

# Forbidden Fruit

Laura Lovecraft

## Chapter One

Linda groaned at the sound of the alarm going off and with her eyes still closed reached for the alarm on the night stand. Fingering the top of it, she located the off button and silenced the shrill beeping.

She sighed and burrowed her head deeper into the pillow. There was a delightful breeze coming in through the window and the room smelled pleasantly of strawberries from the scented candles burning in their jars.

Best of all was Jonathan's arm around her waist and his deep breathing in her ear. Linda wiggled backwards, pressing her back against his chest. Her nightshirt had ridden up and his warm, semi hard cock felt good against her bare ass.

She thought about playfully grinding her ass against him, causing his cock to swell between her cheeks, but right now was content to lie where she was and enjoy the moment. Despite how relaxed and comfy she was, there was no chance of her falling back to sleep.

Today was a big day and even laying here in a state of bliss, a feeling of excitement ran through her. The alarm had been set for seven which meant in just five hours, Linda and Jonathan would be meeting four couples whom they'd befriended on line and after months of getting to know them invited them to spend the weekend.

Breathing deeply, Linda could just make out the scent of the woods surrounding the house and smiled, there was no where that she'd rather be than right here, in a warm bed deep in the woods of beautiful New Hampshire and with the love of her life snuggled against her.

But as perfect as this moment was, she would have to get up and get moving. They had spent the week cleaning the four guest bedrooms and straightening the rest of the beautiful twelve room lodge they had made into their home away from home for the summers.

Despite their hard work during the week however, there were still a few things to be done and she wanted to be ready in case any of their guests arrived early.

Another thrill of excitement went through her at the thought of finally meeting them. Not that they didn't entertain on a regular basis during the summers here, but these people weren't just friends, they were all couples, and special ones, couples just like her and Jonathan.

Opening her eyes, Linda looked at the white gold wedding band on her finger. White gold spoke of purity and she grinned at the thought there was nothing pure about her marriage, at least not in the eyes of most people.

But not the people coming today; they would see the true beauty of her union with Jonathan, and who knew, maybe someday they would do the same. Part of Linda's goal for this weekend was to get them to know they could take it to this level if they chose.

Taking one last deep breath and soaking up a few more seconds of contentment, Linda looked at the candle on the nightstand and for a brief moment recalled the reason she always had some light in the room, and the reason she always wore a shirt, even if it was a simple, t-shirt to bed.

She didn't do this to herself to wallow in the past, but to appreciate the present. As bad as those memories were, those experiences were what led to her current life of peace and love without limits.

Sliding forward, she eased from under Jonathan's arm and sat up on the side of the bed. Stretching her arms over her head, she breathed as the silky red nightshirt slid across her nipples, reminding her today was exciting in that way as well.

The idea of hearing firsthand the stories of other women like her and the young men they were with was damn hot. Not as hot as being able to see them together, to watch them hold each other's hands and look at each other with that mixed look of lust and love she knew so well. For a moment she thought about stripping off the shirt and rolling back over to Jonathan.

She would slide down the bed, take him between her full, soft lips and suck him hard, then straddle him and ride his beautiful cock. If she did that however, he would insist on making her cum, Jonathan was always so good to her, and then she might want to go back to sleep.

Besides, they'd had plenty last night and being wound up all day would make tonight even better, she would cum so hard, and hopefully loud enough, to be heard by her guests. On that note she hoped she might hear some of those same sounds echoing through the house.

Straightening her long legs out, she pointed her toes forward admiring the way it showed off the shape of her legs. Linda worked hard to stay in shape; after all she was going to be fifty two next month and had a man twenty years younger to keep satisfied.

Reaching up, she released her long, strawberry blonde hair from the bun she had tied it into for the night and shook her head, letting it cascade down her back. She smiled at her reflection in the mirror thinking she felt pretty damn sexy right now and that was because of Jonathan. Linda wasn't conceited, but did know she was pretty, but he made her feel so damn desirable all the time.

As if he had read her mind, Jonathan stirred behind her and grabbed her forearm as she finally made to stand up.

"Don't even try to get out of bed on a day this important without starting it out right." He said his voice still husky with sleep.

"I started it out right." She replied, putting her hand over his where he held her arm and admiring their wedding bands over each other, "If you remember, the last time you came it was two am, that's the morning you know."

“Semantics.” He laughed and she felt him sit up behind her. A moment later his arms slid around her slender waist and drew her back against him. “We went to sleep, so today is a new day.”

“And it’s going to be big day, baby, and we have things to do.”

“You’re the first thing I need to do.” He nuzzled his face into her hair and kissed her neck. “And anything worth doing is worth doing right.”

Jonathan’s hands slid under her night shirt and trailed up her soft stomach towards her breasts. Catching his hands through the shirt, she stopped him.

“Honey, don’t you get enough? We went at it twice last night and that’s after I gave you a blow job on the couch.”

“How could I get enough of these?” He pulled his hands up and cupped her breasts. His fingers quickly found her nipples and she moaned as he teased them.

“Remember that when they start to sag.” She laughed, “I’m lucky they’re still on my chest and not my stomach.”

“Oh, stop it.” He laughed softly in her air, “If that happens I’ll still love them.”

“Really?” She let her head fall back against him and purred as continued to kiss her neck.

“Of course, and we have money so you can just get them lifted...Ow!”

He grunted when she elbowed him in the chest, but kept kissing her as he rolled her swollen nipples between his strong fingers.

“But honey, I’m an old lady; you have to go easy on me.” She tried to lean forward, but he had his arms around her and she wasn’t trying all that hard.

“Only as old as you feel.” He squeezed her breasts, “And you feel pretty damn good.” He flicked his tongue across her ear and she felt his hard cock pressing into her back. “How about you lose this damn shirt and get back in bed, I’ll make it worth it, promise.”

“I know you will, honey, you always do and that’s the problem, it will feel so good and its early and I’ll want to go back to sleep!”

“So sleep, I’ll get up and start getting ready.”

“Jonathan, please.”

“Linda, please.” He repeated and leaning forward over her shoulder kissed her cheek. “Please?”

“Honey, I should...” She trailed off when Jonathan brought out his secret weapon.

“Please mom?” He whispered in her ear, “Please let your son take care of his beautiful mother.”

“That is so not fair.” She moaned as his hand left her breast, slid down her stomach and found the soft pink skin between her legs. “Don’t talk like that,” She said even as she opened her legs for him, “You know I can’t say no to...”

“Your little boy.” He spoke softly in her ear, his deep voice low and seductive, “And my sexy mother can never say no to her horny son can she?”

He punctuated his remark by pushing his fingers between her labia and dipping them into her already wet pussy.

“No.” She whispered, “A good mother always takes care of her baby, gives him whatever he needs.”

“That’s right.” Keeping his fingers buried inside her, his thumb found her ready clit and traced a slow circle around it, causing her to shiver against him. “And what your son always needs is his naughty mother’s sweet little pussy.”

“And your naughty mother needs as much of her son’s big, hard cock as she can get.”

Just saying those words sent a warm wave of heat through Linda’s pussy and she squirmed on the bed, wiggling her hips, trying to work his thumb harder against her aching button. She whimpered when his hand moved from between her legs.

“Then let’s get this damn shirt off, so your horny son can see his mother’s gorgeous,” He kissed her ear, “And still very firm tits.”

“Smooth.” She whispered and lifted her arms, allowing him to tug her shirt over her head and toss it to the side.

Even after well over a decade of having sex with her son, Linda felt a dirty thrill when he stripped her of her clothing, exposing her breasts to him in the mirror where he was watching over her shoulder.

It was obvious Jonathan felt as she did when the same look of lust she had seen in his eyes the first time he had ever seen her breasts appeared. Linda smiled at him in the mirror as she kept her arms over her head and gave her tits a shake for him.

Her breasts were large, with rose colored nipples and, to her great relief, were still sitting well despite her fifty plus years. She only caught a brief glimpse of them before they were covered by her son’s large, strong hands.

He spread his fingers so her nipples were visible between them and putting her hands over his, Linda teased her nails over her swollen flesh as much for his pleasure as his. It worked, as his breathing picked up in her ear and he continued to excite her with his words.

“Look in that mirror, look at you sitting there naked for your son, letting him play with your tits.”

His hand dropped back down between her legs and she groaned when his fingers resumed their place inside her.

“Damn you’re wet, your son wanting you gets you going doesn’t it, mom?”

“I love that my son wants me.” She gasped when his thumb went back to her clit, “I love knowing his cock is hard just for his mother.”

“Hmm, that’s right, I’m not your husband now, am I Linda?” He worked his fingers in and out while pinching her nipple, “Not even your young lover,” He laughed, “All our friends think you’re a cougar who married her cub and think it’s a little taboo don’t they?”

Her answer was a moan when his thumb pressed harder to her clit and move in faster circles than before.

“But they don’t know how taboo we really are, do they? They don’t know their good friend Linda isn’t just fucking a younger man, but her own son. You love that don’t you? Sitting in front of them holding my hand and kissing me and telling them how hot the sex is, but leaving out that nasty little detail.”

“I fucking love it.” She ground her hips hard into his hand, “I love our dirty little secret! But I love that in a few hours we’re going to share it with other people just like us.”

“That get you hot Mom?” He startled her by pulling her backwards, but she let him take her back down to the bed and lifting her legs, swung them back up on the mattress.

“You’re going to sit there and look at those hot women and their good looking sons and think of them fucking, think of them doing all the nasty things we do?”

“Fuck yeah,” She breathed as he kept her on her side and stretched out behind her, his chest against her back. “And they’re going to tell us all about it, we’re all going to tell our hot stories then go to bed and there’s going to be five mother’s in this house sucking and fucking their sons!”

Jonathan hooked his arm between her legs and lifting her left leg up, draped it over his. Guiding his cock between her legs, he slid the swollen head through her moist lips and after rubbing it against her clit shoved it deep inside her.

Linda moaned as her son’s long, thick cock sank into her forbidden heat and propping herself up on her elbow watched in the mirror as he fucked her from behind. Jonathan’s arm went around her thigh and his fingers once again located his mother’s clit.

His other hand slid under her and cupped her left breast, teasing her nipple as he fucked her. Linda put her hand between her legs, past his thrusting cock and rubbed his balls, causing him to groan in her ear.

“This is new.” She moaned as he fucked her harder, his fingers moving faster on her clit.

“Porn is a beautiful thing.” He winked at her in the mirror, “Saw this in a movie a couple of days ago.”

“A mother son movie?” Linda asked, giving his full balls a gentle squeeze.

“Yeah, they’re even hotter because I get to do my mom for real.”

“Boys will be boys.” She moaned, “And I love that my boy still wants me.”

“Your boy loves you.” He released her breast and propping himself up on his elbow as she was, lowered his head and kissed her cheek, “And I’ll always love my mommy wife.” He laughed, “Jerry Springer here we come.”

“We have plenty of company baby, lots of mother’s enjoying their boys and we’re going to meet some of them.”

“Well I hope they all love their mother’s as much as I love mine.” He caused her to cry out by thrusting his hips harder and fucking her with long hard strokes.

“That’s not love on your face right now,” Linda informed him, “That’s lust and I fucking love it!”

Jonathan’s reply was to move his thumb faster on her clit and she purred in delight, letting her head lean back into his chest and watching in the mirror. They were stretched out on their sides, his body behind hers and his hand busy between her legs.

Linda watched her son turned husband’s cock bury itself repeatedly into her pink pussy and his fingers play with her yearning clit. She shifted her eyes to his face and smiled at him in the reflection. Jonathan returned it and she watched his expressions as he fucked his mother.

Jonathan had the same deep blue eyes as she did, but unlike her lighter hair, his was a thick curly shock of black. He was always clean shaven and that, along with the quick easy smile that was always on his face or about to be, gave him the appearance of being younger than his thirty years.

Linda enjoyed his youthful look even more because it made people think she was with an even younger man than she was. She herself could pass for a decade younger, a miracle considering what life had been like twelve years ago.

A cougar with her cub, that’s how he always described them when joking about what others thought and she enjoyed it too, but he was right, the fact she had given birth to this cub never failed to get her even hotter.

Years later the taboo was as sexy as ever. She was Linda to him now, had been for years, but when it came time to fuck? She would always be his naughty mom and he, her lusty son.

“Oh yes.” She moaned as her legs trembled and her hips rocked as much as her position would allow, “Just like that, baby. Make mommy come for you! Make me come all over my son’s big dick! Make me... Yes!”

Linda squealed and ground her hips wildly as Jonathan’s skilled fingers drove her over the edge. She yelped in pleasure as her orgasm crashed through her and her pussy convulsed around her son’s thrusting cock.

“Like that, baby? Like feeling your mother come on your cock?” She breathed in between her cries of pleasure.

“No better feeling in the world.” He moaned in her ear, “I love the way your pussy squeezes me.”

“Hmm, that would make a great mother’s day card,” She sighed and slumped back against him as the last waves of her orgasm flowed through her body. Damn, if she hadn’t already felt relaxed this morning!

“Right next to Mom, I love how you let me fuck you as hard as I want to.”

He pushed his chest against her back and Linda cried out in surprise when he rolled her over onto her stomach. Jonathan placed his arms next to her head and still stretched out along her body, plunged his cock down into her.

“Fuck that’s deep!” She called out, her cheek pressed into the mattress, “Go ahead, baby, show mommy how hard you can fuck her!”

Jonathan didn’t need to be told twice. Pushing himself up on his hands he drove himself down even harder, hammering his mother’s. Beneath him, Linda moaned and yelped as he plundered her helpless pussy.

She was flat on her stomach, pinned beneath him and was slamming her like she was one of the women in the porn he loved to watch. She lay there, her body limp watching in the mirror as he loomed over her, his hips driving his amazing cock between her cheeks and into her delighted pussy.

“Harder!” She egged him on, “Come on, baby, give it to me! Fuck!”

Linda called out when her son placed his hands on her back then resumed pounding away at her. His weight was driving her into the bed then bouncing her back up when he lifted his hips. He was thrusting in perfect rhythm, his cock descending into her when her hips rose.

She cried out each time he slammed into her and at this point Jonathan was gasping with every thrust. His gasps turned into moans as he continued his relentless assault on her pussy when those moans began to end with that adorable little tell tale whimper she knew so well, she called out,

“Roll over, baby, let your mother give you a treat!”

Knowing what she meant, Jonathan quickly rolled over onto his back for her. Linda forced herself to her knees and grabbing his cock took him deep into her mouth. He released a long loud moan as she bobbed her head rapidly.

Linda groaned around his cock, turned on by the fact her mouth was not only stuffed with her son’s cock, but that he tasted like his mother’s pussy. She took him down to the base of his shaft, easily deep throating him, and shook her head back and forth.

He whimpered in pleasure for her and looking him in the eye she resumed sucking him as fast as she could. There were times Linda would spend an hour between his legs, sucking, licking and teasing him, pleasing her son with her mouth and rewarding him for being so good to his mother.

But not this morning; this morning she’d already cum and been fucked all but senseless and she wanted that hot thick load in her mouth and she wanted it right now. She cupped his balls and squeezed them as she once again took him all the down to the base of his shaft.

Jonathan cried out and she moaned as his cock twitched and a thick stream of cum sprayed the back of her mouth and poured down her throat. Linda’s eyes rolled back as she continued to bob her head, greedily sucking her son’s cock to get every drop of his sweet load.

He moaned, and keeping just the tip in her mouth, Linda grabbed his cock and jerked it off, pumping it hard and fast and helping him to empty his balls into his mother’s eager mouth.

“Oh, mom, Oh, God I...damn.” He breathed as she sucked him hard enough to hollow her cheeks and was rewarded with a couple of more drops of her son’s cum.

“Damn is right.” She replied after easing him from her mouth and giving the tip a kiss. “You fucked me silly just now.”

“Nah, you were always a little silly.” He grinned.

“Smart ass.” She told him, but couldn’t even pretend to be mad as he patted the bed next to him and put his arm out.

Linda laid on her side, her head in the crook of his arm and snuggling close to him, put her arm around his waist.

“Damn, that did feel good.” She sighed.

“See? And you didn’t want to.”

“Maybe I just like you coming after it.” She told him.

“I’m fine with that.” He laughed, “I’ll chase my mom’s tail any time.”

“Not much of a chase, I just give up and put my tail in the air.”

“That’s what makes you such a good mom.”

“Millions of mothers would disagree.”

“And millions of mothers and sons have no idea what they’re missing.” He said putting his arm around her and pulling her closer to him.

“I don’t know, honey.” She said quietly, “We can talk like that, but we’re the exception.”

“We’re going to meet other exceptions in a few hours.”

“We are and we don’t know their stories, but...” She trailed off.

“But what, mom?”

“This retreat isn’t just about hot times and fellowship between people who share a special lifestyle.”

“It’s not?” He turned to look at her, “What’s wrong?” He moved his hand back and forth caressing her back,

“Jonathan, we got together because of some pretty bad circumstances.” As if on cue his fingers trailed over the large scar on her right shoulder blade. “If it wasn’t for how your f...that man was, we wouldn’t have fallen into each other’s arms.” She laughed, but without humor, “I should say your mother wouldn’t have been so messed up she seduced her son.”

“Whoa!” Jonathan sat up, startling her, “Stop talking like that. We left that shit behind us, remember?”

“We did.” She rolled onto her back and stared at the ceiling. “But sometimes I think about it and I wonder if you would have ever wanted me if I left you alone.”

“Oh, please. In every relationship someone makes the first move. Besides, mom.” He paused, “You offered to back off years ago after we ditched that...problem. I refused to leave you. I loved you then and I love you now and as Linda, not just mom.”

“But would you have if...” She stopped when he frowned.

“Enough, mom. I know you have these little moments here and there and I get it, but now? Right after a great morning like this?”

“Sorry, honey.” She took his hand. “You’re right and I adore you and wouldn’t change anything about our life. It was a shitty path for us to get together, but every night I fall asleep in your arms makes it so worth it.”

“That’s better.” He squeezed her hand.

“I think I just worry about my age. When I was forty two and you were nineteen it was one thing, but I’m fifty two and you’re just turning thirty, the age is going to matter more and more.”

“You’re an amazing woman, mom, people guess you at late thirties all the time, besides.” He shook his head, “You must think I’m pretty shallow to think I’m not going to love you when your boobs give in to gravity.”

“I know you’ll always love me, I just think about fair. You could end up taking care of me someday.”

“You’re my mother and I’m your only kid; I’d be taking care of you anyway.” He grinned, “I just get a lot of benefits before we get to that point.”

“You are always so positive.” She smiled, “I love that about you.”

“Someone has to be when you get like this.”

“And I guess I forget you’re a man now, a real man, thirty.” She sighed, “My baby is thirty. Hard to believe.”

“Bet I’m the only guy who gets blow jobs for his birthday from his mother instead of gifts.” He laughed.

“Nope, I’m sure the young men we’re about to meet have had some special gifts from their moms.” She shrugged. “And back to that, I’m curious to know what set them off, was it something bad like us? There had to be a catalyst, it doesn’t just happen or everyone would be doing it.”

“So if they’re all well adjusted you’ll knock this crap off?” He asked. “And if they’re all hard luck stories you’ll think what?”

“Nothing, I just want to know why and how. I want that as much as I want to enjoy the freedom of being able to tell other people proudly my husband is my son and see them be able to claim their love for each other, but I do want to know.”

“And we will.” He told her, “You do realize there is risk to this, right mom?”

“We’re all taking that risk, Jonathan. I think the couples coming have reservations, but the temptation to discuss their relationship is a strong pull, they may feel like I do and I think this is about reassurance for all of us.”

She nodded, “Yes, that’s it, for us to see each other and say we’re not the only ones and look how happy we are. I want them to know they are okay.”

“And tell yourself we are at the same time.” He shrugged. “I know we are, but whatever you need mom, I’m always right there with you.”

She felt her eyes tear up and throwing her arms around him, kissed him. “Oh, honey, I love you so much!”

“Love you too.” He eased her back down to the bed and lying on his side, lightly ran his fingers down her chest and over her left breast. “Now just lay here and relax for a little while.”

“Not sure if I can relax with you playing with my tit.” She told him, “Just lay with me.”

“I could do that.” His eyes were focused between her open legs and his fingers trailed down her stomach, “Or I could do what you always do for me when I’m upset about something.”

“Hold you and tell you it will be okay?” She asked her breathing picking up as his fingers toyed with the damp patch of tawny fuzz just over her pussy.

“Nah, that’s what boring mother’s do.” He winked and rolling over knelt between her legs, his fingers sliding through her still wet labia. “My mother calms me down with a nice blow job.”

“Another one for hallmark.” She laughed at the running joke they’d shared for the last decade.

“True.” He nodded, sliding his legs out from under him so he was on his stomach between her thighs; he blew lightly on her clit sending a shiver through her. “But it works and you have taught me to give what I get.”

They jumped when her cell rang and when she reached for it, Jonathan frowned, “Really, mom?”

“It’s the new cell, the one I got just for this so they wouldn’t have my real one,” She gave him a fixed look, “Per my paranoid son’s suggestion. The ticket said to please call this morning to confirm they’re coming.”

“Okay.” He released a mock sigh and rested his cheek on her thigh, his face inches from her pussy, “I’ll wait here.”

Linda grabbed the cheap phone from where it sat next to her regular I-phone and seeing it was a Connecticut area code felt her heart skip a beat.

“Taboomama.” She answered, grinning at Jonathan rolling his eyes, but still very conscious of his warm breath on her clit.

“Hey, it’s me, Laura!” A bright, chipper voice exclaimed loudly in her ear.

“Why, hello.” Linda replied, “You don’t have to give your real name right now. We can stick to our online identities until we’re all...”

“Why of course I’m still coming!” Laura cut her off. “I wouldn’t miss this for anything!”

She sounded incredibly cheery, but for some reason Linda thought the tone sounded forced. Regardless she was excited to hear from their first guest and know that no matter what, at least one couple would be coming.

Linda wondered which of the mom’s Laura was, the site listed regions as vague, ‘New England’ rather than a state and all the guests were from the NE area.

“Well, I’m so happy to hear, that Laura.” She smiled down at Jonathan, and then had to bite her lip, when with an evil grin, he slipped a finger inside her.

“Me too, I’ve been so looking forward to this,” She hesitated, “It will be so good to see you again.”

“Again, have we met?” Linda frowned.

“You said to call when we were going to be getting on the road and we’re leaving now.” She continued as if Linda hadn’t spoken.

“Great,” She had to speak slowly to keep her voice steady as her son slid his finger from inside her and ran it up through her lips to caress her clit. “The directions will take you to a general store, my son will meet everyone there so you can follow him. The back roads are crazy here.”

“Sounds, good, we’re on our way.” She paused then added, “I can’t wait for you to meet RJ! See you in a few hours.”

The call ended and even with Jonathan lightly teasing his finger along the length of her pussy, Linda voiced her thoughts. “That was our first confirmed guest, Laura and...I think she was talking in front of someone. She made it sound like she was coming to meet an old friend.”

“Hmm.” Jonathan lifted his head from her thigh, “Maybe dad’s in the picture? Or a boyfriend? If that’s the case she would need a cover.”

“But to call in front of him? She could have called from the road.”

“Mom?” He raised his eyebrows.

“Right, don’t stress, we’ll get acquainted with them soon enough.”

“Exactly, and right now?” He kissed her clit, “I am going to get reacquainted with my favorite naughty mother, my own.”

Jonathan flicked his tongue across her clit and with a contented sigh she draped her legs over his shoulders as he wrapped his arms around her thighs and plunged his tongue inside her already sopping slit.

“Oh, fuck that feels good.” She whispered, “My baby always knows just what I need, don’t you?”

His answer was to work his tongue from inside her and slowly work its way upwards. Taking her nipples between her fingers she teased them as her son's tongue danced across her clit with all the skill and familiarity of the long time lover he was.

"I fucking knew it." She groaned, as he slid two fingers inside her.

"What?" He stared up at her, his face framed beautifully by her thighs, "What did you know?"

"That I should have told them two instead of noon." She laughed then letting her head fall back on the pillow, closed her eyes and moaned softly as her son licked her pussy.

Forgetting her brief bout of melancholy, her mind returned to her first thought of the morning; today was going to be a big day.

## Chapter Two

Brett opened his eyes and winced at the sunlight coming through the open window. He'd forgotten to close the shade last night. He blinked rapidly; trying to clear the sleep from his eyes and reminded himself he had to be more careful with things like that.

The sun waking him up early was a big deal, but his bedroom was on the first floor. Even though it faced the backyard if anyone came into it, which the kids next door did on occasions, they could see in.

Brett never worried about that growing up here, but the fact he now frequently shared his bed with his mother made privacy and discretion the most important thing in their lives.

Mom should have noticed the blind as well, but he hadn't come home until one from the restaurant and she had slipped in an hour later looking for 'company' and hadn't noticed because the lights were out.

Brett took a deep breath and smiled at the scent of his mother's pussy on his face. He knew if he sniffed his fingers they would smell like her too. His smile widened at the thought of when she was looking for more, mom would go down on him and say, 'Bad boy, you taste like your mother.'

His cock was already hard and best of all the alarm clock read just after seven, they didn't have to leave for New Hampshire until ten. Becky always slept until at least nine which meant there was plenty of time to have a nice little morning delight.

Brett turned his head, expecting to see his mother sleeping peacefully next to him, her full lips pushed into that adorable pout she exhibited when she slept, but frowned when he saw she was gone. He must have really been tired to not have felt her leave.

Despite how exhausted he was from a week of part time landscaping and five straight four to close shifts, he forced himself to get moving.

He had plenty of time to get some more sleep; but it was unlike mom to slip out on him and he worried about her. Just as she worried about him and they both worried about his fourteen year old sister, Becky.

Sitting up, Brett wondered if Becky had a bad dream and had been knocking on mom's bedroom door. Another chance they took when mom would come to his room. Usually he would go to hers and she would lock the door. If Becky knocked he was able to the closet and mom would take her back to her room, while Brett slipped out.

Swinging his legs off the bed he stretched, grunting as his back cracked and stood up. He walked over to the window and as he started to pull the blind down saw Marie, the woman next door near the fence. She looked up and her mouth dropped open.

Brett looked down and with a start realized he was butt ass naked and his cock was still hard. He looked back up to see Marie still staring and after giving her a little wave, pulled the shade down. He should probably feel embarrassed, but what the hell, Marie had told his mother her husband was a dud so maybe this would be her thrill of the week.

But as he slipped on a pair of boxers and then the jeans from last night Brett was reminded of how big of a deal that shade being up was. What if mom had still been in bed and they had started fooling around? Looking around, Brett made a mental note to rearrange his room when they got back on Monday.

He couldn't believe he was going to blow off a Friday night shift. Mom had vacation days, but he had to lose money and money was tight. Bad enough he was losing the weekend, but Friday as well really hurt. He'd asked mom to just drive up tomorrow, get there a day later, but she didn't want to show up last after everyone else had already met.

Tossing on a T-shirt, Brett turned and walked around his bed heading for the door and stumbled over something. As he caught his balance, he looked down to see he had tripped over his large travel bag next to his bureau.

He picked it up, planning on tossing it on the bed so he could pack later. The bag was heavy; mom had packed it for him. The woman worked full time in an office, waitressed three nights a week, took care of Becky and still took care of her twenty year old son. Took care of him in every way, he thought.

Brett exited the room and quietly padded down the hallway to his mother's bedroom. He turned the handle slowly and pushed the door open a few inches. He'd expected to see his mother in bed with Becky snuggled up next to her, but the bed was empty. The door to her closet was open however, and the light was on. She was probably packing for the trip.

With a glance down the hall to make sure Becky's door was closed, Brett entered his mother's room and closed the door behind him. He walked across the room and coming around the closet door said, "Hey, sexy, why'd you..."

He trailed off when he saw the closet was empty. He did note the two suitcases in the doorway and lifting them noticed they were full, very full.

"Women." He muttered, they would be back in three days and she had two suitcases.

With a grin he wondered if she had packed any toys? They had to be quiet because of Becky, but when his grandmother took her for overnights his mother always broke out the vibrators and would scream like a wild cat while he used it on her clit as he fucked her. Typical mother son bonding, right?

Turning from the closet Brett had one of those waves of mixed emotions he'd been prone to since he started sleeping with his mother a few months ago. On one hand, she was beautiful, sexy, sweet, the most amazing woman he'd ever known and he loved her dearly.

He knew she felt the same way, but there were times when he thought of what they did and how wrong the world would think it was. Never mind the always sneaking around; what if Becky ever found out?

But when Brett was with his mother nothing ever felt more right and at the end of the day he was the one who had seduced her. He hadn't intended on it, he'd just wanted to comfort her, but something unexpected had happened and damned if he hadn't loved every minute of it and had never regretted it.

He had to admit his only issue was the chance of being ousted, otherwise he was fine with the special relationship he had with his mother. He knew mom had more misgivings than he did and many times had mentioned he could go back to being with girls his age.

That was why he had pushed her to sign up to the incest chat room he had found on a fetish site online so she would see others were like them. It almost backfired as a lot of people on "All in the Family" were whack jobs, telling crazy stories of family orgies or worse talking about under age sexual experiences and not helping his mother see them as being okay.

Fortunately Brett had located a member, taboo mama, who advertised she had her own invite only chat room for more loving 'serious' couples. He had contacted her under his handle of hot4mom 'and they had exchanged several messages. He mentioned how conflicted his mother was and they needed to speak to people who were more like them, people who were about the love and not just the lust.

He'd received an invite to the chat room and the people there did a lot to make them both feel better about things. They were always speaking of love and how they adored each other, how to them their relationship wasn't sick, but special.

But mom still struggled here and there and he knew those feelings were triggered by lingering grief over his father's death last year. When Taboomama had sent them a private message asking them to be one of four couples she was inviting to her large vacation home in New Hampshire for three days of, as she referred to it as, a mother son retreat. His mother balked, but Brett convinced her to do it.

The point, according to their host, wasn't just getting together and swapping hot stories, but discussing their relationships, it was to look at incest as more than a dirty taboo, but a special lifestyle that wasn't exactly easy all the time. That was what the two of them, especially mom, needed.

It would be good for both of them to be able to meet others like them and hear about how they handled the inherent problems of an incestuous romance. Brett did have some misgivings, what if these other couples weren't as loving as he and his mom were?

What if beneath their talking of love they were really the sex crazed lusty fuckers that populated many of the incest stories he had read online and wanted to....share?Not that they would, but it wouldn't help them think they had anything in common with anyone.

Brett shook off his conflicted thoughts, they weren't productive and he knew his mother had them; so he pretended he never doubted for her benefit. Not that he doubted them; it was the rest of the damn world.

He walked over to mom's bureau and a wave of sadness passed through him as he saw a picture of him with mom and dad at his high school graduation. Today marked the one year anniversary of his succumbing to liver cancer and Brett figured that was the real reason his mother wanted to leave today, get on the road, meet some people and keep her mind off the emotions of the day.

Brett picked up the framed photo and looked at his father and as he always did thought he may as well be looking in the mirror. Brett looked so much like his dad total strangers had remarked, "So this has to be your son" when they had gone fishing or to ball games.

Brett was all his father, with not one feature people could attribute to his mother except for the slightly crooked smile he displayed. On her it was endearing, but he always thought it made him look goofy.

