her best to break the damn bed before , sending junior on his way with a pair of drained balls and a big smile on his face.

Beth had no plans on sleeping there, but doubted she would be home until after one or two am. Considering even on her nights out with friends she was always home well before midnight coming home that late, drunk and hopefully sporting that fondly remembered freshly fucked look wouldn't be easy if DJ was home.

And DJ had just gotten home.

Beth's stomach tightened when she heard him come in through the back door that led into the kitchen. A few seconds later she heard the pop of a can being opened and DJ's footsteps as he entered the living room.

"Hey, mom I'm..." he trailed off, and then stammered, "Oh, um, I'm sorry. I thought you were my mother."

The idea that from behind, in the micro dress and heels, with her long hair down and curled her own son didn't recognize her from behind would have been funny if she wasn't dressed that way to go out and cheat on her husband.

"I'm DJ." He continued from behind.

"I know who you are," she sighed and turned around.

DJ was still across the room, but even from where he was she could see his eyes widen and his mouth hung open as he looked her up and down. Beth wasn't surprised by that reaction, but was when his eyes lingered briefly on her breasts and he turned as red as her dress.

"Mom?" He shook his head. "Holy shit."

"Well I guess that's the reaction this outfit is supposed to get," she shrugged and was aware of her barely contained tits jiggling when she did it. DJ's eyes darted towards the movement and his blush deepened.

"Jesus, mom," DJ found his voice, but he sounded nervous and she noticed he was no longer looking at her as he spoke. "What the hell are you wearing?"

"Something I bought yesterday for tonight." God she hated lying to him. Lying to Donald was part of the revenge, but she'd planned this all around DJ not knowing anything. "I'm going out with some friends."

"Dressed like that?" DJ came closer to her, but kept a few feet between them as if he were afraid of her. "I mean that dress is..,"

“A little young for me?” She sighed. “I know, but I guess I let the salesgirl talk me into it. Beaten at my own game, right?”

“I don’t know about it being too young, but it’s just too much.” He paused then pointed as he corrected himself. “Actually it’s not enough.”

“It is a little more revealing than I usually wear,” Beth’s admission was her understatement of the year. “But I wanted to feel good about myself tonight and I don’t expect you to understand that.”

“I don’t because you look great all the time.”

“That’s very sweet, honey,” she beamed at him. “You’ve always been Mama’s good boy haven’t you?”

“I…” he swallowed hard and rocked from one foot to the next, a tell tale sign he was anxious. She knew damn well the dress was inappropriate, but she hadn’t expected this kind of reaction. “I asked you not to call me that, anymore.”

“Kiddo, I’ve been calling you my good boy since you could walk. You tell me a few weeks ago not to say it anymore and you think I can just stop?”

“I know, that’s why I’ll keep asking you not to.”

“Besides, I don’t say it in front of your friends; I don’t even say it in front of your dad anymore. It’s just something between us.” She gave him a gentle smile. “I like that we have something like that.”

“Yeah, well, I don’t like it anymore.”

“Okay, guess you’re out growing your embarrassing mother.”

“I’d be embarrassed if my friends saw you dressed like that.” He had been staring at the floor and whistled. “Damn, look at those shoes! Can you even walk in those?”

“I can walk just fine and speaking of your friends, why aren’t you at Pauls?”

“I met him after work and we grabbed some food and when we got home his father was super pissed at him and told him he was grounded and I had to go home.”

“What about the other kids that were supposed to be going over? Can’t hang with them?”

“Nah, Alex has three pain in the ass sisters and Bill’s play station is getting fixed. Figured I’d just come home.”

“It’s a Friday night, no cute girl to go out with?”

“I haven’t seen anyone since Kim broke it off, not really looking to get screwed again at the moment.” He frowned at her. “Why do you care I’m home?”

Dressed to kill and trying to find DJ a place to go. She had to be careful, not that her son would ever expect her to be ready for a night of Milfs gone wild, but he wasn’t stupid by any means and she was being pretty damn obvious.

“Just hate to see you hanging around on a Friday night, hey even your old dud mom is going out.”

“You’re not an old dud, but...shit, mom, you’re not single either.”

“What’s that supposed to mean?” She felt she put the proper amount of indignation in her tone.

“It means you’re going to have guys all over you dressed like that.”

“I’ll be with four other women and besides, guys aren’t looking for women my age, they’re too busy chasing pretty young girls.” Especially guys like your father.

“Are you kidding?” DJ put his hands out towards her. “You look at yourself in the mirror? Mom, you’re smoking hot and there’s a ton of guys my age who like older women.”

“Excuse me?” This time Beth wasn’t feigning her tone. “Did you just tell your mother she’s hot?”

“Oh.” DJ’s face had returned to his normal complexion, but at her words the blush returned. “Yeah, uh, I guess I did, but you know I don’t mean it that way.”

“Hard to see another meaning for it,” Beth pointed out. “Telling your mother she’s pretty is one thing, hot isn’t anything you should be saying or thinking.”

DJ’s rocking became more pronounced and again his eyes were darting around. He looked like a deer in headlights and again Beth felt this was an overreaction to their conversation. On the plus side she figured this would end the conversation.

She went to turn back to the window, glancing at her watch and wondering where the hell the taxi was, but DJ surprised her by speaking.

“What I meant was if I saw you and you weren’t my mom I’d be like I was when I first walked in the room.”

“Oh, you mean holy shit?” She rolled her eyes.

“I said that when I saw it was you. Before that when I came in I thought you had a friend over and I was uh...” he lowered his head and his voice. “Checking you out.”

That was why he seemed so flustered. Beth could understand that and although awkward it made her feel better about the dress. If she could get her own son to look at her she shouldn’t have any trouble tonight.

“I’ll give you a pass. You’ve never seen me dress like this.” She should have left it at that, but couldn’t help asking a question a decent mother would never ask her son.

“So did you mean what you said? Do a lot of guys your age look at women old enough to be their mothers?”

“If they look like you, sure.” DJ didn’t seem to realize he’d just made another odd remark about her, but she wasn’t being proper herself at the moment so she let him go on. “Lot of guys at school are always talking about M...” he caught himself. “Older women.”

“You were going to say milf, weren’t you?” Beth couldn’t resist teasing him a bit. “Even your boring old mom knows what a milf is.”

That’s because his not as boring as he thought mom has been watching a lot of porn the last few months. Not just porn, but the last two weeks as she contemplated tonight a lot of ‘milf porn’.

“Right, well anyway my point is guy’s will be perving on you all night and with you dressed like that I can’t blame them.”

“They can perv as you so eloquently put it all they want, I’m not going out to meet men.” Technically the truth, she only wanted to meet one man. A young man who she hoped found her as hot and irresistible as DJ was making her out to be.

“But why are you dressed like that?” DJ shook his head. “Are you trying to get guys to look?”

“First off, I’m the parent here, not you.” Beth crossed her arms over her chest. “And I don’t need to answer that question.”

“You kind of just did.” DJ grunted.

Ouch, kid was sharp that was for sure, she sighed to herself. When she didn’t respond to his remark he followed it up with a real shot.

“Think dad would like you going out like that?”

“Last time I checked women didn’t need their husband’s approval before they left the house.” Beth snapped with more heat than she intended. “I’ll wear what I damn well please.”

“Whoa!” DJ put his hands up. “Easy, mom, it was just a question.”

“One I don’t appreciate. I’m a grown ass woman and I don’t need the third degree from my goddamn son. I’m going for a girl’s night out and excuse me if I don’t feel like wearing sweat pants and a fucking t-shirt.”

“I’m sorry I made you mad,” DJ said softly. “I’ve just never seen you dress like this. Or act like this. You’re really touchy tonight.”

“You’re right, and I’m sorry too, honey.” Beth walked over to him and for a second she swore he looked ready to take a step back. Had she been that angry?

No, it wasn’t that, it was her appearance because as soon as she got close to him, DJ’s eyes dipped down to her chest and again he turned red and looked away so quickly it made it even more obvious where he was looking.

Beth had no illusion he was actually looking at her breasts, at least not in an improper way, it seemed more like he couldn’t believe she was flaunting them. Beth had always dressed professionally for work and modest at home.

Always aware of her prominent chest, Beth usually wore loose fitting shirts and baggy shorts and sweats, especially if DJ had friends over when he was in his teens. Beth was well aware of how boys that age could get turned on by a breeze and did the best she could to never wear anything revealing around them.

Thinking on the word frumpy came to mind. Even at the pool and when they used to go to the beach as a family, her bathing suits were one piece and often times she would wear the skirt with them except when she was actually in the water.

At this point she was sure DJ was experiencing a 'where the hell did this woman come from' feeling as he saw his mother looking like some reject from a milf movie. Little did he know that's what she was aiming for. Not just the look, but ready to go full out porn star on some lucky kid.

DJ flinched when she put her hand on his cheek, but remained still as looked into his crystal blue eyes; his father's eyes. DJ was all Donald, at least physically. The same beautiful eyes, short dirty blond hair, strong jaw and rugged features as Donald.

He even sounded like his dad, not just the smooth deep voice that made him sound older than he was, but the same style of speech and mannerisms. He had Beth's big smile, and quick, sometimes biting wit and overall personality, but as Donald used to joke no one would ever need a blood test to know DJ was his kid.

"Why are you so jumpy?" She asked him while pushing gently on his cheek to keep him looking at her when he tried to turn his head. "Am I making you nervous?"

"Kind of." He shrugged. "It's weird seeing you dressed..." he hesitated. "Sexy."

"Wow, first I'm hot, now I'm sexy?" Beth whistled. "I think your next project at work is to follow me around and stroke my ego."

"You're my mom, and I always see you that way, but the way you look right now kind of makes me realize you're a woman too."

"I know exactly what you mean." Beth put her hands on his shoulders and squeezed them. "You're a good looking young man now and sometimes it's hard for me to see you that way instead of just being mama's good boy."

"Stop saying that!" he snapped angrily and pulled away from her. "You just said it; I'm not a boy anymore."

"But you'll always be my boy." Beth reminded him. Where the hell was the damn taxi? This conversation was getting more awkward by the minute.

"And you'll always be my mom so I'm sorry if seeing you dressed trashy upsets me."

"Did you just call me trashy?" Whether the shoe fit or not, she felt her temper rise. "You better watch your mouth, DJ. Another crack like that and except for work your ass is going to in this house for the next two weeks."

"Then go ahead, because I'm right. It's not just the dress, but those slutty shoes and Christ, mom; look at your face, could you wear anymore makeup?"

The truth of his words caused not only her anger to fade, but her doubts about tonight to creep back in. DJ was getting damn close to saying she was going out to get laid, that is if he weren't already thinking it.

For a moment she thought about cancelling the cab and going upstairs to wash off her slutty makeup and change into her frumpy mom bum around the house clothes. That thought was immediately followed by her seeing that charge on Donald's no longer secret credit card and knowing what he was doing tonight, and doing it guilt free.

"Using the word slutty in any reference to me should add two more weeks to your grounding," she spoke quietly to keep her nerves from showing as she decided to mix some truth to her lie about tonight.

"And seeing you mentioned him, what would your father think about you calling me trashy and slutty?"

"I never said you were slutty." DJ corrected her. "The shoes are though and honestly so is the dress." He took a deep breath and proved her recent thought to be right. "Mom, you look like you're going out to hook up."

"DJ!" She exclaimed, and this time her nerves helped her out because she felt she sounded completely offended, and to a degree she was, but partially at herself for planning on doing what he'd said.

"Sorry, mom." He stepped back from her and briefly rubbed his temples as if the conversation were hurting his head. "I know you would never do that to dad, but why else would you dress that way?"

"Okay," Beth jumped when a horn sounded outside. "That's my taxi."

"Taxi?"

"Going to be drinking and don't want to worry about driving home."

"Uber's easier."

"I'm old school." Beth put her finger up and going over to the couch pulled her cell from her purse and dialed the driver.

"I'm outside, ma'am."

"I hear that, give me a couple minutes, okay?"

"Sure, but meter's running."

"That's fine, I'll be out shortly."

Beth ended the call and took a deep breath of her own. Everything in her told her to cancel. At this point there was a concern DJ might tell his father, and there would be nothing worse than that cheating prick finding out what she did and then playing the victim.

She could easily prove what he'd been doing, but if it ever came down to a messy divorce, this wouldn't be a good look for her to be stooping to his level. Beth was going to have to trust DJ to keep quiet and to do that she was going to have to not only lie, but come up with one that would get him to sympathize with her.

Beth helped people sell things for a living, now she had to sell her own bullshit.

“I can see where your mind is starting to go with this and I don’t blame you.” Beth walked over and sat on the arm of the couch. She pointed to the armchair across from it and as DJ sat down, she continued.

“Here’s your mother dressed to kill and ready for a night on the town dad away at a conference and you weren’t supposed to be home.”

“I know you wouldn’t do anything like that.” DJ spoke up quickly. “But honestly, mom, it’s hard to see it any other way.”

“That’s why I’m going to tell you why I look like this and talk to you like an adult because you are one.”

“Thought I was always going to be your boy.” He rolled his eyes.

“You are, but you’re a man too, and as you can see I’m a woman, and sometimes women go through some things as they get older.”

“I thought only loser guys had midlife crisis.” DJ grinned. “I keep waiting for dad to buy the little sports car and go to the gym.” The grin turned into a laugh. “And do something with that bald spot he’s getting.”

No, your dad is just fucking teenagers to feel young again, she thought bitterly, but forced a smile at his comment.

“Thing is, DJ, I consider myself an attractive woman for my age.”

“You’re attractive for any age, mom,” DJ gestured to her. “Looks are looks, who cares how old you are?”

“My boy, you are going to make one hell of a marketing specialist.” She clapped briefly. “That’s a great little spin.”

“Not spinning, it’s true.”

“I appreciate the compliment, but sometimes it’s not about how we see ourselves it’s how we want others to see us. I’m not a kid anymore, hon. I’m forty five and I just feel like the best years are behind me, and I’m looking for a little attention.”

Beth quickly put her hand up before he could respond.

“I don’t mean that the way it came out. I mean harmless attention; seeing guys look at me and maybe come over and try and talk to me.”

“But you’re married.”

“I just said I’m not out to do anything tonight, DJ. Neither are any of the women I’m going out with. That’s why we’re going together, so we don’t get put in a bad spot by a creepy guy.” Now this was outright lying and part of her was ashamed at how easily she was doing it.

“I meant married as in you have dad. He’s supposed to tell you that you look good and pay attention to you and…” He stopped in mid sentence and some of the color rose in his cheeks again. Beth realized he was going to say something about sex. “You know,” he added awkwardly.

“You’re dad’s older than me and we’ve been married a long time and without going into more than you need to know, let’s just say he’s not that attentive anymore.” Beth shrugged. “Now don’t get worried anything’s wrong between us, sometimes things just get taken for granted.”

“Dad does work more than ever.” DJ acknowledged. “And I notice you guys don’t go out much anymore unless it’s to schmooze clients at dinner.”

“Your father used to work hard and play hard, but the last couple of years all he does is work.” DJ quickly looked away from her again and she was certain he caught her meaning. “And that’s just how it is and again don’t use what I just said to read into tonight.”

“Some of my friends are in the same boat and we decided it would be fun to all meet up somewhere and turn back the clock. Dress up, have too many drinks, maybe dance with each other and show the guys what they can’t have.”

“Dress down is more like it.” DJ muttered, but nodded. “So you just want to know you still have it?”

“Its more about feeling good about myself and wanting to be seen as a woman, not a business owner, a wife or a mom.”

“Well that outfit doesn’t say any of those things.”

“That’s the point. We’re all sticking together and we’re all getting rides to the club and home. It’s just a girl’s night out with a little extra motivation. Does that make sense to you?”

“Yeah, I guess.” DJ still didn’t look convinced. “I feel kind of bad you need some jack ass at a club to look at you to make you feel good about yourself.”

“The nights about more than just that, it’s about a few hours of being just us girls having fun like we used before we settled down and got boring and frumpy.”

“I bet you’ll be the center of attention.” DJ told her. “Can’t picture any of your friend’s being hotter than you.”

“There’s that word again.” This time she frowned. Hot and sexy were odd things for a boy to call his mother. “Can you find a different compliment?”

“Figured that’s the one you were going for.”

“Not from my son.”

“Sorry.” He grunted. “Tell you what, you know when you asked if guys my age really check out older women?”

“Yes, and I shouldn’t have asked you that.” She gave him a wry smile. “See how desperate I’m getting? I’m fishing for affirmations from my son.”

“Well, I’ll give you one, but only so maybe if you feel like this again you won’t have to go out to find out if guys think your h...I mean pretty.”

“Good catch.”

“I never said anything because I didn’t want to make you feel self conscious around them, but a lot of my friends from high school thought you were,” he sighed. “Pretty.”

“Really?”

“Yeah, I used to get my balls busted all the time for having the hot mom. Got a lot of cracks from Jim and Paul that they were only my friends so they could sleep over and gawk at you.”

“But I never dressed to get them to look.” Beth shook her head. “I never even went out to the pool if your friends were here.”

DJ laughed. “Trust me, Mom, for guys in high school you don’t have to be flaunting it, they stare hard. And um, you can’t really hide,” DJ tapped his chest. “Those.”

“Okay, that’s enough.” Beth waved her hand at him, but as pathetic as it was hearing his friends thought she was a milf, gave her a cheap thrill. Not just a cheap thrill, but hopes she really had the bait to land herself an eager young partner for her one night revenge tour.

“Hey, try going through high school hearing shit like ‘You ever see the rack on DJ’s mom?’

“I said enough.” Beth put her left leg over her right and kicked her foot back and forth, something she did when she was anxious or annoyed.

“I’m only bringing it up because you’re saying you wanted to know guys found you attractive.”

As he spoke, Beth saw his eyes on her legs and she followed his gaze and frowned. She wasn’t used to wearing anything this short and with her legs crossed her left thigh was visible almost up to her ass.

Color was returning to DJ’s face and he swallowed nervously, but this time didn’t look away. Beth watched for a moment as his eyes seemed to dart from her thigh down to wear she was wiggling her foot in the red stiletto.

Her mode of dress was clearly getting to him, and she wondered why. Granted, it must be hard for a boy to know his mother could be seen an object of desire by other men, but he seemed borderline fixated, and a little too unnerved.

