

Mom's Morning After

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Chapter One

The first thing Paula was aware of when she awoke was the dull, painful throbbing in her head. She lay there with her eyes closed, wincing at the slow repeated pain in her temples. She attempted to open her eyes, and instantly regretted the decision when the sun coming through the open blinds sent a sharper more sudden pain through her head.

Why the hell were the blinds open? She always closed them before bed. Speaking of bed, how did she get into bed? What time did she get home, what time was it now? The questions ran through her sluggish mind and it dawned on her she couldn't answer any of them.

Her mouth was dry, and her throat felt like sandpaper when she swallowed. There was the faint, and at this point unpleasant taste of tequila in her mouth. Drunk, she'd gone out and gotten drunk.

Her hazy mind beginning to work, she recalled that's what she'd planned on doing all week, going out Friday night and cutting loose and getting absolutely wasted. It seemed she'd accomplished that goal as trying to recall anything after the uber had dropped her off at...where the hell did she go?

Paula tried to focus, but it just made her head hurt more. Sleep, she needed more sleep. Today was Saturday, she had nowhere to go so no matter what time it was, she didn't have to get up. She let herself relax, and hoping to drift off, went to roll over on her back. Her eyes flew open at the realization that...

She wasn't alone.

There was a warm body pressed against her back and now that she was completely awake and coherent, she felt a hand on her breast. Her bare breast as she was completely naked. She knew she was naked by the way she could feel her mystery lovers' entire body along hers.

Paula opened her eyes, this time looking down rather than at the window and stared at the hand over her breast. It was a large hand, and not a smooth one, she could feel the callused skin of his palm on her soft breast.

The hand was attached to a deeply tanned thickly muscled forearm and Paula became aware of another muscle nestled between the cheeks of her ass. Oh my god, she'd done it! After months of wallowing in loneliness and frustration, her sex life consisting of masturbation, she'd gone out and gotten laid.

Who was he? How old was he? From what little she could see, it seemed as if he were in good shape, but what did he look like? Just her luck she'd finally gotten what she needed and had no memory of it. The good news was seeing he was still here, she could get more of the snake that bit her.

Paula couldn't remember the last time she'd had sex in the morning. She'd kicked that cheating piece of shit of her now former husband, Darren, out a year ago. The year before that he'd barely touched her, which she would learn was because he was touching anything less than half his age that looked his way.

She pushed those thoughts away. Paula had been living in the past and wallowing in the problem's it was still causing her, for too long. Time to live in the moment, and right now, that moment was a good one.

Paula worked her hips back, wiggling her ass against the semi hard cock behind her. There was a soft moan behind her ear, and she smiled when she felt the warm flesh against her ass begin to swell.

The hand on her breast moved, giving it a gentle squeeze, before taking her hard nipple between two long thick fingers.

"Hmm, that's nice," she purred while grinding her ass into his now fully hard cock.

She lifted her head from the pillow so she could see the bed reflected in the mirror and get a look at the man behind her. All she could see of him was a muscular tanned arm around her waist and some dirty blonde hair, the same shade as hers.

His face was hidden by her long hair as he pressed his lips to her neck. Paula released a soft moan as he placed a row of small kisses from just below her ear, down the length of her neck. He worked his way back up, but this time the kisses lingered, and he sucked gently on the sensitive skin of her neck.

Paula stared at herself in the mirror, liking what she saw. Her make up was an absolute mess. Lipstick smeared, raccoon eyes from her mascara, and her long hair, usually worn up when she slept, was a wild mess.

Paula was sporting the freshly fucked look for the first time in far too long and had to say it looked damn good on her. She ground her ass harder into his warm hard cock, and as her thighs pressed together, she became aware of a moist sensation between her thighs.

It wasn't the feeling of being recently wet, but residual effect of having been wet and sticky long before she woke up. She put her hand over his, pushing it onto her breast, and enjoying the way his tanned skin looked on the white portion of her breast where her own tan stopped.

Paula slid her right arm behind her, pushing it between them, and grabbing his cock. There was groan in her ear when she squeezed it, then pumped it. Goddamn, he was hard, and thick! You did alright for yourself, girl!

Not a bad score for a woman turning forty-six next month, she thought while rubbing her thumb over his now oozing tip. His cock thrust through her hand as she worked her finger across his sensitive tip.

Her fingers now slick, she resumed striking him and he moaned louder in her ear. Paula wanted to roll over, or at least say something, but she didn't want to ruin what was a very sexy way to wake up.

It got even sexier, when his hand left her breast, and slipped behind her to slide between her legs. He lifted her leg, so her thigh was nestled in the crook of his arm and moved his hips forward. Paula gasped when the tip of his cock protruding from her fist encountered her pussy.

She gripped him lower, and pumped her hips, sliding his head through the wet lips of her pussy. Paula moaned when it met her swollen clit, then again when his other arm, which she'd been lying on, shifted so now that hand was on her tit, his fingers stroking her aching nipple.

Oh, he was good! Still kissing her neck, while fondling her breast. Tired of teasing herself, Paula guided the tip of his cock, to her yearning hole and thrust her hips back into him. They moaned in unison as his hard flesh sank deep into her warm wet heat.

"Fuck that feels good!" Paula moaned as he lifted her leg higher and fucked her with long slow strokes that felt amazing.

She couldn't believe she'd had an entire night of this that she so far had no memory of. Hopefully it would come back to her, but in the meantime, having her long-neglected pussy stuffed with hard cock was the most important thing.

He continued to use those deliciously satisfying strokes, then made it even better by slipping his arm further down her leg and finding her clit with his thumb. Paula pumped her hips back into his thrusting cock, driving him deeper, while moaning and whimpering from the way his skilled thumb worked her clit.

Was he that good with his tongue? Damn straight she'd find out before he left. The only way Paula planned on letting this still unknown stud out of her bed was to take a shower with her and fuck her in there, hot water and soap running down their bodies.

If he got tired, she'd suck him hard and get on top. Paula planned on getting as much of this cock as possible. The idea of having it in her mouth sent another thrill through her. She was sure she would have sucked it last night, she loved giving head back when she had someone worth sucking.

"Oh, goddamn, this feels good!" Paula moaned as she played with her nipple.

Between him playing with her clit, working her other nipples, and giving her a nice slow fuck, Paula's thighs were already quivering, and her hips moving faster in anticipation of what she planned on being the first of the many orgasms she'd have today.

"Just like that, baby," she whispered. "Make me cum so I can roll over and suck that big cock then go for a nice long ride."

Or maybe not, as he gasped in her ear and his hips picked up speed. Paula yelped as he now fucked her with shorter and much harder strokes. His thumb worked her clit faster, and he squeezed her nipple more firmly between his fingers.

"Yes!" Paula cried out as her back arched against him and her pussy contracted around his thrusting cock.

He moaned in her ear, and the sound had an air of desperation in it, as if he were trying to get her off before he came. The sound was damn hot, as was the fact he obviously wanted to please her.

“Come for me,” she moaned. “Come with me, baby!”

He fucked her even harder, drawing her leg up higher and switching from his thumb to using two fingers on her clit. He rubbed her in fast hard circles and Paula realized she’d never been fucked in this position before.

Until now she’d thought this was only something they did in porn, but here she was seconds away from coming like this, and at least this one she’d remember.

“Oh, oh!” he moaned in her ear, his thrusts becoming more desperate.

“That’s it,” she encouraged him. “Give it to me! Just give it to me! You’re going to be giving it to me all day, aren’t you, baby?”

His reply was ragged moan and she could feel his cock twitching at the end of each thrust as he prepared to fill her with a nice hot load.

“Tell me what you want, baby,” she urged him, wanting to hear his voice in her ear. “Tell me I’m what you want!”

“I want you, Mom!”

Chapter Two

Paula’s eyes widened and the pressure of her impending orgasm was replaced by her stomach twisting so violently she felt as if she were kicked.

“DJ?” she gasped, lifting her head, and turning it as far as she could.

He raised his head over hers, and as Paula stared at him in total disbelief, he smiled, “Damn you feel good, mom,” Then he kissed her.

His fingers were still busy on her clit, but she barely felt it. Even the much harder strokes he was pounding her with were no longer giving her pleasure. DJ’s lips pressed harder against hers as her heart pounded and her mind tried to cope with what was happening.

What was happening was her twenty-two-year-old son was fucking her! Her son was inside her! When his tongue darted into her mouth, Paula yanked her head away, and closing her legs, rolled away from him.

“Mom, what are you doing? I...oh shit!”

Paula rolled over again, teetered on the edge of the bed before losing her balance falling onto the floor. She landed painfully on her side, her eyes on DJ who had sat up, moaning in frustration as his cock bobbed between his legs, a few pearl white drops of cum oozing from it.

Grabbing his cock, DJ pumped it rapidly, sending several spurts across her sheet.

“What the fuck are you doing?” Paula shouted, and realizing she was naked, grabbed the pillow from the bed and covered her breasts and between her legs with it. “Oh my god, DJ, what the hell is wrong with you?”

“Me?” He was still breathing hard, and slowly stroking himself as the last few drops dribbled from his cock. “I was ready to cum, why did you move?”

“That’s what’s wrong!” She shouted at him from the floor. “What the hell are you doing in my bed?” She paused as the enormity of the situation hit her. “What were you doing to me? Jesus Christ, you were fucking me!”

“Um, yeah,” he looked as if she were the one with the problem. “Because you woke me up rubbing your fine ass on my dick then shoved it into your...”

“Shut up!” Paula slowly rose to her feet, careful to keep the pillow in front of her. “Don’t you dare talk to me like that!”

“Talk to you like that?” He looked sincerely confused. “Jesus, Mom, you sounded like a goddamn cam girl last night!”

“Last night?” She repeated, trying to focus past her current and seriously fucked up situation. All she could get from last night were flashes. The club, dancing, there was a guy! A young guy.

Paula kept pushing despite the throbbing in her temples. She remembered being in a car, probably a cab or uber because the young guy was in the backseat with her. His hand was on her knee and sliding up her dress, she was rubbing his cock through his jeans.

The porch, the living room, then a man yelling, but not the one she was with. After that it went dark on her again.

“I can still see your ass by the way.” DJ pointed to the mirror behind her. “Damn, you have a nice body.” He smiled at her and patted the bed. “Sorry if I did something wrong, but why don’t you come back to bed and I’ll make you cum and...”

“Stop that!” Paula reached over to the bedpost and grabbed the long black robe hanging there.

She kept the pillow to her chest while she slipped one arm in, then the other.

“Kind of late to be modest,” DJ chuckled as if he thought this was some type of game. “I saw every inch of you last night, and from every angle.”

“You make one more crack like that and I swear to god, I will smack that smile off your face!” Paula hissed at him as she dropped the pillow and tied her robe.

The smile left his face and the puzzled look returned. His light green eyes, identical to hers, narrowed, and he sat back on his knees. Between his legs, his cock was still semi hard, and Paula had the disturbing thought that even in that state, it was damn impressive.

Why wouldn't it be? DJ might be her son, but even Paula could acknowledge he was a fine-looking young man. Standing at six two and carrying close to two hundred pounds on his broad-shouldered frame, he was a big boy.

Not just big, but not an ounce was in the wrong place. Between lifting weights in his teens and working construction at her brother's company the last two years, DJ was as solid as a rock. His beauty wasn't just neck down either.

With his sandy brown hair, hazel eyes, rugged features and a great 'aw shucks' kind of genuine smile, he'd always done well with the girls. DJ had been dating Diane, a high school sweetheart for close to three years, but they'd broken up a few months ago.

More than once, Paula had looked at Diane and thought what a lucky bitch to be getting that whenever she wanted it. That thought had occurred much more frequently after her divorce when she was deprived of what little sex life she and Darren Sr. had in the two years before their separation and divorce.

Paula's eyes lingered on her son's body and noticed a perfect set of lips on his stomach. They matched what remained of the cherry red shade on her lips. Her gaze lowered to stare at his cock once more and noticed more lipstick smeared around his shaft.

Oh my god what had they done?

"Cover yourself!" Paula snapped. "I'm your goddamn mother."

"Last night you were yelling at me to get naked, this morning its cover up, Make up your damn mind." DJ groused, but grabbed the edge of the comforter at the bottom of the bed and pulled it over his lap.

"You keep talking about last night? What the hell happened?"

"Pretty obvious what happened." DJ grinned. "Happened three times!"

"You're telling me that we had sex." Paula spoke slowly, both to try and stay calm and in hopes more of her memories would rise from her murky mind.

"Sex is an understatement." His smile spread. "You went full blown porn star last night. Shit, you straight out of those Milf gone wild videos."

"Except I'm your milf!" Paula shouted at him, then winced at the pain in her head raising her voice caused.

"You said that last night." DJ clapped his hands continuing to act like this situation was funny.

"I don't remember last night!" She hissed angrily to keep her voice down. "If you weren't so busy laughing about this, you might have figured it out."

"Shit, I was afraid you wouldn't," he sighed

“If you didn’t think I’d remember why the hell did you…” Paula rubbed at her stinging eyes. “Let me start this morning?”

“I thought you did remember, and just wanted more.” He smiled again, but this time a nervous one. “Maybe I was just hoping you wanted more, and this would all be okay.”

“I don’t understand how I don’t remember anything,” Paula sat down in the chair by the window. “I know I haven’t been much of a drinker the last few years, but its not the first time I’ve gotten drunk.”

“It wasn’t what you drank, its what you took.”

“Took? What do you mean?”

“Someone gave you some Molly?”

“What the hell is Molly?” Paula asked.

“Molly is E, you know Ecstasy?” DJ explained. “It’s a party drug that’s big at all the raves. You drink too much with it, it can really mess you up.”

“So messed up I don’t remember taking it, let alone who gave it to me?” She frowned. “Why the hell would I even take it?”

“Because you didn’t know you were.” DJ shook his head. “You got slipped a mickey, Mom.”

“That still doesn’t explain this.” Paula pointed to him. “How the hell did you end up in my bed and us…” she suppressed a shudder. “Having sex?”

“You were all messed up, and kept saying how bad you needed it so…”

“So what?” Paula demanded angrily. “You took advantage of your drunk mother and had sex with me?”

“I would never do that!” he replied indignantly. “Not to any girl, let alone my mother.”

“Then how the hell did this happen?”

“I tried to get you in bed,” he put his hands up defensively at the look on her face. “To sleep, and you came on to me.”

“I came on to you?” Paula rolled her eyes. “Okay, even if I believe I was so out of it I confused you with someone else and wanted you, that doesn’t mean you had to take me up on it.”