But he couldn't complain about his lot in the looks department. Brett had his father's wavy black hair and best feature, his deep green eyes. Brett had high cheek bones and smooth even features that had earned him the nick name pretty boy throughout high school and it had followed him into his first two years of college.

Not that he minded, as he had always done well with girls and had more than his share of fun and even a little romance throughout school. In fact that was his first obstacle with being with his mother, girls. It looked strange he had stopped asking girls out and turning down the ones that came on to him.

Eventually he had made up an out of town girlfriend saying her parents lived here, but she attended Florida State. Even that was tough because his friends had been expecting to meet her this summer.

"They don't cover this in those lame stories." He said aloud, then grinned at the thought someone should have published an incest handbook, how to be your mom's lover and get away with it.

His attention returned to the photo and placing it to his lips he kissed the image of his father, "Love you, miss you, pop." He said softly.

His eyes filled and he took a deep breath.

"Shake it off, Brett." He told his reflection in the mirror. Today was going to be bad for mom and his sister and he couldn't be weak.

His grandma on mom's side was coming over to spend the next few days with Becky and she would be good for her, play games, take her to movies and keep her from thinking about dad and hopefully missing him and mom. This was the first time she would be without at least one of them since his father's passing.

Putting the picture down, Brett hurried out of his mother's room and walked down the hallway, he peeked into Becky's room and was surprised to see her not there. Since when did that little shit get up this early?

He walked past the bathroom and slapped himself in the head. He must be tired, the shower had broken last weekend and his uncle was going to fix it, but had to order a part. Mom was probably downstairs taking a shower.

He went downstairs and as he entered the kitchen heard Becky whining.

"Come on Grandma, I hate pancakes."

"You always liked my pancakes." Grandma replied.

"No, mom told me to tell you that." Becky told her, "But now that I'm a grown up, I'm telling the truth."

"Hey." Brett spoke up before his grandmother could answer, "First off fourteen isn't an adult. Second don't disrespect your grandma. She's nice enough to cook for you and spend the weekend with your whiny ass, so be nice."

"It's okay, Brett." Grandma said, "I'd rather know and..."

Brett cut her off by giving her a hug and whispering in her ear, "You can't let her get away with saying what she wants, Grandma, it doesn't help. Everyone feels bad for her and the little shit knows it."

Hugging him tightly she whispered back, "Brett you're right and I am so proud of the way you've become the man around here. Your sister needs that and so does your mom. You do a great job taking care of her."

Oh, you don't know the half of it, he thought, but answered, "We all do the best we can, it's all we can do."

"Very mature." She responded, then released him. "So you hungry?" She cocked her head, "Do you like my pancakes?"

"Love them."

"Brown noser." Becky rolled her eyes.

"Stop being a little turd." He responded, "I know you're good at it, but come up with a new act, okay?"

"Stop trying to be dad." She snapped, then her eyes widened when she realized what she'd said, "I'm sorry Brett!" Her lower lip trembled, "Really! I shouldn't say..."

"No worries." He walked over and putting his arm around her kissed her forehead, "Tough day all around, Becks."

"I miss him." She sighed.

“Me too, sis.” He kept his arm around her and looked at Grandma to see her trying not to cry. Jeez this was not the morning he thought he would wake up to.

“So, um, where’s mom?” He asked.

“She was just here, had a cup of coffee with me. She went into the bathroom a minute ago.” She winked, “Maybe she’s dodging my pancakes too.”

Becky laughed and Brett gave his grandmother the “Ok” sign over her head.

“I love that goofy laugh sis.” He tousled her red hair. “You sound just like mom.”

“Look like her too!” She smiled, “I’m the good looking kid.”

“Keep telling yourself that squirt; someone has to.” He retorted, but she was right, where he was the younger version of their father, Becky was mini mom.

Her red hair was a little brighter than mom’s deeper auburn hue, but she wore it long like her and she had mom’s pale blue eyes and even the same cute little sprinkling of freckles around her nose. Like her brother the only trait she had gotten from dad was his big wide smile, rather than mom’s endearing crooked grin.

Brett looked up at the sound of a door creaking and saw mom pop out of the bathroom down the hall off of the kitchen. She was wearing the pink Hello Kitty night shirt Becky had for some reason bought her for her birthday and it looked adorable on her.

Mom was a professional woman and an attractive one, but hr loved that shirt on her as well as her long hair pulled into a simple pony tail. Self conscious of them, Mom covered her freckles with make up when she went to work, but around the house they were on full display.

The shirt went down to about her mid thigh, a little short, but not inappropriate. It was however, short enough to show off her long well shaped legs, the legs that earned her damn good tips as she paraded around in a short black skirt at her waitressing job.

Even while standing there with his sister and grandmother, Brett’s eyes lingered on those legs while thinking he’d been between them just a few hours ago. Mom grabbed a towel out of the closet next to the bathroom and looked my way.

She gave him a soft smile then paused near the door and stared at him. She had an odd look on her face, a little sad, but there was something else. Becky and Grandma were out of her line of sight and she blew him a kiss and mouthed, “I love you.”

Not wanting his sister or grandmother to notice anything, Brett quickly put his hand over his heart and tapped it. Mom nodded and again gave him that strange look. This time he recognized it though. It was a look of longing and need.

It wasn’t a need for sex exactly, but the need to be close to him the need for him to hold her and love her. No one who knew her would ever call mom needy, but since his father’s death, she had become needy with him and he was fine with that. Mom was strong for everyone else; she could be weak with her son.

She gave him another sad smile, then entered the bathroom.

“So what do you want instead of pancakes?” Grandma was asking Becky.

“I don’t know.” She shrugged, “Maybe an omelet?”

“Hey, tell you what.” Brett spoke up. “How about you girls go down to the little breakfast place around the corner?”

“Ohh, I like it there, they have awesome home fries!” Becky smiled, “Can we, grandma?”

“Well I don’t know, honey. We have a lot of plans for the weekend and I only have so much money and...”

“Here.” Reaching into his pocket, he pulled out the wad of crumpled bills he’d received in tips last night.

Brett plucked out four five dollar bills and gave them to Becky, “There you go, squirt, take your grandma out to breakfast.”

“Wow, thanks!” She beamed at me, “Can we now?”

“I suppose.” Grandma shrugged, “What about you, Brett?”

“I’m going back to bed. I just got up because...” Because why, mom wasn’t in his bed?”

“Because you know what today is and was checking on everyone.” She nodded.

“Right.” He said, feeling guilty it was only a half truth.

“Well you’re not going anywhere until you brush that hair and get your shoes on.” Grandma told Becky.

“Okay, I’ll be right back.” Becky stood up from the table and pushing herself up on her tip toes kissed my cheek. “Thanks, big brother, you’re not so bad for a dork.”

“Love you too, little shit.” Brett replied as she made her way into the living room to go upstairs.

“I know why you’re getting rid of us, you know.” Grandma said.

“What do you mean?” He asked, trying not to sound nervous.

“You want to talk to your mother without Becky hearing and make sure she’s okay this morning.”

“You got me.” Brett shrugged, relieved.

Grandma smiled, “It’s a good idea, Brett. I’ll talk to your sister over breakfast and you go and take good care of your mother.”

“That’s exactly what I plan on doing.” He told her, smiling away through another jolt of guilt.

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Becky had hauled ass getting her hair done and within five minutes, Brett waved goodbye to them and then ran down the hall to the bathroom. He could hear the shower running and with a thrill of anticipation, quietly opened the bathroom door.

He slipped in quickly and thumbed the lock just in case. The room was full of steam, but he could make out mom's silhouette behind the glass doors of the shower. He silently stripped his clothes off, his eyes staying on her shadowy figure, watching her arms move along her body and knowing it would be his hands in a matter of seconds.

Seeing which direction she was facing, Brett slid the door open behind her and stepped into the steam and hot water. Mom was too engrossed in her thoughts to have heard him and he took a moment to admire her from behind.

Mom was tall, with an athletic build gained from years of jogging and playing tennis whenever she could. Those long perfectly toned legs led up to her firm little ass and he licked his lips at the sight of her wet, soapy cheeks.

His eyes wandered up to her wet back and he watched the soap trail down her smooth skin. Mom's long auburn hair was plastered to her back and looked damn good against her creamy skin.

"Hey, it's not nice to fuck and run." He said. "It makes me feel cheap."

Mom gave a startled yelp and spun around to face him.

"Brett!" She hissed, "What the hell are you doing in here! Your grandmother's here and your..."

"Sent them to Sunnyside Diner." He grinned, "And before you say it, I locked the door and if it comes down to it, I can get out the window if I have to."

He sighed, "Like I had to do when Becky came home early from her friend's house last week."

"That was close." She agreed and slid her arms around his neck "But kind of exciting too, I felt like a cheating spouse." Her grin faded, "I'm glad you're here, I really need you, baby."

"I know; that's why I got them out of here." He put his arms around her waist enjoying the feel of her wet skin and whistled, "God, you look good, mom."

That sure as hell wasn't a line. As fine as her backside was, the front was even better. His mother's tits were on the smaller side, but perfectly round and perky, with nipples so pink they were barely visible against her white skin.

Her stomach was flat and firm and currently featured soapy rivulets of water running down it. That white stream flowed down through the dark red patch of pubic hair on her mound and down through the cleft of her pussy. Her pussy was the same pink as her nipples and Brett envisioned that soapy trail as another type of gooey white substance.

His cock had risen to full attention and as she drew him into her embrace he groaned as it slid across her slick stomach. Her lips met his and Brett moaned softly at the contact. His mother's soft lips gently caressed his, teasing him before kissing him more forcefully.

He pulled her close, crushing her against him and enjoying her hard soapy nipples pressing into his now wet skin. Her tongue darted into his mouth and as he met it with his, Brett ran his hands across her back.

He slid his right up through her long wet hair, running his fingers through it, then gripping it tightly and urging her head back so he could kiss the soft skin of her throat.

His mother purred happily as his lips worked across her neck and his other hand followed the curve of the small of her back down to her ass where he gave her cheek a hard squeeze.

"Yes, honey," She moaned as he sucked gently on the skin just below her ear, "This is what I need; I need my baby to show me how much he wants me."

"And I want to show my mother how good I can make her feel."

"Allison." She whispered, "Mom's okay sometimes when we're together, but I want you to call me by my name." She slipped her hand between them and wrapped it around his aching dick and stroked it in her wet hand.

"This morning I want to be your love, not your mother."

"You're both to me, Allison." He said in her ear, "You're my everything."

"Oh, Brett that's so sweet!" She kissed him hard and ground her hips into him, "I need you inside me, baby, right now!"

"Hmm-mm." He stepped back from her took her by her shoulders and guided her to turn her back to him, "You said you wanted me to show you how much I want you, well I can't do that with a quickie."

Grabbing her vanilla scented body wash from the shelf, he squirted some in his hands and reaching around her lathered her small breasts.

"Oh, that feels nice." She leaned back against him, "Maybe you're right, what's the hurry?"

"We have plenty of time, Becky takes forever to eat because she never shuts up." He said as he took her hard nipples between his soapy fingers and rubbed them.

Mom moaned softly, no not mom, Allison, he reminded himself even though it was only his thoughts, he didn't want to slip. At times she was funny with the mom thing which added to his occasional questioning of their situation. Then again it was probably her way of making it easier to accept and that, he told himself, was a good thing.

Hell, anything that kept her wanting to keep this up was fine with him and as dirty of a thrill as it was to call her mom when they got down and dirty, it was a thrill of another kind to address his mother as Allison, to have her as a woman rather than his mother.

Keeping his right hand on her breast he worked his left across her stomach, soaping up her soft skin. His fingers trailed down into the wet patch of pubic hair and she tensed against him in anticipation of where he would touch next.

Nuzzling his face into her neck, Brett kissed her as his hand rubbed her pussy. Allison moaned and pumped her hips, sliding her wet lips along his hand. She gasped when his fingers found her clit and gently rubbed it in slow circles.

Allison reached back behind them and put her arms around his neck, keeping his face pressed into her neck as he played with her swollen button.

“So good.” She whispered, “That feels so good, baby.”

He rubbed harder and she moaned her appreciation. Brett released a moan of his own when Allison worked her hips up and down, sliding his cock between the slippery cheeks of her ass. Allison tried to lean forward saying, “Just take me like this, honey, let me lean against the wall and...Oh...”

Her words turned into a moan when he pressed harder on her clit and lowering himself to his knees kissed his way down her wet back until he was sliding his lips along her ass. Releasing her clit, he spread her cheeks open and she squealed when he shoved his tongue into her asshole.

“Bad boy!” She moaned, “Tonguing your mother’s...” She caught herself and giggled, “I mean Allison’s ass.”

“Its tastes the same no matter who you are.” He said, giving her a gentle push in the back.

Taking her cue, Allison leaned forward, placing her hands on the tiles and still standing under the stream of hot water, moaned as Brett teased his tongue around her pink rosebud. His face buried in her ass, Brett slipped his hand between her thighs, and careful to rinse the soap from his hand under the water, slipped a finger inside her.

They groaned in unison as his finger eased into her tight wet pussy and she moved her hips, working his finger in and out of her as well as grinding her ass into his face. Brett pushed his rigid tongue into her ass several times before working it downward and removing his finger replaced it with his tongue.

Allison bent over further, giving him better access to her pussy as he swirled his tongue around inside her. He groaned at the taste of his mother, Allison be damned, he was sucking his mother’s pussy and there was no way to deny that.

He kept his finger on her clit as he tongue fucked her and slurped up her sticky juices. She moaned each time he sucked on her pussy to receive another mouthful and worked her hips higher,

“My clit, honey, that finger feels good, but my so...your tongue would feel so much better.”

“Your son.” He told her as he placed his hand on her left hip and pushed, “Your son is licking your pussy. You can be Allison another time, but right now you know damn well who you want me to be.”

“You’re right.” She took the hint when he pushed harder and turned to face him, “I want my son to want me.” She looked down at him and ran her fingers through his wet hair, “I...sometimes I just think that there’s something wrong with...”

“Shhh.” He put his finger to his lips as he eased one through hers. “Not the time or the place. Right now, you just lean back and let your loving son, take care of his beautiful mother.”

Grabbing her right ankle he lifted and leaning back against the wall, mom put her foot on his shoulder and putting her hand between her legs, spread her pink slit open for him.

“That’s better.” He breathed, watching her tease her fingernail around her swollen clit. “Wow, that looks good.”

“Bet it tastes better.” She gripped his hair tighter and pushed his face between her thighs, “Eat my pussy, baby, I want to cum for my...good boy.”

She whispered the last part and again he could tell she was conflicted, but like him continued to succumb to the true taboo of their actions. Brett eagerly sucked her clit into his mouth and eased two fingers inside his mother’s hot little box.

“Oh, fuck.” She moaned and ground her pussy in his face, helping his tongue circle her clit. “Just like that, honey.”

Brett moved his fingers slowly inside her and alternated licking her clit then giving her a few hard sucks. Each time he sucked and went back to licking, she moaned louder and her hips moved with more urgency.

It thrilled Brett that he had become so familiar with his mother’s body. They were now comfortable lovers who knew exactly how to please each other. Sucking her clit between his lips, he eased a third finger inside her and she whimpered in pleasure as her pussy spread around her son’s thrusting fingers.

Her fingers tightened in his hair to the point it was painful, but that discomfort was nothing in comparison to how much he was enjoying the thought she was going to come for him. Mom moaned loudly as he switched back to licking and her toes curled into his shoulder.

She moved her hand from her pussy and Brett looked up to see she was playing with her nipples. As he sucked her clit he watched her tugging on her pink nubs, stretching and pinching them as her son worked her pussy.

Mom’s eyes were closed and her lips parted as she moaned and whimpered. Some of her wet hair was plastered to her face and fanned out across the front of her shoulders. Goddamn she was gorgeous!

Brett thrust his fingers harder and faster. Knowing just what would send her over the edge; he brought his other hand up between her legs and shoved a finger into her ass.

“Oh fuck, oh...oh!” His mother threw her head back and howled in pleasure.

The sound echoed in the shower and even though Brett knew they’d only been in here fifteen minutes or so he found himself worried. What if his grandmother forgot something or the place was too crowded and they didn’t want to wait?

His worries vanished as his mother cried his name over and over in between several loud squeals and cries of ecstasy. He groaned when her holes contracted around his thrusting fingers and continued to swirl his tongue around her quivering clit.

He kept his eyes on her, loving the way her eyes widened and her face contorted as her hips bucked wildly and she came like a damn porn star for her son. She was still tugging on her nipples and he admired the way her small firm tits bounced as she squirmed against the shower wall.

“Oh, honey.” She sighed as her pussy released its death grip from around his fingers. “That was just what your mother needed.”

“I hope that’s not all you need.” Brett joked as he eased his fingers from her and stood up, his aching cock standing at full attention between them.

“Baby, you know what I need right now.” With a wink, she sank to her knees as he had done. “I need to get a mouthful of this incredible cock of yours.”

She grabbed him and after a couple of quick pumps, opened wide and took him deep into her warm wet mouth. Brett moaned and ran his hands through her long wet hair and holding the back of her head, gently guided her mouth along his cock.

His mother moaned and her light blue eyes rolled back as she bobbed her head along her son’s cock. He moaned softly and resisted the urge to move his hips, instead just enjoying her working her full lips and soft, wet tongue along his shaft.

Brett noted that under normal circumstances the freckles around her nose gave her an innocent appearance, a cute girl next door type. But right now kneeling on the shower floor with her mouth full of her son’s cock; Mom looked anything but innocent.

She opened wider and took him down to the base of his shaft. Brett groaned when she bobbed her head faster taking him all the way down each time. Her eyes were locked on his and she was making sloppy wet gagging sounds as she repeatedly throated his sizable cock.

She released him with a loud gasp and his eyes widened at the long globs of spit and pre cum trailing from her tongue and hanging from her chin and his cock. She quickly stood up and putting her back to him braced her hands against the wall and spread her legs wide.

Brett grabbed her hips and took a moment to admire the sight of her pink pussy and asshole peering from between her cheeks, then drove his sloppy, wet cock into her sopping slit.

“God yes!” She cried out as he pumped his hips, fucking her with long hard strokes.

Brett squeezed her slender hips and moaned as he took his mother in the shower. She looked incredible with her hands braced against the wall and her long wet hair across her back. Her sweet little ass was spread around his plunging cock as he watched; part of him still entranced by the fact he was fucking his mother.

Her pink lips wrapped tightly around his cock and each time he withdrew he could feel her pussy greedily trying to suck him back in. Mom grunted and groaned with each hard thrust and looking over her shoulder at him, she groaned,

“That’s it, baby, give it to me, give your mother what she wants.” She moaned and gave him that sweet, crooked smile of hers, “Anything her baby wants to give her.”

“Then that’s everything.” Brett said, speaking sweetly even as he picked up the pace and hammered away at her tight little pussy.

“Oh, honey.” She moaned, “I love hearing that! I love you!”

It certainly wasn’t love reflected in his mother’s face. Her blue eyes were wide and glazed with lust and her lips were parted, her tongue protruding from them as she yelped each time he pounded her.

Their wet skin was slapping together loudly and she was making a lot more noise than she did at night when they had to be careful. As Brett continued to hammer away at his mother as if she were one of the slutty little coeds he used to fuck, he found himself looking forward to this weekend.

Three days and nights of being with his mother and not having to worry, three nights of fucking her anyway he wanted and they could be as loud as they wanted. They could sleep in each other’s arms and not have to set an alarm to sneak out of each other’s beds. They could be a couple.

That excited him as much as fucking her did. His balls tightened and his cock twitched each time he pumped her. Knowing he was close, she moaned, “Where do you want it, baby? What part of your mother do you want to come on?”

“Those pretty little tits.” He breathed as unable to hold back he cut loose and really tore into her, slamming his cock repeatedly into the one pussy society had raised him to think he had no right being in.

His mother screamed as he drove himself into her as hard as he could and with a gasp, he whipped his cock out and squeezed the base. Mom turned and dropping to her knees, cupped his balls and squeezed them.

Brett cried out as he released his cock and a long, thick stream of cum exploded from the tip and splattered onto his mother’s perfect breasts. Caressing his balls, she grabbed his cock in her other hand and jacked him off onto her tits.

Brett moaned and whimpered as she worked his balls while stroking him, trying to get every drop he had to offer. He sent several thick squirts across both her tits and watched it drip down her nipples and stomach.

Aiming his cock higher she opened her mouth and took the last squirt onto her tongue. She pushed it out so it ran down her chin, then took just the tip into her mouth and sucked him dry. He moaned and as she smacked her lips he leaned against the wall to catch his breath. Between the steam and the sex he was sweating in the damn shower.

“Hmm, that was so nice,” Mom sighed, “And the best part is?” She cupped her cum covered tits and held them up, “Easy to clean up!”

She stood up and facing the shower, quickly rinsed off, then turning back to Brett, slid her arms under his and hugged him close.

“Thank you for doing that, honey.”

“Oh, I think I made out okay.” He laughed, stroking her wet hair.

“I mean sending Becky out with my mother. You saw me and knew I needed you.” She kissed him softly, “You really do take care of me.”

“You take care of me too, mom, you take care of us, I just help you help us.”

“I’d like you to come lay down with me for a little while.” She reached behind her and shut the water off.

“I don’t know mom, we might only have a half hour or so.”

“That’s fine, honey. I just want to be close to you in my bed and...I want to talk to you.”

“We have a two hour drive to talk.” Brett reminded her as he slid the doors open and grabbing a towel held it open for her.

“Hmm, such a gentleman!” Mom cooed as she put her back to him and he folded the towel around her.

“Didn’t feel like one a couple of minutes ago.” Brett winked.

“But that’s why you get those dirty things, honey. Being sweet and considerate makes good girls want to be bad. You get what you give, Brett.”

“Then I will continue to give you anything you want.” He laughed.

“Then come lay down with your mother.” She said, “And I want to talk now, I really need to.”

“Then what are we waiting for?” He asked, “After all I was raised to never tell my mother no.”

“And I’ve taken full advantage of that.” She replied, but without a smile.

Brett frowned as she turned away and toweled off. He had a feeling he knew where this was going.

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“You okay, Mom?” Brett asked as they lay stretched out on her bed.

Despite his nervousness about when Becky and Grandma would be home, Mom had insisted on them stripping when they entered her room and locked the door, she said she wanted to feel him naked against her which put him at ease in the sense he didn’t think he was in for a ‘we shouldn’t keep doing this.’ moment from her.

“You know what today is.” She said softly, turning her head to look at him.

They were both laying on their backs, his arm around her shoulders and her leg draped over his and he nodded, “I know.” And squeezed her tighter.

“Still hard to believe.” She sighed, “And life is so different and hard. You work full time and go to school full time and your father would have never wanted that.”

“Dad would have wanted me to help.” Brett pointed out. “Just like he would have wanted me to stay in school which is why I’m not working two full time jobs.”

“But you are this summer and it upsets me you’re not having any fun.”

“You’re working two jobs too.” He kissed her cheek, “And we have plenty of fun.”

“You should be spending more time with friends and...” She stopped and gave him a nervous smile, “Brett I need to ask you something and I want a real answer, not what you want me to hear.”

“Okay.” He said nervously.

“Honey, you and I...what would your father think?”

“I...”

He frowned, he’d thought of that a few times himself, he was not only having sex with his mother, but basically hopping into his father’s bed, having sex with a dead man’s wife. But if he answered that way....

“It’s complicated.” He hedged.

“It’s wrong.” She whispered, “I know it is, but even as I say it here we are naked in my bed, with you lying in your father’s spot.”

“I...” He shifted his position, sliding his arm out from under her and propping himself up on his elbow so he was looking down at her.

Placing his hand on her stomach he took a deep breath.

“Mom, you’re right. On the surface this looks pretty wrong, shit, it’s downright....sleazy in a way.”

“Thanks.” She said softly.

“You said honest answer.” He reminded her, “And I’m not finished.”

“Okay, baby, go ahead.” She gave him a sad smile, “You’re the man of the house these days. You have as much say in this as I do.”

“Like I said, most people would condemn us just because you’re my mother, throw in the fact dad passed and now I’m in his place, it’s as bad as it sounds.”

Mom looked as if she were going to speak, but stopped when he placed his finger to her lips.

She smiled and he put his hand back on her stomach and idly caressed her soft skin as he spoke.

“But the way I see it is what did dad want most for us? What did he tell you when he became really sick, when they knew he wasn’t going to pull through?”

“He wanted me to be happy; he said forty two was way too young to be alone.”

“Right, he wanted you to meet someone and be happy.”

“I don’t think you were the person he was thinking of.” She sighed, “I just keep seeing him in my mind and he looks so hurt and disgusted. I hear him saying “Our son, Allison? Our son?”

Her eyes filled and Brett hoped to hell he would say the right things here.

“You say that because you feel guilty and I’ve had my moments.” He grunted, “Same thing, “You’re mother, Brett? You’re screwing your own mother? My wife?” I used to hear it.”

“Used to?” She blinked and looked up at him her eyes hopeful, “What made you change that feeling?”

“Okay, first off, honesty. I still get it sometimes. But only for a minute and not like I used to. I think...” He shrugged, “I think we would be bad people if it didn’t hit us sometimes, know what I mean? If we had no remorse there would be something wrong.”

“Makes sense.” She put her hand over his, but didn’t stop him from touching her.

“Then I thought about it, dad wanted you to be happy and what he would never want is for you to settle for anyone that would treat you poorly, no more than that. He wouldn’t want you with anyone who wouldn’t treat you the way he did.”

“True.” She said quietly and stared down as his hand slid lower down her stomach.

To his surprise, Brett felt his cock stiffening as his fingers teased along the edge of her pubic hair. But he didn’t feel sick or twisted; instead he knew what he needed to show his mother was his desire for her, his desire and his love as he told her why he felt they were doing the right thing for each other.

“Well Dad raised me to be just like him. Responsible, a hard worker and most of all, he raised me to respect women and treat them right. The two of you taught me what you just said, that I’ll get more being a good guy than being a jerk and I’ll get from a woman what I give them. Mom, I’m the exact kind of guy dad would want you with.”

“Minus the son detail.”

“But because I’m your son I love you more than any other man ever could and I loved you before we became intimate. You...you were so lonely and you wouldn’t try to meet someone, you wouldn’t go out, you just moped and you cried every night you kept saying how all you wanted was to feel what you felt with dad again.”

“And you make me feel that way.” She smiled, “You make me feel so special and so loved and so...” She sucked on her lower lip, a sign she was getting worked up, “Desired. The way you look at me...the way you want me.” She swallowed, “Just like him.”

“And who else would treat you that way? In away Dad got me ready for this, he made me into the perfect man for you.”

“But what we do if anyone found out, no one else would think it was right.”

“Not true.” As he spoke his fingers trailed through her pubic hair, “We went on that chat room and we found dozens, hundreds of mother son couples.”

“A lot of them are lying, they’re just role playing.”

“Not the ones we’re meeting today mom.” He slid his fingers to the side and down her soft inner thigh. She opened her legs wider for him and his heart beat faster as he went on.

“That’s why when we were invited to the retreat I said we needed to go. We’re going to meet people like us, hear their stories and we can tell them ours and...we can talk about things like this.”

“Mom, if they’re all happy like us that should tell us this is not as wrong as we think. It might be wrong for most people, but not for us.”

“I like that.” She whispered and as his fingers teased closer to her pussy her breathing picked up, her small breasts rising and falling with each breath and her nipples had stiffened. “You’re right, baby. The people today they’re like us, Taboomama is always talking about love.”

“My exact thoughts earlier.” Brett told her. “But see mom, we complicate this. Well I don’t as much, but you do, you’re doing it now.”

“Then make it simple for me.” She said, her eyes locked on his now fully hard cock. “God, I love how you always want me.” She shifted her gaze to him, “Make it easy for me, baby, please?”

“I’m going to make it very easy, mom. I asked myself if I was happy. No details, no maybe this or what if that. I looked in the mirror and said ‘Brett are you happy being with mom?’ I told myself the first word that jumped into my head was my answer.”

He leaned down and kissed her, “The answer is yes, mom, or Allison or whoever you want to be when we’re together. I am happy; in fact I couldn’t be happier.”

“Oh, honey.” She smiled and caressing his cheek guided his lips to hers for another kiss, “That was beautiful and simple.”

“It’s tough sneaking around and I think about Becky too, but...it’s so worth it. Just lying here next to you is worth it and when Grandma takes Becky for the night and we wake up together? I have no doubts we’re where we should be.

“God you’re amazing.” She gave him her endearing crooked smile. You sure you’re only twenty, kid?”

“I had wise parents.” Brett answered, “Now question is mom, are you happy?”

She paused and his heart skipped a beat.

“Well...” She sighed, “Not right now.”

“What?” He asked, “Mom, I...”

“Come here.” She grabbed his cock and spreading her legs open, beckoned him with her finger, “Come here.”

His throat growing tight with emotion, Brett rolled over between her legs and sank inside her welcoming pussy. Brett moaned and sliding her arms around his neck she pulled him down so she could whisper in his ear.

“Ask me again, Brett.”

“Mom,” He breathed, moving slowly within her. “Are you happy?”

“I am now, baby.” She hugged him tightly and moved her hips in time with his, “I am now.”

### Chapter Three Thursday Night

Rebecca stood in front of her closet staring at the corner of the wrack that contained her lingerie. She'd packed everything else into the large suitcase on the bed and had deliberately left her night-or perhaps morning and afternoon- attire for last.

She'd used the thought of picking out her sexiest outfits to entertain her while packing the mundane things. Although knowing there would be four other attractive women there, she did put a lot of thought into the clothes she packed.

She frowned as she thought there would also be four young men there as well and didn't want to dress too sexy to look as if she were trying to get them to look.

Rebecca had decided on cute sundresses, playful skirts and blouses and a couple pairs of fairly tight little short shorts. There was a club a half hour away from where they were staying and she smiled at the idea of dancing with Derek in front of a room full of people who had no idea who they were to each other.

In anticipation of that, Rebecca had packed a mini skirt so short she would be unable to bend over without giving the club a show, but who knew; maybe she would for the hell of it. The top to go with it was a slinky sleeveless silver creation that only had two buttons in the middle, leaving her naval bare.

Rebecca wasn't exactly busty, but as David so eloquently put it, she had a good handful; more than enough to hang out of the pretty much slutty top. Seeing as no one would know her up there maybe she would skip a bra. A pair of six inch black fuck me heels that strapped up behind her knees would complete the ensemble.

She envisioned herself in the outfit braless and thought of not even wearing a thong, but she doubted she would be that bold. Then again considering her sex life, what was really left that she would say “I couldn't do that” to?”

One outfit she knew for sure she was bringing was one she bought as soon as they had all discussed the invitation and agreed they should go. Rebecca was thrilled for this weekend. It wouldn't just be fun to get to share her secret-and she had the feeling hers was even more taboo than theirs-but to talk about something that had been weighing on her lately.

As much as she loved her extremely taboo, but very enjoyable lifestyle, she had begun to have doubts about the future; more specifically Derek's future. Rebecca loved what they did together, the lust, the love, the intimacy, but she was becoming concerned with whether or not this was healthy for him.

"Not right now." She said aloud.

To keep her mind on the excitement to come, Rebecca grabbed the new outfit from the rack and held it up. It was a light blue baby doll, the thin silky material sheer along the sides and back with patches of lace to cover her nipples.