DJ reminded her of someone staring at a bad accident, you didn’t want to look, but did anyway. His coming home had really put a damper on the night for her. However, it would have been worse if he’d seen her stagger in at an ungodly hour drunk and looking like she’d just had been ridden hard and put away wet.

At least now she was sober and coherent enough to lie, but she was still going to have to be careful about when she came home and what she looked like. She’d have to drink less than she wanted and take a shower and fix her face now before she came home.

There was a beep from outside and DJ pointed to the window.

“What’s his problem? He’s getting paid while he sits there.”

“Maybe he has another ride lined up, Uber’s killing these guys.” Beth explained. “I need to go, but I need to ask you to do me a favor.”

“Sure, what do you need?”

“DJ I don’t think you really understand what tonight’s about, do you?”

“No,” he admitted. “But I guess I’d have to be a woman to really get what you’re going through.”

“True, but seeing you don’t understand, there’s no way your dad would. So I’m going to ask you not to tell him about tonight. I did mention I might be going out with friends, but he doesn’t need to know what I was wearing or why I’m wearing it.”

DJ didn’t respond right away and ran his fingers through his short thick hair, another trait he’d picked up from his father, and one he did when he was thinking something through.

“You asking not to say anything makes this look worse you know.” DJ said quietly. “And you and dad both told me to never lie to either of you.”

“You’re not lying, hon. He knows I go out for girl’s nights sometimes when he’s away.”

“If this were me you’d be telling me leaving things out is lying.” He gave her a meaningful stare, and then relaxed. “Just messing with you; I won’t say anything, promise.”

“I appreciate it.”

“Honestly, mom, it does look bad. The dress, the going out and hoping guys hit on you.”

“I know, hon but…”

“But,” he cut her off. “I know you’d never cheat on dad and if what you’re doing tonight makes you feel good about yourself then I’m fine with it being our little secret.”

His words hit her hard, driving home a feeling of guilt about what she planned on doing. It told Beth something about the state of marriage that even this guilt had nothing to do with secretly paying Donald back in kind, but hearing DJ say he trusted her when she was lying to his face.

Beth managed a smile and rising from the couch, walked over to DJ who stood as she approached as if he were trying to avoid her. He did stay still while she gave him a brief hug, but she felt his hands trembling on her bare shoulders as he awkwardly returned the embrace.

“See, honey, that’s why you’ll always be mama’s good boy,” she whispered in his ear then kissed his cheek.

DJ stiffened at her words and he removed his hands from her as if he’d burnt them.

“Come on, mom, I just asked you not to say that anymore.” He sounded annoyed and if Beth hadn’t already kept the taxi waiting as long as she had she would have asked him why this was suddenly such a big deal.

That and why he seemed so nervous around her tonight. Instead, she sighed and said. "I'll try, but you've always been a good boy, DJ and it's kind of another way of saying I love you."

"Then maybe you can stick to I love you." He seemed to realize he sounded harsh and his voice softened as he added. "I love you too."

Beth smiled and after briefly touching his cheek, turned and made her way to the door. He was acting odd tonight, and now that she thought about it, a little weird around her lately in general. This hadn't been the first time he'd gotten touchy about her calling him her good boy.

Beth grabbed the door handle and felt her stomach tighten at the sight of her white gold wedding band and matching diamond ring behind it Donald had give her for their twentieth anniversary. She felt another twitch of guilt, but immediately recalled the pictures of Donald with the young women.

In every one of them he had his wedding band on as he grabbed their hips, fondled their tits and held their heads while they sucked his cock. As soon as she closed the door behind her, Beth slipped them off her finger and dropped them into her purse.

Tonight wasn't about being a good woman, or as she just proved with DJ even being a good mother. Tonight was about one thing and one thing only; her personal satisfaction.

Chapter Three

"Are you okay, ma'am?"

Beth looked up from where she had her face buried in her hands to see the cab was stopped at a red light and the driver was looking back at her, a look of concern on his face.

"I'm fine." Beth wiped at the tears on her cheeks. "Just a tough night."

"Some guy a dick to you back there?"

"Yeah," she said softly, trying to keep her voice from trembling. "But I can't really blame him."

"Hey," he said with a serious expression on his face. "There's never a good enough reason to make a woman cry."

"I like that," she smiled through her tears. "You single?"

"Married twenty years with three daughters." He laughed. "I tend to look out for the ladies now more than ever."

"Good for you, hope they appreciate having a good man around."

A horn blared behind them and after waving angrily at the car behind them; the driver faced the road and pulled through the intersection.

“Well, if you need to talk I’m happy to listen.”

“Thank you, but I think I’d rather just sit and sulk,” she sighed, then managed a laugh when he tossed a small package of tissues into the back seat.

“I’ll just drive then and leave you be. Just wanted to make sure you were okay.”

“I’ll be okay. I’m a big girl.”

Beth removed a tissue and dabbed at her eyes trying not to think about what her face must look like. Her heavy mascara most likely giving her raccoon eyes or even worse, running down her cheeks.

A quick glance at the now black smeared tissue confirmed that visual, but at this point who the hell cared? The night that was supposed to be spent getting flirted with and hit on until she made a decision on what young man was going to get to fuck her senseless in a sleazy motel had turned into a humiliating experience and her going home more frustrated than ever.

It hadn’t started off badly. When she initially walked into the club she’d felt a bit better about her dress because it seemed every woman there had on something just as, or even more revealing. On the downside, many of those ‘women’ looked as if they were barely old enough to drink, making her feel self conscious of her age. As good as Beth felt she looked for her age, these nubile young women had just as much to flaunt as her and with the added benefit of being giggly pouty little sex kittens.

While she made her way over to the bar, Beth watched the girls out there dancing with each other, gyrating sensually and even grinding a bit on each other and much to the appreciation of all the men watching from the bar or the tables around the dance floor.

Once Beth found a seat at the bar she started off quick, with a shot of Quervo and then a Martini sandwiched between two more shots. The brief bout of power drinking settled her nerves and as she sipped the second martini more slowly, Beth spun in the stool to take in the crowd, or more accurately to see who was taking her in.

She was pleased to see a tall man in faded jeans and a plain black t-shirt give her a wave right away and gesture to his table for her to come join him. He was a nice looking guy, but looked to be maybe a little younger than her, and that wasn’t what she was looking for tonight.

She returned the wave, and flashed him a friendly smile, but turned the stool a little to the right to look the other way. That probably seemed rude, but it had been a long time since Beth had been out looking to be picked up. She wondered if they even called it picked up anymore.

Beth jumped at a tap on her shoulder and turned to see the bartender holding a shot of Quervo and pointing to a man at the other end of the bar, who was holding up a shot of his own. She took the shot and hoisted it in a salute to him.

They both downed their shots and Beth’s heart skipped a beat when he slipped from his stool and came over to sit next to her. His name was David and he had the most beautiful eyes she’d ever seen.

They were an amazing shade of emerald green. Those eyes with his short curly black hair, perfectly maintained five o'clock shadow, and what looked like a pretty rugged build under his black button-down shirt, had her warm for reasons other than the tequila she'd consumed.

Like the man who'd waved to her, David was older than what she was looking for, but she wouldn't peg him for more than thirty which made him fifteen years her junior. As he made some low key, and non pushy small talk, Beth began to waver on did she really need someone her son's age?

After they did another shot, he asked her to dance and at first she accepted. But when David went to take her hand, she spotted his wedding band. He caught her hesitation, and then followed her gaze. He gave her a smile that seemed a little too practiced for her taste and said it was only a dance.

Feeling emboldened by the drinks and not wanting to waste any of her time, she point blank said she was looking for more than a dance. His smile turned sly and he told her so was he, he just wanted to be sure of what she wanted.

Beth informed him she was looking for no strings drama free, and married men didn't fall under that category. The smile left his face and she flinched when he tapped her left ring finger and mentioned the tan line there from her recently removed rings.

Before she could come up with something to say David told her at least he was being honest, Beth was the one misleading people. He wandered off without another word and Beth's next shot was to try and wash away the wave of shame his words caused.

Beth remained at the bar however, telling herself she'd spent a month working up the nerve to do this and she was going to go through with it. She had another misfire, this time with a man who was older than her, probably Donald's age who came up to her and with no preamble asked if she'd be interested in seeing his 'penthouse suite'

When Beth replied with a lie that she was waiting for someone he smirked and producing a money clip full of hundreds asked if "Benjamin" was who she was waiting for. She'd had enough drinks to get pissed and tell him she wasn't for sale, nor did was she looking for someone who needed Viagra to keep up.

He called her an uptight twat, but wandered off. By then Beth was crossing the line between good buzz and being drunk, but even then was ready to give up. The young girls were getting the young guys and she was making a fool of herself with men her age.

She went to the bathroom with the intention of calling a cab once she got back to the bar and going back home to masturbate to her fantasies to escape her bitter reality. When she left the bathroom she returned to her spot at the bar to find a young man standing by her seat.

At first she figured he was waiting for a drink or maybe waiting to see if she were going to come back and grab the seat the bartender said he'd hold for her if she were only going to be gone a couple minutes.

Instead, as soon as she reached the stool, he gave her a nervous smile and introduced himself as Rick. He told her he'd been watching her since she'd gotten there and been trying to work up the nerve to buy her a drink.

Beth almost declined, figuring everything else from DJ coming home to the mishaps with the other guys was pointing towards this night being an abject failure. But when she hesitated and Rick gave

her a rueful grin and said he knew he was out of his league, she told him she'd be happy to have a drink with him.

The bar was packed so Beth spun her stool around so she could chat with Rick who stood so close to her he was pretty much between her legs. It wasn't deliberate, but the crowd around the bar chatting and waiting for drinks made it the only way they could talk.

The more Beth looked at him, the more she not only didn't mind him that close, but was starting to think about him on his knees with his face between her legs at the motel. Rick had to be the prettiest boy she'd ever laid eyes on.

His baby blue eyes and short wavy hair blonde hair with just enough gel in it to keep it from being to unruly, along with his high cheekbones and perfect features had Beth's professional eye wondering if he'd ever modeled.

Like David, Rick was sporting a deliberate five o'clock shadow, but that contrived scruff couldn't cover up his soft features, especially when he smiled, flashing teeth as perfect as the rest of him.

His perfection continued from the neck down. Rick looked to be slightly over six feet with broad shoulders and well developed arms protruding from his black polo shirt, but a thin waist, giving him the triangular build of an athlete.

The young man's jeans were as snug as his shirt and when Beth focused on his crotch she couldn't help sucking on her lower lip. Either he'd shoved a sock down there or he was hung like a damn bull. Judging by how flawless the rest of him was Beth could only imagine his cock would be just as amazing.

Beth noticed Rick's eyes were raking up and down her body as they sipped their drinks and talked about the club and what a great place it was. Beth loved the look on his face as his eyes bounced from her well displayed tits to her long legs.

He looked hungry and Beth was finding herself more than willing to be his all you can eat buffet. But even as he made no attempt to hide his looking at her, he was talking a little too fast, laughing a little too loud, and the small talk didn't seem to be what he wanted to be saying.

Beth wasn't so out of practice she didn't recognize nerves, and she loved his remark about being out of his league. Beth wanted young and hot, but she didn't need cocky to go with it. This kid wasn't just damned hot, but not overly aggressive and would probably have no issue with Beth calling the shots if they left together.

Men like Donald needed to be in charge, that's why he was paying young girls. Guys in general always wanted to be in control, but a young man like Rick would be happy to take some direction in order to get the ride of a lifetime from a sex starved cougar.

Especially if that direction was lick faster and fuck me harder, because that would be the extent of the conversation if this kid continued to impress her. Once they finished their drinks, Rick asked her if she wanted to dance.

The request was followed by a shy smile that had her as wet as that damned bulge between his legs which had grown noticeably bigger as it became obvious she was interested in him. Beth told him to hold on and bought them each a shot to further relax both their inhibitions.

It worked because within five minutes on the dance floor, Beth wasn't just horny; she was so wet she could feel the red lace thong beneath her dress sticking to her moist slit. They danced face to face, their arms around each other's necks and her breasts pressing into his chest.

Beth worked her hips wantonly into him and as she became more worked up even shimmied down to the floor, briefly putting her face level with that delicious looking bulge. Beth put her back to him and ground her ass into that bulge and couldn't contain a groan as she felt how hard he'd become.

As Rick put his arms around her waist, his large strong hands sliding across her stomach and down her thighs, Beth worked her hips in tight circles, teasing his trapped cock with her ass. As they moved side to side in rhythm to the song, Rick pushed her hair to the side and Beth thought she was going to pop when he kissed her neck.

She surprised herself by turning her head and capturing his lips. He seemed just as shocked, but it didn't stop him from returning the kiss. His hands slid up her sides and she moaned when he quickly slid them over her breasts, before caressing her bare chest over them.

Beth responded by slipping her right hand back between them and squeezing his cock. He gasped and Beth's pussy gushed at how long thick and hard his cock was. As she continued to gyrate lewdly into him, her pussy wet and her nipples so hard they were aching, Beth knew it was going to happen.

They'd finish this song and she was going to turn in his arms, give him a nice little tongue filled kiss, not caring who was watching and whisper in his ear she wanted him to take her to her motel and fuck her until she couldn't walk straight.

The first part came out better than planned, she spun around in his embrace, all but rammed his tongue down his throat then while giving his cock a squeeze purred in his ear that they had to leave because she was dying to suck his cock until he came in her mouth.

Beth couldn't believe she'd been able to say it and laughed loudly at the stunned look on Rick's face. She asked if that was a problem and it was his turn to laugh and say it was only a problem if he couldn't return the favor.

Smiling so hard her cheeks were beginning to hurt, Beth told him she'd take one for the team and let him go down on her, but just for him. He returned the smile, and taking her by the hand said he had to go back to the bar and settle his tab.

Beth let him lead her back to the bar. She felt absolutely giddy with excitement and knew she was smiling like the cat that ate the canary. She noticed a couple of women in their thirties sitting at a table and as she passed by one winked at her while her friend raised her glass to her and mouthed 'good for you.'

When they reached the bar, Rick asked for his total and when he pulled out his credit card removed an ID and asked if they still gave discounts to students from Bryant which wasn't far from the club.

DJ went to Bryant.

Beth told herself that several thousand students went to Bryant and DJ had only brought home a couple of friends from there as he mostly still hung out with his old high school friends. Unable to help herself Beth asked Rick what year he was in and he mentioned he was going to be a senior, one year ahead of DJ.

She had just started to relax when he added he was working on an MBA and couldn't wait to start applying to local marketing agencies when he graduated next June. As Rick waited for the bartender to return with his card and receipt, Beth's spirits plummeted.

This was a fucking nightmare come true. Her one fear had been being recognized, but who did she know that would go to a place like this? Now here was this kid who went to the same school as her son, but worse, wanted to go into her field.

B&D was a successful firm it was all but a guarantee Rick would apply for a job with them in a year. They had an HR person who took applications and would pass on any that looked good. Odds are Beth would see them first, but Donald might or even Ann his assistant.

What if they called Rick in and he showed up and recognized her as the woman who'd told him she wanted to suck him dry on a dance floor, then went back to a motel and did it? Even if tonight went no farther than it had that could happen, but it would be far worse if she went all the way with him.

Bad as it was months from now she could say he was mistaken; she'd never been to this place. DJ had sworn he'd never mention to Donald about her trashy outfit and he'd assume she went out with her usual friends to one of their regular hangouts.

But if she went ahead and fucked this kid it would be a lot harder to lie about it because she'd be a lot more flustered. At that point with her mind spinning she took it to the next level of paranoia, what if by some chance he knew DJ?

DJ was on the track team and a member of several student committees. He was a popular kid who worked with both older and younger students. What would happen if DJ ever brought him home and introduced him to his mother, aka, the woman who'd fucked him like a wannabe porn star in a sleazy motel?

She had no idea what her status would be with Donald down the line, but for now she was playing oblivious wife. She couldn't let something like this be found out before she confronted him about his affairs or she'd look as big of a cheat as him.

Revenge fucking wasn't something that had legal merit in the eyes of a divorce court and it would be another blow to their firm's reputation if it came out they were both fucking behind the others back.

The night had gone from sugar to shit in the span of less than two minutes and Beth was so distraught she turned and walked away from the bar, heading toward the exit, already pulling her phone out to call the cab.

She heard Rick calling out "Laura" the name she'd given him rather than her own, but kept walking. When he caught up with her he asked what was wrong and not having any real excuse she stammered she changed her mind and had to go home.

Rick frowned and asked her what she meant by changing her mind and all she could do was say she thought she was ready for this, but wasn't. She tried to walk away, but he stayed in front of her and asked what it was she wasn't ready for.

Beth told him it didn't matter and she was sorry she'd led him on, but she couldn't go through with it. She hadn't expected Rick to be happy with her response, but was taken aback when he called her a 'cock teasing fucking whore' and stormed away from her.

He'd yelled it loud enough for several people to hear and Beth's face turned the same shade as her dress as she forced herself to walk, and not run, out of the club as she saw people pointing to her while saying something to their friends, while others blatantly laughed at her.

When she left the club, she'd walked a block to a small coffee shop and called the taxi from there, and had managed not to cry until the driver arrived and she slunk into the back seat.

"Ma'am?"

Beth's eyes flew open and she blinked rapidly. Her drinking had caught up with her and she'd slipped into a semi doze as she'd recalled the disastrous evening.

"We're here."

"Oh, thank you."

"That's \$31.65, please."

"Here," Beth fumbled in her wallet, her fingers still trembling from the ugly way the night had ended. She removed a fifty and handed it to him. "Keep the change."

"Thank you!" he frowned as she pushed open the door, and after putting one foot on the side walk, paused with her hand on the door frame.

"You need help?"

"I think I might," she admitted as she eyed the long path leading up to her house and the porch stairs. Her vision was blurring and as she stared at her house it seemed to be moving side to side.

"No problem."

The driver came around and taking Beth's hand gave her a tug. When she pushed herself to her feet, she wobbled dangerously, but he slipped his arm around her waist and steadied her. They took a few steps forward with her leaning heavily on him before she mumbled, "Hold on."