“I tried to tell you no, and you kept getting more pissed. In the end you pretty much made me do it.”

“What?” Paula asked incredulously. “I made you have sex with me?”

“You came on real strong and you told me I better do it or…”

“Oh, for fuck’s sake!” Paula shouted across the room. “I can’t make you clean the goddamn garage, but I can make you have sex with me? Your goddamn mother?”

“Yeah,” he shrugged. “Sounds crazy, but jeez, mom the way you looked and the things you were saying and doing.”

“I don’t care if I threw you on the bed and shoved it in your damn face! What would possess you to fuck me?”

Paula got out of the chair and stormed over to the bed and was now yelling in his face.

“DJ, you weigh two hundred goddamn pounds and are as strong as a bull. You could have just tossed my ass onto the bed and walked out!”

“This is my fault that you come home trashed and so goddamn horny that you all but raped your son?” His voice rose as well.

“Raped? You have to be hard to have sex; I can’t just shove it in there.”

“You got me hard,” he shrugged as if they were discussing what he wanted for breakfast. “I kept trying to say no, but once you got naked and started touching me.”

“You shouldn’t want me whether I’m naked or not! I’m not some girl from a bar. I’m your mother, nothing I could do should make you want me.”

“That’s what I figured, but when you started sucking my…” he cringed back and put his hands up when she swatted at him.

“Don’t even say it!” her slap caught him in the forearm rather than his head where she’d been aiming. “You should have stopped me! I’m your…”

“I know you’re my mother!” DJ yelled back at her so loudly, she flinched back. “Know how I know that? Because you kept telling me last night! That you were my mother and I better listen to you!”

“You don’t listen to me when I talk most of the time!” She yelled back. “But you listened when I told you to fuck me?”

“You want me to say I’m sorry?” he threw his hands in the air. “Fine, I’m sorry! But Christ, Mom you got naked, you were yelling at me to take care of you, then you started touching me and I was nervous and confused, and you…” he looked away.

“I what?” Paula pressed. “You haven’t hesitated to say anything yet, don’t stop now.”

“You were kind of forcing me at first, but then it started feeling good, and you kept telling me to see you as a woman, not my mom, and as a woman…” he lowered his voice and looked down at the bed. “I never realized how hot you were.”

“I’m hot.” She laughed without humor. “Hey, why’d you have sex with your mother? Well, you know, she’s hot!”

“You are, and you were talking dirty, and you were all over me and just taking control and I just caved and gave you what you wanted. I thought maybe if I did it once, you’d just pass out and no remember, but then you wanted more, and,”

He looked her in the eye, “At that point I wanted more. You kept telling me how good I was making you feel and how bad you needed it, and all you wanted was for someone to make you feel sexy and...”

He stopped when she shook her head and sat down on the edge of the bed next to him.

“Okay,” She spoke softly. “My lipstick is all over you so I can’t deny I wanted it at some point last night. But this morning I literally didn’t know who you were, or I would have never got you going.”

She put her head in her hands, rubbing at her temples.

“My fault, yours, it doesn’t matter after the fact. What matters is this stays between us and we never bring it up again.”

“But why not?” DJ surprised her by putting his hand on her knee. “We both had a great time, and before we fell asleep, you told me we were going to be having a lot of fun together!”

“Bullshit I said that!” Paula’s anger rose again. “Christ, DJ, I’m trying hard to not think you took advantage of me and blame you for this. Stop lying to get more of what you should have never had.”

“You really think I’d do anything to hurt you?” he asked quietly, and Paula was shocked to see his eyes getting misty. “I love you, Mom. I’d never hurt you.”

“I know it sounds crazy, but in the end when we were just lying here it felt really nice just holding you. It made me feel closer to you.”

“I bet.” She muttered.

“Not in a dirty way either. I mean yeah, we did a lot of dirty things, but I felt like in a weird way we shared something special. I saw you in ways other guys have never seen their mothers, and...I liked it.”

“God, what a mess this is.” Paula sighed. “You sound like you’d really be happy if I let you again.”

“I’d live to, but only if you wanted to.”

“Now that I’m myself, that’s not going to happen.” She pointed to the door. “You need to leave, DJ. We’ll talk about this again later.”

“Come on, Mom. You were loving what we were doing until you realized it was me.”

“Yeah, that son thing is kind of a mood killer.”

DJ frowned, but made no effort to move.

“Honey, you need to get out of my bed.”

“No.” he shook his head. “I’m not leaving until I tell you what happened last night. If you want to try and forget this ever happened, wouldn’t you at least want to know what you’re forgetting?”

“I think I can imagine the details.”

“But you’re blaming me and looking at me like I wronged you. I want to tell you what happened. After that you still want to be mad at me, you can be, but its not fair for me to just own this without you hearing my side.”

Paula stared down at her bare feet. The right thing was to get him out of here and try to gather her thoughts and process this. Then again, when you just had your son’s cock inside you was there even a right thing to do?

He looked genuinely upset at the idea Paula thought he’d hurt her and seemed sincere when he described how it made him happy to make her feel good. Just her luck, after years in a boring marriage, the guy she finds who cares about her needs is her son.

“Okay, DJ, go ahead, and I promise I won’t interrupt.”

Chapter Three

DJ’s head lifted at the sound of a car door slamming. He blinked his eyes to clear them and make out the time on the DVR. It was eleven forty-five. Last time he’d looked at the time it was just after ten.

He sat up from where he’d fallen asleep on the couch while watching a super-hero movie marathon, muttering,

“Living La Via Loca on a Friday night.”

He stretched his arms over his head, wincing at how sore they were. He’d pushed himself too hard at the gym today. Since he’d broken up with Diane all he did other than work was workout and it was taking a toll on him.

But it wasn’t like he had anything else to burn off frustration and excess energy. He was supposed to go out on a blind date tonight with Jim from work. A date that according to his friend would have a happy ending because the girl was also on the rebound and according to Jim, on the easy side.

DJ had never been one for a one-night stand, but just some harmless fun sounded pretty good right now as he was in no hurry to get back into a drama filled relationship. Tonight was just what the doctor ordered.

Jim was so convinced it would end well, that he offered DJ and his date to crash at his house seeing his parents weren’t home and they could have one of the spare bedrooms to play around in.

It was perfect timing not just for him to release some tension, but Mom had warned him she was going out to in her words “Get shitfaced and lucky”. Although he realized his mother was a single woman who worked her ass off and could also use some fun, the idea of being in the house if she came home with a guy was an awkward one.

But when Jim called him at seven, just before he was ready to head over, to tell him the girl he was going to potentially hook up with had got herself grounded. Jim invited DJ to go out with him and his girl anyway, but he didn't want to be a third wheel.

He also didn't want to stay at Jim's while his friend got laid two doors down from DJ whose recent idea of spicing things up was jacking off left handed.

DJ could have gone down to Rick's Sports Pub and have a burger, a few beers and watch the Celtics, but he felt like a loser going out alone. The fact he'd be alone because all his other friends were out with their girls enjoying Friday night the way he used to.

Mom had mentioned she might not come home and would text him if that were the case. DJ would worry if that happened. Since his folk's divorce, his mother had only been on a couple dates and as far as he knew they hadn't panned out.

The idea of her hooking up with a guy she just met and going back to his place bothered him more than someone coming here. Not that she couldn't bring a psycho here, but a guy would be a lot less likely to do something in someone else's house.

Now that he was home, part of him was leaning towards her coming here. That was if she even met anyone. Mom had talked trashed a few times about going out just to get laid, but each time she'd come home drunk, but alone.

Loud voices from the front of the house, caused him to pick up the remote and shut the TV off so he could hear better. Laughter sounded from closer to the house. Male laughter. Mom was bringing someone here!

DJ rose from the couch, leaving the small lamp on, so she could see when she came in. The living room was a bit warm and seeing mom wasn't home he'd taken off his t-shirt and was just in the shorts he'd worked out in.

Grabbing up the shirt along with his socks and sneakers, DJ left the living room, going through the archway that led to the living room. From there he should have ducked into his father's old office which they'd turned into an extra bedroom in case family or friends came in from out of town.

His bedroom was down the hall from his mothers and if he didn't want to hear Jim screwing around, he sure as hell didn't want to hear his mother getting down and dirty. As far as he knew Mom hadn't had sex since well before the divorce and with her work hard play hard attitude, he had no doubt she was going to go wild when she finally broke the ice.

But rather than slip into the room, DJ hovered just inside the dining room with the light off. He really didn't need a visual as far as who Mom had brought home, but as man of the house he felt compelled to scope them out as much as he could from a distance.

He heard mom laugh shrilly just outside the front door, and he had no doubt she was blitzed. He heard keys fumbling in the door, then it swung open, followed by his mother who looked as if she fell through the door man than she'd opened it.

She staggered a couple of steps, before the guy coming in behind her caught her arm and prevented her from falling.

“Easy hot stuff!” He laughed. “If you’re going to be on the floor it should be with me on top of you.”

“Fucking gross.” DJ mumbled.

The front door was to the left of where he lurked, and he couldn’t make out the guy yet other than his hand on his mother’s arm.

“Screw the floor. I have a brand-new bed that needs to be christened.” Mom giggled. “Besides, can’t let my son see his mother with scrapes in her knees, now can we?”

Even grosser. Bed or floor, his face scrunched up at the thought of his mother on her knees for some guy. Mom came into his view and his mouth dropped open.

The woman swaying drunkenly, resting her hand on the couch to stop from falling over, barely resembled his mother, at least not in anyway DJ was accustomed to.

Her one-piece strapless black dress was as painted on and short as anything the girls his age wore to the clubs, and he couldn’t believe his normally professional mother would even look at something like that, never mind wear it.

The dress not only bared her shoulders and a disturbing amount of cleavage, but the hem didn’t even reach her mid-thigh. More mind blowing was the dress was so tight, even from across the room he could see her nipples poking through the thin material of the dress.

Mom’s dirty blonde hair, which was normally straight and always worn up, was down and she’d added curl to it. Her make up was far heavier than usual, especially her lipstick which was a bright red, that like the dress, seemed way too young for her.

DJ’s gaze lowered to take in her legs which were on full display and ended in a pair of black stiletto heels so high he couldn’t believe she could walk in them. He had always been aware his mother was an attractive woman and he’d gotten enough ribbing from some of his friends to know she had a nice body but seeing her like this had him floored.

His eyes had made their way back up to her face and his eyes narrowed. Her face was flush and sweaty, her light green eyes a little too wide. Mom had a weird smile on her face that seemed as if she were stoned more than drunk.

A pair of arms slid around her waist, and a face appeared over her shoulder. Before he brushed her hair to the side and kissed her neck, DJ got a good look at his face, and frowned. The guy looked like he couldn’t be any older than he was.

“Hmm, I like that.” Mom purred while lewdly grinding her ass back into him. “Can’t wait to feel that tongue on my clit.”

“Only after I see those pretty eyes looking up at me.”

“You mean when I suck your cock?” Mom turned around in his grasp and kissed him.

Walk away, DJ told himself while he watched the guy's hands slide down his mother's back and grab her ass. He pulled the dress up and DJ averted his gaze but not before he caught a quick glimpse of his mother's ass which was bare but for a black string between her cheeks.

"You keep doing that, I might let you fuck me right here on the couch." Mom giggled again. "The first time anyway."

She pulled away from him and losing her balance fell onto the couch.

"Wow, I'm hot."

"Damn straight you are." The guy whistled. "Hottest fucking milf I've ever seen."

"No, Danny, I mean really hot. It's cool in here, but I'm sweating." Mom's words were slurring, and she shook her head as if trying to clear it. "Don't think it's from drinking."

"That's okay, your body being all hot and sweaty will make you look even better when I'm fucking you."

"I do need to be naked and have you fucking me." Mom smiled up at him, and even that didn't look right, like she wasn't sure what she was smiling about. "I swear I've never been this damn horny."

"Tell you what, Anna," Danny grabbed the top of her dress and began easing it down over her breasts. "Let's see those big tits you've been shaking at me all night."

"Its Paula," Mom corrected him. She grabbed his hands and pressed them to her now barely covered breasts. "I'm glad you like them; they've been ignored for a long time."

"I'll pay plenty of attention to them, promise." Danny, who didn't seem anywhere near as wasted as his mother, smirked down at her. "Long as you pay a lot of attention to my cock."

"I will honey," Mom gave him another lopsided, dazed smile. "My cunt needs to have something big and stiff in it!"

Mom leaned away from him, settling back into the couch, and lifting her legs in the air. "Fuck me, Danny, fuck me right here!"

"Not until you blow me," He pushed her legs down, and unzipped his jeans. "I want to cum in your mouth the first time." He winked. "That way I can fuck you longer."

"Sounds good to me!" Mom sat back up and wiped at her face. "Goddamn, I'm so fucking hot, and in every way."

She laughed. "Don't know what was on those drinks you bought me, but wow!"

Drinks he'd bought her. Her words echoed in DJ's mind. Mom had mentioned going to a club. She hadn't been to a club in years and had no idea what went on in them. She was sweating, wide eyed and horny as hell, and her smile and that giggling made her seem stoned.

The prick had slipped her something, A Rufie would have her groggy, out of it which was why it was the date rape drug of choice. But Ecstasy was a stimulate and a feel-good drug, and mom had gone out tonight hellbent on feeling good.

“Come on, baby.” Mom pouted up at him, and his mother pouting and looking demure was as out of character for her as that dress and her language. “I want that dick between my pussy lips before these lips.”

“Penny, you’ve been teasing me all night and telling me how much you love sucking cock.” Danny grabbed his mother’s hair and pulled her head towards his cock which he’d just freed from his boxers. “So how about you just be slut we both know you are and...”

“Get your fucking hands of my mother!” DJ stormed into the room, and the look on Danny’s face, when he not only saw DJ coming, but the size of him would have been funny if the situation wasn’t so serious.

“Hey, whoa!” Danny quickly tucked his dick back in his pants. “You said your son wasn’t home!”

“He’s not supposed to be.” Mom looked at him and to his surprise, pointed and yelled. “DJ, mind your business and get the hell out of here.”

“Yeah, DJ!” Danny smirked. “You heard mommy.”

“Kid, I am going knock that smile off your face you get your sleazy ass out of here.” DJ stopped in front of the couch, so he was between his mother and Danny. “You can go out the door or you can go through the window, your choice, punk.”

