

One Night With Mom

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Chapter One

Evan pulled into the driveway surprised to see the living room light off. It was only nine, but the house was in darkness except for the back hall light left on the nights he worked.

Not that his parents were night owls, they were generally in bed before ten during the week, but this was Friday night and as far as he knew neither of them had to work tomorrow.

Fridays were usually their Netflix and chill night, and Saturday their date night when they'd go out to eat, catch a movie, and when they came home, he knew he better stay in his room.

A lot of Evan's friend's parents were either divorced or acted like old farts stuck in a rut, so he was happy his folks were still into each other but it was still something he'd rather not think about. Let alone hear his mother squealing like a porn star wannabe, which unfortunately had happened several times since he'd been working as a waiter at Antonio's and coming home later at night.

But not tonight. He'd been scheduled to work four to midnight, but Chris, the night manager had accidently scheduled too many people and due to the St. Joseph's feast this weekend, business was slow.

Evan hated to lose out on his longest shift of the week and a good tip night but volunteered to go home. If not they would have sent Heather, and she was married with a two year old and needed the money a lot more than he did.

She thanked him effusively, but he told it was no big deal. Evan had it made and knew it. He was in his second year at PC studying forensics to pursue this dream of being a Criminal Scene Investigator.

He lived at home with parents who still adored each other and did everything they could to support him. They paid for his college, and his job was to cover his insurance and whatever spending money he wanted.

He'd been seeing Maria for close to a year at this point, and she was everything a guy could want. Sweet, loyal, cute, totally into him, and wild between the sheets. Classic good girl who would be

bad just for him. An animal lover studying to be a vet, and already working at an animal clinic, Maria was, as his dad kept reminding him, an absolute keeper.

Life was good, and he knew it, so he was happy to do a little pay it forward and help out someone out whenever he could. He'd given Maria a call when he'd gotten out to see if she wanted to do something, or maybe just do him seeing her parents didn't have an issue with him staying over in the little three room basement in law apartment they let her move into.

But figuring he was working she'd made plans with her friends, and they'd stick to seeing each other on Sunday when they were both off. Disappointing, but he'd make the best of it.

Home early, he'd take a shower, get a jump on his homework, and maybe treat himself to a couple hours of Resident Evil, The Village. He didn't have to go to work tomorrow until three so he could sleep in.

"Glass half full kind of guy," he whispered with a smile as he walked up the driveway,

and through the gate leading to the backyard. Evan slowly opened the screen door so it wouldn't creak, reminding himself to put some WD40 on it tomorrow because dad had been claiming he'd do it for weeks now and kept forgetting.

Once in the back hall, he slipped off his food stained black shoes, and stripped off his red Anthony's shirt which helped camouflage some of the gravy stains he'd managed to get on it from helping in the kitchen.

He tossed it in the washing machine, then headed into the kitchen where he grabbed a Mountain Dew to take to his room with him then headed towards his room to grab something to change into when he got out of the shower. He noticed Mom and Dad's door open and the light on.

Figuring they'd probably decided to watch TV in bed he stopped near the door, planning on knocking and letting them know he was home.

"You're wearing it, aren't you?" Dad asked from inside the room, causing Evan to hesitate.

"Maybe," Mom giggled, an odd sound coming from a forty four year old professional woman who ran her own modeling agency. "Wanna see?"

"Of course, I do."

"Ask nice!"

Oh, jeez, Evan grimaced, they were starting early, but not like he was supposed to be home. Part of him wanted to have a little fun and bang on their door, scaring them like dad had done to him and Maria one night when he hadn't heard them come home.

But that would just set him up for more of the same, plus he didn't want to embarrass mom.

"Please?"

"Hmm, please what?" Mom asked, then added. "Go ahead, I know you want to say it."

“Yeah?” Dad sounded excited, and Evan knew he needed to move down the hall, but Mom sounded closer to the door, meaning she, and possibly dad wasn’t in the bed. He paused because he didn’t want to hear anything but didn’t want to weird them out in case they saw him slip past.

“Go ahead,” Mom told him. “I promised I would this weekend.”

“You are a good woman, Missy,” Dad laughed. “In a bad sort of way.”

“I didn’t think you wanted me to be Missy tonight,” Mom sighed. “But if you want me to be your boring wife, I can be.”

“Nothing boring about you, Marissa, that’s for damn sure.” Dad whistled. “I’m a lucky man.”

Move before this gets any more awkward.

“Lucky boy you mean.”

“Luckier by the minute,” Dad cleared his throat. “Can’t sleep mom?”

Mom? Evan’s eyes widened. What the fuck?

“No, I was just lying there wide awake,” Mom released a soft sound that was somewhere between a sigh and a moan. “And awfully lonely. Think I could sleep with you tonight?”

Evan shook his head; he couldn’t be hearing this right. Did they know he was outside the door and screwing with him? Dad did have a twisted sense of humor, and liked to prank him, but he couldn’t see mom going along with something this sexual.

But what would that leave?

“I...uh...well I don’t know, Mom, that’s kind of weird don’t you think?” Dad replied in a tone that sounded as if he were pretending he was nervous.

“I just want to be close to my baby,” Mom’s reply was voiced in a sultry purr a cam girl would be envious of but coming from her he found unsettling. “I even bought new jammies just for you.”

“Just for me?”

“Just for my baby boy.” Again, her voice dripped sex, and was followed by a naughty giggle that was as disturbing to him as it was probably as arousing to his father. “Ask nice.”

“Please mom, please let me see?”

The pleading tone in his father’s voice was too much for him. Evan had been close to the door, but now stepped towards the wall of the hallway hoping to blend into the shadows as he hurried past.

He took two steps, but reflexively turned his head when he sensed movement out of the corner of his eye. Mom was visible in the partially open doorway with her back to him.

She wore a light blue robe with black lace trim so short it left the backs of her thighs visible to where Evan was sure if she even leaned forward, he’d see her ass. Mom’s long curly honey blonde

hair flowed down over the robe, and as he watched, frozen by the sight of her, she let the robe fall from her shoulders.

From where he stood, Evan could see Mom's reflection in the mirror over her bureau, and as the robe dropped caught a glimpse of a matching blue bra, the cups of which were black lace, and the lower portion blue and black striped.

The robe fell beyond her long hair, exposing the black and red gothic rose tramp stamp which featured a series of intertwined sharp black thorns that spread out across her back and over her hips, encircling the edges of her waist and plunging down to the V between her thighs.

Just the very top of the roses were visible just above the line of the blue and black lace French cut panties. The only way to see them fully would be if she didn't have anything on, and he'd once overheard his father make a dirty remark to her about 'stopping to smell the roses'

Mom had gotten the tattoo when she was around his age, and rather than be ashamed of it as she grew older, had gone out and had it recolored a few years back. She said it was for dad, and for her, because it made her feel sexy and 'fun'.

In her defense, she did always keep it covered, and the only time Evan had ever caught a glimpse of it was when she sunbathed by the pool in a bikini which she would never wear anywhere but the back yard which was enclosed with a six foot stockade fence too high for the neighbors to see over.

Seeing his mother in the revealing lingerie stunned him into lingering for a few seconds that felt much longer. But when she stopped teasing and let the robe drop to the floor, the glimpse of the cheeks of her ass in the tight high cut panties snapped him out of his train wreck rubbernecking state.

He took the one more step needed to get him past the doorway and Mom out of his line of sight, but before he got too much further he heard her say,

"Hmm, guess my baby likes what he sees," the giggle again. "Look at you, hard for mommy."

Jesus! The comment caught him by such surprise, his hand brushed the wall, thumping the bottle into it. Most likely the sound wasn't as loud as it seemed, and his parents, especially his father, he imagined, were a bit distracted at the moment.

But he still had to resist the urge to run to his room, and when he got there closed the door behind him and leaned against it as if he were afraid they were going to follow him in there.

"What the actual fuck was that?" he demanded of the empty room.

Pressing the still cold soda bottle to his hot flushed face, he took a few deep breaths before walking into the room and flopping into the chair in front of his desk.

Mommy? Evan knew his parents had a pretty active sex life, but what kind of sick shit was that? She was a mom for fucks sake, a mom to her husband's son so what the hell were either of them thinking?

It had been a little unnerving seeing her in the lingerie, and he knew he shouldn't have looked, but it was a normal thing for a woman to wear sexy things for her husband, and he was sure he wasn't the

first kid to ever accidentally see their mom in something racy or partially nude. Live with someone long enough, shit happened.

But what they were saying? That was not normal shit by any means. Evan was no stranger to porn. Yet another awesome thing about Maria was she liked it too and they'd browse porn hub sometimes and look for things to 'make real' as she'd say.

He'd caught sight of enough mom, stepmom, dad and sister things to know a lot of people were into taboo fantasies, but his parents weren't people, they were his damn parents!

Plus, he'd always kind of figured that people who had those fantasies might not have the object of those fantasies in their life. Guys without daughters watching daddy little girl stuff or people who never thought of their own parents watching mom dad stuff.

But he still lived with them! Were they thinking of him? Was dad pretending to be him because his mother had thought of...? Evan couldn't even finish that thought. Logic, which he was trying to hold onto told him that couldn't be, his mother had never once been inappropriate with him.

Even the bikini that was skimpy enough to show most of her 'dirty secret tattoo' as she called it, was never anything she'd intended him on seeing her in. The couple of times he'd seen her had been-like tonight- when he'd come home unexpectedly.

Although Mom dressed stylishly as befitting her career, and on occasions showed enough to remind the models who worked for her she'd once been one of them, she never crossed the line into improper.

Especially around Evan, and more importantly any of his friends who came over, avoiding the pool when they were there, and when she did come out to bring them drinks and snacks wore loose shorts and plain t-shirts.

Mom was reasonably affectionate with him, some spontaneous hugs, a kiss on the cheek. Her arm around him when she sat next to him watching TV, but nothing out of line, and she never made any type of sexual remarks or jokes in his presence.

On his end, he knew his mother was attractive, no, if he were being honest, he knew she was hot. The woman had been a model for well over a decade while learning the rest of the industry and going back to school to get her MBA in order to work her way into the business end of things.

At forty four she was still a stunning woman, with gorgeous features and again, he'd be in denial if he didn't know on some level she had a ridiculous body. If he did try to think otherwise he'd had years of ribbing from his friends about being the kid with the "milf mom."

His father was the envy of Evan's friends, his coworkers, and every guy in the neighborhood. No, there was no avoiding the truth about his mother being a desirable woman, and although he hadn't looked at her just now in a sexual manner, that bra and panty set was a jarring reminder his mother was a smoke show as his best friend Rob called her.

Hell, Maria had told him his mother was so fine she had her thinking about her, and she wasn't even into girls.

"Fuck!" Evan jumped when his cell rang. He clawed it out of his pocket, then dropped it when he saw it was dad calling. Swearing again, he picked it up hurriedly swiping to answer it because last

thing he needed was to see his father who as he'd just heard had been hard for his mommy, who was in reality, Evan's mommy.

"H...hey, dad," he answered.

"Hey, kid, you okay? You sound out of breath."

"Had to run for the phone, then dropped it," Evan replied. "What's up?" Ugh, bad question because he knew what a minute had been up ago, and why.

"Are you home?"

"Yeah, work was slow so I offered to leave so Heather could get the hours."

"You're a good man, Evan," Dad said approvingly, but then paused and when he asked his next question his tone changed to a less confident one. "So, um, how long you been home?"

"Couple of minutes."

"Oh," Dad sounded as put off as he felt. "You should have let us know, I heard something in the hall."

"Just me," He forced a laugh. "But if it wasn't by the time you got off the phone whoever it was could have taken anything they wanted."

"Right," Dad sighed. "Listen, kiddo, you're a man, and I shouldn't bullshit you. Our door was open and we were...well, not expecting you to be home."

"Yeah, I kind of figured, that's why I just breezed by and into my room, didn't need to go blind or anything," he kept trying to joke it off.

"Your moms in the bathroom, so this is just between us. Did you hear anything when you went by?"

"No," he said without hesitation. "Sounds like I should be glad about that."

"You sure? You know I've told you we're not just father and son, we're buds and we can talk about anything."

"I don't think I'd want to talk about anything that happens in that room," Evan explained. "Especially the way you're asking me. Whatever I missed, I'm happy I missed it."

"It wasn't so bad," the relief in his father's voice was palpable. "Just some dirty talk, but mom would be upset if she thought you heard her."

Not as upset as he felt, but Evan continued to let it go. He was confused, freaked out, and wouldn't mind asking his 'bud' what the hell, but there was no way he could have that conversation, especially with mom in the house.

Maybe he'd think on it and catch his father when he was off guard and it was just the two of them.

"It's all good, I heard you say something, but I zipped past too fast to pay attention."

“Okay, just checking. I’ll see you in the morning.”

“Yeah, and don’t worry, I’ll go into date night mode and lock myself in my room for my own good.”

“A good man, and a smart man, night kiddo.”

“Night, dad.”

Evan stared at the phone wondering if he’d done the right thing. Most likely he had because maybe he was blowing it out of proportion. He knew what role playing was and Mom and Dad had been together over twenty years and seemed to work on keeping things fun.

“You really think he didn’t hear us?” Mom’s voice coming from the phone startled him.

“Says he didn’t, and I’d think if he did, he’d say something.” Dad sighed. “I sure as hell would.”

There was an echo to his voice, and Evan realized his father had hit speaker instead of ending the call, something he did more than once when he’d call him or mom. It also hit him that Dad had lied, mom hadn’t been in the bathroom, she’d been right there with him.

Not that he didn’t understand, Dad knew he’d never say anything if he thought Mom was there so he understood, but still a lie. Now Evan wondered what Dad would have said he if did tell him what he heard.

“I hope so because that would be really bad.”

Evan went to end the call, then decided to eavesdrop. It could be a way to find out what was going on without the confrontation. “Be careful what you wish for,” he warned himself.

“Yeah, awkward conversation for sure,” Dad agreed.

He sounded further away, and Evan relaxed a little thinking there was less chance one of them would see the phone lit up, and that he hadn’t hung up.

“Especially for me,” Mom told him. “He’d think you were warped. He’d never see me the same again.”

Shit, did that mean she did want him? It was her game, not dads?

“So…” Dad cleared his throat. “I suppose that killed the mood?”

“Hey, you know me, baby,” Mom laughed. “Your girl’s always ready. How about you take my panties off, and give me a kiss to get things started?”

“Guess the game’s over,” Dad said in a subdued tone.

“Yeah, Rick, that was a little close. We can always do it tomorrow when he’s at work.”

“We have the charity dinner for my firm, remember? I have to stay to the end, and that’s midnight.”

“Right, wow, thinking Evan heard us really rattled me. But we can do it another time. I’m not going anywhere, honey.”

“I know, I was just looking forward to it.”

“We can play another game. You want to take me? Hold me down and I’ll beg you not to?”

TMI with capital fucking letters!

“I don’t know.”

“You can put me face down,” Mom encouraged him. “Maybe I’ll even let you fuck me in the ass. I’ll squeal into the pillow the way you like.”

There was silence, and Mom made a disgusted sound.

“Gee, I’m sorry if your sexy always ready wife is only offering you a rape role play. I mean, how awful that must be.”

“I’m sorry,” he told her. “You know I can’t get enough of you, but I really wanted this tonight.”

“I did too.” Her admission caused Evan to rub at his temples. “But he’s home, and I won’t be able to get into it.”

“Get the movie out.”

“Did you hear what I said?”

“I did, but come on, you put that in, and you know you’ll warm up to it.”

“You will, that’s for sure,” Mom cracked.

“Come on, babe,” Dad pleaded with her. “I’ll go grab the wine, we can flip through the magazine, watch the movie,” he heard him kiss her. “Play out the movie.”

“I don’t know,” another kiss. “Hmm, that’s not fair, you know my neck is my weak spot.”

“There’ll be a nice wet spot soon and you know it.”

“You’re making this hard, you know that?”

“You’re making me hard.” Dad informed her. “Please Missy? You’re already wearing the outfit.”

“True.”

“The box is out,” he laughed. “You know what happens whenever that box is out.”

“I go all bad mommy.”

“Good mommy is how I see it.” More kissing. “What do say?”

“You are making a good case for yourself.”

“How about Mommy teaches her boy how to eat pussy? You get to cum first, deal?”

“Counter deal. You get the wine, we watch, then baby boy gives mommy a nice back rub, his fingers start to stray, and I roll over for you to learn how to use that tongue of yours?”

“I’ll go grab the bottle,” he paused. “Where’s the box?”

“If you don’t know you’re really in character,” Mom giggled.

“Ha-ha, I thought I put it...oh, there it is, blended in with TV stand. I’ll be right back.”

“Better be quick, you know once the movie comes on I might start without you.”

“Nah, we played I catch mommy jilling off last time.” Dad laughed, and Evan heard the door close.

What movie were they talking about? If he stayed listening maybe he could hear some of it. But if they realized the phone was on and saw the length of the call they’d know he was listening.

Besides, he thought while ending the call, there was no way he wanted to hear more sick mommy talk or worse, them having sex. Evan put the phone down and leaned back in his chair.

He was more disturbed than ever, and even after listening to them had no idea who this game was for, or why the hell they were playing it. One thing he did know for sure...

He needed to find that box.

Chapter Two

Evan heard the front door shut and peered between his blinds. A moment later Mom and Dad jogged down the street. He watched his mother, noting her loose running shorts and baggy t-shirt, her hair pulled through her Celtics cap in a long ponytail.

No spandex and sports bra look for her, even though she could totally rock it. Nope, his mother was a proper woman. At least when she wasn’t pretending to fuck her son. Their routine on Saturdays neither of them had to work was a two mile run, then on the walk back stop at Joey’s diner and have breakfast together.

Normally they were gone and back before he opened his eyes on a Saturday morning as they were up and out by seven. But after the hot mess of last night, and Mom mentioning yesterday before he went to work they’d be off today, he set his alarm for six thirty in case they left early.

He figured they'd be gone at least an hour, but he'd only need a few minutes to find what he was looking for. What he was going to find and how he'd react was a risk he was willing to take because he barely slept as it was last night.

When he did slip into sleep, it was filled with dreams of his mother coming into his room, and confessing she wanted him and seducing him, telling him 'mommy' needed him so bad.

He'd wake up from each one feeling as dirty as the dream was, and glad that the dream never got far enough to give him the unwanted visual of his mother having sex with him.

The last one he remembered was even worse, his father coming to him and telling him that he needed his help. When he asked what he needed help with, Dad replied that he needed him to fuck his mother because him pretending to be her son wasn't good enough anymore and she needed the real thing.

Even in the dream, Evan was shocked and told his father it was wrong. Dad's response was it would just make him and mom closer, and he always wanted to see mom happy, didn't Evan want to make her happy?

He turned from the window and slipping a pair of sweatpants over his boxers, pulled a plain back t-shirt on, and left his room. He passed theirs and went to the bathroom, he didn't have to go that bad, but it was a brief stall tactic as he worked up the nerve to snoop in his parent's rooms like a little kid looking for where they hid the Christmas presents.

After using the bathroom and washing his hands he leaned over and splashed cold water on his face, then dunked his head under the faucet, trying to wake himself up. He towel dried his hair, then looked in the mirror.

Evan's light blue eyes, Mom's eyes, were red rimmed, watery and stung, making them feel as bad as they looked. He'd have to put some eye drops in before they came home or they'd think he'd been toking up.

Not that Mom and Dad didn't smoke once in a while, he'd gotten a whiff of it in the hallway, mostly on date night. They didn't forbid him to do it, they just wanted to make sure it was in moderation and not to get caught up in the party scene.

Up until last night, Evan felt he didn't just have good loving parents, but cool parents. Parents who didn't think life stopped because they were in their forties. Both Mom and dad were in great shape, went out all the time and had fun, still smoked and got high here and there, let Maria sleep over the house, and were generally pretty accepting and easy going.

As dad had said, they worked hard, played hard, but tried not to live hard which meant always being sure to enjoy life and if it felt good, and didn't hurt anyone or yourself, go for it.

They were part of his thoughts on the way home last night that life was good. He supposed it still was. His parents playing some kind of weird sex game wasn't a life altering experience.

But at the same time, he had a right to be disturbed and wonder what the motivation was behind the game. Mom mentioned rape play fantasies. That was pretty extreme too.

Maybe as time went on they'd run out of normal fantasies and kept trying to find more taboo games? Jesus, had they ever mixed them? Son rapes mommy?

“Gross,” Evan said to his reflection, then picked up the toothpaste and his brush. He should already be in the room, he could brush his teeth later, but it was habit and another delaying tactic before he got to the bottom of last night.

Evan watched himself in the mirror, and other than his eyes had no complaints about what he saw. Mom was a classic beauty with her ice blue eyes high cheek bones, smooth flawless features and creamy complexion.

Her eyes, as light as a Husky’s were one of two facial features that helped her as a model, the other her mouth. Mom’s lips were large, full, and sensual. The type of lips women paid for, but as Mom was fond of saying were like the rest of her ‘real and spectacular’

She said it in a joking way, and he didn’t consider his mother arrogant, but she did freely admit to being a bit vain and it was okay to feel good about yourself. Dad joked mom wasn’t conceited, she was convinced.

Being she’d made a career out of being in front of a camera for close to fifteen years, he supposed it was justified. Dad was no slouch either he supposed. Handsome in a rugged way with a strong square jaw and hard sharp features, and piercing deep blue eyes, made him easy to look at as mom said.

He was rugged from the neck down as well. He’d been a middle weight boxer in college and twenty years later still looked like he could get in the ring due to hitting the gym three mornings a week before the gym.

Other than his eyes, Evan was the mirror image of Dad, same hair, features, and wrestling and the working out that went with it had given him a more than solid build. He’d never lacked attention from girls but had never exploited that.

Evan didn’t want to be a frat boy game playing jerk; he’d always looked for a girl who wasn’t the party type and wanted something more serious than hook ups. That had come from seeing his parents together and wanting what they had and in the moment he felt he may have found that in Maria.

“Life is good,” he said quietly after wiping his mouth. “Even if your parents are deviants in the bedroom.”

Having run out of things to do to put it off, Evan went back down the hall to their room. The door was shut as always, and he left it open behind him. The bed was neatly made and there were no clothes on the floor, or anything that would make him uncomfortable.

He breathed a small sigh of relief he hadn’t walked into a scene that spoke of a night of torrid sex. The room smelled faintly of the blueberry scented Yankee candle on Mom’s nightstand, and he paused to look at the small piece of furniture.

There was a drawer that he doubted would contain a ‘box’ or at least hoped so because from his experience with Maria, if there were any toys, that’s where they’d be. Beneath it was a door that concealed a bigger space, and Evan eased it open.

There were a few books inside along with another unopened candle. Relieved he closed it, then looked at her bureau, then to Dad's. His father's wouldn't be a problem, but did he want to rifle through his mother's extensive collection of Victoria Secret bras, panties and lingerie?

He had never looked before, but Mom always had packages coming from there, and would come home with a bag once in a while. Maria had once gone to lunch and shopping with mom and they'd gone into Victoria Secrets where his mother explained sexy things beneath your clothes wasn't just for men but dressing sexy made you feel sexy as well as confident.

Throw in Mom's career and how she looked in general and he imagined there was a mini lingerie store in those drawers. He started for his father's then stopped and rolled his eyes at himself.

To his left were the folding slotted doors that led to their huge walk in closet. That would be the most obvious place for the mystery box he was still partially hoping he might not find.

He opened the door noting the closet was as OCD organized as the rest of the house. Mom's dresses and other clothes on the left with her shoes lined up beneath them. Dad's suits, shirts and ties on the other side.

Facing him was a shelf built into the wall with multiple cubes containing folded clothes and small boxes. Evan slid out a pink shoe box and lifted the lid to discover a pair of black stilettos, fuck me heels a stripper would be jealous of.

He put the box back and for the moment ignoring the other shoe boxes looked at the two shelves above the cubby holes. On the higher of the two were several cardboard boxes that were written on in black marker, mostly paperwork from their jobs, household finances, photo albums.

Mom's comment that the box had blended into their TV stand told him he was looking for something black, and he didn't see anything that color on the shelves. Course, If they had something to hide they might try to disguise it as something innocuous.

Evan reached for one marked 'Rick's Files' and eased it low enough to hold it with one hand and lift up the flap with the other to see a stack of manila folders. He pushed it back and stared at the two shelves. Was he going to have to rummage through everything?

Besides, he was twenty, did they really worry about him looking through their things? His eyes dropped down to spot a navy blue shoe box. It was pretty dark, maybe that was it.

He stooped down and opened it to be confronted with a pair of red shoes with metal heels and a studded cuff that strapped around the ankle. "Christ, Mom," he muttered, but couldn't help thinking his life is good motto was something he'd gotten from dad who said it all the time. Apparently Dad's life was pretty damned good behind closed doors.

"Mommy's fuck me shoes," he added while straightening.

He scratched his head and slowly turned around, looking at the clothes on either side wondering if there was anything behind them. Then to the doorway where there was a small rack on either side of the door with more folded clothing.

As he stared out into the bedroom, he shook his head.

"You idiot, it can't be that easy."

He was facing his parent's 30" flat screen in its stand on the black table. The table that had storage beneath it. He walked back into the room, knelt down and opened the doors. There were piles of DVDs behind one door, but the other revealed a decent sized black box.

"Jackpot." He pulled it out then straightened and taking a couple steps back, sat on the edge of their bed.

The box was shaped like a small treasure chest complete with brass clasps and looked old. There was a padlock dangling from the loop with the key still in it. If they kept it locked, that added even more mystery, and unease, as to what the contents were.