Bending her left leg, Beth leaned over and fumbled with the strap around her ankle. She removed her shoe, and still leaning on the driver removed the other.

"Good idea, don't know how you ladies walk in those things."

"Ladies don't wear these shoes." Beth's words were slurred and she knew she shouldn't be talking, but kept going anyway. "Sluts wear these shoes."

"I wouldn't say that." He told her as he moved at her slow pace, all but holding her up at this point. "They're just fun."

"More fun when they're up in the air." Beth giggled drunkenly. "Fuck me shoes look best when you're getting fucked."

"I like how you think." He laughed, then as they reached the stairs asked, "Can you make these or should I carry you?"

"I can do it." Beth put her hand on the railing leaning on it as well as the driver and managed to slowly make her way up to the porch. It was only ten thirty, but most of their neighbors lights were out, she hoped no one saw her coming home like this.

They reached the front door and as Beth dug for her keys she smiled at the driver, who she just noticed was quite attractive. "What's your name?"

"Jake, ma'am."

"How old are you Jake?"

"I'm thirty one."

"Can I ask you something?" She didn't wait for his response. "You think I'm sexy?" It came out "Shhexy" and she wanted to smack herself for asking him. It seemed she wasn't done embarrassing herself yet.

"Um, yeah, you're pretty damn fine." He winked. "Let me just say it's really no problem for you to be hanging all over me on the walk up here."

"Would you want to fuck me?" She had her key in her hand, but continued to face him.

"Uh, if that's an invitation to come in, I'm flattered but," he lifted his left hand and tapped his wedding band. "Got a wife at home and I'm not that kind of guy."

"But would you? If you were single? Am I sexy enough to want to fuck?" She sounded nothing short of pathetic and that point was driven home when she saw the look on his face. If she were being flattering she'd say it was a look of understanding, but the real word was pity.

"Ma'am, if I was single and saw you, I'd be on you like white on rice. You're beautiful woman. I'm sorry you feel like you need someone to tell you that."

"My husband should tell me that, but he doesn't." Shut up, Beth! "Know what he does?"

"I don't know, but can you let yourself in so I can get back to the cab? Don't want to miss any calls."

"He fucks girls younger than our son." She told him indignantly. "Like those little whores have more to offer than I do."

"Well, that's a shame, and you shouldn't stand for that." He pointed. "But I really have to go."

"I know, and after work you go home and you love your wife. She has a good man." Beth wiped at her once again moist eyes. "I used to think I had a good man."

"Sorry," he was looking more awkward by the second. "Just remember you deserve to be happy so do whatever you need to. You get some sleep, okay?"

He quickly made his way down the stairs and hurried towards the cab and even in her foggy state; Beth could only imagine what he was thinking. Or what she was thinking, she'd just told this guy her husband was a cheating dog. Way to go, Beth.

She managed to get the key in the lock on the third try and all but fell into the house. Beth staggered into the wall in the small foyer that led into the living room and leaned against it for a moment.

Making sure she closed the door behind her, Beth took several slow deep breaths then pushed off the wall and entered the living room. Thankfully DJ wasn't there to see her like this. Shoes in hand, make-up a mess and drunk as a skunk, he would assume the worst.

Too bad she looked this bad for all the wrong reasons. Beth dropped the shoes next to the couch and put her purse on the end table. She thought about sitting down for a couple minutes, but was afraid she'd fall asleep.

She doubted DJ was in bed for the night, most likely he was in his room playing video games. Hopefully she could make it upstairs and past his room without him seeing her. Beth negotiated her way through the living room by bracing herself on the furniture until she reached the staircase.

When she reached the stairs, Beth crossed her fingers DJ wouldn't pick that moment to come out of his room, and putting her hands on the stairs, proceeded to crawl up them so she wouldn't slip and fall.

She winced when a couple times her knees struck a stair, but she managed to make her way up a lot faster and safer than using the railing. Once she was at the top, she straightened and putting her hand along the wall began what seemed like a very long journey to their bedroom at the end of the hall.

Beth made it past DJ's room and was both surprised and relieved to see there wasn't even the dim light of the TV coming from under his door. He was either sleeping or maybe laying in bed playing on his phone.

She moved more quickly towards her door and frowned when she noticed light coming from under it. Had she left the lamp on? Beth then flinched at the sound of a woman yelling from inside the room.

"Yes, yes! Harder, baby! Fuck me harder!"

The words were followed by the unmistakable sound of flesh pounding flesh mixed with a woman yelping and the guttural grunts of a man administering a serious fucking.

Beth's head cleared as a wave of anger swept through her. The little shit not only had a girl in the house, but he was in their bed!

Donald and Beth tried to be understanding of the fact their son was twenty and decided that if he were serious with a girl and asked, they would allow her to spend the night rather than them screwing around in some parking lot.

But the rule was, they had to have met her and had to know when she was staying and most of all, Donald had told him to stay quiet and be respectful of the fact his mother was down the hall. Now with Donald away and Beth saying she wouldn't be home until well after midnight, she'd snuck someone in.

Another surge of anger flowed through her as her thought again ended with the fact he was fucking in their bed! As Beth pushed away from the wall and moved as quick as her still shaky legs would allow her, she couldn't help thinking part of her anger was over the fact even she wasn't getting fucked in her room anymore, she'd be damned if some slut her son brought home would be.

Beth reached the door just as the girl cried out.

“Oh, god, that's fucking deep! Look at you fucking me! Look at you fucking your...”

Beth grabbed the knob and throwing the door open, entered the room, shouting even before the door was fully open.

“What the fuck is going on in here?”

She'd entered so quickly she almost fell, but when she righted herself and took in the scene before her, it took a second to register in her still sluggish in her mind, but when she realized what she was looking at, Beth caught herself wishing there was a young girl in her bed.

Chapter Four

For what was most likely only a few seconds, but seemed like an eternity, Beth surveyed the shocking scene before her. DJ on the bed, alone, but naked, his fully erect cock in his hand. The woman's voice she heard was coming from the porn playing on the 50" flat screen Donald had mounted on the wall opposite their bed.

Her son naked and masturbating on her bed wasn't even the worst of it. The worst of it was what else was on the bed.

On either side of DJ were some of Beth's lingerie, her sexy little blue baby doll nightie, several matching lace bra's and matching thongs, several sheer night gowns she owned in a variety of colors.

Among the nightgowns were several pairs of stockings and even a couple pairs of heels Beth had bought that matched the lingerie and she'd never worn anywhere but the bedroom. Beth's eyes locked on her son's hand where it was wrapped around his cock, his hard cock, his...very large cock.

Beth blinked that last thought away as she focused on what was around that cock. The pair of transparent blue lace panties that went with the baby doll nightgown.

Her son was jerking off with her goddamn panties with some of her other sexy things all around him.

“Mom!” He exclaimed, his blue eyes so wide they looked as if they were going to pop out of his head. He released his cock and started to stammer something, but all that came out was “I...I...”

“What the hell are you doing?” Beth shouted at him, and her paralysis brought on by shock, broken, she stalked towards the bed.

“Mom, I um...” DJ grabbed one of her nightgowns and pulled it over her cock, while fumbling for the remote which he ended up knocking off the bed in his haste to grab it.

“You...” She was so angry her throat was tightening and she had to force the words out in a choked whisper. “You’re jerking off in my bed and in my goddamn underwear!”

“I...well...” DJ looked like a deer in his headlights, his face redder than it had been earlier and his eyes not just wide, but darting around the room as if he was looking for a place he could run too.

“You what?” She demanded. “DJ, I’m you’re goddamn mother! Do you know how sick this is?”

“I’m sorry!” he blurted out as he sat up. “It’s just I...I don’t have a girlfriend right now and...I get really horny and I mean it’s your things, but not like I’m thinking of you or...”

“You’re in my bed!” She reached the edge of it and grabbing a black bra which featured zippers on the cups, threw it in his face. “How the hell could you not be thinking of me when these are my fucking things?”

She generally didn’t swear at him, Beth had always tried to be calm and reasonable no matter how angry he may have made her over the years, but the booze was still screwing with her emotions and this...this was pretty goddamn serious.

DJ pushed the bra from his face as if it had bit him and he looked so scared, Beth had no doubt it was her he’d been thinking of.

“J...just while I watch porn! I...I think of the women I watch and...” he turned on his side and tried to reach down to the floor where the remote lay between her bare feet.

Just before he reached it, Beth heard the actress in the movie cry out.

“Oh, honey, you’re fucking your mom so good!”

Beth’s eyes widened and she kicked the remote a few inches to the left before DJ could pick it up.

“What did she just say?” Beth bent over, grabbing the remote and stood up so quickly, she became dizzy and had to put her hand on the bed post so she wouldn’t fall over. “What the fuck are you watching?”

“Nothing!” He looked outright panicked at this point and even his normally deep voice cracked as he spoke in a rush. “Its...it’s a milf thing, she just calls herself mom! You know, like the young girls will call a guy daddy even though...”

“Hmm, that’s sooo good!” The woman purred, and the sound was so sexy, Beth couldn’t help looking at the screen.

The woman, a gorgeous brunette who looked to be in her forties was laying back on the bed, with her arms around her knees, holding them up while a young man lay on his stomach licking her pussy.

“Yes, just like that!” she moaned. “Good boy.”

“I love being your good boy,” he smiled up at her before burying his face between her thighs and noisily slurping on his ‘mothers’ pussy.

“Then be Mama’s good boy and make me cum!” ‘Mom’ whimpered while stroking her rosy nipples. “You know how mama rewards her good boy.” Her tongue slid across her red lips. “By sucking you dry.”

“Mama’s good boy,” Beth whispered, while shutting the movie off, and letting the remote fall from her fingers. “Oh my god.”

“It’s just a movie!” DJ had sat up and was now reaching across the bed where his sweat pants were lying at his feet. “They’re not mom and son, just...”

“But we are!” Beth snatched his pants from him, threw them across the room. “I am your mother and you’re in my bed playing with my fucking panties and jerking off to some woman calling her son a good boy while he sucks her goddamn cunt!”

“Mom!”

“Don’t fucking mom me!” she yelled at him. “You’re watching that shit and you act surprised I said the word cunt?” She jammed her finger in his chest making him wince. “I’d think you’d like hearing me talk dirty.”

“No, that’s not true it’s...”

“That’s why you were so freaked out over this dress, isn’t it?” Beth demanded. “What’s the matter, seeing me dress like the whores in these movies really get you hot for me?”

“Mom, I don’t want you!” He put his hands up in a defensive gesture. “I’m sorry, I know this is creepy and weird, but I...”

“You don’t want me?” Beth laughed. “Then you really are your father’s son!”

“Huh?”

“Nevermind!” Beth snapped. “But that’s it isn’t? That’s why you were blushing and so nervous earlier. You had the nerve to act like you were offended I was going out like this and all the while it was turning you on!”

“No, no...I...”

“You’ve done this before!” Beth’s anger was getting the best of her and her voice was rising as she gestured wildly at the bed. “You come in here when we’re not home and play with my fucking clothes!”

DJ started to say something, but when he simply lowered his head, she laughed harshly.

“Yeah, can’t even lie about that can you? Bet you’ve cum all over my clothes then washed them and put them back, haven’t you?”

“Mom, don’t talk like that.” He pointed to her. “You’re drunk, and you’re mad and I don’t blame you, but let’s talk about this tomorrow.”

“We talk about it now! She snarled and grabbed his t-shirt that he’d just picked up and tried to slip on away from him. “You stay right where you are, naked on mommy’s bed. Are you still hard under there? Is me yelling at you getting you excited?”

“Mom, don’t say things like that, please.”

“Did you sit there thinking about me in this dress? Think about guys looking at your mother’s tits and ass and wanting to fuck me?”

DJ started to speak, but she shoved her hand in his face, pressing her fingers to her lips.

“You get nastier than that? You think about how bad you want to fuck me? Think about me lifting this dress and showing you my ass? Me bending over something so you could fuck me?”

DJ shook his head vigorously, but his eyes were on her breasts which, with her leaning over, were close to falling out. Beth looked down at her tits to show him she saw what he was doing and smirked.

“Like my tits? Your mother has nice big tits doesn’t she? You think about pulling my top down? Shoving your dick between them, maybe giving mommy a pearl necklace?”

His eyes widened and she laughed again.

“What, you don’t think your mother knows her porn? Don’t think I like to talk and act dirty? Bet I act pretty dirty in all your nasty little fantasies don’t I?”

He shook his head and Beth shoved him hard enough to fall back into the pillows. “Bet just me talking like that has you hot doesn’t it?”

“No,” he said weakly shaking his head.

“No?” Beth raised her eyebrows at him. “You don’t want me calling you mama’s good boy anymore not because you’re getting too old for it, but because it turns you on.”

“Mom,”

“Mom? Why not call me Mama? Like that boy in the movie? That the one that did it for you?” she asked, bracing her hands on the bed so she could lean over and look him in the eye.

“How many times you watch it? Jerk off to it? So many times that I can’t call you what I have since you were able to talk because now an affectionate expression has turned into something dirty for you?”

DJ wouldn’t meet her gaze, and she swore he looked like he was so upset he was ready to cry. Beth paused in her ranting to catch her breath and try to calm down. Her anger wasn’t just at him, but had become an outlet for her frustration over being betrayed by her husband, feeling humiliated and less of a woman because he refused sex with her while turning to young women he paid to have sex with.

The added embarrassment of how badly tonight had turned out after how much she'd been counting on it to not just have a measure of payback, but to feel wanted, desired and get the physical attention and satisfaction she so badly needed.

Now here she was yelling at her son who she had just discovered had some kind of misplaced sexual desire for her, or if not an outright desire, an outlet for some weird taboo fetish he'd developed.

As she tried to gather her thoughts through a haze of anger and alcohol, her eyes wandered down DJ's body. He was completely naked except for the black nightgown he'd draped over his crotch.

In the same way that DJ was obviously seeing her differently than he should, Beth eyed him not as a mother, but a woman taking in a young man; a fine young man. DJ had filled out quite a bit the last two years, especially his shoulders and well muscled arms.

His chest had thickened as well, and he'd inherited Donald's hairy torso, a trait Beth loved in a man. His legs were no longer scrawny, but his thighs and calves built up from the time running track.

DJ's stomach was hard and flat with the faint outlines of a six pack in progress, but where her eyes kept darting were across his lap where the nightgown lay. She'd gotten a good look at his cock before he covered it and her heart beat faster as she now pictured it.

Not only was her heart racing, but as she thought about how her son's dick as he pumped it in his hand, the muscles in his forearm flexing as he stroked, her nipples stiffened.

Beth's lips parted as she breathing became heavier and her face, which had been red from drinking and anger, felt a new flush of heat and it was coming from her thinking about something no mother should ever think of;

What would that big young cock feel like inside her?

Beth waited for the voice of reason yelling 'what the hell is wrong with you?' or 'what are you, as sick as him?' but the only thing running through her mind was the fact DJ wanted her. Twisted as it was, her son desired her and his father no longer did.

He desired her to the point he was sneaking into her room and playing with the sexy lingerie she hadn't worn in far too long. Jerking off in her panties and...her mind filled with the image of DJ taking her panties from the hamper and sniffing them, his cock growing hard from the forbidden scent of his mother's cunt.

Beth had wanted to find a young man to fuck tonight, young because of what Donald was doing, and she felt it made the revenge more complete. DJ was young and he wanted her. Whether that desire was wrong or not, didn't matter, it was there.

And so was that big hard cock.

"You didn't answer me," she pressed him "You want me to stop calling you my good boy because it makes you think of these trashy movies?"

"Yeah," he admitted. "Can I get dressed?"

“Don’t you want to be naked in front of your mother? Show her how hard you are for her?”

“Not for real.”

“We’ll see about that,” she said quietly and noticed he flinched at her words. “So calling you my good boy gets you hot?”

“No, uh, but it makes me think of the movie.”

“Hmm, so what came first, DJ? Did the mommy movies make you think of me or did thinking of me make you watch mommy movies?”

“M...movies first,” he admitted.

His hands were by his sides as if he didn’t know what to do with them, and Beth saw they were trembling.

“First.” She nodded. “Now see when you say first that means there’s a second and the second would be you do think of me.”

“No! Mom, this isn’t fair!” he protested. “I’m nervous and you’re screwing with me.”

“You want me to be screwing with you is what we’re talking about,” she winked as she continued.

“So you lay here with my lingerie and think of me wearing it, don’t you? Think of me calling you my good boy while you pull off my slutty little thongs and you un-wrap your mother’s big tits so you can suck on them.”

“Don’t talk like that.” He said it more forcefully than before, but all that did was encourage her.

“Oh, come on, DJ, Mama knows how much you want her talk dirty to you, and to act dirty. You want to be my good boy for real, don’t you, honey?”

DJ looked away and she kept pushing.

“You want me to tell my good boy to suck on mama’s big tits and lick her wet cunt and to shove your big fucking dick inside me.”

“Stop it!” he sat up as he yelled at her. “It’s not funny!”

“No, DJ, it’s not funny, it’s kind of sad in a way.” She put her hand on his cheek. He tensed, but didn’t pull away as she lightly caressed his face.

“Sad that your mother goes without sex because your father doesn’t want her anymore, sad that I’m so desperate for attention I’ll go out dressed like a slut just to get someone to look at me.”

She sighed and lowered her hand, now caressing his chest. He stared at her hand on him, her long red nails trailing through the hair on his chest. His body was tense, but he wasn’t pulling away from her.

DJ’s breathing was getting heavier, and so was hers. She glanced down between his legs and swore the nightgown had shifted. Maybe because something under it was getting bigger?

“Then I come home and here’s this beautiful young man with this big hard dick in my bed and he wants me so bad he’s jerking off with my panties and watching what he wished he could do to me.”

“Mom, w...what are you doing?” DJ’s voice shook as her nails were now lightly sliding across his stomach and working closer to the edge of the nightgown.

“You’ve always been Mama’s good boy, haven’t you, DJ?”

“Mom...”

“Just answer me. I call you that because you’ve always been good for me, haven’t you?”

“Yes!” He gasped when she slid her fingers under the nightgown.

“My good boy would do anything for mama, wouldn’t he?”

“I...I liked making you happy.”

“Liked? Past tense? You don’t want to make mama happy anymore?”

“Yeah, but...”

