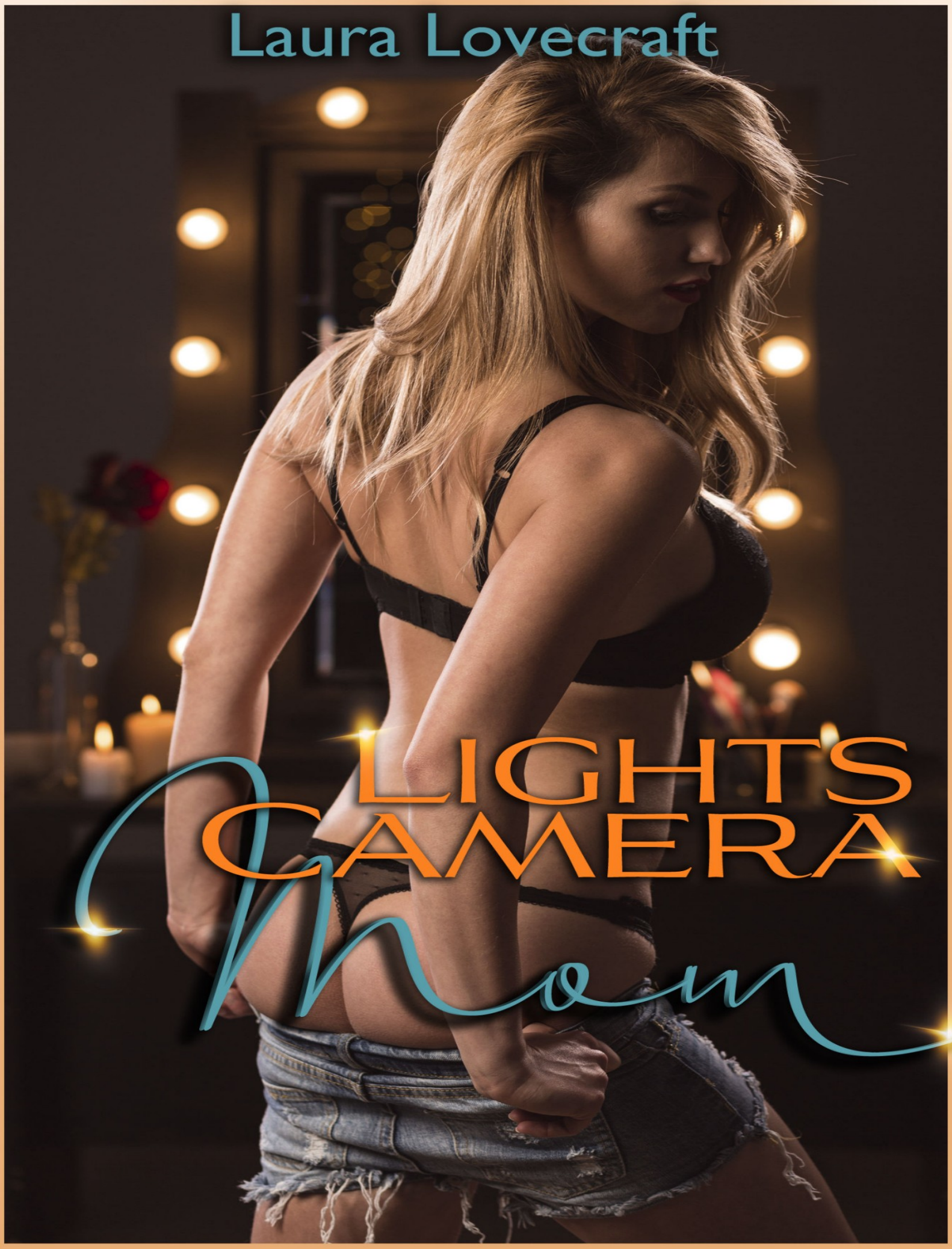
Laura Lovecraft



Lights Camera Mom

Lights, Camera, Mom!

By

Laura Lovecraft

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Lights, Camera, Mom!

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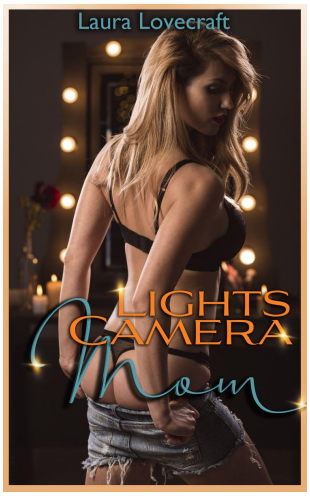
~~ All characters in this book are 18 or older. ~~



Chapter One

“You want me to what?” I exclaimed, my eyes wide with shock.

“You heard me, mom,” Rick replied, an evil smirk on his face. “I want you to do what you’ve been doing to all those guys behind dad’s back. So get on your knees and suck my cock.”

“I won’t!” I shook my head vigorously, my long blonde hair flying about. “I’m your mother, for Christ’s sake.”

“You’re a big time slut!” He pointed at my black micro dress. “Look at how you’re dressed! Bet you just came back from fucking someone!”

“What do you care?”

I put my hands on my hips and pushed my chest out, showing off the fact I had no bra on. My tits were a little on the smaller side, but still pretty prominent in the skin tight dress and I’d given my nipples a quick pinch to harden them when Rick had spoken.

“Your father’s never home and he cheats on me, so what, I like to have some fun?”

“You have a lot of fun and you’re fucking guys my age!” Rick laughed. “So why not fuck me?”

“Because I’m your mom and mothers don’t have sex with their sons.”

“They do when they don’t have a choice.” He shrugged. “Unless you want dad to see these.”

He held up the envelope and pulled out several photos. I gasped when I saw they were from recent shoots, me on my knees sucking off Jimmy Jay. I was holding his cock in front of my open mouth, cum drooling from my lips and down onto my chin and tits.

He showed another pic, this one of me on my hands and knees getting fucked from behind by Mark Steel. My blue eyes wide and my mouth was open in a staged cry of pleasure.

“Where did those come from?” I demanded.

“Um…” Rick hesitated, as I went off script. “I had you followed and…”

“Seriously!” I snatched the photos from his hand and waved them at Dan sitting just off to the side of the set. “Where the hell did you get these?”

“Cut!” Dan yelled. “Calm down, Molly, they’re stills I had printed to use as a prop.”

“Since when do we really need props?” I walked over to the edge of the set, my absurdly high stiletto heels clicking on the floor, like any mother would walk around her son in five inch heels. “He could have showed me a damn Chinese food menu, the camera doesn’t have to see them.”

“Molly.” Dan came over to me. “It’s standard to have a few stills for the website galleries.”

“These are on a website?” My eyes widened, but this time the surprise—and dismay—was real.

“Yes.” He sighed. “They’re on Nasty Moms, the site we filmed the videos for. Don’t worry; they don’t have permission to put them anywhere else.”

“But…” I stopped when he held up his hand.

“And the videos are there already so if someone’s on that site they’ve seen the movie, so why do a couple of pics matter?”

“It’s just…” I frowned and looked down at my red painted toes peeking out from the fuck me shoes. “I worry.”

Dan stepped onto the set and leaning closer spoke so only I could hear him. “Mary, I know what you’re worried about and I’ve done the best I can to control the material you film, but things like this are standard and I can’t tell the site who bought your video they can’t post pics.”

“I know, Dan, I appreciate it,” I said softly. “You’re taking care of me as much as you can.”

“And I’ll keep doing it, but Brad’s here today and you know he’s a prick, so I need you to just get through this shoot without getting upset and questioning everything. He’s the money man and you’ve been making a lot of it and he wants to check you out.”

“I know Brad.” I rolled my eyes. “God, he was the biggest D-bag director when I did this the first time, girls hated working for him. At least now we have choices.”

“Right and you chose a hell of a guy.” He winked. “But I have a job, so get your ass back over there and let your son blackmail you.”

“I hate this mother son shit.” I sighed. “I think Rick’s Paul’s age.”

“But Rick isn’t your son and this is what sells and you seem to be a damn natural playing sexy mommy parts. It’s why we’re killing it and I’m getting you paid more, so tell yourself it’s not real, cause it’s not.”

“Oh!” A loud voice cried from the back of the set. “Ten minutes into a fucking shoot and we need a break?”

“Just a question about the script, Brad!” Dan called as he turned away from me.

“We need a script for this shit?” Brad made his way over to an empty chair next to Dan’s seat. “Just do what you do best Molly, fuck that kid silly.”

“He’s already silly,” I replied with a forced smile.

The comment drew a few laughs and a tight grin from Brad. “Anyone in this biz is, but get back up there before he needs a fluffer.”

“I don’t mind!” Sally, the cute young redhead who had the fluffing duties for the day, laughed. “I like my job.”

“Newbies.” Brad waved his hand at her.

“She’s submissive,” I heard Dan say to him as he sat back down. “Girls like her get off on demeaning things, being a fluffer is a damn turn on for them.”

“Then why do we pay her?”

“Union.” Dan laughed.

I walked back over to Rick and forced myself to relax and just go with it. Every shoot I’d done since I’d returned to the industry six months ago had been like this. I got upset, found something to pick at, then resigned myself to what I needed to do.

What I needed to do was suck and fuck Rick, for starters anyway, and few were the women my age, or any age, who would think that was a bad thing. At twenty one Rick had already been involved in porn for three years, starting a few months after he turned eighteen.

He was damn good looking, tall, well built, not muscle bound, but lean and hard. His black hair and green eyes along with his high cheek bones and pretty boy features made him a favorite not only with the viewers, but a lot of women enjoyed him.

Like most of the male talent he was well hung to go with his looks, but the best part about him was how easy he was. He wasn't a cocky jerk like a lot of the others and always was quick with a joke and smile.

Rick was still young and new enough to like his work. He had a soft touch and no matter what the script called for he would improvise and try to make his partner feel good.

No easy task as most women in the industry were going through the motions and acted their way through while thinking about nothing more than getting the shoot over and collecting their check. I'd thought I'd have gone back to being that way as I had years ago when I was Rick's age and already jaded from over a hundred shoots.

But to my dismay I got into the scenes, not from desire, but it was easier if I could tell myself I was getting something from it other than pay. But the last four months had been nothing but mother or step mother scenarios and I felt like even more of a whore than usual, not just being filmed fucking, but pretending they were my son when I had one at home.

Yet I still became aroused on the set and Dan and others noted it and it's what had made "Molly Minx" the hottest name in incest porn the last few months. I hated it, but the scenes paid more money because of the content.

"You'd show those to your father?" I asked Rick, getting back in character.

"Only if you make me." He waved the photos. "You give me what you gave these guys, I'll just forget all about them."

I wanted to roll my eyes at the absurd premise, but Nasty Mom was more pornographic than erotic and after the basic premise was set, there wasn't much in the way of conflict.

"You'd really make me suck your cock?" I pushed my lips into a pout. "You'd want to be bad to your mother?"

Rick started to smile at my ad lib, but quickly got the snotty smirk back on his face. "If you were a good mother I wouldn't want to be, but seeing

my mother's a pig, you can be one for me." He held up the photos. "I wonder if I should e-mail these or show him in person."

"Fine, if it'll shut you up, you little shit." I shoved him, not hard, but Rick was expecting it and took a couple steps back to fall onto the cheap couch that had seen more sex than most prostitutes over its years on the set.

I climbed onto him, my knees on his thighs and grabbing his face, kissed him hard. Rick returned the kiss and after a moment of normal kissing we both opened our mouths wider than necessary to show off our tongues waging war.

"Yeah, you want mommy to fuck you, you little bastard?" I hissed in mock anger while unbuttoning his shirt.

"Why not, you fuck every other young guy, may as well fuck your son. Not like you could get any sluttier."

Not his fault, but that remark stung. I was a slut, a pig fucking for money while her twenty year old son thought she was working her part time 'modeling' job. As always I used the pain and shame to fuel me to get through the scene and leaning back ripped my dress down, causing my perky tits to pop out.

I shoved them in Rick's face and released an exaggerated moan when he sucked my right nipple into his mouth. "You like that tit? You like mommy's tits in your face?"

"Not as much as I'll like my cock in your face." Rick spoke around my tit.

"Goddamn Molly, you still got the sweetest tits in porn," Brad called out. "That's the great thing about smaller tits, no gravity and no boob job!"

A few of the guys in the crew laughed and refusing to let him bother me, I sat back on Rick's lap and cupping my tits, stroked my nipples, showing them off for Brad as much as Rick. Let the prick look all he wanted, I was proud to say I was one of the few girls who even when I was younger never slept with his disgusting ass.

Rick's hands replaced mine, squeezing my firm tits and then rolling my nipples between his fingers.

"Show me her ass, Rick!" Dan called and snapping his fingers pointed to Joe, one of the camera men to get behind me.

I didn’t have to watch to know while Rick pulled my dress up, exposing my ass and the black thong that barely covered my pussy.

“Ass is just as fine.” Brad spoke up. “The years have been good to you, Molly, you’re as hot a milf as you were a little slut.” He laughed. “Full circle, huh?”

“What an asshole,” Rick murmured into my chest. “All the girls hate him.”

I slid lower, kissing his chest. Rick groaned when I swirled my tongue around both his nipples before easing off his legs and kneeling between them. I kissed and licked his stomach while undoing his jeans.

I unzipped them and removing his long, thick, and already rock hard cock. I licked my red painted lips. “Hmm, you do want mommy, don’t you?”

I fluttered my tongue around the tip of his cock, before running it up and down the length of his shaft. I sensed movement behind Rick, and didn’t have to look to know Jerry, another cameraman had taken up position behind the couch, placing his camera over Rick’s shoulder to get the POV angle of my impending blow job.

“Suck his balls, Molly,” Dan said behind me.

Rick eased off the couch to let me tug his jeans down to his ankles and grabbing his impressive cock, I pumped it slowly with both hands while sucking his swollen balls into my mouth. He moaned as loudly, and about as convincingly as I did, as I sucked each of his balls in turn.

Not that it didn’t feel good, but despite popular myth, the guys could get as jaded as the women as far as sensation went, but I’d still put my money on them having it much easier than we did.

“Lick them, let’s see a lot of tongue,” Dan instructed.

I swirled my tongue while still jerking him off and letting some spit flow from my mouth, I placed my lips to his balls and shook my head back and forth, getting them wet and pushing more spit into them to cause it to drip down my chin and his sac.

“Nice, now let’s see some head,” Dan continued.

I ran my tongue back up his shaft and parting my lips, took him into my mouth. I moaned around his cock, my eyes rolling back as if I’d just had an orgasm and bobbed my head in a steady rhythm.

“Oh, fuck mom, you can suck cock.” Ricky breathed the ridiculous dialogue while grabbing the back of my head and guiding my mouth along his prick.

“Look at him,” Dan prodded. “Let the pervs see those beautiful baby blues, Molly.”

I looked up; keeping my eyes on the camera, not Rick, to give the illusion it was him I was looking at. I kept my eyes wide as I continued sucking him, now taking him deeper and moving my head faster.

“Move her hair,” someone said and sliding my hair from my cheek, Rick wrapped both his hands in it and cocked his head at me, silently asking if I were ready.

I tapped his thigh and he said, “Stay still and let me fuck your slutty mouth, mom.”

I remained still and opening wider, relaxed my throat and gurgled as he thrust his hips, pounding his cock into my mouth. I made gagging noises for effect and allowed the mixture of spit and precum to flow from my mouth and down his shaft, then noisily slurped it back up, when he drove his cock into me again.

He continued to assault my mouth while I made squealing and gagging noises. I heard someone call for Derek, and despite my best efforts, felt another wave of disgust, knowing what was coming next.

“What the fuck, Rick?” Derek called out behind me as he walked onto the set. “You couldn’t wait for me?”

“Told you bro, you snooze you lose.” Rick laughed even as I continued to blow him. “I got to mom first.” He paused, then said, “But hey, join on in. You’ll take care of both your boys won’t you, mom?”

I released his cock from my mouth and with strands of spit dangling from my chin, and turning to face Derek, who was just in a pair of boxers, his cock already out, whispered, “That’s right, a good mom doesn’t play favorites, right?”

“Molly, say it again louder.” Walter, the sound guy called out. “Didn’t get that.”

“A good mom doesn’t play fav…oh this is stupid!” I sat back on my knees. “Really? Two sons fucking their mother like it’s nothing?”

“Cut!” Dan spread his arms out. “All porn is dumb, Molly, but you’re talking about guys with their dicks in their hands, think they think at all?”

“Who would treat their mother like this?” I asked. “The other videos have some eroticism, some emotion.”

“This is for Nasty Mom.” Brad spoke up. “The site wants slut mothers, Molly. You want ‘I love you’, stick with the Loving Mothers brand, but you’re getting paid extra for this, so just do what you do best, fuck.”

“Well, hey, if she doesn’t want to,” Derek said,“I’ll step off and it can just be her with Rick.”

“No, you’ll play your part. She knew the script coming in,” Brad countered. “Or do you want to not get paid?”

“Just don’t want to make her do anything, she’s not cool with.” Derek shrugged.

“God almighty.” Brad threw his hands in the air. “I hate this milf shit because we have to get all you young guys to play their kids and you’re all sensitive little pricks.” He was getting red faced and waving his arms.

“If all the girls and guys did only what they like, we’d only have half the movies out there. It doesn’t have to make sense and she doesn’t have to love it. The two of you are going to fuck her like a pig on a spit and she gets paid five times what you do to pretend to like it.”

“Sorry, Brad,” Derek mumbled, running his fingers nervously through his sandy brown hair. “I’m ready when she is.”

“One minute.” Dan hopped out of his chair and coming over to me, knelt down to talk quietly in my ear.

Before he spoke it struck me how stunted to nudity everyone was. Dan was kneeling not two feet from Rick’s dripping cock which was still fairly hard and not only were my tits out, but there was pre cum all over my face.

On the other side of me, Derek, in preparation for coming up behind me and fucking me, had his cock hanging out of his shorts and was just standing there, now making small talk with Rick.

“Molly, you signed on for this.”

“I know.” I nodded.

“And I know you’re struggling and you hate this, but…” He paused. “I know you like it in a way too. I did when I was an actor, you know that, we did scenes together. I think it bothers you that you can do it.”

“Maybe. Sorry, Dan, I’m being a diva.”

“It’s okay, if you want this to stop we stop, but you won’t get a dime and neither will the guys and Brad will start telling people you’re a big time pain in the ass. From now on stick to the ones you like, you can write your own ticket now, but once you agree, you’re locked in`.”

“Right.” I nodded.

“Tell you what, get through this and afterwards, we’ll go for a drink, you seem like you need to talk.”

I took a deep breath, that wasn’t a bad idea. Between keeping my waitress job and my ‘modeling gig’ and the guilt of it, I was exhausted and stressed.

“Okay, I’d like that and I’ll finish the shoot.”

“Good, now relax, use whatever it is you use to get yourself through and let’s see some hot Molly Minx action.”

“We done coddling?” Brad called out.

“And this is the last time I let this prick on one of my sets.” Dan scowled. “Stuck in the porn industry of twenty years ago.”

He stood and walked back to his chair. “Okay, ladies and jerks, let’s nail this.”

“You okay?” Rick asked. “I…oh.”

He gasped when I took his cock back into my mouth and sucked him fast and hard, going at it like, well, like a damn porn star. Rick quickly regained his erection and I moaned loudly, looking into the camera.

Derek was fumbling around behind me, pushing my dress up higher and pulling my thong down my thighs.

“There you go, bro,” Rick laughed. “Make yourself at home.”