It tied in the middle, allowing her stomach to be exposed to show off the sapphire pendant dangling from her naval she had gotten recently for David, well Derek didn't mind either, and she would do anything to make both men in her life happy.

The nightie came with a pair of sheer, light blue panties and all in all, the look was way too young for her and far too sweet, but Derek loved the that type of look and it was his weekend.

Rebecca tossed the nightie over to the bed where it landed on the open suitcase then pulled out another set far more to her personal taste. This one was a deep purple corset like top with matching stockings, garters, and her favorite part, crotch-less panties.

She walked over to the suitcase rather than toss all the pieces and after rolling up the stockings she turned to the mirror across from her. The inappropriately short red robe she was wearing would be coming for the weekend along with a black version of it.

As much as Rebecca liked naughty lingerie, she loved the simple, sexy look of the robe. Not to mention the reaction she received from both her men whenever she walked around in it. Feeling playful, she untied the robe and let it fall open.

Cupping her breasts, she held them up, offering them to her reflection and teased her long red nails across her rosy nipples. She exhaled loudly and pressed her tits together, squeezing the soft flesh and pulling on them.

She widened her big blue eyes, and pushed her lips into a playful pout, "you like mommy's tits, baby? Are they your favorite tits?"

David was due home soon and in anticipation of the long, hard goodbye he'd be looking for, she was wearing only a red and black thong. Releasing her breasts, she put her arms over her head; posing for herself.

Years of teaching modern dance had kept her in good shape and even at forty five Rebecca had many people guess her for mid thirties tops. She was tall and on the slender side, making her breasts appear bigger than they were which she was fine with.

Her legs were by far her best feature, long and well shaped from years of dance, she loved to show them off in short skirts and her favorite outfit to tease in public, a nice tight pair of shorts. The

shorts would also flatter her tight, firm, little heart shaped ass and with a grin she turned around and looking over her shoulder let the robe fall from her shoulders.

Rebecca took in her smooth well toned back and the large brightly colored butterfly tattoo on the small of her back. Her 'tramp stamp' as David called it. Well she pretty much earned that expression, although she was only a tramp for the men of this household, it still made her feel pretty damn trashy sometimes and she loved it.

Having sex with her son had taken an already high sex drive and left her feeling like she was in heat these days. She couldn't get enough, even with getting it from two men she was always looking for more.

There were mornings she would have a hard time walking right and her clit would be sore from being over worked, but if she didn't keep busy she would immediately start wondering when she could get her husband or son's cock inside her.

Rebecca opened her legs further and staring at her ass gave it a shake. She was proud of the fact it didn't jiggle at all. Of course a good hard slap from David would have that effect, but he had to work for it.

She undid the clip from her hair which she had pinned up to take her bath earlier and shook it out. She loved the feel of her long, honey blond hair cascading down her back and wondered where the hell David was. His pool league ended by ten and he was usually home around ten thirty.

Rebecca turned and bent over to pick up her robe. Before she did she grabbed her ankles. Feeling her muscles stretch, she grinned; dancing since she was a child had left her with impressive flexibility and she had put it to good use over the years, especially the last few months.

She straightened and had just slipped the robe on when her bedroom door opened.

"Hey, baby," She turned and opened the robe, flashing her tits, "I was going to start without..." She stopped when she saw it was Derek, not her husband, entering the room.

"Goddamn." Derek laughed, "Bet all my friend's moms greet them like that."

"I thought you were your dad." Rebecca closed the robe, but not before she took a moment to enjoy the look of lust on his face.

The fact he still had that look after how many times they had been together gave her a nasty little thrill. But tonight was David's night; Derek would have her all weekend. Besides Rebecca was at a point she felt she needed to start denying him a little more often, especially seeing he wasn't upholding their deal.

"Did you now?" He winked, "That the game tonight, mom? Going to pretend to be upset you flashed me and you don't like showing off for your son?"

He entered the room, closing the door behind him and walked up to her. He glanced down at the suitcase and smiled at the purple corset on top of it.

"I like that one! Love those easy access panties."

“And you’ll have plenty of time to love them from tomorrow until Monday.” She quickly flipped the suitcase closed so he wouldn’t snoop and see the one she bought for him then tied her robe, noticing him frowning as she did so.

. “But tonight’s for your dad.” She winked, “But as of tomorrow I’m all yours for three days, baby.”

“I’m really excited about it, mom.” He told her, a slight smile playing across his lips as he lowered his head, pointedly staring downward.

He was dressed in a pair of gray sweat pants and even in the loose fitting pants; the bulge of his hard on was obvious. In addition to being bare-chested, he was barefoot and obviously not wearing underwear. He had come in here with every intention to fuck her. Again the feeling he was getting a little too comfortable nagged at her.

Yet at the same time, that wanton side of her, the one that had been awakened when she’d first felt her son inside her months ago, wasn’t in a hurry to tell him to leave. Derek looked damn good. His sandy brown hair was wet and she saw a few drops of water on his shoulders and chest showing he had just gotten out of the shower, a look she loved and knew damn well he was aware of that.

Derek had the same large, soulful brown eyes and big wide smile of his father, but her softer features. The combination gave him an attractive, sweet, boy next door look, that with his laid back personality and quick sense of humor; he lived up to. But when they were together, Derek wasn’t always so sweet. Many times he was, but on certain nights he took her as if she were a cheap whore.

It was only because she allowed it and played along with it, but being forcefully taken by her son gave her a thrill most women would say was sick, but had they ever tried it? Her eyes roamed over his upper body and she had to stop from licking her lips at the sight before her.

Like David, Derek was a large man. Slightly over six feet, his broad shoulders and chest complimented the well muscled arms he’d built up the last couple of years working out at the gym and wrestling for school.

Rebecca enjoyed wrestling with him and felt her body responding to the thought of just dropping to her knees, pulling his pants down and...No. Rules, they needed to have rules. As much as she loved being with him, it couldn’t be whenever he wanted. She needed time with her husband whom she was still very much in love and lust with and he had to learn that.

As if on cue, Derek took the ties of the robe in his hands and tugged on them. Rebecca grabbed his wrists and shook her head.

“Really?” He widened his big brown eyes, a look he knew she had a hard time resisting. “You don’t want to?”

“I told you, Derek, not tonight.” She removed his hands from her robe and kissed him softly on the lips. “We have rules, baby, and your father’s not going to see me for three days after tonight. He...”

“I don’t think he’d mind.” Derek, winked, “You know what he always says, plenty to go around.”

Rebecca’s heart skipped a beat and her nipples stiffened at his words. The expression was a signal; there was a game to be played. Now knowing Derek hadn’t just come in here of his own accord, she smiled and putting her hands on his chest, gave him a playful smile.

“Well, seeing you put it that way, I suppose we have time to catch a little fun before he gets home.”

“Yeah?” Derek took the ties to her robe in his hands again, “Can I?”

“Can you what?” She asked innocently

“Mom, can I see your beautiful tits?”

“You’re not tired of them yet?”

“I could never get tired of them, they’re perfect.” He kissed her, “Like the rest of you.”

“Hmm, you know flattery will get you...” She laughed, “Whatever you want.”

She put her hands over his, “But let me.” When he looked at her, she added, “I want to show them to you.”

He released the ties and she slowly opened the robe, exposing her breasts to him.

“These what you wanted to see?”

“Yes.” He whispered, his eyes already glazing over with lust, as he licked his lips.

“You like mommy’s tits, baby?”

“Love them.” As she held the robe, he fondled her breasts, his large hands covering them.

Rebecca sighed as his palms slid across her nipples and he squeezed her soft flesh. Derek lowered his face to hers and parting her lips she eagerly accepted his kiss. She slid the robe from her shoulders, letting it hit the floor as his tongue entered her mouth and his fingers found her sensitive nipples.

Her hands roamed over his shoulders and down his muscular arms and they both moaned when she grabbed his cock through his pants.

“Damn you’re so hard.” She purred as his lips teased down her neck, “You hard for mommy, baby?”

“I’m always hard for my mother.” He spoke into her neck, and then trailed his lips down her chest.

Bending his knees slightly, he kissed the skin between her breasts, then taking her left nipple between his lips, gently sucked on it. Rebecca let her head fall back and sighed as her son sucked on her rosy nipple as she pumped his cock.

As good as this felt, she knew this was just the beginning. This slow start was going to explode into something hot and wild and...nasty. She forced herself to play the game, to go slow and pretend she didn’t know where this was going.

Still sucking her nipple, Derek’s hands slid around her waist and down her back. He squeezed the cheeks of her ass and Rebecca opened her legs wider for him. Grabbing his forearm she pulled his right hand around to front of her thong.

She moaned as he rubbed her pussy through the thin lace and she pumped his cock faster in return.

“Inside.” He whispered in her ear, “Reach in and grab it.”

“Now, honey.” She teased, “We’ve talked about this. I’m a real woman, not one of your little girlfriends. Grabby doesn’t impress me, a man takes his time.”

Or takes what he wants, but she was still unsure what tonight’s game would be and played it straight.

“Sorry, mom.” He then made amends by switching to sucking her other nipple.

“Don’t be sorry, baby.” She squeezed his cock, “Just make me want to do more for you. I’m sure you can think of something.” She pushed his hand against her crotch for inspiration.

Derek responded well by slipping his fingers inside her thong and easing them up inside her. Rebecca gasped when he placed his thumb on her clit and teasingly tapped it. As a reward to him- and to her as well- Rebecca shoved her hand into his pants and wrapped her long slender fingers around her son’s thick cock.

Derek moaned and his thumb pressed harder on her clit and wiggled back and forth. She pumped his cock hard and fast, loving the little whimper he always emitted when she played with him. There was nothing little about his cock however.

Derek was damn well hung and it was like father like son as both of them were long and thick. In David’s case thick enough she could barely get her fingers around his shaft. And she wondered why she was sore after her weekend sex fests?

She ran her hand over Derek’s dripping tip and used his pre cum to lube his cock and stroke it even faster. Rebecca could hear her slick hand squishing along his cock and the sound along with the way his cock felt in her hand and how he moaned for his mother further fueled her lust. Why the hell was she just jerking this fine young cock?

Rebecca slowly sank to her knees in front of him, moaning as his hand slid from her pussy, but that was okay, her son would make her cum nice and hard soon enough. He always did.

Grabbing the sides of his pants, Rebecca looked up at him, noting the expectant smile on his face as his mother knelt before him in just a thong. She pulled the pants down and laughed when his massive cock sprang free and hit her in the face.

She squeezed it hard enough to make him moan and to send more pre cum squirting from his tip. Rebecca continued to stare up at him as she rubbed the swollen head of his cock along her cheek, smearing his sticky fluid on her face.

“Like that, baby?” She flicked her tongue across the head of his cock, and wagged it back and forth, showing off the sticky strand of pre cum dangling from it. “Like seeing your big dick in your mother’s face?”

“Rather see it in her mouth.” He said, his eyes fixed on hers as she smeared his cock on the other side of her face.

“Yeah?” She kissed the tip then teasingly blew on it, “You want your naughty mother to suck your cock?”

“Yes.” He nodded, putting his hand on her head and running it through her long blonde hair. “Please, mom?” A small smile played across his lips, “We don’t have much time.”

So that was the game! Rebecca licked her lips in anticipation of what was to come, and then pressing her lips around the head of her son’s cock eased it into her mouth. She took it down an inch at a time, reveling in the feeling of his hard shaft beneath her soft lips.

Derek was breathing hard and when she placed her hands on his thighs felt them trembling as she continued her teasing journey, refusing to move any faster. She opened her mouth wider and when her lips were close to the base of his shaft, she clamped them tight and shook her head.

“Damn.” Derek moaned as she swirled her tongue around his shaft then bobbed her head in a steady rhythm.

He sighed contentedly as he watched his mother suck his cock and fondled her breasts, toying with her nipples. Rebecca moved her head faster and took him deeper. She gagged as she managed to take him all the way into her mouth. She slid her tongue out to lick his balls and felt her spit dripping down her chin and onto her tits.

She winked up at him as he stared down wide eyed as she bathed his balls with her tongue while throating his huge dick. She withdrew it with a sloppy sucking sound then took him back into her mouth and resumed sucking him, but this time slowly and sensually, enjoying working his hard flesh between her soft lips.

“Oh my God that feels good, Mom.” Derek moaned as he continued to play with her tits, “Just like that, please?”

She smiled around his cock and as she steadily blew him, waited for the real game to start. Shifting her gaze she caught sight of them in the mirror. A surge of heat flowed between her legs as she took in the view of her on her knees in front of her son, blowing him.

Rising up, she left her knees and now squatted and moaned around his cock as the new angle showed off her ass in the skimpy thong. Her long hair was down her back and best of all was watching her slide his cock in and out of her mouth.

She sucked him faster, still not using her hands, showing off her oral skills and rocked her hips. Taking him deep, Rebecca wondered whether she wanted to suck him off then have him return the favor, or just let him slam her good and hard right now and play with her clit and...

“Oh, what the fuck is this shit?”

Startled, Rebecca removed her son’s cock from her mouth, her heart pounding when she saw David striding into the room.

“Dad!” Derek exclaimed, doing a good job of looking surprised.

“David!” Rebecca followed suit and as many times as they had played out this scenario, managed to sound convincingly nervous, “W...what are you doing home?”

“Never mind what I’m doing, what the fuck are you doing?”

David stalked up to them and even as she played her part, grabbing her robe from the floor and standing, her pussy flowed at the sight of him. He must have slipped in quietly and taken a shower while she was busy with Derek because his dark hair was wet and like Derek his skin was still wet in spots.

He was wearing jeans and she knew there would be no underwear beneath them. His normally soft brown eyes were wide and blazing with intensity. The glare he was giving her however, was not the rage he was feigning, but the prevailing emotion in the room right now; lust.

“We...were...” Derek stuttered even as he fought not to smile.

“I’m not talking to you!” David waved his hand at him and faced her, “You!” He pointed, “You were sucking your son’s cock!”

“No!” She lied lamely, as she tried to slip the robe back on “I was um..Ow!”

Rebecca cried out when David slapped her left breast. The sharp pain sent a shiver through her.

“Don’t fucking lie to me!” He snapped, “You were on your fucking knees with your tits out blowing our fucking son!”

Rebecca pulled the robe up, and then cried out again when David grabbed it and ripped it away from her. She’d had one arm in the sleeve and he yanked it so hard she spun around as pulled it from her. Rebecca stumbled against him and grabbing her shoulders in his powerful hands, he held her in front of him.

“Don’t bother putting it on now, whore.” He whispered, “You want your son to see your tits, let him see them.”

“He...he wanted to see them.” She pushed her lower lip out and made it tremble for him. She tried to put her arms over her breasts, but he yanked them down with a convincing sneer, “Stop pretending to be modest, you slut.”

Meeting his smoldering gaze, she widened her baby blue eyes and pleaded, “Please don’t be mad, baby! I was just trying to...”

“Shut up slut!” He hissed, taking her chin in his hand. “Even if he did want to see them you don’t have to show them! Christ, you were blowing your son! What the hell is wrong with you?”

“I...” She had to pause so she wouldn’t smile and ruin it for him, lowering her head she said meekly, “I want him, David, I want my son.” Once again meeting his gaze she added, “You’re right; I’m a dirty fucking whore.”

Behind them Derek, still in character had pulled his pants up and was making as if he were trying to sidle away from them.

“Where the hell are you going?” Still holding Rebecca by her chin, he looked at his son.

“I...I think I should leave.”

“You wanted to see your mother’s tits? You wanted her to suck your cock?”

"I...well not at first." Derek told the lie he'd told two dozen times or more at this point. "But she kept pushing and when she showed them to me. I..."

"You what?" David asked and Rebecca could feel his hand trembling on her chin. She looked down and even through the jeans could see the long bulge of his cock along his thigh.

"I tried to tell her it was wrong, but...they looked good and then she got on her knees and told me to listen to my mother and she just started...you know."

"I know." He looked back to her and catching her nipple in his free hand gave it a savage twist that made her squeal and her pussy gush. "But the little pig made you like it didn't she?"

"I...yes." He admitted and her eyes shifted to the swelling in his pants, two big hard cocks ready for her, oh she was going to get it good tonight!

"Well I think she should finish then." Releasing her chin he stepped to the side so he was no longer between her and Derek. "Go ahead, skank, get on your knees."

"No." She shook her head despite the fact she wanted nothing more than to be back on her knees for her son...and her husband. "You're right, it's wrong, I'll, Oh fuck!"

She yelped when David grabbed both her nipples and twisted them hard.

"You'll get on your knees like the whore you are and suck your son's fucking cock!"

He grabbed her by the hair and yanked her over to Derek. Even though she didn't resist and stepped over to her son, he had pulled her hair and the sweet fiery stab of pain sent a delicious wave of lust through her.

"Please!" She whimpered, "Please don't make me!" She gave him the trembling lip again. "I'm sorry!"

"Sorry you got caught." David rolled his eyes then flicking his wrist in a back hand swing caught both her nipples with the edge of his hand. She yelped again, louder than she needed to from the slight pain and tried to back away.

David pulled her hair again and this time shoved his knee in the back of hers causing her to go down hard on her knees. She grunted when she hit the floor and leaning over her David whispered;

'Jeez, I'm sorry, Rebecca, you okay?'

"I'm fine." She rolled her eyes, "Don't ruin the moment!"

"I love you!" He winked then getting a fist full of her hair pointed to Derek

"Take your cock out and shove it in your slut mother's face!"

Derek pulled his pants down and grabbing his cock pushed the dripping tip against her lips

"Nooo!" She whined, turning her head and smearing his pre cum on her face as she continued to play her part. "I don't want to!"

"I said suck it!" David reached around her and grabbing her nipple squeezed it so hard it brought tears to her eyes.

"Yes sir!" She groaned and taking Derek's cock in her hand opened her mouth and took just the tip into it.

"Suck it like you were before." David demanded flicking her nipple with his finger.

Rebecca whimpered for him then took Derek down half way and bobbed her head.

"Like that, son? Like mommy dearest down there sucking your cock?"

"Yes." Derek moaned, "She's good at it."

"Yeah, your mother's a good little cock sucker? Well, most sluts are."

Rebecca rolled her eyes back as she took Derek deeper into her mouth, she loved how David demeaned her like this.

"Look at you, you fucking whore." He grunted, "On your knees blowing your kid. Could you be any more of a slut?"

"Hmm-mm" She answered around Derek's thick cock as she shook her head.

"Suck it faster." David emphasized his demand by pushing her head forward, forcing her to take Derek all the way down to the base of his shaft.

She'd been prepared for it, but still gagged loudly for effect and whimpered. David yanked on her hair pulling her mouth back then shoved it forward once more. Rebecca moaned and it was everything she could do to keep from playing with her clit as her husband 'forced her' to suck her son's cock.

David was still behind her and leaning over, cupped her breast in his hand and this time stroked her sore nipple with his thumb.

"There you go, suck his cock, you know you love it, don't you?"

This time she nodded then squealed around Derek's cock when he pinched her nipple.

"You are a fucking pig." He let her breast go and stood behind her.

Rebecca could see him in the mirror and she watched in anticipation as he unzipped his jeans and pulled out his massive cock. As big as Derek was, David was a little longer and more than a little thicker and her heart pounded in excitement when he pulled her hair, removing her mouth from her son's cock.

A long trail of drool and precum followed her mouth and turning her head roughly to face him; David shook his head, grunted "Fucking pig" and with no hesitation drove his cock into her waiting mouth. Rebecca squealed around it as he pushed it into the back of her throat while holding her head still.

She looked up at him, her eye wide; trying to look reluctant even though she was emitting soft moans around him as he pumped his hips and fucked her mouth.

“How’s that, whore? You like that?”

She loved it, but shook her head and whimpered.

“What’s the matter Rebecca? I figured seeing you like cock so much you’d go after your son’s that I’d give you more.”

He moved his hips slowly at first, his hand still in her hair guiding her and as he stared down at her, he cocked his head, asking her an unspoken question. She winked at him and with a smile he sneered “Dirty bitch” and savagely fucked her mouth.

She gagged and squealed as he plowed his enormous cock repeatedly into her helpless mouth and putting her hands on his thighs tried to push against him. He let her hair go and grabbing her wrists, pinned them together and gripping them in one hand pulled her arms over her head.

Rebecca moaned and this time in pure pleasure as she was having a hard time pretending she didn’t love this. Her eyes were watering and long strands of spit were hanging from her chin as her husband face fucked her in front of their son.

David ripped his cock from her mouth and she cried out when he grabbed it and slapped it hard across her face. Using her hair as a handle he turned her to the side and she spun on her knees, to follow him.

When he stopped she was now facing the mirror and on her knees directly between them. He pulled up on her hair and experience telling her exactly what he wanted; she rose from her knees and squatted as she had before.

David pulled her hair back so she was looking up and slapped his cock across her right cheek.

“Come on, kid, give this cock whore what she wants!” He told Derek.

He hesitated and she smiled inwardly at the thought that no matter the game, Derek never did anything rough or degrading to her without her permission. She gave him the ‘okay’ wink and grabbing his cock he slapped the other side of her face with it.

“No!” She cried, struggling against David’s vise like grip on her wrists as both men assaulted her face with their cocks.

It was everything she could do not to catch them in her mouth and suck them, but she remained whimpering and struggling as David switched to pressing his dripping head on her cheek then smearing his pre cum all over her. Derek did the same and her hips rocked in response to them making her face a sticky mess.

David let her hands go, but still held her hair, “Go ahead, grab them, play with the cocks you want so bad.”

Rebecca grabbed them, wrapping her fingers tightly around their sticky shafts and pumped them rapidly. Derek moaned, but David just smiled at her in the mirror.

“Look at that, you little slut, giving a damn ski job to your husband and your own son! You’re loving it aren’t you?”

“Yes.” She breathed, “Oh God, yes.”

“What a nasty little whore, bet your mother would be proud.” He gave her a nasty smirk. “Well you going to just play with them?” he swung his hand down and slapped her right breast. “Suck them!”

Licking her lips, Rebecca turned her head to the right and took David’s huge cock into her mouth and moaned as she bobbed her head rapidly. David groaned and his hand came in contact with her breast again, but this time he fondled her nipple gently as she sucked him.

She took him down to his balls, then releasing him with a wet sucking sound, turned her head the other way and sucked her son’s cock. Rebecca squirmed back and forth, her hips thrusting as her aching clit rubbed against her thong.

She moaned and whimpered as she worked back and forth between them. Sucking her son’s cock then switching back to her husband’s. Derek had followed his father’s lead and was playing with her left nipple while he worked her right.

No longer even trying to pretend she didn’t want this, Rebecca was moaning loudly as she went from one cock to the other. She was spitting and drooling on them and when she was sucking one, would stroke the other.

“Don’t forget about his balls, slut.” David whispered.

“Yes sir.” She whispered and pushing Derek’s cock against his stomach sucked her balls into her mouth.

Derek moaned as she alternated sucking and licking his balls, before taking him back in her mouth for a few long hard sucks then switching to David. She turned her head slightly and watched in the mirror as she bathed her husband’s balls with her tongue while jacking off her son.

She sucked his cock, her eyes still locked on the nasty little whore in the mirror then switched back to her son. The two men were looking down at her, matching looks of lust in their eyes and their soft moans and the way their hips moved, thrusting their cocks into her mouth had her ready to pop.

She turned her eyes up to David and whimpered around his cock, a question in her eyes. He nodded and stepping back from her he yanked hard on her hair, forcing her to stand.

“Christ, you give a lousy blow job!” He snapped, “Guess if I want to get off I’ll have to fuck that nasty used pussy of yours.”

He turned her towards the bed, let her hair go and shoved her hard in the back. Rebecca hit the foot of the bed with her thighs and David pushed her face down onto the mattress. Grabbing the sides of her thong he yanked hard and Rebecca yelped when the thong was ripped off of her.

Grabbing her hips, David plunged his long thick cock into her sopping pussy and proceeded to fuck her so hard the headboard banged against the wall.

“Oh fuck!” She cried as he raised his hand and slapped her right ass cheek.

The slap sounded like a gunshot in the room as did the one he dealt the other side of her ass.

“Fucking skank,” He hissed behind her as he spanked her, smacking each side of her ass so hard she squirmed against him. “Blowing your son! Blowing both of us, you’re a bad girl, aren’t you Rebecca?”

“Your bad girl!” She moaned as he continued dealing out stinging slaps while plowing her pussy with his huge dick.

“Derek!” David pointed at the bed. “Get in front of her and shove something in her mouth so I don’t have to listen to her!”

Derek quickly climbed onto the bed and knelt in front of her. Rebecca eagerly opened her mouth and moaned when he pushed the full length of his own impressive cock between her lips. Behind her David was pounding the shit out of her other lips, slamming her pussy so hard his balls were slapping against her clit.

She squealed around her son’s cock as David continued to punish her ass with sharp slaps. She could feel her skin burning and knew her ass must be beet red. He was really making up for the three days she would be gone, that was for sure.

David leaned over her and his long arms reaching to the back of her head shoved her forward, making her take Derek all the way again. He used her hair as a handle and moved her head in time with his hips so her mouth and pussy were being stuffed at the same time.

Rebecca’s nipples were rubbing on the sheet and David’s balls striking her clit had her writhing on the bed, trying to find a way to cum. God she needed to so bad! David was hammering away on her and at this point Derek was moaning as if he was close to cumming in her mouth and his mother was ready to let him.

David controlled the wild nights like this and she just did whatever he wanted and if that was for her to suck her son off and take a nice hot load down her throat then she would gladly take one for the team.

It seemed her husband had other plans as he pulled her from Derek’s cock and stepped back, sliding his cock from inside her.

“Switch with me.” He told Derek. “Compared to her pussy her mouth isn’t so bad.”

Rebecca rolled her eyes thinking when next they played it would be her turn to call the shots and he had just earned himself the right to spend a good long time sucking nothing but her toes. Derek hopped off the bed and walked around one side as David took his place in front of her.

She sucked him into her mouth and yelped when Derek slammed into her as hard as his father had. This time David didn’t pull on her hair and she sucked him in a slow steady rhythm as her son went to town on his mother’s pussy.

Her ass was throbbing from David’s spanking her, but Derek wouldn’t add to it. He never spanked her; David had claimed that would be disrespectful. Even with her mouth stuffed with cock, she giggled at the idea her son spanking her would be wrong but cumming in her mouth and fucking her was okay. They really were candidates for therapy in most people’s eyes, but damn did they have fun.

She worked her hips backwards, driving herself back into Derek to push him in even deeper then rocked forward, taking David further down her throat.

‘Like a pig on a spit.’ David looked down at her, “Goddamn.” He whispered, losing character and showing his excitement at watching his wife being sandwiched between him and his son.

Derek was breathing hard behind her and he had gone from long hard thrusts to short sharp ones showing he was close to going off. David noted it as well and called out.

“Stop fucking her, roll her over.”

Derek withdrew from her and grabbing her hips at the same time as David took her shoulders flipped her unceremoniously onto her back. David grabbed her hands and pulling her arms over her head and sliding forward pinned them under her legs.

She whimpered and wriggled on the bed for him, acting as if she was upset she was being pinned down and about to be subjected to more of their big, hard cocks. Derek gripped her ankles and lifting her legs, spread them open and plowed into her.

“Fuck!” She squealed, and then made a loud gurgling sound as David leaned over her and pushed his cock into her mouth.

He had his hands braced next to her shoulders and raised and lowered himself, dipping his cock between her lips. Between her legs, Derek was already breathing hard again after only a minute of pounding her and David once again slowed him down, but this time his command sent a thrill through her.

“Stop fucking her and suck her off.” He leered down at her, “Maybe it’ll make her used up cunt a little tighter if she comes.”

David’s nasty little insult was barely out of his mouth when Derek dropped to his knees and buried his face between his mother’s thighs. She moaned so loud around his cock, David withdrew it so he could hear her.

“Yes!” She moaned as Derek plunged his tongue inside her sopping slit, “Oh fuck yes!”

“Oh, the little slut likes that, doesn’t she?”

“Just shut up and help me come!’ She snapped. When he looked at her surprised, she cocked her eyebrows at him, “Well?”

“Yes ma’am.” He laughed, “So much for my turn.”

“Oh, I have something planned to make up for it.” She smiled up at him, then gave him the pout, “Now how about you and my baby make me cum then fuck me like the nasty whore I am?” She winked, “No limits.”

David’s eyes widened at the last two words which were another of their many ‘codes’. As soon as Rebecca had spoken up, Derek had stopped licking her and was kneeling between her legs, caressing her thigh as he waited to see what the game was going to be. Rebecca loved that he never went an inch farther with her than what she wanted. He was such a good boy!

“You heard your mother.” David said, “She wants to come, think you can make her?”

“Damn straight I can!” Derek exclaimed, and then enthusiastically plunged his face back into her pussy, shoving his rigid tongue inside her.

“Oh, honey!” She moaned, as he moved his head back and forth, tongue fucking her “That feels so fucking good!”

David had moved around to the side of her and leaning over took her right nipple into his mouth and reaching over, fondled the left. Rebecca moaned and let her head fall back on the pillow, reveling in the sensation of two men working her body.

She'd given David the nod to take her as hard as he wanted to, but for right now, she was enjoying having her body worshipped by the two people she loved most in the world and in every way.

“Yes, oh, yes.” She purred when Derek slid his tongue from inside her and worked his way to her throbbing clit.

He sucked it gently into his mouth and she rocked her hips, grinding her pussy into his face. She arched her back, shoving her tit further into David's mouth and reaching next to her grabbed his cock and whispered, “Bring that over here.”

She turned her head as he eased closer to her and taking him in her mouth sucked slowly, not trying to make him cum, but just enjoying having him in her mouth as her son ate her pussy. Derek caused her to gasp around David when he pushed two fingers inside her and swirled his tongue faster around her clit.

Rebecca had been wound up before they had started playing and her hips were already rising from the bed and her thighs shaking. Raising her legs, she placed her feet on Derek's shoulders and pushed, lifting her hips and ass off the bed, pushing her wet slit into his flickering tongue.

David was breathing hard around her nipple as she moved her tongue and lips around his cock, truly loving it with her mouth rather than sucking him like a porn star as she had earlier.

Her mind formed an image of a night a few weeks ago when she had sat them both down on the couch, knelt between their legs and for well over an hour gently licked, sucked and teased their cocks and balls.

She'd had them both whimpering and squirming for her, eventually begging her to let them cum. She had worked them to the point they were both on a hair trigger and when she finally let them cum it was by jerking them off while pointing their cocks at her tits.

They had cum at the exact same moment and she had sat there, stroking and moaning as they each painted one of her breasts with their hot load. The dirtiness of the act along with the turn on of having so much control over them had caused her to come in less than a minute when they laid her back and David had gone down on her.

They had spent the next hour worshipping her body. Starting at her feet they had both licked, sucked and teased every inch of her body and she had come four times and had been such a hot sticky mess by the time they were done she lay there like a rag doll as her husband and son took turns fucking her.

Derek had gone first, lifting her legs and pounding away until he came deep inside her, then rolling her over, David took her from behind as she lay stretched out, not even putting her ass in the air. He'd spilled his own huge load inside her, mixing it with his son's cum and she'd lay there exhausted with cum oozing from her over flowing pussy. Her son's cum. Her husband's cum....