“Knock it off!” Mom got up from the couch so fast she wobbled and would have fallen backwards if he didn’t put his hand on her shoulder. “I’m a grown ass woman and I’ll do whatever and whoever I want!”

“Not sure you’d want this scumbag if he didn’t slip something in your drink.” He looked at Danny whose eyes moved nervously between DJ and Mom. “Isn’t that right, asshole?”

“Hey, she said she wanted to feel good and cut loose so I figured I’d help her out. Not like I gave her a rufie, man. She knows what she’s doing.”

“And I want to be doing him!” Mom pushed him in the chest but ended up knocking herself back onto the couch. “I never bothered you when you were getting laid, now get lost so I can get fucked.”

“I’m not letting you fuck anyone who drugged you and was talking down to you like you’re some slut.”

“I want to be a slut!” Mom yelled up at him. “I was a good girl way to long and now I want to talk dirty and be dirty and I’m the damn parent here!”

“Yeah, man.” Danny spoke up. “Should have heard her at the club. Your mom talks like a porn star. Shit, she even told me she’d take it in the ass if...Ow!”

Danny yelled in surprised pain, when DJ’s arm flashed out, dealing him a sharp backhand slap in his mouth. Stepping up to him he pushed him in the chest with both hands, sending him staggering a few steps before he fell on his ass.

“You don’t even know her fucking name, you sack of shit.” DJ snarled. “Now you’re going to get up and you can either run out the door or run at me and get the beating you deserve!”

“DJ, stop being an asshole!” Mom yelled behind him. “Danny, you can stay! Just go upstairs and...”

“No fucking way!” Danny sprang to his feet, wiping blood from his mouth. “No piece of ass is worth this shit.” He shot mom a nasty look. “Especially some middle-aged desperate housewife trying to get some young dick in her used up...”

DJ went after him, and he turned and ran for the door. DJ stopped after a few steps, letting him lunge even though what he really wanted to do was smash his head into the wall. He went to the door and locked it, briefly resting his head against the cool wood and taking some deep breaths to calm down.

He turned around in time to see his Mom swinging at him.

“Hey!” he exclaimed as he got his arm up to block it.

“How fucking dare you do that to me!” She swung again, slapping him in the chest. “I’m your goddamn mother!”

“My wasted mother who was about to make a big mistake.” He remained calm, and when she swung awkwardly at him, he stepped to the side, getting behind her and catching her around her waist.

“Put me down!” Mom yelled as he lifted her off her feet and carried her over to the couch.

“Whatever you want, Mom.” He dropped her on the couch where she bounced and would have pitched onto her side if she didn’t stop herself with her hand.

“What I wanted was sex! Is that so much to ask for?”

“No, but, mom that guy drugged you! Don’t you get that?”

“Oh, so what?” She stared angrily at him. “He was right I know what I’m doing, I’m not out of it!”

“You don’t think you’re out of it.” He tried to be patient and keep his voice low. Talk about role reversal, he thought. “What he gave you ramps you up. Its like an upper, but it enhances a lot of things. That’s why you’re so hot and sweaty.”

“Bullshit.”

“Bullshit nothing. You’ve heard of raves? I went to one once and the people who take that stuff get so hot they take their shirts off right there in the club, including the girls and it makes people horny as hell.”

“I was already horny as hell.” She pointed her finger at him, and he noticed she’d done her nails, and they were a perfect match for her lipstick. “I’m still horny! But guess what? My chance to get laid just got tossed out of the house by my son!”

“You would have regretted it, mom.” DJ went to sit down next to her, but she put her hand on the cushion, and taking the hint he rolled his eyes and remained standing.

“That prick would have treated you like trash all night and then went around telling all his friends about the desperate milf he used like a damn whore. Probably post it on his fucking Facebook or Twitter.”

“It was my decision to regret.” She insisted, but her voice had lowered. “What right did you have to take that away from me?”

“I love, mom.” He brushed her sweat dampened hair from her face. “That’s what gives me the right to look out for you.”

Mom put her hand over his and pressing it to her cheek nodded.

“Good reason, I guess. But you still should have listened to me.”

“From now on as long as it doesn’t involve something that might hurt you, I’ll listen to you?”

“Promise?” Mom stared at him with an odd look on her face he attributed to her current state of drunkenness.

“Promise.”

“Anything I say, you’ll listen?”

“When dad left that made me the man of the house and part of that is trying to take care of you anyway I can. So yes, whatever you want, Mom.”

“You are the man of the house,” she said, her voice now so soft he could barely hear her. “Your job is to take care of me.”

“Absolutely, so why don’t I take care of you by helping you to bed?”

“I’d like that.” Mom seemed much calmer. No, it was more than that. Her tone was distant as if she were thinking of something.

More likely than not, she was coming down and with any luck, she’d pass out as soon as he got her in bed.

“I don’t think I can make it up the stairs.” She gave him the pout she’d flashed at Danny and added, looking up at him through her long lashes. “Will you carry me upstairs, baby? Please?”

“No problem, but where the hell did baby come from?” DJ asked as she stood up and put her arm around his shoulders.

“Because you’re my baby,” She giggled when he leaned over and swept his arm behind her knee, effortlessly lifting her into his arms. “My baby boy!”

“Yeah, sure whatever you say, Mom.”

“It will be whatever I say, because you promised you’d listen to me.”

DJ simply nodded. She wasn't making any sense and there was no point in encouraging that. He crossed the room, and with a laugh, Mom kicked her feet like a little girl while he carried her towards the stairs.

"Damn, you're strong." She nuzzled her head into his chest. "And how do people say it now? Jacked?"

"Thanks, I guess."

"You're really a good looking man, DJ." He froze with his foot on the first step when she kissed his chest. "I did a good job!"

"Did you just kiss my chest?"

"I did. I'm your mom, I can kiss you anywhere I want!" She kissed his nipple and he was so surprised he almost dropped her. "Mom!"

"Sorry, couldn't resist," she giggled.

"Try harder." DJ grunted as he carried her up the stairs.

"I miss being close to you," she whispered. "You used to snuggle up with me in bed and we'd watch movies."

"I was twelve the last time we did that," he reminded her.

"And a skinny geeky little boy with braces. Now look at you! Tall, strong, tan and those pretty eyes of yours." She giggled again and he grated his teeth against the increasingly annoying sound.

"You have my eyes, and my hair. Maybe that's why you're so good looking."

"That's part of it." He walked her down the corridor to her room, moving faster to get her into bed, where she'd hopefully just fall asleep.

"Think I'm pretty?"

"You're very pretty, mom."

"Think I'm sexy?"

What the hell kind of question was that?

"You're very pretty, mom," he repeated.

They'd reached her room, and DJ turned sideways as he stepped through so her legs or head wouldn't hit the frame.

"Girls your age are pretty. I'm a woman."

"I know, a grown ass woman according to Danny the rapist." DJ carried her to her bed, and gently lowered her onto it. "Get some sleep, mom."

“Tell you who’s grown up, you are.” Mom sat up and turned so she was sitting on the side of the bed. “You are one hell of a man, DJ.” She reached out and ran her nails lightly down his stomach.

“Look at this six pack. Only way most guys my age have one of those is if it’s in the fridge.” She laughed, and he rolled his eyes.

“Lay back down and go to sleep,” he insisted. “I’ll go downstairs and bring you up a couple bottles of water and leave them on your nightstand. If you wake up, drink one, so you don’t dehydrate.”

“Such a good boy.” Mom’s voice had lowered into a smoky purr that reminded him of the way the models in the cam girl ads on porn sites, talked. “You really are the man of the house, taking care of me in every way.”

“You took good care of me.” He shrugged. ‘Still do, so why wouldn’t I help you?’”

“Good point.” Mom cocked her head and this time her smile made him uneasy.

DJ wasn’t cocky but did know women found him attractive. He’d had countless chances to cheat on Diane with both girls his age and older women who’d made it clear they’d be more than happy to fool around with him.

But DJ wasn’t like that and had never taken them up on it. The young girls were giggly and flirty, and would act pouty and upset when he said no. The older women, including the wives of a couple of his co-workers he’d met at company functions would simply give him an up and down and smile at him.

Their smiles were confident, sultry, and outright predatory. When he showed no interest, the smile would remain as if saying, “Oh, you know you’re going to come around sooner or later.”

Right now, he swore that was the smile mom had on her face. The fact her still wide glossy eyes were roaming up and down his chest, and even worse, staring down at his crotch enforced that bizarre thought.

He hadn’t expected to see her tonight and in addition to being shirtless he didn’t have underwear on under the shorts and as the expression went, nothing was really left to the imagination.

“You didn’t answer my question, DJ.” Mom grabbed the waist band of his shorts, and he flinched, but all she did was hold it so he couldn’t move. What the hell did he think she was going to do?

“Do you think I’m sexy?”

“Sexy and mom shouldn’t be in the same sentence.” He grabbed her wrist and eased her hand from his shorts. “I’m going downstairs to get some water.”

“Not until you answer me.”

“Mom...”

“DJ!” She mocked him. “I’ll make a deal with you. Answer my question and I’ll go to sleep.”

“No.”

“Why won’t you answer me?”

“That was the answer. No, I don’t think you’re sexy.” That was somewhat of a lie because in that dress, the shoes, the wild hair, and the slutty make-up, he had to admit she really did fall under milf criteria as his friends would call it.

“Really?” She looked upset and DJ knew it was the drug, it enhanced every emotion. “Not at all? That’s why I dressed like this and went out. I’ve been lonely, and its been a long time and I just wanted someone to think I’m sexy and want me.”

“I don’t think you’re hot, because you’re my mom,” he explained. “Its hard for me to see you that way because I’m not supposed to.”

“Oh.” Mom brightened. “That’s not so bad, then.”

She lifted her feet from the floor, pushing the tips of her heels against his knees.

“Honey, will you take my shoes off?” She had the demure look again. “I can’t sleep in them, but I think if I bend over, I’ll fall over.”

“Fine.” DJ went to get on his knees, but Mom lay back on the bed, propping herself up on her elbows and lifted her leg so her foot level with his face. “Um, okay.”

DJ eased the heel from her foot and tossed it over into a corner so she wouldn’t trip over it if she got out of bed during the night.

“Rub for a minute? They’re knew and they were killing my feet all night.”

DJ sighed, but cradled her warm soft foot in his hand, rubbing the ball of her foot with his thumb while rubbing massaging her heel with the other hand.

“Hmm, that feel so nice.” Mom cooed. “Like my toes? I just had them done today.”

Her toes were in the same red as her fingers and lips, and DJ nodded absently as he continued to massage her foot.

“Got a Pedi too, feel how soft and smooth they are.”

“Glad you pampered yourself.”

“I’m tired of pampering myself.” Mom removed her foot from his hand and raised her other leg. “I need someone to pamper me.”

“Start dating, you’ll find him.”

“I don’t want to date; I want to fuck. I could have been fucking right now.”

She was back to sounding pissed, and DJ kept telling himself he’d done the right thing by tossing Danny out, but he was going to keep hearing about it.

“Well, you’re not, and trust me, mom.” DJ spoke while slipping her other shoe off. “You’ll thank me for this.”

“Maybe you’re right, DJ.” Rather than lower the foot he’d just rubbed, she placed it on his chest. “Maybe I will be thanking you.” She winked. “Or you’ll be thanking me.”

“Mom, what are you doing?” DJ looked down to where she rubbed her foot up and down on his chest.

“You think feet are sexy?” She curled her red toes into his skin. “Before I met your dad, I dated a guy that loved feet. Used to say there was nothing sexier than a soft pretty foot on his chest or shoulder while he fucked.”

“Okay, I think we’re done here.” DJ let her other foot go, but Mom placed that on his stomach.

“Not yet.” The weird smile was still on her face. “We never finished talking about whether or not you thought I was sexy.”

“We did. I said you’re my mom, and I can’t see you that way.”

“Let’s play a game.” Mom continued to slide her feet along his stomach and chest, and feeling uncomfortable, he went to step back, but she hooked her toes into the waist of his shorts. “Stay right there. This is part of the game.”

“Your playing footsie with me is part of the game?” he raised his eyebrows.

“Honey, if this were footsie my feet would be on your cock.” She giggled. “That guy I told you about loved foot jobs.”

“What’s the game, mom?” DJ had no desire to do anything but get out of there, but he was pretty sure in the mood she was in if he left, she might follow him.

“It’s a game of pretend. We’re going to pretend I’m not your mom.”

“Okay.”

“You see me at a club. In this dress and those fuck me shoes and you think...what?”

“I...” he stopped when her feet resumed moving.

They were soft and her red nails and much fairer complexion looked good against his deep tan. He thought about her comment about a woman’s feet looking good on a man’s chest during sex. Mom’s legs were up, and the already insanely short dress had ridden up. His eyes followed her legs up to the inside of her upper thigh.

He swallowed nervously at the sight of black lace between her thighs and quickly averted his gaze.

“You what?” Mom prompted him. “Would you think, wow, look at her, or would you think, shit lady, dress your age?”

“I guess I’d think you looked good.”

“Just good? In this painted on micro dress with no bra, and so short if I bend over you’d see my ass? With my hair teased out and my best slut red lipstick? Good is all I’d get?”

“What do you want me to say, mom?”

“The truth. I want you to think of me coming over and taking your hand. We’re dancing and I’m grinding my ass all over you, and your hands are wandering, and...”

“Mom, you’re crossing the line here!” DJ snapped, and his anger was directed more at himself as he found his eyes on his mother’s chest, her large breasts ready to spill out of the skimpy dress, and her erect nipples poking through the fabric.

Why were her nipples hard? Why did she sound like a phone sex operator while she was talking? The Ecstasy, he reminded himself. She’d already been horny, and she’d taken a drug that would enhance that feeling.

“If I’m only your mom, nothing I say should matter.” She gave him a sly smile. “Or are you the one crossing the line?”

“Just get back to whatever weird game we’re playing.”

“You’re dancing with me, and I have you all hot and bothered, and you’re checking me out. I have a nice set of tits, I mean maybe they’re just a little lower than they used to be, but they’re still impressive.”

“I know I have nice legs, all those years playing tennis saw to that. My ass might have just a little jiggle and my thighs are a little softer than they used to be, but I think I still have a damn fine body. A nice lush, mature body that needs some attention.”

All this was delivered in that low husky voice and her feet still moving, but this time both on her stomach and her right foot had slipped onto his shorts a couple of times, dangerously close to his cock.

His cock that was beginning to stir at his mother’s vivid descriptions and phone sex voice. Mom wasn’t the only one sweating, and he was breathing harder as she kept going.