“You just think of making mama happy in a very different way, don’t you?” She cut off his reply by putting her free hand to his lips, but gently this time. “I know you do. That’s why you hate me calling you my good boy, makes you think about me saying it while you make me very happy.”

She paused and gathered the nightgown in her hand as his attention was now on her face.

“Just admit it, honey. Not like I don’t know at this point.”

“I’ve thought about it,” He replied when she removed her hand from his mouth. “Now can I get dressed and leave?”

“Why would you want to get dressed?” Beth leaned so close her breasts grazed his shoulder and the contact to her nipples through the dress caused her to shiver. “Don’t you want to be my good boy?”

“I...I can’t be.” He started to raise his voice again. “You’re messing with me and it’s not right.”

“Honey, if I move this nightgown I’m going to find a big hard on, aren’t I?” She smiled and placed her lips next to his ear. “Is my good boy hard for his mother?”

“Oh, please stop.” His words came out in a whimper that caused her pussy to gush.

“Hmm, should we find out?”

Before he could move, Beth yanked the nightgown away and whispered, “Oh, you are such a good boy.”

At the sight of her son’s big, no, not big, fucking huge, cock, Beth sucked on her lower lip and felt her clit begin to throb in time with her aching nipples. Holy shit, his cock was amazing! One of, if

not the biggest, she'd ever seen, bigger than any guy she'd fucked back before she met Donald, and much bigger than his.

His head was swollen an angry purple and she licked her lips when she saw the pre cum oozing from his cock.

"Mom, what the hell are you doing?" DJ tried to push her away, but seemed hesitant to use much force, and she shrugged off his hand, before moving further down the bed so she was now leaning over his cock.

"This is all for me, isn't it?" She grabbed his cock and squeezed it hard enough to make him gasp and to send a squirt of pre cum from the tip and flow down her fingers. "My baby boy really wants his mama, doesn't he?"

"Oh fuck!" DJ groaned as she slowly pumped his cock in her fist.

Beth moaned softly, transfixed by the sight of his cock in her hand. He was so thick even her long nails could barely touch around him. He was harder than anything she'd felt in a long time and she could feel him throbbing in her hand.

"Yeah, my good boy knows what mama needs, doesn't he?" Somewhere in her lust and still alcohol addled mind she caught that her words were slurring again and she wondered if at this point she was as drunk on lust as liquor.

"You knew how lonely and neglected your mother's pussy has been so you waited here in my bed with this big hard cock."

"Mom, what's wrong with you?" DJ sounded outright scared, but when she stroked him faster, his cock twitched in her hand and his words ended with a reluctant groan.

"Only thing wrong with your mother is she's been desperate for some hard cock and my boy is going to make sure she gets it."

"It's only movies and dirty thoughts!" Even though he sounded taken aback, DJ wasn't trying to push her away or stop her from jerking him off, and Beth smiled at the old joke you couldn't rape the willing. "We can't do this!"

"DJ, your mama can do whatever she wants, and right now what she wants to do is this cock." She licked her lips and lowered her head over his swollen tip. "Besides, this is my cock isn't it? I made this cock and my good boy is going to use it to make me very happy."

No longer able to hold back, Beth opened wide and took as much of her son's cock into her mouth as she could.

"Oh my god!" DJ called out in such surprise Beth would have laughed...if her mouth wasn't full.

Beth's eyes rolled back as she angled her head, and managed to take more of him down her throat. God he was thick, and long and...hard, so damn hard! And hard for his mother! Beth bobbed her head slowly, keeping her tongue pressed to his shaft as she relished the sensation of having this magnificent cock in her mouth.

“Mom, stop!” DJ put his hand on her shoulder and pushed, but as before, there wasn’t much behind it. “We can’t do this!”

Beth released his cock and turned her head to face him with his pre cum oozing down her chin.

“I’m the parent here,” she informed him. “You just sit back and be mama’s good boy and let me enjoy this cock.” She flicked her tongue at him. “I think you’ll be able to suffer through it.”

His reply turned into a groan when she took him back into her mouth. She bobbed her head more quickly and opening wider gagged as she took him as deep as she could and let trails of drool slide out of her mouth and down his thick shaft.

Beth worked her way up and sucked on just the tip, swirling her tongue around his sensitive head while she pumped his now slick shaft in her hand.

“Oh...oh fuck, mom, stop....please stop doing that.” DJ was whimpering again and he was squirming on the bed beneath her and she had to admit his reluctance was driving her wild.

After all, if he really didn’t want her he wouldn’t have been on her bed whacking off in her thong to a movie where the woman used the same expression she had all his life. If he really didn’t want her, her large, powerfully built son could easily shove his drunken mother away from him.

No, he wanted this and was just trying to do the right thing. He was doing the right thing, because as twisted as this was, what his mother needed was someone to want her and if that someone was her son, then she would take it...every single inch of it.

And right now.

Beth took him deep once more before whipping his cock from her mouth, this time amid a spray of spit and sticky precum. Straightening up, she lifted the hem of her dress over her hips, and hooking her fingers into the sides of her thong shoved it down.

When DJ saw her put her hand on the bed to steady herself as she stepped out of the thong, he sat up and tried to slide away from her.

“Mom, there’s no way we can...”

His words turned into a started yelp when she grabbed his arm and pulled him back down onto the bed. Beth put her hands on his chest as she crawled up onto the bed. As DJ stared up at her, his blue eyes wide as he kept stammering how this was wrong, Beth swung her right leg over his hips.

She reached between them, grabbed his cock and with no hesitation guided it to her pussy and let her weight go.

“Oh fuck!” Beth howled as her pussy, which hadn’t had anything bigger than a slim vibrator in it for months, stretched around her son’s thick cock.

She whimpered as it was actually uncomfortable at the moment, but that didn’t stop her from wiggling her hips and working his cock inside her, as she remained still, impaled on her son’s hard flesh.

Beneath her, DJ had cried out in shock mixed with pleasure. His eyes were still wide, but were focused downward where his mother was sitting on his cock. Her tight dress had remained over her hips and her pussy, especially her swollen protruding clit was in full view.

“So fucking big,” Beth groaned as she lifted then lowered her hips a few inches, trying to get herself accustomed to his girth. “So fucking hard!”

“Oh my god, mom.” DJ moaned. “You...you’re fucking me!”

“Nothing gets past you, does it?” Beth laughed then groaned as she lifted herself higher and drove down harder.

The discomfort was fading as her recently neglected pussy slowly spread to accommodate the huge cock inside it. Beth kept her hands on DJ’s chest and was breathing hard as she worked her hips; she had thought it was exciting to have her mouth full of this beautiful dick, but that sensation paled in comparison to having her cunt stuffed with it.

Beth was now bouncing up and down, riding him faster and harder and crying out not just in pleasure, but the sheer joy of getting fucked. She jumped when DJ finally moved beneath her and put his hands on her hips below her dress.

“Yes,” she moaned as she smiled down at him. “That’s it, DJ, be mama’s good boy and show me how much you like me fucking you.”

DJ moaned louder than the bad actor in the porn had, but squeezed her hips in his strong hands and was now pushing and pulling on them, guiding her along his cock. Beth leaned back, pushing him deeper and even as she now worked her hips, front to back, teasing him inside her, she slipped her arms through the straps of her dress,

Beth yanked it down, causing her tits to spring free and at this point she thought DJ’s eyes were going to fall out of his head.

“Holy shit, mom,” he whispered and his hands immediately left her hips to grab her breasts.

“You like them, baby?” Beth put her hands over his, pushing on them and encouraging her son to fondle them. “Mama has a nice rack, doesn’t she?”

“They’re fucking amazing!” For the first time, DJ’s nerves seemed to fade as he continued to squeeze her large soft breasts.

Beth groaned and worked her hips faster when his palms slid over her large sensitive nipples and when she directed his fingers to them and he rubbed them, her pussy contracted around his cock. DJ gasped and with a sly smile, Beth contracted her pussy several times in succession, squeezing and milking his cock within her.

“Little girls you fuck at school don’t know how to do that, do they?”

DJ’s answer became a gasp when Beth resumed moving up and down, riding him more aggressively than before. Her son’s gaze was on her chest as he seemed mesmerized by the way her big tits were bouncing with her movements.

He grew bolder and rolled her nipples between his fingers, squeezing them gently. Beth released his hands and grabbing her long hair, lifted it over her head while briefly switching back to sliding across his lap.

She was posing for him and his formerly skittish gaze was replaced by one of lust as she watched his mother, slowly and sensually ride him.

“How’s mama look riding your cock?” Beth released her hair and leaning forward, put her hands on his shoulders and went to town, driving her hips up and down as fast as she could manage.

“Oh, fuck, mom!” DJ cried out as his mother wantonly road him like she was trying out for a role in a porn. Beth cut off any further comment, but leaning down and shoving her right tit in his face.

All traces of DJ’s reluctance were gone as he opened wide and eagerly sucked her had nipples into his mouth. His hands were still on her tits, cupping them and squeezing as he sucked and licked his mother’s swollen flesh.

Beth whimpered in pleasure and turned slightly to offer him her other breast. DJ went to work with his tongue and lips as Beth slammed up and down on him hard enough to make the king sized bed rock and creak in protest.

God knew this bed hadn’t seen this kind of action in far too long, and Beth reveled in the sound of not just the protesting box spring, but the head board now banging against the wall. DJ was moaning and groaning around her nipple and his hips were now moving, thrusting up into his mother’s sopping slit.

Beth tried to match his frenzied rhythm, but couldn’t move that fast. It dawned on her when his moans sounded more desperate around her flesh why his hips were jerking as they were.

“Yeah?” Beth purred down at him. “You ready to come for mama, already?” The idea her son was ready to explode for her made her work her hips in hard tight circles, eliciting more of those adorable whimpers from him.

“That’s okay, baby, you go on and cum, your mama will make sure you’re hard enough to fuck her again in no time!”

DJ groaned and as he squeezed her breasts hard enough to border on painful in his excitement, something thumped next to the bed. Their heads both turned reflexively and Beth noticed it was one of her heels he had pulled out with her lingerie.

She turned her attention back to her son’s red and now sweating face, wanting to see his expression as he lost control and emptied his balls inside his horny mother...for the first, but certainly not the last time, tonight.

DJ however, still had his head turned and was back to looking like a deer in headlights. Beth slowed her hips down and followed his gaze. He was staring at a picture on the nightstand of the three of them at his high school graduation, DJ proudly displaying his diploma while standing between her and Donald.

“Mom, I can’t!” He turned back to her and this time when he pushed on her hips, it was hard enough to slide her off his cock and almost fall over backwards on the bed.

“Yes, you can!” Beth groaned as his cock was removed from her dripping slit. “We both want this! It’s...”

“But, dad!” DJ sat up and pointed to the picture. “This isn’t fair to him! You’re cheating on him!” He shook his head and added. “With me! We’re both cheating on...”

“Screw your father!” Beth’s anger returned, anger fueled by having what she needed so badly just taken away from her. “You’re going to come for me, DJ, just like you’ve thought about in that dirty little mind of yours!”

Before he could react, Beth, who was kneeling between his legs, bent over and took his still hard cock back into her mouth. DJ put his hands on her shoulders, but pushed them aside, removing his cock to whisper.

“You’re going to be mama’s good boy and lay there and cum for me and stop pretending you don’t want to.”

Beth returned to his cock and proceeded to devour her son like a starving man a buffet. She wasn’t just sucking him, she was attacking him. Taking him so deep and so fast she was gagging when the tip of his cock hit the back of her throat.

Spit poured from the sides of her mouth as she gobbled his big dick, and her eyes were now watering as she repeatedly forced him deeper and deeper into her mouth. Beth grabbed his balls, rubbing them as she sucked, and was jerking him off so fast; she kept hitting her chin with her hand.

DJ was making those desperate noises he had at the beginning and again, they fueled the already twisted lust that was overwhelming her. DJ felt bad for his father; that cheating fucking dog that had led her to become so desperate for affection she was fucking their son?

Beth would show him, show him by sucking off their son in their bed and draining those full young balls right down her throat. Beth was moaning in between her sloppy noisy sucking as she enjoyed the taste of her pussy juices from her son’s flesh.

DJ’s hands were back on his shoulders, but they were shaking and there was no force behind them. His thighs were trembling and his body tense as his mother worked his cock with all the considerable skill of her mouth and tongue.

“Mom...Oh, mom, stop sucking...oh...I’m going to...”

DJ released a long loud moan that was a mix of ‘oh my god that feels good’ and “Oh no!” and the next time Beth buried him down her throat his cock jerked and he exploded.

Beth gagged and flinched as a thick hot spurt of cum shot into her mouth, causing the white fluid to drool out of the sides of her mouth and down his twitching shaft. Undeterred she continued to suck and easily let the next several spurts slide down her eager throat.

Beth’s eyes were closed and she moaned contentedly as she hungrily devoured her son’s big hot load. She eased her lips up his shaft so just the tip was between her lips and furiously pumped his cock, jerking him off into his mother’s greedy mouth.

The cum that had escaped her mouth was being turned into sticky white paste as her hand rubbed it into him and releasing his cock, she took him deep and swirled her tongue licking his shaft clean.

His balls twitched in her hand and best of all were the moans and those desperate whining sounds DJ made as he fought not to enjoy the fact his mother was sucking him off. She opened her eyes to stare at him as she slurped and sucked hard for the last few drops oozing from his tip.

DJ's eyes were on hers and he was now saying 'mom' over and over again as he seemed in a state of shock watching her drain his full balls, taking every drop, even the ones she'd initially spilled.

Beth opened wide, letting his cock pop out of his mouth and a few drops of cum dripped down her chin and onto his twitching cock.

"Aw, my good boy's were so full," she smacked her lips. "But mama took care of you didn't she?"

"I can't believe you did that." He managed to whisper while trying to catch his breath.

"Did that?" Beth rolled her eyes. "You sound like your boring father. I sucked your fucking cock and swallowed your load." She sat up on her knees and grabbing the hem of her dress, pulled it up over her head and tossed it away.

"Now it's my turn." Reaching between her legs, Beth rubbed her swollen clit. "Be mama's good boy and make me come."

DJ was lying there propped up on his elbows staring between her legs where she was teasing her red nails through the small patch of blonde fuzz over her slit before pushing them through her pink lips.

He bit his lip and she could see the hunger in his eyes and she couldn't help notice his cock was still hard and jerking against his stomach, a thin trail of white fluid still oozing from it. But when he spoke, he sent another wave of frustration through her.

"We have to stop mom." He started to turn to the side to get off the bed. "What if dad ever found out?"

"Don't you dare get go anywhere!" Beth surprised even herself at this point when she not only grabbed his arm and shoved him backwards, but slid up on top of him so she was now straddling his chest.

Grabbing the headboard for balance, Beth rocked back so her feet were now flat on the bed and rose into a crouch. DJ started to push himself up again, but Beth quickly leaned forward and squatting over him, shoved her pussy into his face.

DJ released a startled cry as Beth dropped back to her knees, pinning DJ's shoulders to the bed, and grinding her wet pussy into him.

"Lick it!" She moaned as she worked her clit into his face. "Be a good boy and lick your mama's pussy! Make me cum, DJ!"

DJ stared up at her, that look of helpless desire on his face once more and with a low groan he flicked his tongue out across her clit.

"Yes!" Beth purred, working her hips in circles and rubbing her clit into her son's tongue. "Right there, honey, just like that!"

DJ bent his arms, grabbing her ass and she groaned when he spread her cheeks wide and pushed his face up into her pussy.

“Oh, you do want to eat me, don’t you?” Beth whimpered as she gripped the headboard harder and used it to move back and forth, riding her son’s face the way she had his cock. “I knew my good boy really wanted to taste his mama!”

Beth should have been appalled at the way she was speaking, not just the words, but how easily they came to her. She sounded like the mother in that movie DJ had been watching, the one her first reaction to was how sick it was.

But right now all that mattered was her son’s rigid tongue on her throbbing clit as his mother sat on his face. DJ was far from suffering as he fondled her ass while his tongue licked her clit with an enthusiasm that she knew was far more real than the weak protests he kept making.

Again, with his size and strength, along with the fact Beth would never force him if she seemed completely reluctant; DJ could easily have gotten off the bed. Instead he let his mother straddle and shamelessly feed him her pussy.

Beth slid her hips forward and cried out when DJ’s tongue plunged into her sopping slit. He delighted her by pulling her hips down and pressing her hot wet flesh completely against his face.

DJ swirled his tongue inside her and Beth wiggled her hips as he noisily slurped her juices from her slit. She rose up so she was once again squatting and with his arms now free, DJ wrapped them around her thighs and pushing his head off the pillow kept his tongue inside her.

Beth moaned as he moved his head enough to shove his tongue in and out of her and she cried out, “Oh, you bad boy, tongue fucking your mother!”

As hot as that was, Beth needed to come and moved her hips back so his tongue was one again on her aching button. DJ sucked on her clit hard enough to make her yelp and his hands slid up her stomach and she gasped when he squeezed her breasts.

His fingers found her nipples as his tongue danced across her clit. Beth rocked back and forth and side to side, helping her son’s eager tongue bring her closer to a desperately needed orgasm.

“Oh, oh, oh fuck!” Beth whimpered as her thighs shook and her toes curled into the bed. “Keep licking, DJ, be mama’s good boy and just keep licking me!”

DJ rolled her nipples between his fingers and Beth stopped moving her hips, whimpering as her body was right on the edge of exploding. When he squeezed her nipples sharply while sucking hard on her clit, Beth exploded.

Throwing her head back she released a long high pitched squeal as her hips went into over drive grinding her pussy hard into her son’s rapidly moving tongue. Her knuckles popped as she gripped the head board while bucking up and down on DJ’s face.

“Yes, yes, yes!” She screamed as wave after wave of pleasure crashed through her convulsing pussy. “I’m coming, baby! I’m coming so fucking hard for you!”

Her words were as embarrassingly bad as the dialogue in the porn movies that had been part of what passed as her sex life the last few months, but in the heat of the moment she was caught up in the ecstasy of being in ecstasy.

DJ kept her orgasm flowing, twisting her nipples with a confidence that showed he was a more than willing participant in their taboo romp, and keeping his tongue pressed to her clit despite her squirming.