"Oh God!" She groaned as replaying that hot scene had her right on the edge, "Keep sucking that clit, baby!"

Derek obeyed, sucking her clit so hard his lips were smacking, but went her one better by adding a third finger inside her and plunging one into her ass.

"Fuck yeah!" Rebecca screamed and letting her head fall back she came like a wild cat, her head back, her mouth wide open and howling like an animal.

After her initial scream of pleasure, she grabbed David's cock and shoving it in her mouth, squealed around it as she clamped her thighs around Derek's head and ground bucked her hips in his face.

His tongue and fingers were still moving as was his soft tongue and she took David deeper in her mouth, enjoying having all three of her holes filled. David pinched her left nipple and nipped the right with his teeth and the sharp pain sent her orgasm into another gear and she screamed around his hard flesh as she writhed and squirmed on the bed.

Waves of intense pleasure crashed through her as her men continued to do everything they could to keep her coming as long and hard as possible and she knew within minutes they would be claiming their reward and claiming it hard.

That moment arrived faster than she thought. No sooner had she released a long soft whimper around David's cock and her body went limp, Derek sprang to his feet, lifted her legs and buried himself balls deep inside

"Harder." David told him. "Go ahead, Derek fuck her as hard as she can, little slut loves it!"

Derek put her ankles together and leaned forward, pushing her legs back and drilling her even deeper as he slammed his cock repeatedly into her still quivering pussy. She yelped around her husband's cock with each hard thrust.

David pulled his cock from her mouth and leaning over grabbed her feet and pulled her legs back to the point they were over her face.

"Make her really squeal." David told him, "You know how."

Even though she knew what was coming, Rebecca released a long howl when Derek slipped his cock from her pussy and shoved it hard into her ass. She cried out repeatedly as her ass stretched around her son's thrusting cock.

He wasn't going as hard as he had in her pussy, but he was still pounding her ass pretty damn hard and, her eyes bulging, Rebecca continued to cry out each time he slammed into her.

"Oh fuck, fuck, fuck!" She moaned as her son fucked her ass.

"Stop acting like you don't like it." David laughed, "In fact, let's prove how much you like it."

David held her legs back with one arm and reaching between her legs, found her clit and began rubbing it in hard fast circles as Derek continued to plunder her ass. Rebecca gasped then squealed as Derek fucked her even harder while David worked her clit roughly with his fingers.

“Come on, slut, come with your son in your ass, you know you want to!”

Damn straight she did and it didn't take long before her cries took on a higher pitch and her legs kicked futilely against David's grip as she tried to move her hips and help spur on her orgasm. Derek was going full out now, tearing into her ass like a damn porn star and when David pinched her clit she went off like a rocket.

Rebecca howled over and over as her ass contracted around her son's cock and her pussy convulsed as her second orgasm in minutes ripped through her. Derek didn't slow down at all, still pounding his mother's asshole as she came around his thick cock.

“Oh fuck.” She moaned, as her body shuddered, that was...” She was cut off by David slamming his cock deep in her mouth.

He gave her several deep thrusts and she groaned at the taste of her pussy from him. Derek had slowed down his assault on her ass, sensing his father was going to switch things up again and he was right.

“Lay on the bed!” He pointed next her. “Let's give her what she really wants.”

Derek stretched out on his back next to her and David pulled her up into a sitting position and snapped, “Get on his cock, whore.”

Rebecca forced herself to move. Between the pounding she had already taken and two powerful orgasms she felt like a ragdoll, but swung her leg over Derek's waist and as he held his cock up, she drove down on top of it.

Derek cried out as she surprised him by bucking her hips hard and fast, riding him like a prize bull and earning a wink and a smile from David.

“You can always get that boy to whimper.” He laughed, then gave her a nasty smile, “Now let's hear you really squeal.”

David hopped off the side of the bed and as she continued to ride her son, moaning as his hands found her breasts, she felt her husband get on the bed behind her. He pushed her in the back and she obediently lay down on Derek so her breasts were now pressed into his chest.

“Hold her.” David whispered.

Derek slipped his arms around her, pinning her to him and thrust his hips, fucking her hard as she yelped in his ear. David placed the head of his huge cock to her ass and with one hard thrust pushed the full length inside her.

Rebecca screamed into Derek's neck as David held himself still for a moment and her body shuddered as her ass stretched even wider for him. She whimpered as she lay there, pinned between two large men, both her holes stuffed with their hard flesh. She wiggled her hips, getting used to David inside her and when she felt she was ready whispered, “Take me.”

David didn't hesitate and she wailed as he pounded her ass while beneath her Derek fucked her as hard as he could in his current position. Rebecca's mouth was open and she was squealing continuously as her holes were plundered.

She felt their cocks sliding against each other through the thin skin between her ass and pussy and worked her hips as much as she could into them. She heard herself howling and realized she really did sound like a stuck pig right now and she loved every minute of it.

Even in the throes of her intense pleasure Rebecca had the thought of what a whore most people would think she was. Any woman who enjoyed a double penetration would be seen as kind of slutty, but for one of the cocks to belong to your son?

She couldn't wait to get to the retreat, couldn't wait to share her stories with the other mothers, be considered a taboo even among the taboo! She cried out over and over in her son's ear as David really put it to her, definitely trying to make an impression on her before she left and he was succeeding, she would be sore tomorrow morning, but it would be a good pain!

Beneath her, Derek gasped, "Going to cum, mom."

Rebecca pushed up on his chest and when he let her go, said, "Give it to me! Both of you!"

Knowing what she meant, David withdrew from her ass and leaned back. Rebecca rolled over onto her back and Derek rolled over her, straddling her and pointing his cock at her face. Rebecca grabbed his shaft and pumped it furiously.

Derek cried out and a long thick stream of cum exploded from his cock and splashed onto her face. Rebecca opened wide and caught the second spurt in her mouth. She pushed it out with her tongue sending cum drooling down her chin as Derek continued to paint her face.

She turned her head side to side, letting him get both cheeks and when she couldn't coax anymore from him, Derek swung his leg over her and moved to the side of the bed.

David grabbed her legs, lifted them and hammered away at her pussy. At this point she had lost the energy to cry out and simply lay there making soft whimpering sounds as her husband pounded her spent pussy.

He gave her several more savage thrusts and whipping his cock out slid up her body and as Derek did came in her face. She lay there with her mouth open as he jerked himself off coating her face with another huge load.

He sprayed her everywhere, cheeks, mouth, chin, even her neck. When he was finished he moved over to the opposite side of the bed so she was lying between them. The three of them remained silent except for their loud breathing as their bodies calmed down.

Rebecca licked her lips, sighing at the mixed taste of her husband and son's cum and of what a damn slut she was right now. Lying there with her face covered in cum and her asshole throbbing from having both of them inside it. Nothing about that should be right, but she'd be damned if she could feel anything wrong with it at the moment.

Sensing movement next to her, she saw Derek hop off the bed and head into the bathroom off of their bedroom. He emerged a moment later with two towels. Sitting down next to her, he gently wiped the sticky mess from her face with the first towel.

Tossing it aside her patted her face with the second towel which he'd wet and the cool water felt delightful on her face.

"Aren't you the gentlemen?" She smiled up at him.

"Um, don't know about that." He grinned, then leaning over gave her a sweet kiss. "Love you, mom."

Ignoring the protests of her sore, but happy body, Rebecca sat up and put her arms out to him. Derek folded into her embrace and hugged her tightly. She sighed and playing with his hair, whispered, "I love you honey, with all my heart, I love you."

"Same here." He said, in her ear "Not sure that was just love though."

"But this is." She squeezed him tighter.

"Wow, we are one screwed up family." David laughed behind them.

Derek laughed as well as he eased out of her embrace. She turned to see David had slipped the covers over his waist. He seemed to be uncomfortable being naked in front of Derek unless it was the heat of the moment and she noted as soon as she let him go, Derek stood and slipped his own pants back on.

"So, um..." Derek nodded towards the clock, "It's almost eleven thirty, you guys going to sleep."

"I think your mom's half asleep right now." David laughed as she yawned.

"You guys are a lot for an old lady to handle." She lay back on the bed and stretching her arms over her head, yawned again. She was tired. Tired and damn satisfied.

"Old lady my ass." David stared down at her and whistled as she arched her back, pushing her breasts out. "Goddamn you're sexy."

He leaned over and kissed her cheek and whispered, "And the best fucking wife ever."

"You sure?" She turned to him and said quietly, "Thought the best wife ever would let her husband have another woman?"

"Only if that's what he wanted." He replied.

"So you're going to bed?" Derek asked again.

"Planning on it." David replied stretching out next to her on the bed.

Noticing her son's eyes still roaming over her body and lingering between her legs, she lifted the covers with her foot and drew them close enough to reach with her hand and pull them over her breasts.

“You should get some sleep too, baby. We need to be on the road by seven tomorrow morning.”

“Yeah.” He nodded, “I was wondering if, you know...I could stay with you...”

Rebecca kept her expression neutral, but frowned inside. On occasions, usually the weekends, they would let Derek stay in their bed at night, with her sleeping between them. Generally not all night, just until one of the three of them would wake up and begin playing again.

After that midnight, or very early am romp, he would head to his own room. Lately however, he had been looking to spend more time with them. More specifically Rebecca as he had been trying to sleep with her on the weeks David had to work second shift and didn't come home until one am.

She had let him a couple of times, but recently had been shying away from it. Derek was starting to get too comfortable with her when they were alone and was trying to intrude more and more on her time with David.

“Honey, I'm tired. There's no more playing tonight.” She winked, “You guys really put it to me.”

“Well, I could just...” He stopped when David spoke up.

“You heard your mom, kid, she's beat and you need to get a good night's sleep so how about you hit the sack?”

Derek looked put off and Rebecca reached out and grabbing his hand pulled him down to her level. Rolling over so her back was to David, she spoke softly in Derek's ear.

“Baby, you are going to have me all to yourself for the next three days, almost four. I'd really like to be close to your dad tonight, okay?”

“Right.” He nodded, but was giving her the puppy dog eyes.

“Three nights, just you and me in bed.” She kissed his cheek, “Just you holding your mother; think about that.”

“I will.” He gave a soft sigh of resignation and straightened.

“Night dad.”

“Night son, see you in the morning.” He gave him a wave, “I'll make pancakes before you guys go, sound good?”

“Great.” He said with no enthusiasm and walked out of the room, closing the door behind him.

“What's up with him?” David asked as she rolled over onto her other side to face him. “Kid just got to fuck his mother in the ass, you'd think he'd be happy.” He rolled his eyes and gave a mock sigh, “Kids these days.”

“David, we need to talk.”

“What's up honey?” He rolled over so they were both on their sides.

“I...I'm not sure, we might have a problem.”

“Not sure I have one.” He grinned, “You are the best wife in the world.”

“Seriously.”

“Okay.” The smile left his face, “What’s up, Becca?”

“Well, that trip we’re going on.” She paused, “First off, thank you for letting us go.”

“Hey, I think it will be exciting.” He shrugged, “Jealous I can’t go.”

“When we find one exclusively for parent son threesomes you can.” She gave him a small smile.

“Deal. But while we are talking about this, be careful okay?”

“Careful?” She repeated.

“Yeah, look I know you have chatted with these people for a few weeks and this is just supposed to be a couples retreat kind of thing, but you know...”

“Know what?”

“Just make sure it stays that way and if it doesn’t you leave.” When she stared blankly at him he grinned. “You are a little naïve for such a nasty little thing. I’m talking about swinging and sharing, that type of thing, make sure this shit doesn’t turn into some type of son swap.”

“Oh.” She winked, “Well to make me happy they would have to give me two of their sons.”

“Seriously, just be careful.”

“Of course.” She nodded, “These people are like us, David, well not quite like us, but close. They’re looking at this how we are, some fun and a chance to talk and feel normal and...”

“And?”

“I was just going to ask this when I went there, but I want to tell you first. We’re always honest.”

“Always.” He nodded. “What’s on your mind?”

“Derek. I think we have a problem with him.”

“What’s that?”

“David...this is fun and it’s so hot, but is it fair to him?”

“He looks pretty happy.” David laughed, “Kid doesn’t look like he’s suffering when he’s with us or you alone.”

“Forget just the sex. I’m talking about his life.”

“Not following.”

“David I love you.”

“Love you too and we both love Derek.”

“We love Derek as a son. Even though I’m having sex with him my love for him is still as a mom.” She sighed, “I fuck him like he’s my hot little cub, but I love him as a son. You I love as my husband, my soul mate.”

“Right.” He agreed, “Same here of course.”

“But Derek doesn’t have that love. He has me as a lover and even then only alone sometimes. But I’m a lover not a love. He’s a young man. He needs a woman in his life, one that loves him like I love you.”

“Kid’s twenty.” David said, “He doesn’t need miss right at this age.”

“But will he ever meet or want her while he’s being intimate with me?”

“I get it.” He frowned. “Guilt again? Becca we’ve been through this. I wanted you to be with another man, you were thinking of younger men and we both admitted after hiding it for a long time we had incest fantasies.”

“But he…”

He cut her off, “He was jacking off in your thongs while he watched the videos we made. Kid was obsessed with watching us have sex. This feeds all our fantasies, we’re not taking advantage.”

“We are because it’s going to leave him alone in that way. He needs more than just sex and…”

“We made the rule. He’s still seeing other girls and getting some fun at school. Sooner or later one of those girls becomes more than fun and he gets serious and we take it from there.”

“Has he told you about those girls?” She asked.

“Sure.” He nodded, “Not every detail, but he mentions he’s getting some coed tail.” He laughed, “I saw that girl Donna last week over here, that girl looks like a little hellion.”

“And she’s into girls.” Rebecca sighed, “And not as in girls too…she has a girlfriend she is serious with, I know her mother.”

“So she’s…?”

“A friend and they are in classes together, she comes over here to study not fool around.” She paused, “David, he’s lying to you, he hasn’t so much as asked a girl out in three months, he’s not following the rule and having his own life. I’m the only woman he wants to be with.”

“You sure?”

“Yes, he admitted it to me, but I said I wouldn’t tell you. But I have to.” She shook her head, “I think he’s falling for me in that way. He wants to sleep with me anytime you’re not here and I don’t mean just sex, he wants to be with me, cuddle with me, be sweet with me.”

"I see." David said quietly.

"You saw him just now. Honey, he's getting jealous of you. Heat of the moment in sex he's all about the fun, but other times he...he looks like he's sad whenever I'm with you."

"So we should stop then?"

"I...that might hurt him worse." She said, "And truth is we all love it. But I'm keeping the line drawn emotionally, he's not."

"You think he's in love with you?"

"I think he might think he is." She sounded as confused as she felt. "So I'm going to mention it this weekend. I'm sure the moms and sons will split off to talk about different things so hopefully I can get some advice."

"Good timing then." David nodded, "And when you get back we'll talk more about it You can tell me what they say."

"Deal." She smiled.

"Personally I think I know the solution." He said.

"What's that?"

"Get him laid. Set him up, don't give him an out."

"We can try that." She slid closer to him and put her arms around his neck, "Meanwhile, there's you and I."

"What about us?"

"You take Tuesday out of work like I asked?" She gave him a soft kiss. "Did you?"

"I did." He put his arms around her and pulled her against him. "Why?"

"Because seeing Derek has me all to himself, I made reservations for us at the Omni for Monday night."

"That sounds good." He smiled at her.

"Just the two of us; we'll have dinner, go dancing, then a nice big room with a hot tub and all day Tuesday." She kissed him again, this time a lingering one, "After all I have to keep my husband happy."

His laugh turned into a moan when she kicked the covers off and grabbed his semi hard cock. With a saucy smile, she slid down the bed and took him into her mouth. She barely moved her head, just worked him with her tongue and lips.

He sighed and smiled down at her as his cock grew to its full impressive size. Rebecca swung her leg over him and after grinding her moist pussy along the length of his cock; she reached back and guided him inside her.

She eased down slowly, enjoying teasing him and also acknowledging she was a little sore. She lay down on top of him and as she moved her hips, slowly riding him. He put his arms around her and kissed her.

“Are you going to be up for that after three days with your little boy toy?” He asked.

In response she sat up and cupping her breasts put on show for him, sensually working his cock.

“Oh I think I can handle it.” She moaned as his thumb found her clit, “It might be a lot, but a good mother knows how to keep both her men happy, doesn’t she?”

Pressing his thumb harder on her clit, he laughed softly, “Have I said, best wife ever?”

Chapter Four  
Thursday night

Mark pulled up in front of the house and his stomach sank at the sight of a black pickup parked in the driveway. That's where mom always told them to park so he would know someone was there. He shut off the car and rolled his eyes as the dinged up, barely running 95 Camry they shared shuddered and rattled.

Matter of time before it wouldn't start and sooner or later he wasn't going to bring it back to life anymore. Right now however, the car wasn't what was on his mind. Exiting it, he walked past the front door because the porch light was on. It was only six and still light out, but the light wasn't on for safety, it was the sign for him to use the back door.

It meant mom had a 'friend' over. Mom had a lot of friends these days. When he mentioned it, he was told she was a 'friendly' girl and liked to have fun and what did he care? Mark walked around to the back door and quietly let himself in, wondering as he had for months; what would be worse; her having that much sex just for the hell of it, or what she was really doing?

He supposed the latter was worse, but it didn't matter what he thought; his mother would do anything-and anyone-she wanted anyway. Right wrong it was easier for Mark to pretend he didn't know the truth and to never talk about it.

The fact that her sordid encounters had another effect on him, other than being disgusted, was another reason not to bring it up. If he brought it up, he had to think about it and that would mean envisioning what he had seen and the disturbing feelings those images had awoken within him.

Mark entered the small kitchen and looked at the staircase off of it that led to the small upstairs where his bedroom was. Whenever mom had 'company' he was to go straight upstairs in case she was in the living room and mostly so her latest friend wouldn't see him.

"Go upstairs." He whispered, but even as he said it was looking down the hall to the living room.

"Upstairs." He repeated, but instead slid his shoes off and leaving them at the foot of the stairs, slowly padded down the hallway.

He reached the archway and listened intently. He didn't hear anything and risked a quick peek around the corner. The room was empty, but there was an empty beer bottle on the coffee table next to mom's ever present tumbler. Alongside the empty glass-the only time it was empty, when she wasn't with it, was its inseparable partner, a bottle of Johnny Walker Red.

Mark entered the room and frowning with distaste picked up the still smoldering cigarette in the ashtray and ground it out. He looked at the butt in his hand, taking in the bright pink lipstick around it. He imagined his mother's lips around it, then around something else.

His cock twitched at the image that thought conjured up and he again told himself to get upstairs, before he went too far. Ignoring his mind, his feet continued to take him closer to what he should want to be far away from.

Mark crept silently down the other hallway that led to his mother's bedroom and he noticed that as always her door was open several inches. Approaching the door his emotions battled with him. Everything rational in him told him to get the hell upstairs or better yet go back out, take a ride somewhere.

The other part of him, the part that had been winning more and more lately, exerted its dominance and kept him moving. He could hear his mother speaking softly as he moved to within a couple of steps of the door and distinctly heard the words, "For an extra fifty we can fuck."

Even as a feeling of disgust flowed through him, Mark's cock lengthened in his jeans and reaching the door, he crouched down low and cautiously peered into the room. There was a large, rugged looking guy with a beard sitting in the chair near the bed mom used for the ones who only wanted one thing from her.

Mom was standing in front of him in a short black leather skirt and a sleeveless black shirt she was currently in the process of unbuttoning. She was sideways to Mark, giving him a good view and he swallowed nervously as she swayed seductively back and forth for her latest client as her pink tipped fingers undid the last of the buttons.

She opened the shirt, exposing her breasts, and leaning forward shook them in the man's face.

"Like them, baby?"

"Damn, they're fine." He whispered, his large hands coming up to fondle them. "Wish my wife had tits like this."

"You'll wish she had a mouth like mine pretty soon." Mom moaned as she slipped the shirt from her shoulders and as he leaned forward and sucked her right nipple into his mouth she reached back and unzipped her skirt.

"Hmm, that's nice, Gary, that's real nice." She purred, turning slightly to offer him her other breast.

"George." He said, but didn't seem upset, his focus was completely on taking mom's other nipple between his lips as he played with both her tits.

"Whatever," Mom sighed, "Feels good anyway."

Her words were slurred and even from several feet away, Mark could see her ice blue eyes were glossy. She let her skirt fall to the floor and Mark's hand strayed to his crotch while he stared at her. Mom was wearing a pair of lacy black panties that hugged her firm ass perfectly and he wondered if he would get to see her take them off or would it just be..."

"You have something for me, baby?" She asked softly, her fingers running through his hair as he continued to play with her tits.

Mom's tits weren't huge, but they weren't exactly small either and they still vanished in his huge powerful looking hands as he gave them one more squeeze before reaching into his pocket and handing her some money. Mom flipped through it and said, "Just fifty, baby? You don't want to feel my nice tight pussy?"

"That's all I have." He told her, "And I'm in a hurry, so you know...can you?"

He sounded nervous and Mark knew it was his first time doing this. It said something that he could tell the difference between someone who hardly ever did this and a regular john. Told him how twisted all this was, yet she wasn't going to stop and this sick part of him wasn't sure he wanted her to.

"Say no more." Mom gave George a drunken smile, the one that simultaneously pissed Mark off, yet turned him on.

She put her back to him, and putting her hands on her knees worked her ass in tight circles inches from his face. George whistled and fondled her ass as she continued to work it.

"Go ahead, give me a little one." She said over her shoulder.

George gave her a timid slap on her ass and with a tipsy giggle, she turned back to face him and with a sexy shimmy, sank to her knees between his legs. George went to unsnap his jeans, but she pushed his hands away.

"That's my job, baby. You just relax and let Molly take good care of you." She winked at him, "I want you to come back and see me again."

"Oh, I...I think I will be." He said softly as she popped his jeans open and pulled his zipper down.

"Hmm, good to hear." She cooed for him tugging on his jeans, "I do love my job."

"Fucking whore." Mark whispered even as he rubbed his fully erect cock through his jeans.

George lifted his hips, allowing his mother to pull his jeans and underwear down.

"Oh, is that all for me?" She smiled up at him as his cock sprang free.

Mark's heart beat faster when he saw how big George's cock was and his breathing grew heavier when mom wrapped her fingers around his thick shaft and pumped it.

"Goddamn, baby." She licked her lips, "I almost feel bad getting paid for this!"

She fluttered her tongue around the swollen purple head and George moaned softly, his dark eyes wide as he watched Mark's mother now running her tongue along the length of his shaft.

She pressed her pink lips to the tip, and with her eyes on George's face; she pushed them over the head. He groaned as she slowly took his cock deep into her mouth. Mom sighed around it and bobbed her head slowly.

She popped his cock from her mouth and Mark repressed a moan at the sight of his precum dripping from her lips.

“Oh, honey, how does your wife not want to suck this big dick?”

“She’s...she thinks it’s kind of dirty.” He answered with a look of anticipation on his face as Mom lowered her mouth to his cock.

“Well it is.” She whispered, and then let a long trail of spit ooze from her mouth and down his shaft. “Lucky for you, you found yourself a dirty girl.”

She took him back into her mouth and he gasped when she swallowed him all the way down to the base of his shaft. Mark rubbed his aching cock faster and harder, his heart pounding as he watched his mother suck cock for money.

Mom shook her head back and forth, before bobbing her head rapidly. George moaned and put his hand on the back of her head as she blew him. She released him once more and this time spit on his cock and pumped it in her hand.

“Fuck, that feels good.” He moaned, “But suck it, please suck it.” He added in a desperate whisper.

“Just giving you your money’s worth, baby.” She cupped his balls with her other hand and rubbed them. “That and I love playing with a nice big cock.”

“Just suck it.” He said more firmly. “I can jerk myself off; I’m paying you to blow me.”

“No need to be crude, sweetie.” She smiled and kissed his cock.

“You’re a whore; I don’t have to be nice.” He said; an odd smile on his face.

Hearing his mother called a whore should have upset him; instead Mark unzipped his jeans and slipping his hand into them, grabbed his cock. Mom looked up at George with a nasty smile.

“Like saying that don’t you? Wish you could talk to her like that? Tell your wife she’s a fucking pig?”

“She never is.”

“Well I am.” She told him, “I’m your dirty pig, George, look at me, right here on my knees sucking you for money. I’ll be your whore anytime, baby. Anytime you got the money, I got the time.”

She spit on him again, but this time sucked him into her mouth and noisily slurped it up. She bobbed her head slowly, but had her mouth wide open and was making gurgling sounds as she drooled on his cock, then slurped it back up.

“That...sounds so good.” George moaned, “You are a fucking slut, aren’t you?”

“Hmm-mm.” Mom agreed, as she continued to stuff her mouth with his dick.

“Yeah, that bitch never does things like this, stuck up cunt.” George said, while wrapping his hand in mom’s hair, “But you’re not like her, you’re a real woman, you love to suck it, don’t you?”

Mom moaned her agreement and removed her hands from him and placed them on his knees. She was now taking him down deeper and faster, showing off by just using her mouth on him.

“Fuck.” He groaned, “Oh, You little whore...you...” He laughed in between his moans. “Fucking skank, yeah that’s what you are, a fucking little skank! Posting adds to fuck guys, bet you don’t even need the money, you just fucking like it!”

He was breathing hard as he spoke and his hips were moving, pushing his cock deeper into mom’s mouth. Mark rose up on his knees so he was able to stroke his cock better and pumped it as he took in his mother sucking cock.

Look at her, he thought, she was a whore, a pig, a skank. On her knees, in just her thong, that perfect ass pointing towards him and her tits hanging out. Her long dark hair was fanned across her back, obscuring the large tattoo of a crow she had gotten back when that scum bag Bill was around.

Mark wished he could see it; he loved how it looked, especially when she was on her knees fucking. He wished he could see it covered in cum, see some john use it as a bulls eye. His attention went back to the main attraction, his mother’s mouth and George’s big dick.

His shaft was glistening from her spit and in the light through the partially open window; Mark could make out pink smears of her lipstick on his thick shaft. Mom was sucking faster and louder, sounding like a porn star as she moaned and gurgled and whimpered while she repeatedly buried him down her throat.

“Yes, oh fuck, yeah.” George moaned, “Just like that, keep sucking that cock you little skank; just keep...” He gasped and his hips jerked as he came.

Mom moaned as she continued to suck, her eyes locked on George’s as she grabbed his cock and stroked it, jerking him off into her mouth. Mark bit his lips to stay quiet as he pumped his cock as hard as he could, his eyes glued to his mother’s pink lips and the thick cum she was allowing to spill from them.

The cum dripped down George’s shaft; only to quickly be sucked back up by her busy mouth. George’s eyes were wide and he was staring at mom as if he couldn’t believe what he was seeing as she continued to play with his cum while she milked his cock.

“O...okay.” He moaned, his head falling back against the chair. Mom sucked more and he gasped, “Stop, please!”

With a wink, she left just the sensitive head in her mouth for a moment causing his hips to jerk again, then eased him from between her lips.

“Jesus.” George sighed, “Molly, that was the best fucking blow job I’ve ever had.”

She smiled, “You should see how I fuck.”

“Next time I will.” He nodded, pulling his jeans back up. “Damn, you’re something.”

“Baby, I’m the best you’ll ever have.”

Still staring up at him, mom opened her mouth and pushed her tongue out allowing his cum to spill down her chin and onto her tits. She turned to the side to grab a towel and Mark caught a full glimpse of his mother’s cum covered lips and tits.

His cock exploded in his hand.

“Hey Mark!”

Mark’s eyes flew open and he sat up so quickly he almost fell out of the chair. Blinking rapidly, he looked up to see Stacey smiling down at him.

“Only you could fall asleep in a place this loud.”

She spread her arms, indicating the small room located behind the bar. “Shit, I can feel the damn bass pounding, never mind hear it.”

“You’d be surprised what I can sleep around.” He said, sitting up and rubbing his tired eyes.

“I’d love to find out.” She stood between his knees looking down at him. “But I wouldn’t let you sleep much.”

“Bet you wouldn’t.” He grinned while staring at her tits directly in his face.

Stacy wasn’t dancing tonight, just working the floor and wearing the standard club Baby Doll attire. A pair of six inch fuck me stilettos, black thigh high fishnet stockings and a flimsy thong with nothing else but her long blonde hair and a smile.

“You’ll win that bet, sexy.” She purred and pushed her tits into his face.

Stacy was smaller on top, but her perky tits were perfectly shaped and her pink nipples were small, hard and appeared delightfully suckable. Any guy in the club willing to buy a hundred dollar ticket for a ‘private dance’ and hand her an additional hundred could have the chance to do just that, and more. In fact, if Mark’s count was right four had already and it was only eleven, club was open for three more hours.

“Well, I have to get back out there.” He said, trying to stand, but she put her hand on his chest.

“Come on, Mark, what’s the deal?”

“You know the deal.” He told her. “I’m with someone.”

“Please, everyone is with someone.” She rolled her eyes, “Most of the guys I fuck here and outside are married.”

“Well, I’m different.” He shrugged, “It’s not that you’re not hot Stacy, but I don’t play around.”

“Bullshit, you just want to play hard to get.” She smiled, “Want me to beg, Mark? Is that it? You want me on my knees, begging for your dick?”

She dropped down on her knees in front of him, “Please, Mark? Please fuck me! I’ll be a good little girl for you!”

“Hot, but...sorry.” He stood up and as he stepped around her, she grabbed his arm.

Stacy stood to face him and between her being on the taller side and the ridiculously tall shoes, matched his six two and her dark eyes stared into his.

“You think she isn’t fucking around on you, Mark?”

“I know she’s not.”

“You really are naïve kid.” She laughed and he rolled his eyes, she was twenty five to his twenty one and he was sure he’d lived a lot harder than she had. “You think Raven’s not doing what I’m doing? Fucking johns in the back rooms and passing her phone number out to the high rollers?”

“She doesn’t go in the back rooms.”

“Right, because you work every shift she does.” She laughed, “But it’s a big club, Mark. You know you can’t watch everyone all the time, that’s why there are eight bouncers. She can slip off on you. Especially when you have to watch the other rooms.”

“I trust her.”

“Oh, fuck me!” She laughed loudly, “Say that again, that was hilarious.”

“What the hell do you care?” He asked, “What do you have Stacy? Three rich assholes you see every week and that dealer you fuck for pot? What the hell you need me for?”

Un-offended she smiled, “Because they’re work, I get money and what I need, you’d be fun.” She looked him up and down, taking in his well muscled arms and broad shoulders, “Damn fun. God, you’re fine.”

Stacy ran her hand along his scruffy cheek, “I love this look on you, my little bad boy.” She licked her lips, “I’ll be your bad girl.”

“I have a bad girl, but she’s just bad for me.”

“She’s bad for all of them. She sluts her ass around the club just like I do.”

“She strips and does lap dances and the guys can’t touch, that’s all she does.” He smiled, his white teeth a bright contrast to the dark scruff around on his jaw. “I like watching her get those losers hot then fucking me later.” That was no lie that was for damn sure.

“You like sloppy seconds?” This time her smile was nasty.

“If I did I’d be saying yes to you.” He returned the nasty smirk, and stepping around her walked out of the office.

“Fuck you, Mark!” She called out, “You wait until you catch her fucking around on you.”

Caught her plenty times already, Mark thought as he gave her a wave over his shoulder, that’s how they had gotten to where they were in the first place.