“I tell you all the things I want to do. How I miss sucking cock and how I want you suck you and let you drain your balls in my mouth. How I want to shove my pussy in your face and have you eat it until I cum on your face.”

“Okay, mom, I get it.”

“Oh, you’d be getting it. I’ll tell you how bad I need that young hard cock in my hot wet neglected little cunt, and not just once but all night long in every position and every time you think we’re done I’ll take your dick in my mouth and suck you hard while I get to taste my pussy from your...”

“Enough!” DJ pushed her feet down from him. “I’m your goddamn son, you shouldn’t be talking like a goddamn porn star to me.”

“Answer the question, DJ.” Mom didn’t seem upset by his yelling. “If that all happened what would you say about me? Would you think I was hot? Would you want to take me home and...”

“Okay, okay!” DJ cut her off. “You’re a damn hot woman and if you weren’t my mom, I’d be all over you!” He stopped himself from saying anymore because even that sounded way to awkward considering she was his mother.

“Now was that so hard?” Mom’s eyes shifted and this time there as no doubt she was staring between his legs. “Hmm, not hard yet, but looks like we’re getting there.”

“Goodnight, mom.” DJ went to turn, but she leaned forward and caught his shorts again.

“No goodnight kiss?”

DJ managed not to roll his eyes as he leaned over her and went to kiss her cheek. Mom, caught the side of his face, holding him there, and turning her head at the last second kissed him on the lips.

“Jeez!” DJ pulled back. “What was that?”

“A start,” she sighed. “Not much of one though. Let’s try again.”

“Mom what the hell are you talking about?”

Mom rose to her feet and when she stepped towards him, he took a step back.

“What I’m talking about is seeing you’re the man of the house your job is to take care of me, right?”

“Yeah,” he answered warily.

“I need to be taken care of, DJ, and seeing you were the one that stopped that from happening I’ve decided you’re the one who is going to have to make it happen.”

“Mom, what the hell are you talking about?”

“Funny, I’m the one who’s drunk, but you’re the one who can’t figure out the obvious.”

She beckoned him with her finger. “Come over here.”

He hesitated and she hissed angrily. “I said get over here!”

When he walked over to her, she put her hands on his shoulders, and turned him to the side. DJ allowed her too wondering what she was up to, then gasped in surprise when she gave him a shove.

His legs hit the back of the bed and he fell into a sitting position. Mom stepped up between his legs and smiled down at him. “You really don’t know what I want, DJ?”

“No, I…” he stopped when she put her finger to his lips.

“You, my good-looking man of the house are going to fuck me.”

Chapter Four

“What did you just say?” DJ tried to rise from the bed, but she shoved him back down again.

“You heard me,” Mom whispered. “I wanted to spend the night getting fucked by a hot young stud, and there’s one right here in front of me.”

“I’m your damn son!” DJ couldn’t believe what he was hearing. “How many of those pills did that asshole slip you?”

“Know how we were just pretending I wasn’t your mother? Well, I’m going to pretend you’re not my son, just some lucky young man who is going to get the ride of a lifetime.”

“You...you can’t be serious.” DJ refused to believe she could be. No amount of drugs or booze should be able to cause this.

“Don’t think so?” Mom grabbed the hem of her dress and with no hesitation peeled it up over her head and tossed it across the room. “Still think I’m playing?”

“Jesus!” He exclaimed as his mother stood there naked except for a black lace thong.

He looked away, but not before getting a good look at his mother’s breasts. Not that he’d ever given them any thought, but it was obvious his mother was big on top. Seeing them exposed, they were even bigger than he thought.

Her large nipples were the color of wine, and as he’d already known, hard and pointing right at him. Her stomach was smooth and flat. Her hips and thighs weren’t exactly slender but went along perfectly with her bust.

In the couple of seconds before he’d done the right thing and averted his gaze, he went back to her game of getting him to pretend she wasn’t his mother. After even that brief look, he knew if she wasn’t, he’d have her in the bed and be on top of her so fast she wouldn’t know what happened.

What the hell kind of thought was that? She was his mother. His out of her mind mother.

“Look at me.” He yelped when she grabbed his hair and yanked his head to the side to face her. “Look my tits, don’t tell me you don’t want them.”

“Mom, you need to stop.” He could hear the nerves in his voice as she forced him to stare at her breasts, which he had to admit were damn impressive. “I’m your son.”

“Stop saying that!” She took his face between her hands, keeping him facing her tits which were less than a foot from his face.

“I know who you are and who I am. But right now, you’re a young man who is going to fuck me senseless! If you want to see me as a milf or your mother, I don’t really care.”

She pulled his head forward and pushed her breast in his face. “Suck that tit!”

DJ tried to turn his head, but she held him tightly by the hair. He closed his eyes as she pushed her swollen nipple against his lips.

“Suck on it.” Mom swung her leg over his knee and sat down, straddling his leg. “Come on, baby, be good to me!”

Her tone had changed from aggressive to one of frustration. She moved side to side, sliding her nipple across his lips and pushing her soft sweaty breast into his face. Her thong was wet on his thigh, and even through it he felt the heat from between her legs.

She ground into his leg, and DJ felt his cock beginning to respond. He knew he shouldn't be aroused at all; this was his mother. But she was also close to naked, shoving her tits at him, so was so goddamn wet!

“You know you want to,” Mom whispered as if she'd been reading his mind. “Who cares I'm your mother? Not like we're going to tell anyone. Now go on and open wide and suck on that tit.”

DJ put his hands on her hips, and he knew if he wanted to he could lift her off him, and get the hell out of the room. That's what he should do, his nose was filled with her perfume and her way to perfect tits were right there.

Maybe if he humored her a little, she'd realize it was wrong and stop. Or maybe he'd give in long enough for her to get off him and he'd bolt out of the room.

DJ parted his lips, and when he flicked his tongue tentatively across her nipple, her reaction caused his semi hard cock to stiffen even more.

“Yes!” Mom gasped, her hips grinding harder into his leg as she pushed her nipple into his mouth. “That's it, baby boy, show me how much you want that tit.”

Her words, ones no mother should ever say to her son, sent another surge through his now close to fully hard cock. This time he did suck her nipple into his mouth and mom let her head fall back, moaning as he swirled his tongue around her hard flesh, while he held it between his lips.

“So good!” Mom groaned. “Don't be shy, baby! Play with them!”

She released his face and grabbed his wrists, pulling his hands to her breasts. Again, DJ realized he was far stronger than her and could have resisted but didn't. The moment she put his hands on her breasts, he squeezed them, marveling at both their size and how firm, yet soft her flesh was.

“That's it,” Mom purred. “They might not be as perky as the tits your little girlfriend had, but they're still nice, no?”

“Damn fine,” he said softly, while telling himself he was humoring, but knowing all along he meant it.

DJ licked and sucked on her nipple with far more enthusiasm than he'd planned while rubbing her other nipple between his fingers.

“You look good sucking that tit, but this one's jealous.” Mom shifted to the side, offering her other nipple, and DJ didn't hesitate to switch off, now sucking that one and fondling the other.

Mom moaned and rocked back and forth on his now wet sticky thigh. She wrapped her arms around his neck, and arched her back, pushing her nipple further into his now un-protesting mouth.

Her hands moved, roaming up and down his back and across his shoulders, her nails teasing lightly along his skin.

“You are so goddamn fine,” she breathed. “God, I can’t wait to see you over me.” She paused to moan when, this time with no prompting he switched back to sucking her other nipple. “And under me, and behind me.”

She grabbed his face and pulled it from her breasts and lowering her face to his kissed him hard. DJ resisted for a few seconds, but when her tongue slipped across his lips, he parted them and groaned when it invaded his mouth.

Mom moaned into their kiss, rocking faster on his leg, her tits now pressed into his chest as she kissed him. This time it was his hands wandering, slipping around her waist and sliding up her hot sweaty back.

The heat and moisture of her skin was an unexpected thrill, and he received another when he slipped his hands higher and into her sweat dampened hair. Her thighs were pressed around his, and at this point he had a full-blown raging hard on that was bent painfully in his shorts.

Mom’s hands went between them, leaning back slightly so she could run them down his chest and stomach. “So sexy,” she purred, as she caressed his stomach. “So hard!”

She dropped her hand into his crotch and gasped, “So fucking hard!”

Mom rose from his leg and once again caught him by surprise by shoving him hard in the chest, causing him to lay back on the bed. He’d barely hit it when her hands were on his shorts, unsnapping them and ripping his zipper down.

Her actions, and the look of absolute lust in her eyes, snapped him out of whatever had possessed him to play with her tits and let him kiss her. When Mom reached into his shorts, her fingers seeking his cock, she grabbed her wrists and pushed her hands away while sitting up.

“Enough!” He said it louder and with more force than he meant to, and he knew part of that was because he was pissed off, he’d touched her and had been aroused by doing it. “We can’t do this.”

“I can do whatever I goddamn want, little boy.” His denying had brought her lust driven anger back. “Now you lie back and let me have what I want. Trust me, DJ ten seconds in my mouth and you’ll never tell me no again.”

DJ stood up from the bed and this time when she went to push him, caught her hands and held them.

“Hmm?” She smiled. “You want to play rough? Want to hold me down? We can do that.”

“I want you to get in bed.”

“That’s what I want.” She tugged against his grip and he let her go. “But with you.”

“That’s called incest, mom.” He tried to reason with her. “Its wrong, this is wrong. You need to sleep it off.”

“Get your ass on the bed, now.” She stared into his eyes. “Darren Phillips Junior, you listen to your mother, and you do as I say.”

“And if I don’t?”

“Then you’re a goddamn liar.” She poked him hard in the chest. “You told me you were the man of the house and it was your job to take care of me.” She jabbed him again. “Take care of me!”

“Not like that, Mom! I can’t do that.”

“Then why the hell were you hard?” Mom glanced down, and smirked. “Why are you still hard?”

“Because you...” he frowned.

“Because you let yourself relax and you had your mother’s big tits in your face. So how about you just lay back, relax again, and let me show you how much fun this can be.”

She caught him surprise by slipping her hand into his shorts and grabbing his cock. He released a surprised groan when she squeezed him and pre cum squirted down his thigh.

“Get these damn things off!” Mom pumped his cock as hard as she could with his cock, pinned along his thigh by his shorts, and he tried to grab her wrist again.

Moving quicker than he expected. She pulled her hand away, grabbed the edge of his shorts and yanked them down to his knees.

“Hey!” he exclaimed leaning over to grab them as his fully erect cock bobbed between his legs.

As soon as he bent over, mom threw herself against him. Off balance, he fell back onto the bed with her on top of him. Mom tried to kiss him again, but this time he turned his head. Undeterred her lips found his neck, kissing and sucking hard.

Her tits were squished into his chest, and her leg had come up onto the bed, her knee just below his cock. DJ squirmed beneath her, pushing himself across the bed and trying to slide out from under her, even if it meant he’d fall off onto the floor.

Apparently, that was exactly what his mother wanted him to do. As soon as his feet were on the bed, and he prepared to push off and send himself off the bed, Mom slid down between his legs. She grabbed his cock and without a second’s hesitation took it into her mouth.

“Oh fuck!” DJ called out as his mother bobbed her head rapidly, sucking his cock deeper each time her head went down.

“Hmm!” Mom moaned, her eyes rolling back as she opened her mouth wider, and took his sizable cock so deep, her lips were pressed against his public mound.

“Oh shit!” he groaned. In the three years they’d been together, Diane couldn’t even come close to taking him this deep. Deep, what the hell was he thinking.

“Mom, please!” he reached down to try and push her away, but she grabbed his hands and pushed them down.

Still holding his hands, she resumed sucking, now giving him a hand’s free blow job. She sucked him deep again, this time pausing and holding him in her warm wet mouth. DJ moaned tried to move his arms, but she held him tight, and again he found he wasn’t trying nearly as hard as he could.

Mom shook her head side to side, working his cock around in her mouth, and he released a low moan as despite his reluctance it felt incredible. Mom released his cock and stared up at him.

“How’s that look, DJ? How’s your big dick look in your mother’s mouth? Bet there’s been a lot of times you wished I would shut up, well here’s your chance to shut me up by keeping my mouthful of cock.”

She spit a glob of sticky pre-cum laced spit onto his cock, and as it slid down his now lipstick smeared shaft sucked him back into her mouth. DJ lay there moaning and breathing hard as his mother resumed blowing him.

She had her mouth open around him, allowing spit to flow from the sides of her mouth as she worked him. The wet slurping sounds she made interspersed with her moaning as if sucking him was pleasing her as much as it was him had his arms limply by his sides, not even struggling with her anymore.

“Yeah,” She slipped him from her mouth and smiled through her sticky lips. “That’s it, baby. You just lie there and let it happen. Don’t try and pretend you don’t like it. I watch those mommy movies; it doesn’t take much for a son to want to fuck his mother.”

“Huh?” He blinked. “Movies, I...”

“Stop thinking and enjoy your mother’s mouth.”

She let his hands go, and his eyes rolled back when she cupped his balls with one hand, while pumping his slick cock with the other.

“Think my mouth feels good? Wait until your inside my sloppy wet cunt. Then you’ll really be moaning for me.”

She dipped her head, and pushing his cock back, sucked on his balls. DJ continue to moan like a reject in a porn audition as his mother sucked on each of his balls, before swirling her tongue around them.

She worked her tongue along the length of his shaft, pausing to flutter it around his sensitive tip before sucking him back down. She gave him several quick hard sucks that made him gasp, then released him, a trail of spit and pre cum, dripping down her chin and onto her tits.

Mom stood and hooking her fingers into her thong pushed it down over her hips. DJ couldn’t seem to look away as the thong lowered to expose her smooth pink slit. She was so wet, the thong peeled from her skin, and as she worked it lower, she turned around, giving him a view of her ass.

Mom bent over, showing off not only her well-rounded ass, but her glistening pussy peeking out between her thighs. She straightened, kicking the thong away, then turned back to him.

“You like?” She slid her hand between her legs, rubbing her pussy. “Seeing I wanted some young cock; I went nice and smooth like all the cute little girls your age do.”

She spread herself open and brought her other hand down to tease her clit with her red tipped finger. “Ready to give me what I need?”

She put her knee up on the bed, and now that he was free of his mother’s disturbingly skilled mouth, DJ managed to try and push himself away from her.

“No, you don’t!” Mom swung her other leg up, swinging it over his hips so she was straddling him.