Derek’s fingers slid though my pussy and just as Dan had mentioned, it disturbed me I was wet. I groaned when he found my clit, rubbing it several times, before shoving two fingers inside me.

Sitting up on my knees, I grabbed the bottom of my dress and peeled it off, tossing it to the side. Turning my head to face him, I saw Derek looking

down at his only semi hard cock, a look of concern on his face.

“Kiss me,” I whispered.

Derek leaned into me and as I kissed him, I grabbed his cock and stroked it while doing the same to Rick’s. The script had called for him to simply start fucking me, but my outburst must have made him nervous and he’d lost his hard on.

“Nice ski-job, I like it!” Dan called out. “There’s the real Molly Minx!”

He meant to be encouraging, but the words hit me hard, was this really me? Is this why I kept coming back for shoot after shoot even though I told myself I hated it? Was it just money driving me or somewhere inside did I get off on this, the sex, the raunchiness, the exhibitionism?

For twenty two years I’d been a good woman, married, raising a son. Now a year after the death of John here I was back in the industry he’d taken me from and seemingly not hating it as much as I should.

“Sorry,” Derek whispered into our kiss. “Brad makes me nervous, I’ll call for the fluffer.”

“Hmm, let’s see if you taste different than your brother.”

I fought back the desire to roll my eyes at my own words and took Derek into my mouth.

“Damn, mom.” He sighed as I worked his cock with my shamefully talented lips and tongue.

I took him deep, swirling my tongue around his shaft, before sliding it out on his balls—and earning murmurs of approval from the crew. Removing his stiffening cock from my mouth, I opened wide and slapped it hard against the side of my face, then my tongue.

Derek’s cock swelled in my hand and when next I sucked it I had to open wide to take his full girth. I moaned around him when Rick fondled my left breast and following his lead, Derek grabbed the other.

I released Rick’s cock and reaching under his leg tapped it, then pushed. Getting my meaning, he stood up and turning from Derek, I sucked Rick’s cock. I pushed off my knees so that I was now squatting between them and proceeded to suck first Rick for a minute then turned back to Derek as they continued to squeeze my tits and play with my nipples.

“Look at you go, Mom!” Rick said. “Don’t try to pretend you don’t like being a pig.”

Pig was a good word. On the floor, sucking two cocks and getting paid to do it. I pulled them closer and holding their cocks in front of my face, rubbed the tips on my cheeks getting my face sticky with their pre cum.

“Oh, fuck, my boys have nice cocks!” I exclaimed with false enthusiasm. “You didn’t get these from your father, that’s for sure.”

I sucked Derek deep once then went to Rick, repeating it several times, rapidly going from cock to cock. Derek was now as hard as Rick and standing up, I pushed Rick back onto the couch. Getting on my hands and knees I resumed blowing him and whimpered when Derek knelt behind me and slid his long fat cock inside me.

“Damn, mom’s pussy is fucking tight!” he moaned as he fucked me with long hard strokes.

“Her mouth’s pretty damn good too,” Rick added. “Wanna trade?”

Derek removed his cock and sat down on the couch, I shifted over to him and took him deep into my mouth, tasting my pussy from him. I yelped when Rick tore into me hard and fast.

I closed my eyes and focused on the sensations of Derek’s hard cock in my mouth and Rick stuffing my pussy. He wasn’t the biggest I’d been with, but he was close and fucking for glory.

I remained there until Dan called out, “Switch!” As if it was a volleyball game. “Ride Derek, and…”

I waved my hand at him; unfortunately I had more than enough experience to know what would be next. Standing, I shimmied out of my thong and sitting on Derek’s lap, pressed my back to his chest, put my feet on his thighs and lowered myself onto his cock.

I bounced up and down and turning my head, opened wide to accept Rick in my mouth when he came around to the side of the couch. Derek reached around and fondled my tit with one hand while rubbing my clit with the other.

I stopped sucking Rick and moaned, “Oh, can mommy come baby? Can my boys make their slutty mother come?”

Lifting me effortlessly by my hips, Derek dropped me on my ass in the middle of the couch and sucked my tit into his mouth while sliding his fingers inside me. Rick sat on my other side, sucking on my other nipple and rubbing my clit.

“Oh, yes,” I cried out. “Work mommy’s pussy, boys! Suck those titties and make me come!”

I let my head fall back and closing my eyes, parted my lips, moaning continuously. I reached into their laps and stroked their cocks as they fondled me. Derek’s fingers were driving deep and Rick had a nice rhythm going on my clit.

I relaxed and let my mind drift. I forgot about the three cameramen standing around us filming every angle. Forgot this was a shoot in front of a crew of ten people. I pushed away the thought I was getting paid for this and tens, perhaps hundreds of thousands, of people would be seeing this at some point.

Instead I thought of the two big hard cocks in my hand; how they tasted and felt inside me and allowed myself to enjoy two good looking men half my age licking my hard nipples. I moved my hips; pushing Derek’s probing fingers deeper and working my clit into Ricks thumb.

“Oh,” I moaned. “Oh, oh yeah.” I released a couple of sharp sounds, little hiccups of pleasure and straightened my legs, pointing my toes forward and lifting my ass off the couch.

“There she goes!” Dan yelled excitedly. “Keep working her boys, Molly’s going to go off for real!”

“Always does, the pig,” Brad added.

His voice cut into my happy place, but I pushed him away, thinking of nothing other than the fingers bringing me closer to an orgasm and the way the cocks in my hand would soon be stuffing my mouth and pussy.

Yeah, I was a pig, but it was my choice, my choice to fuck these two young studs, hot young men women my age would give anything to fuck and I had two of them.

That’s it Molly, I told myself, show them; show them what a whore you are, show them you really love it, show…

“Oh fuck!” I screamed, throwing my head back as my hips bucked wildly. “Oh, God I’m coming for my sons! Keep going, please don’t stop!”

The pleasure and pleading in my voice weren’t forced, the orgasm crashing through me was real and at the moment so were the words. I was aware of Derek and Rick grinning as they kept playing with me and I continued my trademark yelping and squealing as I drove my pussy into their fingers.

“Oh,” I moaned as the last waves of pleasure flowed through me. “I came so hard.” I smiled at each of them in turn, then pumped their cocks faster. “Speaking of hard, you boys are awfully swollen, how about you let mommy help with that?”

I twisted on the couch as Rick slid against the arm and sliding onto my knees began blowing him. Behind me Derek got to his knees and slammed into me hard enough to make me yelp for real.

He fucked me hard and fast and I moaned, rolling my eyes back for the camera as his long cock pounded my still quivering pussy. The cameramen were in a triangle around us, one facing the action from the front of the couch, one over Ricks shoulder filming me sucking and one on the floor behind Derek, catching his cock plowing into me.

“Fuck her, bro,” Rick groaned. “Fuck her real good!”

I heard Dan call for us to move and sitting up, spun around, now blowing Derek as Rick pounded me from behind. I immersed myself in the raw animal act of sex and the rest of the scene became a blur and a series of new positions.

Me riding Derek, and sucking Rick as he stood on the couch. On my back, my legs spread wide by Rick as Derek leaned over and fucked my mouth. At one point they were sitting side by side and I rode Derek, then was lifted by them to sit on Rick’s cock.

I played my part—and then some, moaning and squealing as I was passed from one to the other and my mouth and pussy were continuously occupied by young hard cock. I was aware of the filming stopping briefly because Dan didn’t like something, but I barely acknowledged what was said, just waited to be told to start fucking again.

In the end, Derek was between my legs, bending them back so far my feet were over my head which was turned, letting Rick fuck my mouth. Rick lost control first, tapping me on the side and snapping his fingers to alert everyone he was ready to pop.

He whipped his cock out and yelling something about, “Oh, mom,” he exploded all over my face and mouth.

The first squirt went onto my tongue and I closed my mouth, then pushed the cum out, sending it down my chin. The rest of Rick’s considerable load splattered on my cheeks and forehead, some of it going into my hair. I opened wide and sucked him into my mouth, shaking my head and swirling my tongue, making him whimper while I sucked him dry.

He pulled his cock from my mouth and I let his cum drool down my face. While the camera focused on Rick painting my face, Derek had removed his cock and stopped fucking me. When Rick stepped back, he plunged back into me and pounded away as if he had been all along.

He tapped my thigh, and as Rick had done, gave a signal and pulling his cock from inside me, slid over me, sending a long spurt of cum onto my already sticky face. Again I caught some in my mouth then spit it out while turning my head and letting him catch the side of my face Rick hadn’t.

Derek moaned as he painted my face, then shoved his dripping cock into my mouth. I sucked him several times before he withdrew.

“Damn, that was fucking hot,” Rick said. “You can really fuck, mom.”

“So can my boys.” I smiled through cum covered lips. “You going to throw those pictures away now?”

“Hmm,” Rick made a show of thinking. “What you think Bro?”

“I think we keep them and mom takes care of us at least once a week.”

The two of them gave an idiotic high five over me and with a sigh I said, “Just once? Come on, I thought you boys loved me?”

“Close up of her face!” Dan called out. “Smile Molly!”

I smiled and batted my blue eyes, while moaning and fondling my tits. As Joe kept the camera on my face I scooped some cum from my cheek and sucked my fingers into my mouth.

“Wrap!” Dan yelled. “Stay still Molly, need a few shots for the site.

My feelings of shame returned as I lay there, a smile frozen on my face as Jerry came over with a different camera and snapped several close ups of my cum covered face.

“Nice,” he whispered when I pushed my tongue out and waved it at him, cum dripping from it. “Okay, I got what we need.”

“And Mom Takes Two is in the books, boys.” Dan clapped. “After some editing magic this is going to be the hottest yet!”

“Here you go, Molly.” Rick handed me a damp towel.

I wiped my face off then put the other end of the towel over me, enjoying the cool moisture. I sat up and thanked Sally for handing me my robe.

“You took my work.” She pouted. “I was hoping to fluff Derek.”

“Trust me, sweetie, it’s noon, you’ll suck plenty of cock in the next three shoots.”

“Yay!” She clapped her hands and skipped away, leaving me to roll my eyes.

“Wow, we need more like her,” Rick joked as he put his robe on and picked up his clothes. “Glad you got into it, you looked pissed early on.”

I shrugged while tying the robe. “Sorry, hard to leave drama at home sometimes.”

“I’m too young for drama.” He winked. “Young enough to really be your son.”

“Watch it, smart ass.” I gave him a hard smack in his arm that he laughed off, then giving me a quick peck on the cheek said, “Good shoot, Molly, hope I get to work with you again.”

“Yeah you to, you’re one of the good ones Rick, don’t change.”

As he walked away, I wondered what he’d think if he knew he was wrong, my son was a year younger than him.

“Molly Minx!”

I gave a mental sigh and looked up. “Can I help you, Brad?”

“You have already, your vids are hot, Molly! That’s why I came to watch today. I swear you’re as good now as you were when you were a teen.”

“Thanks.”

“I know I’m a dick sometimes, old habits die hard.” He shrugged. “I get bitched at all the time for being, well for being the way we all used to be, but I mean it, you’re racing up the popularity lists.”

“Then hopefully my rate is racing up.” I gave him a tight smile.

“It is, money is not tight in this industry anymore.” He shook his head. “Imagine years ago women called it quits young because who wanted to watch older women? Now? Christ women in their fifties are killing it with milf stuff and this mom shit is off the charts!”

“Sad but true,” I told him. “Says something about society.”

“Funny hearing you say that.”

“What do you mean?”

“Christ Molly, I know you left to have a family, your kids gotta be about Rick’s age.”

“What’s that got to do with anything?” I asked defensively.

“Everything.” Brad didn’t look like he was being sarcastic, which somehow made the topic worse. “You got a son at home and you’re amazing at those slow seduction mommy things for the other sites, can’t tell me you don’t think of your son.”

“Are you saying I want to fuck my son?” I stood up so quickly he backed off.

I looked around and was glad to see that the others had wandered off the set to take a break and no one else had heard that, only Dan and Brad new about Paul, Dan I trusted, but this ass?

“Whoa, hell no.” Brad put his hands up. “I just meant, seeing you have a son your maternal instinct comes out in some of those scenes, you actually look like you’re motherly.”

“Oh, sorry.” I sighed. “Guess I’m a little defensive.”

“Now see,” he gave me his trademark nasty smirk, “that’s what makes me wonder.”

He walked away looking pleased with himself and turning to go to my dressing room, I thought not for the first time, that it made me wonder too. Why the hell did I hate these scenes so much, but was so good at them?

Chapter Two

I entered the house and as always Paul was sitting at the dining room table with his laptop, waiting to say good night to me. No matter how late I worked at Vincent's he always waited up.

"Hey honey," I said as I walked over to him and kissed his cheek. "I'm home, you can go to bed now, you need your rest for school tomorrow."

"Not until we talk," he said quietly.

"What do you want to talk about?" I asked, putting my purse down on the table.

He was quiet for a moment and with a shrug I picked up the large envelope that contained some pictures of me dressed up Dan had Jerry take before a shoot, I brought some home every couple of weeks to show, Paul. Proof of my 'modeling' job.

"Want to see some pictures from my latest shoot?" I slid the pictures out, but stopped when Paul gave me an uncharacteristic nasty smile.

"Nope, already have."

"Oh, my god," I whispered.

Paul turned his laptop to face it and I found myself staring at a picture of my face with a long thick cock in my mouth. My blue eyes were wide and there was cum all over my face and dripping down my chin.

There was a caption on the photo: "The Return of Molly Minx!"

It was from my first shoot six months ago: "*Mom Always Makes It Better*".

"Paul I…" I stopped when the picture shifted.

For the next minute I stood there, knees trembling and stomach twisting as I watched a slide show of pictures from various shoots. Me riding someone, cupping my tits and teasing my nipples, getting fucked doggy style, another of me bent over a desk getting fucked from behind while I sucked the guy in front of me.

"I'm sorry you found that, Paul." I spoke slowly, not having any idea of what else I could say.

“Oh, I didn’t find them.” Paul slammed his hand on the table causing me to jump. “Jack from the track team found them, you know, my best friend?”

“I’m so sorry, baby.” I stepped towards him. “Please let me explain.”

“Do you know how fucking bad this is?” he shouted, startling me, Paul not only never raised his voice around me, but rarely swore.

“I know.”

“No, you don’t!” he yelled again. “That prick sent these to every fucking guy and girl he knows and you know they’re sending them to everyone they know, hell Jack posted a link to one of your videos on his fucking facebook page!”

“Oh, no.” I sank into one of the kitchen chairs, my legs to weak to hold me up. My head and heart were pounding and my stomach in knots, this was my worst nightmare come true.

“Yeah, oh, no.” Paul threw his hands up in the air. “You know what school is going to be like for me? Every class, every time I walk down the hall, I’m going to hear shit about my porn star mother!”

“I’m sorry, honey.”

“Don’t honey me!” He slammed the table again, his face red with anger and his beautiful hazel eyes, his father’s eyes, hard, as he continued yelling.

“You know the worst thing about this? I looked Molly up, you do mother son movies! You not only fuck anyone they pay you to, but you pretend to be their mother what kind of sick shit is that?”

“Paul,” The tears were flowing down my cheeks. “Baby, please don’t think that means anything.”

“What it means to me is this shit!” Picking up his phone, he shoved it in my face and slid his finger across the screen.

I was staring at a text from his friend Richard, *“Holy shit, Paul, do you fuck your mother? Can I watch next time you do? Think she’ll fuck me?”*

He moved his finger displaying another text which was a picture of me between two guys jerking them both off, *“Hey can me and Rob sleep over?”*

Paul tossed his phone on the table.

“How could you do this to me?” he demanded. “How could you do this to yourself?” Taking a deep breath, lowered his voice and really twisted the knife. “How could you do this to dad?”

My answer was to lower my head and sob, but Paul took no pity, and he had no reason to.

“You think of dad looking down on you while you suck cock? While you let these guys shove it in your goddamn ass?” He paused then grunted, ‘I should say again.”

I looked up at that remark and saw he was now pacing back and forth while speaking in a low angry tone, snarling the words.

“The Return Of Molly Minx. I looked you up, mom, you know they made a wiki page for you? You were the hottest little slut in porn back in the day, nothing you wouldn’t shoot, they had a great link to a five guy gangbang you did.”

“Then it says you left porn because you met someone. Dad got you out of that shit.” He laughed harshly. “He said you were a model when he met you, guess you went back to that fucking lie, didn’t you? Just like you went back to fucking for money, you’re a whore mom, nothing but a fucking whore and a real sick one.”

“I’m not sick, I…”

“You say things like ‘like mommy sucking your cock, you want to fuck mommy?’” He grimaced in disgust. “You have a son and you do that? You know how sick you are?”

“Please, Paul, I’ll quit, I’ll do anything you want me to.”

“Oh, I bet you will!” He waved his arms as he yelled, “This sounds like one of your movies, what next mom, you going to offer to blow me to make it better? Going to take me in my room and fuck me?”

“No! I never think of you like that! That’s acting, it’s a fetish, it’s…more money,” I ended softly.

“No way you can do that shit and not think of me! For Christ’s sake they say you’re the best at those movies because of how sweet and loving you act, you really want me don’t you?”

“Of course not!” I shouted back. “I love you.”

“Bet you would if I let you,” he said quietly.

He had stopped in front of me and reaching out I tried to take his hand. He pulled it away angrily.

“Don’t touch me.” He said it softly and that made it hurt even worse. “Why mom?” My heart ached when I saw he was now crying as well. “Why would you do this to us, all of us?”

“I did it for you, Paul.” I spoke tightly, fighting against my emotions. “The money your dad left behind wasn’t a lot, I spread it out to help with the mortgage every month, but I don’t make a lot of money, I never did. If I didn’t do something we’d have to sell the house and we wouldn’t get a lot and baby, you’d have to quit school.”

“Bullshit!” Paul yelled again. “You didn’t do this for me! I told you I don’t care where we live and I offered to take a couple years off school and work full time to help out. You did this for you!”

“No!”

“Yes, mom. You’re the one who won’t leave the house because it reminds you of dad, you’re the one who won’t let me quit school even though I offered. I’d be fine living in a trailer park and working full time at the bookstore, know why?”

He leaned over close to me. “Because we still would have had us, mom and that’s all that counts, that we would have been okay. But you did this for you, you ruined my fucking life for what you wanted!”

“That’s not true.” I denied it even though I knew he was right, we had other options.

“Bullshit! Dad was gone less than a year and you went back to filming that filth! You went back to what you knew, being a fucking whore and trying to use me as an excuse!”

He stared down at me and shrugged. “Well, guess what, Molly?” He sneered the name. “You blew it.” He snorted. “You blew a lot of things, but you really fucked this up because I’m not going back to school. I’m quitting.”

“No, you can’t do that!” I exclaimed. “I promised your dad you’d finish, that I would keep you in school!” I sobbed. “It was one of the last things he said to me, that’s why I had to do this!”

“I can’t,” he hissed. “I can’t go back to a place where by now hundreds of people know what you are. A porn star who plays mommy. I go back I’ll be a laughing stock and hear people telling me what a fucking pig my mother is.”

He took a deep breath and wiped at his eyes.

“And the worst part of that is it’s true.”

I awoke with a start and sitting up in the chair stared wildly around the small dressing room, my heart pounding.

“Wow,” I breathed, damn that had been a vivid dream, unfortunately a recurring one, but none of the others had that much detail.

I rubbed at my eyes and looked at myself in the mirror over the makeup table. I’d showered and changed into a loose pair of faded blue jeans and a baggy Dodgers sweatshirt. A lot of the younger girls dressed revealing in everyday life, as if they were constantly in character, but many like me had gone the opposite way, we showed it all on the set and chose to be comfortable any other time.