Mark came out behind the bar and as he walked along behind it admired the asses of the three bartenders dressed as Stacy was.

“Hey, baby boy!” Alexis, the head-of the jokes she dealt with-bartender called out, giving him a friendly smile, “I was going to go back looking for you.”

“Yeah, like all you would do is look.” Maria, the other bartender laughed.

“Bobby’s due for his break.” She finished, ignoring the joke, “You need to get out there.”

“Just give me a minute.” He pointed to the employee bathrooms behind the bar.

“Make it quick, piss, don’t play with it.” Alexis told him and with a grin and a quick look down at her huge round tits, he nodded and entered the men’s room.

Mark didn’t have to go to the bathroom; he just needed to try to wake up. He’d been working ten hour shifts this week at the lumber yard and eight to two at the club for the last four days and he was exhausted.

He was looking forward to having the next four days off as well as meeting the other sons from the chat room. It would be something to be able to openly talk about his mother as a lover. He did have his misgivings though. He doubted any of the others had started out the way they had and he wasn’t sure he was comfortable about her talking about it.

But that would be her choice, he would just go along with what she wanted, he usually did. Turning on the faucet, Mark splashed cold water on his face and looked in the mirror. His normally bright blue eyes were dull and rimmed with red and he was developing bags under his eyes.

He ducked his head under the sink, wincing as the cold water flowed through his short black hair and onto his scalp. He lifted his head and shook it like a dog before grabbing some paper towels and wiping his face off.

Exhaustion was showing in his face, but at least the rest of him still looked pretty good. To go along with his height, Mark had a large frame that the gym, karate, and manual labor at the yard, had packed a lot of muscle onto.

His arms, both heavily tattooed with an assortment of skulls and reapers, protruded from his sleeveless grey t-shirt and even under the ink he could make out the definition of his biceps.

His waist tapered down to a perfect thirty two and his black jeans were tight enough to show off the fact he possessed another rather impressive muscle, one that had been put into use several times in the basement of the club that only a select few patrons knew existed.

Mark tossed the towels into the waste paper basket and leaving the bathroom almost ran into Bobby.

“Bout time, dude!” He said to him, “Thought maybe you were fucking back here.”

“Nah, that’s what you do.” Mark smirked, “Remember? And I think it was...” He looked in the direction of Alexis. “I don’t know someone with a real nasty boyfriend who showed up.”

“But a real nasty pussy to go with that boyfriend.” Bobby laughed, “But thanks for stalling that nut so I could get the hell off her.”

“Anytime.”

“Better hurry,” Bobby winked, “Your girl’s about ready to go on and you’re welcome for me switching break so you can be on for her.”

“I appreciate that, that’s why I didn’t let you get beat up.” Mark laughed.

“So the two of you are pretty damned serious I hear.” Bobby said, “I mean she doesn’t screw anyone here and Stacy is all kinds of pissed she can’t add you to the list.”

“Yeah, we’re a couple.” He said simply.

“Man all these hot girls our age around and you find the oldest stripper here.”

“She’s only thirty six.” Mark tried not to sound too defensive, “And she’s damn hot.”

“Hot sure, but thirty six.” Bobby clapped him on the arm. “What do you have a thing for milfs?”

“Bobby, you don’t know the half of it.” He gave him a playful punch in the arm and making his way around the bar walked out onto the floor.

The DJ was playing some type of techno thing that made him roll his eyes at the repetitive beat, but as he looked around, the music faded into the background. Club Baby doll was one of the top clubs in New England and it was easy to see why.

The club had hands down the best dancers around. They paid top dollar and it showed in how long most of the girls stayed. The club was clean as far as drugs went, anyone caught dealing or using was bounced and they were even strict with alcohol, if someone looked that far gone they were asked to leave.

The fact there was no trouble is what kept the high rollers coming in and gave the club its reputation as being ‘classy’. The club also had a ‘no touch’ rule. The girls could grind all over the guys, but they couldn’t do more than have their hands on the girl’s hips during a lap dance.

Mark had to admit that was smart, not only did it avoid trouble, but kept up that façade of ‘class’. Fact was behind the scenes Baby Doll was pretty much a whore house. The dancers were not required to do it, but most would go into the back rooms and fuck the clients. The club got the price of the ticket, the dancer got their price.

Many of the men would ask the girls about after hours and for a fee they would come to their house-escorted by one of the bouncers-and spend a couple of hours having fun. Again the girl paid a small fee to the club and the escort a hundred for sitting in a car while the girl fucked.

Mark had gone on several of those and it was easy money, most of these asshats had a lot of money and reputations and weren’t looking to end up beaten up and having the cops on their ass.

As Mark made his way around, he nodded to the girls waiting the tables and the dancers who had already been on stage and were now wandering the floor.

“Mark!”

He turned to see one of the dancers, she went by Phoenix, he had no clue of her real name, come over leading a tall man in a thousand dollar suit by the hand.

“I need a ticket.” She told him, handing him a hundred dollar bill.

Mark reached into his pocket and handed her the gold colored ticket marked "Private Dance" and stepping closer to the guy said, "First time back there?"

"Yes." He nodded, nervously.

"Well, my friend you are in for a treat because Phoenix is one of our hottest girls and she's so good I know I'm going to see you again." He winked, "She's a goddamn addiction."

"Good to know." He smiled, looking less nervous.

"But, here's the rules. It's not the floor, you can touch all you want, but just because you're paying doesn't make you the boss. She calls the shots, she tells you not to touch somewhere, or not to do something you listen. You don't." He leaned closer so he was whispering in his ear, "You're going to need a new suit and extensive dental work, got it?"

"O..of course." The man nodded, "Just here for fun."

"And you are going to have it." Mark flashed him a smile, "Hey, smack her ass once for me, okay?"

"Okay."

"Thanks Mark." Phoenix winked and as she led her client away, Mark watched her amazing ass swing back and forth.

He leaned against a pole and watched a tall red head giving a lap dance. She was straddling the guy and shaking her huge tits in his face as he slipped a twenty into her thong. Mark looked around and everywhere his eyes landed was...flesh.

Tits and asses shaking around, women gyrating lewdly on, or in front of the men, and one girl doing a little private dance on top of a table. Two women in a sixty nine-dancers were allowed to touch each other-being cheered on by a circle of men all throwing bills on the table as they licked each other.

He took it all in and although on the surface he knew this was all hot and sexy, he wasn't aroused. It wasn't just that he was becoming immune to nudity from his few months working here, but only one woman in this club truly aroused him and she was due on any minute.

"Hey, sexy, looking for someone?"

That smoky voice, the one he'd been listening to in his ear for well over a year now still sent a shiver through him and turning, Mark smiled,

"Hey, M..." He caught himself as one of the girls walked close by, "Raven, aren't you supposed to be going on?"

"I am." She lifted her arms, showing off the long black cowl she was wearing that covered her from her neck down to the edge of her knee high black fuck me boots. "Not like I'm giving them anything ahead of time."

"Or anything afterwards." Mark said, and then quickly regretted it.

“Or afterwards.” She repeated and gave him a soft smile that belied the deep slut red lipstick and heavy black eye shadow on her face. “I told you, baby, others can look and dream, but only my baby, gets to touch.”

“I like that.” He said softly, staring into her eerie ice blue eyes that were so light they appeared translucent at times.

“I do too.” She placed her hand on his cheek, “But I do like to show off and I think my baby likes it, doesn’t he?”

“I might.” He winked.

“Good.”

“Can I have your attention!” The DJ’s voice boomed over the speakers. “Gentlemen-and ladies-please turn your eyes to center stage, where in just seconds you will meet our next dancer of the evening.”

“You better go.” Mark nodded towards the stage.

“Hey,” She grabbed the back of his head and lowered his face to hers and whispered “Whatever happened to giving your mother a kiss before she goes to work?”

Mom pressed her lips to hers and Mark eagerly returned the kiss. He gasped when she plunged her tongue into his mouth at the same time she grabbed his already swelling cock. She moaned softly then stepping back, squeezed his cock once more.

“I am so looking forward to an entire weekend of this, baby. No work for you no dancing, no bullshit.” She smiled, “But I won’t be waiting for tomorrow so you better be ready.”

“I’ll be watching you dance, damn straight I’ll be ready.”

“Sick puppy.” She winked.

“Whore.” He returned the wink and hurried away towards the far side of the stage.

“Club Baby Doll is proud to present, one of our finest dancers, the dark and sexy....Raven!”

Mom had quickly made it to the back stairs of the stage and as a plume of smoke rose from the surface of it, she walked up the stairs and into the center of the thick black cloud. When the fans kicked on to blow the smoke into the air, she was crouched on the floor.

A lone bass note sounded that vibrated throughout the room and mom slowly rose from her crouch, spreading her arms out. The cowl dipped below her arms giving her the illusion of wings and when a flame roared up behind her she leaned forward and flipped it off of her.

The crowd cheered as she stood there in a long black skirt that went to her boots, but was slit up both hips and a leather vest held together with metal hooks.

The vest showed off the full sleeve tattoo of brightly colored demons on her right arm and the large colorful succubus on her left shoulder. Mom’s skin was fair to the point of being ghostly causing the tattoos to stand out even more on her skin.

The slow drum beat of Danzig's "She Rides" kicked on and lowering her head, mom rolled her neck in circles, throwing her long, wild black hair around.

She tossed her head up and swaying seductively, popped the first two hooks open on her shirt. She released it and received some good natured boos from the crowd. Mom responded by putting her finger up and wagging it back and forth.

A few people laughed then cheered when she popped another button and pulled the vest open far enough to show the inner half of her breasts. She turned and strutting over to the poll grabbed it and took a lazy spin around it, before a faster one.

She braced her hands on it and shook her ass at the crowd, then danced her way across the stage to kneel in front of three Japanese business men who were sitting in the paid seats along the edge of the stage.

Sal, the owner, had told all the girls and bouncers that these guys were real money and not used to this type of place. They were here to wallow in good old American debauchery and everyone was to show it to them.

Mom was on her knees in front of them with her legs wide, and lifting her long hair over her head was working her hips seductively to the beat. Leaning forward, she crawled to the edge and laying on her back across the front of the three men, pumped her hips provocatively while staring at them and wagging her tongue across her lips.

Mark left his spot and walked over to stand behind the first row of tables to get a better look at his mother stripping. The looks of lust on the crowd's faces as they stared at her and she worked her body to the music had his cock hard and aching in his jeans.

Man he was more than a little sick, but hey, he wasn't alone. Mom had told him many times how wet it made her to know he was standing there in the crowd watching her dance and knowing every man in the room wanted her, but only her son could have her.

She looked at one of them and holding up her vest wiggled the material. One of his friends spoke to him and with a huge smile; he pulled out a bill and put it in her hand. She moved her hands from the vest and people clapped and cheered as he undid her last two hooks.

Mom pulled the vest open exposing her ample tits, each pink nipple pierced with a silver barbell and the crowd roared when she grabbed the back of his head and shoved it between her tits. She released his hair and when he sat back he was blushing, but had an ear to ear smile on his face.

Mom stood up and spinning around whipped the vest off and tossed it into the crowd where a young college age guy caught it. Mom pranced over to the other side of the stage and standing there shook her tits back and forth as two men slipped bills into the side of her skirt.

"Hey, Raven!" Rick, another of the bouncers, called from across the stage, "Got a birthday boy over here!"

"Oh, a birthday boy!" The DJ cut into the music. "How old?"

Ricky leaned over to a guy who was sitting next to a young kid who was already blushing

“Twenty one!”

“Raven, how about something special for the birthday boy?”

Mom danced her way across the stage and Mark laughed along with everyone else when it looked like the kid wanted to get up and leave, but his two friends were keeping him right there. Mom stood in front of them on the edge of stage and turning to the side crouched down and reaching out took his hand and placed it on the leather tie that held her skirt.

He was redder than the shirt he was wearing, but pulled the tie. The crowd groaned, when mom held it to her hip, then roared when she did a quick spin and threw it over his head. As he fumbled with it, Mom presented her ass to the other side of the stage facing Mark and shook it.

He licked his lips at the sight of her ass now only covered by a thin black string between her firm well shaped ass cheeks. Mom had a small dragon tramp stamp on the small of her back and Mark fondly recalled using it as a bull’s eye just last night.

She let her head fall back; sending her long black hair down her back, then lowered her head and whipped it around exposing the huge crow tattoo that covered most of her upper back. She turned back around and bending over, shook her ass in the face of the birthday boy.

She turned back around and pointed to one of his friends. He handed her the bottle of complimentary champagne that was on all the tables at the edge of the stage and Mark felt his heart skip a beat. Mom held the bottle up and yelled,

“Twenty one years old, this young man deserves a toast!”

Almost as one, everyone in the club stood and lifted whatever drink they had into the air. Feeling his stomach turn, Mark hurriedly made his way around the stage to her side. What the hell he was going to do he wasn’t sure, but there was no way he was going to let her...

“A very happy birthday to...” Mom paused and one of the kid’s friends spoke and she finished, “Josh! Seeing that you’re twenty one, a special drink is in order for you!”

She knelt down in front of him and holding the bottle to her face, called out. “Bottoms up!”

She lifted the bottle and Mark felt his stomach plummet, then stop when Mom slipped off the stage, onto Josh’s lap and poured champagne down her left tit and shoved it in his face.

As nervous as he looked, Josh didn’t hesitate to suck her tit into his mouth and as the crowd applauded and whistled, Ricky stepped over, but mom raised her hand, “It’s okay!” She called out, “It’s his birthday!”

Rick shrugged and watched with everyone else as she poured more champagne down her other tit and fed it to the birthday boy. That was more contact than she’d allowed anyone in a long time. Since not long after they had become a couple.

But rather than be upset, Mark felt his cock surge back to life from where it had shrunk in fear of seeing her with the champagne. Now it was back to throbbing as he watched his mother feed her pierced pink nipple to Josh.

She stood, turned and dropped her ass into his lap; ground it for a minute before vaulting back onto the edge of the stage. One of Josh's friends handed her some money and slipping it into her boot, mom walked the perimeter of the stage.

As the song wound down, she stopped to shake her ass and tits and occasionally drop to her knees and crawl for the crowd, collecting her money along the way. When she reached where Mark stood, she beckoned him over to her.

He leaned over between two men and she whispered, "Get over there between those Japanese guys."

She went back to crawling along the stage and Mark moved around the table until he was standing just behind the three business men. When mom reached them after pausing to slide into the lap of a guy waving a twenty, she sat on the edge of the stage in front of the three men.

She lifted her legs and sliding closer, placed one foot on the shoulder of each of the two men to her right and left and smiling at the man in the middle, she pulled her thong to the side exposing her pussy.

Balancing on one hand, she pumped her hips, working her pussy up and down less than a foot from his face and Mark laughed at the way his eyes bulged. Mom stopped moving her hips and looking at Mark, said, "Hey, Mark, how about you pour this gentleman a special drink?"

Their eyes met and she saw the hesitation in his eyes, but also knew that ever present lust was there as well. That mixed emotion of wanting her all to himself, but loving not only that others wanted her, but watching her tease them, even occasionally letting them touch what was ultimately his.

She raised her eyebrows; an unspoken question. She was leaving it up to him and the fact she was seeking his approval made his decision much easier. He gave a quick nod then stepping forward, picked up the bottle of champagne from the ice bucket on their table.

Leaning over the man on Mom's left he reached out and poured some of the champagne onto her mound and watched it drip down her pussy.

Mom smiled and said, "Don't lick, just stay still."

The man in front of Josh said something in Japanese and the one in the middle nodded so quickly he looked like a bobble head. Mom moved forward, shoving her pussy into his face and working her hips.

"Guys aren't supposed to touch this much." Rick said from behind him, "She's going to get some heat from Sal for this."

"He said to play up to these dopes." Mark said without turning around.

His gaze was fixed on his mother grinding her pussy into the stunned, but definitely happy, businessman's face. His two friends were staring wide eyed and when one of them removed his phone, Mark quickly stepped forward and said softly, "No pictures, sir."

The man frowned then shrugged and put his phone away.

“No worries, sweetie.” Mom smiled, “You can have a drink too.” She swung her leg up and over the middle man’s head and wrapping both of them around the head of the man with the phone poured more champagne and gave him the same treatment.

By now the crowd was buzzing and Mark wondered if Rick was right, this could cause expectations with the other girls. But Sal was standing next to the DJ and watching and didn’t look pissed off.

Mom released the second man’s head and spinning on her ass to the side, simply spread her legs and pointed at the third one. To loud applause he stood, leaned over, and placed his face between his mother’s legs. She poured him a drink, ground her hips for a few seconds, then pushing backwards, rolled to her feet and bowed to the crowd.

She cavorted around the edge of it once more, giving several shakes of her tits and ass, and after a pause, she brought everyone to their feet by untying the thong, removing it and throwing it in Josh’s face.

She went to the pole and lifting her right leg placed it along the pole and pushed until her foot was over her head. She spun around the pole several times, balancing perfectly on one leg and giving everyone in the club a good look at her smooth pink pussy.

People cheered and whistled and several more bills were tossed on the stage as several men chanted “Raven! Raven!” Mom let her leg down and as she always did, turned to each side of the stage and bowed.

Picking up her cowl, she slipped it on and instead of exiting the stage down the stairs to the back room, she walked over to where the business men were and slipping off the stage put her arm around the one that had been translating for the others and spoke to him.

When she walked away he looked stunned, but immediately turned to talk excitedly to his friends. She walked over to Mark, but before she could reach him, a large man, a biker type in jeans and a leather vest grabbed her arm.

“Hey bitch, what do I have to have, slanted eyes to get to touch your skanky ass?”

“Easy, baby.” Mom said calmly, “Those men were special guests of the owner.” She smiled, “All the girls can be touched, honey, you just have to pay for it.”

“Bullshit, I’ll touch what I want.” He sneered and grabbing her cowl, ripped it open and tried to grab her tit.

A white hot rage went through him, and stepping forward, Mark grabbed the man’s arm and spun him around. The biker came around swinging, but Mark blocked it easily with his left forearm. He drove his fist into the man’s stomach and when he doubled over, brought his knee up into his face.

When the biker’s bloody face snapped back up, Mark swung his arm around and slammed his left forearm into the side of his head. He went flying backwards and crashed into a table sending the men there as well as Stacy, who was in someone’s lap, scattering.

“You never touch the fucking girls!” Mark snarled down at him as he laid there, his eyes unfocused.

“Christ Mark!” Rick hissed at him, “Easy, we’ll get him out of here.”

Rick reached down for the biker at the same time Bobby arrived and between them they hauled him to his feet and guided him towards the door. Mark turned to walk away and several people clapped and saluted him with their drinks as he walked past.

“Hey, Mark!”

Mom caught up with him and put her hand on his arm, “You okay, honey?”

“Fine.” He said softly, even though his head was pounding and his body felt as if it were ready to explode.

She put her arm around him, and whispered in his ear, “I’m fine, baby, you need to calm down.”

“I won’t let anyone hurt you, mom.” He said quietly. “Never again.”

“He didn’t.” She gave him a quick kiss and when she saw other watching, exclaimed, “My hero!”

Several people laughed and when the attention wasn’t focused on them, Mark sighed and tried to shake it off. “What did you say to that guy?”

She gave him a sly smile, “Oh, you’ll find out soon enough. Let’s just say I might have a way for you to burn off that nasty rage you’re trying to get rid of right now.”

“You offered?” He asked, the anger of a moment ago, turning to excitement, just as she knew it would.

“You’ll see.” She winked.

“Hey, hot stuff!” A man sitting at a table next to him called, “How about a lap dance?”

He waved a twenty at her and with a wink she said, “How about you just sit right there and watch your mother get this loser nice and hard and think about what I’ll do to you,” She winked “And where, very soon.”

Putting her back to him, she dropped the cowl to the floor and straddling the man, shook her tits in his face while working her ass into him. His cock once again throbbing, Mark leaned against a poll and watched his mother continue cock teasing as she took the twenty from his hand. Raising her arms over her head and teasingly sliding her nipple across his lips, mom looked over at him and winked.

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“Here comes Sal.” Mom said, staring past him.

They were sitting at the bar, where mom was taking her break and Mark had managed to talk Bobby into switching posts with him for a little while. After her first lap dance coming off stage, mom had to go in the back and change because she had removed her thong and no girl was supposed to be totally nude except for the VIP club upstairs.

She was now wearing the fishnet and thong the rest of the girls were had on and Mark leaned against the bar next to her where she sat topless, drinking a soda. Staring at her beautiful tits and pierced nipples Mark grinned at the thought that didn't every mom casually show off her tits to their son like this?

Right after she spoke, Mark smelled the ever present cloud of Sal's cheap cologne. It took a few seconds for Sal to catch up with that cloying stench.

"There's my little rule breaker." He said as he came around from behind Mark to stand between them. "You see what giving those chinks a taste did, don't you?"

"You told us to play up to them." Mom said, "Doing as told sir." She shrugged causing her tits to jiggle and Mark saw Sal's eyes go right to them.

Unlike Mark and others who worked in these places, flesh never lost its appeal to Sal and he was pretty sure mom was the only dancer he hadn't fucked.

"I thought Chinese were chinks as you so eloquently put it." Mark said, taking Sal's attention from his mother.

"Call them as I see them, kid." He grinned, then running his fingers through his slicked back hair, said, "And you...you got way too carried away with that asshole."

"He touched..."

"He did, but there's a way to handle that, you don't just knock him the fuck out." He sighed, "The people in the club think it's fun, but if that guys friends had decided to jump in that could have gotten real bad, real fast."

"Sorry, Sal." Mark nodded, "Won't happen again."

"Course it happened because he was pawing your girlfriend here." He grinned at mom, "Little Miss Robinson, like them young, Raven?"

"Oh, yeah." She purred, "I love a good hard young cock." She winked, "Rest of him isn't bad either."

Normally mom's voice could be described as raspy or as she said 'smoky' but in the club she really played it up into a sultry phone sex voice. Mark knew she'd made that remark to distract Sal, which wasn't all that hard to do if the topic was sex.

"Well I notice your little boy toy works all your shifts and is on you like white on rice. Plus that little scene earlier." He looked back at Mark, "Might need to separate you two on the schedule."

"Do that and I won't do what you came to ask me to do." Mom told him.

"What?" Sal asked, "How do you know...?"

"Who do you think told your little friends they could watch me fuck for a price?" She laughed, "I'm making you...what, a thousand a piece on that? I like working with Mark, say I can't and you pick another girl for the show."

“They want you.”

“Because I broke the rules and hence made you money.” Mom said sweetly. She beckoned Sal closer and then put her arm around him. “Look Sal, Mark’s young and before me only played with girls, I’m his first real woman and he’s a little jealous. We’ll work it out, right, Mark? No more being my shadow here, okay?”

“Yes, ma’am.” He played his part.

“Ma’am well then.” Sal laughed, “Okay, one more chance, but you will...?”

“Depends.” Mom put her hand out. “Five for me two for Mark, right?”

“Maybe it won’t be Mark.”

“Then no show, plus Mark’s the best looking guy here.”

“They’re not looking at him.”

“Yes they are. They want to see my slutty ass fucked by the biggest cock possible and you’ve seen that thing.” She pointed between Mark’s legs. “You’ve seen him fuck me before.” She smiled, “Bet you’ll watch tonight too.”

“I think I will.” He said, his eyes back on mom’s tits. “You know, Raven you could...”

“I’m not up for grabs, Sal.” She told him, “You tap every girl here, just throw a wig on one and call her by my name.” She put her hand out. “Money?”

Sal gave her a dirty look, but reached into his pocket and removed an obscenely thick roll of hundred dollar bills. He counted out five and handed them to mom who passed them to Mark.

“Oh, he your pimp?” Sal smirked as he peeled off two more and handed them to Mark.

“No, he has pockets” Mom rolled her eyes.

“Just sent them down there, give them a few minutes to have a drink and head on down.” Sal looked at the two of them and grinned, “Nice and dirty okay? Those Japs are hardcore pervs.”

Mom laughed, “Don’t worry Sal, you have no idea of how dirty the two of us really are.”

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Mark sat in the small backroom in the basement of the club and removed his boots and socks. There was never anything sexy about a guy taking his shoes off in the middle of sex. He glanced up at the sound of a door closing from somewhere outside the room.

His heart beat faster. That was probably Sal coming on from the other side to talk to their audience then give them the go ahead to come out.

The room they were in was a small back room to the larger one they would soon be entering and known only to some employees-ones that had been there long enough Sal figured he could trust them-and the high rollers. The room was only used for one purpose; live hardcore sex shows.

Mark had been down here with his mother twice before. The first time he'd been a nervous wreck, but focusing on the two men and the woman who was paying to watch, and seeing the way they looked at his mother had been enough to get him into it. That and his mother's mouth was quite persuasive.

He sat back in the chair and took a deep breath, trying to relax. The door opened to the small bathroom and mom came out. She had changed into the outfit she had worn to work, a short black skirt and a red button up short sleeved blouse.

She had left her heels off and Mark focused on her toes which were painted the same black as her fingers and the middle toe of each foot was adorned with a silver ring. His gaze lingered on the small black bat tattooed on the top of her foot, another of his favorite targets.

But not tonight, something told Mark he'd be painting something a lot higher than her foot for their well off friends.

"Ready, baby?" Mom asked as she ran her fingers through her hair, teasing it out even more.

She had touched up her makeup and her lips were once again coated in deep slut red and her eyes incased in a heavy black eye shadow that caused her almost unnaturally pale blue eyes to stand out even more.

"I think the only problem is having to wait." He said and standing; took her in his arms and kissed her hard.

Her hand went straight to the bulge in his jeans and she moaned, "Honey, this cock was all I was thinking about on stage, God I'd love to fuck you in front of the whole damn club!"

"Not sure I'd be able to." He said, but as she rubbed him, he thought who was he kidding? He could always get hard for his mother, especially if others were as well.

"Course you could." She whispered in his ear, "And the whole time you know what we'd both be thinking. That all those people would..."

She stopped at the sound of sound of Sal speaking from outside the room.

"Esteemed guests, I hope you're relaxed and ready for the special treat that only Club Baby Doll can provide. Now, here by your request and for your pleasure is Raven!"

"I never get any credit." Mark grinned as his mother walked past him to go out first.

"But plenty of your mother's pussy, so oh, poor you." She cracked and slipped through the door.

Mark gave her a few seconds and when he heard clapping he stepped out. The room consisted of a small stage with a couch and a bed. In front of the stage were a dozen chairs and the three men were standing and clapping as Sal took a seat in the far corner.

Mom playfully blew them a kiss, then curtseyed. When Mark came out they surprised him by clapping for him as well and he gave an awkward bow. The lights went out around the stage leaving the men partially obscured beyond the bright lights on the stage.

Wasting no time, Mom approached him and putting her arms around his neck kissed him. Her tongue plunged into his mouth and she moaned loudly as he slipped his tongue out to meet hers. They kept their lips slightly apart so their tongues were visible and mom worked her hips into him as they continued to kiss.

Mark slid his hands through her hair and then down her back. Finding the hem of her skirt he pulled it up, showing off her ass in a skimpy thong. He heard murmurs of approval from the shadows and gave her ass a sharp slap.

She yipped for effect then again when he slapped the other side. He squeezed her ass hard then hooking the string of the thong with his fingers, pulled it to the side. He spread her cheeks wide and mom leaned forward into him, pushing her ass out.

Mark knew they were getting a good view of her spread pussy and asshole and he held her there for a moment before working his fingers into the crack of her ass. Mom groaned when he pushed a finger into her tight ass and he heard an excited buzz from behind the stage as he thrust it in and out.

“Bad boy.” Mom moaned in his ear, “Any excuse to play with my ass.”

Mark moved his other hand and she moaned when he slid a finger through her already sopping slit. He probed her lips while burying his finger in her ass and her fingers tightened on his shoulders as he teased the tip of his finger around her swollen clit.

He could hear them whispering excitedly and figuring they really liked this view, he broke their kiss and whispered, “Over the couch.”

He grabbed her shoulders and spinning around, shoved her towards the couch. Mom cried out as if she were surprised and went to her knees, the upper half of her body over the couch. Mark knelt to her left and snapped, “Spread your ass open, slut.”

Mom reached back and putting her hands on her cheeks, pulled them open. She wiggled back and forth and Mark glanced past the stage. He could see their shadows, but that was it. He wondered if they were already rubbing their hard cocks. He knew his felt as if it were going to burst through his zipper.

Mark delivered a hard slap to her left ass cheek and mom yelped and tried to sit up. He shoved her in the back, roughly pushing her down to the couch and held her there as he spanked her. The room filled with the sharp crisp sounds of him slapping her ass, going from cheek to cheek.

Mom yelped and whimpered from each blow and that caused him to spank her harder. When her ass was as red as her shirt and his finger prints were visible on both cheeks, he crouched down and staying to the side so they could see, he tongued her asshole.

That caused some heated whispers as he continued to probe his mothers, yes his mothers; ass.. He replaced his tongue with his finger, plunging it in hard enough for her to squeal, and then pushed two fingers through her lips and inside her.

Still holding her ass open, mom squirmed and whimpered as her son probed her holes with his fingers. He placed his thumb on her clit and she cried out and worked her hips into his hand. Mark rubbed her clit in slow circles while thrusting his fingers into her pussy.

With a grin towards the men watching, he slowly eased a second finger into her ass. Mom lifted her head and released a long mewling sound he knew was for the benefit of the men. He'd pounded her ass countless times, his fingers weren't hurting her.

She contracted her holes around his fingers and his cock twitched in anticipation of fucking her. Pumping his fingers he rubbed her clit faster and harder and mom moaned,

“Oh, please, please make me come! Please?”

“Should she come?” Mark asked the darkness, “Think she deserves it?”

He heard someone speaking in Japanese, translating his words, and a moment later a heavily accented voice called out “Make the bad girl come!”

Mark jammed his fingers her holes and rubbed her clit roughly with his thumb, pressing as hard as he dared. Mom gasped and, then throwing back her head released a long loud squeal as her pussy and ass squeezed his fingers.

She cried out repeatedly as her hips bucked wildly and her pussy and ass convulsed around his still thrusting fingers. Mom let out one more loud cry, then lowered her hands from her ass as her body went limp.

Mark pulled his fingers from her and grabbing her by her hair, gave her a second to know what he was going to do, then yanked her up to her knees. Mom pushed herself up, but cried out as if he'd hurt her.

Mark turned her head, and roughly shoved the fingers that had been in her pussy into her mouth. She moaned around them until he grabbed her shoulders and pulled her to her feet. He took her blouse in his hands and with a wrench, tore it open.

Buttons flew and mom whimpered as her tits were exposed. Shoving the shirt down her arms and off of her, Mark lowered his head and hungrily sucked her left nipple into his mouth.

“Oh, yes!” Mom called out and grabbing his hair shoved his face into her tit.

Mark grabbed her other nipple and taking the barbell between her fingers, twisted it gently back and forth, stretching her nipple, he switched to sucking her other tit while Mom worked her hand between them and popped his jeans open.

Sinking to her knees she unzipped him to expose the fact he had removed his underwear. Mom kissed his stomach, then made a show of running her tongue down past his naval and teasing along the edge of his jeans.