Rising on her knees, she grabbed his twitching cock, slid it through her soft wet lips, and shoved him inside of her.

“Yes!” Mom cried out as she dropped down, driving his cock deep into her hot and incredibly wet pussy. “Oh, fuck that’s deep!”

Mom wiggled her hips, an expression of discomfort on her face, but she was moaning softly as she worked his cock inside her, and DJ could feel her warm flesh spreading around his sizable cock.

“Been a long time.” Mom breathed as she switched to rocking back and forth. “Honey, you have such a nice cock!”

DJ lay there stunned, staring at his naked mother, riding his cock. As much as he knew this was wrong, two thoughts kept running through his mind. The first was his mother looked sexy as fuck.

The sweat glistening on her body, those big beautiful tits and that wild look on her face. Her hair partially covered her face, as soft whimpers and moans came from her full parted lips. The lips that had just been around his cock, giving him the best head he’d ever had.

Mom brushed her hair from her face and leaning back bounced gently on his cock. She cupped her breasts and sighed as she stroked her nipples with her thumbs, adding to her incredible look. The other, and probably worse thought was that his mother’s pussy felt amazing.

Hotter and wetter than any he’d felt before, she was also surprisingly tight and each time she lowered herself onto him, her she contracted around his cock, making him gasp each time she did it.

“Nice trick, isn’t it?” She moaned. “Bet the little girls you’ve been with can’t do that.”

She bounced harder and faster, and leaning over, braced her hands on his chest, her nails digging into his chest.

“How’s your mother look riding you?” She leaned over and pushed her tits in her face, and when he caught her left nipple between his lips and sucked on it, she laughed. “And you tried to pretend you didn’t want to fuck me.”

Her words echoed through his mind. He was fucking his mother. His drunk, drugged, and not in her right mind mother.

“Mom, get off.”

“I plan on it.” Mom giggled and swung her other tit into his face. “Several times!”

“No, get off me!” He grabbed her hips, and tried to push, but she leaned down, and sliding her arms beneath him, held herself tightly against him.

“I’m not getting off you until you give me a good fucking.” She hissed in his ear. “And if you don’t want to fuck me, then I’ll fuck you!”

Mom worked her hips up and down, pounding her wet pussy onto his cock. DJ moaned and even as he put his hands on her shoulders trying to pry her off him, he felt his cock grow harder within the hot confines of his mother’s pussy.

“Going to ride you like a prize bull fucking bull!” Mom groaned as she worked her hips with a speed and force that he thought only existed in porn.

DJ moaned louder as despite his efforts and desire to get her to stop, his cock was thoroughly enjoying being plunged repeatedly into her descending pussy. She was so wet he could hear it every time she drove him deep and his thighs and the area around his cock were wet and sticky.

Mom moaned and yelped in his ear as she mercilessly worked his cock, her sopping wet slit, slamming down onto him hard enough to make the bed rock.

“I needed this so bad,” she whispered. “No date, no talking, no romance, just a good old-fashioned hardcore fuck.”

“Mom...I...oh, god,” DJ released a long groan as between her short, but intense sucking, his nerves, and this assault she considering ‘fucking’ his legs were trembling and his cock twitching inside her.

As much as he didn’t want to he was close to coming, and there was nothing he could do to stop it. No, stop lying, he could easily throw them to the side and roll off her. Excuses, he was making excuses.

But maybe if he came, she’d stop. As it was, he was already guilty of fucking her, would it really make it any worse if he came? It would, shit she was fucking him bareback. Jesus, what is she wasn’t on anything?

That thought sent a surge of panic through him, but he was so close, and mom had switched to pushing down on him, keeping his cock inside her and working her hips in a circular motion.

“You going come, baby? You going to give it to me?”

“Mom,” he whimpered in frustration as he struggled to hold back. “I...can’t help it.”

“You’re not supposed to..” Mom giggled and when he was so close his hips began jerking, thrusting up into her she lifted herself off him. “But can’t have you coming inside me now, can we?”

DJ experienced a moment of relief as his cock was eased from inside her, followed by one of frustration because he was so close, he wasn’t going to be unable to stop. Mom slipped down the bed, so she was kneeling between his legs, and leaning over took him back into her mouth.

“No!” he gasped as she sucked him hard and fast. “Mom, I can’t stop, I... Oh fuck!”

His cock exploded in her mouth, and Mom's already wide eyes managed to open even more when he sent a long spurt deep down her throat. But the moan she emitted as she continued to suck his squirting cock and the look of bliss on her face, told him she was genuinely turned on by him coming in her mouth.

DJ writhed on the bed as he struggled with the mixed feeling shooting his load into a warm wet mouth. But it was his mother's mouth! Mom sucked harder, and cupped his balls, rubbing them as if trying to coax every drop from them.

Her eyes were on his, a bold look of lust in her eyes as she slurped and sucked, working hard to drain her son's balls down her willing throat.

"Oh, goddamn." DJ's body relaxed, and he lay there with his heart pounding as his mother held his spent cock between her lips, gently sucking on just the tip.

Mom eased his tip from her mouth, then wagged her tongue at him, showing off the creamy fluid on it, before sliding it back into her mouth and swallowing.

"That was a lot." She kissed his balls, causing him to jump. "Guess I'm not the only one who needed it."

She sat back on her knees. "Sorry I didn't let you come inside, but that wouldn't have been right."

"None of this is right," he muttered as he tried to catch his breath all the while thinking he'd just fucked his mother.

"It would be pretty nasty if you came inside me, then ended up with a mouthful of yourself." She laughed. "They call that a cream pie, right?"

"Huh?" He propped himself up on his elbows. "What are you talking about?"

"What, you think you came and it's all over?" Her face scrunched up in disgust. "What are you, your father?"

"I...Holy crap!"

Mom leaned forward and grabbing his wrists caught him by surprise and yanked his arms out to the side. He fell back as mom slid up over him, and before he could react planted her knees on his arms, pinning them to the bed.

She grabbed the headboard and pulling on it slid herself up until her knees were now on his shoulders, and he found himself staring up at her pussy hovering inches over his face.

"Make me come!" She dropped down, pressing her pussy into his trapped face.

"Mom, stop!" His muffled words were spoken into her pussy as she moved her hips, sliding her wet sticky lips across his.

"Lick my pussy!" He could barely make out her words with her thighs around his head.

DJ's nose was filled with the scent of her pussy, as she ground her hot flesh into his face. He bent his arms, but mom grabbed them, and leaned back, pushing them back down, and using them to brace herself as worked her hips.

In this position he could breath better and could look up, to see her staring down at him.

"What are you waiting for? Eat my cunt until I come!" She demanded.

She worked her pussy up and down his face, her swollen clit rubbing against his lips. As he had before, DJ resisted for a minute, but when she wouldn't stop, repeated the mistake he'd made before and stuck his tongue out.

Mom gasped when it met her clit, and slid higher up on his face, sliding his tongue inside her.

"Fuck yeah!" Mom cried out, moving up and down, pushing his tongue into her. "Tongue fuck me!"

DJ did the best he could with his head unable to move, and mom pushed herself back up, so she was once again sitting on his face and grinding into it. But before she could grab the headboard to balance herself, DJ grabbed her arms and pulled her backwards.

Mom yelped and fell onto her back next to him, and DJ sat up, and went to get off the bed.

"No!" Mom grabbed his arm. "I need to come, honey! I need to come so bad!"

"Mom..."

"I made you come, didn't I? I sucked your cock and rode you then I swallowed every drop!" She was staring up at him, her lower lip trembling. "I was good to you, baby! Be good to me! Be good to your mother!"

Get up, this is your chance he thought, but remained staring down at her where she lay stretched out, naked on the bed. His eyes moved up and down her incredible body, lingering between her thighs.

He could smell his mother's pussy on his face, and the image of her first riding him, then sucking him off were on a loop in his confused mind. Seeing him looking at her, mom smiled.

"You think I'm sexy, don't you?" Her smile widened. "I just want someone to appreciate my body and want to make me happy! Please make happy!" She pushed her lip out further, her eyes peering up through her lashes. "Just make me come, DJ."

She sighed when he hesitated. "I'll leave you alone. I promise. I wanted to keep fucking you, but if you lick my pussy and make me come, I'll just go to sleep, okay?"

"Promise?" What? What was wrong with him, making a deal like this? Get the hell out of the room.

Mom put her hand on his thigh, then grasped his semi hard and still dripping cock. "I took good care of this beautiful cock; only fair you be good to my needy little pussy.

"I..."

"DJ You fucked me, and I blew you, will licking my pussy matter at this point?"

She'd spoken the exact thing he was thinking as the newly awakened part of him that was seeing his mother as not just an attractive woman, but the hottest damn milf he had ever seen.

"You want to, DJ. I see it in your eyes." Mom lifted her long leg, and slid her foot along his chest, before slipping it over his shoulder.

She hooked her ankle around his head and pulled him down. DJ could have easily resisted, but he allowed himself to be drawn towards his mother's glistening pink slit. Before he knew it, he was on his stomach between her legs, her foot sliding back and forth along his back.

"Right here." She spreader her pussy open and stroked her clit. "Come give your mother a kiss goodnight."

DJ licked his lips, and his heart racing, leaned in and lightly flicked his tongue across her swollen button. Mom's hips jerked and she moaned softly when he did it again, this time tracking a slow circle around it.

"That's nice," she sighed. "I'm sorry I tried to make you do it. I wanted you to want me, and I got mad when you didn't seem to want to."

"Its okay." He surprised himself by sliding his hand between her legs and easing two fingers inside her. God she was wet!

"Look at you," she placed her other foot on his shoulder, and let her head reax onto the pillow. "You do want to take care of your mother."

As twisted as it was each time she referred to herself as his mother it sent a thrill through him and all he could think of was the movie Taboo, and how everyone loved it, even though they weren't to. Hence the name, he thought as he pushed his fingers deep inside of her forbidden flesh.

He kissed her clit, then sucked it between his lips. Mom moaned his name, and he was aware of is cock stiffening, pushing into the mattress beneath him. He pumped his fingers as he alternately licked and sucked her clit.

Mom moaned and her hips moved each time he licked or sucked a little harder and he had no doubt as worked up as she was, he could make her come quickly. That's what he should have been trying to do.

Make her come, hold her to her word and leave while she slept it off, and then hope to hell she wouldn't remember any of this because if she did, they were headed for some serious awkwardness.

Instead, DJ found he was taking his time and taking far too much pleasure in licking his mother's pussy. Everything from her scent, to the smooth bald pink flesh. How wet she was, the way her soft thigh trembled beneath his hand as he rested it there.

He pumped his fingers in time with sucking her clit and mom's moans and whimpers added to the taboo heat running through him. His mother, the strong professional woman who had always been fair, but tough on him, now lying on her back, legs spread and moaning his name as he licked her pussy.

His mother as that desperate sexy milf she'd told him to see her as. Lusty, wanton, talking dirty and riding him like a damn wild cat, and sucking him off like the women he thought only existed in porn and Letters to Penthouse stories.

She'd been forceful and aggressive, all but raping him when she'd fucked him, but now she was lying back, a moaning trembling hot mess, moving her hips and yearning for the orgasm that would only come when he wanted it to.

His thoughts fueling a lust more twisted than his mother's because unlike her he was sober; DJ boldly introduced a third long thick finger inside her.

"Such a good boy," Mom groaned, her toes curling into his shoulder and back. "You know what I need, don't you, baby?"

Baby had made him nervous earlier, now he saying it served to heighten his arousal. As he switched off to swirling his tongue around her clit, his hips moved, thrusting his once again hard cock into the bed.

"Look at me," Mom whispered. "Let me see my son's pretty face while he eats my pussy."

DJ tilted his head, and his eyes met hers. Mom's were still wide, glossy, and had that wild look in them, but now, like everything else, it was a turn on. As was her beet red sweaty face, and those perfect lips, parted, her lipstick smeared around them.

Mom had her nipples between her fingers, twisting and tugging on them as he licked her harder and faster.

"Oh, yeah!" Mom moaned her approval. "Lick it, baby! Lick your mama's cunt!"

More words that would have appalled him ten minutes ago that now had him striving harder to please her. DJ whipped his tongue around her clit, licking up and down, then side to side before licking in hard fast circles.

He slid his fingers back until the tips were barely inside her then roughly plunged them into her until his knuckles pressed into her wet flesh. Mom yelped, but thrust her hips into his fingers, trying to push them deeper.

DJ pumped them in and out and within seconds, mom found his rhythm and matched it, driving into his fingers. He sucked her clit hard enough to make his lips smack, and above him, Mom pulled her nipples, stretching them to the point it had to be painful, but her moans were higher pitched and her legs, tightening around him.

"Just like that!" Mom clamped her thighs around his head, crossing her ankles behind him, and pulling him into her quivering flesh. "Don't stop! Don't'..."

Mom's breath caught, and her back arched off the bed. Her body seemed to hesitate, then with a long loud wail that made him flinch, her body exploded into orgasm. Her pussy convulsed around his fingers and her hips went wild, bucking and grinding, smearing her pussy across his still moving tongue.

Mom released a series of squeals and yelps that would shame a porn star, as her pussy contracted, then released a gush of warm sticky fluid around his fingers and into his face as he struggled to keep his tongue on her pulsing clit.

She tightened her legs around him, making it harder to breath, and sweat was dripping into his eyes, as she pinned him between her legs. But his cock was so hard it ached, and he strived to keep her coming as long and hard as possible, loving the reaction he was getting from her.

“Oh, my god.” Mom’s hips slowed, and her legs fell limply from his shoulders. “Oh, wow!” she laughed as she lay there with her arms now by her sides, her breasts rising and falling with her rapid breathing.

“Baby, I came so hard,” she breathed, then gave him a tired smile. “You really are my man of the house, aren’t you?”

“Guess so.” He rose up on his knees, and as she stared up at the ceiling catching her breath, he quickly turned on the bed, so she couldn’t see the raging hard on between his legs. “Now get some sleep.”

Mom sighed. “What I really want is more, but I gave my word, and you did take good care of me.

The bed shifted and he stood up from the bed, just as she moved to sit next to him.

“You have a fine ass,” Mom playfully slapped his left cheek. “Fine everything.”

“Right, you can put that on my next birthday card.” He joked but kept his back to her so she couldn’t see how hard he was. “Good night, mom.”

“Be a better night if you stayed in bed with me.” She had risen from the bed, and before he could move away, her arms slid around his waist and her hard nipples pushed into his back.