"Here we go," he eased open the lid.

Rolled up on top was the robe mom had worn last night. He picked it up, then grimaced when the panties fell out, landing on his foot. Evan quickly picked them up, shoving them inside the robe, and dropping it next to him as if it were something slimy and gross.

He knew it was immature, but touching his mother's panties, ones she'd just worn and had for lack of a better term been 'excited' in squicked him out. He noticed the strap of the bra sticking out and wondered why she'd keep that set in a box and not with the rest of her stuff.

Because there had to be something else in there, something special to them. Beneath the lingerie was a pair of shoes in the same color, high heeled, open toed sandal type things with a lot of straps.

Had she had them on last night? His eyes had never gotten lower then when he'd caught that quick flash of her scantily clad ass. He put the shoes down on the lingerie and picked up a black leather bound photo album.

The small picture in the center of it was a close up of his mother smiling. His much younger mother, maybe around his age. Beneath her picture were the words "Missy X"

Mom's full name was Marissa, and only dad and Laurie, her best friend since high school who mom had hired to help run the agency, called her Missy.

What was with the X?

Evan found out when he flipped the album open. The first picture was of Mom in a pair of daisy duke shorts and heels, leaning back over the hood of a car.

She was topless.

There were two pictures on the page, both five by seven, and the bottom was of Mom's bottom while on her hands and knees on the car. She was naked except for heels, and he flipped the page before he could focus on what was visible between her thighs.

Two more pictures on one side, these of Mom in a schoolgirl outfit. The top with the white blouse open exposing her breasts, the lower from behind, her flipping the skirt up to show off the fact she wore nothing beneath it.

The opposite page featured her completely naked, her legs spread, and her smiling at the camera beckoning someone with a red tipped finger. Evan closed the album so fast the sound startled him.

He stared down at it, and like last night felt his cheeks flushing. The album was disturbingly thick and with two pics per page. He knew mom had modeled right out of high school but had left out it was this kind of modeling.

Then again, why would she tell him? “Evan, honey, I used to spread my legs for the camera.” Wasn’t exactly dinner conversation.

He hefted the album, noting its weight. Was every picture really a nude? He slipped his finger between two pages about two thirds of the way through and opened it.

“Jesus Christ!” he dropped the thick book as if he’d been burned, and he felt like his eyes had been.

A picture of her naked and on her knees sucking the cock of a guy standing in front of her. He’d been dressed, just his jeans open and his dick...in his mother’s mouth while she gripped him in her hand.

In the split second before he’d dropped the book, he’d caught sight of the picture below that one, and it was as bad, if not worse. The guy on floor, and mom squatting over him facing the camera and guiding his cock between her legs.

Evan leaned over and picked up the album, his hands shaking and his stomach twisting. This was getting worse by the minute, nudes were one thing, but the last two were flat out porn.

He went to drop the book back into the trunk, toss the clothes back in and put it away. But what he’d seen had been shocking, but where did the mommy stuff come in? It had to have something to do with the rest of what was in there because Mom had commented that when the box was out she went ‘bad mommy’

He reached in, his head turned like a little kid and felt as if he were waiting for something to bite him. He pulled out a magazine and looked at the cover to see it was an issue of “Best of Sexxx”

The date was August 2002 and featured two topless women kissing, their breasts pressing against one another’s. There were four small pictures along the side with a description of the article it went with.

The third one down was a picture of his mother from the waist up and in the blue black bra she’d worn last night. He read the blurb in a trembling voice.

“Hot Mommy Missy X teaches her boy how to please her.”

Evan noted the page number and figured he may as well not stop now. He opened it to the page to see a picture of mom in the full outfit she’d been in last night, the robe open to show off her amazing body in the bra and panties.

“From “It’s okay, he’s my stepson volume three newcomer Missy X is Ryan’s father’s hot trophy wife who’s tired of being ignored and needs a good hard fucking...from her stepson.”

Beneath the description was an actual article describing the scene including the mention that ‘Missy X’ was playing stepmom, but we all know in our dirty little minds she’s just ‘mom’ and all the dialogue played to that, calling her mommy all the way through.

The next three pages were pictures from the shoot, and this time Evan lingered for a few seconds over each picture taking them in the way people on the highway couldn't help but look at a horrible accident.

Mom with the robe off crawling on the bed towards a young man in a pair of boxers. The guy was jacked and even Evan couldn't help noticing the bulge in his shorts as he started at the young version of his mother.

Mom straddling him with her top off her breasts were as perfect as the rest of her, not too big, but far from small. As the next picture evidence, they were big enough to fuck as she leaned over between his legs, his cock pressed between her tits.

He looked to the other page which featured a shot from over the guy's shoulder of mom lying between his legs blowing him. Her ice blue eyes locked on the camera, mouth full and her legs bent, ankles crossed, showing off the smooth soles of her feet and blue painted toes.

Her ass in the air and her long blonde hair flowing down her back. If this were any other woman he'd have his cock in his hand right now, but even though this was back when she was his age, she was still his mother.

Next was Mom on her back, legs spread, the guy licking her pussy. It was the first time he'd seen the rest of her tattoo. The red and black roses just over and on either side of her pussy.

Mom's right hand was there, spreading her pink lips as his tongue pressed to her clit. A small patch of fuzz over her slit told of her being a natural blonde, and Evan blinked rapidly as he'd realized he was looking a little too closely.

He flipped the page quickly to see a collage of pictures of Mom and her 'stepson' going around the world, her on top in reverse cowgirl, then facing him, doggy, on their sides, Mom on her back her arms around her legs pulling them back over her head while getting pounded by the guy's massive dick.

There was a caption to every picture and he saw where last night's game had its origin. "Can mommy sleep in your bed, baby? Like my jammies? Want to see mommy's titties? "Aw, you're so hard! Let Mommy take care of that!" "Hmm, just like that honey, lick mama's clit, make me cum! Oh, you're going to make your girlfriend so happy after I show you how to fuck!"

The last picture on the following page snapped him out of his weird mom induced coma, causing him to toss the magazine to the side at the sight of his mother on her knees, smiling and holding her tits. Her face and tits were covered in cum, the still dripping cock an inch from her parted lips which were also coated in white.

Evan rubbed his aching temples. Careful what you wish for. His mother had been a porn star before she'd met his father. He knew there was no way they could ever tell him that, but what else was a lie?

He'd seen pictures of her from some of her shoots when she was younger, but mostly in dresses, suits, a couple in a bikini, so she did do actual modeling, but how much and how long had she been an adult star?

She'd met dad when she was 21 a year before the date on the magazine. She must have kept it secret from him. Evan had been born three years later when she was 24. God, what if she had started when she was 18? She could have been filming for four or five years.

How many movies had she been in, and magazines? If he went to Porn Hub and typed in Missy X what would come up? He vowed not to do that to himself, and grabbing the magazine, put it under the album and the rolled up lingerie set on top of that.

He leaned over to put it all back in the box, then stopped when he saw several DVDs at the bottom of the box. He swallowed nervously, he already found out where the mommy thing came from, and inadvertently discovered one hell of a dirty secret. Did he need more?

As if moving in a dream, he put the pile down and scooped up the DVD's. There was a half dozen, and all of them featured his mother. The stepmom anthology was there along with "Barely Legal Babes" which claimed every girl in it was only 18.

If that were true mom had gone from frigging prom to porn in no time. She wasn't on the cover, but when he turned it over there was a picture of her sitting at a school desk, her hair in pig tails. "Missy X in Detention Tension"

He tossed it back into the box and looked through the others.

"Blondes have more fun volume four, Teen cocksuckers volume two"

"Oh, fuck," Evan groaned when he saw "Backdoor Babies" then again when the next to last was "Teens in Between" and there was mom on the cover in a cheerleader outfit kneeling between two men, her hands on the crotches of their jeans.

He'd flipped each one into the box and was now confronted with the last one.

"The best of Mommy Knows Best 2017."

The cover was an older brunette in a professional looking grey skirt and white blouse standing in front of a young man on his bed. The woman had the blouse unbuttoned to show off her black lace bra, and the kid had an idiotic look of shock on his face that would have been funny if Evan had seen it under different circumstances.

He turned it over and read the top description.

"2017 was a great year for the mother fuckers who love our site, so here they are, voted by you, the top ten scenes of the year!"

There were no pictures, only a list of titles and the actor and actress with a quick one line description. Number six was "One Night with Mom" starring Missy X and Seth Gunn. Evan wiped at his now sweaty face. Something was wrong.

A lot was wrong, but he felt as if he was missing something. He looked up and eyed the DVD player on the stand next to the TV. No, he couldn't do it. He knew what he'd see, a live version of all the hardcore pictures.

On the other hand, how much worse could it be? Much, he imagined, but he couldn't shake the nagging sensation he was overlooking something important. But what? How could there be another layer to what he'd already discovered?

"All in or get out," he recited the motto of his former wrestling coach while also thinking of how Mom had always told him to trust his gut whenever he was undecided on anything.

Coming from a woman whose gut had told her being a porn star was a good career choice. Evan rose from the bed and slipped the disc into the player. He picked up the remote, turning the TV on and sat back down.

The menu came up and he selected scene six. His thumb hovered over play. Was he sure he wanted to do this? He thumbed it hard before he could change his mind. The scene opened to the actor sitting on his bed in a pair of jeans and a tank top that showed off her impressive physique.

He was doing a poor job of playing with a game controller while pretending he was watching the TV in front of him.

"Come on, man, that's a cheat code" he declared, and even in that line he sounded like a bad actor, but Evan wasn't surprised, these guys were hired for between their legs, not being able to perform Shakespeare.

There was a soft knock and he yelled to come in and Mom walked in wearing the expected blue robe, her heels clicking on the floor.

"Hey, Tony, you have a minute?"

"What's up, Mom?"

"Honey, I think you have a problem?"

"What's that?"

"You're eighteen, you're good looking, but all you do after work is hang around and play video games. Why don't you have a girlfriend?"

"Oh, well, I...thing is..." Tony did a bad stammering job. "I've never had sex so I'm kind of afraid to, I mean a lot of girls my age they've already had sex, so what if I screw up and suck at it."

"That's it?" Mom asked, her blue eyes wide. "You're still a virgin and don't know if you can make a girl happy?"

He shrugged. "Yeah, pretty much." More bad acting as he pretended to look mom up and down. "What's with the hot shoes and sexy robe?"

"Okay, honey, I'll confess," Mom's acting wasn't a lot better if he were being honest at this point. "I figured that was the problem. If you've never had a girlfriend you probably never got laid."

"Yeah," he tried to look glum. "Not sure what to do."

"Lucky for you a mother's job is to always help her son no matter what, so I thought maybe I could show you."

“Show me what?”

“Everything you need to know to make a woman happy. Would you like that?”

“But...we’re not supposed to do that, you’re my mother!”

“No one needs to know. Our little secret, and it’ll just be once.” She sucked on her lower lip. “Trust me, honey, one night with mom is all you’ll need to be a man.”

“No!” Evan exclaimed.

His declaration wasn’t in response to the horrible line but realizing what had been nagging at him. His mother wasn’t young in this video, in fact she looked pretty much like she did now. Which made sense because the video was from 2017.

Only five years ago.

Onscreen, mom let the robe fall to the floor, then raised her hands over her head and did a slow turn, showing herself off.

“Damn, Mom, you’re hot as fuck!” Tony whistled.

“Thank you, baby! Now how about you get out of those clothes, lay back, and” Mom ran her tongue over her red lips. “Mommy will suck your cock and drain those poor balls. That way you’ll be able to fuck me long hard,” she put her hand between her legs, moving the panties to the side to show off her pink slit. “After I show you how to eat my cunt.”

“Fuck me,” Evan groaned and lifted the remote to shut it off, but the remote fell from his startled hands when dad yelled behind him.

“Evan! What the hell are you doing?”

Chapter Three

Evan blurted out something incoherent as he bent to pick up the remote and aim his shaking hand to shut off the video. As he did the lingerie and books he had next to him fell onto the floor.

“What’s going on?” Mom asked behind him, then gasped. “Oh my god!”

Evan finally managed to shut off the movie just as Dad came storming around the bed, his face red and his eyes blazing in uncharacteristic anger.

“What’s wrong with you? Looking through our things? This is our damn room and this stuff wasn’t just laying around!”

“I’m sorry!” He put his hands up defensively. “I know I shouldn’t have, but I…”

“But what?” Dad yelled. “There are no buts for this!”

“It doesn’t matter why, Rick,” Mom’s voice was softer, but trembled and when Evan turned to look at her, he saw there were tears on her cheeks and she was blushing. “He saw it, he saw everything,” she emitted a choked sob. “He knows everything now!”

“Easy, Marissa,” Dad lowered his voice. “It’ll be okay, we’ll figure it out.”

“Oh god,” Mom looked at Evan. “I… I can’t imagine what you think of me! I’m sorry honey, I’m so sorry you saw those things!”

“Don’t cry mom,” despite being disgusted and angry with her and all the questions he had seeing her in tears got to him. “It’s my fault! I shouldn’t have been in here.”

“Told you we shouldn’t have kept any of that shit!” Mom now yelled at dad. “You have me, you didn’t need all your souvenirs!”

“You don’t mind them either,” Dad snapped. “So don’t blame me for your life choices.”

“My choices?” Mom’s tears were being replaced by anger. “Right away, they were, but you helped make them after that, especially what he was watching!”

“You…” Dad put his hand up and took a breath. “Okay, let’s all calm down. We’re family, we love each other. We’re all that matters and we’ll get through this.”

“I’m supposed to go to the damn office,” Mom leaned against the doorway where she’d remained, and looked at Evan. “That’s why we’re back so early, work called and needs me to help with a layout.”

“Go,” Dad told her. “This is probably better if I explain this to him.”

“How can I go to work?” Mom put her arms out. “My son saw…” she looked away, her face flushing even more beneath her tears.

She sank down into a sitting position, her face in her hands. “I’m so sorry, Evan.”

Dad caught his attention and pointed to him, then mom and mouthed “It’s okay”

Evan nodded and rose quickly from the bed. He knew what dad wanted from him because he was prepared to do it anyway. He went to Mom, knelt down and slipping his arms around her shoulders.

“It’s okay,” he whispered.

“It’s really not,” she replied keeping her face hidden. “You must think I’m some kind of whore.”

“Never,” he told her and hugged her tighter. “I love you, Mom” he felt his own eyes tearing up. “And I’m so sorry I did this to us. I should have never looked. I just should have come and talked to you guys.”

“What do you mean?” Dad had come over, and remained standing, but put his hand on mom’s shoulder, giving it a comforting squeeze.

“I lied last night.” Evan kissed the top of Mom’s head and rising to his feet, put his hand out to her. “I heard what you guys were saying when you came home.”

“I knew it,” Mom moaned but took Evan’s hand and let him help her to her feet. “I told you,” she said to Dad, buried her head in his neck as he put his arm around her. “I knew it!”

“Yeah, I kind of did too and I should have just come in and talked to you, son.” Dad told him. “Guess I wanted to believe you and nothing was wrong.”

“I can’t go to work,” Mom shook her head. “I’m a fucking mess right now.”

“Think you can get Laurie to go in? Tell her you’re sick?” Dad suggested.

“I am sick,” but she nodded. “I told her I’d handle anything if it came up because she worked last Saturday, but she’ll do it for me.”

“Family meeting, living room in one hour.” Dad announced. “If you’re not up for it, babe, great, if not, I’ll take care of it, but now that this shit is out in the open I’m not letting it fester.”

“No, I can’t run from this.” She lifted her head and squared her shoulders. “We lied to ourselves over the years none of this would come out and keeping everything he just found was us bringing it on ourselves. I won’t let you handle it alone.”

“I don’t understand any of this,” Evan told them. “I really don’t.”

“Honestly, son, you still might not understand when we’re done, but at least you’ll know the truth. Head on back to your room so your mom can have some time to cope with what just happened, okay?”

“Yeah.” He nodded, but before he left the room asked. “Dad, if I said anything to you last night would you have told me everything I just saw?”

Dad glanced at Mom, then with his shoulders slumped replied, “No, Evan probably not.”

“Then I would have been better off,” Evan grunted, then gave mom a poor attempt at a smile. “Trust your gut, right?”

“Right, honey,” she didn’t try to return the smile. “But not always your parents.”

Chapter Four

Evan entered the living room to see Mom and Dad sitting together on the couch. They'd changed out of their jogging attire, both wearing jeans and a t-shirt. It was Mom's usual ensemble around the house, and now Evan wondered if her modesty itself was an effort to forget, or cover up, who she'd been in her past.

There were glasses in front of them with a bottle of Jim Beam and a couple of cans of coke. Dad leaned over, picked up a third glass, poured some coke into it and a couple splashes of JB.

"Here," he handed it to him before he sat across from them. "Don't even try you've never had a drink, or pretend you couldn't use one, because god knows we did."

"Right," Evan took the drink, sipping as he sat down. Dad hadn't made it too strong, but there was enough in there to soothe his nerves a little.

"Going to start with you," Dad pointed to him. "Tell me about last night and why you went snooping instead of asking questions. After that, it's all on us."

Evan nodded, trying not to think about what he'd seen on mom or how many men had been on her.

"I saw your light on and didn't want to make you feel weird in case you were, you know, doing what you were doing, so I tried to sneak past."

Evan took a bigger swallow this time and kept his eyes on his father because it was really hard to look at mom right now.

"I stopped when I heard the word Mommy. You went back and forth with it; I was really grossed out. I mean you are my mom." He pointed to her, then Dad. "And you're playing her son and that's me."

"Role play, honey," Mom said softly.

"Let him finish, Marissa."

Evan took note of her full name. Dad always called her Missy unless he was angry, but he figured now it was because of Evan knowing her porn nickname.

"I went to get past the door, then I saw Mom take off the robe and say you were uh..." Evan looked away. "Excited I guess."

Dad picked up his glass and chugged half of it while Mom sat there looking like she wanted to crawl under a rock.

"That made you come into our room?" Dad frowned. "Doesn't seem to make sense."

Throwing caution to the wind Evan drained his glass in three long swallows.

“Not his first drink,” Mom observed.

“When you called me you did it again,” Evan confessed. “Hit speaker instead of end call and I listened to you guys talk for a few minutes.”

“Oh, for fuck’s sake, Rick!” Mom glared at him.

“You guys talking about a box, a movie and a game? I guess I had to know, and like dad said, if I just came to you, I wouldn’t have known everything.”

“And you said you’d be better off.” Dad reminded him. “But okay, makes sense now I suppose.”

“Honey,” Mom picked up her drink. “Why did you keep looking? I know where everything was in that box because I put it all away early this morning.”

“Forgetting to lock it,” It was dad’s turn to give the death stare.

“Duly noted,” Mom returned the look. “I’m the one humiliated here not you.”

“Not yet anyway, but Mom has a point, those pictures and magazine should have had you high tailing it out of there. No son needs to see their mom like that.”

“Seriously, Rick?” Mom laughed, but it didn’t have much humor to it.

“Answer the question, please,” Dad said to him while looking away from Mom.

“I don’t know,” he answered honestly. “Part of me was kind of in shock, and I guess I just got to where, well, how much worse could it get?” he sighed. “It got worse. Can I have another one?” He held up his empty glass.

Dad leaned over, took his glass and made him a second drink.

“I think I was looking for where the mommy thing came from.”

“The magazine had that stupid step photo shoot in there.” Mom told him.

“I know, but...I couldn’t help it I guess.” He sipped the drink. “I’m sorry, I know that doesn’t make sense, but I just wanted to see everything you were hiding.”

“Make more sense than you know,” Dad sad quietly. “I know more than a little about being attracted to things most people think you shouldn’t be.”

“That’s all I have.” Evan continued, “I was going to shut it off then you came in and scared the piss out of me.”

“Our turn,” Dad looked to mom. “You want to...”

“What the hell is up with that movie?” Evan interrupted them. “2017?”

“Evan,” Dad began

“And that sure as hell wasn’t dad you were with!” He pointed at his mother.

"I knew that would be what you'd be angry about," Mom admitted. "Everything else was in the past before you were even thought of. But I get it and there's a few moving parts to that story."

"One big moving part," Evan grunted and slumped back in the loveseat.

"Be respectful," Dad warned him.

"But she cheated on you!" Evan hadn't felt that before, but it hit him all at once.

"Hey, your mother has never cheated on me," Dad's voice rose slightly. "You don't ever say that about her."

"But..."

"Evan, you saw where that movie was. That means I watch it too." Dad explained.

"Why?"

"I think we should start from the start, but short answer. It was a gift to me."

"What the actual fuck?" Evan chugged the rest of the drink.

"Watch your mouth," Dad told him. "And we'll get there, meantime you're shut off. You need to hear this, not be buzzed."

"I'll start," Mom silenced his father with a finger when he looked like he was going to protest. "There's things you don't know about this, and there's more to it than porn."

"I quit school at sixteen and ran away from home to live with my aunt," Mom began. "I told you my parents passed away when. Well, that's not true, they were just dead to me and they never deserved to meet their son in law or their grandson."

"Wow," Evan whispered. "I really have grandparents on your side?"

"No, those people are no one to you." Mom shook her head. "You don't want them to be. Drunks, drugs, both abusive, I spent time in foster homes and they kept giving me back to them for some reason."

"My aunt Cindy wasn't parent of the year, but she never told them I was there, and tried to do what she could. I got a job as a waitress, but really wanted to model. I was in Miami at the time and there were plenty of modeling agencies."

"I was sixteen, but in a city like Miami with its seedy nightlife, everything is for sale, and I was able to get a fake ID saying I was eighteen, and from Jacksonville, even had fake social security number to match it."

"Damn."

"Best my ass could by," Mom told him. "I had no money, but the guy was a pig and I fucked him for it. It was my first time, at least willingly."

“Marissa, he doesn’t need to know everything.”

“Why do most girls run away from home?” she asked pointedly.

“Mom, I’m so sorry.” He felt his eyes filling. “That’s so awful!”

“That’s why those people don’t exist to this family.” Dad said. “Your mom never gave me their names or I’d have killed that prick myself.”

“And never been an attorney,” Mom reminded him. “Past is the past, but if we’re going to be honest about everything, then he gets the full story.”

“Careful what you wish for.” Evan sighed.

“Typical story from there. I kept working and trying to model. Seedy industry in a seedy city because trust me, the Miami on post cards isn’t the real story. I got a couple of gigs and had to get on my knees for both.”

“But it was work and I did get paid and get myself out there. Over time I’d get a job here and there, but it never paid much. My aunt had heart issues, had a stroke, went into the hospital and never came out.”

“I moved in with two other girls, both wanted to be actresses. One of them was working in the adult industry which is big down there. She was getting a few hundred a shoot and as much work as she wanted.

“I decided seeing I had to fuck for any job I wanted, why not make fucking the job?” Mom shrugged. “My first half dozen shoots I was only seventeen, and when that was discovered, all the movies had to be pulled. If anyone has them, they might be worth some money.”

“With my fake alias ruined and me facing trouble for it, I high tailed it back to the East Coast. I went right back into the adult industry this time with my real name, and in between filming still tried to model.”

“I told you how I was working my way through school as a photographer?” Dad asked.

“Yeah, you said you were really good, it was your back up plan.” Evan nodded.

“That’s true except I never told you I was getting gigs taking pictures of porn shoots.”

When Evan looked confused, Mom elaborated.

“I know you watch porn. Ever watch a video and you can see flashes sometimes? Back then while people were filming the live action, they’d have someone taking pictures for a photo gallery of the vid for magazines and picture sites. Editing is so advanced now they just take them from the actual film, back then that was harder to do and expensive so we hired someone.

“And that’s where I met your mother,” Dad told him. “I was the photographer on the stepmom shoot, then a few other scenes your mom did. I asked her out, and we started dating, but she kept working and I would try to cover as many of her shoots as I could.”

“But...no offense to mom, but how could date someone who was doing that?”

“By that you mean having sex with other men?” Dad shook his head. “We said this had moving parts, so one thing at a time. Right now, just go with it.”

“Why not at this point?” Evan rolled his eyes.

“I was studying and taking any camera work I could, and in between that and dating your mom, I would take pictures of her to add to her portfolio as an actual model. I know you won’t understand considering her choice of work, but we fell in love and wanted a life together.”

“But my childhood was kind of messed up too. Not on par with hers, but I had some issues with my parents for a few years, and I’ll tell you about that later. Point is we didn’t have much money, and the plan was we both kept working on the sets until I graduated and got a job or mom was discovered in the modeling world.

“Two years later she landed a major shoot, and the woman in charge was so impressed with her she offered her some freelance work. No salary but paid per shoot and she was getting her at least one a week.”

“With a foot in the door, I eased out of porn. I did a few more shoots to be able to put away a little bit of money, then good old Missy X retired. Counting my illegal underage resume that was six years in the industry, so not to make you feel bad, but that handful of videos is a fraction of what I did.”

“Jeez, why would you say that?”

“No more secrets,” Mom told him.

“Mom got the notice of an even bigger fish and onto the cover of East Coast’s finest. A bit of a sleazy local hot girl’s magazine. Shoot was a little racy, thong and topless, but with her hands over her breasts, but from what she’d done before, it wasn’t an issue.

“Not classy, but it was a good chunk of money and it got her an interview and a job with an up and coming designer of women’s clothing. A weekly paycheck and commissions on shoots.”

“Your dad graduated that same year, was hired at a small firm and we began the life that led to where we are now. A senior partner that left Dad’s firm and knew he was being wasted there, came to Rhode Island to start his own firm and offered dad a job as junior partner and a nice bump in pay.