Mom reached into his jeans and when she pulled his cock out, he smiled at the buzz from their spectators. Mark's cock was in a word, huge. Mom insisted she had never had a bigger one, and he was well aware of how many cocks his mother had seen in her day. Mom slowly pumped it, her blue eyes looking up at him, a nasty smile on her face.

"Going to suck my son's dick right in front of people." She whispered, "Then you're going to fuck your mommy, aren't you?"

"Oh, yeah." He whispered, watching as his mother ran her tongue along the impressive length of his shaft.

Mom took her time, running her tongue up and down his shaft, swirling it around his swollen purple head and then making her way down to his balls. Mark moaned as she pinned his cock against his stomach and sucked his balls one at a time into her mouth.

Mark put his hand in her hair and pulling her head back grabbed his cock and slapped her in the face with it. Mom yipped, but her eyes were glazed over with unbridled lust as he proceeded to spank her face with his huge dick.

He worked back and forth hitting both her cheeks and pushing it against her face, smearing his sticky precum all over her face. Lifting her head Mom opened wide and stuck her tongue out. Mark whacked his cock against her tongue several times and mom whimpered and he knew it wasn't an act; she wanted her son's cock in her mouth.

Mark gave her what she wanted; pushing his cock between her red lips he slowly fed her every inch of it until she had taken his huge dick right down to the base of his shaft. She made a gagging sound and her eyes widened, more for show, than anything else as his mother could easily handle even his cock.

She moaned softly and bobbed her head along the length of his shaft, taking him about halfway each time. She lifted from her knees so she was squatting and as she blew him, she put her hand between her legs and played with her pussy for their friends.

Mom cupped his balls and he moaned as she sucked him faster while taking him deeper. He'd been worked up all night and after a couple of minutes of her steady sucking his knees trembled and reaching down to cup her tits and tease her nipples, he whispered, "If you keep sucking I'm going to cum quick fucking you."

Mom popped his cock from her mouth and took a long glob of spit with it. She slurped it up into her mouth, then answered, "Then I'll suck you off and you fuck me after I come again." She winked, "You know you'll be ready again." She kissed the tip of his cock, "You're always hard for your mother."

She spit on his cock and quickly sucked him into her mouth and loudly slurped it up. She began to deep throat him, gagging each time and letting long strands of spit and pre cum drool out of her mouth and down onto her tits and his thighs.

Reaching behind her, Mom unzipped her getting back on her knees pushed it down to the floor and using just her mouth on him, lifted her knees one at a time and pushed the skirt off. She repeated the moved with the thong, keeping him buried in her throat and slipping her tongue out to work his balls.

She worked the thong off and was now completely naked, on her knees blowing her son and doing it in front of men who had paid to see this.

“Wonder what they’d pay if they knew you were my mother?” He whispered. “Bet these sick pricks would get into it.”

Mom winked, then grabbing his cock stroked it, jerking him off as she blew him. She cupped his heavy balls and caressed them while bobbing her head rapidly. Mark moaned and grabbing her head, held it still and fucked her mouth.

Mom squealed around his cock as he brutally face fucked her and her eyes were watering from his assault on her throat. Mark was breathing harder and his cock was twitching each time he slammed it into his mother’s mouth.

He only lasted several more pumps before he moaned and exploded. Mom squealed, her watering eyes going wide as his cock spurted again and again, flooding his mother’s mouth with his hot thick cum.

Mark stopped moving his hips and Mom resumed her sucking and jerking, taking every drop he had. It was his turn to whimper as she jerked him harder, helping his balls to empty into her greedy mouth.

He gasped and whispered, “Okay, stop.” Then cried out when she sucked hard just on the tip, milking a few more drops from him.

Mom turned to face the men and picking up her black skirt held it under her chin. Opening her mouth wide, she let the cum spill from her lips and onto the skirt. It had been a huge load and mom worked her head back and forth making a long thick trail of cum on the black material.

Holding it up, she smiled, then slurped some of the cum back into her mouth. Mark watched, his cock still hard and twitching, as she played with the cum, swirling her tongue in it and letting it hang down her face before sucking some of it back up.

She tossed the skirt to the side and standing, caught him by surprise by grabbing his shoulders, turning him and giving him a shove. Mark stumbled against the couch and fell into a sitting position.

Mom quickly swung her leg over his, straddled him and sat down on his hard cock. She cried out as she drive his huge dick deep inside her and he moaned as her pussy contracted around his still sensitive tip.

Mom worked her hips in circles several times before putting her hands on his shoulders and riding him like he was a prize bull at a rodeo.

“That’s right.” She moaned into his ear, “Those men think they’re seeing hot? They don’t know the half of it. They think I’m a pig now, if they only knew I was such a whore that I was fucking my son! And doing it right in front of people.”

“And for money.” Mark added through his groans as she pounded her hot wet pussy onto his cock. “Once a whore always a whore.” He whispered.

Mom’s eyes widened and digging her fingers into his arms she fucked him even harder.

“You love me being a whore!” She hissed, “Loved me fucking other guys until I started fucking you, now I’m your whore!”

Mom pushed herself off his cock and turning around between his legs sat down on his dick. She put her feet on his thighs and pushed herself up against his chest. Mark put his arms around her slender waist and pinning him to her fucked her as hard as he could.

Mom cried out and began rubbing her pussy, letting then men see his cock pounding into her while she rubbed her clit. Mark grabbed her tits and squeezed them hard as he fucked her, repeatedly driving his cock into his mother’s forbidden hole.

“They’re watching.” She let her head fall back against his chest and spoke into his ear, “Bet they’re spanking it, that’s why Sal kills the lights and has a box of tissues on the arm of every chair, so the little pigs can jerk off and make a mess. Jerk off to your big dick slamming my little pussy.”

Mark fucked her harder, lifting his hips from the couch and making her yelp by driving his cock as deep as he could. Mom told him to stop and sliding off him again rolled over and sitting on the couch, spread her legs.

Mark didn’t need to be told twice. Standing, her kicked his jeans off and dropping to his knees plunged his face between her thighs. Mom was so wet his face was soaked in an instant, but he loved it. He shoved his tongue inside her and sucked up as much of her sticky fluid as he could.

Sliding his tongue up through the wet folds of her pussy, Mark jammed two fingers inside her then sucked her clit so hard she cried out. Keeping his tongue moving on her clit he drove a finger back into her ass.

Mom yelped, then putting her feet on his shoulders, worked her hips in circles, shoving her clit into his face and pushing his finger deeper into her holes. Mark wasn’t eating his mother’s pussy, he was attacking it and mom was crying her pleasure each time he sucked her clit hard into his mouth.

He looked up to see her playing with her tits, twisting the barbells. Her eyes were wide and her red lips parted as she stared down at her son, licking her pussy. Mark noticed a few drops of cum on her tits as she played with them and his cock jumped between his legs. God he needed to fuck her, fuck her long and hard.

“Yes!” Mom cried out, “Suck that pussy! Suck it harder! Make me come again! Make me come so you can fuck the shit of me!”

Mark sucked her clit into his mouth and pushed another finger into her ass. Mom threw her head back and howled like an animal as her pussy contracted and she went off like a rocket. Mom screamed even louder and clamped her thighs around his head, pinning him to her quivering pussy.

Mark continued to lick and pump his fingers as Mom bucked and writhed, grinding her sopping flesh into his face. She squealed long and loud as her holes contracted tightly around his fingers as her second orgasm smashed through her.

The second she sighed and let her legs slide from his shoulders, Mark stood up, grabbed her ankles and drove his cock into her. She was so wet he felt it splatter his thighs as he pounded into her sopping slit.

“Fuck yeah!” Mom yelled, “Fuck me! Fuck me fuck me!”

Mark spread her legs as wide as she could and hammered away at her. Mom was moaning continuously as he gave it to her, but nodded towards where their audience was. Getting her hint, Mark withdrew his dripping cock from her and grabbing her arm, pulled her to her feet.

Mark threw her forward and she pretended to be caught off guard and stumbled forward, landing on her knees right on the edge of the stage. Mark grabbed her hair and yanking her head around, buried his wet cock in her mouth.

Mom moaned and sucked him deep, her eyes rolling back as her son fucked her mouth with long hard strokes. Pulling it out he once again shoved her head forward and mom moaned as she went to her hands and knees.

She turned so her side was to the men and mark got behind her so they could watch his cock enter her. Mom turned her head to them and screamed as he spread her ass wide and drove into her pussy.

She kept her face to their fans as he proceeded to tear into her as hard as he could. Fucking her so hard she was rocked forward every time he buried himself inside her. Reaching out he grabbed her hair and yanked her head back.

Mom cried out repeatedly as her son plundered her oozing pussy. Mark imagined the men in the shadows, thought of them stroking their cocks and wishing they were fucking his mother. For a moment Mark imagined mom down there with them, on her knees sucking them, going from cock to cock.

She'd then turn around and put her ass in the air and one would fuck her while she sucked another. They would all take her, filling her mouth and pussy with cum and she would love it, the fucking slut.

Even as he continued his relentless assault on her pussy, Mark had a moment of unease with the unexpected fantasy. Those images had come more and more lately and he wasn't sure if they were past turn-on's or did he really want to...

“An extra five hundred I'll take it in the ass!” Mom called out.

Mark slowed his fucking, surprised. There was a burst of excited babble and one of the men emerged from the shadows, and nervously approaching them, put five hundreds on the stage in front of mom.

“I get a hundred of that!” Sal called from the corner.

Mom looked over her shoulder and Mark's cock twitched, her eyes were wild and her face slicked with sweat, her hair was plastered to her cheek and with a nasty smile, she asked, “What are you waiting for?”

Lowering her voice to a barely audible whisper, she added, “Fuck your whore mother in the ass!”

Mark plunged his cock deep side her pussy once more than sliding it up pushed his head against her pink rosebud. He eased the tip in and mom whimpered. He planned on going slow for effect and to ease it in, but mom surprised him by slamming her hips back into him and burying him to the hilt.

“Oh fuck its fucking huge!” She cried out. “Oh, God it hurts!”

Mark moaned as he felt her tight ass squeezing his cock as it tried to quickly adjust to him. Mom worked her hips telling him to just go ahead and fuck her and after several long slow pumps that she whimpered all the way through, he took a deep breath and cut loose.

Mom howled over and over again as he drilled her ass with his huge dick, pounding it as hard as she had her pussy. Mom was facing the men and Mark could see her eyes were bulging and her mouth was stretched into an O as she howled and squealed.

Mark knew he wasn't hurting her, but the sounds drove him wild and leaning over he pulled her arms out from under her. She moaned as he lowered her to the floor and as she rested her cheek on the stage, still facing them, Mark pinned her arms behind her back and fucked her even harder.

Her ass was at a different angle and he was driving even deeper than before. Mom continued to fill the room with her shrieks and howls of pleasure laced with mock pain and Mark was breathing like a bull, his heart pounding and his cock jerking each time he plundered his mother's ass with it.

His legs were shaking and looked down at mom's sweaty face. Her eyes watering, her cheeks flushed red and her mouth opened wide and squealing like a stuck pig sent him over the edge. With a loud cry of his own he whipped his cock out, squeezing it to hold back his load.

Mom rolled onto her back and straddling her chest, Mark let his cock go. A thick stream of cum erupted and splattered his mom's face. She opened her mouth and the second spurt landed on her tongue. Mark moved his cock to the side, spraying her cheek and trying to cover as much of her face as he could for the paying customers.

Mom moaned beneath him, shaking her head and helping him paint her face, some got in her hair and the sight of the white fluid in her the thick black was damn hot, but what wasn't right now? When he had nothing left, He sighed and letting his cock go rested on his hands over her.

Mom grabbed his cock and jerked it so hard it was painful and he whimpered when she wrung a couple more drops from the tip and caught them in her mouth. Mark swung his leg over her and sat down next to her.

Mom stayed where she was, turning her head to the side and letting the men get a good long look at her cum covered face. The lights came up and all three men stood and applauded wildly as Mark helped her into a sitting position. Mark smiled at the pile of wadded up tissues he saw on the floor at their chairs and two of their flies were still down.

“My friends, was that not the hottest fucking thing you ever saw?” Sal demanded coming from his corner. Walking up to the stage he quickly snatched one of the hundreds, then addressed the men again.

“Be sure to come back anytime and please bring your friends! Club Baby Doll is happy to make you happy!”

“We come back next month, will she still be here?” One of the men asked, pointing to Mom.

“Of course she will!” Sal assured him, “Our girls are very happy here! We're like one big happy family, right Raven?”

“More than you know Sal,” She laughed through the cum dripping down her face, “More than you know.”

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Mark jerked awake at the sound of a door and looked up to see mom coming out of the bathroom, a towel around her as she dried her hair with another. He let his head fall back on the chair and tried to force himself to stay awake.

They had stayed downstairs to clean up and Mark had showered first as the stand up shower in the tiny bathroom was too small for both of them. He'd come out, tossed his clothes back on and sat down to wait for mom and go upstairs together.

“Goddamn you look tired, baby.” Mom said as she sat down and began sliding the fishnets on that she had brought with her.

“Little bit.” He said, “But we only have a couple more hours.

“I’m staying until four.” She said, putting on the second stocking and slipping on her stilettos.

“What?”

“When you were in the shower, Sal said a small private party is coming in from two to four and he’s looking for a few girls and a couple of the bouncers to stay.”

“Oh, well then I’ll stick around.” He gave a tired smile, “What’s another couple of hours?”

“Its four more hours, honey and you’re exhausted.” Mom slid a black thong up to her knees, then stood to pull it all the way up. “Go home, baby.”

“Come home with me at two.” He suggested.

“Already said I would stay, besides, I’ll make an extra three four hundred at least in those two hours, private parties are great.”

“Because they all think they’re going to fuck the girls.”

“And they can, just like they can anytime. They just can’t fuck this girl.”

“But there will only be a couple of girls.”

“Mark, Sal knows I won’t fuck unless it’s with you. He wouldn’t ask if that’s all it was going to be. All those parties aren’t about that, sometimes they just want the club when it’s not full of jerks.” She laughed, “Course Sal is always here.”

“Then I’ll stay.” He insisted stubbornly.

“Sal picked Rick and Bobby, that’s all he needs.”

“But...”

“Mark, look.” She slipped a short robe on and came over to sit on the arm of the chair next to him.

“Oh, covering the tits?” He smirked, “The whore’s gone, time to act like mom?”

“That hurt.” She said softly. “I...I do the best I can, Mark.”

“I’m sorry.” He said quickly. “That was uncalled for. I’m just...”

“Very tired.” She put her hand on her cheek. “Honey, we have a five hour drive tomorrow, we have to be on the road by seven, you need to get some sleep so you can drive first.”

“More reason for you to come home, you need your rest too.”

“Less than you. I don’t work all day. Mark, we need the money.”

“Bullshit. I make good at the yard and have a lot of overtime and shit, we just made over a grand and whatever else you made tonight.”

“And you’re taking Friday and Monday off at the yard and we’re both missing Friday and Saturday night here and those are big nights. All this just breaks even.”

“We’re fine.”

“We have to put money away in case we move again.”

Mark sighed, “Mom, we won’t have to move again.”

“Let’s not talk about that now.” She said. “Now I’m staying and you’re not. End of story.”

“Yes, mom.” He nodded.

“And you’re leaving now.”

“What? I have until two.”

“I talked to Sal, told him how hard you worked all week and the drive tomorrow. He said its fine for you to take off...” She looked at the time on his cell in the arm of the chair, “Now, its twelve fifteen.”

“Mom...”

“Mark...” She put her hands out, “What do you think is going to happen? You think I’m going to suck someone’s cock?”

“That’s not what I’m worried about.” He looked away from her.

“Then what...” She stopped and nodded. “Okay, I get it. Honey, I swore to you no more and it’s been a year, trust me.”

“A year you haven’t been in a place like this without me.” He said, “Christ Mom, I almost shit when you picked up that champagne.”

“You have to trust me, Mark.” She said firmly. “I know you’re nervous and don’t blame you and it’s my fault you are, but you can’t be my shadow.” She kissed his cheek, “Go home and rest. Alexis is giving me a ride home, I’ll be fine.”

Mark nodded in resignation and stood up.

“I think I like you better as a slut.” He said with a half smile.

“Well just think, next four days I’ll be your whore and your mom and at the same time because all the other moms are too!”

“Don’t think they’re quite like us, but it’ll be fun.”

“Good, I’m sure we’ll all have fun stuff to talk about.”

“Maybe not fun stuff too.” Mark said softly.

“What’s the matter, honey? You’ve kind of made it sound that way a couple of times I’ve brought it up.”

“Just...” He sighed, “Just something I need to figure out and maybe I can see what a couple of the other guys think, being they’re you know...doing their moms to.”

“Doing.” She laughed. “But okay, it’s your thing, I just hope if it’s about us I get to know eventually.”

“You will...Mom.” He winked.

“Trust me Mark.” She shook her head, “There are times I prefer you as a lover than my pain in the ass son.”

“I was a pain in the ass tonight, wasn’t i?”

“Go home Mark.” She waved towards the door. “Your whore mother has spoken.”

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Mark lay there staring up at the ceiling trying to stop his mind from racing.

“She’ll be fine.” He whispered into the dim light of the bedroom.

The light came from the pair of candles he had lit on the end tables so the room wouldn’t be totally dark when Mom came in. He looked over at the clock and saw it was four thirty five; the club was fifteen minutes from their apartment. She should have been here by now.

He picked up his phone and hesitated. He wanted to call her, but didn't want her getting pissed off at him. She was right, he had to trust her and it had been a little over a year. She went to meetings and never went near booze except for the club.

But she could get carried away. Just like they both did with sex, Mom could get caught up in the club and have a drink, think one would be okay then...he sat up at the sound of a car door outside. He listened and picked up the unmistakable sound of heels in the driveway.

A moment later he heard the front door and footsteps coming down the hall.

"Please be okay." He whispered.

Mom entered the room quietly and Mark closed his eyes, he wanted to see how she was before he said anything. He heard her moving around and opened his eyes to see her slipping off a simple black sundress, one of the ones she kept at the club in case, like tonight, something happened to her clothes.

She stood in front of the mirror and lifting her hair pinned it up to sleep. She was in a pair of red panties and Mark admired how her fair skin glowed in the candle light. He took in the crow tattoo and the soft skin of her back.

He wasn't aroused, he was so tired even that was beyond him, but watching her clean off her makeup he was struck by how beautiful she was beneath the tattoos and the gothic Raven persona.

She was humming softly to herself and her movements were fine and most important her eyes seemed okay and she didn't have that horrible drunken smile on her face he'd spent years looking at.

To get his mind off that, he stared at her tits in the mirror and then her soft flat stomach, amazing ass and long legs. Many guys who had seen mom had told him what a lucky SOB he was to be hooking up with a hot milf like her and he had to admit, they were right. The fact she was his mom, finally a mom, was an added bonus.

"I'm fine, honey." She said smiling into the mirror. "I know you're awake."

"Just woke up."

"Liar." She turned and walked over to the bed. "You stayed awake didn't you?"

"I slept a little." He said.

"Want to smell my breath?" She asked, as she slid into the bed next to him and pulling the sheet up to their waists.

"You've heard of mints." He told her.

"True." She laughed, rolling onto her side "But really, you see I'm fine."

"You are fine, mom." He said, turning onto his side to face her. "I was watching you just now... you're beautiful."

“Honey, that’s so sweet.” She kissed him softly. “I get hot all the time and skanky,” She winked, “But not that.”

“Well you are.” He kissed her again, “Very beautiful.”

“So are you my pretty bad boy.” She ran her fingers through the scruff on his cheek. “Shave for me tomorrow? I like you better that way.”

“Whatever you want, mom.”

“Honey.” She took a breath, “What you just said meant a lot, but know what means more?”

“What?”

“You calling me mom and not Molly and meaning it.” She swallowed and Mark saw her eyes were getting misty. “Molly wasn’t a mom and sometimes...well what we do, I still don’t feel like one. But I try, baby. I do.”

“I know you do. Hey, roll over on your other side for me?”

Mom gave him a little smile and rolled over so her back was against him. Mark slid his arm under her head and putting his other around her waist held her tightly to him.

“You are my mom, always were. It’s just Molly was around more, but not now? That’s why this weekend will be good for you. These are other moms sleeping with their sons too, so you’ll see we’re okay. If anything?” he laughed, “You guys are the best moms! How many sons can say their mom gives them blow jobs to help them sleep?”

“True.” She laughed, “I love being with you and I love our dirty little game and something tells me that might be a little much for them too. But I want you to know even then...you know.”

“I know, then you’re that whore.”

“But do you love your whore?” Mom asked.

“No way.” He said into her ear.

“You don’t?” She tried to move but he held her to him.

“Nope, I fuck my whore, but” He kissed her cheek, “I love my mother, and she’s always in there no matter what we’re doing.”

“So sweet.” She murmured squeezing his arm. “I love you too Mark, so much. Now you think you can sleep? We still have a couple hours?”

Mark kissed her cheek, hugged her tightly and whispered, “Know what, mom? Now I can sleep.”

## Chapter Five

With an air of excitement Laura pulled on the dress she had bought to wear this weekend. The dress was even snugger than she had thought it, and pushing it down over her hips she hoped it would look okay.

Her heart pounding in anticipation, she turned around to face the full length mirror on the inside of the open closet door. According to the sales girl the black dress was referred to as a micro and Laura now understood why.

Too embarrassed to try it on in the store she had simply bought it in the size recommended by the girl and now seeing it on her she had mixed feelings. Laura was certainly not fat as Ray had been calling her the last few years, but she definitely had curves and the dress showed off every one of them.

Laura was busty, a full d-cup, and in this dress her breasts looked like they were one good bounce from popping out of the low cut, skin tight dress. The slinky black material hugged her full hips and turning to the side, a peek in the mirror showed it was just as tight in the ass, showing off her well rounded derriere and telling anyone looking she was wearing a thong.

More than that, the micro part was on full display from behind where the hem ended barely three or four inches from the cheeks of her ass. Laura was fine with what the dress did for her chest and ass, but it showed she was a little on the softer side in the mid section and a little jiggy in the upper thighs.

As little as a year ago, Laura would have been appalled at the thought of wearing this and would have been too embarrassed to wear it in the bedroom, never mind considering wearing it out in public as she planned to this weekend.

But RJ had changed all that. He loved her curves, all of them, and especially liked, no lusted after her meaty ass and soft thighs. RJ referred to her body as lush and her curves soft and inviting.

Laura loved that description and over the last few months had gone from being self conscious-and sometimes flat out ashamed of her body- to flaunting it for RJ whenever she could.

Despite it being a little tighter than she would like in the middle, Laura smiled at her reflection, thinking of RJ, she decided the dress was a keeper, it made her feel sexy and what mother didn't want to feel sexy for her son?

"Piggy." She giggled and winked at her reflection, "You're a bad girl, Laura."

The dress made her want to be bad, but then again what didn't these days? With Laura's newly inspired confidence in her body had come a sexual wantonness she had never dreamed she could be capable of.

There were times she not only couldn't get enough, but wanted it as dirty and raunchy as possible. She stared at her reflection taking in her shoulder length curly brown hair, huge brown eyes and round cheeks which were imbued with a natural color most women wore blush for.

Laura's smile had a sweet shyness to it, a holdover from her days as a nervous, socially awkward teenager and sadly the lingering effect of years of being made to feel she wasn't attractive. That shy, sometimes nervous, smile along with her cherub like features gave Laura an appearance of innocence.

At forty four she looked younger and her shy demeanor added to that effect. Laura had been, and always would be, looked upon as a 'good girl'. The shy quiet type you could take home to mom, the wallflower who lurked in the corner of the room watching the sexy popular girls get all the attention, and the soft spoken little housewife who 'knew her place'

Laura still very much played that part around Ray and their friends because it was easier; less bullshit from him and no odd looks and questions from others. But when Ray left for work or on afternoons RJ didn't have work right after class, Laura went from that mousy little girl next door to a lust driven wildcat who couldn't get enough of her son's cock.

She knew there was nothing right about that last thought, but since the night her attempt to help him overcome his shyness with girls led to her making him a man, Laura couldn't say no to her son. Who was she kidding? RJ didn't even have to ask, most of the time she was chasing him.

That was because her making him a man had led to her awakening as a woman. No one, especially Ray, had ever made her feel as desired, as wanted, or as sexy as RJ did. He had opened the floodgates of her carnal desires and months later she was still reveling in her newfound sexuality.

Laura fluffed her hair out and admired her bright red nails, she had them done last night and RJ hadn't seen them yet. Her toes matched and she wiggled them playfully, enjoying the feel of the soft carpet and the thought of seeing her bright toes where she liked them best; on her son's shoulders.

RJ loved her feet, just like he loved every inch of her. Her son had a foot fetish and claimed she had adorable pudgy little toes and enjoyed cumming on them. Laura sucked on her lower lip as images of RJ between her legs filled her mind. He would grab her ankles and hold her legs up, sucking on her toes while he fucked her with his insatiable cock, the cock that was always hard for her.

His mother's pussy was the only one he'd had and she hoped it would be the only one he'd ever want. She frowned at the thought that was selfish, especially because she couldn't be all his; well at least not for a couple more years.

Part of her had thought of telling him to go have a little fun with a girl his age until they could be together all the time, but she loved knowing she was his first and his only.

Besides, they had plenty of time together and she was certainly doing everything she could to keep him satisfied and in the meantime Laura had never felt so fulfilled. If they could get a chance to sleep together here and there things would be perfect.

Well they would this weekend! That little pink and blue invitation Taboomama had emailed her, well it had been e-mailed to 1hotmommy, her ID on the wonderful incest chat room "Family Affairs", was burning a hole in her pocketbook at that very moment.

A nice drive to New Hampshire where they were going to meet other mother and son couples. Three days of being able to be affectionate with each other in public and hearing stories from the others, but most important...she could sleep with her baby! Hold him in her arms and be held by him for three straight nights!

It was going to make dealing with Ray even harder for the next three years, but it would give her a taste of what they had to look forward to. Laura looked in the mirror and took in the unmade bed behind her.

Ray left for work every morning like clockwork at seven am and unless he had an early class, RJ was in the huge king sized bed with her by quarter past. By seven thirty they were naked and sweaty, moaning and whimpering, fucking and sucking, enjoying each other in every way imaginable and Laura had been amazed at what she could imagine these days.

But this morning Laura had told RJ to stay in his room until he was packed and to give her time to do the same. Then they would start the morning off right with a playful romp, a nice hot shower together, and then hit the road, stopping for a nice breakfast before beginning the three hour drive to New Hampshire to meet their new fun friends.

Laura's bags were all set except for the dress she was wearing at the moment and she prepared to pull it off then text RJ. She would wait for him on the bed, naked, her arms and legs open to welcome her son into her taboo embrace.

But looking at her reflection she decided to let him see her in the dress and get his reaction then let him undress her. From there it would be right where they belonged; in bed.

Laura's eyes fell on a picture of her and Ray taken at a party last year. As usual Ray had that smug smirk on his face, like he was something. Ray was a self proclaimed real man and would share that claim with anyone stuck listening to him or the idiots at the bar that acted just like him.

Well, while mister real man, who couldn't last more than five minutes on a good night, was running his mouth and thumping his chest, his wife was home getting fucked by a big hard cock. His 'boring' wife was not only taking that cock in every position imaginable, but in every hole.

That's right Ray, she flashed a smirk of her own at his picture. Your fat, frumpy little wife was in your bed on her hands and knees getting fucked in the ass and squealing like a pig and loving every minute of it. Best of all? It was his own son's cock that was claiming his wife, sucking her, fucking her....satisfying her!

Laura's lips parted to release her now heavy breathing. Her nipples were hard and she was pleasantly warm between her legs. The thought of fucking like a dirty whore while Ray strutted around like he was worth something always drove her wild.

In addition to waking her inner whore, having sex with her son had released years of frustration and anger at the way Ray treated her, at the way she let him treat her. Sometimes when she fucked RJ that anger rose to the surface. It fueled her passion, driving her to new heights of debauchery with her son and made the sex that much more satisfying.

Laura knew she should not just feel bad about having sex with her son, but the fact she was committing adultery, but she had not suffered one moment of guilt or doubt. Ray deserved to be humiliated-even though he had no idea it was happening-and she deserved to be happy and her son deserved to have his mother taking care of him in every way.

She took in her reflection once more, noting her normally pink cheeks were now flushed red and her breasts were heaving in the tight confines of the dress. Picking up her cell, she dialed RJ.

He answered before the first ring was out and she smiled, knowing he had been sitting there awaiting her call. Laura had no doubt he'd been hard the entire time, squirming on his bed, watching the phone, anticipating it ringing, signaling his mother was ready.

"Morning, mom."

"Morning, baby, you done packing?"

"I've been done." A brief pause and a hopeful, "Are you?" The anticipation in his voice caused her heart to flutter, God it was so good to be wanted like this!

"I am." She answered, knowing he could hear the same breathy excitement in her voice. "No, wait, I have one more thing left to pack."

"Oh." He sounded disappointed and she could just imagine his big brown eyes, so like hers, staring crestfallen at the floor as he thought he was being told he had to wait.

"I haven't packed my new dress yet."

"You bought a new dress?" His interest was piqued again.

"I did; a nice sexy one and just for you." She gave him the giggle she knew drove him wild. "If you hurry you'll be able to catch me in it."

She ended the call and turning away from the mirror laughed when she heard his door opening from down the hall and his hurried footsteps. She glanced back at the door to the large walk in closet where her bags were and figured she would wait right here so she could get a look at them in the mirror as he stripped his mother naked in his father's bedroom.

The door opened and RJ appeared, and Laura had to smile at the fact he was only in his boxers. Then again it's not like there was any question about what they would be doing shortly, it was what they did almost every morning.

Not that she was complaining in anyway because RJ looked damn good. Ray was a prick, but an attractive one and his son had his thick black hair, piercing blue eyes, strong jaw and ruggedly handsome features. RJ was sporting the permanent five o'clock shadow he carefully maintained and she loved that look.

The boxers only were another look she loved. RJ didn't have a large build, but he worked hard with Ray on Saturdays and some late afternoons clearing debris from the buildings they were bringing down and his body was lean and well muscled.

Laura licked her lips as her eyes found his flat hard stomach and trailed her gaze down to the huge bulge in his boxers. Another of Ray's traits was RJ was damn well hung, but unlike his useless father, he could use what he had between his legs and everything else he had.

At twenty he was already a much better lover than his father had ever been and more of a man in every way.

“Holy shit, mom!” He exclaimed his eyes widening and his mouth comically dropping open, “Look at you!”

“You like?” She beamed, loving the hungry look in her son’s eyes as she raised her arms over her head and slowly turned for him, showing off the dress.

“Goddamn, you look fucking hot!” He whistled causing her to laugh. “I love it!”

“Not too tight?” She put her hands self consciously over her midriff.

“Are you kidding? That’s why I love it!” He walked over to her, his eyes roaming up and down, devouring every inch of her body and sending a shiver through her, God how she loved how much he lusted for her.

RJ reached her and putting his hands on her full hips stared down into her cleavage, “You look so good, mom!” He gave her a quick kiss that left her yearning for more, but let him continue gawking at her “Is this for the weekend?” He grinned, “I hope?”

“Absolutely.” She slipped her arms around his shoulders and smiled up at him.

Barely five four to his six feet; she loved how he loomed over her, it made her feel helpless in a pleasant way, especially when she would encourage him to be a little rough with her.