“You sure you don’t want more?” She kissed his back. “I’ll suck our cock again. This time I’ll go nice and slow and show you how a real woman gives head.”

Her hands caressed his stomach, but when they went lower, he caught them and eased them away.

“You said we’d stop, and we need to stop.” He forced himself to step towards the door. “Good night, Mom.”

“Sweet dreams.” Mom muttered. “Your loss.”

“Right.” He took another step, then stopped and stared down at his rigid cock.

His balls were tight and starting to ache. He was so goddamn hard it was as if he hadn’t come just a little while ago. Something moved to his side and he saw it was Mom reflected in the mirror over her bureau.

She had her back to the mirror as she leaned over the bed, fussing with the ruffled comforter, and fixing the pillows. DJ stared at her ass, as she bent over further. Her legs were open enough to give him a glimpse of her pussy, and the backs of her supple thighs, and...that ass.

Damn she had a perfect ass. Not too big, but big enough that each cheek would be a good handful, and soft enough there would be a nice jiggle if you spanked it, or even just pounded her doggy.

It was an ass made for doggy, that was for sure, and he could have it if he wanted to.

And there was no denying he wanted to.

“Fuck it,” he whispered. They’d already done way more than they should have. One more time wasn’t going to make that much of a difference.

He turned and walked back to the bed, his cock bobbing between his thighs like a diving rod and pointing straight at what it wanted; his mother’s pussy. Mom had straightened and coming up behind her, he took a move out of her playbook from earlier and pushed her.

Mom yelped in surprise when he bent her over the bed, then squealed when he dropped to his knees, spread her cheeks wide open and shoved his tongue in her pink rosebud.

“Oh fuck!” Mom gasped as he pushed his tongue deeper. “You bad boy!”

DJ squeezed her cheeks so hard she groaned, but her hips were wiggling, as he worked his tongue in, out, and around her asshole. Mom shoved her ass into his face, pushing it between her cheeks as he knelt on the floor with a hard on that bordered on painful while giving his mother a rim job.

Unable to deny the aching need between his legs anymore, he sprang to his feet, kept her cheeks apart and plowed into her in one long smooth thrust.

“Fuck yeah!” Mom yelled as DJ fucked her with long hard strokes. “I knew you wanted more of that pussy! Take it, baby, it’s all yours!”

DJ shifted his grip to her hips and pulling her back into him tore loose fucking her hard and faster than he’d ever dared go with Diane or the couple of other girls he’d been with. Mom yelped with each thrust, but when she turned to look at him over her shoulder, the look of absolute pleasure on her face, made him fuck her even harder.

“Fuck me!” she demanded. “Fuck me harder! Fuck me as hard as you can! Pound your mother’s slutty cunt!”

Her words sent him over the edge, and surprising even himself, he leaned over and grabbing her arms yanked them behind her. Mom gasped as she went face down on the bed, and DJ crossed her wrists behind her back.

Capturing both of her slender wrists in his large grip, he pinned them to her back while hammering into her as hard as he could. The bed rocked and creaked as he pounded her hard enough to move it each time he slammed into her.

With his free hand he grabbed her hair and pulled on it, lifting her head from the bed.

“Like that?” He asked. “Like it rough? Like teasing and messing with your son and making him give it to you like this?”

“Yes!” Mom groaned. “Give it to me! Give your slutty mother the fucking she’s been begging for!”

DJ pulled on her wrists, easily lifting her from the bed so she was now partially standing. He angled his hips, so he was now thrusting upwards into her and mom squealed as he continued to roughly have his way with her.

He released her hair and sliding his arm around her, grabbed her right breast and squeezed it hard. Mom moaned, then yelped, when he caught her nipple and pinched it.

“Act like a slut, I’ll treat you like a slut.” He hissed in her ear as he now had her back to his chest while driving into her with all the strength in his hips.

“I want to be a slut!” She hissed in between moans and squeals. “I need to be someone’s slut! I want to be your slut, baby!”

DJ released her and shoved her forward onto the bed again. This time he grabbed her hips, and with a wrench of his powerful shoulders, flipped her over onto her back. Wrapping his hands around her ankles, he lifted her legs and plowed into her.

“Fuck yeah!” Mom yelled as he opened her legs wide and went to town, hammering into her with stokes so hard they bordered on brutal.

“That’s how you fuck a woman!” Mom gasped as she lay there, her breasts bouncing wildly and her mouth wide open as she moaned and yipped continuously from the savage fucking her son was giving her.

She reached between her legs, and DJ watched her rub her clit as well as the surreal sight of his long glistening shaft repeatedly penetrating his mother’s bald pussy. Mom grabbed her left breast, toying with her nipple as she vigorously rubbed her clit.

“Going to come on that beautiful cock!” She groaned. “Come with my son inside me!”

DJ brought her legs together, placing her bare feet flat on his chest. He reached down with his right hand, pushing hers away, and using his thumb on her swollen clit. His other hand he put behind her left knee, pushing that leg back so her foot was over her head as he leaned in and continued his assault on her sopping slit.

“Fuck!” Mom cried out. “So fucking deep! Oh my god you’re fucking me hard!”

DJ shook his head, sending sweat flying as he strived to go even harder. Her ass was partially off the bed, his cock driving straight down into her pussy which was so wet his thighs were getting splattered by her sticky juices as he relentlessly pounded her.

H pushed harder on her clit, moving it in rough circles that his mother didn’t seem to mind as she tugged on her nipples. As he felt the first twinges of his own orgasm, he stared down at his mother, thinking he’d never seen anything so damn sexy.

She had her head back, her eyes wide and lips parted. Her face was covered in a sheen of sweat and her lips parted as she emitted a series of sexy little hiccups. Her red tipped fingers pulled on her wine-colored nipples and her naked body looked incredible.

All that paled in comparison to how good her at this point sloppy pussy felt, and how good his cock looked plundering it. His legs were shaking and his heart racing from the exertion of fucking her like he was trying to break her.

“Ohhh!” Mom groaned. “I’m going to come, baby! Keep fucking me, just keep fucking me!”

DJ’s balls tightened and he fought to hold on as his mother’s pussy quivered around him, and her hips worked into his thrusts. Mom twisted her nipples then threw her head back and the howl she released was both the craziest and sexiest thing he’d ever heard.

Her pussy contracted around him and her toes dug into his chest as her other leg kicked in his grip. Her hips were going wild, trying to drive into his plunging cock as she emitted several louder wails of pleasure.

DJ groaned as his cock twitched inside her convulsing pussy, and his legs were shaking violently as he fought for every second he could as his mother’s orgasm crashed through her. He moaned loudly and was now fucking her with short hard thrusts as he tried to hold off longer.

“Come!” Mom urged him. “Come for me, come all over me!”

With a long groan, he whipped his cock out, and mom grabbed it before he could. Pumping it furiously.

“Goddamn!” DJ gasped as a long thick spurt of cum erupted from his cock and squirted across her stomach to splatter between her tits.

Mom kept jerking and DJ moaned and whimpered as he sent several more line of creamy cum onto her stomach. She began twisting her wrist at the end of each stroke, expertly wringing every drop she could from him.

The last pearly white drops landed on her glistening pussy, and as soon as she released his cock, DJ sank to his knees next to the bed.

“Holy shit.” He fought to get his breath.

“That was so what I needed.” Mom stared up at the ceiling as she spoke. “Wow, the damn room is spinning.”

DJ looked up to find himself staring directly at her dripping pussy and forced himself to his feet before the lust that overwhelmed anything resembling the desire to do the right thing came back. Mom’s eyes were half shut, and there was a smile on her face, but a tired one.

“Now, I’m sleepy,” she giggled, then looked down at the puddles of cum from her between her breasts to her pussy. “And a sticky mess.”

“Hold on.” DJ went into the bathroom connected to her room and grabbing a towel and a face cloth wet both, then returned to the bedroom.

Mom hadn’t moved, and DJ rolled his eyes. This is when the booze catches up with her. Right, who was he to talk, she forced him at the start, but that last scene was all him. If she didn’t remember tonight, he would, and as he approached the bed, he wondered how he would deal with seeing her after this.

DJ leaned over the bed and wiped the cum from her chest and stomach with the towel, then patted her sweaty face with the cool face cloth.

“That feels nice,” Mom spoke in a distant voice, her eyes barely open. “I raised a gentleman.”

“Yeah, that’s me.” DJ grabbed her legs and lifting them, turned her so she was lying the right way on the bed.

He eased a pillow under her head, and grabbing the sheet, pulled it up over her, taking a moment to admire her breasts one last time.

“Night, Mom.” He kissed her forehead, and when he got no response, he turned and picked his shorts up, preparing to leave the room.

“Baby?” Mom spoke behind him.

Oh, shit, now what?

“Yeah, Mom?”

“Will you lay down with me?”

“Mom...”

“No more sex. I’m too tired.” Her eyes remained closed as she talked to him. “But it would feel really nice if you stayed with me for a while.”

DJ frowned. What happened if he got in bed with her and she didn’t fall asleep and wanted more? He’d give her more, and he knew it.

“You know,” Mom continued. “I wanted to cut loose, be someone’s dirty girl have some meaningless sex. But now I think I’d like to just be close to someone, maybe I don’t like being slutty as much as I thought I would.”

Her eyes opened partway. “Just until I fall asleep?”

“Okay.” DJ looked at the shorts, thinking he should put them on, but what was the point now?

He went around to the other side of the bed, lifted the sheet, and slid under it until he was next to her.

“Thank you,” Mom rolled away from him onto her side. “Come hold me. We can keep playing pretend, and you can pretend you love me.”

“I do love you,” he told her. “As a mom.”

“Pretend you love me like you loved Diane. Like your father used to love me.”

Her voice was so soft and distant he wondered if she were really talking to him or talking in her sleep. She answered that question by whispering. “Please, DJ? Just hold me for a few minutes?”

Least he could do was make her happy, and not in a sexual way. At least that’s what he thought because the moment he put his arm around her waist and slid up close to her, his cock pressed into her warm ass, and to his amazement, he felt it stir.

Mom made it worse, but wiggling into him, but once her back was to his chest, she stopped moving.

“This is nice. Dirty sex, now nice and close. Miss this.”

DJ moved her hair and kissed her cheek. “Night, mom. I love you.”

“Love you too, baby.” Mom sighed.

DJ lay there and in less than a minute her body relaxed into his and her breathing slow and deep. He went to remove his arm from her waist, but her arm was now over it, her on his. He didn’t want to wake her up right away, so figured he’d wait until she’d sank deeper into sleep.

As he lay there, his mother’s warm body pressed against him, the smell of her hair and perfume, and the way he was holding her, DJ felt pretty relaxed himself. For something that was supposed to be wrong, it all felt pretty good, and as she’d just said, hot sex and now a sweet embrace was something he’d been missing since Diane.

Maybe he would just lay here awhile, doze off, then slip out of her bed before she woke up. That was exactly what he’d do, he thought as he closed his mind and fell into the sweet oblivion of sleep.

Chapter Five

Paula sat in her chair, rubbing her temples as she had periodically during DJ’s recounting of last night.

“Of course, I didn’t wake up before you, and you know what happened from there.” He shrugged. “So, here we are.”

“Here we are.” Paula sighed. “I could have done with less graphic detail.”

“You didn’t stop me,” DJ pointed out. “Just like I didn’t try anywhere near hard enough to stop you.”

“Now you admit its your fault?”

“Hey, I wasn’t the one who came home wasted with some date raping scumbag,” DJ reminded her.

“I do owe you a thank you for that. You’re right had I let that little shit spend the night it would have been a big regret. Might even have gotten back to the firm, not a good look.”

“I wasn’t going to let that happen, Mom.”

“But you let us happen.” Before he could protest, she put her hand up. “I know, I started it and from what you said, I pushed and pulled the listen to your mother shit. I just can’t help thinking you pick the damnedest times to decide to listen to me.”

“I was nervous, it was a messed-up situation,” DJ told her. “Honestly, Mom, the way I see it was round one was on you, round two was all me.”

“But two wouldn’t happen without one,” Paula lamented. “You could have resisted me. But I get I’m your mother, and you didn’t want to get physical with me, and were confused because I’m the one in charge, not you.”

She leaned back in the chair. “I’m the parent, and even though you’re an adult, I’m the one who always has to know better. This is my fault, DJ, and I’m sorry.”

“Are you?” he asked, his eyes staring into hers. “Really?”

“What kind of question is that? I all but raped my son, and the part you felt was on you? That was still, me DJ. I pushed and I fucked you. You’re a young man, and I made you see me as an object of desire, and you got overwhelmed and acted on what I instilled in you.”

“You just told me the story, and even though I said you could leave if you took care of me, I didn’t let you go. I promised you more, and you lost control and took me up on it. I’m sure the reason you were so rough was because you were mad I made you do it.”

“I...maybe, but...”

“There are no buts here, DJ, what we did was wrong. Like therapy wrong, and I’m sorry I did that to you. “

“I’m not,” he said quietly, while still looking her in the eye.

“What?” She couldn’t have heard him right.

“I’m not sorry. I did the right things. I stopped you from getting hurt, and I did try to get you to stop. Even when you were touching me I tried stopping a couple times. But when I gave in? Mom, it was amazing.”

“It was...dirty.” Paula shook her head. “It was a real-life version of those mom son stories on the porn sites.”

“Kind of, but...” DJ paused. “How do you know about those?”

Paula wanted to kick herself. She was hung over and distraught over what happened and wasn’t thinking straight. Never say more than you need to was one of her work mantras and all around good advice in any situation.

“You don’t think I watch porn sometimes?” She tried to keep her tone conversational. “I’m a healthy and frustrated woman. Me time is all I’ve had for quite awhile now.”

“Yeah, but that kind of porn doesn’t just show up, you have to be looking for something like it.” He told her, then looked away. “You know, so I hear.”

“Have you watched those movies?” She tried to turn it around.

“Once or twice. I like Milf stuff so stepmom and mom things pop up, seen a few, not really a big thing for me.” He grinned. “Might be now though.”

“That’s how I know about them. I look at the same things except from the Milf end of things. That’s why I wanted a younger man last night.”

“Found one.” He told her, then snapped his fingers. “Holy shit!”

“Holy shit, what?” she tried to keep the nerves out of her voice.

“Last night when you were first going down on me…”

“Spare the details!”

“Whatever,” he dismissed her. “You said you watch mommy movies and it doesn’t take much to get a son to…” He stopped and his eyes widened. “Holy shit, you thought of me before last night!”