“I commuted three days a week to New York, but eventually latched on here, went back to school and here we are, with your dad making senior partner a few years ago, and me taking over the agency.” Mom smiled. “I did okay for a runaway drop out.”

“Because you’re beautiful and driven.” Dad gave her a kiss on the cheek.

“But you were in porn!” Evan protested.

“Your mother used what she had to get where she needed to be. Not to mention if she hadn’t, I wouldn’t have met her.”

“Honey, this is why family, our family, is so important to us, because I never had one and your dad’s, well, I’ll let him tell you that story.”

“It’s also why we worked damn hard to make sure you have everything you need and would never have worry about anything other than studying and succeeding. Parents are supposed to give their kids a better life than they had, and we feel we did that and we’re proud of it.”

“Life is good.” Dad added. “And even after this, it still is, Evan.”

“Yeah, and I guess I get it was a long time ago, and mom did what she had to, but I don’t get you being cool with it, and back to that last movie, you didn’t need to do that and I still don’t get the mommy shit.”

“Here’s where we get really dicey.” Mom said and looked at his father. “You want to try to explain it?”

“Yeah, it should be me anyway. The first part is your mom’s story and like you said it can be understood and sadly it’s more common than you think for a lot of young women trying to break into an industry based on looks and infested with predators.”

“I suppose this might be a little easier to discuss after what you saw. We’re your parents, but we’re also adults and very sexual people.”

“I can see that,” Evan nodded and for the first time he saw Mom crack a smile.

“We believe in doing as we feel and not adhering to the rules most people think exist.”

“Like mom son sex?”

“Let me get there wiseass,” Dad grunted and this time mom chuckled.

“Your turn to squirm,” she told him.

“More like what was the first thing you said about me dating your mother. How could I be with her knowing she was getting paid to get laid?”

“Yeah, I don’t get it.”

“Because we’re told that people can only have sex with their partner. That monogamy is the rule and you can’t stray from that. Men are told that’s their women and no one else can have her.

“That’s true when it comes to love, but some people see sex as a different act. Some men enjoy their wife so much that we get turned on by the idea of how hot and sexy they are to the point we want other men to experience them.”

“She’s not a car you offer someone to ride in because it’s fast.” Evan said and so seriously, Mom burst out laughing.

“That was a good comparison!” she clapped her hands while Dad frowned at her. “I’d like to think I have five speeds thank you very much.”

“And you use them all,” Dad did give her a small smile. “Okay, not how I’d see it, but guess you’re not wrong, except you say it like it’s a bad thing.”

“It kind of is.”

“Why?”

“Because...” Evan thought on it. “It’s kind of gross, sloppy seconds, some guy screwing your wife and laughing about it, like you’re some loser who can’t make her happy and,” he gestured to mom, “Think she’s a cheap slut.”

“Normal and because society tells you that.”

“I wouldn’t want Maria with another man. She does that, she’s gone.” He nodded.

“Because if she did that to you it would be cheating. We’re talking full consent Evan. Talking a man who openly invites someone to be with his wife. Only rule is we both agree on the man.”

“A lot of porn stars, even models, are exhibitionists.” Mom took over. “To different degrees we get excited by the camera, the idea of people looking at us, men thinking we’re sexy; wanting to have sex with us.

“I didn’t have to shoot porn. I could have scraped by on odd jobs, eventually hit with modeling, but fact is? I liked it. I had never been in love with anyone and thanks to my background and how I had to get my first work sex wasn’t an emotional thing for me. It was a physical act.

“I had what men wanted. I had what men would pay to watch. I was wet on every shoot without lube and almost every orgasm I had on set was real. I enjoyed fucking and knowing countless men would be jacking off wishing they could have me.

“I felt like a goddess when I did a scene. The guy shooting with me wanted me, the guys on the set wanted me, every man who ever have, or ever will watch me, want me.”

‘Modesty,’ Dad nodded.

“It made me feel wanted and desired, even adored to some extent. I’ll regret saying this but it wasn’t until the first time I had sex with your father that I felt loved.”

“Aww,” Dad put his arm around her. “But the first time was on a set when people left, I think you mean that time in my apartment.”

“Know when to quit Romeo,” Mom sighed. “But every Yin has a Yang. Where there is someone who likes to be watched, there’s someone who likes to watch.” She patted dad’s knee. “That’s this guy.”

“Porn photographer was a dream job, made some money and explored my fetish, at least one of them.” Dad added the second part with a sardonic smile. “It was all hot, but when your mom and I became a couple? Watching her with other men was incredible. I had to have her after every shoot.

“But what about when she was done with all that?”

“When we got our jobs, got married, then had you, we were what society would call the ‘good couple’ everything falling like dominoes. Don’t get me wrong we were happy, especially mom who now had her own family, a real loving family.

“As time went on we started getting an itch. Our sex life was always great and we spiced it up anyway we could.”

“I know, rape night sounded hot.” Even muttered and he saw mom look away shaking her head.

“Don’t judge, pretty little Maria says pin me down and put your hand over my mouth you won’t say no.” Dad told him. “But back to us.”

“That’s when we bought some of your mother’s DVD’s and found what we could online. We’d watch her with other men, then we’d have fun. Did it for a while, but we still felt like there could be more.”

“Your dad’s stalling, I’ll make this easy,” Mom told him. “I’m a hot wife.”

“Hot because you’re...hot?”

“Hot as in I’m available to other men if it’s the right time and place and we both agree on it.”

“You sleep with other men,” he looked at dad. “What do you do? Stay home and she comes back and tells you?”

“I watch.” Dad told him, causing his eyes to widen. “If the guy is okay with it I take some pictures. A good part of that photo album is your mother with different men over the years.”

“I see the look, and know the question,” Mom cut in. “We don’t do it often, and we never do it here. Even if you’re at Maria’s, it would be wrong to bring another man here. We do this at hotels here, and if we go out of town.”

“Oh man, this is crazy.” Evan felt like his head was going to explode. “But um, you both like it?”

“We do.”

“Do you ever want another woman?” he asked. “Seems a little unfair.”

“If your father wanted another woman, I would let him.” Mom told him, then seeing the dubious look on his face added. “Honey, I have your father’s heart, he has mine and we would never share that love.

“But sex? It’s a physical fun act, and he likes to watch, that’s why it’s always me with another man, his desire is to see me enjoy and be enjoyed, he doesn’t want sex with another person.”

“True, and look, Evan, thing is if you’re not wired this way it’s really hard to understand. I’d like you to but if not all you need to know is this makes us happy.” He pointed to Mom.

“This woman is the love of my life, my best friend and the mother of my amazing son, and that is every man’s dream. At the same time? She’s gorgeous, she’s sexy as hell, a model and a former porn star countless men have gotten off too.

“To not only have that to enjoy every night, but to share her with another man? Let him experience what I have? In a way it’s like bragging, these guys don’t walk away mocking me, they think that lucky bastard has that any time he wants.”

“You like it?” he asked his mother. “Or is it for him?”

“I’m into it because he is. If your father was out of town I don’t think ‘I’m horny, let me go get picked up in a bar’. We do it together, I get off because he’s getting off and the more I enjoy it the more he does.”

“Do you...just watch?” Evan asked nervously.

“I like to be in the batter’s box, as in he hits it out of the park and I step up to the plate.”

“Eww,” Evan put his head in his hands.

“But if I want it, he’ll join in.” Mom giggled. “My birthdays are always double the fun.”

“God, stop!” Evan shook his head while keeping it lowered.

“Sorry.”

“Okay, hot wife, sharing, weird, whatever, but...”

“The mom game and the newer movie.” Mom nodded. “This one is all yours, Rick.”

“It should be,” he poured himself another drink. “Okay, here we go.”

He took a breath and said quietly.

“When I was your age I wanted to have sex with my mother.”

Chapter Five

“Grandma? What is this the fucking Twilight Zone?” He looked at Mom. “One of your old movies?”

“Stop that,” Mom said. “This isn’t easy for your father. None of this is.”

“I wish I was being punked.” Evan grumbled. “Or asleep.”

“You know your grandad is my stepfather,” Dad began.

“Yeah, but he’s gramps to me.”

“Yes, and dad to me. Jack is a damned good man,” Dad told him. “One of the best men I’ve ever met, and the fact he still talks to me is something I’m grateful for.”

“This sounds like a lot of drama coming.”

“Son, on the surface, look at us. We live in a nice house, your mom and I have good careers, we’re good looking people.”

“Modesty.” Mom snickered.

“You’re a good kid, good student, good looking, even have the perfect girl. We’re a goddamn study in the American Dream. But as you’re learning we have our secrets and our path wasn’t easy which is why we love life so much now because what’s not to love?”

“Now my mom had it rough, piss poor family out on her own at 18 and met some d-bag who knocked her up and bailed. D-bag is the only name I have for my blood father because she was drunk and doesn’t remember his name because she was drunk all the time.

“She sobered up because she was pregnant and got some help, but she was 19 on welfare, no education and always worked shit jobs. Life was a series of bad choices for boyfriends and by my early teens I’d lost track of them.

“My mom wasn’t a slut or easy, she was lonely and I think hopeful one of these losers would help take care of us. Well mom lost her job and times were really tough, like facing an eviction tough.

“One day I come home early from school and come in through the back door. Heard a guy’s voice and went to the living room where I saw my mother on her knees in front of some asshole I’d never seen.

“I was too stunned to say anything just stood there in the hall. Well, he’s zipping up and hands my mother some money and asks if she’d be around on Friday and she says yes.

“That’s how my mother made money for a while. I never told her I saw her but seeing her did something that to this day I can’t explain the reason why. It turned me on.”

“What?”

“Maybe that was where being a voyeur started. But I figured out she was putting ads online on our barely running old PC because I watched her do it once when she thought I was in bed.

“I’d tell her I’d be staying after school for extra credit, then sneak in the house and wait for the guys to come. I’d watch from outside, or crouched in the hall, or looking through her bedroom keyhole.

“My mother was an attractive woman, and not to be more disgusting than I already am, she was worth the money.”

“Rick!” Mom slapped his arm.

“True, because I’d see a lot of the same guys. This went on a couple of years, sometimes a lot, but when she was able to get another job less often, but I guess she figured why not keep making the money?”

I was old enough to know what I was seeing and I started dreaming about her being with me. All the things she did with them, she’d do for me while I called her mom and she told me how a mother always took care of her boy, and how much she loved and wanted me.

“She met Jack at a party and stopped running the ads. I have no idea if she ever told him what she used to do, and have never asked, but he was a good guy, nice to me, and mom was happy.

“But I couldn’t shake my obsession. I wanted her so bad I’d lay awake so hard I’d be whimpering, and no matter how many times I got off, just thinking of her would get me worked up again.

“Even when I started seeing girls and had sex it didn’t go away. My first real girlfriend dumped me when I called her mommy twice while she was going down on me. When I was 18 and working part time while in school I would scrape away money, go online and hire a hooker and call her mom.

“I’d get some looks and some of these women asked why a good looking young guy was paying for sex. Then I’d ask for the game and they’d be like. “Oh, okay.”

“Keeping this short, Jack used to work nights and one night Mom had gone out with friends and come home drunk. I had to help her into bed, and she told me she loved me in an innocent way, and I said the same and...I don’t know what happened, but I asked if I could kiss her.

“She gave me this weird look, and I begged her, and she let me. Then I just came clean. I’m babbling about everything from seeing her with those guys to spending four years wanting her.

By the end I was in tears telling her I couldn’t take it anymore and I was so sorry. Mom had sobered up a bit by then, but to this day I think she was still kind of out of it because told me if it meant that much to me I could, but it would just be once to help me.

“I thought she was kidding until she took her blouse off then her bra. Next thing I know I’m making out with her with my shirt off, her breasts pressed into me and her lips on mine. I could smell her perfume, taste the booze from her tongue, her soft hair in my hands.”

“Rick, we get the point.” Mom hit him again as Evan sat there with his mouth open and his mind racing. What kind of Pandora’s Box of perverted bullshit had he opened?

“Then in comes Jack.” Dad released a long breath. “He pulled me away from my mother and he whacked me so hard I ended up on my ass with the room spinning. Mom’s crying, he’s yelling at me to get my sick ass out of the house, total shit show.”

“I went and stayed with a friend and his family; just said I was having some issues at home. I went to a school counselor and admitted what I’d done. They put me in touch with a therapist and I went every week for a year.

“During that time, I’d talk to my mother on the phone, but Jack wanted me nowhere near her, and I don’t blame him. She blamed herself because of what I’d seen her do, then for thinking she could let me get it out of her system.

“I never let this stop me in school. I went to college studied hard, worked, and a few months later met your mother. You know that story except when I mentioned I was the photographer on the step mommy video?

“We were serious by then and I told her that awful story and confessed I still thought of my mother. It wasn’t as bad, but I was still fixated on mom son stuff in general, watching the movies, reading stories, I guess looking for catharsis.

“After that shoot I think your mother had a hard time walking the next day. I couldn’t get enough.”

“Don’t flatter yourself,” Mom smirked.

“But smart ass over there thought it had been good for me and a few days later came in wearing the lingerie from the shoot and started talking like she was my mother.” He smiled at her. “Told you she’s perfect.”

“Good job, Mom.” Evan stared at the bottle, damn he needed to drink the first chance he got.

“Over the years it’s been a go to role play for us and as time went on I stopped thinking of my mother. But before that, Mom had pushed Jack into agreeing to us all talking.

“I knew this was make or break so told my mother about the woman I was seeing and how I’d told her everything and could she come? Mom said yes and your mom helped me get through the conversation and I think seeing me with someone who I was obviously in love with made Jack feel better about moving forward, figured I was over it.

“Things were kind of awkward for a few months, but time heals most wounds and our relationship was able to mend and grow and you see how close we are today which I’m happy about because of how much they love their grandson.

“That’s messed up,” Evan said. “But I’m kind of glad because I thought when I heard you guys that mom was thinking of me or you wanted to be me or something really sick.”

“How the game came about was sick, but it’s a role play at this point, another thing your mom does for me.”

“I take it for the team.”

Better than from the team, he bit back the remark thinking of the cheerleader video with her between two men.

“I know you have one more issue, the recent movie, right?” Dad asked.

“Or have you had enough?” Mom sighed. “Feels like I have.”

“May as well finish what we started,” Evan said quietly. “I’m guessing this was to combine the sharing thing with the mom thing?”

“Sharp kid, even when you don’t want to be,” his father acknowledged. “It was my fortieth birthday in 2017. At that point it had been a stretch since we’d been adventurous shall we say, and she wanted to do something lights out.”

“I have a friend from back in the porn days who was an actor but became a big time producer and has made a mint, mostly specializing in taboo videos. His name is Malcolm Stone.” Mom picked up the story.

“Thing about Malcolm is he has a serious thing for mom son videos because he has a back story similar to your fathers. He lusted for his mother, and his father caught him spying on her in the shower, then found his stash of mom son porn movies and books.

“His father hit the roof made him tell his mother, then threw him out. His mother called him and told him she would give him the night to help him but wait until his father’s next business trip. Before that happened, she had a sudden stroke and passed away.”

“Damn.”

“He felt guilty, feeling the stress of his confession brought it on. But he still never got over the desire and began pursuing it in others. His mom son movies are known for romance and do really well because he writes a lot of the scripts.

“There are rumors he’s paid mothers and sons to have sex in front of him, but no one knows for sure. I know his story because he told me about it after I shot the stepmom vid and your father had told me his story. I slipped and mentioned something and Malcolm was all ears about it and gave me all kinds of stuff about mom’s loving sons and it’s the ultimate love.

“Well, he’s a decent guy behind being a perv and he keeps in touch with a lot of people who left. He called me earlier that year telling me he’d been thinking of me because Molly Minx, a girl popular when I was around, had come back into the industry as a milf and killing it with mom son stuff.

“He laughed and asked if I wanted back in because now that I was forty I could play one hell of a mom and he was starting his Mommy Knows Best series. I said no, we chatted a bit and hung up.

“Then I thought about your father and how this would be the ultimate gift for him.”

“Some wives buy golf clubs,” Evan told. “Just saying.”

“I wanted it to be a surprise but didn’t want to be with anyone behind his back, so I spun it as I wanted to go out sometime, find someone, fuck them and record it, then show him what we did and asked if it would be okay.”

“I was a little put off, like she said we did this together, but your mom always did what I wanted and figured maybe it would be a different kind of thrill. But she didn’t bring it up, and I forgot about it.

“I had a conference in LA where one of Malcolm’s studios are, and I called him and we set it up.”

“Your mother spent Friday at a conference, went to the studio at six at night, filmed the scene and was back at the conference Saturday morning,” Dad smiled as if it were something to be proud of.

“I brought the lingerie and told Malcolm it was for Rick and he was all in, wrote the script and even directed it himself. He got me an advanced copy of the DVD and sent me a link to the website.

“Your dad’s birthday we did dinner went back to the hotel, I came out in the blue outfit and I put the DVD in and let’s just say, that may have been the day I had trouble walking.”

“But that’s new! You didn’t think anyone would see it? My friends, someone you know?” Evan demanded. “That’s selfish and stupid and disrespectful of me! I wasn’t around back then. I was 15 when you did this.”

“You’re not wrong,” Dad said softly. “But we’ve done everything we can to do right by you and keep our hobby to a minimum. We’re parents first and foremost, but we are adults and a married couple who has a craving for the same exhibitionism and sharing we had before.

“Your mother did this without me knowing exactly what she was up to and after the rush of seeing it was over. I said what you did.”

“Malcolm is top notch,” Mom resumed speaking. “He is high end and nothing is free when it comes to his taboo material. You have to have a membership to the site to see this and its \$25 a month.

“There is not one minute of one scene that belongs to him allowed on free sites. If something shows up, it pulled right away because he has money, lawyers and a reputation in the industry as being no one to play with.

“The DVD had only a small run and it’s a specialty vid that went for \$40-\$50 when it was released and now is even more in the aftermarket. A Stone Cold produced Taboo video is sought after for adult collectors.”

“You’re saying no one would ever see it?” Evan scoffed. “Big risk.”

“Who do we know that has memberships to an incest video site? Not to mention there is two decades worth of content loaded on there. I’m a drop in the bucket. Odds of someone recognizing me are slim and none and right or wrong I wanted to make my husband happy.

“It was a onetime thing, and I admit I got a hell of a thrill being back in front of the camera with Malcolm telling me I’m as hot as I ever was and making me crazy offers to do more videos.”

“Good a retirement plan,” Evan waved his hand. “But there’s a market for grandma stuff too.”

“Gilfs are a thing.” Mom nodded, making him sorry he’d said anything.

“It’s done and it’s been done for five years and the longer that time goes by the deeper its buried behind new content.” Dad told him. “I told you at the start we were going to tell you everything, but it still might leave you confused or not happy.

“Less confused, not happy.” Evan rubbed at his eyes.

“As for my original videos, I’m sure there might be clips floating around but at 20 years old they might be vintage.” Mom made a face. “I’m old I guess.”

“If someone did see them,” Dad continued. “Your mother was late teens to early twenties. You recognize her because she’s your mother and where you found them, and you have seen a few pictures of her from that age.

“I assure you none of your friends would see 2001 Missy X and say, “Hey, that’s Rick’s mom.”

“You say so.”

“They’ve been out there for two decades and you still wouldn’t know if you hadn’t snooped.” Dad adhered to his point.

“In the end we didn’t mean to keep things from you,” Mom said. “But be honest honey, would you have wanted to know all this? Our troubled pasts, your dad’s mother fixation and me being a hot wife?”

“No, I wish I’d stayed in work and let Heather go home,” he told them. “No good deed goes unpunished.”

“Not true, doing the right thing is always the right thing.” Mom told him. “Life is still good, honey, it really is. This is just a lot for you, and us because now that you know? We’ll feel under the microscope thinking you’ll be thinking about us, if we go away you’ll think I’ll be with another man, you’ll be nervous about the videos for a while until you see there’s no reason to be.

“All of that,” he agreed.

“And for me?” She tapped her chest. “You’ve seen me in ways a son should never see his mom and finding out your mother is a porn star is as rough as it gets. I know after I broke down I’m sounding kind of casual about it, but every time you look at me, I’m going to know you know and feel awful.”

“On my end,” Dad said. “You know I willingly let my wife sleep with other men and to a lot of men that makes me a cuck or some type of wimp or loser because you’d think it about anyone else.

“Your mother flies to the West Coast, fucks a porn star half my age and comes back and gives me the video and I love it. You’d get less shit from your friends over mom being in porn than your dad sharing his wife.”

“Hopefully no one knows anything, but now I do.” Evan was exhausted mentally and emotionally, and the worst part is, he knew this hadn’t really hit him yet. “What’s Thanos say in Infinity War about being cursed with knowledge?”

“MCU quotes,” Dad grinned. “Getting deep now.”

“We’re sorry Evan,” Mom said again. “I don’t feel we lied as much as we were kind of living a dual life, one as parents and professional people, the other as open minded sexually free individuals. It’s not easy wanting what you want but knowing most people think you’re wrong.”

“You most people?” Dad asked.

“I...it’s a lot.”

“It is and unless you want to say something, we’re as tired as you look.”

“Yeah, I think the meeting should be adjourned.”

“As you wish councilor,” Dad rose from the couch and came around to give Evan a hug as he stood. “Go easy on mom,” he whispered in his ear. “She feels really bad about this.”

Evan responded with a nod then turned to hug mom who said in his other ear.

“Don’t judge your dad, honey, he’s a good man, husband and father. He’s just a kinkster.”

“Love you mom.” He kissed her cheek, and his spirits picked up a bit at how her face lit up at the words and gesture.

“Love you too, honey.”

“Think I’m going to go nap until I have to go to work.”

“Work will be good for you,” Dad told him. “Spend the day with Maria tomorrow, get your mind off all this stuff.”

“I will.”

He left the room, went into his and fell onto his back on his bed. Evan closed his eyes, but despite the fact he felt like he could have passed out in the living room, he now seemed oddly wired.

He opened his eyes and turned his head, looking at his desk. Rising from his bed he went over, sat down, and opened his laptop. He tapped the keys indecisively. He knew what he wanted to do, but hadn’t he put himself through enough?

Apparently not, when he went into his favorites and clicked on Porn4U his go to site. Who knows, seeing his parents were into so many things maybe he was some type of masochist.

He went to the search bar and typed in Missy X. He hit search and lowered his eyes, afraid of how many hits there might be. He lifted his gaze to see the first few vids that had come up were from a site called Missa X which ironically was a taboo themed site.

There were a few other porn stars named Missy, and he was thinking he could be in the clear until he landed on a thumbnail of his mother on a bed getting pounded doggy style.

“Classic Porn: Hot Teen Missy X fucks for her rent.”

He clicked on the video, but immediately paused it and scanned the videos beneath it which would be similar matches. He groaned inwardly when he saw a dozen or so videos with Mom’s stage name in the title.

“Why am I not surprised?” he asked himself when he saw a video titled “Missy X and Cherry Reid are having a teen lesbian affair!”

He went back to the search and typed in Missy X Mommy Knows Best. He was relieved to see only the same videos from ‘back in the day’. He tried just Mommy knows best and the only thing that came up was an ad for the website describing its contents and “Sign up now for unlimited access, only \$29.99 a month!”

At least it seemed Mom was right about the recent one not being easily found. He went to close the laptop, but stopped, and instead back clicked to the list of clips from her movies.

This time he took his time looking at the names and the small thumbnail pics. He stopped on “Young stepmom Missy X teaches her shy stepson how to fuck.”

The small picture was of Mom in the robe, tugging it open enough to show off the bra beneath it. The one that started it all for his parents. How they met, how she at the time unknowingly fed his Oedipus complex.

Dad had wanted his mother, his grandmother who still lived in New York, but came down every Thanksgiving and Christmas with his grandfather who’d caught Dad trying to have sex with her.

Mom was right, perfect on the surface, but he had just heard a lifetime of dysfunction over the last hour. He flinched when the video came on in front of him, mom entering her stepson's bedroom.

He hadn't realized he'd clicked on the link to play it. He quickly paused it and went back to his thoughts. Dad had wanted his mother because he'd seen her with another man, or well men. God, grandma had been a call girl? Why did he need to know that?

Because his father was making sure he knew it was about his mother, and not thinking of Evan with Mom. But still TMI didn't cover it; Grandma hooking and Mom a porn star...Talk about some type of fucked up Family Channel movie.

That guy Stone's family channel. Another whacko who wanted to bone his mother. How common was this? Common enough for it to be a top search on porn sites going by the lists he looked at for recommendations sometimes.

He'd just seen his mother in all manner of sexual acts, albeit in picture form as the video hadn't gotten that far. Because dad had come in. No, he was going to shut it off. Or was he?

Why had he kept looking through the box? Mom was right, the photo album should have been all it took, if not the magazine telling him she was a porn star. But he'd kept going, and the further he went the longer he looked.

And after everything he'd just heard, here he was staring at her frozen on his laptop, smiling away in her short robe and stripper shoes. He eased the arrow across the bar, watching the images and stopped it when he saw her with the robe off.

To say Mom had held up was an understatement, she was obviously older, but her stomach was as flat as it was in the image in front of him, and her legs and as he'd briefly seen last night, her ass had lost nothing over the years.

In a sense, she was even sexier. She was 21 in this video, and girls should look good that young, but to be mid-forties and look that good? Her face in the movie seemed a little rounder, the last vestiges of being a young girl as opposed to her more mature features of today.