Then again, my Vincent’s ensemble consisted of a black mini skirt, sleeveless tight white top and black stockings with knee high fuck me boots. It was another little dig at my secret profession that the other waitresses claimed how risqué the outfit was while I felt over dressed.

That outfit earned me good tips, damn good tips and perhaps if I chose between the mortgage or Paul’s tuition, it—along with Paul’s part time job—could get us by, but I wouldn’t make that choice. If I did, the house would obviously be the thing to go, but then again wherever we went we’d have to pay rent, which would be cheaper, but still…

“Stop it,” I said to my reflection, my head had been racing constantly lately, a direct result of going from only a couple of shoots a month my first three months back in porn to the weekly ones I was doing now. I could do more, there would be enough offers and if I did two a week I could drop Vincent’s.

“Even I don’t listen to me.” I sighed. “Slow your role Mary.”

I stared at my reflection and shook my head. Without make up, I was an attractive woman who could pass for mid thirties rather than my actual forty

four years. My alter ego Molly was always heavily made up and I used a variety of lewd smiles and come hither glares to add to that sluttish persona.

When I was plain old Mary Stevens, my big blue eyes beneath long blonde lashes had a look of innocence and my full lips, high cheek bones and curly blond hair gave me a classic natural beauty. I had been attractive enough to model in my teens, but like many couldn't get that break.

But what I did get—and as a young runaway took—was the sad, but true, cliché of the casting couch. My introduction to porn was a test of my 'skills' and 'acting ability' to an agents, who suitably impressed, handed me five hundred dollars in cash and set up my debut scene in the classic, "*Teens Who Like Big Cocks Part Three*."

I was told to pick a name and all I could think of was how my grandfather had called me Molly, instead of Mary because he was losing his hearing and memory. He would laugh and say, "Good golly, Miss Molly!" whenever he saw me. I coupled that with how the agent had referred to me as a hot little minx and a legend was born, then retired and recently reborn.

At least in this incarnation I was choosier and not filming gang bangs, rough hardcore sex and fetish stuff. I'd also yet to perform with a woman this time around. I'd never been interested in women, but faked my way through to make money, now I wasn't sure I could anymore. Good old Molly was getting to be quite the porn prude.

I grunted, that was me, holding on to my scruples. I glanced at my phone on the table and saw I'd received two texts. I was waiting for Dan to wrap up another shoot so we could catch that drink. He'd said it was only a quick BJ scene for 'my mom sucks' yet another milf driven site. Apparently 'mom' in porn was being connected to any 'mom' not just 'your' mom.

I saw the first text was from work asking if I wanted to do a short six to eleven shift to fill in for someone. It was a Tuesday which meant it would be slow and tips would suck, but anything was something and as tired as I was, moving nonstop prevented my constant wheel spinning on my moral dilemma.

I'd worked last night, slept a few hours and come to my 'modeling job' for ten this morning. I'd been looking forward to relaxing tonight and spending more time with Paul than a quick dinner. We enjoyed watching

movies together and we hadn't in over two weeks between our schedules. But I always ducked him the nights following a shoot, the guilt really got to me then.

I sent a text to Marv, the manager of Vincent's that I'd be there. I'd skip the drink with Dan and go home and sleep a little while. Paul had school and work and wouldn't be home until nine anyway so I wasn't losing out on much tonight.

I checked the second text and frowned.

"Hey, mom, hope you're knocking them dead today! Bet this shoot pans out! See you tonight!"

For months I'd been lying to him. Telling him I had photo shoots and then saying none of them had turned into anything yet or saying I'd been paid, but not sure when and where the pics would be used.

I replied, *"Hey, honey, I got called into work tonight. Just until eleven, I'll be home by eleven thirty, please don't wait up! There's some lasagna in the fridge, make sure you eat."*

I looked up at a quick knock. "Come in."

"Hey, Mary," Dan said, coming in.

"I love that people knock around here." I rolled my eyes. "Like there's anything resembling modesty."

"No reason not to have manners," Dan replied. "Hey listen, I have to take a rain check on that drink. Larry the genius double booked himself and asked me to oversee a scene in a half hour. It's a threesome for Exotica, some actual plot and the sex is supposed to be kind of artsy. It's going to take hours to get it right."

"That's okay," I told him. "I have a chance to work tonight."

"Christ, you're still slinging drinks at that crappy place?" He laughed. "Vincent's is like a notch up from Hooters, sexy girls, but fully dressed so you can bring the fam!"

"I have to keep the job."

"Come on, Molly, an hour on your back and knees pays you more than a week on your feet there."

“You know, Dan, just when I think you’re a regular guy you say crap like that.”

“I’ve been in porn for twenty five years. We started about the same time, but I never left. I do the best I can.”

“I know, and you’re great, everyone loves to work with you and you’re like family to me.” I laughed. “Not the family everyone’s into these days though.”

“These days? Shit, Mary, Kay Parker’s taboo was already a legend when we started.”

“True. I have to keep the real job, Dan. If I don’t I have to explain where the money’s coming from.”

“Your modeling gig.”

“But then Paul is going to want to see ads or videos, I can’t keep saying I get paid with no proof.”

“Right.” He sighed. “I’m sure that’s part of what you’re looking to vent about.”

“I’m in a bad spot, Dan, I feel like everything is lose, lose right now,” I admitted.

“I get it, how about breakfast tomorrow morning? My first shoot’s not until two.”

“Sure,” I paused. “Come at eight. Paul’s still home, he hasn’t seen you in weeks.”

“Okay.” He grinned. “That’s me, uncle Dan.” The smile faded. “I get why you worry. I’d feel like less than shit if Paul ever found out how we met and that I film you now.”

“And you’d be feeling higher than me.”

“Well, we’ll talk tomorrow, and speaking of modeling, here.” He handed me an envelope and I flinched at the memory of my dream. “Had Jerry take these a couple weeks ago.”

As I opened the envelope to look at the contents he continued, “They’re from the ‘Mom Takes It All Off’ shoot.”

“*Mom’s a stripper*, right,” I grunted.

“Hey, Paul’s mom is a porn star,” Dan quipped. “But stripping is unrealistic.” He started to laugh, then saw the look on my face. “Sorry, jeez one hour with Brad and listen to me.”

“Forget it,” I muttered as looking at the pics.

I was in a conservative knee length black skirt and white blouse in the first three pictures, smiling and posing. The next few I was in different angles, lifting the skirt to show some leg and unbuttoning the blouse.

The pictures were well done, mostly waist up and catching my long blonde hair flying and I was smiling and laughing. I knew there had been many where I looked lewd and salacious, but they’d been left out.

The next to last one showed me from behind, sliding the white blouse down my back. I frowned and showed it to Dan.

“Not that risqué and think about it, Mary. Paul is twenty, he knows any model is going to show some skin and shoot sexy poses. I think you show him this it looks more legit. More real than pretending you’re modeling long coats and jeans all the time.”

“I think you’re right.” I looked at the last picture. In it the blouse was open, but I had a black bra on and was holding the shirt closed at the bottom, a playful smile on my face. “Sad this is modest to me.”

“Say it was for a Victoria Secret knock off.”

“Thanks, Dan, I appreciate you doing this.”

“No worries and if you ever need real proof I have a friend in the actual industry, push comes to shove I can call in a favor and get you an hour with a photographer. We could have Paul come see you at work.”

“That’s good to know.” I leaned over and kissed him on the cheek. “You’re a damn decent guy for a purveyor of filth.”

“And you’re a sweet woman for a professional slut.”

“Touché.” I laughed a real one and it felt good. “See you tomorrow.”

Dan waved and left, closing the door behind him. Preparing to leave myself, I Grabbed my phone and saw Paul had returned my text.

“Working again? You should take it easy. But I appreciate your hard work and everything you do for us! I have a lot of respect for you, love you, mom!”

I lowered the phone and felt a wave of sadness come over me. Paul telling me he respected me. That would change if he discovered the truth, because for the last few months I couldn’t even respect myself.

Chapter Three

I gratefully pulled into the driveway and slowly got out of the car. In the heat of the moment I hadn't realized how hard Rick and Derek had been fucking me, not to mention tossing me around like a rag doll.

Add to that the fact I'd worked until one am the night before and after the shoot getting home at three, to shower, change and head out for a five to eleven shift at Vincent's Pub and I was hurting and exhausted.

I walked up to the porch and entering the living room found Paul in his usual spot, sitting at the dining room table on his laptop. He had a desk in his room, but said he liked it better down here. I knew the real reason was he always wanted to see me before he went to sleep on nights I worked at the restaurant.

I smiled when I saw he had sunk down in the chair and was dozing. Paul was concerned and protective of me. He still sometimes offered to pick me up after work so I wouldn't have to drive home that late. He was a good boy, no, no longer a boy, my son was a good young man.

Sitting on the edge of the couch, I unzipped the heeled, knee high boots and sighed in relief when I pulled them off. I padded softly over to the table and smiled down at Paul.

Every time I saw him, I saw his father. John used to joke there would never have to be a paternity test. Paul had the same gorgeous hazel eyes that shifted between a light green and golden brown, sandy brown hair and strong jaw as his father.

Along with that was the huge easy smile that had been one of John's endearing features which went well with his laid back, easy going attitude. Paul was the mellowest twenty year old I knew. Even as a teen, things rarely got to him and when something did manage to upset him, like his father, his answer was to get through it without drama, but a quiet resolve.

He'd shown that through John's illness and death. Paul had been strong for both his dying father and his grief stricken mother. Paul had been my rock, far more than I had been his, I felt, but he claimed he was strong for me because I was so strong for his father.

Paul resembled him in build as well, tall and on the thinner side through his teen years, but recently filling out from a combination of going to the school gym a couple times a week and two years on the wrestling team.

All in all, Paul was a damn good looking young man, but even better was he had the rare combination of good looks with a sweet disposition. He wasn't a cocky jerk like a lot of boys his age.

He was sensitive and caring and the girls had noticed, few were the times Paul hadn't had a girlfriend since his early teens. But he never played the girls; he dated one at a time and genuinely seemed to care about each one.

John's father had been an abusive womanizing drunk and having been in the porn industry I'd dealt with nothing but disrespectful misogynistic assholes.

The two of us were proud to have raised a gentleman. The kind of gentleman who wouldn't go to bed until he knew his mother was safely home for the night and sent her such wonderful supportive texts. While watching him, I frowned at the thought Paul hadn't dated anyone in months.

He'd been dating a sweet girl named Jen from PC who came to the funeral and was very supportive, but a few months later he broke it off with her, without giving me much of a reason, since then no one. I'd brought it up casually here and there, but looking at him now I decided to talk about it for real soon, Paul was too good a kid to be alone and not have any fun.

"Ahem!" I cleared my throat loudly and when he opened his eyes I clapped my hands. "Rise my loyal watch dog, your mother is home and secured. You may now go to bed."

"I must have just closed my eyes." He smiled, up at me. "You know, a minute or so ago."

"Right." I nodded. "I've heard that one before, now head on to bed."

"What about you? You worked last night and both jobs today, you must be exhausted, you worked twice as hard."

I winced inwardly at the thought what I'd worked was twice the cock. I hated my own sarcastic little digs, but seemed unable to stop them.

"Yeah, I'm pretty beat."

"Must be sore too." He quickly stood up and gestured to the chair. "Sit down."

“There’s other chairs, hon.” I pulled the one closest to me out and sat down. “Sit back down.”

“If I sit I can’t do this.” Paul walked up behind my chair.

“What are you, ohhh!” I cooed when his strong hands massaged my shoulders. “That’s nice, but you…”

“Need to take care of my mom the way you take care of me. You worked two jobs today, least I can do is help you relax.”

“You went to school and worked,” I pointed out, but happily succumbed to his suggestion and relaxed into the chair, enjoying his attention.

“I’m half your age.”

“Watch it, mister!”

I could see him behind me in the mirror over the mantle smiling away at me.

“Yes mother.” He winked.

I sat there in silence, occasionally cooing in delight as Paul rubbed first my shoulders, then my upper arms, before easing me forward enough to rub my upper back.

“Damn, you ever think about being a masseuse?”

“Nah, I don’t want to touch guys.” He laughed.

“You get to touch beautiful women,” I pointed out.

“Touching one right now,” he told me. “One’s enough.”

“Smooth talker,” I sighed as his hands worked lower. “Wow that feels good, I happily admit, I am glad you didn’t just go to bed.”

“Not smooth, it’s true, you’re beautiful, mom.”

“Thank you, baby, but all sons think their mom’s are pretty.”

“Some are lying,” he said seriously. “You ever see Jack’s mom?”

“Paul!” I tried to sound mad, but laughed. “Okay, point made.”

“Speaking of, how did the shoot go?”

Fantastic! I gave a ski job, sucked two cocks and spent a half hour getting it in each end before having two loads blown on my face.

“It went well, little racy, but tasteful, there’s an envelope on the couch with my purse if you want to look.”

“Sure, in a little bit, right now I’m busy.” He emphasized his point by slipping his hands under the sides of my sleeveless top and now rubbing my bare skin.

“Oh, that’s the spot,” I groaned when he massaged just below my shoulder blades.

He worked his hands back up to the tops of my shoulders, his fingers now rubbing the front of them while his thumbs worked the back. Paul’s grip was pleasantly firm, using just enough pressure to feel good, but not hurt and looking in the mirror I watched him standing behind me.

I blinked at an unwanted image of earlier. I envisioned Rick, then Derek behind me, their hands on my shoulders just as Paul’s were, squeezing and holding me still as they drove their cocks into me from behind. The two of them taking turns and moving from my pussy to my mouth.

Paul’s fingers worked lower, but instead of relaxing, I tensed up. This had been happening a lot lately. I’d be with Paul, sometimes just watching TV and would suddenly start thinking about my most recent scene.

“That feel good, mom?” Paul asked, but immediately afterward was Rick’s voice. “You like that, mom? You like your son fucking you?”

I abruptly sat forward, pulling away from his touch. “That’s enough,” I said with a little more force than I meant to.

“You okay?”

“Fine, don’t you want to see the pictures?” I changed the subject.

“Sure,” He took my arm. “Let’s go check them out.”

“You can bring them here,” I said, as he gently tugged my arm.

“Just follow me.” He grinned. “There’s a method to my madness.”

“Lead on,” I said with an exaggerated sigh, while inwardly glad he’d brushed off my getting testy with him. “I am but a pawn in your game.”

“Really? So how about that I-phone six?”

“I’m tired, not drunk.”

Paul burst out laughing and flashed me the smile that never failed to melt me. It touched his eyes and my heart. God, I loved him so much! I got up and let him lead me to the couch. He gestured to it and sitting in the corner,

I leaned back against the arm as he sat on the other end and opened the envelope.

“Wow.” He whistled slowly flipping through the pictures. “Look at you, mom! You’re one fine milf.”

Oh, you didn’t know the half of it, I thought disgustedly. Haven’t you heard? Molly Minx is *the* hot milf these days.

“I don’t know about all that.”

“Please, look at these, you know you’re hot.” He held up the last one. “Love this, sexy, but not nasty, you’re really loving the camera in this one.”

I’ve loved the camera more than that.

“You don’t think it’s too much?” I asked, playing modest mom.

“Not at all, hell mom, bathing suits show more than this. So who is this for?”

“Oh, uh, Catherine’s Closet.” I wanted to slap myself, that was the name of a lesbian website Dan did a lot of work for, but it was the first thing that came to me.

“Huh, what’s that?”

“It’s Victoria secret knock offs.”

“Oh.” He nodded. “This all they wanted you to show? I’d figure you’d be in lingerie.”

“And if I was, I wouldn’t show them to my son.”

“Come on mom, I’m twenty, not twelve.”

“It’s the point. There’s things a proper mother doesn’t do.” Wow, you hear yourself, Mary?

“I’d just find them on the net anyway.” He shrugged. “Everything is on the damn net.”

I did my best to ignore the kick in the stomach sensation from that remark. “I suppose, why, you looking me up?”

He laughed. “Mary Stevens? You wouldn’t even be the only one in this city. That would be a needle in the haystack; you don’t even have a face book.”

But Molly Minx had a goddamn blog, Dan’s company had set up, all his girls had one.

“Well guess it pays to be a plain Jane with a boring name.”

“Nothing plain about you, Mom.” He waved the pictures in front of his face as if fanning himself. “You’re a hottie.”

“Figures.” I sighed. “A good looking young man says I’m hot and it’s only my son, stroking my ego.”

“My friend’s think you’re hot.” He rolled his eyes. “You have no idea how much crap I’ve heard since middle school about how hot my mother is.”

I thought he hadn’t heard anything yet if any of his friends happened to be fans of watered down incest porn.

“Well your hot milf mom is going to take her old ass to bed.”

“Bet you’re tired.”

“I am,” I agreed. “Sore to, thank you for the shoulder rub.”

“Least I can do, you work so hard for us.” He leaned over and I yelped in surprise when he grabbed my ankles and swung my feet up and placed them across his knees.

“What are you doing?”

“Your feet have to be killing you,” Paul replied, taking my right foot between his hands.

“Honey, you don’t have to,” I stopped and emitted a sound of pure delight as his strong fingers kneaded the soft skin of the sole of my foot. “Um, well if you insist.”

“I do.” He looked at me with a serious expression on his face. “You deserve to be pampered, Mom. I can’t do much compared to what you do for me, but I can try to make you feel good.”

“You just did, honey,” I said softly. “More than you can know.”

He gave me a sweet, ‘aw shucks’ grin, then went to work on my tired feet. Paul was pretty damned good with his hands. He’d been rubbing my shoulders for years and had made a remark to John that the girls loved his back rubs.

I slid further down into the couch and relaxed, taking him up on his offer to pamper me. I watched his fingers work their way across both my feet, the tips massaging the spot just under each toe.

My black stocking encased feet looked small in his large hands as I watched him lift my leg up to begin massaging my heel with his other hand.

“Take these off.” He tugged on the stocking, pulling it away from my toes. “It will feel better.”

“I don’t think that would be right.”

“Why?” He looked puzzled. “It’s your legs and feet,” he grunted. “I know you’re my mom, but newsflash, I’ve seen you in shorts and,” he gasped, “barefoot!”

What did I think? Had those damn mother son shoots gotten me to where I really thought sons wanted their damn mothers? The stockings were thigh highs and grabbing them just below my skirt I was able to tug them down below the hem enough to where I could push them down my legs past my knees.

Paul took them from there, peeling them down and over my feet and I had the odd thought he’d been pretty confident in that move. It was sometimes hard to remember he was a man now and I’m certain had undressed a few girls.

He resumed his rubbing my feet and I had to agree, it did feel better, especially when he stopped massaging and simply ran his fingers lightly along the tops of my feet.

“That tickles.” I giggled. “But feels good, too.”

Paul pressed a little harder so it no longer tickled, but simply felt damn nice. He began rubbing the soles of my feet the same way, his fingers running lightly from the tips of my toes to the bottom of my heels.

I purred happily and closing my eyes let my mind drift as Paul continued to caress my feet. His touch grew softer, but this time it didn’t tickle. I was so relaxed I began to nod off. I was distantly aware of his hands still working my feet, but otherwise my mind was blissfully calm and my body totally relaxed.

My eyes jerked open when Paul’s hands slid from my feet and up my leg. He was still just moving his fingers back and forth, but now along my inner calves. He wasn’t looking at me, but staring intently at his hands on my legs.

As it happened when he was rubbing my neck, an image leaped into my mind. It was the short clip I'd filmed two months ago, 'At the feet of my mother'. The limited premise was the son had a foot fetish, particularly for his mother's feet and would jerk off into her stockings and shoes.