Beth let loose with another porn star caliber squeal as her pussy contracted, then released and she felt a warm gush flow from her pussy and into DJ's face.

"Oh, oh, God I needed that." Beth slumped over the headboard, resting the side of her face against the cool surface of the bedroom wall. After a few ragged breaths she giggled. "Now that's really being mama's good boy."

Beth lifted her leg and swung it over her prone son as she turned around and leaned against the headboard.

"Honey, I haven't come that hard in years." So hard that between the power of the orgasm and the lingering effects of too much tequila, Beth felt lightheaded and not only was her vision starting to blur to where she was seeing two of all the pictures on the wall across from her, but they were moving.

"Wow," she giggled again as she stretched her legs out in front of her. "Haven't been this drunk in years either."

In front of her, DJ had sat up and looked as if he were in a state of shock. His face, which was beet red and glistening from having his mother straddling it, seemed oddly focused, but he all he was looking at was the bed between them.

It was if he were overwhelmed with what had just happened and had no idea how to react. Beth couldn't blame him; the whole thing was pretty damn surreal. For instance the fact she was sitting on her bed, completely naked with her legs shamelessly spread open seemed like something that should be part of a strange wet dream and not a reality.

Before she'd ended up in this position, she had sucked her son's cock, rode him, and then sucked him off before sitting on his damn face and coming like a wildcat. She should be overcome with shame, or be in the same state of shock DJ seemed to be in.

Yet she found herself relaxed, satisfied, and feeling way to comfortable with what had just happened. So comfortable in fact, she was staring at her son's naked body as if there was nothing wrong with it.

Because there wasn't; DJ was a good looking boy with a nice body and an even nicer cock. Her eyes sought out his cock and widened when she saw he was once again fully erect.

"Hmm, someone looks like he's not done yet." As she spoke, DJ blinked and looked up from the bed to stare at her. "You want more, baby?"

Beth spread her legs wider, so that he was now kneeling between her feet, and beckoned to him with her finger. "Come on in," she emitted that high pitched tipsy giggle again. "The water's fine."

“You did this to us,” he whispered, his eyes on her face rather than between her legs. “You made me fuck you.”

“Honey, I’m half your size and drunk. I didn’t make you do anything.” She cocked her head and pointed to his cock. “You were hard when I came in and you’re just as hard now. Or am I forcing you to be hard.”

“You are making me hard.” His voice had an edge to it, and he was now staring her in the eye. “You made me hard with that dress, then you came in here and started talking nasty and…” he took a deep breath. “You made me want you. You’re making me want you again!”

“You say it like it’s a bad thing.” She winked.

“It is!” he snapped angrily at her. “We just did something bad and…” he lowered his eyes and was now staring between her legs. “And goddamn it mom, you’re making me do it again!”

Beth cried out in surprise when DJ grabbed her ankles and yanked her towards him. Her back slid down the headboard and her head bounced off the mattress as he tugged her down the bed until her thighs were long his knees.

DJ shifted his grip, slipping his hands under her knees, and bending her legs, slammed his cock inside her.

“Oh, fuck!” Beth shouted as DJ leaned forward so her feet were on his chest and tore into her, pounding her with long hard strokes that had her yelping each time he buried himself within her.

“It was just a dirty fantasy!” He hissed down at her. “I would have never told you or tried to touch you!”

DJ rose up on his knees so he was higher over her and using her feet on his chest to hold him up, grabbed her breasts and squeezed them as he continued to hammer her pussy.

“I was ashamed of myself thinking about you, but I thought it would be okay, I’d get over it and you’d never know!”

“Oh, I know now!” Beth started to laugh but it turned into a loud squeal as he somehow found another gear and drive into her with what seemed like the full strength of his hips.

She’d barely gotten used to him when she was on top and controlling the pace, but with him on top and pounding her this hard; he had her yelping and squealing as his fucking her bordered on painful.

“Then you come in here in that dress and you won’t leave and you start talking dirty! Then you act like you want it.”

“Not acting, and oh my fucking god, do I want you!” Beth yelled up at him as she reached behind her and placed her palms against the headboard so the force of his thrusts wouldn’t shove her head into it.

“You’re not supposed to want me, and I’m not supposed to want you, but I do!” he moaned, and there was a note of surrender in it that made Beth’s pussy clutch around his cock. “I want you so bad!”

“Then take me!” Beth challenged him, staring him in the eye. “Take that pussy! Show your cock teasing mother what she gets when she makes her good boy be bad for her!”

“Tell me,” DJ moaned. “Tell me I’m your good boy.”

“You’re mama’s good boy, DJ.” Beth reached up and gently took his face in her hands, her finger tips lightly caressing his cheeks. “You’re giving your mother just what she needs!”

“You need this?”

“I need you, baby! I need my boy’s big cock stuffing my hot cunt!” Drunk or not, Beth still couldn’t believe how easily this was all happening, how she could shamelessly talk like this to her son... while he fucked her like a cheap whore.

Like the whores her husband fucked, like the one he was probably fucking right now.

“Again,” DJ made that little whimpering sound that Beth found both exciting and adorable at the same time. “Say it again.”

“Look at my good boy!” she urged him on. “Look at you making mama happy!”

DJ removed his hands from her breasts and grabbing the top of the headboard, slid his legs out behind him. He was now over her as if he were doing a push up, his hips driving down into her as he held himself up.

Beth howled as her feet were still pressed to his chest, but now directly over her head as she was bent like a pretzel beneath him. Her knees were pushing into her breasts and even in the throes of passion, part of her dreaded how sore she’d be in the morning.

Not just her legs and back from being contorted into a helpless ball, but her pussy was going to be feeling it as her son continued what at this point was as much an assault as a fucking. But Beth wasn’t complaining, in fact she loved every fucking minute of it.

She was in sensory overload, trying to take in everything at once. She reached up and grabbed DJ’s taut arms, squeezing his rigid forearms as he used the headboard as leverage to pound her even harder.

Even her feet her red toes curled into his hairy chest, looked sexy. But not as sexy as her big tits bouncing wildly from his relentless onslaught on her pussy, and best of all, the sight of his long, thick, glistening cock sliding in and out of his mother’s shamelessly wet cunt.

The room was filled with the sounds of her high pitched yelps; her son’s guttural grunts as he repeatedly slammed himself balls deep into her, and the deliciously wet sound of his hard cock sinking into her sopping slit.

“”You’re fucking me so hard!” Beth groaned, and then gave him a nasty smile as she looked up into his sweating face. “You mad at me, baby? You mad your nasty mother got you all hot and bothered?”

“Yes!” he said without hesitation.

“Mad I sucked your cock and rode you? Mad I drained your balls down my throat?”

“Yes,” he repeated as his hands squeezed the head board so hard, she heard his knuckles pop.

“Mad I shoved my cunt in your face and it got you so hot you needed to fuck me again?”

“You made me want this!” he hissed at her. “I always want to be your good boy and make you happy.”

“Then make us both happy and fuck your mama the way you’ve been dreaming of! Fuck me the way you think about when you jerked off into my panties and stockings! Fuck me like those boys in the movies fuck their hot mama!”

Beth managed to laugh in between her yips and cries of pleasure. “Except this isn’t a movie, this is really your drunk, horny mother sucking and fucking that gorgeous cock.”

“You want me to fuck you like you’re one of those nasty moms?” DJ stopped thrusting and to her dismay eased from within her as he sat back on his knees.

“Damn straight I do!” Beth let her legs slip from his shoulders and went to sit up, intent on grabbing his cock and shoving that beautiful piece of hard flesh back into her greedy pussy.

“Well a good boy always does what mama wants.” DJ shoved her back down onto the bed hard enough to make her bounce.

The force of the shove sent a thrill through her, but it paled in comparison to her excitement when DJ grabbed her slender hips and with a wrench of his shoulders flipped her over onto her stomach.

Beth put her hands out to prevent her face from being planted into the bed, but as soon as he turned her over, DJ leaned over, grabbed her wrists, and yanked her arms towards him. She gasped as he pressed her hands together in order to hold them in one of his.

DJ swept his left arm under her and pulled her up and back so her ass was in the air while her face remained pressed to the mattress. Still holding her hands behind her back, he gave her a hard slap to the left side of her ass that made her squeal in surprised pain.

“This is how a nasty mother who makes her son want her should get fucked!” he dealt the other side of her ass an equally hard blow that caused her to yelp and wince as both sides of her ass were now stinging.

That discomfort was forgotten, when DJ grabbed a handful of her long hair and yanked back on it hard enough to force her head up and cause a sharp pain in her scalp. She started to tell him to go easy, but what came out was a loud cry as he slammed his cock into her so hard she would have been driven into the headboard if he didn’t have hold of her hair.

DJ proceeded to tear into her with such force it made the way he had been fucking her a minute ago seem gentle. He continued to squeeze her hands in his large strong grip as well as tug on her hair as he fucked her with long powerful strokes.

Beth’s eyes rolled back and her previous yelps and sharp cries had turned into one continuous uncontrollable howl as her mouth remained open in a wide O. DJ was fucking her with a savagery she’d only seen in a few rape fantasy videos she’d stumbled on while scanning through porn sites.

Her pussy was being pummeled by his relentless cock and her shoulders were aching from having her arms pinned back. Beth's ass was still feeling the effects of his vicious slaps and he was pulling her hair hard enough to make her eyes water.

Or maybe her eyes were watering from the hardcore pounding her son was giving her. Regardless of which one it was, all Beth knew was despite the pain, and the sheer violence of the fucking she was receiving...

She loved it.

Not only loving the force with which her son, no longer a boy, but a man, a big strong man, was taking her with, but the idea that this was a fucking Donald had never or could ever give her. Let him pay his little whores to whimper and moan and tell him how good he was because right now his wife was getting the goddamn fucking of a lifetime.

From his son.

"Oh...my...fucking...god!" Beth moaned each word in between DJ's manic thrusts.

"Like that?" DJ growled behind her. "Like driving your son so wild he can't help fucking you?"

"I love the way you're fucking me!" She turned her head as far as she could to try and look at him. "Love the way you're taking your mother! You are such a good boy!"

"You're such a bad, cock teasing mother!" DJ released her hair and her hands, and grabbing her ass, squeezed her cheeks so hard she groaned in pain in between her sounds of pleasure. "Making me want you, making me fuck you!"

Beth had let her arms fall limply to her sides as she remained prone on the bed, enduring her son's punishing thrusts as he slammed her pussy in a frenzy of lust and frustration. There were no mixed feelings on her part, however.

Each time he buried his cock within her wet, aching pussy, his heavy balls slapped against her clit and to her surprise, Beth tensed and her thighs quivered as her bodies response to being roughly used by her son was to inch closer to orgasm with each powerful thrust.

Slipping her right hand beneath her, Beth reached down between her legs and rubbed her clit as her son fucked her senseless.

"I'm not making you!" She struggled to speak as her sopping pussy contracted around his merciless cock. "You're doing what you've always done, be my good boy and making me happy!"

"This makes me your good boy?" He squeezed her ass even harder, his fingers digging in to her soft flesh as his thrusts became shorter, but much faster and just as damn hard. "Fucking you makes me a good son?"

"The best son!" Beth pushed herself up on her elbow and looked over her shoulder at him. "I don't know any other mom's whose son can make them come!"

"No other mom would want them to and no other son would!" DJ still seemed angry and taking that anger out in the form of using his massive cock to batter his mother's ravenous pussy.

Beth's fingers were working her clit in hard circles and her breath was coming in short sharp gasps as her exhausted and alcohol impaired body strained to come.

"They don't know what they're missing!" Beth struggled to keep encouraging him as she feverishly worked her clit while now pushing her ass back into his plunging cock and wiggling it against him each time was buried balls deep within her.

"Because we're not supposed to do this." DJ's words came out in a rush and there was an increasingly desperate urgency in his rapid thrusts.

"But we are!" Beth whimpered as her boy gathered itself for release. "Because you're being mama's good boy, aren't you?"

"Yes!" DJ shouted, startling her. "I'm your good boy, mama! I'm always your...Oh fuck, mom!"

DJ cried out as his cock suddenly erupted inside her. At the first warm jet of his cum shooting deep inside her, Beth's body exploded. Lifting her head she wailed ecstatically as her pussy convulsed around her son's spurting cock.

"Oh god, oh fuck!" DJ moaned, his voice sounding like a conflicted mix of pleasure and remorse.

But his hips were thrusting and his amazing cock squirting within her, painting the walls of her quivering pussy with his hot cum. Beth's hips were bucking wildly against him and she managed to keep her fingers moving, working her pulsing clit and fueling the powerful orgasm that was smashing through her pleasure wracked body.

When DJ pushed himself so deep his balls rested against her hand, she reached further back and cupped them, gently squeezing as his spent cock twitched inside her. He released a soft whimper as his mother's pussy wrung a few more drops from him.

Beth made a similar sound as the last waves of her orgasm flowed through her exhausted body, and with one last shuddering moan, she slumped forward in the bed, noting how wet the sheet was from her sweating.

She lay there breathing hard, her right arm still beneath her as it seemed to be too much effort to move it. Beth felt as if she could close her eyes and sleep for a week, but with what seemed like an enormous effort, she managed to roll over onto her back.

"Holy shit," she whispered. "The damn room is spinning."

"That's because you're drunk." DJ had remained on his knees, but had slid over to one side of the bed when she'd stretched out.

"Well, that may be so!" Beth gave him a tired smile. "But I think it's because I just came like a goddamn freight train, while getting fucked silly."

"Right," DJ frowned as he looked at her. "You okay? You're all red."

"I'm red because of what I just said." She giggled. "And, yup, your mother is pretty damn drunk."

"You want a bottle of water?"

“That would be great.” Beth nodded into the bed as she felt unable to lift her head. “There’s a couple of bottles in the bathroom, your dad always get’s thirsty in the middle of the night.”

The second she said the word ‘dad’ Beth knew she’d made a mistake. DJ’s eyes immediately went to the picture on the nightstand, and she could see the guilt and shame on his face. The fact she was feeling neither of those emotions was a damning indictment to just how upset she was with Donald for his cheating.

DJ slid off the bed without a word and crossed the bedroom to enter the adjoining bathroom. Beth wanted to say something to him, but what? “Don’t worry, honey, your dad will never know you ate your mother’s pussy and fucked her like a cheap slut in his bed’ didn’t seem like it would help much.

In the meantime, she stared at her son’s impressive naked body as he walked past her on his way to the bathroom. His still dripping, semi hard cock looked delicious and she swore if she managed to stay awake for awhile, it would be in her mouth again in no time.

His ass was almost as fine and Beth thought this was what she had envisioned the night being; torrid sex with a hot young stud. She’d just never imagined that stud who’d fuck her like she’d never been fucked before would be her son.

Beth lay there trying to keep her heavy eyes open, telling herself she would say something to make DJ feel better. She must have lost the battle when her eyes jerked open as DJ sat on the bed next to her.

She noticed he had put his sweat pants and T-shirt back on, and that she was now covered by the comforter. The lingerie he’d had strewn about the bed was gone, and she spotted her dress on top of the hamper in the corner of the room.

“I fell asleep.” She heard it come out as ‘shleep’ and grimaced at how dry her throat was all of a sudden. But she could still faintly taste his cum in her mouth and that nasty thought made her smile up at him.

“Yeah, but I wanted to wake you up to drink this so you don’t get dehydrated.” He held the bottle of water up, and then extended his other hand, where two aspirins rested on his palm. “And take these.”

Beth tried to push herself up on her elbows, but she found she could barely mover her arms.

“Wow, I’m out of it.”

DJ put the water on the nightstand, and slipping his arm under her shoulders, helped her sit up and rest against the headboard. He handed her the water and pills and Beth chugged the entire bottle before handing it back and putting her hand on his cheek.

“Thank you, honey; you really are my good boy, aren’t you?”

“Please never say that again.” There was no anger in his tone, just a sadness that made her wish he was mad. Mad would have been easier to deal with, especially when he noticed the comforter had slid down exposing her breasts and quickly pulled it up to cover them. “Not after what we just did.”

Beth felt her fist pang of emotion of the evening, but it wasn't the remorse she should have felt, instead it was a bizarre sadness that DJ was ashamed of what they'd just shared. Because what we shared was something society deemed sick and twisted.

Her emotion must have showed on her face, because DJ sighed and put his hand on her bare shoulder.

"I'm sorry, mom, but this was just...I don't know what happened or how or why or..." He looked away from her. "What happens next?"

"What do you want to happen next?" She asked, hoping his answer wouldn't be what in reality would be the right one.

"I...I don't think we should ever talk about this again." He gave her shoulder a soft squeeze before moving his hand. "Can we do that?"

Beth felt her eyes well up and tried to tell herself it was the drinking, but it wasn't. As raunchy as the sex had been, and with the last person she should have ever been with, she'd felt wanted. Not just wanted, but she'd felt like a woman.

Not a business owner, or wife or mom, but a sexual and very satisfied woman. The long sought satisfaction didn't seem meant to last as her son's regret brought her crashing back to reality.

"Whatever you want, DJ," she said quietly, trying to keep her voice from trembling. "We'll never talk about this. I promise."

"That's what I want." He nodded. "You okay?"

"Yeah," she lied, "Just sleepy."

"Okay," DJ gave her an odd look, and then surprised her by leaning over and kissing her.

His lips were tentative at first; barely grazing her red smeared lips, a lot of that lipstick was now on her son's cock, a thought that along with his kiss brought back a semblance of that sexy feeling once more.

When Beth returned the kiss, careful not to be too aggressive and put him off, DJ's lips pressed more firmly to hers. He made a soft sound in his throat as the kiss lingered and Beth parted her lips and worked them teasingly across her son's mouth.

The kiss stopped abruptly, as if DJ had caught himself liking it and brought his conflicted feelings back.

"Sorry, I just..." he gave her a shy smile, the one she'd always loved best on him, the one that made her recall the shy sweet boy he was before he'd become a man. "I thought about doing that as much as the," he lowered voice as if someone would hear him. "Other stuff."

"You can kiss me anytime, honey." She couldn't help adding. "And anywhere."

Her words didn't have the effect on him she was hoping for as he quickly stood up.

“Good night, Mom.” He gave her a nervous awkward wave and shut the lamp off by the bed, plunging the room into darkness.