He blinked when the video played. It hadn't started on its own, he'd clicked the button...and moved it forward and Mom was now topless, her hands under her breasts, cupping them.

They were things of beauty that was for damn sure, high and firm, her pale pink nipples hard and slightly upturned, barely visible in the center of her milky white breast. Nice tits, the long legs of a runway model, and that ass he'd gotten several good views of in the pictures,

No wonder Dad was proud of her and liked to show her off. No, he didn't show her off, he let other men fuck her while he watched. He said it was a way of bragging, of making men envious that they might have her for a couple hours, but she was his all the time.

He'd photographed her porn shoots way before the sharing thing. The first time he met her he watched her fuck some guy, then another time and another, and it led him to ask her out.

He supposed if she was with others when he met her it made it easy to let it keep happening. The video in front of him was the one though. Two decades later mom still wore the outfit for him and had donned it in the recent video.

The original video was now playing in front of him, and this time he didn't stop it. He watched mom sink to her knees. She took his cock in her mouth, moaning, her gorgeous eyes rolling back as if it were the best thing she ever tasted.

Evan leaned back in his chair as he watched her bob her head, noisily slurping and gagging on the long thick cock. There was a flash, then another. His father taking pictures.

Mom rose and putting her back to the camera leaned over and shimmied out of her panties. The crotch peeled away from her pink flesh because as she said, she was always wet on the set.

Evan watched her climb onto the bed and lay back while the guy went down on her. She played with her nipples, moaning and squirming. The camera zoomed to her face. Her eyes closed, lips parted, blonde hair fanned out on the pillow.

God she was hot.

He lifted his hips, easing his sweatpants and boxers down because they were tight around his full erection. Mom squealed in front of him as she came and for real because she was so turned on by being filmed.

The guy slid up between her legs and slipped his cock inside her, his thick shaft spreading the soft pink petals of her pussy. She raised her legs, putting the heels on his shoulders, yelping as he fucked her harder and faster.

How many guys had seen this? How many guys had jerked off to it, wishing they were that lucky guy?

Wishing they were fucking his mother.

His smoking hot wild as hell former porn star hot wife role playing, you can pretend to rape my ass if you want, mother. Evan was now one of those men. His hand raced along his rigid shaft while watching the guy roll over and Mom straddle his hips backwards.

She leaned back, bracing her hands on the bed while he held her hips and she bounced on his cock. Evan stared at the two roses between her legs, so sexy! The guy's hand appeared, his fingers rubbing her clit as she rode him.

He slowed his hand, trying to hold off until the end of the video. Mom came again, then rolled onto her hands and knees. The guy knelt behind her, grabbed her hips and fucked her hard enough to fill the room with the sound of flesh striking flesh.

The camera went to her face, her mouth open in a continuous O as she took the hard pounding from behind.

"Yes, baby! Yes, give it to Mommy, honey! I'm all yours tonight! One night with mommy baby, make me remember it!"

With a groan her lover pulled out and stood on the bed. Mom rose to her knees, holding up her breasts, her mouth wide open. When the first spurt went directly into her mouth, Evan erupted, squirting several inches into the air then splashing down on his pumping first.

He envisioned painting his mother's face, her breasts, coating her with his cum like the guy in front of him was doing. His father had seen this live. His father had seen more men than Evan could fathom do this to her on and off screen.

Evan released his cock, breathing hard and slumped into the chair while his still twitching cock oozed a few more pearly drops. On the laptop, Mom, the cum now gone from her tits and face was on her back, her 'stepson' on his side next to her, his arm around her waist.

"Love you Mom, and thank you for his, I needed you so bad."

"Love you too baby," Mom sighed. "But remember, it was just one night."

The camera zoomed in on her face as she closed her eyes, a sly smile spreading across her lips. "Or maybe not," the voice over thought echoed through the speaker as her smile grew wider.

The video faded and Evan looked down at the mess on his hand and all over his cock and stomach. He hadn't jacked off in months, not since Maria had gone to Colorado to visit family for a week.

Let alone what he'd just gotten off too, not what, who.

"Just once," he whispered. "Just one time, just tonight."

He nodded in agreement with himself But seeing it was just the one night...

He clicked on the next Missy X video.

Chapter Six

Three Months Later

Evan sat in the booth at Starbucks waiting for Maria who had just come in and was in line. He stared at the small dark roast ice coffee he'd bought but really didn't feel like drinking.

His stomach was in a knot, and he'd only bought it because she was running late and he didn't want to not buy anything while he sat there. He forced himself to pick it up and take a sip, then grimaced when it hit his stomach.

He knew what was coming. Not only because he could hear it in Maria's tone when she called and asked him to meet her, but because it was inevitable, and at this point the best thing for her.

She was going to break up with him.

He leaned back in the booth and watched her in line. What was wrong with him? Not that looks were everything, but Maria was beautiful. Long curly black hair, the kind of big brown eyes he was a sucker for, an olive complexion that spoke of her Italian descent, and an absolutely killer smile.

There was no drop off from the neck down either. Maria was on the shorter side, with a petite build, nice legs, a cute little heart shaped ass, and her breasts, although not large, were perfectly proportionate to the rest of her.

She was fun in bed, watched porn with him, acted it out with him, and was always willing to try whatever he wanted. That willingness was one of several things that had led to this moment.

No, there was really only one thing, everything else was just a side effect of it. She came over to the table and he took in the cute pink sun dress that showed just enough cleavage and was short enough to be playful but fell short of being too revealing.

She looked amazing, and any guy would be thrilled to have her, especially seeing she was as intelligent, driven, sweet and loving as she was pretty. The perfect girl any guy would want and think he was crazy for letting her slip away.

But not every guy had the problem he had.

“Hey,” Maria sat down across from him.

“Hey yourself, brown eyes,” he forced a smile. “Like the dress.”

“Thanks,” she went to take a sip of her latte but put it down and lowered her head.

When she raised it, her eyes were moist.

“Evan, I think you know what I want to talk about.”

“Yeah, things aren’t right,” he admitted. “It’s my fault.”

“I just don’t get it,” she said softly. “We were so happy, then you changed, got distant, didn’t want to see me as much, and when we got together, I feel like you’re thinking of someone else.”

She wasn’t wrong in the thinking part, but that’s all it was, because it was all it could be.

“I know, and there’s no one, trust me, I’d never cheat on you.”

“You haven’t even been interested in sex like you used to be,” she paused as if she weren’t sure she wanted to keep going. “Only time you’ve really been into it is when I say we can play that fucked up mom shit.”

“I told you we didn’t have to.”

“It got to where if I wanted you to actually be hard and act like you’re interested I had to.” Maria complained. “I did it once because I figured, yeah sure, people like to role play and it’s not like I’m a prude, but you kept asking for it.”

“Like I said I watched some taboo porn and it really did it for me.” No lie there, just omitting who stared in that porn. “It’s not like you know, I really want my mother or anything.”

“You sure?” Maria raised her eyebrows.

“How could you think that?” he tried to sound offended.

“I don’t want to, and I didn’t the first couple of times, but when we were out at the mall and you saw a blonde wig in a window and asked if I’d ever wear it for you, it creeped me out.”

“You wore a blue one for me last Halloween.”

“It was part of my costume, and your mother doesn’t have blue hair, but she is blonde.”

A natural blonde because he’d seen proof of that.

“Come on, brown eyes, I was just thinking it could be fun. Thought you’d look hot as a blonde for a night.”

“Don’t call me brown eyes anymore.” She gave him a hard look that made his stomach flutter. “Last weekend when we were fooling around and I was going down on you, you said...”

“I know what I said and it was just...”

“You said,” she spoke over him. “Look at me, let me see those pretty blue eyes.”

“I was excited, it felt great, we’d smoked a bowl, I just slipped, and that’s all.”

“You slipped alright. Mom has pretty blue eyes doesn’t she?”

“Maria I don’t want my own damn mother.”

Maria ran her hand through her hair while chewing her lower lip, two things she did when she was upset.

“It’s one of two things, Evan,” she said softly. “Either you have this weird thing for your mom, which is what I was starting to think, or there’s another girl.”

“You thinking fucked up thoughts about your mother would be tough to take, but it’s not like you’d be doing anything with her. Probably some weird out of nowhere thing that maybe that shitty mom porn put in your head.”

“No, I...”

“When I thought on that, I figured we could talk about it, maybe you could talk to someone about it. Your mother’s drop dead hot, she was a model and she’s very good to you, your wires got crossed somehow, but they could be uncrossed.”

Admit it, he told himself. Tell the truth. Maria loves me, she’ll help me. Or he could confess and she’d call him names and storm off.

“Guess this is a one sided conversation.” Maria grunted. “Like most of them lately. That’s okay, I asked you here to talk, I’ll do the talking. It just didn’t make sense it would be your mom. Not all of a sudden like that. I mean what could have happened?”

Oh, seeing my mother suck cock in a dozen X-rated movies, and knowing she spreads her legs for other guys in front of my father might have helped.

“That means there’s another girl a blonde that gives you head and shows you her pretty blue eyes.” Maria wiped at a tear that had leaked from her left eye.

“You’re not with me when you’re with me anymore, Evan. You’re thinking of someone else and wishing I was her and you have to pretend you want to be with me.”

“Maria, it’s not like that.”

“It is and you know it. I’m done, Evan. I won’t be used, played or made a fool out of. I’ve been good to you, and only you, since day one. I have a lot to offer to the right man and I thought you were that man and looks like you’re not.”

He nodded and she shook her head sadly.

“You knew it was coming, you’re not even trying. You just wanted me to be the one to do it.”

“I’m sorry Maria, but you’re right. You’re incredible, always have been and still are. But I’m going through something and I’m not even sure I’m me anymore. You deserve better.”

“If it was a something you’d have talked to me, I know you would. It’s someone.” Maria told him. “I don’t deserve better than you, at least who you were because that Evan was the best guy I knew, all my friends wanted to know if you had a brother.

“But what I deserve is the truth.” She pointed to him. “Is there another girl, or do you have some twisted mommy complex all of a sudden?”

Evan looked down at his hands. He could salvage this and not lose an amazing girl. But he’d have to admit it, and what if he did and nothing got better?

What if Maria’s idea of helping was to go to his mother and tell her? They’d grown close in the time Evan had been dating her, going out to lunch, shopping, mom inviting her over to hang out by the pool when he was working on Saturdays.

If she told mom, she’d tell dad and then what?

“I’m not leaving until I get an answer.” Maria met his gaze and it hurt him to see the tears in her eyes. “Or am I not even worth that to you?”

Evan swallowed hard, then whispered.

“There’s another girl.”

“I knew it, but I guess I never thought you’d do that to me, Evan.”

“I haven’t been with her, I swear, but I...I can’t stop thinking about her.”

“I don’t believe that.” Maria rose from the booth. “But if it is true? Good news is you can be with her now.” She leaned over and spoke in his ear.

“Do me a favor, when she sucks your cock, just once, for me, tell her to look up with those big brown eyes, okay?”

Maria straightened, spun on her heel and stormed away.

Evan watched her leave, mixed feelings of sadness and relief flowing over him. It was the hardest thing he'd done in what up until recently was a mostly drama free life. In this case 'it's your loss' wasn't just a saying, but the truth, he'd lost out big time.

But Maria did deserve better than to have him picturing her as another woman every time they'd had sex over the last three months. Let alone the woman he'd been thinking of was his mother.

He'd been stupid with the mom game, the wig, the gaffe about her eyes. He wondered if he'd done it unconsciously. Self-sabotaging himself to push her away. It was possible.

In his taboo infested mind, Maria had been Mom every time they'd had sex since he'd seen those videos, and in fairness to her that had to stop however it needed to. But what was fair to him at this point?

The fair thing would be getting to be with his mother. She started this with leaving her past around, fueled it by admitting she was 'in play' for his father meaning they didn't see her with other men who wanted her as cheating.

He was a man and he wanted her, and so what if he were her son? His own father had come within seconds of fucking his mother, so why would it be a big deal for him to do it?

One big one, his mother didn't see him that way and the mom game was never about him, but dad. His twisted feelings were one sided and he was going to end up like that Stone guy Mom told him about, spending his life wanting every woman to be the one woman he couldn't have.

“Life goals,” he mumbled getting up and leaving a five on the table between the mostly untouched coffees.

Life could be a real mother fucker sometimes, especially when you wanted to be one.

Chapter Seven

Evan pulled into the driveway to see he was the only one home. Dad was currently commuting to Boston to help his firm's new branch get up and running and hadn't been coming home until seven due to traffic.

But Mom was usually home by five and it was five thirty. Even rolled his eyes and pulled out his phone. He had shut it off to talk to Maria, and never turned it on. He waited for it to boot up, and sure enough there was a text from mom. She had to stay late to meet a client and would be home around the same time as Dad, and there were plenty of leftovers in the fridge.

Quickly going into cover his ass mode to prevent mom from coming home without him hearing her and catching him appreciating her 'body of work', he texted back. "Hey, Mom, sorry, had my phone off for class and just saw this. Have a headache, probably going to take a nap when I get home."

But food was the last thing on his mind with them not home. "You're a real winner," he chastised himself. Twenty minutes from losing Maria and his cock was already stiffening as he walked down the hall.

He entered his room and sliding up the middle draw of his desk opened a case containing a cross pen with his initials on it Dad had given him. Under the felt lining of the pen was a small brass key.

Key in hand he went into his parent's room where this mess had all started. Despite the drama, he discovered a couple weeks later when they'd gone for a ride up to New Hampshire that they had kept the box and everything in it.

Difference was it was now in the closet resting on a ledge that ran along the wall behind Dad's clothes. Nowhere in sight unless your nosy son was looking for it because he'd become obsessed with watching his mother fuck.

He'd looked everywhere in the room, refusing to believe they'd part with something that Dad himself was so hooked on, even though it seemed Mom had been against keeping them.

But hey, she fucked other men for him, so what was keeping some videos? Especially seeing Evan had already found them, been properly and sincerely appalled at the time, and they had no reason to think he'd ever want to see them again.

One would think that, and even more so after he heard about their not so stellar past and Dads not so glamorous attempt to make fantasy reality. But he'd watched that first video that night and got off without seeming to realize he was doing any of it, it was as if he'd been on some kind of sexual auto pilot.

The videos on that site were only short clips of the full versions, and he'd watched all dozen of them that night. An hour and a half of watching Mom in every scenario and committing every sexual act.

Taking it in the ass, fucked by two men, the one with her and a pretty redhead going down on each other. Getting loads blown on her face, her tits, her ass, in her mouth. Fucking like a wild cat, moaning, squealing coming on guy's cocks while having another in her mouth.

He'd gotten off four times, his cock continuing to rise and the last time he'd barely dribbled and his balls ached, but it was like watching his mother was some type of taboo Viagra.

He even got turned on reading the comments, guys talking about how hot "Missy" was and how they wanted to fuck her. One comment stated he'd remembered her when she had just hit the scene and wondered where she was now, what she looked like, and whether or not she was still a freak, but now just for one lucky guy. Evan new all those answers including she wasn't quite a one man freak even now.

Reading the comments and getting off made him realize Dad's fetish for watching wasn't as strange as he thought. Granted this wasn't his wife he was watching, but she was his mother and most people in their right minds would never want to see that, let alone be aroused.

Seeing what guys wanted to do to her did something to him, excited him in a way even watching her didn't. They wanted his mother, his mother was turning them on, it was his mother those other men were fucking.

But in turn it made him want her even more, and as he'd been thinking more and more as his fixation and frustration increased, it's not like his mother was a chaste woman.

Not that Evan bought into 1950's ideals of a woman needing to be a virgin when they got married. Maria had been with two guys before him and he'd been with girls before he met her.

But it wasn't like Mom had a couple of boyfriends before his father. She'd been in porn for four years before she'd met him. Even from there, she wasn't just with him. Evan had no idea, nor did he want to know, how many men Dad had asked her to be with.

They played it off as not often, but even once a year at how many years they'd been married. He put his hand to his head as if physically trying to get it to stop spinning. The last thought before he'd started that Mom wasn't innocent or what most people would consider virtuous, so why should he feel bad about wanting her?

And why shouldn't she let him?

He knew that last part was wrong, consent was everything, his father had drilled that into him, and beyond out right forcing someone, but pressuring someone, or even using guilt to get sex from them or worse holding something over them was just as bad.

As bad as he wanted her, mom didn't want him and he'd deal with it, he just didn't feel it was fair. In the meantime, he'd just continue to fantasize and masturbate until maybe someday he was over.

Be jerking off a lot more now with Maria dumping him, but at least he didn't feel like he was taking advantage of or misleading his hand. Nope, his hand knew exactly who was inspiring him.

Evan went into the closet and moved his father's suits to the side to get the box. It was now locked, but with the same padlock. For intelligent people, his parents were careless.

He realized the lock on the box was the same lock on one of dad's toolboxes in the garage and the one he had on his file cabinet in his office where he had some client's information when he worked from home.

The locks came in the same four pack and the four keys that came with them could be used on any of them. Which meant the one he had on his bike lock opened the one on their box.

Again though, maybe it was a case of they shouldn't have to worry about him snooping. Evan knelt down and opened the box, removing the robe. He unfolded it to get to the panties and sniffed them.

He was disappointed to only smell fabric softener, which meant Mom had worn them sometime recently and washed them. But other times since he'd been getting into the box while wanting to get into her box, they'd smelled pleasantly of her.

Maybe it depended on how long she wore them or if it was a case of she only washed them when he wasn't home because as he'd thought about it, he'd never seen any lingerie in their wash.

Another thing that made it seem like she never wanted him to see her as being sexual which he now saw as the ultimate irony considering both her past and present where her and his father played sex games and sometimes with an extra player.

He held onto the panties, planning on following his pattern of wrapping them around his cock and stroking it, careful push his cock down so his cum squirted away and not all over them when he came.

He eyed the contents of the box contemplating which scene he wanted to get off to today. Her recent "One Night with Mom" remake was of course the best because he could immerse himself into being the son in the movie.

But he'd managed to find a copy of Mommy Knows Best through the local adult video store. They had to special order it, and mom wasn't kidding, it cost sixty bucks, but he now had his own copy to watch when he couldn't get into their room.

But the other videos were twenty years old and he hadn't had much luck finding them, and he had to admit, sneaking their copies added an extra thrill to an already frowned upon act.

He decided on Teens In Between. Mom rocked the cheerleader outfit which remained on, skirt over her hips, tits popped out of her top while being spit roasted. The double facial she took in the end coaxed two loads from him the first time he'd watched it.

First of many times, as after One Night with Mom it was the one he watched most. He knew it was because it was the most extreme and because of how hard the two men, who were much older than her and playing the role of teachers put it to her.

In the 'story' she was failing a class and offered the teacher sex to get a good grade. The teacher, pretending to be offended, took her to the principal's office where they locked the door and fucked her.

It was a rough scene, they brutally fucked her mouth, making her gag repeatedly. The first time he watched it, he came just from watching her getting face fucked. Her head yanked side to side to get violated by one cock, then the other.

Her face had been beet red, sweat, tears and makeup, streaking her cheeks and drool and pre cum flowing from her mouth and down her chin. The men degraded her, calling her a whore, a pig, a slut, and they fucked her just as hard.

The scene culminated in Mom being held up between them, her arms and legs around one man as they double penetrated her. Evan realized how wrong it was to get off to it.

Not that there was a right way to get off to your mother, but the way they treated her should have disturbed him, but it turned him on more than anything other than the Mom vid.

Last couple of times he caught himself talking to the video, moaning things like 'give her what she deserves' and cruder things like "fuck that slutty bitch!" After he came and he sat back breathing hard, his oozing cock softening, he would feel a pang of remorse that he'd gotten into it like that.

It made him aware that he didn't just want Mom but was angry with her for making him want her. He knew it was on him for snooping, and he wished more than anything he had the balls to tell his father what he heard that night.

By his admission, Dad would have lied to him to some extent, most likely say it was nothing more than a role play, albeit an extreme one. Evan would have never seen the movies and known of her past, or for that matter hearing how Dad liked being in the batter's box.

But he hadn't, and somehow, even though when listening to everything they said had him properly appalled, he'd still sought out mom's videos and watched them. Now he was obsessed with her.

Or was it past her? No, even though she was his age in most of the movies, he still saw her as his mother committing those acts and loving every goddamn minute of it. One video clip on Porn4U opened to a title screen the user who posted it created saying, "One of the hottest cum dumpsters of the nineties!"

Because that's what she had been, a cum dumpster who had appeared in over 100 scenes during her 'career' he knew that from looking her name up on a site called porn stars past and present.

During the times he was mad at her, he would drop was in that description. Because she still was a cum dumpster, taking whatever guy Dad wanted and letting him do whatever he wanted to her.

The first time he'd snuck back into their room he had looked through the entire photo album. The first half were all pictures of Mom when she was younger, and many of them he could tell were ones Dad took on the sets of her shoots.

The second half all the pictures were taken with Mom on a bed or couch and all with a different guy. Some were 'sets' starting with Mom in a dress that could only be described as slutty.

Her heavy makeup and fuck me shoes added to the justification of that word. That shot was followed by a series of her making out with the guy, then her in various stages of undress, then the fucking started.

The deeper he delved into the album the older Mom appeared, it was subtle and couldn't be seen from picture to picture, but from the start to near the end Mom had gone from not much older than her porn days to her current age.

There were a few pictures of her with Dad fucking her while the guy she'd been with sat on or stood by the bed watching. Batter's box, his father literally took his mother as soon as the guy was done.

In each of those Mom had cum all over her face, tits or stomach and in the end Dad added to the mess. Worse, were a couple of shots of Dad joining in, one of which Evan had found really did it for him and he'd jacked off to.

Mom on her back, her red fishnet clad feet on the guy's shoulders while he gripped her knees and fucked her. Mom's head was hanging off the edge of the bed and dad was leaning over, fucking her mouth and squeezing her tits.

Those pictures were the second set from the last in the album meaning it couldn't have been from that long ago. "My birthdays are always double the fun." Mom had said.

Some women got flowers or jewelry for their birthday; his mother got tag teamed. He imagined how thrilled those guys were to be with a woman as hot as her, then wondered what they'd think if they knew they were fucking a former porn star.

Another thing that fed Evan's bitter lust was he couldn't help noticing many of the men in pictures were a lot younger than Mom. Not all of them, some looked to be around her age or a little younger, but there were a lot who looked to be in their twenties.

Not much older than him, meaning she liked them young, and seeing she said her and dad had to agree on the guy, he liked watching her be a cougar to a cub. He could be her cub, technically he was her cub, and that through yet another element of desire on the pile.

His mother was a cougar, an older, wild and in her case uncomfortably experienced lover who knew what she wanted and would take it and as many times as the lucky kid could get it up, and he had no doubt his mother was very persuasive.

Was it a one fuck session when they did this, or did they keep going until the guy couldn't? Did Mom allow multiple shots on goal, as the saying went? This is what his life had been like for the last three months.

His mind filled with images of his mother fucking and fantasies of him fucking her. Thinking of her as a slut, a whore, a cock teasing bitch who had done this to him, made him want her, but would never give it to him.

When his lust was sated by masturbating, his now calmer mind would then be wracked by guilt for thinking of her that way. Not just sexually, but in such a mean spirited way.

She was his mother and he loved her, but god he wanted her and there was nothing he could do about it. It was getting harder to look at her because it didn't take him long to get hard looking at her.

Mom could be wearing her silly Snoopy pajama pants and an oversized t-shirt and he'd find himself thinking of the thong she'd have on under the pants and imagining her sliding them down for her to see.

Her dressing modestly around him pissed him off to. The woman's ass-and far more-were all over the internet-but she couldn't show a little skin to her son? Walking around like some proper woman and mom, then heading off to a hotel to suck some random guy's cock?

Like his grandmother had, and for money. Jesus, why had Dad told him that? He could have just said he saw his mother having sex and it got him wanting her, why everything?

Maybe they were purging themselves of their secrets. Could even be after years of keeping all these things on the down low, getting caught gave them a chance to confess?

But his grandparents had come down from New York last month and he'd had a hard time looking at her the same way. He figured that would fade over time, but there didn't seem to be an end in sight for his wanting his mother.

They'd done this to him, and after the embarrassing conversation with him just went about their lives. Two weeks ago, his parents had gone to New York for the weekend for a retirement party for the guy who had given dad his first job at the firm up there.

Evan spent the weekend, and since, wondering if they'd picked up a guy. He checked the album and there were no new pictures, at least not yet. Evan was angry at both of them, but less so with his father.

How could he be? Here he was with the same feelings he had for his mother and for pretty much the same reason, they'd both seen their mother in sexual situations. He wasn't even as put off about him sharing mom because he was experiencing the same turn on watching her have sex with others.

Difference was his father could have his mother, he couldn't. Not only couldn't with her, but with anyone. He'd been thinking of Mom while with Maria every time they'd had sex since he'd found that damned box.

He'd tried to play the game with her in hopes he could purge the fantasy, but it only made it worse, but he'd pushed Maria to do it a couple more times. He thought maybe if she'd looked more like mom it could help, and he'd made the fatal suggestion of the wig.

He hated that Maria thought he was a cheating dog, but he couldn't tell the truth, and now he'd broken the heart of an amazing girl and caused her a lot of pain. He was hurt as well; he'd been saving to buy her a ring and hoped they could get married when they both finished school.

Now that was gone, and he had no desire to be with anyone else other than the woman who had caused this mess. Evan closed his eyes against his racing thoughts. It was always the same.

Whether he was watching her videos in his room, usually the One Night With Mom now that he had his own copy or sneaking in to get her panties and get other jerk off fodder, he went through this.