“No!” She yelled at him. “I’d never think that! Not about you, ever!”

“Then why do you look white as a ghost all of a sudden?”

“I’m done talking about this,” she declared. “It should have never happened, and it’s my fault, not yours and we need to move on.”

“Just like that?” DJ stood his ground. “This is about both of us and you’re not going to decide that we never talk about it again.”

“Since when are you the boss?” Paula’s voice rose.

“Since I fucked you and you loved every minute of it,” he retorted.

“Don’t talk to me like that!” She rose from the chair and pointed a shaking finger at him. “It was a mistake! That asshole slipped me something! I… I wasn’t myself. You know that!”

“Yeah, that’s what I thought.” DJ remained calm which fueled her frustration even more. “Thought it a few times last night.”

“Then why are you arguing with me? Why are you acting like this is somehow okay?”

“I don’t know about okay, but…” DJ paused, and appeared to be thinking.

“DJ get out. Go to your room, put some clothes on and we’ll talk later when we’ve had more time to think about this.”

“No,” he stubbornly shook his head. “Let’s pick up where we left off last night. You let me tell you what I’m thinking, and you tell me I’m right or wrong, then I leave, and we talk later, or maybe not at all. Deal?”

“I…” Paula took a deep breath and sat back down. Sooner or later she’d have to know what it was he thought happened. “Go ahead.”

“There were a few times I thought it was the Molly or whatever else he slipped you. It amplifies what you’re feeling, that’s why it’s a great party drug. Enhances all the good vibes kind of.”

“And I went out to get laid and was horny and frustrated, so it amped that up to where I was so out of control, I came on to you.” Paula put her hand up. “We done here?”

“No, because that was what I was thinking, but I kept coming back to no drug or booze should be able to make a mother want her son. I don’t care how horny you were, we’re talking something society has instilled in us as being wrong.”

“What’s your point?” Paula tried to sound annoyed but was getting more worried by the minute.

“It was kind of hard to think last night with the way you came on to me, and then me getting caught up in it. But now when you mentioned the porn, something dawned on me.”

“That I watch porn? I told you I did.”

“To quote you last night ‘I’ve watched enough mommy porn’ so now...” He tried to look her in the eye again, but she lowered her head, not trusting the look on her face.

“I’m thinking, what if you watch mother son porn and you have thought about me?”

“You’re saying I wanted to have sex with you before last night?” She pointed to the door. “Get out, now!”

“You sound more nervous than mad.” DJ on the other hand was totally composed as he continued. “I’m not saying you were having crazy fantasies about me or anything, but if you watched those movies you had to have at least a passing thought about me, or what it would be like in real life.”

“No,” she shook her head. “I...I have watched some of those movies, okay? But to me its just Milf stuff, those actors aren’t mom and son.”

“But they’re calling themselves that and doing the exact give mommy what she needs lines you were doing last night.” He pointed, and unlike hers, his hand was steady.

“I think you have thought of me, and there was enough curiosity there that when I kicked that loser out, you turned your attention to me. The drug works with what you’re feeling, and fantasy and reality blurred for you, so you came after me.”

“You’re saying I wanted to fuck you.”

“I’m saying you would have never done anything on your own, but the drug took away your inhibition.”

He snapped his fingers, causing her to look at him.

“I’m right, aren’t I? Last night became a real-life mom son wet dream for you.”

Paula swallowed nervously. “I would never hurt, you, DJ.”

“You didn’t hurt me.”

“I’m your mother, and I love you, and no mother who really loves her son would do those things. The movies are fantasy, depraved fantasies that I admit I’ve watched, but I never thought of us last night.”

“Just admit it, mom. Its pretty obvious, and know what? I’m okay with it! It felt good being in bed with you, and having my arm around you, and hearing you say how good I feel. I...”

“Shut up!” Paula lost control and sprang from the chair. “There was nothing there! I would never think that way, it was the drugs, just the drugs! And stop telling me I felt good and you liked it! You can’t like it! You...you can’t!”

“Why? Because you’re afraid we’ll do it again? That you might actually enjoy it and...”

“Out, out, out!” Paula shouted, sending a searing pain through her head. “Get out of my room!”

“Guess the truth hurts.” DJ slid off the bed and let the sheet fall away, leaving him naked in front of her. “Hurts me that you can’t admit how you really feel about me.”

“Out!” Paula put her back to him, but not before she’d gotten a look at his cock, that even while not aroused, was still long and thick. That big hard cock that had been inside her this morning, the cock attached to her son who had kissed her neck so sweetly and was doing everything he could to please her this morning.

“Go, please!” She told him, and stood with her back to the room, until she heard the bedroom door open and close.

Paula slumped back into the chair and wiped at her eyes. She didn’t know what was worse, that she’d fucked her son last night or the fact he was right; it was exactly what she’d been fantasizing about the last few months.

Chapter Six

Paula stood outside the door to DJ’s room and raised her hand to knock. It was the third time she’d done it in the ten minutes she’d ben standing outside his room. Like the previous attempts she lowered her hand.

How the hell could she have the conversation she needed to have with him? It had been two hours since she’d tossed him out of her room, angry at him for the crime of being right. Paula had showered, washing off the remnants of her trashed make-up and the dried sweat from her hair and body.

How sticky her inner thighs were was a testament to last night being every bit as wild as he’d described. As Paula had stood, resting her head on her forearms against the tiled wall while the warm water relaxed her back, she thought of last night.

Helped by her being awake for a couple hours, the argument helping to clear her head, and DJ's description, she was getting more glimpses of what happened. She clearly saw her shoving DJ onto the bed and yanking his shorts down.

The look on his face as she sucked his cock, and the depraved pleasure she took in swallowing his cum. Her on top, and the look of confusion mixed with desire on his face as she rode him like an out of control porn star.

Her looking up at him, her legs spread while he pounded her, and his cock spraying a hot load all over her chest and stomach. They hadn't just fucked, they'd fucked hardcore. She'd come onto him like a wanton slut and refused to take no for an answer.

Her lust had created his, causing his sense of right and wrong to go askew and to come after her as forcefully as she had him. Except she was willing the entire time. It was like some of the movies she'd been watching, the damn movies that had her so upset at herself for liking them, it had driven her to go find someone his age and hope it got it out of her system.

Paula looked down at the simple green sundress she wore. It was on the shorter side, and although not inappropriately low cut, did show some cleavage. Maybe this was too much after last night.

Who was she kidding, after last night she could wrap herself from head to toe, and DJ would always envision her naked. She'd pushed them across a line she didn't know if they could come back from.

How could she be his mother after she'd given him a goddamn blow job? How could he see her as anything but an object of lust after he'd fucked her senseless over the bed? Another question she tried not to ask herself was could she resist him, if he was serious about being okay with it and wanted it again?

She ran her hands through her still damp hair which she wore down, while staring at her bare feet. Should she put shoes on, was being barefoot something that would get him thinking? Christ what a mess this was.

"At least you're wearing a bra this time," she muttered to herself.

But also, a green thong that matched the dress, and the bra itself as much lace as material. What she'd put on beneath the dress was more a lingerie set than practical. She'd been dressing this way for the last few weeks, always wanting to have on something sexy in case...

In case she acted on the forbidden fantasies that had become more and more vivid and frequent.

Now uncomfortable with her own thought, Paula quickly knocked on the door. Now or never.

"Mom?"

"Hey, can I come in, DJ?"

"Sure, it's not locked."

Paula entered his room and groaned inwardly when she saw he was lying on his bed in just a pair of white shorts. The shorts were snug and a sexy contrast to his tanned skin. She tried not to stare, but

in even a brief glance she took in his well-developed upper body, and what seemed to be a permanent, and impressive bulge in his shorts.

He sat up, putting the Stephen King book he'd been reading to the side, and swung his legs off the side of the bed so he was sitting on it.

"I'm sorry I lost my temper earlier." Paula looked around for a place to sit.

The chair in front of his desk was piled high with clothes, and the small chair near the window with books and magazines he'd picked up at yard sales and stores and seemed to think belonged in a chair rather than a bookcase.

"It's okay, it was an intense situation." He saw her looking around and patted the bed next to him.

"Um, I'm okay, I'll stand."

"Suit yourself." His eyes dropped and she noted he was blatantly staring at her legs. Why hadn't she worn jeans? You know why, a soft voice whispered in her mind, that she quickly surprised. "I like your dress. Looks cute on you."

"Thanks, I guess." Paula bit the bullet and went over and sat next to him to make it harder for him to stare at her, at least without being as obvious.

"Like the hair down, too. You should do it more often." He leaned closer, and she tried not to lean away and hurt his feelings. "Smell nice, too. I love that raspberry body wash."

"I appreciate the compliments, but please try to not make this more awkward than it already is."

"Relax, mom." He gave her a reassuring smile. "Nothing wrong with me telling my mother she looks and smells nice."

"Everything has a different meaning now," Paula told him. "I feel funny in this dress in front of you."

"Then why did you wear it?" He grinned and startled her by repeating her exact thoughts from moments ago. "Because you want me to look at you."

"DJ..."

"Know what's funny? I never thought of you in that way. I mean, I knew you were kind of hot because my friends would tell me to bust me up. But the way you dressed, the hair always up, the sensible shoes, you always gave me the impression you put yourself out there like a frigid prude, but you'd get your freak on in bed."

"That's what I did last night?" She smiled nervously. "Got my freak on?"

"I'll say. Seeing you dressed like that, the hair and makeup, then when you got down and dirty, I went from this is my mother? To holy shit, this is my mother!" he laughed, and she frowned.

"DJ, how are you so okay with this?"

“Because I know its what you wanted,” he replied with no hesitation. “Honestly, mom, if I thought it wasn’t, I’d have let this drop right away then walked around feeling like shit.

“But since I know where it all came from, I’m fine with it. You’re the one that needs to come around.”

Paula shifted uncomfortably on the bed. Technically he was making this easier on her, but she was disturbed by how confident he seemed to be about what was behind her behavior last night.

“Okay,” DJ put his hands up. “I have a confession to make. While you were in your room I went downstairs into your office and snooped on your laptop.”

“You what?”

“You gave me your password last month when mine was getting fixed,” he explained. “I went through your bookmarks and it was the boring crap I’d expect, but your history?” He clucked his tongue. “Always delete the browsing history when you watch things you wouldn’t want people to know about.”

“Oh, no.” She let her face flush.

“Man of the house.” He smirked. “You said it a few times last night but looks like you watched that movie about a dozen times. Be Mama’s Good Boy, Mom will do anything.” He laughed. “Tell you what, the one where the son took dad’s Viagra and Mom volunteered to help him take care of the swelling? Classic!”

“DJ, I’m sorry.”

“The Mother Son confessions series must be hot, it was everywhere, all different couples by the titles.” He whistled. “You watched four of them before you went out last night, all from that series.”

“I know.”

“Sorry I snooped around, but you can’t argue where last night came from, Mom. You wanted me.”

“Yes!” She snapped at him. “I wanted you, okay? I...it started by just watching one to see what they were and it...it turned me on. I watched another and I was hooked. Watching turned to thinking about what a nasty turn on it was, then it went to starting to wonder if I could do it. What it would be like to be with you.”

“You don’t have to explain.” He put his hand on her shoulder. “I told you so you’d know I knew, and you wouldn’t have to say it.”

“I have to say it! Its why last night happened, and why I came to talk to you. You’ve always been close to me, DJ. But after I kicked your dad out, you really took care of me, or as much as I’d let you.”

“You stayed home more, you made me watch movies with you and go places and not wallow in the house. You pitch in with money, you do things around the house. You did become man of the house, and that was the first movie I watched.

“It was the same exact thing and the mom worked too much and wouldn’t meet anyone, and...she started noticing her son looking, and one night they were on the couch and it happened. The way they did it and hearing him say mom while she did things to him, the way she took care of him and they made each other happy.

“Mom, I get it. Don’t get upset.”

“I am upset, but you don’t know why, so I’ll tell you. I watched a lot of dirty movies where it was silly unbelievable stories, but the taboo sex was so hot. But the ones I liked best were kind of romantic.

“Incest romance.” He nodded. “Goes hand in hand.”

‘Don’t make fun of me!’

“Sorry, mom” he removed his hand from her shoulder, and took hers. For a moment, she thought of pulling it away, but she liked how it felt, and that he wanted to do it. After what she’d pulled last night, she was lucky he was even talking to her.

“Those Mother son confession movies had stories. The moms and sons didn’t come together out of lust, but love. I...” She looked away. “I don’t know if I can say it.”

“Mom, you can tell me anything. If nothing else, after last night what the hell could be any more personal?”

“You’re smart, DJ. I mean that. And you’re very comforting, and sweet. I love that about you.”

“Then tell me.”

“When I fantasized about us, it wasn’t the wild nasty sex we had last night.”

‘That’s a bummer,’ he joked.

“Well,” she gave him a nervous smile. “Some of them got pretty dirty, that make you feel better?”

“Much better, nothing wrong with getting down and dirty.”

“No, there’s not. But down and dirty in real life isn’t the movies. At least not for me. I couldn’t act like that with just anyone, they’d have to love and appreciate me to get to see that side of me.”

“That’s what it would have been with that guy last night,”

“That’s why you were right, I’d have regretted it. But last night was to try and get those fantasies out of my head. I figure go out, find a boy around your age, fuck him, maybe even pretend he was you in my mind.”

“That punk Danny was nowhere near as good looking as me.” DJ flashed a smile. “I’m much prettier.”

“And far humbler.” But she smiled at his joke.

“But what I was saying is in those movies it...Know what DJ, what really got to me about last night wasn't that it happened but how. I spent months fantasizing more and more about you feeling the same way, and sure, raunchy hardcore sex is fun, but in all my fantasies its not how it happened.

She wiped at her eyes when she felt them filling up.

“Hey, don't get upset, Mom. Everything is okay between us, I'm not mad and I keep trying to tell you I liked what we did and not just the sex.”

“But I'm mad at myself. All that time with these taboo thoughts, wet dreams, masturbating. Getting so frustrated I watched a mom son marathon then went out and got drunk so I could get myself to fuck a cheap nonrelated version of you.”

“Really cheap, downright knock off.” DJ nodded.

“And then when you got rid of him, it all boiled over, and you're right, whatever he gave me took all my control away and I went after you.”

“And now I know how you feel; you know I'm good with it. Now we just talk about what we do from here.” He squeezed her hand. “I know what I want to do from here.”

“But you don't understand. I had the chance to just say what I wanted last night. I could have made it special. Instead I was trashed and stoned, acting like a goddamn slut, and forcing you to be with me.”