“Wearing it just for me, or...” He gave her a sly smile, “Out in public?”

“I was thinking we would find a local club up there Saturday night and we’ll go dancing.” She rubbed back and forth against him, sliding her breasts across his chest. Even through the dress the contact to her hard nipples caused her to shudder.

“I’ll dance nice and slutty for you, grind my ass on your cock and people will look and think I’m just an older woman with a young stud, but us? We’ll know the truth.” She sighed, “And it’s a lot more taboo than an age difference, isn’t it baby?”

“Hmm-mm.” He returned the favor by pulling her tighter to him and pushing his hard cock into her stomach, “I’m going to love guys staring at you, checking you out, thinking you’re hot and me knowing your my mother and...” His arms moved down and getting a handful of her meaty ass squeezed it. “That I’m fucking you.”

“You really think other guys will think I’m hot?” Laura asked, then gasped when he squeezed her ass harder then slid the hem of the dress up over her hips exposing her black lace thong in the mirror to her right. Damn, his large powerful hands looked good on her body. “I’m kind of just wearing it for you.”

“Mom, you look un-fucking-believable. Trust me; dad is an asshole for saying the things he does. A lot of guys love a little curve. You watch; you’ll see a lot of guys watching you strut your stuff.” He laughed and gave her ass a playful slap that sent a wave of heat through her. “Guys love some junk in the trunk.”

“Oh, right!” Laura pulled away from him and turning around worked her ass in circles, singing “It’s all about the bass, bout the bass.”

She purred as she backed up against him and worked her ass into his crotch just as she planned on doing at a club soon.

RJ moaned as she ground against his cock and grabbing her around the waist, cupped her large breasts and pumped his cock into her ass.

“Damn, Mom.” He moaned behind her, “You’re so sexy.”

She turned around in his grasp and pushing up on her toes, kissed him.

“Aww, all sons should be so sweet to their moms.”

“They would be if their mom’s were as hot as you.”

“Hmm, I like that.” She also liked the way his hands were back on her ass and his fingers were sliding along the strong of her thing. “You’re not just saying that because I’m your mom are you?”

“Nope.” He nuzzled his face into her neck and kissed it softly, “I’d think you were hot no matter whose mom you were.”

His fingers traced the curve of her ass under the thong and her heart pounded in anticipation of them slipping inside her wet slit.

“Smooth.” She whispered, “I thought you were just saying sweet things because I suck your cock.”

“There is that...” He grinned, then lowering his face to hers kissed her and this time it wasn’t a quick one, but a slow, sensual kiss that had her nipples aching and her pussy quivering.

Laura moaned softly as her son’s tongue slipped into her mouth and sliding her hand into his hair, held his head, keeping his lips pressed to her. She worked her other hand between them and shoving it into his boxers grabbed his thick cock and pumped it.

“Oh, fuck.” He groaned into her mouth as their tongues darted across each other.

Laura broke the kiss and released a long moan when RJ’s fingers didn’t disappoint her. Sliding between the cheeks of her ass and her thighs he eased two fingers into his mother’s pussy. Just the way his fingers slipped in told her how wet she was, but when wasn’t she wet for her beautiful son?

RJ removed his fingers from inside her and pushing them through her wet lips located her clit and rubbed it back and forth. Her head fell back and she sighed contentedly while his fingers pleased her and his lips sucked gently along the sensitive skin of her neck.

She pumped his cock harder and he responded by doing the same. He wasn’t being gentle and the way his strong fingers roughly rubbed her clit had her as hot as the sensation itself did.

When she wanted him to be slow and sweet, RJ took his time and made love to her the way she thought only existed in romance novels. But when they were being quick and dirty, which was most of the time, Laura had been surprised to discover she liked him to be rough, to take her.

She let his hair go and her hand joined the other in her son’s boxers. She slid it further, cupping his full balls and kneading them as she jerked him off. He moaned in her ear as his other hand worked the strap of the dress from her right shoulder, and then slid it between them to get the left.

Grabbing her dress in the middle, he yanked it down hard enough for her large breasts to spring free and quickly capturing her nipple, he rolled it between his fingers.

“Hmm, you do know how to take care of your mother, don’t you?”

“Someone has to.” He said, his eyes fixed on her breasts.

Laura had large dark pink aureoles that surrounded her swollen nipples and she smiled when he licked his lips and she knew he wished he could somehow suck her tit while they stood here.

Well he would get plenty of time to do that when she dangled them in his face as she rode him. But first she was damn close to cumming and then she would have to thank him by sucking his magnificent cock.

Laura however, was in a perfect position to bring her head forward and tease her tongue around her son’s nipple. RJ moaned and his cock jumped when she sucked it into her mouth and swirled her tongue around it.

“Like that, baby?” She asked, her big brown eyes looking up at him as she playfully flicked her tongue across his nipple, “Soon as you get your mother off, this tongue is going to be all over your balls and your big dick.”

She cried out as he moved his fingers even harder, rubbing her clit furiously and thrusting his cock through her now pre cum slickened hand.

“Like that, honey? You like knowing your mother’s is going to suck your cock? That I’m going to get on my knees and suck you like a sex starved slut? That’s what I am, baby, but just your slut. I went without for a long time and...oh!”

She gasped and ground her hips into his fingers. Her thighs were shaking and her knees trembling as her son’s fingers drove her towards the first of what was sure to be many orgasms over the weekend.

“Just like that! Make me come, RJ! Do what that useless prick couldn’t do even if he wanted to! Make your mother....”

She trailed off at the sound of a car door that sounded as if it were right in their driveway.

“Just Jack next door, he’s working third shift.” RJ assured her, as his fingers continued to work her clit, “He’s been getting home around now.”

Laura relaxed and went back to grinding her hips and concentrating on cumming for her son. She focused on playing with his cock, imagining it filling her mouth then her pussy. The feeling of his heavy balls and thinking of their contents being emptied deep inside her, or maybe she would take his hot load all over her tits. Then again, RJ loved to cum on her ass so maybe she would let him plow her doggy style and...

They both jumped when they heard the front door open and slam shut.

“Holy fuck!” RJ exclaimed, “Dad’s home!”

“Shhh!” Laura hushed him and stepped back from him, groaning as his fingers slid from her sopping pussy. “Maybe he just forgot his work keys or...oh, shit.”

She froze at the sound of Ray’s heavy work boots thumping down the hallway towards the bedroom. What the hell were they going to do? RJ was in his damn underwear!

“Mom, what are we...” His eyes widened as Ray drew closer and there was no doubt he was heading for the bedroom.

“Hey RJ, you up yet?” He called out. They heard the door to his room open down the hall then close.

The steps headed towards their way and she pulled her dress up, fixing the straps, but it wasn’t going to help much. How to explain RJ being in here like this? She glanced down and to her dismay saw the huge wet spot on the front of his boxers.

His steps were closing in and pushing the back of her dress down over her ass, she looked at the window. She doubted if RJ could get out of it before Ray came in and even if he did it faced the neighbors and it would look pretty damn bad for her son to be jumping out of her window in his damn underwear.

She moved forward, hoping she could get to the door and open it partway and try to slip out in the hallway with Ray. She had only taken a few steps when she saw the knob turn. Something caught her eye and she saw RJ take two long steps and vanish into the closet, closing the door behind him.

“Hey, Laura,” Ray entered the room, “How about getting your ass out of bed and making me some...” He stopped when he saw her standing by the bed. “What the fuck are you wearing?”

“Its...it’s new.” She gave him a forced smile and spread her arms out. “You like it?”

“Hell no.” He laughed derisively, “You look like ten pounds of shit stuffed into a five pound bag.”

Laura’s first reaction was the one she’s had for years; hurt. Hurt, then pain and humiliation. The fact she knew RJ could hear it from his hiding place made her feel worse. But thinking of RJ stopped the pain. Instead, she focused on how she had been laughing at Ray behind his back for months, getting fucked and damn good in his own bed while he thought she was under his thumb.

“I thought it looked good.” She answered, deliberately lowering her eyes and sounding hurt, giving the prick what he wanted, the only thing that made his cock twitch; shaming her.

“You thought wrong,” He rolled his eyes, “Sales girl lied her ass off if she said that thing looked good on you. You wear that in public someone will try to stick a harpoon in you.”

She thought she would be getting something long and hard stuck in her all weekend and once again she let the crude insult slide past her.

“I’ll take it back.” She lied.

“Good idea, Use the money to get some Jenny Craig or something.”

“Why are you home, Ray? You forget something?”

“Nah.” He grunted disgustedly. “Got halfway to the site and Bill calls, they screwed up the damn zoning permit and we can’t go any further until they get it cleared up.”

“Oh, well, why don’t you go clean up and I’ll make breakfast. I haven’t eaten yet either.”

“Yeah, but you could afford to miss a meal.”

“Whatever, Ray.”

“Don’t whatever me, Laura.” He pointed at her, “Your ass needs to lose weight, look at you. You look like the Michelin tire man in that dress. He patted his stomach, there’s not supposed to be a bulge there you know.”

“I was just trying to wear something fun for you.” She continued to act as pathetic as she had for years. “You know; something sexy.”

“You don’t have to wear anything to be sexy.” He told her, “I only do you in the dark anyway so I don’t have to see how you let yourself go, so it doesn’t matter what you wear.”

“Right.” She nodded; that one did get to her and the fact it did upset her.

It must have showed on her face because he smiled, “Truth hurt Laura? Well maybe you should do something about it. Like getting a full time job instead of working three days a week.” He laughed, “And at a coffee shop! Think you eat more donuts than you sell.”

“How about breakfast?”

“See? All you think about is food.” He joked.

“Something has to keep me satisfied.” She said, then immediately regretted it, that was out of character for the old Laura and she needed to still be her around him.

“What did you say?” He stalked up to her and even though he had never raised a hand to her, she made him happy by taking a step backwards.

Ray was an intimidating man. Slightly taller than RJ he was much broader and the years of construction had left him with a powerful build. Five years ago he had been promoted to foreman and supervised more than he worked.

It showed in the extra around his middle and the way his muscles no longer stood out as they used to, but it was okay for a man to get soft, just ask any...man, she thought with disdain.

“I didn’t say anything.” She said, making a show of looking nervous. It wasn’t an act; RJ was in the damn closet in his friggin underwear.

“I thought so.” He nodded taking her chin in his large hand, “You got no right to mouth off Laura. You’re nothing without me. You have no education, no trade and you sure as hell aren’t getting anyone with your looks anymore.”

He gave her a nasty smirk, “Then again there are those weird chubby chasers, but they’d probably only want to slap your ass and ride the wave, they wouldn’t take care of you.”

“You’re right, Ray.” She forced the words out. “I...I’m just a wife and a mom. I’m lucky to have a man like you to provide for me.”

“That’s a little over the top.” He sighed, “But it sounds good anyway. Just watch your mouth. I work my balls off to keep this house and RJ in school and make it so you don’t even have to work if you don’t want to, so don’t give me any shit.”

“Sorry, baby.” She bit back her bitterness and instead smiled, “Start over?” She leaned up on her toes and gave him a quick kiss. “Morning, honey, how about some coffee and bacon and eggs?”

“That’s better.” He surprised her by giving her another kiss, “That’s my good wife.”

“That’s me.” She swore she could taste the acid in her mouth, “Your good girl.”

“Yeah. Lucky me.” He went back to asshole mode. “Hey, where’s RJ?”

“He went for a run.” He’s hoping to make the track team this year, remember?”

“Good for him.” He turned away and her stomach unclenched as he headed for the bedroom door. But he stopped and facing her again said, “Hey, wait a minute.”

“What’s the matter, Ray?” She asked nervously.

“That dress. You didn’t buy that for me. We wouldn’t go anywhere women dress like that.” He snapped his fingers. “You bought it for your little visit with your friends.”

“Why would I wear this to hang out with some friends from high school?”

“Because you’re all probably going out on the town and maybe hit a club.” He frowned, “You think you’re going to go shake that flabby ass for some guys, Laura?”

“Ray, RJ is going with me. We all have kids around the same age and they’re all coming, its part of why we’re getting together. To catch up and show off our kids.”

“At least you’d have one thing worth showing off.” He cracked.

Wouldn’t be you, she thought, but continued, “Anyway, our kids will be there. It’s not girls gone wild, Ray, it’s a nice little retreat and a reunion for old friends.”

“Can’t believe he wants to go.” He sighed, “Kid’s a fucking mama’s boy. I wouldn’t want to hang out with my mother at his age. I thought about telling him he couldn’t go.” He shrugged, “But then I’d be listening to both of you whine.”

“I appreciate it.” She gave another smile he was too uncaring to notice was phony. “You’re very good to me, honey.”

“Remember that.” He told her, totally smug as always. “I’m going to make a call; Roger still works in city hall, I’ll see if I can grease the wheels for that permit.”

“I’ll start breakfast.”

“Just don’t eat it all if I take a few minutes.” He took one last shot as he left the bedroom.

Laura released a long sigh of relief when she heard him heading way from their room towards the other end of the house to the small room he had a TV and fridge in that he referred to as his 'man cave'. A moment later she heard the door to it shut and she turned to face the closet as RJ emerged from it.

"That was close." She told him, then giggled, now giddy from the adrenalin rush. "Show's what a dumb ass he is. He comes home unexpected, I'm in a sexy dress and he would never even think I'm cheating on him." She laughed as derisively as Ray had, "I mean why would I, when I have all that?"

She stopped laughing when she noticed RJ looked upset.

"Hey, honey." She put her hand on his arm, "It's okay, he didn't catch us, that was a fluke and don't you worry." She gave his cock a playful squeeze, "We have all weekend to play."

"It's not that." He said and started to walk away, "I have to slip out and into my room."

"Wait, he'll be a few minutes."

"One close call was enough today." RJ said and she noticed his voice was shaky.

"Honey, you know he's going to crack open a beer seeing he's not working and he hates spending time with me. He'll wait until he thinks breakfast is ready. Now tell me what's wrong."

"Mom..." He paused and she saw his jaw clench before he snapped, "I fucking hate how he talks to you! Who the hell does he think he is?"

"He's been that way for years, honey." She told him, "You just notice it more, besides he didn't know you were in the closet."

"No, he says it in front of me a lot now." RJ pointed out. "I don't remember him doing it before, but he does now and I know why."

"Why?"

"Because I'm twenty and I'm a man now and..." He stopped again and Laura was surprised at the look of anger on his face and when he spoke the venom in his tone. "He wants me to see how a man treats a woman. Wants me to learn from him."

"I don't think he..."

"He told that." RJ said quietly.

"When?" Laura had thought she was past the point of being surprised at anything Ray said, but this caught her off guard.

"Couple of months ago, when he took me to the Sox game. After the game he took me to a bar his friend works at and the guy served me a couple of beers."

"Nice."

“Well I am in college,” RJ gave her a sly smile; “I may have had a beer before. Anyway he starts talking and for awhile it was...well he was cool. Told me how important college was and how a man always works hard and supports his family and some...actual fatherly stuff.”

“He wasn’t always an ass, and he can still be decent....when he wants to be.” Laura nodded.

“Then he gets to girls and...” He sighed, “Back to the where’s my girlfriend thing and ‘tell me you’re getting laid.’ I told you I had gone to him and told him I’d gotten laid a few months ago so he wouldn’t ride me about the virgin thing anymore.”

“Well you did.” She winked.

“Yeah, but I left out the part it was my mom and made up a story about a hot girl at school. I told him I don’t have a girlfriend, but play around with the party girls, figured he would like that.”

“Sure he did.”

“He did and said they were different because they were just fun. But he told me I’d meet a nice girl and fall for her and want to marry and that’s when he started going into his shit about how women want to be treated and need to be treated, put in their place.”

He let out a deep breath and Laura saw he was trembling, “He said, ‘RJ, even if they’re hot you never let them feel good about themselves, you make them feel lucky to have you. Keeps them from straying and makes them grateful for you, makes them need you.’”

“You know better than that, baby.” She put her hand on his cheek, “You’re a sweet boy and I love you for it, any woman would.” She glanced away when she added, “And I told you if you want to be with someone your age you can.”

“And I’ve told you you’re the only woman I think about, I love you, mom.”

“Love you too and as for your father? He’s a sexist shit stain, do what I do, nod and say fine. He’s too arrogant to think he’s being patronized so just say, ‘good talk, dad.’ And do the opposite of what he said.”

“I can do that.” He nodded, “But I am sick of how he treats you.” He looked over his shoulder at the door, “Mom, why the hell are you staying with him?”

“For you, honey.” She said softly.

“I’m not a kid anymore and you don’t need his shit. I...”

“RJ, we have all weekend to talk, if you want to, but now is not the time, get going while he’s busy and change.”

“Okay.” He caught her off guard by hugging her tightly, “You deserve so much better mom.”

“I have better now.” She kissed his neck and tried to keep the emotion out of her voice to not upset him, “My baby, makes everything better. Now go get dressed and think about how much fun we’re going to be having this weekend.”

“I have been.” He pulled away from her and didn’t seem happy. “I’ve thought a lot about it. I’ll see you in the kitchen.” He grunted, “Where apparently you belong.”

“Honey, he’s ignorant, its...”

“And make sure you wear your baggy jeans and an old t-shirt, wouldn’t want you forcing him to look at your nasty body.”

“RJ, please, it doesn’t bother me anymore, its...”

“Well it should.” He said with uncharacteristic heat and walked out of the room.

“This morning went from sugar to shit, pretty damn fast,” She muttered and peeling off the dress, looked at herself in the mirror, in just the thong, sure she was a little pudgy, but she was still a sexy woman and now she knew it.

Or did she? She only dressed like this for RJ when they were alone and she would this weekend because it would be around people who didn’t know her. The people they were meeting would meet the new Laura; the confident, sexy Laura.

But to everyone she had always known she still dressed and acted like the old Laura, frumpy, chubby, mousy little Laura and she continued to let them think that way because....in front of them, she was...

Ashamed of herself, ashamed to be anything, but what they knew.

Laura opened her dresser draw to pull out a pair of jeans but as she looked at them, that word shame kept running through her mind. Slamming the draw shut, Laure went into the closet and pulled a red sundress she wore for RJ to come home to when they were going to fool around.

Not wanting to push it too far, she donned a red bra and slipping the sundress on, looked at her reflection, noting the amount of cleavage the dress revealed and that it was on the shorter side.

She had never worn this dress in front of Ray or any of their friends, because of that word, shame. Picturing the look of hurt on RJ’s face that wasn’t his hurt for himself, but hurt for her, shame for her, she shook her head.

Things were going to change.

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“Hey, honey.” Laura said from the counter as RJ, now dressed in a pair of ugly as hell plaid shorts he wore when he golfed with his friends and a Rob Zombie T-shirt. “Ready for some breakfast?”

“Sure.” He nodded, then smiled, “Seeing I missed out on what I really wanted to eat.”

“Don’t worry this weekend will be an all you can eat buffet.” She winked; glad to see he seemed to be in a better mood.

“Better be, I have a big appetite.” He joked as he sat down at the kitchen table and poured himself a glass of orange juice.

“That works out then because,” She gave her ass a shake, “I put out a pretty good spread.”

“I love that dress.” He told her, “You should wear things like that all the time, mom. You look good.”

“Know what, baby?” Laura looked down the hall to see the door to Ray’s room was still closed and coming around the table, gave him a quick kiss. “I plan on it. What you said in there...I listened, okay?”

“Yeah?” he looked hopeful, “Good, maybe you’ll listen to what else I have to say later.”

“Okay.” That didn’t sound good, “But speaking of what we’re wearing...you really going dressed like that?”

“Why, is this formal?” He shrugged, “What’s it matter what I wear? Think the other sons are going to dress up?”

“I don’t know.” She admitted. “Tell you what, I’ll make a deal, keep the shirt, but for the love of God lose those ugly shorts.”

“Fair enough.” He laughed and she tousled his hair before going back to the counter.

Grabbing a plate she scooped some scrambled eggs onto it along with several slices of bacon and passed it to him.

“I’ll make some toast; I wanted to wait so it wouldn’t get cold.”

“Where’s dad?”

“Who knows? She rolled her eyes, “Who cares? He doesn’t come out soon I’ll make him a plate and put it in the oven.”

Laura poured them each a cup of coffee and passed them to RJ before making herself a plate and sitting down. They ate in silence for a few minutes then when she heard Ray coming down the hall she rose to make him a plate.

“Hey kid, how was the run?” Ray asked, clapping RJ on the shoulder.

“Good, sprinted a couple hundred yards then jogged a couple of miles.”

“Nice.” Ray nodded as Laura handed him a cup of coffee, then sat down across from his son. “Good to see someone in this house stays in shape.”

Laura saw RJ’s eyes darken and standing behind Ray she shook her head. RJ frowned, but didn’t say anything. She quickly made Ray a plate giving him the first four slices of toast that popped up and put it in front of him.

“That enough, honey?”

“Plenty, thanks.” He said looking up at her. He picked up his fork then did a double take, “What’s with the dress?”

“It’s a beautiful summer day and I’m meeting my friends today. I want to look nice.”

“Then you should be covering up, not showing off how you let yourself go.” Ray smirked at her.

“Hey you know what, dad?” RJ spoke up, “You’re pretty damn soft yourself. Your six pack’s turned into a keg.”

Laura’s first reaction was to bite back a laugh, but the look on Ray’s face erased that.

“Hey, you watch your damn mouth kid.” He said around a mouthful of eggs, “Maybe your mother let’s that shit slide, but I’m not her. I deserve respect.”

“So does mom, and you should start showing her some.” RJ had that tone he had from earlier and she noticed his hand trembling as he lifted his coffee to take a sip.

“Is that so?” Ray asked, “That sounds like some tough talk, kid. You going to make me respect her? You think you’re man enough?”

“Hey, calm down you two.” She said, “Let’s just enjoy breakfast; we won’t be eating together for a few days.”

“I don’t know about that.” Ray said, “Kid wants to mouth off, maybe his little mommy’s boy weekend just got cancelled.”

“I’m twenty I’ll go where I damn well please.” To Laura’s dismay, RJ flashed Ray’s smug smirk at him.

“Only place you’re going to be going is on the floor, you lip off to me again.” Ray said ominously.

“RJ, don’t talk to your dad like that, it’s disrespectful.” She said and standing next to Ray shook her head at him, her eyes pleading with him to stop.

“Yeah, listen to your mother, mama’s boy.” Ray was now smirking and the similarity in expressions on the two men in her life was disturbing, she was used to it on Ray, but hated it on her son. “She’s trying to save your ass.”

RJ looked at her and she mouthed the word ‘please’ and he lowered his gaze to his plate. “Sorry sir.” He said with about as much sincerity as Laura used when she did the same thing, give into him.

“Better.” As always Ray had no clue RJ wasn’t sorry at all.

“More, eggs, Ray?” She asked, leaning over to get his nearly empty plate.

“No, I’m full.” He stared up at her, “Kind of hard to have an appetite when you have those flabby tits hanging out.”

“That’s enough!” RJ shouted and slamming his fist on the table exploded from his chair, “Take that back!”

Ray stood up so quickly he almost knocked Laura over.

“Boy, what the fuck have you been smoking? I’m the man in this house and don’t you dare tell me what to fucking do!”

“You’re not a man.” RJ said quietly, but with an air of menace in his tone. “Real men take their shit to other men, not women.”

“You think I won’t take my shit to a man?” He spread his arms out, “You seem like you want to take your shit to someone, RJ and you can to whoever you want, but it better never be me! Not if you don’t want to be eating through a straw because kid, I’m about ready to deck your mouthy ass.”

“You don’t touch him!” Laura snapped.

Ray looked at her shocked and she pointed up in his face, “You will not put your hands on our son, you got that?”

“You want one, too?” He asked, “I sure as hell won’t take shit from you, you mouthy little...”

“Leave her alone.” RJ said softly, but with such intensity Ray turned back to face him. “Not just now,” he continued, “But period, stop picking on my mother, stop bullying her and trying to hurt her feelings. You act like she’s lucky to have you? You’re lucky to have a woman who deals with your crap.”

“Both of you, stop!” Laura yelled, “Please! We’re family, and family doesn’t act like this.”

“Okay.” Ray said quietly, surprising her. “I get it.” He nodded and to her relief sat down and pointed to RJ, “Take a seat kid.”

RJ looked at her and she nodded.

He sat down and Ray spoke and again she was shocked he was calm.

“I understand, RJ. I know what the problem is.”

“I don’t like you bad mouthing my mother.”

“Right and know why? Because it’s this generation, you friggin boys are being taught to be this way.” He rolled his eyes, “You kids run around showing off your manginas being sweet to the girls and trying to be all understanding and sensitive.”

“We should be good to...”

“Look, there’s an angle to it.” Ray shrugged, “Be all sweet, get the girl...hell maybe it works for awhile, but then? You get married and the little princess thinks she can do what she wants and owns you and guess what, she does.”

“No one should own anyone, dad.” RJ was sounding frustrated, but no longer belligerent. “Men are not better than women.”

“You get that from pussification 101 at school?” He sighed, “RJ, what you don’t get is women don’t ever say what they want, what they really want.”

“And what’s that, dad.” RJ rolled his eyes, but Ray didn’t seem to notice.

“That deep down, women want to be put in their place, they want a strong man to tell them what to do and how to act. A good girl knows her husband is above her.”

“Dad, that shit’s from the damn fifties.”

“They were smart in the fifties and look how it was. Women stayed home, raised the kids, cooked the meals, cleaned the house and mostly were seen and not heard, all this equality bullshit has ruined the family values in this country.”

“Abusing my mother is family values?”

“I have never raised a hand to your mother.” He said, “Have I, Laura?”

“No.” She shook her head, “You haven’t.”

“You just threatened her.”

“Keeps her on her toes.” He pointed at her, “Besides, Ray your mother is a perfect example of how shit is now. Look at her, women never used to let themselves go and they never said a peep to their husbands and...she works a couple of days a week. We don’t need the money she does it because she thinks it makes her worth something.” He laughed, “Pouring coffee is worth something.”

“You’re talking about her like she’s not there.” RJ was getting annoyed again, “She’s right there.”

“I know she is and she knows I’m right.” He looked at her, “Isn’t that right, Laura? You know I’m right, Christ you were damn hot when we were younger, hell you were a little skinny back then. Now look at you...nothing says a woman doesn’t care about her husband like turning into a slob. Right, honey?” He gave her that infuriating smile

Laura looked at him, then RJ. Her son wanted her to stand up for herself, but if she did things would get even worse and RJ looked like he was ready to snap. For all his BS Ray was not free with his hands, but if RJ mouthed off or tried to get between her and Ray, she had no doubt he would hit him at this point.

“You’re right, Ray.” She whispered, her voice trembling. “I need to...be better for you, be a better wife.”

“See, RJ?” He put his hands up, “There you go.”

RJ looked at her and the look of disappointment in his eyes caused her stomach to lurch.

“Maybe you’re right dad.” He said quietly. “But she’s still my mom and I love her and I wish you would be nicer to her.”

“Duly noted.” Ray stood up from the table, but slowly. “Not that I’ll stop doing what’s right, but noted. But only because you’re not mouthing off.”

He stepped away from the table, "I'm going to go change the oil in the truck, may as well make some use of the day" He turned, then stopped.

"Know what, RJ? Its good you stick up for your mom. Believe it or not, I would never let anyone say shit about her either, she's my wife. But..." He held up a finger.

"I'm not anyone, I'm her husband and it's my right, no, my job to keep her on her toes and tell her the truth. Someone else says something nasty about her? You beat his ass, but she's my woman and you stay out of that, got it?"

"Yes sir." RJ nodded.

"Good." Ray grabbed a to go cup and pouring himself some coffee went out the back door and into the yard.

"Mom..." RJ looked at her, his eyes filling, "Why?"

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Laura watched out the small window over the sink and waited until Ray appeared with his tool box and popping the hood of his pick up and popping the hood opened the tool box and began laying out what he would need.

She took a deep breath and turned back to face RJ who was listlessly nibbling on his last piece of toast.

"Okay, baby, let's talk and get this over with so we can enjoy the weekend."

"I can't believe you...you just took that, mom."

"I've taken it for years." She sighed, disgusted with her own answer.

"But you don't feel that way anymore. Look at how you're dressed; you wouldn't where that before and before he came in you even said you would change."

"Said I would dress better and mostly for you, but for me too. And honey? You caused that. You shouldn't get that angry at him." She put her hands out, "I had to agree with him, if I didn't and he said something else to me you would have kept it going."

"So it's my fault he's a prick?"

"No, but RJ...we have parts to play right now. I have to pretend I'm the way I used to be and you have to ignore him and keep quiet." She smiled, "Baby, we're laughing at him, we're humiliating him every time we're together, look at it that way."

"Mom why the hell don't you leave him? I asked you before and you said we would talk later so tell me."

“I told you, for you.”

“But I’m nineteen now mom. Throw him out or we get a place, you could work more, I could work more too and....” He snapped his fingers. “As long as I’m a full time student he has to pay child support.”

“Not that simple.”

“Come on. Mom; we can be alone and be happy and you’ll never have to hear his shit again.”

“And you’ll never finish school.” She said quietly. She hadn’t wanted to go down this path, didn’t want RJ to know the truth, but it was going to be unavoidable, if not today, eventually so she may as well do it now.

“Why not? I...”

“RJ you didn’t get a scholarship and the grants aren’t for a lot. Your father makes good money and we can always take money out of the house if we had to.”

“So what...”

“If I leave your father he won’t pay for your school.” When he looked confused she explained, “You’re right he would have to pay me child support and maybe even alimony because he kept me a stay at home mom so I have no real career or experience. He wouldn’t be able to pay your tuition too.”

“So that money will pay for school.”

“How will we live? We couldn’t afford a decent place with my pouring coffee and you won’t make much either.” She paused; she had tried to soft sell it, now it was time.

“A few months ago, when we started sleeping together I thought what you are, why stay with him? Now that I had you and you showed me I can be happy.”

“And?”

“Your father was really ragging on me and I got upset and made a remark like I didn’t have to take this. He asked if I thought I could leave and I said, what if I did, would he try and stop me?”

She shook her head.

“He told me if I left him he would screw me out of every dime he could. He’s best friends with the owner of his company who’s another damn woman hater. He would pay your father crap on the books and the rest on the side so he would pay little in child support and he...he said it would be the end of your education. He wouldn’t pay anymore.”

“Would...wouldn’t he have to?”

“Not if it looked like he made half what he does and paying support and keeping us on medical, which is another concern. He couldn’t pay for everything and he won’t even try.”

“So he is blackmailing you with me?”

“Not...not really. He was spouting off, he’s too convinced I need him to pretty much breath, he doesn’t think I’ll leave, but he made sure he told me all the things he would do if I did.”

“You tried to say earlier he could be decent, he’s a piece of shit.” RJ snapped.

“That’s your answer, RJ. You will finish school, you won’t be me with no education or him, killing yourself physically. You’re going to have a good career as an architect like you’ve dreamed of since you were little. I will endure his shit until you graduate.”

“So you...you’ll whore yourself for me?” He rubbed his temples, “You deal with that for me, mom you...you don’t have to.”

“I do. I’m your mother; I want the best for you. He was my bad decision and I dealt with him this long I’ll deal with him for as long as I need to and RJ? As soon as that last tuition bill is paid for your last semester? I am filing. I promise you that.”