The lust, the anger, the sadness of what he had been doing to Maria, and now not having her anymore. Confused, frustrated, knowing this was wrong and at this point he needed what had helped his father, seeing someone about it.

But what had also helped his father was mom playing the game with him. Mom had helped his father, but the way she had done it, had now afflicted her son with the same warped craving to be with her.

But despite all the conflict he was hard as a rock and always went through with it, and now was going to be no exception. He slipped the DVD from the case, and closed the box, locking it in case Mom came home while he was in his room.

At that point he'd have to hope tonight wasn't one of their mommy nights and they wouldn't notice the panties missing. He carefully moved Dad's suits back, and stepped out of the closet, then froze.

"You're there until six thirty?" Mom's voice came from down the hall. "Honey, you won't be home until after eight. You going to grab something to eat I hope."

Goddamn it! He hadn't heard her car door from in the closet and the sound of her heels in the hallway were way to close for him to slip out of her room. He backed into the closet and pulled the door closed.

The louvers were partially open, but at an angle so he doubted she could see him in there with him moving towards the back, but what if she needed something from inside it?

Caught in their damn closet, this time it wouldn't be them feeling guilty and feeling like they brought it on themselves, this would be all him and there could only be one reason he kept coming in there.

"He texted me and said he had a headache and he was going to take a nap," Mom came into the room. "His door is closed so I didn't want to bother him."

Dad must have been talking, then mom laughed. "You know, you're right, a nap does sound good. Maybe I'll take one myself, today kicked my ass, the new client could be big, but what a pain in the ass."

"Don't be jealous I can nap and you can't." She emitted the giggle he'd become very familiar with from her days as Missy. "Think of it this way, I get some rest now I'll need some help getting to sleep later. Okay, call me on your way home. Love you."

Moving in a crouch, he crept close enough to the door to be able to peer between the louvers. The closet faced the foot of the bed, and he flinched when he saw Mom standing in front of it.

He held his breath, but she sat down on the edge of the mattress while scrolling through her phone. She wore a gray knee length skirt with a black button down blouse. The skirt had a slight slit up the right side, showing some of her upper leg, but not enough to be unprofessional.

Her legs were encased in sheer black stockings and ended in a pair of black and grey patterned heels. As always matching everything down to her long nails which she often painted the night before the color based on what she'd wear the next day and were currently black.

She leaned over and slid her heels off, and with a sigh, briefly rubbed each of her stocking feet and he noted her toes were also black because even if no one saw them, it would drive mom crazy to know they didn't match her fingers.

Mom straightened and his eyes widened when she unbuttoned her blouse. She rose from the bed, continuing to work her way down the buttons while walking over to the hamper in the corner.

She stripped the blouse off and tossed it in, revealing the black bra beneath it. The French cut cups left the inner halves of her breasts visible while the lower portion was black lace sheer enough to show the lower portion of her breast.

A pair of black roses were strategically sewn into the lace to cover her nipples, but the rest of her breasts were visible to varying degrees. Mom reached back and unzipped her skirt and did a sexy little shimmy to help it fall to the floor.

Evan's cock stirred when she bent over to pick it up with her back to him. The thong beneath the skirt left more than half the cheeks of her ass exposed and his eyes landed on the thin strip of material between her thighs.

His cock was already on its way to being fully hard even before he noticed the thong had crept up, showing off his mother's camel toe. The stockings beneath the skirt were thigh highs, the thick black band at the top a sexy contrast to her creamy complexion.

Mom sat on the edge of the bed, lifted her right leg, and rolled the stocking down past her knee before pushing it down and off her foot. Such a simple move, but so fucking sexy.

She repeated it with the other leg, then tossed the stockings and skirt into the hamper. Mom reached behind her and his breath caught when she unhooked her bra. She eased the straps down, then slipped her arms through it and flipped it into the hamper.

“Free at last,” Mom mumbled as she cupped her breasts, rubbing them.

With trembling fingers, Evan gripped the louver directly over his field of vision and eased it up just a half an inch, just enough to give him a better view.

The room was dim due to the blinds being down, and Mom hadn't put on the light so he was confident she couldn't see him. Either that or his rising lust was making him careless.

Right now, what mattered was his mother was down to a thong and had just turned to face him exposing her tits. God, they were even better in person, bigger than he'd imagined they'd be, firm, perfectly shaped and those adorable, succulent pink nipples had him yearning to have them in his mouth.

Those nipples were erect and as she came back to the foot of the bed, grabbing the comforter as she did and pulling it down as she walked. Mom let the covers go when she was across from him and cupped her breasts again, this time her thumbs gliding over her swollen pink flesh.

She sighed softly, then turned to the side so she was facing the mirror over her bureau on the other side of the room. She reached up and removed the clip from her hair and shaking it out.

Evan watched her long golden hair flow down her back while staring at the side view of her breast which from that angle made her size and shape that much more noticeable.

Mom raised her hands over her head and moved side to side, causing her breasts to sway.

“Still holding up,” she told her reflection. She puckered up and blew a kiss. She batted her lashes, then put tilted her head. “Give me happy,” she whispered and broke into a big smile. “How about scared?”

Mom's eyes went wide and she opened her mouth and brought her hand to her face as if she were terrified. “How about lusty?”

She narrowed her eyes, pushed her lips out, and slowly ran her tongue over them. Mom laughed at herself then turned and put her knee up on the bed. She leaned over, messing with the covers for a minute, and leaving Evan staring at her flawless ass.

He held back a groan when she crawled onto the bed and towards the other end. She paused to fluff the pillows while on her hands and knees and he thought his cock was going to explode.

She rolled over and stretched out, extending her long legs and raising her arms over her head. Her toes pointed forward and she arched her back, pushing her breasts up to an even better angle, then let herself relax.

She lay there for a couple of minutes leaving Evan's eyes bouncing from the view between her legs, that one strip of black all that was between him and her pussy, and the way her breasts rose and fell with her breathing.

He looked at the soles of her feet and thought of them on his chest, shoulders, even in his face. Mom got a manicure and pedicure once a week so he knew they'd be nice and soft.

There was nothing soft about him right now as he had to pop the snap on his jeans to try and relieve some pressure while shifting his cock to the side do it would go down his leg instead of bending.

Mom reached to her right and dipped into the drawer of her nightstand. When he saw the silver egg in her hand with the wire attached to the remote his cock throbbed against his leg.

She lifted her hips, hooking her fingers into her thong. His heart felt like it was going to explode when she lifted her hips, easing the thong down...

His phone rang in his back pocket, the closet filling with Van Morrison's Brown Eyed Girl, telling him it was Maria. He had no idea why she'd call, but that was the least of his worries.

Mom released a loud gasp of surprise, sitting up on the bed and giving him another look at her breasts which even in his now dire situation, he couldn't help noticing the way they bounced jiggled at her sudden movement,

"Evan!" she shouted, grabbing Dad's pillow and hugging it over her chest. "Get your ass out there right now!" He'd pulled his phone out and ended the call, then dropped the phone do to his hands shaking.

He picked it up and with his stomach in a knot and his heart in his throat, he rose and exited the closet.

"What the fuck were you doing in my closet?" Mom demanded.

"I..." he had to stop and force himself to breath as his mother glared at him, her face flushed with a mixture of anger and embarrassment and her ice blue eyes boring into his.

"You what?" She pointed a black tipped finger at him, while keeping her left arm over the pillow. "Don't think I don't know, but I want to hear you say it."

When he still couldn't respond, she yelled.

"You were in there watching me undress! If the phone didn't ring you'd have watched me," she trailed off. "What the hell were you doing in here to begin with?"

He'd dropped the DVD and panties when the phone rang and feeling as if he were moving though quicksand he turned, picked them up, and then held them up to her.

"I came to get these."

"Oh, my god," Mom whispered. "Oh, no, no," she shook her head. "Honey no."

"I can't help it," he told her. "I just can't."

Mom looked down and as she did his eyes dropped as well. She was still stretched out on the bed and he took in her amazing legs and where she'd pushed the thong down just enough for him to get a glimpse of the tops of the rose and her blonde pubic hair.

“Turn around.” Mom swung her legs off the bed so she was sitting up. “I need to put something on.”

Evan remained staring at her, and her voice rose. “I said turnaround, now!”

“No,” he shook his head.

“Excuse me?”

“Little late to be modest, don’t you think?” His words surprised him as much as they did her.

“What did you just say to me?” Her eyes went wide.

“I already seen your tits.” He stepped closer to the bed. “Most of the men out there have seen your tits by now, why not just show them to me?”

“You watch your goddamn mouth,” Mom’s voice trembled and her eyes were blazing, somewhere in the back of his head was the thought he’d never seen her so mad.

“I’ve been watching your mouth, me and hundreds of thousands of people on porn sites who’ve been watching for twenty years.”

Mom’s mouth dropped open, and her anger shifted to hurt, her eyes softening, lip trembling. “Why would you talk to me like this?”

“Because you did this to me!” he surprised himself by yelling. “You two and your sick game and you and your goddamn porn movies that you’re not even ashamed about!”

“I’m not ashamed,” she told him. “They were my choices and I live with them, but I never thought you’d find them, and don’t even try to blame me for what’s going on.”

“Then who’s fault is it?” he demanded.

“Maybe yours?” Mom rose from the bed and putting her back to him, grabbed the black robe she always left hanging from the corner of the headboard. “Or do all your friends want their mother?”

“None of my friend’s mothers have pictures of them fucking half the guys on the East Coast.”

Mom dropped the pillow and Evan took in her frustratingly fine ass before she covered it by slipping the robe on. The robe was one she wore around the house and went down to just above her knees and when she faced him he saw she’d tied it so tight he could barely see any of her upper chest.

“I don’t deserve to be spoken to like that, Evan.” She told him. “I’m your mother, but I’m a woman. I like what I like, met the perfect man who likes it too and we enjoy what we do.”

“You do everyone!” His angst of the last months was boiling over now that he’d been caught. “And for fun, at least before you got paid for it.”

“Your father and I never wanted you to know, but you found out and it was our fault. We’re sorry you heard us, found what you did. But we treated you like a man and told you everything.”

“Even grandma being a hooker, why would you do that?”

“Because we’re human, Evan.” Mom seemed to be trying to stay calm. “We were upset that night, and there was no easy way to handle it. We decided to just tell you everything and Dad told you about his mother because he wanted you to understand where his mom fetish came from.

“We wanted you to know it was not about you. Dad never saw it as being me with you and I have never thought doing anything with you.”

“Why not?”

“What?” Mom blinked.

“Why not have sex with me? You’ve done it with everyone else.”

Mom stalked up to him so fast, he took a step back and when she stopped in front of him and brought her hand up, he flinched, but it was to point in his face.

“First off, you make one more demeaning comment to me I will give you the slap you just thought you were going to get. Second, you’re my goddamn son, Evan. My son who up until that night loved me and would never say mean things to me.”

“I didn’t know what you were.”

“What am I? A whore, Evan? A slut, a pig?”

“According to what I read you’re a cum dumpster.”

Evan’s head rocked back and the sound of Mom’s hand striking his cheek sounded like a gunshot in the otherwise silent room. He stood there stunned, the DVD and panties falling from his hand and his cheek stinging. It wasn’t the pain that bothered him, nor was it even that she’d hit him.

It was that he deserved it.

“I...I’m so sorry, Mom,” he whispered. “I didn’t mean it, I’m just...” his throat tightened and he felt his eyes filling up.

Without a word, Mom hugged him tightly, and he returned it gratefully, burying his head in her neck like he did when he was a little kid.

“It’ll be okay,” Mom put her hand on the back of his head as she whispered in his ear. “We need to work this out, and we will.”

He nodded into her neck, trying not to cry, and for the most part, other than a couple of tears on his cheek, he succeeded. Evan relaxed against her, and she seemed to be in no hurry for him to move, her fingers running gently through his hair.

Evan became aware of the smell of her expensive Viktor and Rolf Flower bomb perfume, and how soft her hair was against his cheek and beneath his hands on her back.

The robe was a bit frumpy, but soft, and he could feel her breasts pressing into his chest. He couldn’t stop thinking about what it would be like to ease back, untie her robe and slip it off her.

Kiss her, fondle her tits, suck those perfect nipples, then lay her back on the bed, take her thong off and satisfy his craving to know what his mother tasted like. He turned his face so her neck was beneath his lips, and before he could stop himself, he kissed her.

“Hey,” Mom spoke softly as she released him, and gently pushed him back. “Can’t do that, honey. I’m your mother and so not yours.”

“But...you’ve let all those other men be with you, why can’t I be yours?”

Mom’s expression of sadness with a hint of pity caused him to lower his head.

“I’m sorry,” he told her.

“Me too, Evan. Some of this is on me and I know it, but I refuse to be spoken to like that.”

“You’re right, I...Mom, I don’t know what to do. I need you do bad.”

“You think you do.” Mom pointed to the bed. “Sit down, and let’s talk.”

“Are you going to tell Dad about this?” he asked while sitting.

“No,” she said with no hesitation as she sat down next to him. “He’s part of this, but I think at this point this is between us, and I want to keep it that way. Dad’s working hard in Boston because there’s a chance down the line they could pick him to run that firm. He’s under a lot of pressure and let’s not add to it, okay?”

“Okay,” he nodded in relief.

“I want you to tell me everything that’s been happening since that night, and I mean everything. Don’t hold back, and don’t be ashamed of anything you’ve thought of me because considering what you saw, I can’t blame you, and” she shrugged. “Men have lusted for me all my life, so it’s not new.”

“Dad always says you’re modest.” Evan gave her a tired smile.

“I’ve spent two decades in front of a camera from completely nude and having sex to wearing ten thousand dollar gowns. I’d be a phony to say I don’t know I’m attractive. Even modeling, you think the guys seeing my ads aren’t thinking of what’s under the dress?”

“True.”

“Turning my son on is something I could live without though,” she admitted. “But at the same time, I don’t regret anything, even Missy X. That’s how I met your father and what led to this amazing life.”

“But it’s all still out there! Those videos have so many views on the porn sites!”

“There’s that many views because they’ve been on those sites for years. They never show up in the top searches people have to be surfing for older movies or my name, and few remember me.

“Besides there’s no way to get those things pulled even if I wanted to. Some of the sites those movies were originally for don’t even exist anymore for me to ask, and for me to contact these sites? I’d have to prove who I am and that I want it removed. That would open up a big can of worms, don’t you think?”

“I guess.”

“One sleazy exec looks up the paperwork on those, sees my name and recognizes it? It could lead to black mail or even them editing the titles of the clips to put my name in there.”

Mom held her hands out as if reading a sign. “Model Marissa Banks before she made it big!”

“Dad could sue them blind.”

“Probably, but we’d have to take them to court, the story gets out, and the hell you were worried about with your friends knowing becomes a reality. Because something like that happens? Everyone who hears will be searching for them, push them right to the top of the list. Which is why if they tried to extort us we’d probably pay.” Mom sighed. “Best to let Missy X live wherever she does and let it go. I’m double that age now, and not going to be recognized.”

“Yeah, seems that way.”

Mom laughed. “Modest I’m not, but even I know I was one of countless girls around at the same time and not exactly famous. I’m not Jenna Jameson that’s for sure.”

“Hotter.”

“Please,” Mom waved her hand. “I mean it, don’t compare me to porn stars, it’s not right.”

“Nothing about this is,” he lamented.

“Truth,” Mom nodded. “Honey, like I said that night, I’m your mom and nothing in the world means more to me. I had such an awful family I’ve erased them from my life, and now I have the family I always wanted, I love you with all my heart.”

“Love you too,” he looked away when her words made him emotional once more and brought on the guilt about all the things he’d thought of her and names he’d called her in his head.

“But I am a woman, a very sexual one who is a free spirit and believes if it feels good do it, and your father and I are kindred spirits and its part of why we’re so happy together.

“There’s a balance between being parents and still being people. Everything you know now has been out there and going on your entire life and you only found out because you came home early and we were careless and left the door open. That and you and your father and I all knew we should have immediately talked about it and not waited so you’d look for answers on your own.”

“Hindsight is 20/20 Dad always says.”

“And I always say trust your gut. You knew something was off and you were right,” Mom put her hand on his leg. “But we know all this. Now I want you to tell me everything, Evan, and this time we’re not repeating the mistake of avoiding anything.”

“You’ve obviously been watching my videos, and you were ready to watch me jill off, so it’s not like I don’t know where we stand, but I want you to get it all off your chest.”

Evan took a deep breath and did as she asked. In a way he felt the way they must have that night, admitting to shameful things and not pulling any punches. He told mom how he’d watched her movies that same night and ignored the surprised look on her face.

But he kept going and although it was hard at first, he began speaking faster until he felt as if the words were pouring out of him in an attempt to purge months of guilt laced obsession.

He told her how not just the movies but the comments turned him on, that he’d looked through the entire phot album and kept taking through the look of dismay on Mom’s face now that he’d seen how often his father had shared her.

He kept pushing it out, how he watched the videos every night and as she’d just seen snuck into their room to look at the pictures, magazine, pinch a video and use her panties to get off.

Evan admitted he couldn’t stop thinking of her and no matter what she wore around the house or how she acted, in his mind it went south into a scene from one of her movies.

He talked of his obsession not just with her but with how other men saw her and not just her videos, but the guys she’d slept with in front of his father. He confessed he could now understand dad’s fetish for wanting to share his wife as a way to show her off.

Because one of his most disturbing thoughts of late was seeing his milf mother with some of his friends. Fuck them senseless. make them beg her to stop, more than once his dark fantasy involved her with two of his friends at once

While he watched.

He finished with Maria and how he’d tried to use her as a surrogate for her, and it led to today. When Evan was done he was out of breath, flushed, sweaty and exhausted.

He felt as if he’d just finished a workout during which he’d over done it and now had nothing left. Mom had been silent all the way through, but now that he finished she spoke.

“You left Maria? No, honey, just no! You call and tell her the damn truth and you get that girl back! She’s the best thing that ever happened to you, you can’t lose her.”

“It’s over, Mom. I lied to her; told her I was a cheat. She won’t forgive me and she shouldn’t.”

“Why did you lie?”

“Because she came up with the idea I was seeing someone else and it was easier to admit it.” He laughed without humor. “What would be better? Telling her it was about you? That I wished she was my mother when we had sex? That’s even worse.”

“No, honey, it’s not. Hung up on me is an issue that can be fixed. Another woman is a breach of trust and cheating.”

“I cheated in my mind.”

“In a way, but a far cry from real, and you’re mental affair is with someone you could never be with. You’re dealing with a taboo crush brought on by the trauma of what you saw. It crossed your wires when you saw me not just as a woman, but one who you’ve seen objectified by other men.”

“They teach you that in modeling 101?” he joked. “That’s deep.”

“That’s what the therapist told your father about his situation. If you paid attention you heard him make a comment she must have been good at it because she had a lot of regulars.”

“Oh jeez,” he put his hands to his temples.

“It’s true, he didn’t just see her have sex, but it was a lot of men and the men were paying her for it. It didn’t just start his mommy fixation but being a voyeur and wanting to share his object of lust with others.”

“You think the answer is me talking to someone?” he asked. “I will, I promise. I don’t like those nasty things I think of you, and the horrible things I just said. I don’t want you to hate me.”

“I could never hate you.” Mom took his hand and squeezed it. “I have a hard time even being mad at you,” she kissed his cheek. “I’m sorry I slapped you.”

“It’s okay, I had it coming.”

“I didn’t do it just because I was angry, but you looked like you were losing it, and I wanted to snap you back to reality.”

“Don’t worry, by tonight I’ll think it was a turn on.”

“I’d laugh if I thought you were kidding,” Mom smirked. “But maybe talking to someone is what you need. It helped your father.”

“Did it? Or was it you letting him play the game. Giving him some...uh, what do they call it, cat something?”

“Catharsis,” Mom shook her head. “Stick to forensics, okay?”

“Funny,” he grunted. “But you get what I mean, you let him play it out. You still let him play it out because he still wants it.”

“True, but...”

“I heard you guys that night,” Evan cut her off. “You wanted to quit because of the close call with me. But he was begging you to do it, he couldn’t wait until another night, he needed it.”

Mom’s eyes narrowed as he made the final point.

“So, is he really over it, or does that game and watching your mommy video keep it under control?”

“That’s a good point.” Mom conceded. “I know he doesn’t think about her anymore.”

“She’s in her seventies!” Evan threw his hands up. “She’s not in her thirties and hot like she was when that started. Pretty easy to not think about her now. I mean, shit, she has varicose veins.”

“Evan!” Mom chided him, but there was a smile playing around her lips. “Be nice.”

“Fine, but you get it.”

“I do.” Mom chewed her lower lip as she mulled that, or something else, over.

She crossed her legs and when she did, his eyes immediately lowered. He took in her shapely lower leg dangling over her knee, then went to her bare foot. Her smooth white skin and black tipped toes.

He thought of rubbing them, kissing them, sucking her toes, sliding his cock between the arches of her feet. God, he was so bad off he was thinking of fucking her feet. He switched to a more normal image of her feet on his chest or shoulders or resting on his back as he went down on her.

Mom slowly kicked her leg back and forth and his eyes followed the motion now thinking of her on her stomach blowing him. Naked, her ass moving as she worked her hips and her legs bent at the knees, showing him the smooth soles of her feet and her toes.

“You’re thinking about me, aren’t you?”

He slowly nodded and muttered, “Yeah. Even your feet get me going.”

“I did do a couple of foot vids,” Mom told him. “Not sure if you saw those or not.”

“No,” he stared at her toes. “Mom?”

“What is it, honey?”

“Can I have them?”

“Have what?”

“Your feet,” he blushed immediately, but his cock was stirring as he went back to thinking of fucking them.

“God no!” Mom exclaimed and uncrossed her legs.

He looked at her face for the first time since he’d finished telling her about his issues.

“Please? It’s just your feet.”

“Evan, stop it.”

“Why not? You can keep the robe on, you don’t have to look, and you don’t even have to do anything! Just let me fuck them.”

“Do you hear yourself?” Mom had been silent during his confession and taken it as well as he could hope, but now looked put off.

“I hear how bad I need it, please, mom?”

“I can’t believe this.”

“If you don’t want me to do that just let jerk off on them. I...god, mom I just need something from you, anything.”

“This is bad, honey,” she said quietly. “You know that, right?”

“I do and I know it’s wrong, but like I told you I get horny, mad that I’m horny, mad at you, I get off anyway, then it all starts again. Maybe if I can do something with you, it’ll help.”

“My feet aren’t going to do it,” Mom told him. “In fact, it would make it worse, you’d want me even more.”

“Then give me more.”

When her eyes widened he took her hands in his.

“Please? Like the movie, just one night, mom. Not even a night, one time. Just once.”

“Honey, you know that can’t happen.”

“Why? You were with all those men!”

“The movies were before you were even thought of and a job.”

“What about the guys now? They’re no one to you, and you give yourself to them. I love you so much and you won’t be with me?”

“They’re not my children.” Mom squeezed his hands in hers. “I’m so sorry we did this to you, Evan. It hurts me so much to see you hurt and know I’m part of the reason.”

“Then help me,” he pressed the issue figuring he couldn’t embarrass himself any worse, and maybe he could somehow convince her. “You always say you’ll do anything for me.”

“Your father says that to, but you’re not thinking of him, are you?” Mom asked. “We decide together when, where, and who when we share.”

“You shot the video behind his back.”

“After asking if we could change up the game and let me go it alone then report back. He didn’t easily agree, it turned into a matter of trust and him knowing I’d done anything he ever wanted so how could he say no to me? He was very happy with the results.” Her shoulders slumped. “So are you.”

“Okay,” Evan nodded and went further down the rabbit hole. “Then tell Dad we’re going to do it.”

“We need to get you help.” Mom stated. “Laura’s husband works as a family therapist; he knows a lot of people. I’ll tell her you need to speak with someone about a private matter and have him recommend someone.”

“But listen,” Mom rolled her eyes when he kept persisting, but didn’t tell him to stop. “Dad will understand, he went through the same thing! He knows how I feel and how messed up I am!”

“He went to therapy.”

“But” he snapped his fingers. “Grandma offered to let him! They were going to and Jack came home or else he would have and maybe none of that other stuff ever happens!”

“Maybe you would have never happened because maybe he doesn’t turn into a voyeur and get into the porn scene and meet me. Evan, everything, even fucked up things happen because they’re meant to.”

“Grandma was willing to give her son what he needed, you’re not.” Evan knew he sounded like a brat but didn’t care. “So much for anything for me.”

“You have selective hearing,” Mom retorted. “Your grandmother was drunk, and it’s a good thing it didn’t happen because imagine how she’d have felt waking up with him in her bed? Or had they slept together Jack would have walked away because you don’t come back from that.”

She gave his hands another squeeze before letting go, and repeating, “You don’t come back from that.”

“We could,” he said earnestly. “I know we could because you guys are into all kinds of things.” He pointed to her triumphantly. “You say you’re free spirits, don’t care about rules, like to share, to do all these crazy things? Think of this as the be all end all of things you’re not supposed to do.”

“My baby,” she said quietly, but not in a tone that got him excited about her calling him baby. “You’re very broken right now.”

“Then fix me.” He put his hands together in a pleading gesture. “Please? Anything, Mom, even your feet. I...I feel like an addict who needs a fix.”

Mom stared down at her feet, and he wondered if she were considering it, and maybe she was when she asked.

“Evan, are you in love with me?”

“Of course, I love you.”

“You love me as your mother, but do you love me like you do Maria?”