At the 'climax' the son, actor Nick Nasty, was giving his hot mom, Molly a foot rub during which he was hard and eventually his hands strayed up my legs, past my knees, to my inner thighs, then beyond.

My heart beat faster as I watched his fingers move higher up on my calves, he massaged them gently and it should have felt nice, but instead my body tensed. When his fingers worked their way behind my knees, I kicked my right leg out and snapped, "Stop that!"

"Whoa!" Paul exclaimed, pulling his hands away. "Did I hurt you?"

The look of genuine concern on his face made me feel like an idiot, what the hell was I thinking?

"Sorry! I'm really ticklish back there," I said, hoping he bought it.

"You sure? You kind of snapped when I was rubbing your neck too." He frowned. "You don't like me touching you?"

"I'm just kind of snappy because I'm tired." I swung my legs off the couch and leaning over kissed his cheek. "That felt nice, honey, but I need to get some sleep. You do too."

"I'll go to bed in a few minutes. I have to send a couple e-mails."

"Okay, see you in the morning. I'll make pancakes?"

"Sounds good, love you, mom."

"Love you too, Paul."

We left the living room and as he sat back down at the dining room table, I kept going, heading upstairs to my room. Grabbing something to change into, I went into the bathroom and took my third shower of the day. At least this shower was only to wash off the smell of food and not cum and shame.

Although it was late, I took my time, letting the hot water soothe my back as I slowly washed up. I watched as a trail of soapy water ran down my flat stomach and firm thighs and couldn't stop thinking it looked like a thick load of cum.

In my first round as Molly I'd once done a scene where eight men stood around me as I sucked them and they all jerked off on my face and tits, load after load dripping down my body.

I turned around and quickly rinsed off, wondering why I couldn't stop thinking about things like that, especially from that long ago. I might be doing sleazy make believe mom stuff now and yes had just had sex with two men, but no more gang bangs or cum showers or, I shuddered, double penetrations.

Shutting the water off, I stepped out, towel dried my hair and after drying off slipped on a pair of old jogging pants and a loose fitting t-shirt. I looked at myself in the full length mirror and thought, now this is a how a real mother dresses around her kid. Then sighed, at some point Dan or another director would figure that one out and film a 'what's mom hiding under there?' shoot.

I passed Paul's room, noticing the door was now shut. He must have finished up downstairs. I reached my room and just before I went in remembered I'd left my boots and the stockings down stairs by the couch.

"Fuck it, tomorrow's another day," I muttered, then stopped with my hand on my bedroom door. I thought again of that foot fetish video.

This wasn't the first time Paul had rubbed my feet and each time had been after work meaning I always had stockings on. Why had he asked me to take them off? For that matter why did I? I thought of how nimbly—and quickly—he removed them and how his hands had wandered higher up my leg.

"Stop being stupid," I whispered, this was real life, not a perverted porn clip and my son loved me in a healthy, albeit occasionally over protective, way.

Yet I still found myself walking barefoot down the stairs and into the living room. I flipped on the light and picking up the boots looked around the couch and on the floor, even looked inside the boots.

The stockings were gone.

I shut the light off and hurrying up the stairs, knocked on Paul's door. I heard him mumble something and when he opened the door, he was in a

pair of shorts and his eyes were bleary. “What’s up, mom, everything okay?”

“Where are they?” I demanded.

“Where’s what?” He rubbed at his eyes, then ran his fingers through his tousled hair.

“My stockings, they weren’t downstairs, you have them?”

“Stockings? I tossed them down the laundry chute before I came upstairs.”

“Laundry chute,” I repeated, feeling like an idiot.

“Why would you think I had them?” Paul’s eyes narrowed.

“I don’t know, thought maybe you took them by accident.”

“How would I do that?”

“I don’t know, just not thinking straight I guess,” I told him. “That was my last good pair and I wanted to make sure I didn’t lose them.”

“Right,” he said in a tone that said he didn’t believe my lame excuse. His eyes tried to find mine, but I turned my head, avoiding his gaze.

“Anyway, sorry I woke you.” I briefly touched his cheek. “Go back to sleep.”

“You go to sleep,” he replied. “Seriously, you’re acting freaky tonight.”

“You’re right, heading to bed now,” I said weakly over my shoulder as I went down the hall and into my room.

I gratefully slid under the covers and rolling over onto my side wondered if it was guilt or exhaustion causing me to be unable to keep my work out of my head to the point I was confusing my own son with some idiotic porn premise.

My eyes fell on the picture of John and I on the day of our wedding. I was wearing white, god talk about ballsy. I focused on his face and as I had every night for the last few months whispered, “I’m sorry, baby.”

Chapter Four

“Holy shit, Mary.” Dan whistled. “You asked him if he took your stockings?”

“That’s what I said.” I grinned ruefully. “I totally overreacted.”

“I’ll say,” he agreed and picking up his mug, took a sip of coffee, before cutting into his fourth pancake. “Damn these are good!” he laughed. “You’re a woman of many talents!”

“True, but usually if you’re good at sex, cooking is irrelevant.”

“Not if you’re with an Italian guy, they might prefer the food.” He winked. “I know. My damn father and uncles used to roll their eyes over meatballs like they were getting a BJ. Me? You can feed me canned Tuna, I want the BJ.”

I laughed and sitting back in my chair, sipped at my tea. It had been a nice morning. I’d gotten up at seven when I heard Paul heading downstairs to go running and when he came back, I was downstairs making his favorite, chocolate chip pancakes.

I hadn’t made them in weeks and Paul’s eyes lit up like it was Christmas day and after giving me a huge bear hug, dove into a stack of them like he hadn’t eaten in days. I’d sat across from him, eating one pancake to his four as he chatted away about trying out for the track team and his classes.

I’d had one bad thought, thinking this was what being a mom was about, making her son breakfast, then recalled a scene I’d sat through, while awaiting my own. Julie May, a fifty year old brunette bombshell paraded around the kitchen set, in a robe that showed her ass cheeks and ended up with her ‘son’ eating her out on the kitchen table. No scenario remained unturned in these things.

But that thought passed quickly, especially being that I was in about as unsexy of an outfit as one could imagine, a pair of SpongeBob pajama pants, slippers and a loose fitting Ozzy T-shirt, my hair pulled up in a clip and no makeup. The real Molly Minx ladies and gentlemen.

Paul’s going on about school led to his job at the bookstore and as he was discussing all things Paul, I saw the perfect chance to ask why he hadn’t

been dating anyone. I was waiting for him to finish up a story about a rude customer and was going to bring up his lack of female company, but that's when Dan showed up.

It was bad timing, but Paul was excited to see him and seeing we were just about done eating, I'd gotten up and made Dan some pancakes while Paul rambled on to Dan pretty much everything he'd said to me.

I enjoyed watching the two of them together. Despite his career choice, Dan was a surprisingly normal guy. He was laid back, had a good sense of humor and was loyal to a fault. A stand up guy who would do anything for his friends.

He'd been my best friend ever since my first go around in porn and the fact he'd even won John over as a friend was a testament to what a good guy it was. Of course early on in our relationship John had wanted me to have nothing to do with anyone from the industry let alone Dan. Whom I had done several scenes with.

John was jealous, seeing Dan as an ex lover of sorts and not listening to my explanation that in the industry we had sex with who we were told to, it was scripted and we went through the motions like the meat puppets we were.

John didn't want to hear it and I didn't have any contact with Dan for a year and a half until he showed up on our doorstep and told John he was going to be my friend and if he didn't like it he could shoot him, but otherwise, he wanted to be able to visit with me.

John was impressed enough with Dan and my stories of how he had helped me in my most naïve days and steered me clear of the worst producers and actors and looked out for me. Eventually Dan became 'Uncle Dan' to Paul and had treated him as if he really were his nephew.

Next to Paul, Dan was who I'd leaned on the most when John passed and when I'd first decided to go back into the industry he had spent weeks trying to talk me out of it, even tried to say he would block my return with some BS story about me, but in the end he caved, but only if I allowed him to be my agent and look out for me as he had before.

Watching him with Paul, who now had him playing Candy crush on his phone and laughing at him, I was filled with mixed emotions. On the

surface it was a nice time. An old dear friend visiting and spending time catching up with his unofficial nephew and best friend.

On the other hand I recalled Dan's remark yesterday that if Paul ever found out about my career and searched my name, he could find old films of me. There were classic porn websites and I knew of at least three movies featuring Dan and I fucking.

Worse was if he managed to find out Dan was my agent, a pimp of sorts lining up my work including who I'd be fucking and what the premises were. Not only that, but he was mostly directing these days, having only me and one other girl and an actor as clients. Paul could easily discover Dan was sitting there giving me directions as I fucked in front of him.

I'd pushed it away and told myself to live in the moment and this was a nice moment. It was normalcy. Making breakfast for my son and spending time with an old friend. In fact it was a family moment of sorts and those had been few and far between since John had passed.

I'd glanced at the time and told Paul he had to get moving and after giving Dan a 'manly hug' as he made sure to call it, he gave me a syrup coated kiss on the cheek, laughing as I scowled at him and wiped it off, then headed out.

As Dan had begun attacking the pancakes, I'd told him what I'd been dealing with starting with the recurring dreams of Paul finding "Molly" and then going into the constant reminders of what I did for shoots popping into my head whenever I was around Paul. I'd finished with last night's ridiculous attack of paranoia.

"I think you've had your share of BJ's over the years," I replied to his joke.

"They never get old." He grinned. "But I do, going to have to start thinking about the blue pills."

"You just want the blue pills to keep up with the teenies when you cast them."

"Come on, Mary, I don't do that shit, I just direct, I stopped trying out the talent years ago. I saw myself becoming Brad and didn't like it."

"Sorry."

"I need the pills for when I date the teenies." He winked.

“Tell me you’re not.”

“No, I’ve been with Sharon a five years now. She’s a good woman, doesn’t hassle me about what I do and takes my word for it I just look and don’t touch.”

“Good for you, glad you’re happy.”

“But you’re not.” He finished swabbing up the syrup with a last bite of pancake and putting his fork down sat back.

“Time for I told you so, Mary. A mother of a kid old enough to know what porn is has no real business in it.” He paused. “I should add a decent parent who cares about their kid and you’re one of those.”

“According to you just now, I’m not because I’m doing it,” I said glumly.

“I didn’t mean it like that.” He sighed and picking up his coffee took a sip as he looked everywhere but at me.

Dan had taken good care of himself and although at forty seven his hair was becoming more salt than pepper, his face was still smooth and his electric blue eyes were as bright as ever. Dan still went to the gym and stayed in shape and for the most part it was still easy to see his early twenties badly named alter ego ‘Stevie Stroker’ sitting in front of me.

“You did mean it and you’re right. I keep thinking of what Paul said in that dream. I’m being selfish, I’m risking ruining his life and our relationship for what I want.”

“Um, newsflash, Paul never said that. If you dreamt it, you said it.”

“True.” I nodded in agreement.

“Dreaming it a lot and I still can’t believe I thought he’d,” I hesitated, “want to jack off on my thigh highs like one of those moronic fantasies.” I laughed. “I know boys can be boys, but he’s twenty, he’s been with girls, he’s past ‘look it’s mom’s panties’ that’s thirteen year old crap.”

“Not really,” he said.

“What do you mean?”

“Mary, everything we shoot is a fantasy. Interracial, group, BDSM, Lesbian, school girl, it all sells because people have those fantasies.”

“Your point?”

“Milf is the hottest thing out there these days, but a big faction of it is the mom son stuff.” He put his mug down and spread his hands out. “We only shoot what sells, people want this in real life.”

“Come on.” I waved my hand at him.

“In fact the reason any incest or step incest video does well is unlike all the other stuff it’s a fantasy that in the real world should stay fantasy. Want to be gang banged? You can arrange it, want to have sex with an older or younger man or woman, you can do it, interracial, easy enough. You like the idea of fucking your mom? Better keep it to yourself.”

“So you really think there’s that many guys who want their mommy?” I asked dubiously.

“They wouldn’t be top rated videos if they didn’t. Lot of young guys get some blurred lines with their moms. Or have you never heard of an Oedipus complex?”

“I don’t know why, but I just figured this stuff played to the kinky type as in that’s hot, but I would never.”

“Most would never because they’d get sent to therapy or be kicked out of the house.” Paul laughed. “That’s the appeal to these things; it feeds a need that can’t be fed unless you’re a Jerry Springer episode.”

“I still don’t see how a guy Paul’s age would want their mother.”

“In the sense of how stupid the movies we usually film are, you’re right. It takes more than them catching mom in the shower to want to fuck them. In real life it’s an emotional thing, it’s love for a mom crossing over to seeing her as a woman and being the man in her life in every way.”

“That’s pretty deep, you give this a lot of thought?”

“Honestly, I was talking to Malcolm Stone. You know, Stone Cold productions?”

“Who doesn’t? Guy was a legend as a porn star and even bigger as a producer, his sites are all top rated.”

“And he’s a serious kinkster.” Dan grinned. “Got himself a mommy complex. Loves the fantasy. That’s why his Loving Mothers site is all softer erotic shoots, he looks for the romance angle not just the fucking and look at where he is on the charts. It kicks the crap out of the Nasty Mom site we shot for yesterday.”

“I do prefer those,” I told him. “If I have to do them, they’re better.” I rolled my eyes. “At least I don’t have to deal with oh, two sons fucking their mom is better than one!” I grunted. “Idiotic, even by porn standards.”

“Yeah?” He grinned. “Good to know, Malcolm was pretty impressed with the couple of Loving Mothers shoots you did.”

“Because he likes them?”

“Because a lot of people do.” Dan leaned forward, folding his arms on the table. “Okay, look at you and Paul. John passes, you’re alone. You’re working hard, Paul appreciates it.”

“He does, what are you getting at?”

“He sees himself as man of the house, he tries to do what he can for you including a massage and a nice foot rub. He’s protective of you, he loves you, he wants you to be happy. You’re not dating right?”

“I get plenty of sex thank you,” I said dryly. “And I’m already lying to Paul about what I do, don’t need a boyfriend to add to the guilt.”

“And you said Paul’s alone. So say, he gets it in his head that he should be the man in every way? Sees you as a woman not just mom?”

“Knock it off!” I snapped. “My son isn’t one of those pigs you and the other sick pricks write into scripts.”

“Never said he was.” He put his hands up defensively. “I’m giving you an example. Besides you’re the one who seemed to think he was going to whack off on your stockings.”

“I was being an idiot which is how this started.” I rubbed at my temples. “I don’t want to talk about sons who think they should they want their mothers.”

“What do you want to talk about, then?”

“I hate what I do, Dan. I hate myself before and after every shoot. Hate myself whenever I look at my son and think of John.”

“Then quit. It’s why I told you don’t get back in.”

“I can’t afford the house and keep Paul in school for the next two years with a damn waitressing job and him chipping in with a part time job at a bookstore.”

“Sell the damn house.” Dan shrugged. “It’s big for just the two of you and it’s in a nice area you’d make enough to pay a couple years of his tuition.”

“Then we’re paying rent which is as expensive as this mortgage for a nice area.”

“But no school bill to worry about.”

“Dan,” I leaned forward as he was. “When John was dying, when he knew there was nothing more the doctors could do he asked me to promise him two things.”

“One, Paul stays in school and becomes an engineer like he wants to. Two was I keep this house because it’s the only place we lived as a married couple and it’s Paul’s home.”

“I would have promised to go to the moon at that point,” I said softly. “But I figured hundred k policy, half tuition half pays off the house, or close to pays it off.”

“Okay.”

“Then we got hit with the funeral costs, the medical bills insurance wouldn’t cover. Paul’s car shit the bed. I took weeks out of work because I couldn’t get my head together right away. I paid a semester of Paul’s school, bought him a decent car and there’s a little left in the bank, but not a lot.”

“You’re going to hold yourself to that? If John knew how little you’d have left he’d let the house go.” He grunted. “Think he’d rather have you living in an apartment or sucking cock to pay for this house?”

“Thanks.” I winced. “That was pretty harsh.”

“Well Mary, it seems like an easy choice. Sell this thing, quit the biz once and for all and Paul will never know. I mean, does this house mean that much?”

“My word to my dying husband does.”

“Didn’t you give him your word you’d never do this again?”

“No.” I gave him a wry smile. “He never said it because he most likely figured he wouldn’t have to?”

“Word games.” Dan raised his eyebrows. “So it’s okay to do that knowing full well he wouldn’t want it because he did not specifically say it? Should

he have had to tell you to never jump off a building?”

“Don’t be a smart ass.”

“Mary, I think you’re being stubborn. You’re risking your son finding out you’re a porn star to keep a promise to the person who would be the most appalled you went back to this stuff.”

“Maybe it’s all I think I can do,” I said quietly. “Dan, as much as I hate it, I have to admit once I get over being pissed off at the shoots, I get into it. You saw it today, I cum for real.”

“Some women do and always will. For you, it might be a matter of getting out grief and frustration. That coupled with it’s sex and every damn porn star is an exhibitionist at heart.” He bit his lower lip in thought.

“Can I ask you something without you getting mad?”

“You can ask me anything.”

“You used to say the only thing you weren’t totally happy about with John was sex. You said he was pretty vanilla.”

“He was and anytime I brought up wanting to have more fun and try things he got mad and threw my past at me saying he wanted Mary his wife, not Molly the porn star.”

“I think he thought anything wild would make me think of that.” I looked down at the table. “I wouldn’t have. I just wanted to enjoy him and I thought maybe he was right, maybe I had a slut persona and Molly was an excuse to be one.”

“No, you had a high sex drive and then spent four years fucking like a wildcat and you never had a reason to hate it until you met John.”

He tapped the table as he thought. “Don’t get mad, Mary, but you could be getting into this to a point because you had twenty years of vanilla lovemaking.”

“I’d take a lifetime of it to have him back.” I spoke softly, fighting off the emotions rising within me.

“I’m sure you would, but that’s not an option. You’re still grieving in a way, but you have needs and being back in the biz has awoken that inner slut so to speak. You’re not dating; it’s your damn sex life as well as your job. Nothing wrong with liking it.”

“Mary the industry has been cleaned up to the point I don’t think it will ever be a recommended career choice in school, but porn star doesn’t have the connotation it did before. Some girls and even the guys get some type of cult status and are open about it. If you didn’t have Paul what would you be doing wrong?”

“But I do.”

“Mary, we both know from when we were younger It’s a love hate industry and you’re not the first one to have should I stay or should I go syndrome, but you have more to lose than most. Maybe you should stop before it’s too late. You’ve gotten away with it so far and it’s a matter of time before someone you or Paul knows finds you on the net.”

“It’s already too late,” I whispered as the reality dawned on me.

“What do you mean?”

“It’s so obvious,” I muttered. “The net’s forever, Dan. You know there are sites that have movies on it from the damn seventies up to now. There are videos of us together out there.”

“Right,” he answered quietly, as he realized where I was going with this.

“If I never went back there was still a small chance of being ousted, but I was a lot younger and could maybe lie about it. But the second my first video I did in my return went up, that risk became huge.”

“True, but…”

“Dan, I’ve shot eighteen videos in the last six months. If I quit today, they’re there. My videos have been sold to the sites and can’t be pulled. He could find one of these two years from now. Find out what I did.”

“Did would be the operative word, maybe you can have some damage control with saying you did what you had to then stopped for him.”

“Maybe, it’s still going to be bad.”

“So is that your logic? It’s too late, keep going?”