“But you’ll let him do this for three more years? You know how that makes me feel?” His voice was tight and she saw he was getting really upset.

“Honey you make it better, that’s the difference. You and I will have each other anytime we can and know it will be all the time soon. Baby, it’s not easy, but I’ll do anything for you. Besides,” she joked, “You finish school you’ll make really good money and you can take care of me, how’s that? Maybe even move out of town and you know, be Laura and RJ where no one knows us.”

“Yeah.” He gave her a pathetic attempt at a smile, “It’s just, it’s more than the way he treats you.”

“Then tell me what it is.” She took his hand across the table. “We can talk about anything, RJ.”

“I hate sharing you!” He blurted. “I hate knowing you still....that he....fucks you.” He ended in a whisper.

“RJ, sex with him means about as much to me as the ignorant shit he says. You’re who I want, baby.”

“But you’re still with him!” He whined in frustration, “I fucking hate it! Hate that he gets to sleep with you and that he...gets you.”

Laura looked away from him, she understood his feelings. She hated herself every time she let Ray have sex with her as much as she hated how she let him still speak to her like a dog. She looked back into RJ’s pain filled eyes and as always when she thought about Ray and her situation the anger rose within her.

These days something else always rose with that anger; lust. When she was with RJ it was because she enjoyed him and loved him, but in addition to that was the satisfaction of revenge. Every time she sucked her son off and took his big cock inside her, every time he went down on her and made her cum, it was payback to ray for years of pain.

“Mom?” RJ spoke up, “You okay?”

“Just fine.” She stood up and walking back over to the window saw Ray still busy under the hood.

She went back to the table and quickly stacked up the dishes clearing it, putting them on the counter she turned to her son.

“RJ, get up.” As always he didn’t question her and when he rose she said, “Sit on the kitchen table.”

“Mom...”

“Do it, please.” She pointed. When RJ came around and sat on the edge of the table she stepped to the side and said, “Can you see your father through the window.”

“Yeah.”

“Good.” Stepping between his legs, she unsnapped his shorts and pulled his zipper down.

“Mom, what are you doing? We almost got...”

“RJ you know what sex with your father is like for me?” As she spoke she reached into his underwear and pulled out his semi hard cock.

“I...don’t want to know.” He whispered, his eyes fixed on her small hand stroking his stiffening cock.

“But you should.” She leaned pulled the straps of her dress and bra down her shoulders one at a time, then placed his hand on the top of her dress. “Go ahead, you know you want to.”

RJ didn’t hesitate to pull down her dress and the bra. As soon as her breasts were exposed his hands were on them, his palms running across her nipples.

“For the last few years, this is what it’s been.” She released his cock to grab the sides of his shorts. “Every Saturday night your father goes and play cards at the bar and drinks way more than he should.”

RJ lifted his hips and she tugged his shorts down to his knees. Grabbing his cock she resumed pumping it, getting it wet with the pre cum already dripping from the tip. He moaned, “Mom, we can’t.”

Even as he spoke his fingers were teasing her nipples and his hips were pushing his cock through her hand.

“Then he comes home.” She ignored his half ass protest and leaning closer began whispering in his ear. “He comes into the bedroom and I get a couple of kisses that are like frenching a damn beer bottle and he starts groping me, squeezes my tits and shoves his hand between my legs.

“I don’t want to...oh...” He was cut off when she added her other hand to his balls.

“He’s so damn bombed he can’t even get it all the way up, so I give him a little head and he’s so far gone by the time he gets it all the way up and shoves it in, he’s lucky to last two minutes. Then he gives me another Budweiser kiss and rolls over and starts snoring.”

“That’s it?” RJ grinned and she smiled wickedly.

“That’s it, baby, a real stud huh? And at that point I sort of had sex so I lay there next to him and play with myself. After all I have to be satisfied somehow, and he’s not man enough is he?”

“No.” RJ agreed, “He can’t take care of you.”

“No, he can’t.” She gave him the pout she knew he loved, “He just gets me sticky and leaves me all horny.” She lowered her head and shoving her tongue in the slit of his dick, lifted it back up and wiggled it, showing him the trail of pre cum hanging from it.

“But my son can satisfy me, can’t he?”

“Yes.” RJ moaned when she lowered her head and this time took the tip in her mouth and sucked on it.

She moaned as her mouth filled with his sticky fluid, and then sinking to her knees between his legs continued,

“Last week I was too disgusted to go down on him and just jerked him off.” She paused to lick along the length of his shaft and loved how his cock twitched beneath her tongue.

“He was so wasted he came in my hand and he wasn’t even all the way hard when he did.”

“Loser.” RJ breathed, his hand sliding into her hair and his eyes focused on her lips which were inches from his swollen purple head.

“Look at him out there.” She smiled, and then gave him a couple of quick sucks that made him squirm on the table “Mister macho, thinks he’s a fucking stud and he came in my hand after about a dozen pumps like a little boy.”

This time when she took him in her mouth she bobbed her head several times, moaning around his thick shaft and enjoying his precum dripping down her throat. Releasing his cock, she smiled up at him, her lips sticky from sucking him.

“Don’t you remember, baby? I came into your room that night.”

“You did.” He reached down and rubbed her left nipple while his other hand ran through her curly hair.

“Know why?”

“Because you needed to be satisfied.”

“That’s right. I was so pissed off at him for being so limp dicked he couldn’t even get inside me that I left him snoring and went into his son’s room and got some real cock!”

Laura licked the pre cum from her lips. Her pussy was flowing and she needed to cum in the worst way and she would. She would because her son would make sure she did.

“That prick spent all night with his real man friends strutting like a peacock and then while he’s passed out drunk his own son is pounding his wife’s pussy and making her squeal. Giving it to her the way she needs it, isn’t that right, baby?”

“Someone in this house needs to be able to satisfy you.” He looked out the window at Ray then down at her, “That’s why I’m the one you get on your knees for.”

“You know it, baby.” She purred, “You give it to me so fucking good, this bad girl will give you anything you want, won’t she?”

“All the time.”

“That’s right, so don’t you worry about that two minutes of fumbling around he calls sex. You’re the one that makes me happy, RJ, you’re the real man in this house, the one that makes your mother beg for more.”

“You never have to beg, mom. I’m all yours.”

“Good, now forget him and just watch your mother suck your cock.” She winked, “And watch him while I do it and think about how fucking pathetic he is, think about what his friends would think knowing his wife’s giving a blow job in his kitchen while he plays with his car.”

Done talking, Laura opened wide and took her son’s fat cock deep into her mouth. RJ moaned and his hand tightened in her hair as she bobbed her head in a steady rhythm. His fingers were still on her nipple and grabbing his wrist she moved that hand to her head as well.

RJ wrapped both in her hair and she moaned as he guided her mouth along his cock. She opened wider and with an effort took his cock down to the base. Shaking her head back and forth, she slipped her tongue out and he moaned when she licked his balls.

She made a wet gagging noise as she worked her mouth up and down a couple of inches, repeatedly shoving his cock into the back of her throat. She was drooling on it and rubbed her spit into his swollen balls as she sucked.

“Oh, yeah.” He moaned, “Fucking asshole is playing with spark plugs and you’re on your damn knees giving me a blow job.” He laughed, “Bet he would have cum already.”

She pulled his cock from her mouth with a sloppy sucking sound and with spit and pre cum hanging from her chin she shook her head, “Honey, I don’t suck him like this; I barely put it in my mouth. He’s not worth it.”

She took him back in her mouth and this time moved her head more slowly, reveling in the sensation of having her mouth full of her son’s cock. RJ sighed and looking up, she saw he was alternating looking at her then out the window. Each time it was the window a nasty smile touched his lips and she wanted to smile as well, but her mouth was full.

As much as she loved sucking him, when they had plenty of time she could and had worked his cock with her mouth until her jaw began to ache, they needed to be quick.

“Go head.” She said over his cock. “Show that asshole how you treat his wife’s mouth.”

She took his cock between her lips and braced herself. RJ didn’t hesitate or disappoint. Grabbing her hair tighter he roughly shoved her mouth down on his cock and thrust his hips, pushing it even deeper.

Laura’s eyes rolled back and she moaned and squealed as her son face fucked her.

“That’s right, asshole.” He groaned, “I’m using your wife’s mouth. Going to cum down her damn throat while you play with your tools.”

His words were getting her even hotter and she ground her hips in circles, her sopping pussy sticking to her thong and her clit aching for release. Laura was gurgling and gagging and her eyes were watering from his cock pounding her mouth, but she kept them focused on his and RJ met her gaze, his blue eyes filled with lust.

She cupped his balls and gave them a squeeze and with a muffled cry, RJ buried his cock in her mouth and sent a long hot stream of cum down her eager throat. Laura groaned around his spurting cock and as he stopped moving his hands she grabbed his shaft and jerked him off into her mouth as she continued to suck.

“Oh, mom. Oh, fuck.” He moaned, “Take every drop.” Even as he continued to fill his mother’s mouth with his cum, he laughed, “Make sure you give him a big kiss before we leave!”

He winked as she sucked him and worked his balls, wringing every drop from him. When her efforts received nothing more than a whimper from him, she slipped him from her mouth, opened wide to show him the puddle of cum on her tongue, then swallowed it.

Standing, she slipped her sandals off and pointed to the floor, Mommy’s turn.”

RJ quickly slipped off the table and grabbing her around the waist lifted her, turned around and plopped her onto the table. As she leaned back on her hands, RJ hiked her dress over her hips, and dropping to his knees, pulled her thong to the side and plunged his face in her pussy.

“Fuck yeah.” She moaned as his tongue drove inside her. “Suck that pussy. Show me how a real man treats his woman.”

She looked out the window and saw Ray was leaning against the truck talking on his cell. He was facing the window, but she knew in the daytime he couldn’t this far into the room.

‘Yeah, run your mouth to your prick friends.’ She moaned as her son fucked her with his rigid tongue, “Your boy knows there are better things to do with his tongue besides flap it.”

RJ sucked hard and she heard him moan as his mouth filled with her juices. Laura placed her feet on his shoulders and now resting on her elbows grabbed her nipples and roughly squeezed them. RJ slid his tongue from inside her pussy and wiggled it up through her plump pussy lips. She giggled at the thought even her pussy was a little pudgy.

Her giggle turned into a loud moan when RJ replaced his tongue with two fingers and as he had earlier in the bedroom moved them forcefully within her. His lips found her clit and she gasped when he sucked it hard into his mouth.

“Yes, like that.” She groaned, “Make me cum nice and fast honey; you have all weekend to play between my legs.” She smiled at Ray who was still on the phone, “Your loser father will be home drinking and eating frozen dinners and I’m going to be getting fucked so much I’m going to be limping when we get home.”

RJ winked up at her and swirled his tongue around her clit as he finger fucked her.

“Three days of sucking his son’s cock and fucking his brains out.” She yelled when RJ sucked her clit so hard his lips smacked. “Going to fuck like animals, every day, every night and in every fucking position!”

RJ moaned into her pussy and dropping her foot from his shoulder she placed it between his legs and released a sharp breath when she felt he was still hard. She worked her soft foot up and down his cock.

“You like my feet don’t you, baby? Well seeing we have so much time maybe I’ll give you a nice foot job.” She sighed, “Like that, baby? Shoot a nice load all over my feet?”

“Hmm.” He groaned into her pussy as he alternated sucking and licking her clit.

Laura pinched her nipples harder and whimpered as she worked her hips into his face. Her thigh’s were shaking and curling her toes into his shoulder she pushed against him, lifting her ass off the table as she arched her back, straining to cum.

“Suck it, oh , please.” She begged. “Suck my clit, baby. Suck his wife’s pussy; make her cum in your face. That useless fuck hasn’t made me cum in months! Show me how much you want me to cum, show...oh fuck!”

She cried out in surprised pleasure as RJ plunged a finger into her ass. She bit her lip, trying to hold back her squeals as his finger slamming into her ass sent her over the edge. She bucked her hips wildly and lifting her foot from his crotch clamped her fleshy thighs around his face, pinning him to her quivering pussy.

Laura was making high pitched whimpering noises as she fought against the loud cries the powerful orgasm was trying to tear from her. She kept her eyes on Ray who was now on his knees, washing the trucks tires while his wife was cumming like an animal on the kitchen table he had just eaten from.

RJ was still working his fingers in and out of her convulsing holes and his tongue was dancing across her clit keeping the waves of pleasure crashing through her, God he was so good to her! Her body tensed and as her eyes rolled back her pussy convulsed and unable to hold it back she squealed as a stream of sticky fluid exploded from her pussy and splattered all over RJ’s face and chest.

Her pussy contracted again and this time she was able to control her sounds of ecstasy when another stream erupted in her son’s face.

“Oh my god.” She breathed, releasing his head from between her legs. “See that, Ray? That’s how a woman comes when she’s with a man, not a dog.”

“Damn, mom.” RJ looked up at her, his face glistening and several large wet spots on his t-shirt.

“My baby made me come hard.” She ran her foot along his cock. “Hmm, this is hard too.”

“Yeah, well we better....”

He trailed off when Laura slid off the table and grabbing a kitchen chair pulled it over to the sink.

“Mom what the hell are you...oh, wow.”

Laura got on her knees on the chair and resting her forearms on the sink, pointed her plump ass at him

“Fuck me.” She said without preamble.

Grabbing the curtains she pulled them closed partway so if he looked up all Ray would see was her looking out the window. Behind her, RJ moved her thong over, grabbed her hip and plunged his cock balls deep inside her.

Laura grunted as he fucked her with long hard strokes that normally would have her yelping, but normally she wasn't looking out the window at her husband. Letting the thong go, RJ grabbed her other hip and went to town on her.

“Fuck that pussy.” She hissed, “Fuck me while that idiot is right in front of me.”

RJ was happy to oblige, hammering away at his mother's pussy and squeezing her meaty ass as he did so. She longed for him to spank her, but it would be too loud and instead she looked over her shoulder and said, “Put your finger in my ass.”

He promptly shoved a finger inside and she groaned as he pumped it in time with his thrusting cock. RJ had already come and she'd had him finger her ass as much to get him more excited as an extra thrill for her. She had the insane urge to let him fuck her in the ass, but she'd let him do it before and there was no way she could remain quiet with that huge cock in her tight ass.

“Come on, baby.” She whispered, “Don't hold back, you fuck me as hard as you can, you claim your mother's pussy, make it yours, because it is, isn't it?”

“And this is your cock.” He moaned as he repeatedly slammed into her hard enough to make his balls slap against her pussy. She looked over her shoulder and watched his glistening cock slide in and out from between her cheeks and noticed them jiggle as he pounded into her.

Ray had mentioned that once and she had been ashamed, that word again, now she found it exciting because RJ had mentioned it as well, but told her it was hot and that's why he liked to spank her, too watch her ass shake.

She worked her hips in circles as he fucked her and he moaned as she kept changing the angle on him and contracted her pussy around his plunging cock.

“When we're in New Hampshire I'll let you tie me up and spank me.” She urged him on. “Then you can fuck me in that tight little ass your finger is in. You want that ass again don't you?”

“Fuck yeah.” He moaned as he continued to plow into her.

“I bet you do, dirty boy, you love taking his wife in the ass when she doesn't even want him in her pussy, don't you?”

“I love that my mother's my little slut.”

“That's right, honey, your slut, I'll give you anything, but right now you need to give me a nice hot load in my pussy.” She groaned when he fucked her even harder, “Hmm, right inside my pussy, your first pussy.” She slipped and yelped when he tore into her even faster, “Your favorite pussy.” She sighed, “Your mother's pussy,”

RJ was whimpering after each thrust and breathing like a bull. His cock was twitching inside her and she knew he was close. She watched Ray stand up wipe his hands off and needing RJ to finish, decided to give him a dirty thrill to send him over the edge.

“Hi, Honey!” She called out, her voice quavering as she battled to keep it steady while RJ continued his relentless assault on her pussy. “Almost done?”

“Yeah.” He nodded, looking up at her. “Be in soon.”

Laura’s face was only a few inches above the window sill and she knew that was all he could see. What he couldn’t see as he looked at her from twenty feet away was that she was on her knees, her tits hanging out and her dress pushed up to her waist and most importantly, his son giving her a savage fucking from behind

“That’s good.” She called out then blew him a kiss and really twisted the needle, “Love you, honey.”

Laura knew she was sick, but it seemed she wasn’t the only one. As soon as she had spoken, RJ gasped behind her and flooded her pussy with his hot load. Her eyes still on Ray, she gave him a huge smile as her son erupted inside her, painting the walls of his mother’s pussy.

Ray grabbed his tool box and headed for the garage to put it away. He would be in the house in a minute.

“All the way in.” She looked over her shoulder, “Nice and deep.”

RJ buried himself inside her and groaned when she contracted her pussy several times, milking the last few drops from him.

“God, I needed that,” She breathed, “But we gotta move, baby.”

RJ sighed as he eased his cock from inside her and pulled his boxers and shorts up. As soon as Laura got off the chair he grabbed it and put it back under the table while she adjusted her thong and pulled her dress down.

Putting her back to the door in case Ray came in she pulled her bra over her breasts and fixed the straps of her dress. She turned to see RJ still standing there with that shit eating grin he sometimes still displayed after he fucked her, like the cat that ate the canary.

“Go change your shirt.” She told him.

He looked down at the large wet spots on it. “Goddamn, my mother squirts.” He laughed “And there’s going to be some guys I can actually brag to about that this weekend.”

“Lovely.” She rolled her eyes. “Now go change and get your bag and grab mine from the closet. We’re leaving.”

“We’ll be early if we do.” He looked at the time on his cell phone.

“Then we’ll stop somewhere on the way. I want out of here before anything else happens with your father.”

“Right.”

“Speaking of that.” She heard the screen door open and said quickly, “Not another word out of line with him no matter what he says, understood?”

He nodded and spinning on his heel left the kitchen just as Ray came in.

Laura went over to the fridge and grabbing a bottle of Budweiser passed it to him.

Ray took it and gave her an odd look. “You’re not going to bitch I’m drinking this early?”

“You’re home today and you already worked up a sweat.” She smiled, “Enjoy.”

He popped open the bottle and chugged half. He released a huge belch and without bothering to excuse himself leaned against the counter.

“So, you calm that kid down?” He asked.

“That I did.” She kept a straight face. “Settled him right down.”

“Good, I hope he listened to whatever you said.”

“I was very persuasive.”

Walking over to the doorway, she reached into the living room and grabbed her purse from the credenza against the wall next to the door. She glanced briefly at a framed photo of their wedding picture. She was thinner back then, but so was he, damned double standard. She also looked happy and so did Ray.

But he’d changed, he no longer knew how to be happy and it was her fault most of the time or at least she was the only one he could blame. She walked back into the room and could feel her son’s cum rubbing against her pussy from where it had pooled in her thong; nothing like a cream pie from your son. Hmm...maybe RJ wasn’t the only one who would enjoy bragging.

“Going to get going in a few.” She said as she came back into the room. “I made lasagna and a meatloaf and put it in a few containers with some baked potatoes and vegetables, just heat them up for dinners and lunch.”

“Nah, I’ll buy some real food.” He smirked.

She shrugged; she was minutes from getting the hell away from him for three days.

RJ came into the room with his large duffel bag slung over his shoulder and her suitcase in one hand and her small travel bag in the other. She had to hold back a smile at the thought her vibrators were in there.

“I’ll go toss these in the car.” RJ said.

“Where the hell you think you’re going?” Ray asked.

“What do you mean?”

“You think I’m going to let you go for the weekend after you shot your mouth off like that?” He shook his head, “Your ass is staying home and you’re going to help me clean out the garage and mow the lawn and do whatever the hell else I can find for you.”

“Oh, come on, dad!” RJ exclaimed, “I said I was sorry.”

“Words don’t mean shit, kid. Now you’ll be sorry.”

“Ray, let him go. I straightened him out, didn’t I?” She stared at RJ.

“She did. I shouldn’t have disrespected you dad, it won’t happen again.”

“Not if I punish you.” He rolled his eyes, “You think a tongue lashing from your mother is all you’re going to get?”

He’s gotten plenty of his mother’s tongue, and knowing that kept her sounding calm.

“Ray, this isn’t just for him, it’s for me. We’re all bringing our sons and daughters. I’m proud of RJ, I want to show him off.” That she did.

“Tough shit what you want.” He waved his hand dismissively at her. “Kid’s staying home to learn a lesson.”

“Ray,” She forced herself to say it, “Please, honey? Please let him go? He can do whatever you need him to when he comes back.”

“Don’t honey me.” He turned to her. “I said he stays.”

“Thought you wanted him to watch me?”

“Whatever.” He grunted, “You want to stuff yourself into that dress and look like a sausage, go for it. No one’s going to look at that fat ass shaking at the club and want to do anything, but run.”

She saw RJ’s eyes darken and the muscle bulge in his jaw. Her own temper flared and she decided she’d had enough. They were going on this trip.

“RJ go put the bags in the car and wait for me.” She reached into her pocket book and tossed him the keys, “You can drive.”

“What?” Ray looked at her incredulously, “What did you say?”

“You heard me.” She replied evenly, “He’s going with me. RJ go outside.”

“You get your ass in your room.” Ray snapped, “Your mother needs a little talking to. Then I’ll get to you.”

“RJ get in the fucking car now!” She yelled, surprising both RJ and Ray who stared at her his eyes wide.

RJ looked at Ray then her, then all but ran for the door.

“Hey, get your ass back here!” Ray shouted. RJ froze for a second, then opened the door and bolted though it.

“Son of a bitch.” Ray swore, and then turned on her, “Well I guess he is. Think your funny, Laura? Your ass is staying home too. You don’t go anywhere, got that?”

“Is that so?” She asked softly, as he stalked up to her, looming over her.

“Yes, that’s so. You know my daddy used to hit my mother. I never really thought that was right, but he said if I didn’t do it I’d be sorry. Guess he was right.”

“Yeah, you going to hit me, Ray?” She asked.

“I...” He hesitated. “You’re not going anywhere, Laura and you know it, so knock it off with the tough talk. You been watching too much fucking Oprah. Now put your bag down and do me a favor and put something on that covers those flabby tits of yours. You’re not a young girl and you sure as hell don’t look good enough to dress like that.”

Laura reached into her purse and pulling out her cell scrolled through the numbers.

“What are doing, calling 911?” He sneered.

“Don’t flatter yourself.” She told him, “I’m calling my girlfriend.”

“To cancel?” He nodded. “Good Girl.”

Laura found the number taboomama had e-mailed her along with her pink and blue ticket and called it.

“Taboo mama.” A soft voice answered

Hey, it’s me, Laura!” She said with exaggerated cheeriness.

“Why, hello.” She replied “You don’t have to give your real name right now. We can stick to our online identities until we’re all...”

“Why of course I’m still coming!” Laura cut her off. “I wouldn’t miss this for anything!”

She smiled broadly at the look of shock on Ray’s face. He stepped forward, then froze when she pulled out the small can of pepper spray he had bought her for when she went for walks after dinner and pointed it at him. He stepped back and the look on his face was comical.

“Well, I’m so happy to...” There was a brief pause and Laura swore she heard a soft moan, “Hear that Laura.” Taboo mama finished and even in her awkward situation Laura wondered if mama wasn’t living up to her name and in bed with her son, it was early.

“Me too, I’ve been so looking forward to this,” She hesitated, “It will be so good to see you again.”

“Again, have we met?” Was the confused reply.

“You said to call when we were going to be getting on the road and we’re leaving now.” She ignored the question; she would have to explain when she got there.

“Great, the directions will take you to a general store; my son will meet everyone there so you can follow him. The back roads are crazy here.” She was speaking slowly and her voice had a familiar quaver to it. Laura knew that tone, someone was playing with her. This weekend was going to be all it was promised!

“Sounds, good, we’re on our way.” She paused then added, “I can’t wait to see everyone and for you to meet RJ! See you in a few hours.”

She ended the call and dropped her phone back in her purse along with the pepper spray. Ray’s reaction to her had answered a question she’d had for a long time.

“You’re pretty fucking ballsy today, aren’t you?” Ray asked, “You have the nerve to pull that shit on me?” He sneered, “You wouldn’t have used it.”

“Then why did you step back?” She asked sweetly then walked past him.

She cried out when he grabbed her arm hard enough to hurt,. Surprising herself she spun around and slapped him hard in the face. Stunned, Ray released her and his hand went to his cheek.

“Get your goddamn hands off me!” She snarled, “You don’t touch me like that, you understand? I’m your wife, not a fucking dog!”

“What the hell is wrong with you? You...hit me!”

“I’ll hit you harder you ever hurt me like that again!”

“Bitch, you better...”

“No, Ray you better.” She stood directly in front of him and jabbed her finger hard into his chest. “You better listen and listen good!”

“I am sick of how you talk to me, I am sick of how you treat me and I am sick and tired of you thinking you fucking own me!”

“Laura, you need to calm the fuck down and...”

“I’ve been calm long enough. I ignore your shit because I should and you see it that I’m afraid of you, well I’m not.” She paused to catch her breath, her heart was pounding and her blood was rushing through her temples, she couldn’t remember ever being this angry.

“You talk down to me, insult me, put me down, hurt my feelings. You used to make me cry and you fucking loved it. You’re a miserable asshole, Ray and a knuckle dragging piece of shit and I won’t take it anymore! I will not let my son be raised like you to think women are less than dogs.”

“So that’s where RJ gets his shit, huh? You making him a feminist?”

“I’m making him a decent young man who will treat a woman right.” Like he treats your woman. “I won’t let him turn into a pig like you.”

“Watch your mouth, Laura, I’ve had it with...”

“Hit me!” She yelled up into his face. “Go ahead, fucking hit me!”

Ray blinked at her and swallowed hard. His arm started to come up, but stopped.

“Ray, you’ve been threatening me for years so you better hit me or get the hell out of my way, because I’m leaving.”

She locked her gaze onto his and instead of the expected rage all she saw was confusion. Ray was all talk, just like any schoolyard bully he couldn’t handle being stood up to, at least by her.

“Well?” She lifted her chin and turned her head, offering him her cheek, “Come on tough guy.”

Ray stared hard at her, but when a few seconds went by and he still didn’t move, she stepped back from him.

“Thought so, all show no go,” She gave him his smirk back at him. “Just like in the bedroom.”

She stormed past him and as she reached the door he asked.

“You’re coming back, right?”

She allowed herself a cold smile before she turned back to face him.

“Yes, Ray I am. Not that I would think you’d want me to, being a fat ugly useless pig, but yes I won’t put RJ through that and as long you stop talking to me like I’m trash I’m fine with being with you.” Well until senior year anyway.

“But things are going to change Ray. I’m not asking for much, just respect and your ass better give it to me, understand?”

“We’ll talk about it.” He said trying to save some dignity.

“Yes we will.” She nodded, “And for once you need to listen and not just talk.” She opened the door, but turned back to him.

“And one more thing, Ray. I’m not fat. I’m a little curvy, but you know what? There are plenty of men who would love me in that dress. Plenty of men who would tell me I’m beautiful. Know why?”

“Because I am. I’m a smart, sweet and sexy woman. I have a lot to offer. You kept telling me I was lucky to have you? You’re lucky to have me and you better realize that.” She sighed, “Because in case you haven’t noticed? I have.”

“Guess so.” He rolled his eyes.

“Have a nice weekend Ray” She gave him his smirk again, “And get used to your hand because unless you start being a lot nicer, this fat ass?” She slapped her rear, “Is off limits.”

He said something, but she slammed the door on him and forcing herself to walk slowly she made her way to where RJ was sitting in her red Mazda. He looked nervous as hell and she hoped Ray wouldn’t come out and start up again, but he’d looked pretty much like a broke dick when she left.

She got into the passenger seat, “Let’s go, baby!”

“You okay mom? I could hear you yelling. I...I should have come back in, but I...” He looked down, “I was scared.”

“Hey, I’m fine.” She lifted his chin and gave him a quick peck on the cheek in case Ray was looking out the window. “I can take care of myself honey and thank you.”

“For what?” He asked as he put the car in drive and pulled out of the driveway. She saw Ray looking out the window and resisted blowing him a sarcastic kiss, she’d won a big battle today, no reason to start up another one for when she came back.

“For sticking up for me today and for the things you said to me.” As he turned the corner leaving she put her hand over his on the wheel. “You were right, RJ. I don’t have to take his shit. I still plan on putting up with him until you’re set with school, but things will be different and I just told him that.”

“Really?” He glanced quickly at her, “He’s going to lay off you.”

“If he’s smart.” She nodded. “I let him have it big time. I know the score now, RJ, he’s all mouth.”

“So he’ll be nicer to you?”

“I think so, even if it’s just an act, who cares?” She laughed, “I’m acting.”

They drove in silence for a few minutes and as RJ pulled onto the highway, he asked

“What if he starts being real nice?”

“He’ll never be real nice, trust me.” She sighed, “He just won’t be mean.”

“But what if he does?”

Laura noticed the quiet tone of his voice and his eyes were darting around nervously.

“What’s the matter, RJ?” She asked. “Thought you’d be happy I stuck up for myself.”

“I am, but what if this wakes him up and he realizes he’s an asshole and he changes. You said he used to be nice to you. So...you know what if...”

“Honey, are you...worried about you and I?” She asked.

“We got together because of how he treated you and made you feel. If he starts being good to you...”

“Pull over.” She pointed to the breakdown lane.

RJ cruised to a stop and turning in her seat she took his face in her hands and kissed him.

“Mom,” He pulled away, “We’re in public!”

“I’m feeling reckless today.” She whispered and kissed him again, and this time he didn’t pull away as her soft lips caressed his. “Honey, your father lost me years before you and I slept together. I can never forget, nor will I forgive, years of cruelty.”

“Really?”

“Yes and last thing I told him when I left was seeing he hates my ass he needs to never get another piece of it.” She shrugged. “I might have to cave on that at some point to keep him around, but you know it means nothing.”

“RJ, your father thinks he runs the show and he’s the shit. Well I’m the one using him. Using him to get you an education and that’s it.” She kissed him again. “I told you, that last bill gets paid, your mother is all yours.” She smiled, “All of me, heart and body, all yours.”

RJ gave her a big smile and after a quick kiss pulled back into traffic.

“Thank you, mom.”

“No worries, now no more crap, all fun until we get back home.” She eased the seat back a bit and kicking her shoe off put her right foot up on the dash over the glove compartment. “This weekend already did something wonderful for us and we’re not even there yet.”

“Showing a lot of leg there, mom.” RJ reached out and touched her soft inner thigh.

“You think?” With a wicked smile, she lifted her hips and pulled the dress up higher.

Putting her foot higher on the dash she looked down to see her thong fully exposed. Grabbing his hand she placed it on her thigh again, then pulled her thong to the side, revealing her still moist pussy.

“Mom!” He exclaimed, but his fingers immediately left her thigh and lightly caressed her.

“Hmm,” She sighed as he stroked her clit. “We’re on the highway doing sixty, just stay in the right lane so I’m harder to see when people drive by.”

“Damn this weekend is starting out right.” He laughed as his fingers slid through her soft wet lips.

“Yes it is, honey.” She slid further down and moaned when his fingers rubbed her clit. “Do me a favor?”

“What’s that?” He looked over at her, then down between her legs and she loved the smile on his face.

“Drive slow, honey.” She closed her eyes and sighed as his fingers toyed with her swollen nub, “Drive real slow.”

The End