“Maria doesn’t love me anymore.” He mumbled.

“I disagree but put it this way. All the things that have been in your mind and tormenting you, is it all lust or do you think about me as some type of forbidden love? That you we could run off and forget about your father, be a taboo couple?”

“Uh, well...”

“No wrong answer, but to see how we fix this, I need the truth.”

“It’s sex,” he told her in a subdued tone. “I love you the way I should but want you in the way I shouldn’t.”

“You want Missy X,” she nodded. “You want the porn star, the hot wife, the woman who made a living fucking and makes her husband happy by letting other men fuck her.”

“Yeah, but I...I don’t want to hurt your feelings and think I just see you the way I’d see any hot woman.”

“I know you see me as more. The things I mentioned would turn on any man, but the fact I’m your mother and do them? You are your father’s son because I think how you see me is a hot mom. A Mom that does all kinds of nasty things and it turns you on.

“Your friend’s mothers don’t do those things, but yours does and you know every boy you know would want me without even knowing my past.”

“Modest again.”

“Honest and you know it. But your father gets to have me. Your father has my body and my heart. I’m his in every way, and even when I’m with other men it’s an act of love even if you can’t see that.”

“I can’t.”

“When we bring a man back to our room, before we start I kiss your father, hold him close and tell him I love him, and then I play. We are picky with the guys. We talk to them first, we want guys who will appreciate me and not think I’m there to be treated like a pig or your father belittled, we want respect from them, and if we feel they’re not a match, we wait.”

“Okay, fine, respectfully coming in your mouth.”

“Watch it, Evan.”

“Sorry, I guess I just don’t care about any of it except why it can’t be me. Like you said, dad gets you, I can’t and it’s tearing me apart. It might tear us apart.”

“That was a cheap shot.” Mom said, but with no real anger in her voice. “But don’t think I haven’t gone there. Life is good should always be the case with us.”

“Then make my life good again, please?”

“No love, just lust was your answer?”

“Yeah, final answer, Alex.”

“He’s got jokes,” Mom flashed a quick grin. “But it just being physical is a lot less messy than if you thought of us having some type of emotional affair.” She gave him a wry smile. “See? Even my son just wants me for sex and nothing else.”

“Mom...”

“That was my cheap shot to you.” She raised her eyebrows.

“Ouch.”

“But I mean it, you’re being selfish and literally thinking with your dick. Honey, you’re the only man in my life that has never wanted me for sex,” her lips turned down into a scowl. “That includes my own father.”

“It’s not being selfish, I’m all kinds of screwed up right now and so bad I just broke up with my girlfriend and made myself look like a jerk, and it’s over this.” He stared down at the floor, this time deliberately avoiding so much as looking at her feet.

“I know you didn’t mean it, and I know this is how you choose to live and you have that right. I know you love me and feel bad, and don’t want to see me hurt.”

“Yes to all those things,” she responded, this time putting her hand on his forearm and he made sure he didn’t look because at this point just the sight of her slender fingers and black polish on his arm could get him going again.

“But it’s still the things you did and still do that did this to me, and I think you’re the only one that can fix it, and only one way to do it.”

“Evan, we can’t.”

“Mom, I can’t even look at you right now, that’s why I’m staring at the damn floor. Just you touching my arm is getting to me.”

Mom removed her hand, and he didn’t have to see her to know there was hurt in her eyes, but he wasn’t going to let her off the hook.

“How can I live like this?” He clasped his hands between his knees so she wouldn’t see his hands shaking. “Maybe I should think about looking for someone who needs a roommate or seeing if I can afford to live on campus.”

“Please don’t talk like that.”

“What are my options? Stay here and not be able to look at my mother? Let things get worse? Start thinking those nasty things about you more and more? Have you go from being my mom to being a cock tease who drives me crazy?”

“I do not tease you!” Mom said defensively. “I never dress that way around you, or your friends.”

“But I know what’s under those clothes now, and I know the proper is an act. I saw you in your free lunch dresses in those pictures, you dress trashy when you guys go on your hunts. Even your makeup screams slut.”

“Are you looking for another smack?”

“No, I’m telling you my honest feelings,” he lifted his head and faced her. “Mom, do you think I want to see you this way and say these things? I’m not lying when I say I can’t help it.”

“I know you’re not.” It was her turn to look away from him. “But it still hurts”

“That’s why I need to either get something from you or think about putting some space between us.”

“That would break my heart,” she said softly. “Your father too.”

She put her thumb and forefinger to her eyes, covering them. “All these years, and one careless moment, just one, and this is where we are.”

“Happens as it’s meant to, right?”

“Right back at me,” she nodded, and lowered her hand from her eyes which he saw were moist. “I can’t lose you.”

“You wouldn’t lose me,” that statement could be detrimental to his cause, but he as bad as he wanted her, he didn’t want to upset her. What he wanted was for her to want him, and it didn’t seem like it was going to happen. “It wasn’t meant as a threat, honest.”

“But it could happen,” she acknowledged. “Could cause issues between your father and I too. If one member of our family isn’t right none of us are.”

“I know I need to talk to someone, and I will, but they don’t fix things in one appointment, it could take weeks and...”

“You promise you’ll go?” Mom asked.

“I swear, but like I just said it’s not going to help right away and...”

“Go get the panties.”

“What?”

“You heard me, don’t make me say anything twice because it’s hard enough to say it once.”

Confused he went around the bed and picked up the panties where he’d dropped them. When he turned back he saw Mom had shifted her position and was now kneeling on the edge of the bed.

He eyed the soles of her feet beneath the curve of her ass now visible because the robe had tightened. Evan came around to stand in front of her, and when she put her hand out he handed her the panties.

“Turn around,” her eyes were downcast and there was a subdued quality to her voice that unsettled him, but his hopes of where this could be going coupled with her saying not to question her let to him putting his back to her.

“Closer to the bed.”

He eased back until he felt the mattress pressing into his legs, then released a surprised gasp when she grabbed the sides of his t-shirt and tugged it up to his chest. He raised his arms and sensing movement to his left saw Mom reflected in the mirror rise on her knees behind him.

She dropped his shirt and a shudder went through him when she placed her hands on his chest. She moved them lightly over his chest, her long nails leaving an excited trail of goosebumps in their wake.

His cock swelled as she continued to caress them and a soft moan slipped from his lips when she teased her nails over his nipples. She moved lower, her hands now gliding over his hard flat stomach, causing his muscles to jump beneath her touch.

His cock was jumping as well, rapidly swelling from the contact.

“Relax,” Mom rested her chin on his shoulder and he could feel her warm breath in his ear. “My baby is so tense, isn’t he?”

“Yes,” he breathed as her nails now traced the edge of his jeans.

“Then I think I should help with that,” she blew softly in his ear, causing another shiver to run through him and more excitement in his tightening boxers. “After all, a good mommy does everything she can for her boy, doesn’t she?”

“Oh,” he exclaimed when her fingers found the snap and popped his jeans open. The sensation and sound of his zipper being pulled down.

Her hands slid to his hips pushing his jeans and boxers down. His breath caught when his erect cock sprang free from his boxers, a line of precum already oozing from the tip.

Mom’s hands left his sight and he felt them on his back. He eyed their reflection and his heart raced when he saw she’d untied the robe and was sliding it down her shoulders, letting onto the bed behind her.

He had a brief glimpse of her breasts before she pressed against him. He groaned at the sensation of her soft breasts on his back and her hard nipples poking him.

“Hmm, you like that, baby” she spoke in the Missy X purr he’d become so familiar with. “Mommy’s titties on your back?”

“Feels so good,” he managed to get out as she moved side to side, sliding her breasts across his back.

“Maybe we can make you feel better.” Mom’s hands slipped around his waist and cupped his balls in her left hand.

“Aw, this isn’t good, baby,” her voice had shifted into that of a little girl. “Your balls are all full and swollen! You poor baby!”

She gently squeezed his balls before tickling them with her nails then fondling them more firmly.

“It’s a good thing mommy’s here to drain all that nasty poison, isn’t it?”

She held the panties in her right hand and his cock jumped when she wrapped it around his cock.

“I know you like mommy’s panties because you’ve been a bad boy and done nasty things in them haven’t you?”

“Yes...mommy,” the second word was barely audible, but just saying it sent an electric jolt of pleasure through his cock as she gripped it tighter.

“Such a mess,” she sighed in his ear while her hand moved slowly up and down his rigid shaft. “So much cum!” she giggled, then playfully flicked her tongue into his ear.

“Is all that cum from wanting your hot mommy?”

“I want you so bad.”

“I can feel that.” Mom squeezed his cock to make her point and he felt his pre cum squirt into the panties which she’d wrapped around his tip. “So hard for you mother.” She emitted a soft moan. “And you’re not my little boy anymore are you?”

“No,” he answered while watching her hand slide along his shaft.

“No,” she repeated. “There’s nothing little about you. This is a nice big dick you have.” She moved her hand faster, the now sticky panties moving more smoothly around his shaft as it became slick with his precum.

“Who’s cock is this?”

“It’s yours.”

“Who am I?”

“Mommy,” he whispered. “My cock belongs to Mommy.”

“All mine?” She gave him another squeeze. “To use as I please? Suck on it until you empty your balls down my throat? Shove it in my slutty holes?”

Evan couldn’t reply. Between watching her hands on his cock and balls, the sensation of the smooth panties on his hard flesh with the feel of her hand noticeable through the thin material and now her dirty talk he was in sensory overload.

“That’s what you watch mommy do in all her movies, isn’t it?”

He gave a minimal nod, his eyes glued to her hands and his body consumed with how good her playing with him felt.

“Mommy was everyone’s slut back then.” She moaned in his ear. “Put a cock in front of that little skank and it would be in her mouth. Mommy would have fucked all those men for fun, getting paid was a bonus.

“You get off to that, don’t you? Not just watching mommy fuck but thinking of all the men who had her. Every hole, every position. They abused Mommy’s throat and tight little cunt, stuck it in her ass and made her squeal.”

His breathing grew heavier and even though she hadn’t been stroking him for long, he was already getting close, his balls tightening in her gentle grip.

“More than one at a time too,” the giggle in his ear made him groan and his hips thrust, shoving his cock through her hand.

“You saw Mommy being very bad and just think, you haven’t seen half of it,” she kissed his neck just below his ear, her soft lips lingering on his skin. “Tell me, baby boy, you ever see Mommy’s airtight gangbang video?”

“Airtight,” the word escaped his lips.

“Three cocks, and want to hear a secret?” she nibbled on his ear lobe for a moment. “You slut mommy came twice while they were balls deep in every hole.”

“Oh, Mom,” he groaned. “Don’t stop.”

“Why would I stop? I’m here to be a good mommy and take care of my boy. After all, it’s only fair that seeing I’m the one that got my little boy all hot and hard for me.”

Her hand moved faster and she reverted to teasing his balls with her nails. Evan’s knees trembled and he was unable to keep his hips from moving into her pumping fist. Mom ground into him, crushing her breasts into his back while now moaning in his ear.

“You do this every night, watching those movies, wishing you were those men. Bet you wish you were the men who fucked me now, don’t you? Maybe even do it while Daddy watches?”

Her words cut through his lust infused haze.

“Show Daddy how much you love mommy? How bad you want his hot wife?”

As far gone as he was down the mother lust rabbit hole he was still taken aback that her mentioning his father watching...had his cock twitching in her hand.

“After all, like father like son, and you are just like your Daddy. Wanting to see you mom fucked. You think about others having me as much as you doing it, don’t you?”

“I want you,” he couldn’t help the whimper he emitted. “I want what they all had.”

“And a lot of them have had it, that’s what turns you on,” Mom kissed his neck once more, then gently sucked on him, the act making his hips move faster.

“But I know you want me, want to get what they all got. The porn star, the wild wife, the horny milf, the good time girl who loved to be face down and ass up.” She was breathing as hard as he was and he felt the lower part of her body grinding into him.

He shifted his gaze to the mirror and saw her hips were moving into his, the smooth creamy cheek of her ass flexing as she did.

“I want you to come for mommy. I want you to show me how much you want me. Just think of instead of my hand it was my mouth. Slurping and choking on my boy’s big dick.

Coming in my mouth, making your bad mommy take every drop. Or you want to come in my face? Spray it all over me like in the movies, paint my slutty face?”

“Oh, oh, yeah,” he groaned as he felt himself nearing the point of no return.

“Fucking me around the world. Me on top, on my back, on my knees, you fucking mommy so hard I’m squealing and telling you it hurts, but you just fuck me harder because I deserve it.

“I’m not a good Mommy, I’m the kind of mommy that you shove it in her ass then put it in her mouth and make her clean it. The kind of woman you use and abuse and leave there in a puddle; covered in sweat and come like I was after every...”

“Fuck!” Evan moaned as his cock erupted, filling the panties with cum.

“Hmm, there it is!” Mom purred. “There you go, honey, come for mommy, give me every drop.”

Evan’s hips jerked and he groaned and whimpered as she pumped him hard each time ending in her twisting her wrist when she reached his tip, wringing the cum from him.

“I want all, all of it,” she hissed. “Empty those balls for me, pretend that’s my mouth or my sloppy cunt you’re filling after you took me, claimed me, and made me your cock whore.” She sighed, then added. “Your cum dumpster.”

She squeezed and massaged his balls while stroking him and he swore he’d never come so hard. His moans went higher in pitch and his hips jerked as he had nothing left, but she kept going, rubbing the cum soaked thong into his now over sensitized tip.

“Stop,” he grabbed her wrist, “Please stop.”

She did as he asked, easing the messy panties from his cock and gingerly placing them on the edge of the bed next to her.

“Feel better?” Mom was back to her normal voice but sounded winded and he recalled how heavy her breathing had been in his ear, then reminded himself at the end of the day she was an actress, and even as a model they had to smile all the time and pretend everything was great.

“Yeah, I...I can’t believe that happened.”

“Was it what you wanted?” Before he could reply, she added. “I should say what you’ll settle for.”

He watched her reflection and even though the room was dim he could still make out the fact she was flushed and her beautiful breasts were rising and falling, an indication some of it may not have been an act. She picked the robe up and slipped it back on, tying it as tightly as she had before.

“Better than my feet, no?”

“Mom, I...” What was he supposed to say? Thanks for the hand job?

“Glad you’re happy,” she cut him off. “Pull your pants up.”

He was still watching her in the mirror where she had her head turned the other way so as to not see the mirror. During the time she’d touched him her face had been pressed into the left side of his neck so their reflection would be obscured from her.

He eased his boxers over his cock and zipped up, bending over to grab his shirt before turning. Mom still had her head down, but now that he was facing her he noticed she was staring down at the panties.

There was an impressive amount of cum in them, but the lack of any type of emotion on her face was beginning to take the excitement out of what just happened.

“Uh, you okay?” he asked.

“I’m fine,” she looked up at him, but her expression stoic, no hint of a smile or any emotion at all for that matter.

“It was amazing,” he told her. “You’re the best.”

“Don’t. There’s no way for this not to be awkward. You asked me to give you something, and I did. Now we get you help.”

“Fair,” he conceded. Talk about taking the sexy out of this. “Uh, you telling dad about this?” He may as well keep draining the fun out of her draining him.

“Hey, babe, how was work? My day? I caught our son peeping from the closet, jacked him off into my panties, you know, the usual.” She cocked her head at him. “What do you think?”

“Right.”

“Evan, even though you see it otherwise, I was a bad mother just now, or maybe a good mother who did a bad thing. Either way, let’s leave it at I made you happy.”

He nodded, “Good idea.”

Feeling the awkwardness she called out he walked out without another word. He turned to pull the door closed behind him but stopped when it was still open a few inches.

Mom’s head was down and from where he stood it seemed as if she were staring at the panties. She put her head in her hands, shaking it back and forth. His ears picked up a muffled sob, and she let herself go, falling onto her back on the bed, her face still in her hands.

Afraid he wouldn’t be able to close the door without her hearing him he quietly padded down the hallway and back to his room where, in an identical move to hers, he flopped down on the bed.

Talk about going from sugar to shit. Two minutes removed from his mother jerking him off , something straight out of his fantasies, complete with straight of out of a Missy X movie dialogue, he now felt like a total asshole.

That had all been for him, and she’d made herself do it. The heavy breathing and flushing he’d wanted to think was a result of lust was her being upset the entire time. He had pushed and guilted her into it. He hadn’t meant to but his frustration wouldn’t let him give up. He basically threatened to move out if nothing changed.

His mother had performed a sexual favor for him because she didn’t want to lose him. Just before he came, she called herself a cum dumpster, the name that had gotten him slapped, and with his mind now free of lust he knew she hadn’t done that for him, she’d called herself that because it’s what she felt like thanks to him.

What and absolute asshole he felt like, no, not felt like, he was an asshole. Careful what you wish for had yet again bit him in the ass since the morning he decided he needed to discover what his parents had in that box.

Now mom was in her room upset at herself for doing it when the blame was all on him. It didn't matter what he'd seen or what she'd done, he was her son and she owed him nothing sexual, yet he'd pushed and she'd caved.

He'd pushed because he'd been selfish and self-pitying and all but begged her for sex. For fuck's sake, he'd asked if he could jerk off on her feet.

But for all his bad behavior, his mother broke down and tried to help him because she loved him and was obviously a better person than he'd been of late. There was an expression his father tended to use that until now Evan didn't feel he'd ever experienced the meaning of, but now did, and in spades.

A pyrrhic victory

Chapter Eight

Evan jerked awake to the sound of his phone blaring in his ear by the pillow. He picked it up to see it was Dad. Mom had told him what happened, and he was about to get the reaming of a lifetime, thrown into therapy, and possibly out of the damn house.

As he answered, he saw it was nine, and as his panic cleared the sleep induced fog from his head, he wondered why he'd call him. He was home by now and Evan would think if he were in that much trouble Dad would be barging into his room.

"Hey Dad," his voice was a hoarse whisper, a mix of being groggy and scared shitless.

"Hey, kiddo," Dad's voice sounded fine, but Evan's guard was still up, and that was on him. People who didn't push their mother into getting them off had nothing to worry about. Too bad he wasn't one of those people.

"Um, what's up? You on your way home?" Or in the living room with mom inviting him to a very unpleasant family meeting.

"No, that's why I'm calling. We didn't get done until a few minutes ago and Hal rented a hotel because he's too tired to come home and we need to be back up here by right tomorrow morning. I haven't even had dinner yet so I think I'll stay with him."

“Okay.” Part of him was relieved, it would give him a chance to talk to Mom in the morning, say he was sorry, hope she meant that she wouldn’t tell his father. Make it right between them without causing anymore drama.

“I called your mom earlier; she told me what happened today.”

“Oh, fuck me.”

“Listen, Evan. I don’t know what the story is, but you have to call Maria and get that girl back. She is way too good of a young woman to let walk away.”

“Yeah,” The relief flowed through him and he was able to breathe again. “Mom said the same thing. I will, but figure I’ll give it a couple days.”

“Good, and we’ll have a talk about it tomorrow night, maybe the old man can come up with some fatherly advice.” He laughed. “If nothing else I’m a lawyer which is another word for con artist.”

“Too true.”

“Speaking of your mother,” Evan’s guard went back up when he picked up the change of tone in his father’s voice to a more serious tone. “She sounded upset when I called.”

“She did?” You know she is, and you know why, you sleaze.

“Said she’s frustrated about something and needs to get it taken care of.”

“Um, what kind of something?” He fished. “Problem at work?”

“Not sure, you know women like to be vague sometimes. Listen, how about you go talk to her? See if you can help her out.”

“Is she up?”

“Talked to her before I called you. Now be a good kid and go help your mother out.”

Not sure how he was going to do that when he knew he was the source of her frustration. The last thing he wanted was to face her, but he hadn’t done one right thing since this started, and it was time to man up and at least give her the apology she deserved.

“Okay, I’ll go talk to her as soon as I hang up.”

“Good man. Now I want you to listen up.”

“Listening.”

“I don’t like your mother being upset and seeing I can’t be there you’re the man of the house tonight. Whatever she needs to feel better, she gets, understood?”

“Whatever she wants,” he repeated.

“That’s the important part, the other part is I’m fine with whatever she needs. Happy wife, happy life, right?”

“Right.”

“Good, then go make your mother happy for me.”

“Okay, but...”

“Gotta go, kiddo, see you tomorrow.”

Dad ended the call, and Evan sat up, rubbing at his eyes. After his first attempt to apologize ended in him standing in front of her door for ten minutes, he'd gone and taken a shower, trying unsuccessfully to wash the guilt and shame away.

He'd slipped his jeans back on long enough to go back to his room then slipped into a pair of gray sweats and lay there staring at the ceiling for a while before making his next attempt to be man enough to knock on her door.

The light was on beneath the door, and he heard her talking to someone on the phone and he slinked back to his room hoping it wasn't his father. Apparently he'd fallen asleep until Dad woke him up, and now he had no choice but to go to her.

He tossed on a plain black t-shirt and went back down the hall to her room. This time he knocked, and took a deep breath when Mom called out for him to come in. He entered the room, surprised at how bright it was.

Not only were the lamps on either side of the bed on, but the main light as well. The light had a dimmer switch and this was the first time he'd ever seen it at the brightest setting.

Looking up at the four bulbs made him blink, and he looked to his left for a second to clear his vision from the black motes the light had caused. Evan was surprised to see a towel tossed on top of her bureau.

She must really be upset if her at times annoying neat streak and need to always be organized allowed her to do that.

“You don't want to look at me?”

He turned around to see Mom was laying on the far side of the bed. She had the black robe on from earlier, but the way she had stretched out on the bed had caused it to ride up showing her legs to her upper thighs.

Her hair was wet and he could smell the French vanilla body washed she used. The dampness of her hair caused it to appear darker and it looked sexy as hell spread out on the white pillowcase.

Evan, realizing he was staring, turned his head, looking at the closet and thinking about what a loser he'd been hiding in there and watching his mother undress. He frowned when he noticed one of the louvers was missing, leaving a bigger gap between the others.

It must have fallen off when he stepped out. Or mom had slammed it shut after he left. It wouldn't be the first time one of the slats had fallen out and had to be put back in place.

“Dad said you were upset,” he spoke softly.

“I am.”

“I don’t blame you,” He forced himself to look at her. “I’m sorry mom. To say what I made you do was a dick move doesn’t cover it.”

“Dick was involved.” Mom giggled and sitting up, swung her legs off the bed so she as sitting on the edge of it.

“How about you come over here?” She patted the bed next to her.

“I know you’re joking to make me feel better,” he walked around the bed. “But really Mom, I feel awful, and…” he trailed off when he reached her and noticed she had makeup on.

She’d taken a shower why would she put makeup back on? Let alone it was the trashy Missy X look he’d become all too familiar with. Her eye shadow was electric blue, her black mascara thickly applied, and she used blush to add color to her cheeks.

Her lipstick and lip liner were crimson red, fleshing out her already naturally sensual mouth.

“Something wrong?” she cocked her head and looked up at him.

“Why are you wearing makeup?”

“Can’t a mother want to look good for her son?”

“No,” he shook his head and pointed to her. “I… I’m not going to let you.”

“Let me what?” She put her hands out in an innocent gesture, showing off her teal nails. They’d been black earlier.

“Do this. You want to let me have more, and I feel bad about what we did do. I love you, mom. I won’t make you feel worse than you do already.”

Mom’s lips curled into a sweet smile, and taking his hand, tugged downward.

“Sit down, Evan.”

He did as she asked while noting her toes were matching blue and she wore a silver anklet on her left leg along with a silver ring on each middle toe.

“Honey, you’re very sweet,” still holding his hand she kissed his cheek. “You’re a good man.”

“Good men don’t blackmail their mother into making them come.”

“Evan, you didn’t make me do anything. I chose to do that.” She released his hand and slid her arm around his shoulders as he leaned over, his hands clasped between his knees.

“Because I said I’d leave or our family would suffer. You chose but it was because I made it sound like I was giving you a choice, do it or lose me.”

“Okay, I was hoping we could just let this happen, but I see we need to talk so you’ll feel better.”

“I don’t deserve to, but you do.”

“Hopefully we both will, and soon.” Mom squeezed his shoulder. “I admit it. I jerked you off for you, not for me.”

“I knew it because I saw you.”

“Saw what?”

He explained how he remained in the doorway and the way she’d thrown herself back on the bed.

“Then I’m glad we’re having this talk. It was just for you at the start, and not because I felt you were threatening me. But you were so upset, so frustrated, and I’m one of the few people out there who could understand because of what your Dad went through.

“I could see it was more than lust at that point, but self-loathing, anger at yourself, angry at your father and I for putting this in your mind. My baby was hurting and it’s a mother’s job to do anything I could to stop that pain.”

“But you didn’t want too,” he insisted.

“At the start? No, but sad fact is, Evan, sex has always been the means to my end in life. My career as a porn star allowed me to pursue modeling without getting the full time menial job a young girl with no education would have gotten.

“That career as a sex worker is how I met your dad and lead to our family. Let’s face it, even modeling is about sex appeal. It’s not about brains or background or what kind of person you are, its can you look hot for the camera, and I could.

“When I met your father he was still dealing with the misplaced desire for his mother and how it at the time had seriously damaged their relationship, so I used the mommy game to help him.

“Now my son has the same problem, and I’m partly responsible for it,” she pursed her lips thoughtfully and Evan couldn’t help wondering what it would be like to kiss her.

That thought caught him by surprise, not just because he needed to stop thinking like that, but that in the past his only thought would be about them around his dick. Was he getting better or worse? A little romance and affection in his perversion?