She wiped again at her moist eyes. “I kept thinking if there was any truth to those movies, if there was a chance you might feel the same way, then I wanted it to be different.”

“Different how?” he turned on the bed to face her.

“Kind of spontaneous, like we just look at each other, or maybe you say something sweet, or I had a tough day and you rub my shoulders, then kiss my neck, and...I wanted it to be sweet and loving before it got into Taboo 10 Paula takes her son around the world.”

“Nothing wrong with that trip,” DJ put his finger under her chin, and turned her face towards him. “I know dad was a jerk, but something he used to say all the time stuck with me.

“No matter what happens, it was meant to happen and nothing we could have done would change what happened or how. Whether its good or bad, we have to accept it, and do the best we can with it.”

“Real philosopher.” Paula grunted. “Wonder if he told his little girlfriends that.”

“Sorry, didn't mean to bring him up, but I always used it get through crappy things, like Diane breaking up with me.”

“Your answer to that was to work out more, work more hours and mope,” Paula pointed out.

“But last night I was supposed to go out and most likely get lucky and wasn't going to be home. If I wasn't, you'd have been with that sleaze ball, and nothing would have happened between us.”

“Maybe that would have been for the best.” Paula sulked. She knew he was being far more mature about this than her but couldn’t help herself.

“No, because it led to me finding out how you were feeling, and now we’re talking about it.” DJ kept pushing. “I feel good about it, mom. In fact, knowing you were thinking of me before and it wasn’t just you being horny and out of control, makes it a lot better.”

“Yeah?” Paula asked. “Why?”

“Because like you said it wasn’t just lust behind it.” Still holding her hand, he slid his arm around her shoulders. “I didn’t realize it when we were caught up in the sex, but after when you wanted me to lay down with you, and I held you, I felt something too.”

“What did you feel?” She shifted so they were now both sideways on the edge of the bed facing each other.

“I felt close to you and was glad I could make you happy and took care of you. I saved you from a mistake with Danny, then gave you what you wanted. I felt like the man of the those.”

“You are my man of the house,” Paula said softly. “Now in every way.”

She stared into his hazel eyes and felt her heart race and her hand tremble in his. She felt like a nervous girl, rather than a woman in her forties.

“That is a pretty dress, Mom.” DJ said with a slight smile teasing the corners of his mouth.

“You like it?”

“I love it. You always dress so serious, but this is cute and fun.” His full smile emerged. “It’s playful.”

“Playful?” She returned the smile. “I like that.”

“You need more playful in your life. Always working, always worried, always uptight.”

He released her hand and put both on her shoulders. “You’re way to beautiful to not be having any fun.”

Paula realized what he was doing, and happily played along. “You think your mother needs to have some fun? What kind of fun?”

“The kind you haven’t had in a long time.” DJ leaned close, and his right hand slid up to her cheek. “But it shouldn’t be with just anyone.”

“No?” She whispered, their lips inches apart. “Who should it be with?”

“You’re sexy, and your hot, and you go out in this cute little dress you’ll have them lining up for you. But they’d only want to have sex with you. You deserve more than that. You should have fun, but with someone who loves and appreciates you. Who’ll treat you the way you deserve.”

“What if I want to be treated like a bad girl?” she teased as she turned her head, her lips already parting.

“Then you get to be a bad girl, but with a good man.”

“Ohh, I love that.”

“I love you, Mom.” DJ replied quietly, his eyes on hers. “I want to love you in every way.”

His lips brushed hers, and a thrill went through her at the contact. He kissed her again, this time more firmly, and Paula slid her arms around his neck, pulling him into her answering kiss.

They both sighed at the same time, as their lips pressed together. As Paula kissed him harder, and flicked her tongue against his lips, she let her hands roam. She loved the feeling of the hard muscles of his back and arms beneath his tan skin, and when he put his arms around her waist and pulled him against her, a warm wet feeling flowed between her thighs.

He accepted her tongue, and slipped his across it, as the kiss grew more urgent, their mouths now striving to devour the others. DJ’s hands were moving, sliding up and down her back and into her long damp hair.

He slipped his right arm from around her, and she moaned when he put it in her knee, then slid it under her dress. She opened her legs, still probing his mouther with her tongue as his large calloused hand slid up the soft skin of her upper thigh.

DJ’s other hand came around to fondle her breast through the dress, and she was already so wet, she was squirming on the bed, as they shared the most passionate kiss of her life. The edge of his hand brushed her through the thong, and a shiver went through her.

She knew what he was doing; trying to give her the slow, sweet ‘first time’ she’d thought about. She loved him for it as he proved without a doubt, he not only wanted her to be happy, but to be the man who made her happy.

Paula eased from his embrace and stood. She turned so she was standing between his legs, and a sexy smile, slipped the straps of the dress from her shoulders, preparing to push it down.

“Let me.” DJ stood in front of her, and his lips once again found hers.

As their tongues once again danced across each other, DJ’s hands slid down her sides. Gathering the hem of the dress in his hands, he pulled it up. Paula broke the kiss and put her arms up, allowing him to pull the dress over her head.

The simple act of him removing her dress sent another tingle through her already throbbing clit. As bad as it sounded, it wasn’t the act that turned her on as much as who was doing it. Her son was stripping her.

It was her son standing before her taking in her body with a smile on his face and lust in his eyes.

“Damn, look at this.” He placed his hands on the green lace that showed off her entire breast except for her nipple, which was covered with a strategically placed bow. “This isn’t professional this is playful too.”

“I used to wear plain bras and panties, but the last few weeks I’ve always worn something sexy.”

She put her hands on his chest and released a soft moan when he didn't hesitate to slip his hands around her, and unclasp her bra.

"Why?" He eased the straps of her bra down her shoulders with a teasing slowness, that had her shifting from one foot to the other like an excited little girl.

"Because I wanted you, and hoped you'd want me. If the time ever came that something happened between us, I wanted you to have something sexy on for you."

"It is sexy," He pulled the bra down her arms and away from her breasts. "But nowhere near as sexy as my mother's naked body."

Him saying mother told her he was getting the same taboo thrill from their encounter. Who knew that there was really something behind those movies that made money by exploring people's forbidden fantasies, the ones they were conditioned could only stay fantasy?

He flipped her bra to the side, and immediately his hands were on her breasts, fondling them, his palms sliding across her excited nipples. Paula kissed him again, and slid her hands down his hard stomach, before unsnapping his shorts and pulling the zipper down.

DJ lowered his head and she cried out when he sucked her right nipple in his mouth with an eagerness she hadn't experienced in a long time. He rolled her other nipple between his fingers, and Paula let her head fall back, moaning as she switched off, now tonguing her other breast.

She pushed his shorts down over his hips, her hand finding his long, thick and gloriously hard cock. DJ moaned into her breast as she pumped his cock in her fist. She cupped his heavy balls with her free hand as he continued to tongue and tease her nipples.

Paula eased his head from her breasts and dropped to her knees. She took the tip of his cock between her lips, teasing it with her tongue as she pushed his shorts to the floor. Paula looked up at him, winked, and took his cock deep into her greedy mouth.

"Damn," DJ groaned, his hands sliding through her hair as she slowly bobbed her head.

Paula closed her eyes, a feeling of wanton bliss washing over her as she stuffed her mouth with her son's hard flesh. She wrapped two fingers around his shaft, following the wet trail left by her mouth and jerking him as she blew him.

She played with his balls, tickling them with her long nails, while she worked her tightly pressed lips up and down the full length of his cock.

"That feels so good, Mom," he moaned. "Looks hot as hell, too."

Paula smiled up at him, shaking her head side to side, and making him gasp and his hips jerk, pushing his cock deeper into her willing mouth. There would be a time, maybe even today, when she would lay him back, and give him the longest, sexiest, blow job he'd ever had.

But her pussy was aching with the need to have him inside her, and she'd denied herself of her fantasy far too long to be able to handle being teased now. She had him yesterday, but the fact she barely remembered any of it, made right now feel as if it were the first time, she'd have him.

She continued to suck, slowly bobbing her head, and letting him enjoy a little more of not only the sensation of her mouth, but the thrill of having his mother on her knees, looking up at him, with his cock in her mouth.

He surprised her by grabbing her shoulders, and tugging, urging her to stand. Paula released his cock with a sexy wet slurping sound and rose to her feet. She laughed when DJ, slipped an arm around her shoulder, one under her knee and swept her off her feet.

She pulled his face down to her, kissing him, as he turned around and gently lowered her to his bed. She continued to kiss him as his hands moved down over her breasts, teasing her nipples. One hand slid down her stomach and she whimpered into his mouth when he rubbed her through the thong.

Paula let her head back onto the pillow, releasing a loud moan when he worked a finger into her thong, and plunged it inside her hot wet cunt.

“Oh, right there,” Paula purred when his thumb found her clit. “You know just what mama needs, don’t you?”

DJ’s response was to get a second finger inside her and fasten his mouth to her right nipple. Paula pumped her hips in time with his fingers, moaning as he worked her clit in slow teasing circles.

His lips trailed down her stomach as he climbed up on the bed. DJ turned on the bed, so he was now between her legs, and removed his fingers from inside her. He grabbed the sides of her thong and sucking her lower lip in anticipation, Paula lifted her hips.

She watched him peel her thong from her sticky pussy and down her thighs, she lifted her long legs, so he could slide it off. She playfully put her left foot in his face and giggled when he held it and kissed the tip of each of her toes.

DJ went to lie between her legs, but she stopped him with her foot against his chest.

“Later, right now, I just need my man of the house to be inside me.” She spread her legs and beckoned with her finger. “Come show me how much you want me.”

DJ slid up over her, and reaching between them, Paula took his cock, and slipped it over her clit, through her wet folds, and guided it inside her.

“Yes,” she moaned as she wrapped her arms around him and pulled him down to her. “Nothing dirty, nothing crazy, just love me.”

DJ’s smile was priceless, and she swore just before he kissed her, she saw tears in his eyes. He slipped his arms beneath her, and she wrapped her legs around his waist drawing him deeper into her forbidden heat.

Her lips found his once more, and as DJ pumped her with deliciously long slow strokes, she slipped her tongue into his mouth. They held each other tightly as her hips found and matched his rhythm.

DJ slid his lips from hers, and nuzzled his head into her, kissing the soft skin of her neck. Paula closed her eyes, sighing softly each time her son pushed deep inside her. Her hips rocked faster and her legs tightened as to her delight she felt an orgasm building within her.

She crossed her ankles, gripping him tighter with her legs as her hands caressed his muscular back. DJ was moaning quietly into her ear, his lips and tongue teasing her neck, and playfully flicking her and sucking on her earlobe.

“Just a little faster,” she whispered. “I want to come for you.”

DJ switched to faster shorter strokes and she moaned, arching her back, while her thighs trembled around him. His breathing became heavier in her ear and his body tensed as he grew closer as well.

“When you need to come, just let it go, baby. I want to feel it.”

“But...”

“Relax,” she slid her hand up to the back of his head, running her fingers through her short thick hair. “I closed down the shop a long time ago.”

“I forgot.” DJ chuckled. “I got nervous last night.”

“Only thing you have to worry about with me, is keeping up, because I have a lot of time to make up for.”

“I’ll do my best.” He kissed her just below her ear. “Happy Mom, happy life, right?”

“Something tells me I can make you pretty happy too.” Paula’s words came between her own heavy breathing as his increased rhythm had her right on the edge.

She couldn’t remember the last time she orgasmed during sex, but she looked forward to doing it as often as possible from this point on.

“Harder,” she worked her hips faster, rising to meet his more urgent thrusts. “Come on, man of the house, make me come.”

DJ did as she asked, his hips now thrusting faster, as she did her best to imitate his frenzied pace, her hips moving as much as they could with her legs around him.

“Oh, shit,” he groaned. “Too fast.”

“Just a little more, baby,” she implored him. “I’m right there! I...Oh DJ!”

With a low moan, DJ buried himself deep, his twitching cock sending a warm squirt of cum into his mother’s pussy. The moment she felt him ejaculating inside her, Paula went over the edge, squealing in his ear as her pussy contracted around his spurting cock.

“Yes!” She whimpered. “All of it, baby! I want all of it.”

DJ continued to thrust, each ending in another spurt as he painted the walls of her pussy. Paula held him tight as her hips bucked beneath him, waves of pleasure crashing through her as her convulsing pussy squeezed his cock, milking every drop from him.

With a groan, DJ let his weight go, resting on top of her as his spent cock remained inside her quivering flesh.

“Don’t move.” She stroked his hair. “Just stay right here, just the way I fantasized about.”

“I never thought of you before, but from now on, you’re going to be all I think about, Mom.” DJ spoke in her ear.

“That sounds like a line from one of those movies,” she laughed. “But I like it.”

They stayed where they were, content to remain in each other’s arms and Paula loved the feeling of him growing soft inside her.

“This is how I saw our first time,” she told him.

“It’s the one you remember,” DJ kissed her, and went to roll over.

Paula released him, letting him go onto his back, but rolled over with him, her head resting on his chest as she draped her long leg over his.

“Sorry, honey.”

“Don’t be, this is another meant to be moment. This is what you hoped for and it’s the memory you’ll have.”

“You are getting quite the knack for saying the right thing, DJ.”

“I try, but there is something in this for me.”

“There’s a lot in tit for you.” She kissed his chest. “But what do you want?”

“Seeing you don’t remember last night; I think we need a replay.”

“I’m not getting that drunk again.”

“Not the booze or drugs, I just mean the wild milf’s gone wild sex.”

“Oh,” Paula nodded. “That’s okay then, I wouldn’t mind going porn star on you, but you know, just for you.”

“Of course,” he laughed. “That’s what moms do; they sacrifice for their sons.”

“I am a giver.” Paula laughed, and was amazed at how good it felt to laugh in bed, curled up with a lover after being satisfied. “And a taker.”

“I’m tired, didn’t sleep much last night.” DJ stretched beneath her, and she admired the way his young body tightened, and his semi hard cock rose with his hips.

“I’m tired too, passing out and sleeping are two different things.” Paula put her arm around her waist and curled in closer to him. “Can I stay like this?”

“You can be wherever you want to be,” DJ kissed the top of her head. “But on one condition.”

“Name it.”

“Next time you wake up, don’t start with me unless you’re going to finish.”

“DJ,” Paula grabbed his cock and gave it a squeeze. “I think from now on waking up is going to be one of my favorite things to do.”

The End