“Good night my g...” Catching herself, Beth finished softly. “Goodnight, DJ.”

He mumbled something and she heard the door close as he left the room. Beth slid back down the bed so her head was on the pillow and now that he’d left tried to process what had happened. Not just why, but how had it happened?

She understood her end of things, it was called being so pathetic you’d take any attention she could get, even from her son. But what had set her son on a course to get to the point he was masturbating in her bed, with her things?

If this had happened when he was young and hadn’t had sex, it could be chalked up to teenage horniness and curiosity. DJ was twenty years old and had been dating since he was sixteen. He’d had several girlfriends that he’d been with for a few months and knew he’d been sleeping with them; he certainly knew what sex was and had never gone without.

Beth tried to keep focusing on what they’d done as now that she was alone and quiet it seemed to becoming more real by the second. But her inebriated state, along with the incredible sex and two powerful orgasms had her mind growing sluggish and her eyes kept closing.

Her last few thoughts weren’t about the amazing hardcore sex, but that kiss and how DJ had said he’d thought about kissing her as much as fucking her. That kiss, although it hadn’t lasted long made her realize she missed simple affection as much as sex.

The final image she held in her mind before she slipped off into the warm embrace of sleep was of DJ staying in bed with her, both of them naked and him holding her from behind. His arm would be around her waist, his face nuzzled in her neck and their bodies touching from top to bottom.

He’d tell her he loved her as he had every day since he could talk, but it would have a different meaning this time. She would smile and with a wink tell him he was mama’s good boy...in every way.

Chapter Five

Beth awoke to the sound of the phone ringing by her head. She sat up with a start and immediately fell back into the pillow, her head pounding in time with her racing heart.

“Oh, fuck me,” she whispered as just the small strips of light coming through the partially open blinds sent a searing pain through her eyes.

Beth turned her head to stare at the phone. They only still had a home phone because it was part of their bundle deal Verizon. Her, Donald, and even DJ used their cells all the time. As the phone continued to blast through the room at what seemed like an unholy pitch, she couldn’t remember the last time someone other than a telemarketer called it.

She reached for it, planning on smacking the receiver off the hook and going back to sleep. When the fog cleared from her mind enough to realize she left her phone downstairs in her purse last night, she decided to answer it in case it was an emergency.

“Hello?”

“Wow, ten in the morning and you’re still in bed?” Donald’s voice made her wince, and not just from the volume, but the fact the second she heard it all she could think of was what they’d both done last night...someone other than each other.

But at least Donald hadn’t had sex with a family member. Good job on taking it to the next level, Beth!

“Yeah,” she cleared her throat which felt as if she’d been gargling with sand paper. “Late night last night.”

“You girls aren’t as young as you used to be,” he laughed. “But hey, neither am I. I was in bed at nine last night.

But you weren’t in bed alone, were you?

She refrained from voicing that question, and forcing herself to sit up, replied. “How’d you know I went out last night?”

“You mentioned you were going to.” Donald reminded her. “And I talked to DJ when you weren’t answering your cell; he said you came home feeling pretty good.”

Your son felt pretty good last night too, you prick.

“That all he said?” Beth’s head was beginning to clear, and she felt the first, and she figured probably not the last, twinge of nerves over last night.

“About you, that was pretty much it except for mentioning you got a ride home when I asked if you’d driven like that.”

DJ had said a ride, not a cab, good boy.

“He did sound kind of weird though.”

“He’s a twenty year old college student,” Beth tried to joke. “He is weird.”

“No, when I called he was getting ready to go for a run, but you know he’s like an open book. I could hear he had something on his mind.”

“He seemed okay, last night before I went out.”

“I asked what was up, but he said he needed to process something as he put it.” Donald laughed again. “He looks like me, but he’s your kid through and through.”

“He’s the best of both of us.” Beth answered casually, trying to make this like any other boring meaningless conversation they’d had for the last few months.

“True, but he acts a lot like you, that’s why I always bust his balls and call him a mama’s boy.”

Oh, he was Mama’s boy last night; shot a load between both sets of your wife’s lips.

Beth frowned at that vulgar last thought, she couldn’t blame drinking for that one, and she was painfully sober at the moment.

“He is a good boy, I’ll talk to him when he gets back, see what’s up. “

“He may not talk to you, sometimes it’s, you know, guy stuff.”

“Trust me, Donald, I have my ways,” She laughed, thinking her husband had no idea what she had gotten DJ to do last night.

“Give it a go, he really sounded put off. I told him I’ll call him back after he gets back from his run.”

Good, she’d be able to talk to him first.

“So did you want anything other than to wake me up?”

“Oh, ouch.” Donald grunted. “I remember when you loved me waking you up.”

“I remember when you woke me up for something better than telling me to get my ass moving or we’ll be late for work.”

“Not everything is about sex, Beth,” he sighed. “I called to see how you were, and got worried when you didn’t answer.”

“I’m fine, just had a few too many. How is Chicago?”

“The usual conference crap. Trust me, you’re not missing anything. Bunch of boring ad execs talking shop.”

“Then hooking up with the call girls that hover around those things like vultures?” Beth couldn’t resist a veiled dig.

“Yeah, well, you’ve been to them, you know how it is. Lot of guys make that part of why they travel.”

“Not you though,” Beth pushed it. “You’re a good man, aren’t you, honey?”

“I’m not perfect, but I won’t sink to the level of those dogs.” He replied so seriously that she wanted to scream the word liar at him and text him the pictures she had.

“That and you obviously have no interest in sex these days.” Beth took the one shot she could and smiled at his reaction which she knew would be him thinking ‘with you anyway’

“Yeah, you’re funny. Why don’t you go back to sleeping it off, and I’ll get to work on keeping B&D moving.”

“Least you’re moving something.”

“If you can get your ass out of bed, see what’s up with our son. If not I’ll take care of that too.”

Donald hung up so hard she gasped and yanked the phone from her ear. Gently putting it down so she wouldn’t make any more noise, Beth rubbed her throbbing temples. She shouldn’t have picked another fight, not after what she did last night.

Right now she was no better than him and the ‘he started it’ mentality wasn’t exactly becoming of the grown ass woman she was supposed to be. Beth pushed Donald from her mind, something that was much easier to do, now that her sexual frustration had been relieved.

At this point even knowing he’d had one of his little whores last night wasn’t upsetting to her. What was upsetting was DJ being so obviously put off with last night, that even his dense father picked up on.

He hadn’t mentioned a cab, which would have had Donald asking why she’d do that. She’d never given him a reason not to trust her, but one thing she’d learned over the years, is that cheats thought like cheats and little things made them suspicious.

But he’d mentioned Donald last night and anytime he looked at the picture had a guilty reaction, if he had a hard time talking on the phone, how was he going to act when he saw his father face to face?

Donald was coming home tomorrow meaning Beth was going to have to try and talk to DJ about putting this behind them. Or perhaps keeping it going as a fun, nasty little secret where Beth got what she needed while rewarding DJ by continuing to fulfill his fantasies.

That last idea, like her crude thoughts while talking to Donald surprised her. She could pass off last night on being drunk and the shock of finding DJ naked in her bed watching mommy porn. Those two things combined with her prior humiliation of the evening, and her need to get back at Donald had been a perfect storm for their torrid taboo encounter.

Right now she was hung over, but very sober and considering an ongoing sexual affair...with her son? Beth shook her head, causing a fresh ache in her temples, and tried to take things one thing at a time.

First, getting her ass out of bed would be a good start. Beth kicked the covers off and grunted as the move caused a sharp pain in the back of her right thigh. She sat up and swinging her legs off the bed, felt more pain, this time not only in her legs, but her back was sore, and so was her ass when she spun on the bed.

Beth pushed herself to her feet and put her arms over her head, stretching. A wave of pain spread through her legs and lower back as she stretched, but she continued to do it, the same way she would after a hard workout at the gym.

“And I got worked out pretty hard.” Beth muttered.

She walked towards the bathroom and that was when she felt the soreness between her legs. In combination with the ache in her ass, Beth walked gingerly the rest of the way to the bathroom. She’d heard the joke about walking bow legged the next day after a serious fucking, but this was the first time she’d experienced it.

Mission accomplished, but who'd have thought it would be her son delivering a fucking so forceful she felt as if she'd been hit by a car. Beth entered the bathroom and after using it and once more noting how uncomfortable it was to sit, turned her back to the full length mirror on the bathroom door and looked over her shoulder.

"Oh, shit."

Her ass had red welts on both cheeks, approximately the length of DJ's fingers. Damn, he'd hit her hard. Worse than the red marks were the multitude of small purple bruises on both of her cheeks which she was sure would be an exact match for her son's fingers.

Not that Donald had any interest in seeing her naked these days, but she wouldn't even be able to be in her underwear in front of him because there was no other explanation for her battered ass other than what had happened.

Beth turned to the sink and grimaced at her reflection. She was sporting the freshly fucked look she'd hoped she'd be faced with this morning, but it wasn't pretty. Her thick lipstick was mostly gone, but some had smeared around her mouth making her look like a clown.

Her mascara had run from both her tears in the cab as well as her eyes watering from forcing DJ's thick cock down her throat. She'd been sweating through their romp and not only had that made her make up more of a mess, but she had strands of her hair stuck to her cheeks, and her usually lustrous chestnut hair was a tousled, sticky mess.

Beth peered out the small bathroom window and saw DJ's car was still gone. He liked to run at the school track and was usually gone a couple hours. The idea he might not want to see her and stay out all day crossed her mind, which wouldn't help her attempt to reconcile last night.

Hopefully he'd follow his routine and come back home to have something to eat, then shower and do whatever else he had planned for the day. One way or another she had time for a desperately needed shower.

Beth took her time in the shower, turning the stream to massage setting and letting the hot water ease the muscles in her back, ass and her upper thighs. Muscles that could only get a work out like that from the kind of sex she'd only dreamed of the last few years.

As she lathered herself with her vanilla scented body wash, Beth noted her nipples were also delightfully sore and as she caressed her breasts where her hands, they stiffened and she was surprised to feel a familiar heat growing between her thighs.

Beth washed her body, deliberately leaving her pussy for last and becoming increasingly horny as she did. Her mind played a montage of images from last night on a loop and her clit ached in response to them.

She recalled sucking DJ's cock and the sensation and taste of his cum filling her mouth. Beth riding that cock, then his face and finally that long hard fucking he'd delivered to her on her back and on her knees.

The incredible feeling of coming with him inside her and her clutching pussy milking his spurting cock as they consummated their night with what she felt was the ultimate taboo, her son filling her pussy with his cum.

By the time her soapy hand stroked her pussy; she was so worked up, she moaned aloud and putting her foot up on the edge of the tub, was ready to get herself off. She couldn't believe how horny she was after the best orgasms of her life last night and great sex.

Or more likely that was why she was so horny; she was sex drunk from finally getting what she wanted and was looking for more of the snake that bit her. She jumped when she heard a car door below the window, and lowering her leg, shut the water off.

Beth exited the shower to peek out the window and was relieved to see DJ had come home. As she hurriedly dried off, she heard the back screen door open and DJ enter the kitchen. Beth towel dried her hair, and went back to her room.

She went to her bureau and caught herself opening the drawer where she kept her 'sensible undergarments.' Screw that, it wasn't like DJ hadn't seen her much sexier things, hell he'd probably jerked off in half of them.

Like his father, DJ's favorite color was purple so Beth grabbed a thong in that color, that was little more than string, but did have a patch of heart shaped lace over her pussy. She pulled it on then donned the matching skimpy bra with the transparent lace hearts over her nipples.

Beth told herself she was only wearing the 'not safe for work or around the house' as she dubbed them because she wanted to keep that sexy feeling going from last night and just now in the shower.

She knew she was lying to herself and doing a piss poor job of it, Beth was hoping DJ may show that interest in her that was on full display last night and maybe she could convince him of how very different, and enjoyable life could be if he'd let it.

Beth went to grab her long frumpy robe from the bed post, but with an eye roll, went to her closet and found the very short, satin purple robe that went with the lingerie. She tied the robe, but left it loose enough to show off the inner half of her breasts and the purple lace barely containing them.

The robe didn't go too far past her ass, so pretty much the length of last night's come and get it dress. Beth took a quick look in the mirror and thought that she looked damn good, and without the make-up it was a more natural appearance than her the slutty overkill she'd sported last night.

Beth left her room and made her way carefully down the stairs so DJ wouldn't hear her coming down. She padded down the small back hallway that led to the kitchen and entered without him hearing her.

As soon as she laid eyes on him, her nipples hardened and a wave of heat flowed through her pussy. DJ stood before the open fridge door, in just his running shorts. His white t-shirt was balled up on the counter, and his well muscled upper body glistened with sweat.

Beth sucked on her lower lips as she took in his broad shoulders and the deep tan he'd gained from running and spending time by the pool. He chugged from a large bottle of water and when he was done, wiped the cool bottle across his face, striking a pose straight out of one of B&D's sexier campaigns.

Damn, her son was fine. How hadn't she noticed before?

Because you're not supposed to, you're his damn mother.

Beth walked up behind him and putting her hands on his warm back, purred. "Looking good, baby boy."

DJ spun around so quickly he stumbled over his own feet and would have fallen had he not managed to get his hand on the counter.

"Smooth!" Beth laughed as she squatted down to pick up the bottle of water which fortunately had so little left in it, it didn't make much of a puddle.

Speaking of puddles there was one spreading in her thong as she was now level with DJ's crotch, his obviously interested crotch. Not just his crotch was interested as when she looked up; his eyes were staring down her robe.

"You scared me." He swallowed hard, and gestured to her. "You need a hand getting up?"

"You certainly don't!" She winked. "I thought you'd like me down here, kind of like a scene in one of those movies."

"Mom, get up." DJ leaned over to grab her hand and tugged her to her feet. "What the hell are you wearing?"

"Oh, don't act like you haven't seen this before." She caught his chin, to hold his head still as he tried to look away. "Let's see your favorite color is purple, this sexy lace bra is purple, and your mother's tits have been in this bra."

"I thought we weren't going to talk about last night?"

"Or is it just my thongs you cum all over?" Beth snapped her fingers when something dawned on her. "Hey, that weird stain I found on my crushed velvet pumps wasn't from you spilling a drink while you were putting up my shoe rack, was it?"

DJ turned as red as the shoes in question had been and he yanked his head back, escaping her grip.

"Fine, it's what you thought, now..."

"Do you like feet?" she teased. "You think about your mother's pretty little feet on your cock or sucking my toes? Or do you just have a thing for shoes?"

"You promised!" He shouted at her, causing her to step back. "You said we'd forget last night!"

"Okay, well, I guess I lied." DJ went to step around her, but she put her hands on his chest. "You're not going anywhere, DJ, We need to talk."

"About what? About how you cheated on my father and I betrayed him?"

"Betrayed?" Beth whistled. "Wow, that's a dramatic statement, don't you think?"

"It's not funny, mom. What we did was disgusting, it was wrong!"

"Why?" Beth asked, and DJ paused to stare at her as if she were crazy, and considering what was going through her mind, maybe she was.

“What do you mean why? You’re my mother; that was incest and its sick.”

“And why is that?”

“Mom, what’s wrong with you? Everyone knows it’s wrong; that’s why they call it a taboo.”

“Taboo, that’s the name of that really popular porn movie, right? Beth took a couple steps back from him and hopped up on the kitchen table, so she was sitting on the edge of it facing him. “I know it was before your time, but there were a lot of them and they’re still all over porn sites.”

“I know what it is, but that’s a movie, not reality.”

“Honey, you know what we do in advertising?”

“What the hell does...?”

“Just answer the question.”

“Fine, we help customers sell their products and services.”

“Right, by creating a campaign to make people want that product and we do that by showing people that they want it. We deal in fantasies. We show someone something in a manner that makes them want it, until they need to buy it and make fantasy reality.”

“If you say so.” DJ shook his head. “Are you still drunk?”

“Point is everything that’s out there, every commercial, every book; movie and TV show is about something people want. If the material wasn’t popular no one would bother making it.”

“So your point is people make porn because it’s what they want to do?”

“Exactly, it’s their fantasies, but ones that could be reality.”

“Yeah, mom a threesome is something that could happen, not incest.”

“No? Then why is it so damn popular? Why so many videos and dirty stories about it? Why is Taboo one of the most iconic movies in adult film history?”

“It’s a big fantasy, I get it.”

“And every fantasy exists because people want it, but in this case people are told you can’t do it, but why the hell not?”

“Seriously, mom?”

“I’m not talking about someone forcing someone, but if two adults both want it, what’s wrong with it?” Beth had started on this path just to try and ease his conscious, but as she kept going, she found herself buying into the logic.

“DJ, you can sit there and say I made you do something, but let’s face it, you could have gotten up and walked away any time. Just because you gave me a few weak ‘mom, we can’t’ didn’t mean you didn’t want it as bad as I did.”

“Mom, I said we were wrong, I’m not putting it on you.” he told her.

“But why were we wrong? Honey, I come into my room and there you are naked, with my thong around your dick watching a mother son video. You wanted me.”

“I...had fantasies; I never wanted them to be real.”

“Bullshit!” She snapped. “Occasionally wondering, hey, I wonder what my mother would be like in bed is a passing fantasy. Blowing a damn load in my panties means you were thinking of me being in them.”

“I...”

“Just stop being so damn caught up in thinking we were wrong and just give me a simple answer. Did you want me last night?”

“Yeah.” He rubbed his temples with his hands. “Yeah, I did and I’m so sorry.”

“Just stick with yes.” Beth kept her voice level, trying not to yell at him for still whining about it. “I admit at first I was in what the fuck mode, but then I...” she frowned, how was she going to say this without getting into what his father was doing?

“You what?” DJ prodded her, which made her feel good; at least he was into the conversation.

“I told you I was in an insecure place, I wanted to feel wanted and when I realized you were seeing me in that way, I wasn’t offended, I was flattered. Then when I saw you were still hard and the way you were looking at me?”

“You wanted me, and I wanted someone to pay attention to me. We both enjoyed it, DJ, we made each other happy, and isn’t that what we’re supposed to do?”

DJ ran his fingers through his hair and as he mulled over her words, Beth playfully kicked her feet and noticed his eyes followed the movement, lingering on her legs before drifting higher to focus on her chest.