“It’s easy to be a good mom when you have a good husband who is a great Dad and a good kid who never had any real issues. We were always blessed to have enough of everything and no real hardships, and that kept you on a good path.

“But now we have this serious problem, and it’s time for me to be a Mom, so what do I do?” She pressed her free hand to her chest. “What I always did because somehow even this involved sex, and who’s better at sex than a former porn star and current hot wife?”

“Because I made you feel that’s all you were.” Evan wouldn’t let himself off the hook and shouldn’t seeing his attention was on her hand between her breasts, her blue nails standing out against the black material.

The long nails and long slender fingers that had been around his cock. Teasing, stroking while she talked dirty and....For fuck's sake, his cock was beginning to swell while they tried to have a talk about this very problem.

"Let's get past my motivation and to why you saw me upset. I told you I enjoyed what I did back in the Missy days. Mostly true, but sometimes I'd have moments of what am I doing?"

"Or if I didn't care for the scene because it called for some rougher than normal, or more degrading than normal content. Some of the guys and directors were jerks, and it wasn't always easy.

"But I would find a happy place in my head and go through the motions and I was still convincing. I could flip a switch and go from I don't really want to do this to looking and sounding like it was the time of my life.

"I slipped into that with you, just put myself back on the set. Stroke his cock, Missy, and give me some mommy talk."

"Not feeling any better." But what he was feeling was aroused.

Between his gaze dropping to her exposed lower legs and bare feet and her talking about stroking cock, his was on the rise. He'd been so frazzled after he woke up and dad's sending him in here, the just now realized he didn't have any underwear on.

If he attained a full erection it was going to be hard to hide unless he remained hunched over with his hands over his crotch like he was now.

"I think you will," Mom assured him while crossing her legs.

The robe opened to show off her inner thigh and when she slowly kicked her leg back and forth, his concern over becoming fully hard became a self-fulfilling prophecy. It was déjà vu all over again as he watched her foot, imagining it anywhere on his body.

"Hey, you in there?" Mom shook him by his shoulder.

"Sorry, just thinking."

"I bet you were," Mom snickered, and he had no doubt she knew he what he was thinking about, but for some reason didn't seem upset.

"Pay attention because you're going to want to hear this. Once we started I went from going through the motions to getting into it."

"Mom, you don't have to lie to make me feel better."

"Stop interrupting me," she chided him. "This isn't easy to admit, so let me say it."

"Sorry."

"You were so hard I could feel you throbbing in my hand, and you my boy have nothing to be ashamed of in the size department, because that is one big cock your packing."

“Said no other mother to her son ever,” he muttered, blushing, but his cock acknowledged the compliment by jerking beneath his hands.

“If there’s one thing you’ve learned about me, I’ve seen and taken my share of cocks and yours? Maria is one lucky girl.”

“Was.”

“Will be again. But baby? That big young hard cock had the slut in me taking notice. Not just your cock, but the way you moaned and whimpered. How you twitched in my hand when I kissed your neck, and the way your body trembled.

“I was in total control of you, and I loved it. You couldn’t feel how hard my nipples were on your back? That wasn’t from friction, it was from your mother being horny and wanting to do a lot more than jerk you off.”

“Please don’t mess with me,” he whispered.

“I’m telling the truth, and I’ll prove it soon enough,” she leaned her head on his shoulder and released a breathy sigh that closely resembled a moan. “Know why I had my face buried in your neck the whole time?”

“Because you didn’t want to watch?”

“Exactly, but not because I was didn’t want to, it was because if I saw that cock in the mirror there was no way it wouldn’t end up in my mouth and then my cunt because I was so fucking wet.”

Mom turned her shoulder so she was leaning into him and placed her hand over his where he was covering his reaction to her.

“I wanted to take my time, enjoy playing with such a nice cock, but the longer we played, the more I would have been tempted to take you for a ride, and as horny as I was, I knew that couldn’t happen.

She put her chin on his shoulder so she was whispering in his ear as she had before.

“I went faster to get you off so I wouldn’t go any further. When you came I was so horny my clit was throbbing. Such a big load. I could feel it racing through your cock, feel it filling the panties.

“Warm and sticky against my palm even though the lace and so much of it. The way you moaned and moved your hips was driving me wild. I wished it wasn’t my hand, but my cunt. Filling me up with all that hot young cum.

He was so hard it was uncomfortable. He had no idea where this was going, but God, he wanted her so bad and had gone from feeling guilty to hoping she might give him another treat, but this time he wouldn’t ask.

“But as soon as you were finished, it hit me what we’d done, just like it did to you. I had you leave not just because of how wrong it was, but if you stayed I was afraid I wouldn’t be able to control myself.

“When I thought you were gone, I couldn’t stop staring at that puddle in my panties. Every drop of it was for me. All that lust for your mother. I’ve been objectified and desired all my life, but for my own son to want me?”

“I kept thinking about how you felt in my hand and wondered what it would feel like in my mouth or inside me. If I could get that reaction from my hand how much more exciting would it be if I blew you?”

Blew you, she was so casual.

Not just casual, but her words were coming faster and had a breathy tone to them. Her hand trembled over his, and his cock yearned for everything she was describing.

“I fell back onto the bed because I was torn. I was properly disgusted that I did that with my son, but equally turned on doing it. You were right about two things when we talked before.

“One, your father never completely got over his mother. Sure, she doesn’t want her as she is now. But the fantasies of her when he was younger and that taboo longing you feel now never left him, he just got it under control.

“We’ve been playing that game for over twenty years because he needs it from time to time. I made that video for him to try and get him to shift his fantasies from his mother and onto me once and for all, not just to give him a thrill in reliving my porn days.

“That made me think of you. What if you never get over it? At the moment you lost an amazing girl. If you never get her back, what next? No girl because of your hang up with me? Another failed relationship?”

“You’re a good boy, Evan, and you just proved you’ll never use a woman. You won’t be able to have a normal relationship. Then what? Hookers that you pay to call you mommy? Our family being affected because of this? You moving out, maybe even moving out of state when you graduate and can get a job?”

“I wouldn’t do that to you guys.”

“As we just learned, lust and sexual frustration make us do things we wouldn’t normally think of.”

“You said two things?” His eyes drifted down from her face. The robe wasn’t tied as tightly as before, and he could see the creamy flesh of her upper chest and a hint of cleavage.

“You talked about how your father and I had a rather extreme sex life and us being together would be the ultimate taboo. That’s what I felt after I made you come. That even though I thought I’d done it all and bought the t-shirt, this was new and one of, if not the biggest, sexual rush of my life.”

“You really liked doing it?” He stopped himself from asking if she liked it enough to do it again.

“Let’s put it this way,” Mom slipped her arm from so she could turn on the bed to fully face him. “Do you know what I did a few minutes after you left?”

“What?”

“Your nasty mother took off her robe, then took those cum soaked panties and put them on.”

“Holy shit,” he whispered.

“I pulled them up tight so your warm sticky cum was pressed to cunt and I rubbed my fingers over them, smearing it into my clit and I came so fast and so hard, I wanted more. I came three times like that.”

She was breathing hard, her ice blue eyes wide and bright, and her face as well as her upper chest was flushed pink.

“I came thinking of you between my legs, eating your mother’s cunt, sliding up and fucking me. Not sweet and loving, but just taking me. Pounding me, punishing your cock teasing mother for making you want her so bad.

“I thought of everything you have. Sucking you, riding you, but most of all what I thought of was how you’d look at me, how excited you’d be, how bad you both need and want me.”

She paused to take a breath and rose from the bed to stand between his legs. Grabbing his wrists, she eased his hands from his crotch and he didn’t fight her.

“Yeah,” she breathed staring down at the large bulge in his pants. “That’s what I came to, my hot young stud of a son being so hard for mommy. Every inch of that big young cock and every drop of cum all for me.”

“It is,” he nodded, his heart pounding.

I came three times, fell asleep and dreamt of everything I just said. I woke up wet with a sloppy wet and aching cunt. I swear I was goddamn sex drunk. No toy or amount of jilling off was going to help.

“Neither would sex with your father. No, Missy was back and let me tell you something about that whore.” She leaned over and whispered in his ear. “Every cock that slut wanted? She got. No one ever told her no. But now here she is wanting the one cock she’s told she can’t have.”

Mom straightened and tugged at the ties of the robe.

“But Missy never takes no for an answer and there isn’t a cock out there she can’t make hers.”

“Yes,” Evan’s jaw dropped and his cock jumped when she let the robe fall to the floor exposing the blue and black lingerie set from the box. The one she wore in both the original, and years later, the new mommy video for his father.

The panties she’d masturbated him into them used to pleasure herself back on her.

“Don’t worry,” she gave him the cock inspiring Missy giggle. “Tossed a load of laundry in while I took a shower, hoping they’d help you dump some loads on me.”

“Jesus, that’s....so dirty.”

His eyes roamed up and down as she did a slow turn in front of him, showing herself off. Not that he hadn’t seen plenty of her in the movies and pictures, but to be two feet in front of him was a different story.

Not just her perfect ass in the panties, or her breasts barely contained in the bra, but her long well shaped legs, flat stomach, long golden hair flowing down her back and shoulders.

The colorful tattoo, slutty makeup, long nails and even her silver adorned feet, had him in sensory overload. His mother was a total package of sexy that any guy would give anything to be with.

And she was making it clear he was about to be with her.

“You like?” She lifted her hair over her head and did another spin for him. “This is what I wear in your favorite movie, isn’t it?”

“Hell yeah,” he rose from the bed and put his hands on her arms. “God, you’re incredible.”

“What is your favorite movie?” she smiled up at him. “Tell me.”

“One Night with Mom.” He replied while running his hands along the soft skin of her arms. She had touched him earlier and he hadn’t had a chance to do the same, and even her arms felt good beneath his touch.

“I think that’s exactly what my baby needs,” she caught his wrists and put them on her hips. “One night with his mother. A night in her bed and between her legs. Help you get all that nasty mommy lust out of his system.”

“You too,” he asked, his hands easing down from her hips along the outside of her thighs. “It will help you too, right?”

“Even with me in your favorite lingerie and telling you I’m yours, you don’t want to hurt me.” She put her hand to his cheek. “I love you, Evan.”

“Love you too,” his hands roamed back over her hips and up her sides, stopping just below her breasts and enjoying the way his large hands could encircle her side. Mom was tall, but on the slender side and between his impressive height and rugged build she seemed small when this close to him.

“I want this as bad as you do after today, so you just relax and enjoy our night together.”

She grabbed his shirt as she had before and he barely got his arms up before she’d yanked it up over his head. She tossed it away, and placed her hands on his chest, sucking on her lower lip as she teased her nails over it.

“Hmm, I’m going to enjoy this as much as you will. My boy’s turned into a hell of a man.” Her right hand dropped, grabbing his cock through his sweats. “A real man.”

She released him, then slid her arms around his neck. “We’re going to be as nasty as you want to be because I know you want trashy Missy, but how about you show your mother a little love first?”

She went up on her toes and brushed her lips across his.

“Give Mama a kiss.”

He put his arms around her, and she pressed into him, her head tilted, eyes closed, and lips parted. Damn, she looked good. He was so caught up in her body and sexual exploits he forgot how beautiful she was.

His lips met hers and the soft moan she released cause his cock to jerk between them. Mom sighed into his lips, swayed side to side, working his pinned cock along her stomach.

She flicked her tongue teasingly over his lips, then kissed him hard. He moaned as she worked her soft full lips into his as her hands slid over his shoulders and along the top of his back,

He did the same, his hands sliding up and down the soft smooth skin of her back and into her long soft, still damp hair. He struggled to keep up with the intensity of her passionate kiss, trying to keep his lips in contact with hers as she seemed intent on devouring his mouth.

Her fingers curled into his shoulders, digging her nails into him, but the minor pain just added to his excitement. His nostrils filled with the scent of both her body wash and whatever candy scented perfume she wore.

Between the two she smelled as delicious as she looked and the idea he was going to get a taste of the sweetest part of her had his hips rocking in time with hers. Her tongue plunged boldly into his mouth, and he parted his lips further to allow her better access.

Mom lifted her left leg, sliding it up high enough that her knee slid along his side. Even though his sweats he could feel the heat between her thighs as she hooked her lower leg around his lower back and ground into him.

His hands met in the middle of his back, and his trembling fingers fumbled with her bra. Mom giggled into their kiss when he had difficulty with it, then groaned when he managed to get both and felt it loosen between them.

He grabbed the straps and pulled them down her arms and Mom leaned back and lowered her arms, letting it slide past her elbows to drop the floor. His hands immediately went to her breasts and mom's breath hissed between her teeth as he fondled them.

They fit perfectly in his hands and she moaned when her hard nipples slid over his palms. Evan recalled overhearing her with his father on the phone the night that ultimately led to this, and buried his face in her neck, kissing her tender skin.

"Yes," she purred while letting her head fall back. "Oh, honey!"

He licked and sucked his way along her neck, before kissing her throat then working the other side of her neck. Mom put her hands over his, pressing them harder into her tits as she moaned and cooed in pleasure while he sucked on her neck.

His entire body was tense and he had to resist the urge to toss her onto the bed, rip her panties off and, as she had said, just take her. But porn star, hot wife, and wild cat that she was, she was still his mother.

He wanted to try and take his time; show her it wasn't just about him and he wanted to make her happy. He eased his lips from her neck and leaned over, now kissing the top of her chest.

Mom grabbed his forearms, her nails once more gouging into him. His hands dipped beneath her breasts, now cupping them and despite his best efforts to remain patient, he ducked his head and sucked on her right breast.

“Fuck,” Mom groaned as he opened wide, sucking not just her nipple, but as much of the soft firm flesh of her breast as he could fit in his mouth.

She arched her back, shoving her breast further into his face.

“Like that?” Mom asked. “Like sucking mommy’s titty?”

He moaned an affirmative as she dropped her hand right hand between them. She shoved it into his sweats and he struggled to focus on sucking her nipple when she grabbed his cock and pumped it slowly in a tight grip.

“Such a big fucking cock!” she moaned. “He’s so hard for his mother!”

He was right there, but they were both caught up in the throes of passion and he wasn’t about to correct her grammar. He turned his eyes upward to see her head turned to her left and he wondered if she were trying to see them in the mirror the way he had been watching.

He switched to sucking her other nipple while Mom pulled his sweats down over his hips, causing his cock to spring free. She took his face in her hands and taking his face in her hands eased him from her breast.

She gave him a deep tongue filled kiss as he returned to fondling her breasts, playing with her now slick nipples. Mom placed her hands on his chest and shoved him backwards.

Caught by surprise he fell onto his back on the bed. Mom reached down, grabbing his sweats and pulling them down his legs and off his feet with an eagerness that had his cock bobbing between his legs.

“Naked on Mommy’s bed,” she stared down at him, her eyes locked onto his cock and he groaned when she stopped between his thighs and cupped his balls. “All full and swollen again, guess I didn’t do a very good job of draining them now did I?”

“It made me want you even more,” he told her, his eyes alternating between her breasts and the way she was eyeing his cock.

“Looks like my hand wasn’t enough.” She ran her tongue slowly over her lips. “Any ideas what else I could do to empty my boy’s poor balls?”

“You could,” he hesitated. “Use your mouth.”

“Use my mouth?” she laughed. “How old are you?” Mom wagged her tongue provocatively. “Tell me what you want, baby.”

“To suck on it,” he tried again as he propped himself up on his elbows.

“Still lame. Is that how you’d ask Missy X? I don’t think so. Try again, honey, and this time say what you really want to. Tell your hot mommy what you want her to do with her pretty mouth.”

“Mom, I want you to get on your knees and suck my fucking cock.”

“Oooh,” Mom purred, leaning over and taking his cock in her hand.

She stopped with her mouth so close to his purple tip he could feel her warm breath.

“Say it again.”

“Stop teasing and suck it the way you suck every other cock that’s put in front of you.” He blinked at his own words. Where the hell had that come from?

Mom’s eyes widened briefly, but a sultry smile spread over her face.

“Baby, you are your father’s son, that’s the same way he tells me to blow all the guys.”

“Then...” he was going to say do it, but instead sat up on the bed so fast, Mom stepped back from him.

“What’s wrong?” she looked as alarmed as he felt.

“Dad,” he’d been so caught up in her he’d forgotten about his father. “Mom, we can’t do this.”

“Again, being a good boy,” Mom said, but this time looked put off as he interrupted her. At this point, part of him felt the same way, he’d been seconds from her mouth when he thought of Dad. “But don’t worry, it’s okay.”

“Did you...”

“Honey, he and I talked about this and he said he wanted it to happen. I know he called you, and what he was going to say. Didn’t he say what I wanted; I get?”

“Yeah,” he nodded.

“That and he was fine with what happened? Happy wife, happy life?”

Evan nodded again, he did say that, but he’d forgotten everything once mom started talking.

“What will make his wife happy is her son’s big dick in her greedy holes, which is what you’ve been wanting for months.” She pointed to him. “Now that we cleared that

“Damn,” Evan whistled, but his cock, which had deflated at the thought of his father was back on the rise. “You are hardcore, aren’t you?”

“With the movies to prove it.” Mom leaned over and gave him a quick kiss. “Now, you just relax, lay back and let Mommy make you forget about everything but your dick and my mouth.”

She made good on her word by dropping to her knees between his knees and grabbing his cock. Her eyes met his as she placed her tongue at the base of his shaft and ran it slowly up to his tip.

Evan twitched in her hand when she swirled her tongue quickly around his tip, then moaned when she traced the sensitive ridge beneath it. She kissed his head, her soft lips pressing into his spongy flesh, then tilted her head and ran her lips along the side of his shaft.

She put her right hand on his chest and pushed. He eased back onto his elbows remaining propped up on them as he watched the surreal sight of his mother's mouth on his cock.

Mom shook her head, sliding her lips up and down his shaft, then made him gasp when she reached the top and took his head between her lips long enough to give him a hard suck.

He felt pre cum squirt into her mouth and her eyes rolled back as she made a nasty slurping sound. She ran her lips down the other side of his cock, and his fingers dug into the comforter as she continued to tease him.

She coaxed a groan from him when she ducked her head and sucked his balls into her mouth.

"Fuck," he breathed as she opened wide, taking his entire sac in her mouth.

She sucked gently on them, her tongue sliding over them as she pumped his aching cock. Mom let his balls fall from her mouth, then sucked on just the left side, stretching his flesh out while teasing her tongue around it.

Evan had never had anyone do that and it felt as amazing as it looked. Mom repeated the move on the other side, this time gently sucking on him. She released it, then swirled her tongue over his swollen sac, bathing his balls with long slow licks.

Mom slipped her hand under her hair and flipped it over her head so it wouldn't hang over the left side of her face. He wasn't sure why she did it, seeing her hair wasn't obstructing his view, but it was a sexy move, a pro porn move that bespoke of her experience.

Mom ran her tongue back up his shaft, and with no warning took him deep into her mouth.

"Oh my god," Evan sighed as Mom bobbed her head in a slow steady rhythm.

"Hmm," she maintained eye contact as her full red lips glided along his cock.

She cradled his balls in one hand while teasing her nails over his right thigh and lower stomach. Now sucking him with no hands, she bobbed her head faster, taking him deeper.

"I can't believe this," he whispered.

His mother was on her knees blowing him! Three months of dreams and waking fantasies were now a reality and he was so hard he felt as if his cock was going to explode.

Mom opened her mouth wider and in one smooth suck took the full length of his cock. She pressed her lips to the base of his shaft, then slurped her way back to the tip leaving him to admire the perfect red lips she'd left on his body around his shaft.

She sucked him halfway a few times then took him deep once more, this time sliding her tongue out to lick his balls. Evan had always thought Maria's head game was on point, but his mother took it to a whole new level.

Then again, she had three decades of experience at this point. Mom shook her head side to side, working his sensitive head around her mouth and making him squirm. He pushed himself up and put his hands on her shoulders.

Mom gripped his left hand and lowered it to her right breast, then placed his other hand on her head, all the while slowly bobbing her head, taking his full length each time. He captured her nipple, rolling it between his fingers.

Mom whimpered, then drove her mouth down hard on his cock. She gagged loudly, but preceded to do it again, then again, faster and faster.

“Shit,” Evan moaned as she was now repeatedly deep throating him and doing it forcefully, pounding her his cock into her throat.

She made sloppy gurgling sounds and warm drool flowed freely from the corners of her mouth and down over his balls and thighs. Mom’s eyes were watering and her face turning red with exertion as she fucked her mouth with his cock.

She opened wider causing the noises to be louder and sloppier as she continued to give him a blow job worthy of the porn star she’d been. His hips rocked, thrusting his cock into her descending mouth, and his legs straightened alongside her as his body was already tensing.

Mom stopped moving her head and her watery eyes met his. Her eyebrows raised as if saying “Well?” and throwing caution, and respect for her being his mother out the window he not only pumped his hips harder but wrapped his hand in her hair and using it as a handle, pushed and pulled, forcing her mouth up and down his cock.

“Glug, glug, glug!” The room filled with Mom’s nasty wet gagging sounds.

She removed her hands from his thighs and put them behind her. She whimpered and squealed around his cock, her eyes wide and pleading as she pretended he was forcing her.

Evan’s mind raced with the potential of all the dirty things his mother would be willing to do for him and he vowed to make the most of this night and experience as much of her incredible body, talented mouth, and filthy mind as possible.

Mom’s mascara had run leaving her cheeks streaked in black tears and her face now red as her lipstick as she willingly let her son choke her with his cock.

“Oh, fuck,” he groaned as the only drawback to his assault on her mouth was he couldn’t hold out much longer.

He slowed his thrusting, easing up on her head and mom responded by grabbing his hand and removing it from her hair. She rose to her feet, sticky precum laced drool flowing from her mouth and back onto his cock.

She braced her hands on his thighs and bending over resumed sucking his cock. He gasped as she took him so deep he could feel his tip hitting the back of her throat. He stared down her back watching her ass wiggle in the air as she face fucked herself so hard it bordered on violent.

“Oh...fuck, Mom...” Evan’s balls tightened and his cock jerked each time she buried him in her warm, wet, and disturbingly skilled mouth.

“Cum!” Mom hissed as she removed him from her lips. “Cum in your mother’s mouth!”

Her eyes were wild with lust, and her face a sweaty make up streaked mess, strands of drool hanging trailing from her chin and lips. She was an absolute mess and it was the hottest thing he'd ever seen.

Mom went back at him, gagging and choking the full length of his sizable cock. Evan's legs were shaking and his fingers clutched the bed as he struggled to last as long as he could.

That turned out to only be a few more seconds when he lost control and came so hard he gasped as the first spurt squirted into his mother's mouth. She moaned around him, her eyes rolling back as if his cum were the most delicious thing she'd ever tasted.

He'd been deep in her mouth when he went off shooting it down her throat. The second eruption went into her mouth as she quickly dropped back to her knees and removed him from her lips. Mom grabbed his cock, jerking him off, while keeping her mouth open to let his cum spill down her chin.

She lowered her face, and moved his cock as she stroked, painting her face with his impressive load. When the spurts became a weak flow from his tip, she took him back into her mouth, bobbing her head and moaning as she worked for every drop.

Evan's hips bucked and he squirmed on the bed moaning and releasing a few embarrassing whimpers as she swirled her tongue over his sensitive head. She shook her head, working him around her sloppy mouth.

Mom opened wide, letting cum flow back down his shaft, then noisily slurped it back up. She took just his head between her lips and sucked hard enough to make him groan as she coaxed a couple more drops from him.

She let him fall from her lips, wagged her white coated tongue at him, and asked.

"How did it feel to cum in your slutty mommy's mouth?"

"Oh my god," was all he could manage as she closed her mouth and tilted her head back before showing him her now empty mouth.

"Now you tell your friends you were sucked off by a porn star." She rose to her feet. "But I'd leave out the part she's your mother."

He watched her as she stood there, her breasts heaving and glistening from sweat and some of the sticky mess that had dripped from her mouth from her messy world class blow job.

She wiped at her face which was even more of a mess.

"Get on the bed," she pointed to the headboard. "Lay back, for me."

He pushed himself onto their huge king sized bed and turned so his head was on the pillow. Mom walked around to the foot of the bed and turning her back to him, hooked her fingers into the sides of her panties.

She eased them down her hips and thighs, bending over as she did. Evan licked his lips when he saw the crotch of her panties peel away from her sticky wet slit. Mom pushed them all the way down, bending over all the way and showing off not only her perfect ass, but her pink pussy framed beautifully by her thighs.

She turned to face him and put one knee, then the other on the edge of the bed. As he watched wide eyed, his still hard cock twitching, his mother crawled towards him. Again, he was overwhelmed, trying to take in every aspect of her.

Her bare ass in the air, her breasts hanging beneath her, pink nipples just grazing the comforter. Her long still damp hair partly obscuring her face and ice blue eyes filled with desire as she made her way up between his thighs.

“Someone’s still hard,” she took him back into her mouth, slowly bobbing her head, and with him no longer on edge, he swore it felt better than when she’d just sucked him off.

One thing Evan knew while watching his mother suck his dick for the second time in less than fifteen minutes was no matter what happened over the course of the rest of his life, he’d have a hard time thinking any night could top this one.

Mom let his cock fall from her lips and sitting back, turned herself around so her back was to him. Sliding backwards, she swung her legs over his. Now straddling him, her warm thighs pressed to his hips, she rose on her knees, reached between their legs and gripped his cock.

She teased his head along her pussy, slowly rocking her hips and allowing him to spread open her moist pink petals. She jerked when he contacted her swollen clit and moaned when she rubbed him against it for a few seconds.