“In a year and a half I’ll be paying Paul’s last semester then I can just work on keeping up the mortgage. I have to stay with it for now, but how can I stop things like last night?”

“You can’t,” he said simply. “You have to live with your choice Mary. But tell you what; if you plan on living this lie, the longer it goes the better the

odds he finds out.”

“I’m playing Russian roulette aren’t I?”

“Yes.” He looked at his watch. “I need to pick Sharon up at the airport soon; she’s coming back from a trip to see family.” I nodded and he gave me a sad look. “I don’t know what to tell you, Mary. My advice is quit, but if you want to keep going, I’ll keep getting you work.”

“Then keep getting me work,” I said in a subdued tone. “What’s the difference if he ends up finding a video from three months or three days ago? I damned myself the minute I went back.”

“You don’t know he will ever find out.” Dan was trying to sound encouraging, but it sounded strained.

“I guess I can hope for my luck to hold out another year or so.”

“Okay.” He ran his fingers through his hair and gave me an awkward looking smile. “So, if you’re still working. I have something for you for next week. You were requested, but I haven’t answered yet.”

“What site?”

“It’s a new one Malcolm Stone is starting, another Mom son themed site, but this one is different, he says it’s going to be special and you’re number one on his hit list to recruit.” He gave me a sly smile. “That’s why I brought him up earlier.”

“You may be my best friend, but you’re all agent.” I frowned. “Talking about me quitting, but planting seeds for more work.”

“Guilty, and you’re choosing to stay. As your friend I prefer you quit and said that. As your agent I’m about making us money. But that’s why I gave you that spin on sons really wanting moms.”

“Malcolm takes this seriously and you’ll hear it from him. Humor him and be convincing on the set, he pays a lot of money to see his personal kink brought to life.” He smirked. “Rumor has it he’s paid for the real deal.”

“Seriously?” I was shocked, not something that happened to me often. “That’s illegal, no?”

“If you’re caught, besides it’s rumors, but I’ve read his scripts and seen him watching the shoots, guy has it bad for sons who want their mommies.”

“Does he know I have a son?”

“I’m not sure. I’ve never told anyone, but people remember you leaving to get married. Now you’re back after twenty two years. It’s not a stretch to think you have kids. I doubt he knows, but you never know. Why?”

“Because people keep telling me how good I am in the erotic mom stuff and I don’t want them, you know.”

“Thinking you encourage your son to jerk off on your stockings?”

“It’s not funny.”

“Mary, the curse of a porn star is people; guys mostly, will think you’re really into anything you film.”

“Guys who don’t know me jerking to a movie aren’t the same as people who know me.”

“People don’t think porn is about any type of acting, but it is. Come on Mary, the girls smiling through a face full of cum and acting like it’s the best thing that ever happened to them is acting, it’s all acting. People on the sets don’t think past, wow, she’s convincing.”

“And I am.”

“This is what’s bothering you?” His eyes narrowed. “You think you want your son?”

“No!” I raised my voice. “What’s wrong with you? I just wouldn’t want people to think I do want him if they ever found out.”

“I doubt they would. But the fact you’re a mom I think is why in the soft scenes you look caring, it’s maternal instinct.”

“On a porn set?” I asked skeptically.

“Whatever, Mary. If you really cared what people think you’d stop. So you want this meeting with Stone or no?”

“What’s the spin he’s so excited about?”

“He won’t tell me, says he wants to pitch it to you himself. All I know is everything that guy touches turns to gold and in the realm of incest he’s got a rep for erotic, not hardcore.”

“Okay, I’ll meet with him. Can’t pretend to have standards after yesterday’s crap; two sons tagging their mother.” I made a farting sound with my lips.

“Great, but he’s not going to be around in the next few days. Meantime I do have something else on the hook for you. I’m directing.”

“More mother son crap?”

“Yeah, but it has another element to it.”

“Book it.” I cut him off. “It doesn’t matter. After all Molly Minx never says no, right? That’s what they said years ago and they were right.”

“Whatever you want, Mary.”

“Not whatever I want, Dan. Whatever it takes.”

Chapter Five

“Come on, honey, is that the best you can do?” I asked Candy Came as she pretended to have a hard time taking Nick Silver’s cock more than halfway down.

“No wonder my son’s always watching porn!” I continued, stripping off my top and staring down at Nick who was on his back on the bed, Candy kneeling on his right blowing him. “Here let me show you.”

She sat up and lowering my head I easily took Nick’s long cock down my throat. I bobbed my head rapidly, showing off.

“Oh fuck, mom,” Nick moaned. “God that feels good!”

I stopped and stroking his cock said, “Don’t just sit there, work his balls. Come on, hon, I’m trying to show you how to make my baby, happy!”

I resumed sucking his cock, but now just taking it half way down to allow Candy to suck Nick’s balls without our heads whacking against each other, which we’d done five minutes ago because she was new and never shot a double BJ scene before.

Nick moaned and sliding his hands beneath us, played with our tits. I worked his cock until Dan shouted to switch. “Okay, your turn.”

We traded places, Candy now sucking him while I licked and slurped on his balls. At Dan’s direction, we turned our asses towards Nick who began fingering both of is. We released identical contrived moans when his fingers slid inside us and his thumbs worked our clits.

“Okay, let’s see what you learned.” I leaned up from his balls, sitting back on my knees and rocking my hips into his hand.

Grabbing Candy’s pig tails, I used them to guide her mouth down his cock. Candy did a good job of gagging and pretending she couldn’t do it while I encouraged her.

“Open wider, relax your throat and just ease him in honey, you can do it. I know you can.” God, who wrote this one?

Candy made an adorable little whimpering sound then proceeded sucking him like the porn star she really was.

“Feel good, baby?” I smiled down at Nick. “Your little girlfriend getting it right now?”

“Oh yeah.” He smiled up at me. “Still not as good as you though.”

“Well, who knows how to take care of a boy better than his mom?” I gave myself credit for getting through the line with a smile and not an eye roll or snapping at Dan for this being stupid.

“You’re the best, mom,” Nick declared and I wanted to laugh when I saw him roll his eyes as he said it.

“She is getting good though.” I placed my hand on the back of Candy’s head and urged her to suck faster by pulling on her hair. “Speaking of being taken care of, those fingers feel pretty damn good, but I can think of something that would feel better.”

I swung my leg over his head and as he wrapped his arms around my thighs, I lowered my pussy to his face. I moaned when his tongue slid through my wet lips and his lips fastened to my clit. I worked my hips, riding his face while playing with my nipples and watching Candy blow him.

“I think he’s pretty damn hard right now, honey,” I told her. “Now this is where you get rewarded for making him that way. How about you go for a ride on my son’s big cock?”

Candy sat up and straddling Nick’s hips lowered herself onto him. Nick released my thighs and grabbing her hips, thrust deep inside her.

“Oh, oh, it’s so big!” she squealed, her brown eyes wide and her mouth open as if she’d never had a cock inside her.

“Look at you.” I smiled, fondling her small tits.

Everything about Candy was small. In cougar teen shoots the directors went out of their way to find slender, small breasted, petite young actresses to contrast the older women who like myself, whose bodies were softer and much bustier.

I would never be called heavy, but I did have a nice set of hips, some curve to my ass and my tits, although not huge, were a good handful and compared to Candy’s A-cups titties looked much bigger in comparison.

I took turns sucking each of her tiny pink nipples as she moaned and played with my tits while riding Nick’s cock. Raising my head from her tits,

I pushed hers down to mine and released a sexy sigh as her soft tongue caressed my nipples.

This was the first girl on girl action I'd had in over twenty years and as bad as it was to say, it was like riding a bike. I had no issues with sucking her tits and letting her have mine. Taking her face in my hands I lifted her head up and gave her a soft kiss.

Candy emitted another surprised whimper and I had to admit the girl was good. I'd heard this was only her fourth shoot, and second with a woman, but she was a natural at playing innocent, or as innocent as one could play in a threesome.

I continued to kiss her softly, my full lips caressing hers. My eyes were closed, but I could sense the camera man getting closer to us, moving in to get a nice close up of us kissing.

"Let's see some tongue and keep up those hot little noises, Candy!" Dan instructed.

Our lips parted and our tongue met, sliding rapidly over each other. I placed her hands over my tits and mine over hers so we were playing with each other as we kissed.

"Nice move, Molly," Dan announced. "You girls are looking good, Nick I don't think you should even be getting paid for this!"

There were a few laughs including one from Nick between my thighs. His tongue wasn't moving because the camera was focused mostly on the women. I knew when Ron, the cameraman behind Nick's head gave a signal they were switching to him because that's when he would resume licking.

Nick wasn't like Rick who would keep going whether he was on camera or not, Nick didn't care about anything but getting paid and letting the girls work his tool until he blew his load. Sad to say he was the norm and that had been as true two decades ago as it was now.

But I played my part, moaning and moving my hips, opening my mouth and rolling my eyes back.

"Oh, right there baby!" I cried out. "Make mommy come!"

"Suck those tits!" I shoved Candy's face to my left breast. "That's it, suck that tit and play with the other, help my son make me cum!"

Candy moaned around my nipple and I could tell by the exaggerated way her tongue was flying around it, the camera was just about in her face. Nick was whipping his tongue around again meaning he was being told to.

I gasped, clamped my thighs shut around his head, grabbed Candy's hair and released a long loud howl that in my mind only an idiot—or a guy with his dick ready to blow—would think was real. I bucked wildly, taking great satisfaction in grinding my pussy all over his face.

"Wow, mommy came hard," I breathed, then with a laugh pushed Candy onto her back. "You're turn!"

Candy lay out on the bed, spreading her slender legs and crawling off Nick, I knelt between her legs. I spread her smooth pink slit wide and flicking my tongue across her clit moaned as if her pussy was the finest thing I'd ever tasted.

I pulled my legs beneath me and pushing my ass in the air, said, "Don't just sit there, baby, fuck me!"

Nick got up on his knees and Dan yelled, "Fluffer!"

I sighed into Candy's pussy, sat up and accepted a bottle of water from one of the stagehands.

Candy took one as well and we both drank, then sat there while two makeup techs came over, reapplying our lipstick and adding some more foundation so the bright lights wouldn't cause any shine on our skin. "Twenty six, playing twenty and can't keep it up." I looked over my shoulder and watching, Sarah, today's fluffer, bobbing her head rapidly as Nick knelt there.

"Maybe you don't turn me on old lady."

"Right that's why you'll cum for real and I had to fake mine," I replied, getting some snickers from the crew. "Just get that thing hard enough to push inside me so I can pretend you're really hard and we'll be fine."

The fluffer bobbed her head for a few more seconds, then with a loud slurping sound, backed off revealing Nick's now hard cock.

"Okay, let's go," Dan called out then added. "Hey Nick if you can keep it up long enough, slap it on Molly's ass a few times. If not just stick it in before you lose it again."

There were louder laughs this time and I winked at Dan before resuming my position between Candy's thighs. Nick slapped his cock against both cheeks of my ass before spreading them and driving his cock in and going to town.

I deliberately made no noise. I licked Candy's clit and slipped two fingers inside her, but didn't make a sound as Nick fucked me harder. I was proving a point that I knew wasn't lost on anyone there, then Dan called out.

"Okay, Molly act like he's worth something, let's hear it."

And that's why the girls loved Dan; he took our side and at any sign of cockiness from the male talent would treat them like crap. I yelped into Candy's pussy and a few people laughed the way I'd turned it on like a switch.

"That's it, baby! Fuck mommy! Give me all of that beautiful cock!"

As Nick pounded away, I focused on Candy. I ran my tongue down through the folds of her pussy and slipped it inside. She whimpered and rocked her hips moaning, "Oh, Miss Williams! Oh, I've never had a girl lick my pussy before!"

Not since last month I thought even as I rocked my head, tongue fucking her. I slurped hard enough to get a nice mouthful of her juice and removing my tongue slowly, left a trail of it from her pussy to the tip of my tongue.

I wiggled it slowly, letting the camera get a good look at it. I returned to sucking her clit and pushing two fingers inside her, pumped them. I kept my eyes facing her, well, more accurately the camera man over her shoulder. He was kneeling on the floor, his camera along her shoulder, but she acted as if it weren't there. Moaning and groaning.

"Tits, Candy," Dan called out. "Let's see you play with those pretty nipples."

"About all she has is nipples," Nick muttered behind me, knowing it would be edited out.

"Ignore that idiot," I whispered, then sucked her clit hard, stretching her swollen nub from beneath its hood.

Candy squeezed her nipples and tugged on them. She lifted her ass from the bed and bucking her hips made sharp yelping sounds. My fingers were inside her and I could tell she was faking as she wasn't contracting at all. I

had to admit she sounded good and the wide eyed, seemingly shocked look on her face was impressive. The girl had promise.

I continued to lick Candy through her pretend climax and when she released her tits and gave a hilarious exhausted moan, I sat up.

“My turn, sweetie, I showed you how to suck cock, now let’s see how you lick pussy.”

I eased from Nick who muttered, “Cunt,” over my shoulder.

Turning my head, I wrapped my arm around his neck and gave him an unscripted kiss. Holding his face close to mine I whispered, “Just shut up and fuck her. Seeing she’s so young maybe you can impress her.”

I let him go and rolling over onto my back, grabbed his cock as I was scripted to do and sucked it into my mouth as Candy, stretched out between my legs, her tongue flicking tentatively around my clit.

Nick fucked my mouth as he was told to, but when he went faster and harder, I reached up between his legs, took his balls in my hand and gave him a not so gentle squeeze. He winced and slowed down, working his cock in and out of my mouth as I lay beneath him.

“Get behind Candy and fuck her, Nick, pace yourself, once Molly comes you’re next.”

Nick hopped off the bed and standing at the foot of it, grabbed her slender hips, lifted her ass up and slammed into her. She yelped between my legs while running her tongue up and down my slit.

I reached down, sliding my fingers through the patch of golden fuzz that told the world Molly Minx was a real blonde and spreading my lips, tapped my clit with a red tipped finger. “Right there, honey, lick it like a lollipop, just like you licked my son’s cock.”

Candy nodded and gave me an adorable, “Hmm-mm,” as she swirled her pink tongue around my clit while yelping through Nick’s fucking her. He slowed then stopped.

““What’s the problem, Nick?” Dan asked.

“Getting too close,” he muttered.

“Focus on Candy’s face.” Dan pointed to one of the camera men. “Candy, keep moving your head and making noise like he’s fucking you.”

“Kind of like you were anyway.” I winked at Nick, who scowled at me.

Nick held her hips and kept his pose, still moving his shoulders and chest for the camera if they wanted to shoot above the actual action and taking my eyes from him I focused on Candy.

“That’s it baby girl, I purred in my sultry ‘Molly’ voice. “Nice and easy, look up and let me see that pretty face.”

She fixed her eyes on the camera next to my head and I had to admit she was goddamn cute. Candy, no idea what her real name was, they weren’t allowed on the sets, had huge dark brown doe eyes that were perfect for these demure teen rolls.

He long brown hair was pulled into pig tails and she had a smattering of freckles around her nose that gave her a sweet girl next door appearance.

That went well with her small tits, cute little heart shaped ass and slender frame. Right now though, naked on her knees with a cock inside her and her little pink tongue dancing across my clit she looked far from cute.

“Fingers, sweetie, use your fingers. Oh, that’s nice,” I moaned when she obeyed me, sliding two thin fingers inside. “Move them nice and slow. Hmm, that’s my pretty girl.”

“Love that, Molly!” Dan exclaimed. “Be good to her, work that cougar kitten angle.” He paused. “Nick you think you can start fucking again or you going to pop like the teen you’re playing? You didn’t have to be this realistic you know.”

Another round of laughter, but I only heard it dimly. I was rocking my hips gently; timing my thrusts with Candy’s fingers and watching her tongue tease my clit. My eyes trailed down her body, her smooth back, her firm ass then back to the show between my legs.

Candy had a soft touch with her tongue. She wasn’t lapping at me like a dog drinking from a water bowl like many women did in exaggeratedly ‘hot’ lesbian scenes. Her licking was slow and sensual and she was still whimpering and looking up at me with those damn eyes.

“Am I doing okay?” she asked out of the blue.

“Oh, aren’t you precious?” I whispered. “So sweet, and you’re doing just fine baby girl, you keep licking like that and I’m going to come nice and hard for you.”

I wasn’t kidding. It was happening again. I was totally caught up in the shoot and even the fact it was the first time a woman was between my legs since the early nineties wasn’t bothering me. No, it was getting to me, it’s what had me so hot.

The three of us were on a bed, surrounded by a half dozen crew members with lights and cameras and here I was in front of them, naked, legs spread a girl three years younger than my son servicing my pussy. I released a long throaty moan and toyed with my nipples.

“Time for Nick to finish up,” someone said. “Give us a loud one, Molly.”

“Shut up and keep rolling,” Dan countered. “She’s going to give us a real one. Keep licking baby girl!” he encouraged.

Candy giggled between my thighs and it caused a surge of heat through me. I rocked my hips harder and taking the hint, Candy sped up her licking and fingering.

“Oh, yes, first my son makes me come then his pretty little girl friend,” I groaned, arching my back. “Lick that pussy, baby girl, lick it harder!”

Candy obeyed and her eyes didn’t look quite so wide and innocent. She knew I was getting close for real, she could feel my pussy quivering around her fingers.

“Put a finger in my ass,” I whispered low enough the mic couldn’t catch it.

Candy slid a finger deep into my ass and throwing my head back I emitted a long loud squeal and went off like a rocket.

“Goddamn, that’s hot!” Dan clapped as I cried out repeatedly, yelping and moaning as I bucked my hips and squirmed rubbing my pussy in Candy’s face.

“Fuck her Nick! Fuck her hard then whip it out and hold it!”

Candy yelped along with me as Nick squeezed her hips and hammered away at her. I moved my hips quicker, wanting to finish cumming before Nick popped. I pinched my nipples hard and another howl filled the room as that sent me further into orgasm.

The rest had helped Nick as he pounded away on Candy, really tearing into her while watching me put on a show. I watched his long wet cock pounding between Candy’s cheeks and into her tiny little slit.

I moaned and yelped before releasing a shuddering moan and letting my head fall back on the pillow, my tits heaving as I fought to catch my breath.

Nick moved his hands up to Candy's shoulders and gave her several more hard thrusts, before pulling his cock out and gripping it tightly.

"On your knees together girls. Molly, help Candy take it."

We got to our knees, me behind Candy, cupping her tits and fondling them as Nick hopped up on the bed and standing in front of us, stroked his cock.

"Open wide, pretty girl," I purred. "Take my son's cum, take every drop of it!"

Candy opened wide, sticking her tongue out and placing the tip of his cock just in front of her mouth, Nick let it go sending a long stream of cum into her mouth.

"That's it," I cooed, now holding her face between my hands. "Be a good girl and take every drop. But don't swallow it." Don't swallow it because, ugh.

Nick pumped his cock, emptying his balls into Candy's mouth as she played it up, tilting her head back and showing the puddle of cum already there. Nick wrung the last few drops, then moaned when I leaned over, grabbed his cock and sucked it into my mouth.

"Hmm," I smacked my lips. "You're little girlfriend tastes good on your cock, baby!"

"Damn that was hot, mom!" Nick declared, sinking to his knees on the bed.

"It was, but I'm not done yet." I turned to Candy. "Don't be greedy, honey, share with me."

I turned and leaned back against Nick's chest and as he fondled my tits, I opened wide. Candy leaned over me and opening her mouth let Nick's huge load now mixed with her spit and my pussy juice flow into my mouth.