“You were my good boy last night, honey. You made me feel damn good and not just physically, it was so nice to be desired. I like to think I made you pretty happy too.” Beth gave him a sly smile, “Come on honey, how many son’s get to spank their mother?”

DJ tried to keep a somber expression, but a slight smile played about his lips.

“Yeah, you liked that. Paying your bitchy mom back for all those times I punished you?” Beth grew bolder. “And I bet you’re the only kid in school who got to cum in his mother’s mouth.”

“Okay, mom, fine, we had a great time last night, but now that it’s over, all I can keep thinking is...”

“Why does it have to be over?”

“Because it’s...”

“Do not say because it’s wrong again.” Beth interrupted him. “Forget about what’s right and wrong for others and think about what’s right for us.”

“But, mom, its,” He stopped when she raised her finger and gave him the look that told him it was her turn to talk, the same one she’d used on him since he was a child.

“Let me finish, because trust me, honey, I think you’re going to like what I have to say.”

“Okay,” he gestured to her. “Go ahead.”

“You admitted that you’ve wanted me.” He looked as if he were going to speak again, but stopped himself and gave her a weak nod. “Maybe I should have just thrown you out of my room, maybe I didn’t act as a mother.

“I acted like a woman who needed exactly what was right in front of her, and I took it.” Beth sighed. “And boy did you take me. DJ, the way you fucked me? All that didn’t come from some passing thoughts; you took me like you’d never wanted something so bad.”

DJ blushed and looked away, but not before Beth saw another hint of a smile on his face. There was also more than a hint of something else that seemed to be getting happier in his shorts.

“So seeing we both gave each other what we wanted and had such a damn good time doing it, I’m not thinking about right and wrong or should and shouldn’t.”

Beth slid off the table and stepped up to him. Putting her hands on his flat hard stomach, she whispered. “Baby, I’m thinking about all the possibilities.”

“Like what?” DJ was looking down, his eyes moving between her red tipped fingers on his stomach and the impressive amount of cleavage the robe revealed.

“Hmm,” Beth lightly tickled his stomach, enjoying the way his muscles tightened beneath her touch. “I’m so glad you asked.”

“In was thinking about all the hot sexy times you and I could share. I want you to think about all my lingerie that you stared at and played with. Think about seeing me in all of it, like this.”

Beth untied the robe, and easing it down her shoulders let it fall to the floor.

“How do I look?” She put her arms over her head and turned around, putting her back to him and letting him see her ass which except for the thin strip of purple material between her cheeks was fully exposed.

Beth gave him a sexy little shake, wiggling her ass before turning back around letting him stare at her large breast, in the skimpy bra. “You like?”

“Mom, you’re,” He shook his head as if in disbelief. “You’re so goddamn hot.”

“I’ll wear all of it for you honey. You can unwrap me or I’ll leave it on while you fuck me.”

“Fuck you,” he repeated in a barely audible whisper.

“Just like you did last night, except last night was just about getting that edge off. From now on? We take our time and enjoy. You loved that dress? I’ll wear it for you and next time you can take it off me.”

Beth put her hands on his shoulders, and slid them up and down his arms, squeezing his biceps as she continued.

“Mommy will dress up and dress down for you. You like my shoes? I’ll wear them for you, and keep them on while we play.” She put her hands on his chest. “Want to see my sexy fuck me shoes right here?” She tapped his shoulders. “Or here?”

Beth went back to his chest and rubbed it, loving the feeling of his hard body beneath the soft hair.

“Or you can use the heels for handles while you take me doggy.”

“Jesus, mom.” DJ’s breathing became heavier, his chest rising faster beneath her touch.

“You think I only talk dirty when I’m drunk? Baby boy, you have no idea how bad I’ve wanted to be dirty for someone who appreciates it.”

“And forget about everything you’ve seen snooping in my closet. I’ll buy new things. New sexy thongs and bras and hot sexy shoes and I’ll wear them just for you, DJ.

“And that’s what I could be wearing, how about what I’ll be doing? Every dirty thing you’ve watched or can think of. I’ll do every one of them. Blow jobs, hand jobs, I’ll even give you a foot job if you want one.”

“Foot job?” He blinked. “Never thought of that.”

“Me either, but I’ll give you one if that’s what you want. Put my feet in your lap and let you fuck them, maybe even with my sexy stockings on. Speaking of fucking things?”

Beth reached behind her and undid her bra. DJ’s eyes widened and he released a sharp breath when she slid the straps down her shoulders and flipped it into his face.

“Ever thought about titty fucking me?” Beth held her breasts up and pressed them together. “Sliding that big dick through my big soft tits? Me sucking on the tip each time you push it through? You can cum that way and give your mama a nice pearl necklace.”

“Mom, your tits are...damn,” he finished and his hands reached for them before he seemed to catch himself and start to lower them.

“Go ahead.” Beth caught his wrists and placed his hands on her breasts. “Just like last night, fondle them, play with my big hard nipples, and suck on them.” She moaned as his fingers found her nipples.

“Yeah, there you go. I hate to sound vain, but my tits have always been amazing, and they can be all yours.”

“Know what else will be yours?” Beth slid her hands down her sides, then over her thighs before caressing the lace between her legs. “This pussy.”

“Mine?” DJ rolled her nipples between his fingers, but his eyes were staring down between them where she continued to rub herself through the thong.

“You made it yours last night. I wasn’t kidding, honey. I’ve never been fucked that hard and I’m not sure I’ve ever come that hard. You get what you give in bed, DJ and after last night? Your mama will do every bad thing her good boy wants her too.”

“Everything.” DJ’s eyes had that glazed over look they had last night and his fingers were trembling on her breasts.

“And in every position; me on top, reverse cowboy so you can watch me fuck you. Me on my back, on all fours, on my side with you behind me, rubbing my clit while you fuck me.”

“And not just every way, but everywhere.” Beth moved his hands and leaned into him, pressing her tits into his chest, and slipped her arms around his neck, while she went on in a sultry purr.

“We can fuck in my bed, your bed, the couch, or you can bend me over anything in the damn house. You can have me in the shower, out on the deck at night and” Beth lowered her head and flicked her tongue across his nipple sending a shiver through him.

“Late at night we can shut the lights off in the yard and we can fuck in the pool.” Beth lifted her leg and rubbed her soft inner thigh against him.

“Everything I just said and anything else our dirty little minds can think of.” She squeezed her arms tightly around him, and pulled his head down to plant a brief kiss on his lips.

“We can have so much fun, DJ,” she whispered against his lips. “All you have to do is stop worrying about it being wrong, because honey, we feel so right together.”

She eased back and reaching down between them shoved her hand in his shorts. He groaned as she worked her way into his boxers and wrapped her fingers around his glorious cock.

“That feel wrong?” Beth gripped him more firmly and stroked him as well as she could with his shorts still on. “Feels pretty damn good to me.”

“Yeah, it does.”

“Then how about we start right here?” Beth released his cock and walking backwards until she bumped into the table, hopped back on top of it.

Pushing herself across the smooth surface until she was lying across it, she lifted her hips, pushing her thong down over them. Bending her knees until they were close to touching her breasts, Beth slowly worked the thong over them before playfully kicking it off her foot.

Spreading her legs, she placed her feet flat on the table, and spreading her pussy wide, tapped her clit.

“How about you come over here and make your mother breakfast?”

“So not fair.’ DJ whispered even as he approached the table.

Grabbing one of the chairs he pulled it around to the edge and sat down with his mother’s pussy spread before him. He placed his large hands on her soft thighs and again she felt them shaking with excitement.

Beth’s body was trembling as well in anticipation of being licked to orgasm then having her cunt stuffed right there on the kitchen table.

DJ’s phone rang and Beth immediately said, “Don’t answer that, honey. You don’t want your hot meal to get cold do you?”

“You watch a lot of porn, don’t you?” DJ grinned at her, and pushing gently on her thighs, spread her legs wider.

DJ leaned in and Beth shuddered when he lightly blew on her swollen clit, before giving it a kiss so soft, she squirmed on the table at the contact.

“Don’t tease, honey. Just be mama’s good boy and eat my pussy. Faster I come, faster you fuck me and then I suck you hard again.”

He gave her clit a hard suck, that made her cry out in pleasure, but then his phone started ringing again.

“Christ!” DJ swore and leaned back in the chair to get the phone from his pocket. “Don’t they know I’m trying to go down on my mother?”

Beth laughed; oh this was going to be so good for her. Not just sex, but fun sex, and...”

“Fuck, its dad.” The color had drained from his face and the phone was shaking in his hand. “He said he was going to call back.”

“Talk to him later!” Beth much louder and more angrily than she’d meant to.

“Shit!” DJ sprung out of the chair and turning his back to her put his hands to the sides of his head. “I let you get me so fucking hot for you; I forgot why this is so wrong!”

The phone was still ringing, but DJ swiped his finger across it, ending the call, before, thumbing the side of it to shut it off.

“DJ we just talked about how it’s not wrong for us!” Beth sat up on the table, and put her arms out to him. “Just relax and come back over here. How about I take care of you first? We’ll switch places and I’ll give you a nice blow job and...”

“Jesus Christ, mom!” Like at times last night. DJ’s anger at himself boiled over. “It’s not about it being wrong for just us, what about dad? You’re cheating on him and with me! That’s what I started to say and then you started talking dirty and getting naked and...I was going to do it again!”

“Shows you want to.”

“I do! But I can’t do this to dad, bad enough we did it last night.”

“DJ, please, honey, let me show you how...”

“It’s not about whether or not it feels good or if we want it, dad deserves better than this! He’s a good husband and father and we’re going to do this to him?”

Beth ground her teeth at his words. Good husband her ass. For all she knew his latest whore dujour could have still been in bed with him when he called her. But she couldn’t tell their son that.

“Honestly, mom? I know it’s my fault too, but I keep thinking of him and you keep seducing me out of it. You don’t care at all about cheating on him, do you?”

“No.” Beth said simply. “I don’t and I know that sounds terrible, but I’m not going to lie to you.”

DJ leaned down and picking her robe up from the floor tossed it to her. “Put this on, or I’m going to go upstairs because I can’t keep looking at you naked.”

Beth was going to protest, but he was right. In DJ’s eyes Donald was a victim and she looked like a damn whore. A whore for her son no less.

“Okay,” Beth slipped off the table and donned the robe, this time tying it tightly. “Let’s talk.”

“Nothing to talk about, I just wanted you to get dressed.” DJ sighed. “Mom, there’s no way I could ever tall dad what we did, so he’s never going to know, but I will and you can bust my balls, but it matters.”

“I wouldn’t make fun of you for that. We tried to raise you to do the right thing.” Beth told him. “But sometimes there are exceptions.”

“This shouldn’t be one of them. Mom, I want to do what you promised last night. No talking about it and please no more teasing and coming in to me. I can’t do this and I don’t want to be mad at you, but if you keep trying I will be.”

“You’re right.” She said softly. “I’m sorry, DJ. Sorry you’ll never understand why this wasn’t as bad as you think.”

“I don’t have to understand, I just have to try and put it behind me.”

“Well, I’m still sorry that you’re upset about this and I won’t push anymore. But just so you know honey? You did give me what I needed and as twisted as it sounds, I’m glad it was you and not some random guy.”

“You admit it!” DJ shouted so loudly, she stepped back. “I knew it! You were going out to cheat last night!”

Fuck, she swore to herself. She’d been so rattled by the conversation she’d just really made Donald look like a victim.

“No,” she tried to cover herself. “That’s not why I went out. I just meant that maybe sooner or later I...where are you going?”

“Be right back.” DJ stormed out of the room and as Beth stood wondering what the hell he was doing, she heard his returning footsteps.

DJ came back into the kitchen with her purse in his hand.

“If you weren’t out to cheat why’s your wedding band in your purse?” he tossed the small purse on the table next to her. “You were going out to fuck someone. You not only were cheating on dad, but lied to me.”

“I noticed they were missing last night, but we were in the middle of...what we did. So I looked this morning and I was so upset I had to go for a run, and I swore I was going to call you out on it, then you come down looking like that and wanting me I...” he took a deep breath. “You wanted to cheat on dad; it’s just somehow ended up being with me.”

Beth looked away and felt herself turning red and her eyes filling with tears of frustration. That fucking dog was banging a hooker last night and her son was calling her a cheat.

“Part of me thinks I should tell dad you cheated, but then what? I tell him it was with me?” DJ wiped at his eyes which were now as moist as hers. “So I won’t tell him, I guess. I want to say I’m disgusted with you, mom, but I’m disgusted with me too. We both let dad down.”

“I’m disgusted too, but not exactly for the same reasons.” Beth began to turn away, before he saw her start to cry. “I’ll leave you alone.”

“Mom, I need to know something. Why would you cheat on dad?”

When she turned back to him, he continued.

“Look, I can see he works more than he used to and travels more and you guys don’t seem as close as you used to. I kind of get where you were talking about wanting to feel wanted, but that doesn’t mean you should go out and cheat.”

“I can’t tell you why.”

“So you want me to just think you’re a cheating slut?”

“How fucking dare you?” Beth rounded on him. “I know what we did was kind of messed up, but you don’t ever talk to me like that!”

“Then make me understand, mom! Give me a reason!” His voice and face softened when he added. “I don’t want to think of you that way.”

Beth rubbed at her eyes and at this point seeing no other way out of her looking like exactly what he’d just called her, while Donald looked innocent, she decided it was time to tell him the truth, but not before he came clean with her.

“DJ, you’re a grown man and you deserve the truth and you’ll get it, but.” She held her finger up. “On one condition.”

“Fair enough, what is it?”

“I want you to be honest with me and tell me what made you start wanting me to the point you’d have sex with me and not freak out and run out of the room like you would have done if there really wasn’t something there.”

“Why does it matter?”

“Maybe I want to know I wasn’t somehow teasing you and doing something wrong. Its obvious now why you didn’t like me calling you a good boy anymore, but I still don’t know where it came from.”

“It kind of happened in stages I think. I like to watch dirty movies and I’d watch all kinds of stuff and one time I saw this video where a mom comes in and teaches her son and his girlfriend how to have sex.”

“I must have missed that one.” Beth shook her head.

“For some reason I thought it was kind of hot. Watched some more just like it, and that’s when I was seeing Tiffany and one night I have this messed up dream you walked in on me and her and... you know showed her how to do things.”

“Do things, back to twelve again.” She sighed.

“Anyway I woke up feeling really creeped out, but I was hard and I kept thinking about it except the more it went through my head, Tiffany was gone and it was me and you.”

“I started checking out mom son stuff and you’re right there’s tons of it. I’ve always known you were hot, but because my friends would say it and even growing up I could see you were pretty and when I got older I could see that you were sexy, but not like in a way I’d want you, just the same way you’d say you think I’m good looking.”

“The more I watched the more I started seeing you as a woman, and wondering what you’d be like. Would you be kind of dirty like the movies or sweet and loving? What would it be like to actually touch you, things like that?”

“Still seems a stretch to go from that to what we did.” Beth pointed out.

“Like I just said, I’m not blind. I can tell dad wasn’t paying you any attention and I kept thinking, what’s wrong with him? He has this smoking hot wife that half my friends in high school called a milf and some of the assholes even told me they’d jerked off to you.”

“Didn’t know I was so popular.” Beth rolled her eyes.

“I ended up watching this movie called “Mama’s good Boy.” She says it over and over in the movie, at first when he’s doing chores and helping her, rubbing her feet, and she was divorced and lonely and he ends up really wanting to be her good boy.”

He stared pointedly at her. “Just like last night. So now I’m thinking of you saying it to me like that and it got to where when you said in real life I couldn’t stop thinking of it being like that. I was never going to say anything of course, and I really never wanted to do it, but I kept thinking of it.”

He shrugged and gave her a rueful grin. “That’s when I started getting into your things and getting off in them. I figured maybe it would get it out of my system. Seeing you in that damn dress last night...it was too much.”

“I tried to play video games and go to sleep, but I kept seeing you in the dress and I was so horny I figured the way you were talking you weren’t coming home early and it was only ten so I went in your room and that’s when you came in.”

“So I literally became the fantasy.” Beth nodded. “Everything you wanted and when you tried to say no, I pushed and that made it okay to you because you tried and oh, well may as well fuck me, right?”

“Yeah, kind of. That’s why I was so rough last night. I just got so mad at both of us I just lost it. I’m sorry by the way.” He came over and kissed her forehead. “That’s no way to treat my mother.”

“That...would be funny if this wasn’t so screwed up.” Beth gave him a sad smile. “No need to say you’re sorry though I egged it all on.”

“I wish I had some better excuse other than a stupid dirty movie got me thinking, but I guess you’re right, its big for a reason, but there’s a reason it should stay in the movies.”

“Yeah, the movie and the dirty stories don’t deal with real life drama that comes from fucking your son.”

“So it’s your turn.” DJ prompted her. “Then we won’t talk about it anymore.”

Beth nodded, but didn’t say anything. Not that she didn’t want to, but for everything Donald had done to her, right up to leading between something that could cause a serious rift between her and DJ and leave him thinking she had no real reason for what she’d done, Beth found she couldn’t say it.

“Mom?”

“I can’t tell you.” As she spoke she turned to the table and removed her phone from the purse. “Not just because it’s too hard to say it, but I don’t feel like going through you saying it’s not true.”

Beth found the pictures of Donald with the escorts, and began adding them to a text to DJ.

“I need your word that you don’t tell your father what I’m showing you. Just like what happened with us this stays secret. It will make things awkward, but if it’s put out there things will be a lot worse.”

“Okay, but I don’t know what would be that big of a deal.”

Beth attached the last picture and sent the text.

“I’m going back to bed. Turn your phone on and see what I sent you. It’s still not a good reason. I guess there’s no good reason for what we did, but at least you won’t think I’m such an outright slut.”

Beth turned without waiting for him to respond and left the room. She all but ran up the stairs and entering her bedroom, climbed under the covers with her robe still on, and like a little girl sobbed into her pillow.

Chapter Six

Beth awoke to a gentle touch on her shoulder. She was on her side facing the nightstand and was surprised when she saw it was 1:30. She must have fallen asleep again after laying their sniffing like a teenage drama queen.