Mom rocked back and Evan held his breath when she pushed just his tip inside her. He released a sigh of pleasure at how hot, wet and tight she was as he felt her spreading around his head.

He put his hands on her hips as she sank down on top of him, teasing both of them the way she let them feel every inch of him entering her. When her ass was resting on his lower stomach, she ground in slow circles, causing him to moan and grip her hips tighter.

“You bad boy,” she moaned. “Your cock is in your mother’s cunt.” She moved her hips faster, then stopped and went in the other direction.

“God you feel good,” he told as she worked his cock inside her forbidden flesh.

“So do you, baby,” she increased the speed of her hips grinding harder into him. “My sons inside me,” she whispered as if she couldn’t believe it either. “You were so right, honey, this is as far as you can go. Fucking my boy,” she threw her head back and laughed.

“And it feels so fucking good!” She leaned forward, grabbing his ankles and proceeded to twerk on his cock, bouncing up and down along his shaft.

“Jesus!” Evan groaned as she pounded down on him, her hips bucking and the cheeks of her ass jiggling each time she came down on him.

He grabbed those cheeks, squeezing and fondling them, while spreading them open to give him an even better view of his cock plundering her tight pink hole. He eyed her equally pink rosebud and his cock, which was as hard as it had been when she was blowing him, jerked inside her as he recalled watching her take it in the ass in some of her videos.

Mom stretched out further so that her breasts were on the bed and she was lying between his legs, her hips still working. The angle caused his cock to bend and was more of a tease because he couldn't penetrate her as deeply, but the visual of seeing his glistening shaft as she worked the upper portion of his cock was amazing.

Her bare feet were along his sides, and he briefly gripped them, his fingers caressing her soft soles as he watched her pistoning ass work his cock, like a stripper giving a lap dance.

Mom pushed herself up and then leaned backwards, bracing her hands on his chest. She used her legs pushing herself up and down, slowly riding him. The first position was reverse cowboy, damned she was living up to every one of his fantasies about what she'd be like.

Missy X in real life, fucking him the way she'd fucked all those men in her movies, and one thing was for certain, Mom had lost nothing over the years because she was as good as advertised as the saying went.

He gripped her hips once more as he admired her rose thorn tramp stamp, and the way her hair hung down over the smooth sweat slicked skin of her back. Mom, reaffirming his last thought about her living up to expectations, let herself go so she was now laying on top of him, her back pressed to his chest.

She turned her head and kissed him hard, her tongue plunging into his mouth. She grabbed his wrists and brought his hands to her tits. Evan eagerly fondled them as she moaned into his mouth.

Her hips were still moving, but it was even more of a tease than before as with her legs bent and pinned against him she couldn't move much, but he didn't mind the tease because it felt incredible and kept his cock hard inside her.

The position was a testament to how she'd stayed in shape over the years to remain this flexible. Then again, it wasn't just Dad she had to impress, she wanted to put on the best show she could for him with her other lovers.

Mom whimpered into his mouth when he caught her nipples between his fingers and rolled them. He slid his right hand down her soft flat stomach, and between her thighs. Mom broke the kiss when his fingers encountered her clit and moaned loudly in his ear.

"That's my good boy! Make Mama come on that big dick! The dick that's still hard after you came in my mouth."

She paused to whimper when he pressed two fingers to her swollen button and rubbed to side to side.

"Came in Missy's dirty little mouth, in your mother's mouth. In a married woman's mouth." He gasped when her pussy clutched around his cock. "You like all those things don't you, baby?"

"Yes," he answered while groping her left breast, squeezing it harder than he had before and loving the way she moaned and wiggled on top of him as he switched to working her clit in increasingly faster circles.

"Fucking daddy's wife," her hand went to her tit, pinching her nipple and tugging on it, stretching her pink flesh to the point it had to be painful. "Why not, everyone else has right?"

That sounded like a dig at what he'd said to her earlier, to why not let him fuck her seeing so many others had. But the way she was whimpering and her pussy repeatedly clenched around his cock, told him she'd said it to work herself up even more.

Raunchy talk had been a staple of all her movies and it hadn't changed that was for damned sure; and he loved it.

"He knows you're doing it," she continued, her sultry voice breathy with passion. "He's at a hotel, in bed, thinking about how his wife is treating his son to the fucking of a lifetime because he knows what it's like to want mommy and not be able to have her.

"But he's letting his boy have what he never could. Letting him get his horny young dick in Mommy's hot mature cunt. Giving him the chance to know how a real woman fucks, how a porn star fucks, how a cheap and easy hot wife fucks for her man, and now her boy!"

Mom's words were coming faster and her voice rising in pitch. Her hips struggled to work his cock deeper and push her clit into his fingers as he switched back to rubbing side to side but faster and much more firmly.

"Oh...oh!" she yipped in his ear. "Yeah! Baby...don't...don't stop! Make mommy cum, please make me cum! Make your M...ohhh!"

He flinched when she released a long loud squeal in his ear as she exploded into orgasm. Mom yelped repeatedly as she writhed on top of him her pussy convulsed, contracting around his cock.

He felt a warm gush of sticky fluid, flowing down over his shaft and balls, pudding between their legs and Mom's yelps turned into a low guttural growl and her back arched, shoving her clit into his fingers.

Evan continued fondling her breast as she savagely twisted her nipples and after a brief moment of silence as her entire body tensed, she cried out and he gasped when a stream of clear fluid erupted from her spraying the sheets.

Her pussy quivered around him, then tightened enough to make him groan. Another long squirt exploded from within her, and with a soft whimper, she went limp on top of him, her rapid breathing heavy in his ear.

"Wow," she giggled. "I haven't squirted in a long time." Another giggle. "But I never fucked my son before either."

She put her hands on the bed and began to push herself up. She cried out in surprise when Evan grabbed her shoulders and gave her a hard shove. She went face down on the bed, while still on her knees, his cock slipping from inside her.

He quickly got to his knees, grabbed her hips and slammed his cock inside her now sloppy slit.

"Fuck yes!" Mom howled as done with being teased, he hammered into her with long hard strokes. "That's how you take your mother, baby!"

He switched to her ass, gripping her cheeks and spreading them as he tore into her, fucking her harder than he ever would have dared with Maria. Three months of lust and frustration were behind his frenzied powerful thrusts.

The object, and now recipient of that lust was yelping and crying out from his all-out assault. His balls slapped against her and the room filled with the sound of flesh pounding flesh.

His mother was so wet every time he drove into her more fluid squirted out around and his shaft, spraying both their thighs.

“Love it, don’t you?” Mom tossed her hair back and looked at him over her shoulder, her left cheek pressed to the wet sheets. “This how you thought of me? Face down ass up?”

“it’s how every other guy takes you,” he breathed, shocking himself with the words.

“That’s right! Only fair my son gets to do the same, isn’t it? Go ahead, baby, you punish your mother for doing this to you, for making you want me. Show this cock teasing mommy slut what happens when she gets hers!”

Evan blinked sweat from his eyes as he strove to find a way to put even more force into his thrusts. He caught sight of their reflection and had to admit, they looked damn good.

Mom’s ass in the air, squealing and yelping, her hair plastered to the side of her face not planted into the bed. His hands on the sweet curve of her ass. His torso was slicked with sweat, every muscle in his arms and chest flexed as he hammered his mother like she was some slutty barfly that got picked up at last call.

“Spank me,” Mom told him. “You know you want to.”

Now that she said it. He gave her a slight slap, and she laughed in between her yips. “That the best you can do? Guess you’re still a boy and not a man!”

Evan spanked the left side of her ass harder, then again and again. The high pitched cry that followed each one, caused the next to be harder. He dealt her another one that sounded like a gunshot in the room and left his palm stinging.

“Harder! More!” Mom egged him on, then went into a series of squeals when Evan lost control and really laid into her.

Using both hands he peppered her cheeks with increasingly harder and sharper slaps. Her ass turned red and he could see the welts in the shape of his hand rising on her swollen flesh.

But after each blow, her pussy contracted and she’d drive her hips back into him, burying him balls deep inside her.

“Shit!” He gasped as the thrill of spanking her along with his ferocious taking of her overwhelmed him and taken him past the point of no return.

He whipped his cock out and stroked it. Mom slipped her legs out beneath her so she was now lying flat, and leaning over her, he sent a thick squirt of warm cum across the middle of her back.

The second and third spurts were much weaker but allowed him to lay some white on her colorful tattoo. The last dribbles went on her red swollen ass, and beneath him Mom purred.

“Hmm, that’s so warm,” she wiggled her ass, squirming and grinding her hips into the bed. “Mama needs to cum again.” She sat up, causing cum to slide down her back and turning, put her hand on his chest and sent him back onto the bed again.

His head had no sooner hit the pillow when Mom was on her feet on the bed. She walked along the mattress with a balance and ease that spoke of years of experience doing it. But hey, she was trained professional in the sex industry.

Mom placed her bare foot on the left side of his head, then playfully shoved the toes of her right foot between his lips. He eagerly licked and sucked her toes, making her giggle before she grabbed the top of the headboard and spun herself around, whipping her leg over him.

Her back now to the headboard, she dropped to her knees, and straddled his face. Evan groaned when she pressed her hot sticky pussy into his face but didn’t hesitate to grab her hips and plunge his tongue inside her.

Mom squealed as he swirled his tongue inside her. Her pussy was a sloppy sticky mess. Some of that mess being his own pre-cum, but not only didn’t it bother him, but he pressed his lips to her hole and sucked hard.

“Oh, baby!” she moaned as he received a mouthful of sticky salty fluid, which he eagerly swallowed. “You are a bad boy!” she gave him the Missy giggle. “Apple and the tree, you have no idea what your father has sucked out of me.”

A thought that would have been gross at any other time sent a thrill through him and as he continued to explore his mother’s wet cunt with his tongue, he had the thought that it must run in the family because he was as twisted as they were.

Mom squirmed on his face as she worked her lower legs beneath his arms. She moved her hips front to back and he left his tongue in place, letting her work it through her soft folds and over her clit, then back again several times.

Her hands went to her tits, fondling them and tugging on her nipples as she now moved her hips in a slow grinding circle, this time keeping his tongue to her swollen clit.

“Eat that cunt!” she hissed. “Going to cum in your face like you did mine.”

She tightened her thighs around him, pinning him between her legs and grinding her hot flesh in his face. Evan didn’t mind at all as he sucked his mother’s clit between his lips, his nose filled with the intoxicating scent of his mother’s freshly fucked cunt.

Mom whimpered and wiggled on his face as he alternately licked and sucked her clit. He was sweating and it was hard to breath with her grinding in his face, but those were first world problems in comparison to the fact his mother was riding his damn face.

“Hmm, like that,” Mom sighed. “Work that clit until Mommy cum on that pretty face.”

He eased his hands down her ass, noting how her breath caught when he squeezed her still swollen and battered ass. He spread them open and she cooed in delight when he eased a finger inside her while sucking her clit in a slow gentle rhythm.

She gasped when he slid the tip of his finger over her puckered rosebud, caressing it. Her hips rocked faster at the contact and he resumed licking her clit as fast as he could, mixing it up between side to side, then up and down, and tracing circles over it.

Mom's thighs tightened and trembled against him and her hips ground harder into him. Evan slid the now wet finger from her pussy, and boldly shoved it in her ass. Mom's cry of surprise turned into a long wail of pleasure as he sent her over the edge.

He struggled to keep his lips and tongue on her clit as she bucked wildly on top of him, smearing her convulsing cunt into his face as her ass tightened around his finger. Mom's muffled yelps and squeals above him had his tired cock twitching, but he felt as if he were barely semi hard at this point.

His attention shifted to his mother going wild on his face, gyrating and bouncing up and down as her orgasm had its way with her. Her legs relaxed alongside him, and she fell forward, her arms next to his thighs and her head resting on his stomach.

She remained there breathing hard as he did the same as now with her leaning over he could get some air. While he caught his breath, he enjoyed the view of her ass just above him and her at this point literally dripping pussy still less than a foot away

He grunted when she grabbed his cock, then moaned when she took his flaccid flesh into her mouth.

"I...don't think I can," he groaned as she slowly sucked him, she removed her mouth from him and responded.

"You will. It's not nice to tell your mother no."

She took him back into her mouth and he moaned as she gently worked him in her mouth. Her cheek was still on his stomach so she wasn't moving her head, she just held him in her mouth, gently sucking while her tongue danced over his head and along his shaft.

She sighed contentedly; a sound of a woman thoroughly happy with a cock in her mouth. Her son's cock. He felt himself beginning to swell and mom encouraged him by moaning.

"Hmm-mm" but continued to take her time as his cock began to fill her mouth.

He lay there relaxed, letting it happen, and figuring if it didn't, this still felt amazing. When she leaned back and wiggled her pussy and ass on his face, the swelling increased and as she teasingly shook her ass in his face, now lifted her head, bobbing it as he was now hard enough to really suck on.

He'd come three times in the last four hours, twice in the last half hour, but his mother wasn't taking no for an answer and when he slipped his tongue out and got another taste of her while breathing in her scent, he knew she was going to get what she wanted.

Mom moaned as he was now close to fully hard and pushed herself up with her hands. Now above him, he could stare between her legs and not only see her tits hanging between them but watch her suck his cock in a sixty nine position.

His glistening shaft was now hard between her lips and even though his balls ached slightly, he had no doubt he had another round in him. Mom kept sucking, and he let her, reveling in the way she took her time, the room filled with her soft moans as she got him ready for her.

She lifted her head and he was thrilled to see he was fully erect. Mom crawled down the bed, then rolled onto her back. She spread her legs and with a smile, beckoned to him.

“I want to watch you fuck me this time.”

Evan got on his knees between her legs, slipped his hands under her knees to lift them in the air, and slipped inside her. Mom’s eyes rolled back as she gave her several long slow pumps, and she moaned,

“Just take me, baby. On my back, legs in the air, giving my boy what he needs.” He thrust his hips faster, both because her words inspired him, but when he’d been going slowly he felt his cock soften just a bit.

“There you go!” Mom urged as he fucked her harder and to his relief felt him regain his full erection. “You don’t make love to this Mommy whore, you fuck her. You fuck her like the guys on the set did, you fuck her like all the men we bring to the hotels fuck me, you fuck me the way you imagine your friends fucking me.”

He blinked at that comment, he’d never told her that. Seeing the look on her face, she laughed. “Your father always thought of his friends with me, and like father like son.”

He lifted her legs higher, placing her bare feet on his chest and leaning forward through it into fifth gear, fucking her as hard as he had when she was on her knees. Mom yipped after each thrust as he put everything he had into it, his aching cock and sore balls telling him he’d had enough but refusing to pass on a chance to have her as many times as he could.

He lowered his shoulders, getting them behind her knees and surged forward. Mom howled as he bent her in two, her feet now over and behind her head. Evan’s breathing grew louder and his heartbeat faster as he pounded deeper into her gushing slit.

“Fuck me!” She demanded. “This slut gets what she wants and what she wants is her son to cum all over her tits! These tits!”

She cupped her breasts and stroked her nipples with her thumbs.

“Cumming on mommy’s tits, claiming her cunt, making her yours, the way so many men made me theirs!”

He moaned as his exhausted cock struggled to get off.

“But I was never there’s, I’m your father’s and now I’m yours, baby. For the rest of your life, every time you see me you’re going to know you had me. When your friends tell you how hot your milf mom is you’re going to know just how hot I am.

“Every time you see a man look at me, you’ll know you’ve been there done that. Those guy’s men commenting on my movies talking about what they’d do to me? You can post a comment and tell them you fucking had me!

“That I blew you and rode your face and made you fuck me until your balls hurt and you were blowing fucking dust because this whore can’t get enough of her son’s dick!”

“Yeah,” he grunted as he felt the first twinges of an orgasm. “It’s your dick.”

“Hmm, it is, isn’t it?” she licked her lips. “My baby, my cock, my cum. My hot young stud who fucked his mother senseless and showed him what a man he is!”

“I...I can’t.” leaned back, struggling to catch his breath.

Mom sat up and grabbing his cock in both hands, pumped it hard and fast.

“You can, you will,” she hissed. “Look at this! Two hands on this big cock!”

She leaned over so his cock was between her tits.

“Right here! I want to feel that hot cum sliding over my nipples!”

His cock, which had been softening rapidly came back to attention in her hands and this time the twinges were stronger and he had no doubt she’d gotten him close enough to finish.

He grabbed her arms and pulled her hands from his cock, then pushed her onto her back. Mom squealed in delight and lifting her legs, hooked her arms behind her knees, pulling her legs back, in a classic porn position.

He buried himself balls deep inside her prone pussy and gripping her feet, hammered into her. He fucked her so savagely her eyes rolled and her tits bounced wildly as the mattress rocked and the headboard banged against the wall.

“Oh, oh oh!” Mom’s mouth went wide as she struggled to speak. “Hard, fucking me so...oh! I...”

Her eyes widened when with a moan that was a mix of relief and pleasure he came, shooting deep in his mother’s pussy. It didn’t feel like a lot, and his balls ached as he emptied what little they had left.

Mom purred; her eyes closed as her son painted the walls of her pussy with one last load. Evan eased out of her and falling onto his side, rolled onto his back, his cock rapidly deflating.

“That felt good,” Mom sighed. “My son just came inside me,” she paused. “My son came inside me,” she repeated, then giggled. “Wow, I’m either a really good or really bad mom.”

“Really good,” Evan turned his head and smiled as she turned onto her side and slid closer to him so they were facing each other. “In a bad way.”

“Bad I’ve always been,” she told him. “You just thought I was a good woman.”

“You are,” he put his hand on her arm, lightly caressing her soft skin. “You and Dad make each other happy and that’s all that matters.”

“No,” the smile left her face and she put her hand over his. “I need you to be happy.”

“If I were any happier I’d have had a heart attack.” He joked.

“Seriously, Evan. Like I said after earlier I did want this and I enjoyed every second of getting to be your fantasy, and your dirty girl. You got Missy, you got Mommy, and I hope it was everything you wanted.”

“You were more than that,” he told her, turning his hand over so he could hold hers. “That was really raunchy, but you did it because you love me, love us, and I could feel that.”

“That’s sweet,” she slid up to him and kissed him softly on the lips.

“We are fucked up if we’re acting like this is a Hallmark moment.” Evan said and Mom burst out laughing. “Honey that was a good one!”

“Thank you,” he told her.

“I do what I can,” she winked. “And who I can.”

“Was it different, being with me?”

“It was amazing. I got to experience my son as a man, and to show him what I’m like as a woman.” She rolled onto her back and his eyes immediately went to her tits, and when she stretched, his eyes roamed the length of her body.

“You’re so damn sexy, Mom.”

“I know,” she told him with a wink. “Too many men have jerked off to me to think otherwise.”

“True.”

“When your son wants to fuck you, you’re doing alright,” she frowned. “Or maybe wrong.”

“Let’s go with right.”

He remained on his side taking in his naked mother’s sweaty and satisfied body.

“Okay, baby,” she said softly. “Now the unsexy. This is only one night. It can’t be all the time or even ever again.”

“I...yeah,” he nodded.

“Your father was on board with this because of what happened to him, and that along with my own warped perverted mind fell into wanting it easier than I should have. But I belong to your father honey.”

“But the other guys...”

“Just sex, He has my heart, they’re a fun hobby we both enjoy.”

“Right.”

“Before you ask, you’re not those men. You’re my son and you don’t love me, you lusted for me. Even if you did want me and think we would have some type of weird family love triangle, it’s not fair.”

“To dad.”

“To you, honey.” She turned her head to face him. “We’re a couple, a husband and wife. We have each other and a life and family together. You need that for yourself. You need a woman who will be in your heart not just your bed. You want what your father and I have, but hopefully less deviant.”

“Yeah,” he nodded. “Blew that with Maria, but...”

“No, I am going to call Maria and speak with her.”

“What are you going to tell her?”

“The truth. You found some videos of me, got your wires crossed and were all messed up.”

“You can’t tell her that!”

“It’s your fault, you said she asked about it since you were captain obvious with the game and the wig and my blue eyes. I’ll tell her you were so ashamed you’d rather her think you cheated.”

“But she’ll think I’m sick.”

“You are, no, we are,” she shrugged making her breasts bounce. “But again, the truth which is what we should have told you before this got going. I tell her I found out, we spoke, you’re going to talk to someone, and she can be a big help because losing you is what drove you to talk to me.”

“She’s a good young woman and she is so in love you, and I can’t blame her. Things will be weird at first, she might make you wait awhile for sex, or who knows, maybe think she could help you being intimate with you.”

“I don’t know.”

“I do, and after everything I just did with you, giving you this one night, you’ll do as I ask. Fair?”

“Fair.”

“Good,” she nodded. “Now, what do we do next?”

“Huh?”

“I said one night, which means I’m yours until we wake up in the morning,” she tapped the mattress. “In this bed.”

“Damn.”

“How about a nice hot shower together? I’m a hot mess.”

“Hot everything,”

“Flattery isn’t needed, I’m a sure thing the rest of the night.”

“Not sure I could again.”

“Then we can lie here and touch and play, I can always make you cum soft.”

“Jeez.”

“But in case you can get it up again?” she gave him a sly smile.

“Yeah?”

“There’s always the rape game. You can pretend to pin down and fuck your teasing mommy while I beg you not to.” She made a show of thinking. “I like to get fucked in the ass in that game. What do you think?”

Evan smiled.

“I think life is good, Mom. Life is good.”

Chapter Nine

“Hey, baby,” Marissa smiled as Rick entered the candlelit bedroom. “Come on in, I hear the waters just fine.”

“I know my wife is,” Rick came in and tossed his towel into the hamper.

“I like that look,” she sucked on her lower lip as she eyed his muscular tors which still had a few drops of water on it. “You do that on purpose, don’t you?”

“If I’m wet it might make you get wet.” He grinned as he approached her where she sat on the bed, the pillows propped up against the headboard behind her. “Oh wait, you’re always wet.”

He put his hands on his boxers. “Off, or you want to take them off?”

“Who says we’re fucking?”

“You’re wearing my favorite outfit,” he slipped onto the bed and tugged on the blue robe. “That usually means Mommy’s horny.”

“Only if you’re a good boy.”

“Wait,” he turned serious. “How late is Evan working? That’s the last thing we need.”

“He’s not coming home,” she gave him a huge smile. “He called and he’s spending the night at Maria’s.”

“Yes!” Rick pumped his fist. “I’m so happy it’s working out. That’s a good girl who is way too perfect to let go of.”

“She is,” Marissa put on a pout, “But baby, bad girls need love too.”

“You are one bad girl.” Rick kissed her cheek. “Not to kill the mood, but it’s been a couple weeks, you think it worked, that he’s over it?”

“He’s back with Maria, he’s seen the therapist twice and I have seen him looking a couple times, but he seems to be a lot more relaxed.”

“You were right on how to handle it, even down to telling him and I not to try and talk about it.”

“Nothing good could come of that because you’d get turned on, and then your mommy thing comes back.”

“My mommy is right here,” he assured her, fondling her breast through the robe.

“Stop that,” she slapped his hand. “We’re talking.”

“Sorry, mom.”

“But I think this worked out for everyone involved. Might take a little time for Evan to be totally over seeing me like that, especially with the memories he has now, but doing it really took the edge off and calmed him enough to see that he needed to get over it.”

“True,” Rick frowned. “And he’s the most important part of this, but not sure how it worked for me.”

“Your son is feeling better and has his girl back.”

“He fucked you; you got fucked which is what you wanted after you gave him a hand job. What I got was spending a night a state away knowing what was going on.”

“And not able to watch because you wanted to, didn’t you?”

“We are a screwed up lot,” Rick shrugged. “But I jacked off just thinking of it.”

“It would have never happened if you were here, way too weird for Evan, maybe me too. This was our son, not some guy from a bar.”

“I know,” he nodded. “Guess you’re never too old to be a brat.”

“Baby,” Marissa purred in her little girl voice. “Do you really think your wife would leave you in the cold?”

“Seems like you had to.”

“You just sit back,” she propped the pillow up behind him while lifting the remote to the TV. “And say thank you.”

The TV came to life where she’d paused the DVD she’d made.

“Hey,” Rick pointed to where it opened with Marissa sitting as she was now, but in the plain black robe. “That’s our bed.”

“Hmm-mmm.”

“Looks like that was taken from over there.” He pointed to her bureau.”

“Good eye Mr. former photographer, now watch.”

A moment later a knock was heard and after Marissa called out to come in Evan entered the picture.

“Oh, my god,” Rick’s expression was so shocked she couldn’t help laughing. “You...you filmed it.”

“One camcorder under a towel where you pointed, the other in the closet to get the view from that side.”

She spoke while watching Evan sitting down next to her and the conversation that ultimately led to them having. Since I’ve been running the agency I’ve gotten familiar with photo and video editing. Took me close to two weeks to splice them together to catch all the best angles and make it flow.”

“You had this for close to a month?”

“After what happened before I wasn’t bringing this out unless we went away of Evan was out for the night. As soon as he told me he was spending the night at her place?” she sighed and grabbing his hand, pulled it under her robe so he could feel how slick her panties were. “Baby, I’ve been wet all goddamn day!”

“Best wife ever!” Rick rubbed her clit through the panties making her moan, before turning his attention back to the TV where Marissa had risen from the bed and dropped the robe.

“What say you now, mister it didn’t work out for me?”

“I say what I always say,” Rick slipped his arm around her, and kissed her neck, then whispered in her ear. “Life is good, babe.”

The End