I cringed inwardly as the hot mess filled my mouth, I hated this shit. This wasn't a thing twenty years ago. I closed my mouth, purred as if it were delicious then sat up, took Candy's face in mine and poured it back in to her mouth.

We swapped a couple more times, then letting some of it flow across my lips, I kissed her. Our lips slid across each other making a mess with his cum and letting it drip down our chins.

“You don’t look so cocky slurping cum, Molly,” Nick said, already getting off the bed as the camera was going to finish on us.

I kept my eyes on Candy and continued our cum filled kiss until Dan yelled to stop. I leaned back, rubbed my fingers along my chin and pushing cum back into my mouth smiled into the camera and titling my head back made as if I’d swallowed.

“Mommies always here to help,” I said, speaking slowly as I still had a good portion of Nick’s load in my mouth.

“That’s a wrap,” Dan declared. “Now you can stop being a dick, Nick.”

“Hey, about time they earned their money.” He laughed.

“They earn their money dealing with idiots like you, laying there getting your cock played with. They do the real work. That’s why they get the real pay.”

“The guys should get that pay too,” Nick muttered as he took his robe from the guy passing them out.

“Do what we do and you will.” I spoke carefully again and sliding to the edge of the bed put my hand out. I drooled Nick’s load into my palm then pressed it into his face, smearing cum all over it.

“There you go, now you’re at our pay scale,” I snapped.

“What the fuck!” Nick staggered back, wiping disgustedly at his face. “You fucking cunt.”

“You’ll be lucky to fuck any cunt after this, you prick,” I said, aware of the people around us staring in shock. “You got a lot of attitude for a fucking nobody, you act like this again and I’ll help make sure no woman wants to work with you again.”

“Okay, enough!” Dan quickly made his way onto the set as Nick stood there sputtering and I calmly put my robe on. “Come on, people, let’s be cool here.”

“I’m fine.” I winked. “I’m not the one with egg on my face, oh, wait that’s not egg.”

“I’ll spread the word you’re a diva cunt,” Nick snapped, wiping his face with a towel someone handed him.

“Oh, Molly Minx or Nick Silver, whoever will they choose?” I waved my hand at him. “Learn how to show some respect.”

“Respect whores who spread their twats all over the net? Please.” He turned and stormed off followed by a guy who I thought might be his agent and a couple of crew members.

“Wow,” Candy said, removing her hair from the pigtails. “That was harsh.”

“He’s a prick and you never have to take a guy being that way.” I leaned over and kissed her cheek. “You my dear, are a little sweetie, good working with you.”

“Thank you.” She beamed at me. “You’re the best, Molly, I want to get as popular as you someday.”

“That won’t be hard after today,” I quipped and walked across the set, not speaking to Dan as I passed.

He seemed like he was going to follow, but then thought better of it and remained on the set. I walked back stage and towards the dressing room, frowning when I saw a large dark haired man leaning next to the door.

“Help you?” I asked, he looked familiar somehow, but I couldn’t place him.

“Molly Minx!” he boomed in a deep powerful voice. “That was one hell of a performance!”

“Thank you,” I said taking his hand as he extended it to me, my hand disappeared in his massive grip and I could sense the restrained strength in it as he barely squeezed mine. “Not so much at the end though.”

“Please, you put a pup in his place.” He smiled down at me and I couldn’t help notice he was pretty damn attractive, with a neatly trimmed beard and gorgeous ocean blue eyes. His age was hard to guess, he had the confident bearing of an older man, but his smooth features made it tough to guess. “But the scene is what I cared about.” He went on, “And it was hot, not many women climax for real in these things.”

“Guess I’m a natural,” I told him. “Look, I appreciate the flattery, but that scene left a bad taste in my mouth.”

“Nice!” He burst out laughing and like his smile it seemed sincere and not phony like a lot of the people in the industry were. “Great joke, a true veteran line if I ever heard one.”

I wondered who he was. Many times producers would let high roller investors or local wealthy players on the set to watch and many times it would lead to offers of paying to sleep with one of the starlets.

“I’m glad you enjoy my work. I’ll make sure you get an autographed picture of me before you leave.” I hated doing that, but it was required we do it when guests were on set. “Have a nice day, mister…”

“A picture?” He laughed again as if I’d said something hilarious. “I’m looking for a lot more than that, Miss Minx.”

“Okay, I don’t know who you are, but that scene at the end of the scene is going to get me reamed by my director and I would like to at least shower and brush my damn teeth before that happens.”

“Oh, understandable! I’ll certainly wait until later to speak with you.”

“Look, I love that I have fans,” Not really, but it sounded good. “But I really don’t feel like being bothered. Especially seeing you won’t tell me who the hell you are.”

“Love that fire, Molly.” He seemed to be enjoying himself. “That’s passion and you have it on and off set. We’re going to get along just fine.”

“The only place you’ll be getting along to is the parking lot when I call security, now move.” I reached for the doorknob and froze when I heard Dan call out behind me.

“Malcolm!”

Malcolm…”

Dan made his way over. “Well I see you’ve met Molly. Don’t worry about what happened that was…”

“The fault of the rude male talent.” He cut Dan off. “And I was just getting to introducing myself to your favorite client.”

He gave me a slight bow. “Molly Minx, allow me to officially introduce myself. “I’m Malcolm Stone!”

“Of course you are,” I sighed.

Chapter Six

I exited the dressing room now wearing a comfortable pair of jeans, sneakers and another shapeless t-shirt, this one from the Hard Rock Café. Not exactly what one wore to a meeting with a porn producer who your agent was claiming paid higher than anyone else.

I made my way across the large open backstage area to Dan's office and after a brief knock entered to see Dan sitting on the large leather couch and Malcolm across from him in a recliner, both with a wine glass in their hand.

"There's the woman of the hour." Malcolm stood up and waved at the bar against the wall. "May I pour you a glass of wine?"

"Just water thanks."

Dan waved for Malcolm to sit and grabbing me a bottle of water from the small fridge beneath the bar waved me over to sit next to him on the couch. I noticed Malcolm didn't sit down until I did and as I opened the water bottle, said, "You're quite the gentlemen Mr. Stone."

"Malcolm, please and yes, my mother raised me to be respectful of women." He laughed. "I know, pretty odd for my choice of work, but I pride myself on being a male director and producer who takes care of the ladies, like Dan over here."

"We ladies appreciate that, too bad you're few and far between."

"There are more of us now," Malcolm said. "People have woken up to the fact a friendly environment leads to more actresses and hotter performances." He shrugged. "For me it's always been basic manners, for others dollars and cents, but either way it's better now."

"I apologize for not exactly dressing for this." I tugged at my loose shirt. "Not screaming Molly at the moment."

"You were screaming Molly on the set and I don't mean at that dumb kid," Malcolm said. "You're known for your genuine orgasms. Even back in the day you were. But what impressed me is how you were with Candy."

"She seems sweet," I said. "She hasn't been around long, wanted to make her feel at ease."

“It’s more than that.” Malcolm leaned forward. “You’re very good with the young actor’s period. That baby girl line and how precious she was? That was ad lib and excellent, so hot.”

“Thank you.”

“You excel at the motherly roles, Molly and I’m sure Dan clued you in that’s why we’re talking today.” He pointed at my shirt. “And no worries on the attire. I saw all you had to offer live, and I like that you don’t put on airs when you’re not working.”

“I’ve done a couple of shoots for Loving Mothers already for you.” I paused to drink some water. “Is that what you want? More scenes for that site?”

“I’d love them, but I have an even better site getting ready to launch.”

“Oh?”

“Yes, but before we get to it, a question for you; how do you feel about mothers and their sons?”

“For real?” I asked. “Pretty sick if you ask me.”

I could feel Dan roll his eyes next to me and I wanted to smack myself, he’d prepped me for the way Malcolm saw it.

“Understandable and the common reaction. You may have heard that personally I disagree.” He smiled and put his hands up in a ‘oh well’ gesture. “I think it’s hot as hell.”

“Others agree going by how well the movies do.”

“Exactly and they wouldn’t do that well with no interest in the kink, but it’s not like a three way, or a blow job fantasy, you can’t really talk about taboo desires in real life.”

“You do apparently.” Dan kicked me under the coffee table as soon as I spoke.

“True, but this is a business meeting so we’re talking what sells and let’s leave it at I’m the target audience.”

“Yes, lets.” Dan shot me a look.

“Molly, mother son incest is the hottest taboo among taboo. Yes, daddy daughter and siblings has markets, but nothing beats mom son, know why?”

“No clue, really,” I said honestly.

“A mother’s love for her child transcends any other love and although a son will meet a woman who he will marry and have kids of his own with, his mother is his first love, the woman in his life, the ideal female and the one who will always love him unconditionally.”

“I agree, but love and lust are different.”

“Are they? Do we not lust after the partner we love? Do we not love that special man or woman we lust after? It’s a fine line.”

“Not in the case of family.”

“But it’s still crossed. Look, I know not every guy who watches mommy porn wants his mom; it’s the taboo of a mom going after her son. But there are some who have really desired their mother and wanted to be their special man in every way.”

“Wow, you are into this.”

“I write all the loving mother’s scripts myself.” He beamed at me. “Come on, Molly, you have to prefer those to that crap you shot last week. Mom takes two.” He snorted derisively. “Now that’s ridiculous.”

“I agree.” I nodded. “But why?”

“Because there is always love when a man wants his mother, never just lust.”

“How do you know?” I pressed. “How do you know there’s not a son like the two from my last video who just want to fuck mom to see what it’s like?”

“Then they really don’t love their mother.” I was amazed at how sad he seemed when he said that.

“I can agree to that,” Dan said. “There are people who you should love, but not want in that way.”

“But if you want your mother or sister and want to love them as well as lust for them, that’s different and that’s what I go for. Loving Mothers is a site dedicated to the fantasy of the man or woman who truly wants their mom or son.”

He stopped to down his wine, then continued.

“Molly, what I like about you is in the softer videos you really come across loving. Even with the hardcore sex. Your dialogue, the baby this, the

honey, this, the let mommy. You ad lib half your lines during sex and it sounds natural.”

“I try.”

“It’s not even trying, it’s you. I’ve seen every mom video you have done since you came back. Everyone else is watching you suck and fuck. I’m listening to your words; I’m watching the expressions on your face, your eyes. You’ve looked outright tender in the loving mother’s shoots. You’re really maternal.”

I burst out laughing. “Very maternal while I give a blow job.”

“Molly, don’t laugh,” Dan snapped.

“It’s fine Dan. I’m the one bringing all this up and if you’re worried about business, I’ll be a bad negotiator and tell you now, the only way Molly is not going to be part of my new site is if she doesn’t want to be, because I want her.”

“What is the new site?” Dan and I both asked at the same time, then looked at each other and laughed.

“I’ll tell you soon enough. But to continue, Molly you play the part better than anyone I’ve ever seen and yes a mother can be a loving one while pleasing her son in every way and a good son is being a damned good son when tending to his mother’s needs. Can I ask you a question?”

“Go ahead.”

“Do you have a son? Are you a mother, Molly?”

My heart skipped a beat, but recovering quickly I widened my baby blue eyes and giving him my best brainless bimbo smile exclaimed, ‘No, but I play one in the movies!”

“A very nice,” He chuckled. “Way of not answering. I think you are because I see the care in you when the script allows it and the way that maternal desire flows into your character, you want to please your make believe sons.”

I glanced at Dan who looked like he was working hard to keep his expression neutral, neither of us liking where this seemed to be heading.

“Okay, regardless of whether or not what I see in you is the result of having children or just a knack you have, it doesn’t change the fact you’re

the best I've seen and that's high praise from me considering I look at this in the emotional energy not just sex."

"Thank you, I think."

"And for the record if you do indeed have a son I am in no way implying you're inappropriate. I am simply saying your motherly adoration shows through."

"If I had a son I would say thank you for not thinking poorly of me." I gave him a dry smile. "I think me being a mom plays into your fantasy, not reality."

"Oh, touché." Malcolm applauded, clapping his large hands. "And maybe you're right and I see what I want, but I pay to see what I want and then make money on everyone else who wants it."

"And that's all that matters here," Dan said. "I'm not trying to be rude, Malcolm, but Molly can't agree to anything if she doesn't hear what it is."

"Right." He nodded. "You'd think I'd get used to people backing out of that conversation, it's an uncomfortable topic away from fantasy. But I brought it up because my new site is going to bring mother son fantasy to another level and be as close to the real thing as you can get short of their actual mother."

"I'm curious to hear this," Dan admitted.

"Good." He glanced at me. "Still with us Molly, or have I offended you away from working with me?"

"No offense and I'm listening. I trust my instincts and I trust Dan. If I like it and he doesn't, it means no and other way around."

"I respect your friendship and professional courtesy," he said with no hint of sarcasm.

"So Dan, you familiar with the site, Take My Wife, Please?"

"Yeah, I mean I was, is it still around?"

"Not the way it used to be. Voyeurism and husband's enjoying their wife being enjoyed has given way to that sick humiliating cuck material."

"But mom son isn't sick," I muttered.

"Molly, I should hire you just to follow me around and put me in my place." Malcolm laughed.

“Sorry.” I grinned sheepishly. “I just got done pretending to fuck a son and his girlfriend then snowballing, I have no room to talk.”

“Your realism is refreshing.” He gave me another big smile; I had to admit for a wealthy powerful guy, he was one of the best-natured people I’d ever met.

“What was that wife site about?”

“It was a brilliant concept,” Malcolm explained. “The site had real couples e-mail in to talk about how they fantasized about the wife being fucked in front of the husband.”

“That’s not too extreme.”

“But reality, Molly. Who do you pick? A friend or co-worker you never hear the end of it, a stranger, diseases and they could be dangerous. So take my wife would pick from the best e-mails and contact the couple.”

“What they did was offer to come to their house with couple of cameramen, the director and a male actor to fuck the wife and give them their fantasy, safely. The rule was they kept the video for their site.”

“If you’re going to do that, may as well let someone you know have your wife,” Dan grunted.

“Not really, it was no one they know that had the wife and you had to be a paying member to watch and it was mostly a huge hit with swingers, it was that type of kink.”

“Okay so how does this apply to now?”

“Right,” He leaned forward his eyes brought with excitement. “Real moms.” He put his hands out as if framing the words.

“Real moms?” Dan and I both asked at once.

“Yes, I started the website a month ago and have been advertising it on ads on Loving Mothers and a few other sites.” He grinned. “You guys film it, but don’t watch it do you?”

“Nope, haven’t watched porn except for work in years,” Dan said and I nodded in agreement.

“But target audience does. I’ve invested thousands in advertising already, even on regular milf sites. What the ad is lobbying for are e-mails from young men who truly want to have sex with their mothers.”

“Are you serious?” Dan asked.

“Yes and before you get into it they have to prove they are eighteen. I’ve been going through hundreds of requests.” He paused. “A week.”

“Wow.” I whistled.

“Many I toss away, the ones that are obscene and over the top. Ones that are obviously mocking the concept and ones that just don’t sound real to me. The ones I like are the ones that talk about love. How they want to love their mother in every way.”

“The stuff you were just saying,” Dan pointed out.

“Precisely that. I see the word love, that letter makes it to the next round. The ones I’ve really focused on are the ones that sound frustrated, that talk about how badly they want their mother how it’s a need, how they have a hard time being around mom because they want her so badly.”

“Are there a lot of those?” I asked, rubbing at my temple, all this mother son shit was getting to me.

“Enough to tell me the site has a lot of promise.”

“So what,” Dan spoke up. “You pick the letters you like, offer to fly the kid here and match them up with a milf porn star?”

“Yes!” he exclaimed, slapping the coffee table hard enough to make me jump. “But not just any porn star, but a small handpicked group of the best mother son actresses.”

“Okay.” Dan stroked his chin. “I’m assuming they have to have a blood test for STD’s and you going with condom or bareback?”

“Bareback of course and anything shows up, even drugs, they’re out.”

“But what’s the point? It’s not their mother,” I interjected. “I don’t understand.”

“It’s as close as they can get and they will send pics of their mother and we do what we can to get a close match.”

“Most moms don’t look like porn stars.” Dan laughed.

“Then they get an upgrade.” Malcolm rolled his eyes. “Come on, people isn’t this brilliant? Playing on the most taboo fetish there is, but not crossing a line.”

“So they get sex with a porn star, it’s a contest,” I told him.

“No, they get more than that, they get to role play. The actress goes by mom’s name if he wants them to, acts like them, treats them like a mother, albeit a lusty one, but it will be a slow soft seduction, yes hardcore sex at some point, but the getting there will be better than anything out there because one half of the coupling won’t be acting.”

“I’m seeing it,” Dan said softly. “Kid would be nervous, no experience. The actress takes them by the hand, leads them into it.” He looked at me and smiled. “It’s okay, baby, just lie back and let mommy take good care of you.”

“And no one does that better than Molly Minx!” Malcolm was so excited his face was getting red.

“I want you for the first video, Molly. I already have the young man in question, he’s coming in next Tuesday, the shoot is slated for Wednesday.”

“I don’t know,” I began. “Actors are one thing, but a kid who’s a true eighteen to twenty year old? First off we know not every guy can perform let alone one who is nervous to start with.”

“I think you could be pretty damn persuasive,” Dan said.

“But I’d feel…wouldn’t this be fucking with the kid? I mean if he’s really in love with his mom, what does this do? Might make him worse.”

“Might get it out of his system, you’d be like a sexual surrogate,” Malcolm offered. “You’d be helping a nice kid fulfill his wildest dream. Trust me, I’m only looking at kids that seem sweet and sincere, not jerks looking to get blown by a porn star.”

“Considering the conversation leading up to this, I’m sure you can sniff out the legit ones.”

“Yes. I have the kid next week, then eight more for the next couple of weeks.”

“Holy shit.” Dan shook his head. “The girls picked yet?”

“Mostly, I want Molly to be in my debut movie. It’s why a picked a good one who’s mother is blond, has blue eyes and the pic?” He whistled. “I’d want her if she were my mother, looks like she could make an adult video.”

“The others?”

“I’m lining up Nikki Nice, Jodie Sweet, Sarah James and Charlie Charms. It’s a who’s who, of the best moms in the biz, but none better than the woman in front of me now.”

“What do you think, Molly?” Dan asked.

I looked over at him and saw he was gung ho, but letting me decide.

“It feels mean, does that make sense?”

“They know what this is going to be, Molly. They weren’t promised their mother, just a damn good fantasy of them.”

“The tape?”

“Exclusive to Real Mom and there are only thirty second teasers and they don’t show a lot. People want this, they pay for the membership.” He grinned. “Already sold five hundred one month plans just based on me hyping it.”

“This can be gold.” Dan sighed. “As always, Malcolm.”

“I’m not sure.” I shook my head. “Seems to real to me.” Way too real as I imagined Paul in the hands of a milf porn star.

“So Molly, what did today’s masterpiece pay you?”

“Twelve hundred after my cut,” Dan said.

“How about two grand.” Malcolm looked me in the eye. “After his cut.”

“That’s a lot.” I looked at Dan who looked as if he were ready to say yes for me.

“And the work would be easy Molly. Think this kid’s going to fuck you silly like a real porn star? Hell, we may have to keep fluffing him to go a couple rounds so the video can last a while.”

“True,” Dan chimed in. “Easy money, Molly. Sweet kid, putty in your hands, no attitude and you’ll be calling the shots, right?” He looked at Malcolm.

“Yup, in any real situation the mother would be in charge. These kids worship their mother. They’ll defer to a mother figure.”

“A mother figure.” I rolled my eyes.

“Small crew. This is going to be a small set, an intimate filming, only a couple cameras, sound and myself. Dan if you want him.”