“Mom?” The touch on her shoulder was repeated, and Beth rolled onto her back to see DJ sitting on the edge of the bed.

Her first reaction seeing him there was damn he looked good. Apparently even the emotional drama of earlier hadn't done anything to dampen her newly awakened desire for her son. DJ appeared to have just gotten out of the shower, his hair was still wet and as usual, he hadn't dried himself off completely, something she'd always yelled at him about when he was a kid.

But right now, seeing drops of moisture on his shoulders and arms, and especially his beautiful chest and stomach, the last thing she would do is tell him to wipe off. What really caught her attention was all he had on was a blue towel wrapped around his waist.

“What is it, DJ?” She managed to take her eyes off his body and look at his face. “You okay?”

“No,” he shook his head. “I'm not okay.” He surprised her with that adorable shy smile that had always melted her. “But I know what would make me feel better.”

Before she could respond, he leaned over and kissed her. This wasn't the initially nervous kiss they ended last night with, but far more confident one. Beth groaned deep in her throat as her son's lips pressed firmly to hers while he placed his large hand on her soft cheek.

DJ's lips parted and worked gently along hers, first side to side then in an up and down motion. Beth put her arm around him, her hand on the back of his head and he sighed when she ran her fingers through his damp hair.

He grew even bolder, darting his tongue out and flicking it against her lips. With a sexy sigh of her own, Beth parted her lips further; welcoming her son's probing tongue into her mouth. Their kiss picked up in intensity as their tongues danced across one another as they kissed with their mouth open.

Beth's breath caught when DJ grabbed the comforter with his free hand and threw it back to uncover her. He continued to devour her mouth with his as he grabbed the tie to her robe, and she whimpered into their kiss as he pulled it open.

Still kissing her, he unhurriedly opened her robe, moving first one side, then other to the side to expose his mother's large breasts. He gently cupped her left breast and she moaned his name into their kiss when his thumb stroked her swollen rosy nipple.

The bed shifted as DJ turned slightly and slid further onto the bed so he was now kneeling on it as he leaned over kissing and fondling her. His hand left her face and cupped her other breast, and as he now teased both nipples Beth broke the kiss, her head falling back on the pillow as she moaned.

“Oh, honey, that feels so good.”

“You look so good, Mom.” DJ fastened his lips to her throat and she purred as he slid them gently back and forth before nuzzling his face into her neck and kissing her.

“Love that spot.” Beth gripped his hair as he licked and sucked on the sensitive skin of her neck while still rubbing her nipples. “Love you touching me.”

“Good,” he whispered into her neck. “Because I want to keep touching you.”

He resumed his kissing along the length of her neck and Beth began to squirm on the bed as he teased her nipples while squeezing her breasts. It felt so amazing, the way he was taking his time how much he wanted her.

It was so different from last night’s frenzied fucking and her clit throbbed in anticipation of him working his way between her legs. DJ lifted his head and leaned across her to pay equal attention to the other side of his neck, and Beth turned her head, happy to oblige him.

Her eyes fell on the graduation picture and she froze.

“DJ, stop.”

“It doesn’t feel good?” He spoke into her neck and she gasped when he switched to rolling her nipples between his strong fingers.

“It does, oh, honey it feels so good, but you need to stop!”

“Why?” He lifted his head to look at her.

“Because I won’t let you get caught up with wanting me then feel bad about your father again. I have to be a mother this time.” She sighed in frustration. “Even with my son’s hands on my tits.”

“Mom?” DJ lowered his head and placed his lips to her ear. “Fuck dad.”

“What?” Beth pushed his hands from his breasts so she could focus on him. “What did you say?”

“I blew up those pictures on my phone big enough to see the dates. He’s been pulling that bullshit for months. Screwing with girls that look younger than me while he ignores you?”

“I don’t want you to hate your father, DJ. That’s not why I showed you those.” She felt her throat tighten with emotion. “I just didn’t want you to hate me.”

“I could never hate you.” DJ gave her a quick peck on the lips that made her feel giddy, as if she were a little girl whose crush had just kissed her. “And I don’t think I can hate dad, either, but I’m seriously pissed.”

DJ pushed himself back up to his knees so he could speak without being directly in her face.

“Ever since I was old enough to date he’s been telling me to be good to my girlfriends, if I’m with one, she’s the only one I should be with. Telling me to never be a cheat and break someone’s heart. He said that was part of being a man, a real man.”

DJ shook his head disgustedly. "Talk about being a goddamn hypocrite." He cocked his head and frowned down at her.

"He knows you know?"

"No. It's complicated DJ, your feelings towards him, our marriage, our business reputation. I couldn't tell you and I'm not ready for any kind of divorce and all that drama. All I wanted last night was some revenge. Just a night out, fuck some young guy because that's what he was going for and just have my dirty little secret."

"Well I think you got that and it's a lot dirtier secret then you planned." DJ laughed. "But downstairs we talked about us both wanting this and my reason for holding onto it being wrong was dad. Now?"

DJ leaned over, and reaching across the bed, he grabbed the graduation picture and laid it face down on the table.

"Let's forget about him and get to all those nasty things you were promising me downstairs." He flashed that smile again. "That is if my bad mommy still wants me to be her good boy."

"Let me think about it," Beth grabbed his towel and yanking it off, grabbed her son's hard cock and with no hesitation, shoved it in her mouth.

"Oh, fuck!" DJ had to grab the headboard so he didn't fall over as Beth greedily bobbed her head, taking as much of him down her throat as she could in that position.

"I take that as a yes." DJ breathed as Beth cupped his heavy balls with her other hand while jerking him off into her mouth.

He remained awkwardly leaning over her, braced with one arm on the head board, but when Beth released his cock, and pushed it back along his stomach to suck on his balls, he gasped and eased back so he was on his knees.

"There you go, get comfortable." Beth rolled over onto her side and proceeded to slowly stroke his cock while going back to work on his balls.

"Damn you're nasty." DJ moaned in a tone of admiration that made her smile in the midst of licking him.

She took turns sucking on each of his balls; sucking hard and stretching the skin, making him gasp and groan. Beth could tell by his reaction none of the little girls he'd been with before had done this.

But Beth wasn't a young girl, her husband could have those. Beth was a woman, a sensual experienced woman, who knew what she wanted, and what she wanted was her son. Beth switched to swirling her tongue along his sac, bathing his balls with her tongue and loving the way his cock twitched in her hand as she did it.

Beth worked her tongue up the length of his shaft to lick the sensitive underside of his purple head. Parting her lips, she kept them pressed tightly around his spongy head as she took him inch by inch between her lips and into her warm wet mouth.

DJ grabbed the back of her head, getting a handful of her long hair and Beth bobbed her head in a steady rhythm as he gently pushed, guiding his mother's mouth along his cock. He gave each of her nipples a brief rub before sliding his hand down her stomach and between her thighs.

Beth raised her left leg and placed her foot on her other leg so they were open, giving her son full access to her aching pussy. DJ pushed his fingers through her moist lips and she moaned around his cock when he plunged two thick fingers inside her.

DJ thrust them slowly within her and she released another groan when he added his thumb to her clit. She continued to suck him at a steady pace, enjoying the sensation of having him in her mouth while she massaged his balls.

He was breathing hard and moving his hips, pushing his cock deeper into her mouth while he gripped her hair tighter. He worked her clit harder with his fingers and as good as both sucking him while he fingered her felt, she didn't want either of them to come this way, at least not this time.

Beth removed him from her mouth and rolled onto her back.

"How about you straddle me and fuck your mother's tits like I promised you earlier."

DJ moved so fast it was almost comical. He swung his leg over her so he was sitting just under her breasts and his eyes lit up when Beth pushed her breasts tightly around his cock. He worked his hips, sliding his cock between his mother's soft breasts and gasped when she flicked her tongue out, catching the tip of his cock.

DJ added his hands around hers, holding her tits more tightly as he thrust faster. Beth could feel his balls sliding against her and bent her head to now be able to give his tip a quick suck each time he pushed it through to her.

"You were right," DJ smiled at her. "This is going to be so much fun."

"It is, baby." Beth caught his tip between her lips and he stopped moving as this time she sucked hard on it, then swirled her tongue back and forth. She slid her hands from under his and putting them up over her head, crossed her wrists as if she were bound.

"Ever think about this?" She pushed her lips into a pout and whimpered. "Please, DJ! Please don't make me suck your cock! I'm your mother!"

DJ's reaction was to thrust his hips hard, shoving his cock into her mouth and releasing her tits, sit up higher and begin fucking her mouth. Her eyes widened as her head was pushed back into the pillow until she couldn't move anymore as DJ proceeded to face fuck her.

But she loved the reaction and played it up, widening her eyes and whimpering and making sounds of protest as she pretended he was force feeding her his cock. She squirmed beneath him, adding to the thrill and DJ had that look on his face from last night, like he couldn't believe this was happening.

Beth put her hands on his stomach and pushed, and he immediately stopped and eased his cock from her mouth.

"We'll play that one another time. You can tie me up and have your way with me, but right now Mama needs to come, baby? Do you know a good boy who can help me come?"

DJ quickly slid backwards down the bed pausing to give each of her nipples some attention with some quick hard sucks mixed in with tracing them with his soft wet tongue. He then continued his journey south, trailing his tongue down her stomach until he was teasing it through the small patch of blonde fuzz over her slit.

“Go smooth for me sometime?” DJ asked as he settled on his elbows between her legs, his hands on her thighs.

“Anything you want.” Beth promised. “As long as you give me that cock whenever I need it and make me come nice and hard.”

“I think I can take one for the team and force myself to take care of you.”

“Because you’re my good boy.” Beth reached down and ran her fingers through his hair, shuddering as he flicked his tongue quickly over her clit. “In every way now, honey. In every way.”

Beth stretched her legs out along his body so her feet were resting on his hips and sighed contentedly as DJ eased a finger inside her while tracing soft wet circles around her swollen button.

“Oh I can so get used to this.” Beth purred while rocking her hips into her son’s flickering tongue.

DJ added a second finger into her and worked them back and forth as he switched to sucking gently on her clit. He removed his fingers and briefly replaced them with his tongue, making her squirm as he swirled it inside and sucked hard.

Beth felt a gush between her legs as he noisily slurped on the sticky juices he was getting a mouthful of. He rubbed her clit as he now moved his head back and forth, tongue fucking her.

“Hmm, you must have made those little coeds really squeal, you’re damn good with that tongue, honey.”

“Anything worth doing is worth doing right.” He winked at her. “That’s what you always told me about school and work.”

“I’m very glad you listened.” Beth cupped her breasts and played with her nipples, teasing them with her fingers and smiling when she saw DJ watching her.

Beth released her left breast and reaching between her thighs spread her pussy open for him, her red nails framing her clit. DJ worked his tongue back up through her moist lips and quickly went to work, licking and sucking as she squeezed and pushed her excited clit out further for him.

She wiggled her fingers, working the sides of her clit while the tip of his surprisingly skilled tongue worked side to side then up and down, dancing across her swollen flesh as he reintroduced his fingers to her sopping slit.

“Put in another one,” Beth moaned. “Open that pussy up for that big fucking cock.”

She rolled her eyes and let her head fall back when DJ added a third finger, stretching her around them as he pumped them in and out.

“Oh, fuck, just like that.” Beth brought her hand back up to her neglected left breast and resumed playing with both nipples.

When she saw DJ watching, she smiled and pushing her tits up and putting her chin in her chest, she licked her right nipple.

“Damn,” he breathed into her pussy.

Beth sucked her nipple into her mouth, working her tongue around it and her hips jerked at both the look on his face and the dirtiness of what she was doing. Her tongue on her sensitive nipple didn't hurt either and she switched to the other, this time teasing a slow circle around it and showing off for her son.

Beth lowered her breasts and went back to rolling her nipples between her fingers when DJ began sucking and licking her clit more firmly and working his fingers in harder and faster. Beth's hips moved in time with his fingers and her toes curled into his hips as her body began to tense.

“Yes, oh, keep going, baby, please keep going.” Beth implored him as her thighs trembled and her pussy contracted around his fingers. “Look at my good boy, sucking his mother's cunt so she'll cum in his face.”

The nastiness of her words sent DJ into a licking frenzy as his tongue danced feverishly across her clit, and made Beth's hips move faster and in a circular motion, grinding her pussy into his face.

She pinched her nipples and stretched them as far as she could, and lifting her hips pushed her ass off the bed as her entire body gathered itself for the impending explosion.

“Right there!” Beth whimpered. “I'm right there!”

DJ jammed his fingers hard inside her when he curled them slightly and sucked hard on her clit, Beth went over the edge. Throwing her head back she howled in pleasure as her pussy convulsed around his fingers which he was now wiggling inside her.

She kept pinching her nipples, using the pain laced pleasure to fuel another incredible orgasm delivered to her by her son. She brought her legs up, clamping her thighs around his head and crossing her ankles behind his neck, pinning him to his mother's hot quivering flesh.

DJ moaned into her and kept his tongue moving as she bucked her hips into his trapped face and squealed repeatedly as waves of intense ecstasy crashed through her. DJ moved his fingers, now pumping them in and out of her now sloppy wet cunt.

“Oh fuck me,” Beth groaned as the last of the orgasm flowed through her and she let her legs fall limply along his sides as she slumped into the bed.

“Whatever you want.” DJ slid up the bed, and bracing one hand on either side of her head, drove into her.

“Fuck!” Beth yelled as DJ proceeded to fuck were with long hard strokes, sliding almost the full length of his cock from within her before plunging back in. “That's my good boy! Give mama what she needs!”

“I need it too,” DJ looked down at her and added more quietly. “I need you, mom.”

“Then come down here, and show me.” Beth put her arms around his neck and pulled him down to her.

DJ eased down on his elbows and eagerly accepted the kiss his mother was offering. They both moaned and parted their lips, letting their tongues play across each other. Beth wrapped her long legs around his waist, crossing her ankles once more, this time to pull him deeper inside her still quivering pussy and to hold him close to her.

Her breasts squished pleasantly between them, her nipples pressing into his chest as they continued to kiss. DJ slowed down his thrusts and Beth matched his rhythm raising her hips to meet those delicious strokes.

DJ lowered his head, and when he fastened his lips to her neck, Beth released a soft sensual sigh and relaxed, letting her head fall back and enjoy having her son in her taboo embrace. She let her hands roam, rubbing his shoulders, then caressing his back, feeling the way the muscles moved beneath his tanned skin.

DJ was breathing harder into her neck and his hips began to move differently, now delivering shorter faster strokes to her delighted pussy.

“You going to come for me, baby?” Beth slipped her hand behind his head, holding his face alongside hers.

“Sorry,” he groaned. “I just wanted you so bad. I’ll slow down.”

“No,” she thrust her hips hard to meet his plunging cock. “Just come, honey. We have all day to play, just go on and let mama have it.”

DJ’s hips moved with greater urgency and Beth sighed. “That’s it, be a good boy and give me every drop.”

“Can I come on your tits?” He whispered in her ear.

Beth giggled even as she continued to work her hips into his. “Not one for romance, are you?”

“You...” DJ moaned and slowed his hips even more, trying to hold off. “You said anything I wanted.”

“Well, my tits are my best feature, I suppose.” Beth gave a mock sigh, but dropped her legs from around him. “Go ahead honey; paint your mother’s tits.”

DJ made her yelp by giving her several hard fast pumps before he whipped his glistening cock from within her, squeezing it just below the tip. He leaned over her, and Beth cupped her breasts, pressing them together and offering them to her son.

He released his choke hold on his cock and gasped when a long thick spurt of cum, squirted across both her breasts. He pumped his cock furiously while moving it side to side and spraying each of her tits with his warm sticky load.

“That’s it, baby, show me how bad you want those tits.” She groaned at the sensation of his cum sliding across her breasts and oozing over her sensitive nipples. “All of it, I want you to drain those big balls all over me.”

DJ did as she asked, to the point when nothing came out of his cock, but a sluggish dribble, he squeezed and twisted, as if he were literally wringing every drop from his cock.

“Wow, I’ve thought of doing that for months.” DJ gave her a sheepish grin as he sat back on his knees breathing heavily, his cock still twitching between his legs.

“Hope it looks as good as you thought it would.”

“Even better.”

“What if I do this?” Beth leaned forward and as she had before licked her nipples.

Except this time she was lapping up his load and at the look on his face, she sucked on her breast, slurping her son’s cum from her tit. She went to the other one, licking and sucking her nipple clean and smacking her lips as she swallowed what she’d gathered.

“Mom, I will never give you a hard time about anything, ever again.” He said it so seriously she burst out laughing, and it felt amazing.

“DJ, you can feel free to give me this kind of a hard time whenever you want.”

DJ returned her smile, then rolled his eyes when Beth’s phone rang from the nightstand. He leaned over and his shoulders slumped. “Dad.”

Not this again. “Just let it ring and...what are you doing?” She demanded as DJ swung his leg over hers and leaning over, picked up her phone.

“Getting this over with.” Before she could tell him not to, DJ slid his finger across the phone.

“Hey, dad.”

“Oh, hey DJ. I was actually calling your mother to see where you were. I tried your phone a couple times the last half hour.”

Beth had heard him loud and clear as DJ had, for some insane reason, put him on speaker.

“Sorry, I left it in my room.” He slid off the bed as he spoke and reached down to the floor. What the hell was he doing?

“Oh, so you’re with mom?”

“Yup, we’re just hanging out watching a movie.” As he spoke, DJ picked up the towel from the floor and casually wiped his cum from her tits while his father was on the other line.

“Let me get this straight. Saturday afternoon and you’re hanging out with your mom?” Donald laughed. “You know that’s kind of pathetic, right?”

“Leave him alone, Donald.” Beth chimed in when DJ pointed to her, then made a talking gesture with his hand, a sly smile on her face. What a little shit he was! “There’s nothing wrong with him wanting to spend some time with me.”

“I’m just busting him up.” Donald replied through the phone as DJ tossed the soiled towel back on the floor and got back onto the bed, stretching out on his side next to her. “All I know is when I was his age the last thing I wanted to do is hang out with my mother.

“Hey, what can I say?” DJ slid his hand along her thigh and she had to cover her mouth when he unexpectedly shoved his finger inside her. “I’ve always been Mama’s good boy!”

The End