“You may need a fluffer,” Dan pointed out.

“Okay so a girl on standby.”

“That would ruin the fantasy,” I murmured. “Another women rushing in and blowing him.”

“It won’t make the final cut of course.”

“But it will screw with the kid.”

“See Molly?” Malcolm laughed. “See how you’re already looking out for this kid you don’t know? You’re the perfect porn mom!”

I frowned and looked over Dan’s way again. Putting his finger up to Malcolm, he slid over to me and whispered in my ear.

“Mary, I know, it’s sleazy in a way, but no one is twisting the kids arm. You’re in total control like we said, no hassles like today and it pays more.”

I nodded as he spoke, but still didn’t answer then he peaked my interest.

“Think about the money and not just for this shoot. He’s lining them up left and right. If this turns out to be as easy as it sounds and for almost twice the money you can agree to more of them and film less of the other shit.”

I turned and looked at him as he kept going, his lips still in my ear.

“And it’s a hole in the wall niche site, that thing today goes under “*Moms Show Teens*”, it’s part of a major collection of sites. Small site, less visibility. More money, less risk.”

I leaned away from him and said, “I’ll do it.”

“Great!” Malcolm began. “Can you be here for…”

I cut him off. “For twenty five hundred and that’s after Dan’s percentage.”

“Molly!” Dan rolled his eyes.

“Sold!” Malcolm slapped the table and sitting back smiled like the cat that ate the canary.

Chapter Seven

I opened my eyes to the sound of my cell ringing and frowned when I saw I'd left it on the dining room table next to my laptop. Pushing myself to get up, I ran quickly to grab it, my bare feet causing me to slide on the floor and if not for grabbing the chair, I would have ended up on my ass.

Reaching for the phone, I could hear myself yelling at Paul all the time, "Put something on your feet, or you're going to fall and hurt yourself."

I saw it was Paul and answered, "Hey, honey, everything okay?"

"Yeah, me and a couple guys went down to the mall for awhile after wrestling practice to hang out, you okay with me not being home for a couple hours?"

"That's fine hon," I told him. "Have fun, enjoy your night off."

"But you took tonight off to spend time at home, I feel bad if I'm not there."

"Paul, if you were home you'd be watching me watch my eyelids; I've been watching TV and dozing on the couch all day."

"Good, you need the rest," he answered. "I'll be home by seven, that cool?"

"Take your time." I took a shot. "Sure it's just guys? No cute girl taking up your time?"

"Nah, Jack acts like a little girl sometimes, but that's about it." I smiled when I heard Jack, his best friend, call him an asshole in the background.

"You guys going to meet up with any prospects?"

"No, mom." He laughed. "Man, you're pushing. Trying to pawn your boy off on someone else?"

"Honey, you can be my boy as long as you want."

"Really?" He sounded odd, then gave a nervous laugh. "I mean, no, I'm not a mama's boy."

"That's your choice," I told him. "You know you'll always be mama's boy, honey."

"Oh, yeah?" He sounded strange again.

“You okay, Paul?”

“Fine, so um, mom.” He hesitated. “The New Call of Duty is out. I’d love to grab it. Jack and Bill have it already so if I get it we can all play cooperative online when I’m home.”

“So get it.”

“It’s sixty bucks.”

“You have that in your account?”

“Well only if I short you a little on board this week.”

“Buy the game,” I said. “And don’t worry about board this week.”

“What, no,” he said. “I’ll give you most of it this week and make it up next week.”

“No, you’ll buy the game and not give me anything this week. You work hard, treat yourself.”

“You spend all night on your feet getting ogled by perverts. I’d feel bad with you just giving me the money for it.”

“Don’t worry, honey,” Actually I’d earned the money on my knees getting fucked with my face buried in pussy. I’d gotten the check for the last shoot today. “Spending it on my son when I can makes it worth it.”

“Thanks mom! You’re the best!”

“Yeah, yeah, you already got your game.”

“I mean it, I appreciate you, mom.”

“Thank you honey.”

“Hey, seeing I’m in the money this week, how about I bring my favorite girl back some Chow Mein?”

“From House of Woo in the food court? Sounds good to me!”

“And I’ll rent some cheesy horror movie from Redbox,” he went on. “We’ll have Chinese on the couch and watch crappy TV.”

“Whatever you want. It’s your night once you get home.”

“Cool, it’s a date. See ya soon.”

He ended the call and I shook my head; twenty, good looking, fairly popular in school and spending the night with his mother on the couch. I was going to have a talk with him. I was thrilled he wasn’t so into girls he

was blowing off studying like a lot of kids his age did, but his idea of a date shouldn't be take out with mom.

"Take out with mom," I mumbled as I went into the kitchen to grab a coke from the fridge. "A Stone Cold production."

I opened the can, chugged half of it down and laughed. "Billy's fortune says, 'boy who buys mom dinner, gets lucky!'"

I rolled my eyes thinking, if I pitched that to Dan or Malcolm they'd come up with a script for it. Well maybe not Malcolm, he really did take that Oedipus stuff to a new level. I went out into the dining room planning on heading right back to the couch.

I hadn't been kidding with Paul, I'd been binge watching Netflix and sleeping off and on all day and felt great. Knowing I had a shoot that paid twice the norm coming up in a few days and having gotten paid for the last one, I'd decided to call out of work tonight and give myself the rare treat of three straight nights off.

I'd worked for Vincent's for over ten years, mostly part time when John was still alive, but full time as soon as he passed. Marv knew I was struggling and always gave me extra hours, but on rare occasions like now when I cut back a little he seemed happier, telling me I needed to spend time with Paul when I could.

Not that Paul had been around much. He'd worked last night, was working tomorrow night and now hanging with his friends for awhile, but that was fine, the quiet time was good for me. I was so relaxed I was even joking about stupid ideas for porn shoots.

No, tonight my only drama was wondering why I had the only twenty year old son in the world who seemed to have lost interest in girls and sex. On that note, I thought about my own sex life. It was just the shoots; I made no effort to meet anyone. How could I? I was worried about Paul, finding out about me, any date could lead to 'you look kind of familiar.'

Since John I'd had no interest in another man and as bad as it sounded, I did get sex and got some amount of satisfaction from it. That and adult industry style sex was enough to make you not want to be bothered when you weren't working.

I rarely even masturbated these days and when I did it was to some phantom guy who was making sweet love to me. The irony of a wildcat porn star getting off to vanilla sex was never lost on me. But it wasn't the sex, it was the emotion. There was nothing but the physical act in porn.

Right now the only man in my life I loved was my son and despite Malcolm's claims otherwise, most mothers liked keeping their relationship with their boys platonic. My phone rang again as I was passing the table and on my way back to oblivion. I glanced down to see it was Dan and after a brief hesitation answered it.

"Hey, Dan, what's up?"

"Hi Mary, listen you need to do what I keep asking you to do and go on your damn website and answer some of the fan contact messages."

"Oh, come on." I rolled my eyes. "Really, Dan? I thought we had someone that does that."

"Occasionally we have someone go on the girl's sites and send some responses, but not all the time and it wouldn't kill you to do it. Ignore the requests for hook-ups or anything that says they just want to fuck you, get back to the friendly ones and be nice, you don't have to be slutty in them."

"I'll get around to it."

"Been saying that for weeks, do it, Mary and mention Real Mom's in as many as you can. Let's push Stone's site, it's your way to get more for doing less so get your fans wanting to sign up."

"Fine, I'm off tonight and Paul's out for awhile, I'll send a few."

"That's my girl. Molly's fans want to hear from her."

"Want to hear me call them my baby boy is all they want," I grunted. "But I'll do it right now."

"Great, I'll see you at the shoot Wednesday."

"Thanks for being their Dan."

"No problem, be odd not to be calling the shots, but Malcolm is doing this himself and he's one of the best. But I'll be watching."

"Bet you will." I laughed and hung up.

I went into my bedroom and over to the small desk in the corner where I had my laptop. I started to sit then thought it was a nice night and there was

a great breeze coming in through the screen door leading out to the deck off the dining room.

Grabbing the laptop, I brought it out with me and put it on the dining room table. Paul's was still there from last night and seeing I was home and he wasn't waiting for me, I'd asked why he was down there for awhile after he came home from work.

He simply said it was a better space, open, a nice breeze, close to the fridge and with a wink he'd added, close to me so he could keep an eye on me. Sitting at the table and looking across out into the yard, I agreed it was better than being in a small corner of his bedroom, but odd he was there most of the time these days.

While I waited for mine to boot up, I looked at his. Don't do it, I told myself, ignorance is bliss. Ignoring my own warning, I reached over and slid his laptop over to me. I lifted the top and as always he had left it on, plugged into the wall which always led to me bitching at him I was going to trip over it someday.

The laptop opened to his screen saver of a picture of the three of us at Paul's high school graduation. There I was playing the proud all American mom; hair up, a proper length red dress and smiling away with my arm around my son, my husband on the other side of Paul.

Seeing the two of them side by side was amazing, only extra couple of decades made a difference in their appearance. I looked back at myself, thinking that was Mary Steven's attractive everyday mom and housewife. Now mom by day, waitress by night and professional slut by day.

Looking at the picture brought up emotions I didn't want to deal with at the moment and I brought up chrome. Taking a deep breath I went to his browsing history. What I was looking for was that like any other boy his age, Paul watched porn.

I frowned, just like the couple of other times I'd done this, the history was clear, Paul seemed to delete it every time he was done. That worried me; was he hiding something? I went to google knowing it sometimes kept a history of sorts. I typed in "Molly" and was relieved to see no suggestions came up to indicate he had ever searched that name.

I knew if I typed in Minx after it I would be treated to countless links to my moves, both old and new, links to every short clip I'd done, pictures of me in various stages of nudity and hardcore fucking.

I clicked his bookmarks tab and saw nothing but links to video game and sports sites and a few things he had bookmarked for his studies. Again nothing X-rated. I should have felt good about that, but the fact he seemed to wipe his browser all the time made me nervous.

I suppose if he knew, I would know he did and if his friends had found out, damn straight he, then I would hear about it. Closing his laptop I went back to mine and brought up MollyMinx.com.

"Ugh." I sighed as the home page of the site was me in only a red thong, presenting my bare tits to the camera and smiling away, my blue eyes wide and bright and my blonde hair teased out.

"Welcome to the home of the world's hottest mommy!" The site boldly declared.

There were links on the side, a picture gallery, a section that provided five minute teasers to all of my recent movies and one titled, "*Classic Minx*!" which was a few clips from my first foray into the adult film industry.

There was a section for my 'friends' that included pics of other milf porn stars, most of whom I'd never met. There were links to their sites as well as we were all under the same major film network.

I clicked on "Say hello to Molly!" and my eyes widened at the fact there were two hundred messages waiting for replies.

"Jeez," I whispered as I logged into admin so I could reply. I noticed the last log in was a week ago so someone had answered a few, I wondered how many had just come in.

I started at the oldest first and my finger quickly found delete. Offers to fly me out and pay me for sex, cock pictures and worse, stories of how they supposedly fucked their mothers in real life.

Very few were from women and they were basic, "You're so beautiful, love your work." Those I sent a quick thank you for the kind words and support and a "Hugs and wet kisses, Molly" sign off.

Even a couple of the women mentioned wanting to fuck their sons and that freaked me out even more. A kid could get his wires crossed somehow,

but a parent should always know better. Scrolling through I noticed several names kept appearing. That was good; one reply would wipe out a few messages.

One name, “sowantmymom” was by far the most frequent and I clicked on one from a couple weeks ago.

“Molly, my God you are so beautiful and sexy! Your videos are the best and not just because of the hot sex, but that look of love in your eyes. I can tell you’re a real mom. You’re so much like my mom and I wish she would be like you!”

How the hell do I answer this? Leave your mom alone! I didn’t like them saying it was obvious I had a son. Malcolm was onto that today to, even Dan had brought it up before that me being a mother in real life had trickled into my performance. Bullshit, I would never want Paul like that.

My fingers hovered over the keyboard. Stop thinking Mary, what would Molly say?

“Hello Baby! It makes me feel so warm—and sometimes wet—when a sweet young man like you tells me how much they enjoy my movies. I do love my work and all my on screen sons. I am flattered you think I’m like your own loving mom. I’m sure she is proud to have such a beautiful loving son. Be sure to catch me on the new site Real Moms coming soon! Thanks for writing, Molly!

“Yuck,” I declared then flinched when Paul’s laptop made a whistling noise. I’d heard it before when he’d leave it on the table and had no idea what it was and kept forgetting to mention it to him.

I went on to read and reply to a few more. They were all the same, wish my mom was like you, wish you were my mom; I’d love to be your loving son. How can I get my mom to sleep with me? My replies were similar to the first one to the point I copy pasted it and would only make a couple of changes for each person.

I was appalled at how many repeated the previous one, that I looked so into it. Maybe I should have gone into real acting, I thought. Now that I had started, I kept going. Deleting the flat out obscene ones and shooting off replies saying thank you and making a sexy little comment or two and for the ones that really went on about their mom, my copy paste reply.

There were four more from sowantmymom each a gushing comment on my beauty and how desirable I was. How much they loved their mom and how I was just like her. The messages were a cut above the others, talking about love and flattering without getting x-rated. I sent him another reply telling him I enjoyed his messages and appreciated the love behind them for his mom.

I jumped at the sound of Paul's car pulling in and looking at the time saw it was seven, I'd been replying to Molly's fans for close to two hours. I quickly logged out of the site and pulled up the spreadsheet I used to keep track of paying the monthly bills.

"Hey, Mom!" Paul bustled in from the back door in the kitchen and coming into the dining room, placed two take out bags on the table. "I'll go grab plates."

"Thank you, Paul," I said as I opened the bags and inhaled the aroma of the Chinese food.

Paul came back out with plates, silver ware and two cans of soda. He sat and waited as I made him a plate from the small containers and passed it to him.

"Love this place," I told him. "Been around forever, your dad and I used to eat there whenever we went shopping at the mall.

"I know, you took me a few times, that's why I like it so much. What you been doing?"

"Oh, the glorious budget," I lied, actually this month it was looking pretty decent counting the big pay out from Malcolm next week. Dan was on to something this could cut down on my number of shoots, but make more money.

"Sure you don't need me to pay you back for the game?" he asked, around a spare rib he was gnawing on.

"No, I made something from that shoot I showed you; this month's not so tight. Hence the extra night off and a gift for you."

"You should get yourself something," he said.

"I did, the time off." I took a bite of Chow Mein and my eyes fell on his laptop. "Hey, you're computer keeps making whistling noises."

“Oh, that’s just an e-mail notification,” he said. “Care if I check real quick? One of my professors e-mails out random extra credit questions sometimes.”

“Go ahead.”

I sat there happily eating my shrimp fried rice thinking how nice it was to just have some normalcy while watching Paul open his laptop. I saw his eyes widen and asked, “Everything okay?”

“Yeah,” he said slowly his eyes moving as he read whatever the message was. A strange smile spread across his face.

“What is it? That’s a sneaky little smile you got there.”

“Oh, um…” He frowned. “It’s from a woman.”

“Oh!” I put my fork down. “Do tell!”

“No big deal.” He closed the laptop.

“You said a woman.” I smiled. “You don’t call them girls anymore?”

Paul frowned then shrugged. “Girls sounds like high school. I’m into women.”

“Glad to hear it,” I joked. “Last few months there hasn’t been anyone, I was starting to worry.”

“Why?” He looked genuinely puzzled.

“Because you’re twenty, you’re a damn fine looking young man and a real sweetheart. The girls should be all over you and I never met a young man who wouldn’t like that.”

“I’m busy, school, work, looking after you.”

“Honey, I’m fine I enjoy your company, but rather see you out having fun with a special, woman. So, how special is she?”

“Don’t know, first response I’ve gotten from her.” He smiled, a natural one this time. “It’s a start.”

“What’s she like?”

“She’s kind of sweet, but kind of not,” he said and seeing the look on my face, grinned. “Twenty, not twelve mom.”

“Right, well, um, you be careful with that not sweet side okay? Fun is one thing, wild another.”

“No worries.” He pointed at me. “So quid pro quo, mom, what about you?”

“What about me?”

“Mom, you’re hot as hell, outgoing, sweet as you say I am; why are you alone?”

“I’m hot as hell?” I wagged my finger at him. “I’m your mother, you don’t talk about me like that.”

“Jeez, sorry,” he said defensively. “But you are,” He rolled his eyes. “Attractive and if nothing else I’d figure you’d get a lot of offers at work.”

“Plenty of them and the offer usually has a dollar amount attached or is from an asshole that’s such a dog he doesn’t even try to hide his wedding band.”

“What about the gym? Your other job? You go out with friends sometimes. How come you’re not seeing anyone?”

“I work a lot and I still take care of you even though you think it’s the other way around and…” I looked away. “I’m not over your dad enough yet for that.”

“It’s been over a year mom.” Paul wasn’t letting up. “That’s plenty of time and dad wouldn’t want you alone.”

“Sorry, didn’t know there was a timeline and I know what your father wanted, you to graduate college and for us to stay in this house as a family. Least until you’re ready to move on.”

“Think he’d want you alone?” he asked. “You’re forty four, not sixty four, you shouldn’t be alone.”

“I was with your father for twenty two years, it’s not that easy to get close to someone after that.”

“I’m not talking remarry.” He shrugged. “Just fun, go out and have a good time, get laid.”

“Paul!” I snapped. “I don’t care how old you are, you do not talk about my damn sex life.” Christ, why did this conversation suddenly sound like the intros to one of Stone’s fruity scripts.

“Yeah, but I thought we were close,” he said quietly. “You always say we can talk about everything. Besides you’re asking about mine.”

“We are close, honey. But there are some things we shouldn’t talk about. I didn’t ask for a blow by blow of what you do, I said be careful if you’re with a girl who is not so sweet and I’m the parent here and have that right.”

“Blow by blow.” He smirked. “Pun intended?”

“Paul you watch your goddamn mouth!” I exploded. “I am your mother! You do not ask me if I’m getting laid, you do not make sex jokes to me and you don’t tell me how hot I am!”

“But…”

“No decent mother wants her damn son telling her she’s sexy. Sexy and mom shouldn’t even come out of your mouth in the same sentence, you got that?”

“I just wanted to know if you were…”

“My sex life is not on the fucking table here!” Unless the script calls for it of course.

“Wow, I’m sorry mom.” He looked upset. “I didn’t mean to make you mad, just trying to have an adult conversation.”

I took a deep breath. I shouldn’t have blown up, this was the guilt over my job. A job that seemed to infer every damn kid wanted to bang their mother and I was starting to see what obviously wasn’t there from my own son.

“I shouldn’t have yelled at you and you are an adult, but I’m your mother and there’s a line that can’t be crossed. I’m not okay with the milf cracks and you asking if I’m getting laid.”

“Point taken.” He lowered his head. “Sorry.”

“Me too, it’s a touchy subject for me.”

“Duly note, no joke about the word touchy,” he said, then grinned.

I tried to look pissed, but ended up laughing. “I’ll let that one slide because it was a good delivery.”

“So you made some money with the lingerie thing?”

“Yup, they bought the pics.”

“Cool so when and where will the ad run?”

“Oh, I’m not sure.” Me and my big mouth. “They’ll let me know, plus sometimes they pay for things and never use them.”

“Happens to you a lot.”

“Yeah, bad luck,” I sighed. “But I get some money anyway.”

“So why’d you stop?”

“Stop what?” I narrowed my eyes.

“Modeling, you know the first time.”

I stared at him unsure what to say. I’d never mentioned doing it before and it’s not like what I’d done before John was modeling.

“What are you talking about?” I asked. “I got into modeling a few months ago through a friend of your uncle Dan.”

“Oh.” He looked away awkwardly. “Yeah, right.”

“No, yeah right. What are you talking about, Paul? That didn’t come out of nowhere.”

“I guess he never told you.”

“He who?” My relaxing night was quickly slipping away.

“Dad.”

“Your father told you I modeled?” What the hell, John I asked silently.

“It was three or four years ago. I was helping him clean out some stuff and I found a couple of pictures of you. You were really young and were in.” He stopped.

“In what?” I asked a sinking feeling in my stomach.

“It was a maid costume, a real, uh, well kind of slutty one and there was one of you in a naughty nurse thing.”

“Oh my God,” I breathed, obviously Molly roles. I’d had a folder full of them from when I worked, including hardcore sex photos. I must not have thrown them all away.

“Hey. It’s okay, I mean, you were dressed,” Paul said quickly.

“Anyway I kind of joked with dad and said you must have been a fun date on Halloween, but he said you used to model and you quit when you got married because they kept wanting you to do racy things and you didn’t feel right doing it anymore.”

“That’s true, I didn’t feel it was proper especially seeing we wanted kids. I didn’t want you growing up with friends making comments about me.”

“They do anyway, you’re,” he caught himself, “very pretty. Guys bust my chops.”

“Not as much as if I were running around dressed like those pictures or less.”

“You don’t care now?” He raised his eyebrows. “You do a lingerie shoot, it gets put online somewhere you don’t think I hear it?”

“You’re not a child and photos like that are tame now.”

“True, not like it’s porn or anything.” He laughed. “Now that would get a guy’s balls busted. No?”

I had deliberately taken a bite to not answer right away and as I chewed slowly, I watched him. He was looking at me expectantly as if my answer really meant something. I swallowed and said quietly.

“Desperate times call for desperate measures. You want to finish school?”

“Of course I do, mom. I’m not knocking you.”

“Well it’s another touchy subject. It bothers me I have to rely on my looks because I quit high school then never went back to school. So, yeah it’s a little humbling I have to support my son showing off my legs and a little more if need be.”

“Hey, mom. I respect you for doing it.” Getting up he came around the table and standing behind me put his arms around my shoulders, hugging me.

“I know everything you do and know it’s all for and because of me.” He kissed my cheek. “Love you, mom.”

“Love you to, baby.” I put my hand over his forearm and squeezed it. “That’s why I’ll do whatever it takes for us.”

“It’ll pay off soon, mom. Don’t you worry, you’re work will get you what you want and soon.”

“Thanks,” I said, confused by his wording.

That confusion was replaced by noticing he hadn’t let me go, but was still hugging me, tightly. His face against mine. It felt good, but seemed a little odd and again I recalled Dan and his claims of how many sons grew close to their mothers, especially in a case like ours where Paul saw himself as man of the house.

I subtly extricated myself from his grip, sliding to the side, then pushing away from the table.

“Dinner was great honey, thank you. I’ll clean up. Why don’t you put in whatever masterpiece you rented and I’ll meet you on the couch.”

Paul didn’t seem put off and picking up the red box tape from the table said, “Whoo-hoo date night in the Stevens house, a movie with mom.” He laughed. “We’re pretty lame huh?”

I forced myself to smile through the date night joke. “Yup, that’s your mom; the only man in my life is my son.”

I waited for a smart ass remark, a joke, a laugh. Instead and to my dismay, Paul nodded and with a serious look on his face said. “I’ll be anything you need me to be.”

Chapter Eight

“Come in,” I said at the brisk knock on the door.

“Hey, Molly, we’re just about ready out there, you all set, do you need anything?”

“I’m all set,” I answered taking in his black suit and blood red shirt. Malcolm was an odd duck and a superstitious one, he always wore this ensemble when he directed a scene. “Love your shirt.”

“Thank you.” He smiled. “I love your everything.”

“Dogs will be dogs,” I sighed.

“No worries, Molly, I’m not looking for some give and take, but I’m not going to pretend you’re not a damn fine woman.”

“And your type right?” I winked. “Mom age?”

“Well my mom would be late sixties if she were around so um…let’s stick to some other guy’s mom.”

“I do like this outfit.”

I indicated the plain black one piece dress I was wearing. The thin straps left my shoulders and arms bare, and it showed a hint of cleavage if I bent over, but otherwise not much. The hem fell below the knees and it wasn’t tight at all.

“I’m glad, I think it says proper, but not frumpy, mom.” He looked down at my bare feet.” I like the suggestion of going in without shoes.”

“Well, it’s supposed to me coming into his room to talk to him. When you’re home you’re comfy right?”

“Agreed.” He grinned. “But don’t try to push sweat pants and a t-shirt at me in any of these things, we do need a somewhat appealing look.”

“Hey, there she is!” Dan popped his head in. “Ready to go?”

“As ready as always,” I told him.

“Your MO is to bitch about something first and get pissy then go all in. Try not to bitch with this kid, he’s not a pro.”

“I know.” I nodded. “I think you should have let me meet him first. Break the ice, put him at ease.”

“Nope.” Malcolm shook his head. “I want the first time he sees you to be ‘oh my god, it’s Molly Minx and she’s going to be my mom’. I want to get it on film, a natural reaction.”

“Speaking of, that kid’s a nervous wreck, Malcolm,” Dan said. “He looks like he’s afraid of the makeup girl.”

“Tell me he’s not a damn virgin,” I asked, alarmed.

“No.” Malcolm shook his head. “Well, not according to him.”

“Jesus Malcolm.” Dan threw his hands in the air. “This shoot isn’t going to work if the kid pops off three times in fifteen minutes.”

“Again, natural, I like he’s nervous.” He put his hand on my arm. “And this is why I picked Molly for the first of these, she’s going to pave the way for the other women, show them how to handle these inexperienced overwhelmed kids.”

“Glad you think so,” I muttered.

“Malcolm, you about ready?” someone called from outside the room.

“Two minutes!” he boomed back. “Kid’s name is Brian, he’s twenty. He’s a nice looking kid, seems genuine and I took him to dinner last night, kid has it for mom bad. He’s legit, meaning you play this right he’s all yours, nice and easy.”

“The Stone seal of approval, he wants to be a motherfucker,” Dan joked.

“The set is a desk, the chair he’ll be sitting in to start and a bed. I’m using some cameras mounted into partitions around the set to catch some angles and only going to use one guy for close ups.”

“We’re not going to be jumping angles here, the focus is on the sex, not getting shots of your ass while you’re blowing him or needing a camera between his legs or any of the pro stuff. This is reality porn, I want an intimate feel, even the lighting is dimmer, not the white light of staged porn.”

“You want this to look like a real kid in his room with mom coming in to go for a ride, got it.” I nodded.

“Crudely put, but yes.” He smiled down at me. “Ready to make the real Mom debut one of the most watched videos of the month?”

“Ready to show you why you made the right choice and why I’m worth every penny.” I slid my feet into the black pumps I would only be wearing for a few minutes and slinging my purse over my shoulder stood up. “I’m ready to go.”

“Okay, we’re going to film the opening in set two.”

“I remember.” I smiled at him. “You look nervous Malcolm.”

“This isn’t Nasty Mom, I want my vision Molly.” He grunted. “I want to see my own fantasy come to life and live it through this lucky bastard.”

“No pressure,” I said dryly.

“Let’s go Malcolm,” someone called.

“Make it real, Molly,” he said, then turned and headed across the studio to get to the set.

“You okay with this?” Dan asked.

“Little late now,” I told him. “I have to admit every time I look at Paul and picture him on a set like this with some pro, I get cold feet about this.”

“Well, like you said, it’s too late to back out, but I’ll be right next to Malcolm, signal me if something’s going wrong for you.”

I nodded and followed him out of the room. Dan veered off to the right to the door leading to the main set and I went into the room on the left. It was set up as a simple bedroom; a bed, bureau, mirror and some bad paintings that probably came from a yard sale.

I nodded to Bill who was leaning against the wall, fiddling with his video camera.

“Can you hear me, Molly?” Malcolm’s voice came through a mic in the room.

“Loud and clear.”

“Okay, letters on the bed, leave and come back in, Bill hit the wall when we need to cue the voice over.”

I left the room, closing the door behind me and tapped it, giving Bill a second to focus the camera. I heard a knock signaling he was all set and walked into the room.

“What a day,” I sighed, walking over to the bureau and dropping my purse onto it.

I sat down on the edge of the bed and slipping my shoes off, rubbed each of my feet briefly. I stretched; giving Bill a chance to play the camera from my toes up to my chest, then to my face. I swung my legs on the bed and slid down on it, while resting my head on the pillow.

That caused the dress to ride up my legs almost to my hips, allowing Bill the chance to pan the camera along the length of my legs and get a good shot at the panties between my thighs. I'd refused to wear a thong, saying if they wanted natural not every woman my age ran around in thongs all day. I was supposed to be 'real mom' not porno mom. Or, for a more personal comparison, Mary not Molly.

"Huh, what's this?" I asked aloud, turning my head to see a red envelope with the word mom written on it. Doing my best to look curious, I opened the envelope and sitting up against the pillows unfolded a yellow piece of notebook paper.

As I pretended to read it, Bill tapped the wall and immediately my voice filled the room. I'd done the sound earlier, needing three tries to get through it and sound sincere when I really wanted to roll my eyes and rip it up.

"Dear Mom, I'm sorry to have to tell you this in a letter, but as much as I want to, I can't bring myself to say this in person. Mom, I love you and not just in the way a son will always love his mother, but in the way a young man loves a woman."

It went on for a couple minutes. Malcolm had written it himself and listening to it coming through in my voice I could hear his own yearning in the words. People knew he had the kink, it was no secret in the industry, but they thought it was just in the sense many people liked Kay Parker's taboo, hot fantasy, but no way a reality.

The letter showed how deep his desire was and I felt sorry for him. Longing for a woman he could never have and in his case passing away when he was still young. It made me think of the young man I was minutes away from seducing, if he felt the same way it was sad.

A boy who should be happy chasing girls his age in the best years of his life, left wanting the one woman off limits to him and knowing that approaching her would end badly with hurt feelings and irreparable harm to

their relationship. Not just being spurned, but perhaps disowned by the woman that in their eyes was truly everything.

I focused more closely on the words and my reactions to them. I started with a look of concern, eyes narrowed, a slight frown on my face. Then a soft smile as the words went on about how much he loved ‘me’.

As the letter descended into the topic of desire and how badly he wanted me, I parted my lips and ran my purple tipped finger across them, a look of arousal on my face. Holding the letter with one hand, I let the other wander down the top of my chest, then my breast, lingering over my nipple as I breathed heavily to make my chest heave in a show of desire.

My hand strayed down my stomach and then my thigh, before running up out of sight beneath my dress. When the letter ended with him again proclaiming both his love and desire for me, I sat up and in a cheesy gesture Malcolm wanted, I pressed the letter to my heart and produced a smile that at first was simply happy, then turning in a sultry seductive one.

I reached up and unpinning my blonde hair, shook my head, allowing it to flow down my shoulders and back. Putting the note on the bed, I rose and giving the camera a last seductive look, turned and left the room.

I crossed the short distance to the next set and stopped when a member of the crew raised his hand while listening to someone speaking into the mic in his ear. He put up three fingers and I took a deep breath as he lowered them one by one.

When he signaled me with his now closed fist. I knocked softly on the door. “Brian, it’s me, honey, you awake?”

“Come in mom,” a voice said from the other side and even in those three words I could hear the nerves. I was sure Malcolm loved that, but I began to worry this wasn’t going to be easy.

I entered the set, my eyes darting to the side just long enough to see Malcolm and Dan sitting in front of the set along with a lighting tech and a young woman wearing a black micro dress and absurdly red lipstick; the fluffer if we needed one.

My eyes shifted to Brian, my ‘son’ for the duration of the shoot. He was sitting at a desk and must have been told to swivel as I opened the door, as he had just spun around in it to face me when I came in.

Brian was dressed in a plain t-shirt and a pair of shorts, the average boy next door doing his homework look. While I approached him, I noted he was an attractive young man, short, thick black hair, deep green eyes and soft, borderline pretty features.

Neck down wasn't bad either. Brian's t-shirt fit him snug around the chest and upper arms revealing an impressive build. My eyes automatically dropped between his legs and either it was the way his shorts were bunched up from sliding in the chair, making it look that way or he had a pretty good sized bulge down there.

Trying to get myself in the mood, I figured there were worse things than making over two grand to have sex with a good looking guy less than half my age.

"Hey, mom," Malcolm prodded. "Like we rehearsed it with Lori." He indicated the women in the black dress.

"Hey, mom," Brian said, his voice wavering. "Um, everything okay?"

"I read your note, Brian." I walked up to stand in front of him as he sat looking around nervously, I'm sure it looked real because it was and that's what bothered me.

"Yeah, uh." He glanced at Malcolm who smiled and made a circular motion with his hand for him to keep going. "Mom, I'm sorry about that letter, I shouldn't have written it."

"Why are you sorry?"

"Because, well because you're my mom and those things I said, I'm not supposed to think like that."

"Who says?" I stepped closer so I was now standing between his legs, my breasts level with his eyes.

Brian's gaze was drawn to my chest. Nervous or not, he had no issues checking me out.

"Everyone, I mean it's wrong. A son shouldn't want to, you know."

"What? Love his mother?" I smiled. "Honey, I loved that letter!"

"You did?" He looked up at me, his eyes briefly finding mine then darting away.

“I do. Brian, that letter was so beautiful! How you said you loved me and how you said it was in every way.” I put my hands on his arms, giving his biceps a squeeze. “And how much you desire me.”

Brian looked at my hands, returned his gaze to my breasts, then finally up to my face. “Uh, I…” He looked at me helplessly.

“You’re not mad?” Malcolm prompted.

“You’re not mad?” he parroted, his voice so soft I noticed the sound guy lowering the boom mic closer over our heads.

“Repeat it, a little louder.”

Malcolm didn’t sound annoyed, but Brian tensed, his arms tightening under my hands and he licked his lips nervously.

“It’s okay,” I whispered. “You’re minutes away from having a lot of fun, Brian, just speak up a little.”

“You’re not mad at me?” His beautiful green eyes met mine and he looked and sounded so nervous it was adorable, what a difference from the standard cocky porn star.

“Of course not, baby.” I leaned closer to him and noticed he leaned back from me, oh how damn cute! “How could I be mad about my baby boy telling me how much he loves me?”

“Baby Boy. I really like that,” he said softly. Baby boy was an ad lib as was his response which was perfect. I could see Malcolm nodding in approval out of the corner of my eye.

“And I love you,” I purred, taking his face gently in my hands, I leaned in and gave him a soft kiss, barely grazing his lips. “See? Would I kiss you like that if I were mad?”

“I g…guess not,” he stammered.

“Guess not?” That wasn’t in the script, but whatever, thing was dumb anyway.

“Tell you what, baby, would I do this if I were mad about what you wrote?”

I straightened and sliding the straps of the dress down, pulled my arms through them. I shimmied, causing the dress to fall to the floor, pooling at my feet. I spread my arms open, showing myself off to him.

Beneath the simple dress was a lavender bra with lace cups. The bra was small, barely containing my breasts and the lace was transparent exposing my nipples. The matching panties were tight enough to hug the contours of my pussy.

“Oh. My. God.”

Brian breathed one word at a time, his eyes looking as if they were going to pop out of his head. But along with the almost comical look of shock on his was face one of absolute lust and I had to admit, I liked seeing that reaction and knowing it was real.

“You like?” I did a slow turn for him, showing off my ass in the tight panties.

“You look…wow.” He shook his head and it was an effort not to laugh at him. That was an effort Dan failed to make when I heard him snicker from beyond the set.

“Yeah? You like seeing your mother in her sexy panties?”

“Yes.” He nodded, his eyes roaming up and down my body.

“Bet you’re going to like seeing me out of them even better.” I emitted a naughty little giggle and swinging my leg over his, sat down on his thigh. I put my hands on his shoulders and slid back so my crotch was on his bare leg below the shorts, allowing him to feel the heat between my legs.

I put my arms around his neck and pulled him close to me. “Come on, baby, give your mother a kiss, a real one.”

I closed my eyes and parted my lips, angling my head and waiting for him to kiss me. I remained that way and heard Malcolm say, “Go on, Brian, this is what you’re here for, give her a kiss, she’s not going to bite you.”

I opened my eyes to see Brian staring at me as if he weren’t sure what to do. I moved my arms and grabbing his wrists, placed his hands on my hips just over the panties.

“There you go, doesn’t that feel nice?” I asked him. “Go ahead, I want my baby to touch me.”

I moved his hands up my sides, then back down to my hips trying to get him moving, but he remained still when I placed his hands back on my hips. Letting him go, I grabbed the bottom of his t-shirt.

“How about you take this off for me?”

He didn’t move right away and with a smile I said, “Come on, baby, just like when you were little, arms up!”

“Nice touch,” I heard Malcolm murmur. I wished I could signal him to shut up, every time he spoke, Brian tensed up.

He lifted his arms and pulling his shirt up and off of him I tossed it away. I saw the cameraman move from where he’d been positioned in a crouch to our right, and move around Brian to come to the other side. Brian’s eyes followed him and he began to turn his head, but I placed my hand on his cheek keeping him facing me.

“Hmm, but you’re not a little boy anymore more, are you, baby?” I placed my hands on his bare chest and ran them up and down. “Oh, no you’re all grown up now, aren’t you?”

“Kiss her, Brian.” Malcolm sounded impatient for the first time. “Or just relax and let Molly kiss you.” He pointed to me. “Go on, mom, take over, nice and slow.”

“Aw, you going to play shy now?” I stayed calm and in character. “You going to make your mother beg for a kiss?” I pushed my lips into a pout. “Please, Brian? Please give your mother one of those sweet kisses you talked about in your note. Please?”

That seemed to get a reaction from him, and leaning forward, he pressed his lips to mine. He kissed me nervously, his lips pecking quickly. I slid my right arm up and working my hand through his hair, held the back of his head to keep him still and kissed him harder.

Brian released an adorable sound as my lips pressed harder to his, then worked against them. I slowly caressed his lips with mine, working them side to side and playfully flicking my tongue against his lips.

Instead of relaxing, he seemed to be getting stiffer beneath me and not in the good way. His hands trembled on my hips and he still wasn’t relaxing into the kiss. I let his head go and still kissing him, slid my hands down his chest, then his stomach.

When I reached his shorts, I went to unsnap them, figuring once I started playing with his cock, he would forget about everything else, but as soon as I tugged on them he jerked his face away from mine.

“I can’t do this.”

Oh, boy, this was not scripted, that brief look of desire when I’d first stripped was gone and he looked genuinely confused and upset.

“No worries honey.” I spoke soothingly, hoping to reel him back in before Malcolm stopped everything and got him more nervous. “You just sit back and relax and let mommy make everything better.”

“You’re not my mother.” He looked over at the crew, then at the cameraman and with a look of outright panic exclaimed, “I just can’t do this! I’m sorry!”

I eased off his leg and took a couple of steps back to give him space.

“Stop filming,” I told the cameraman, he paused, then nodded and lowered his camera just as Malcolm yelled. “Cut!” and came up onto the stage.

“I’m sorry, Malcolm,” Brian said while reaching down and grabbing his shirt. He pulled it back on and made to stand up. “I’ll get you the money back for the plane somehow.”

“Slow down.” Malcolm put his hands up in a calming gesture. “And sit down.” When Brian remained standing, he added, “Please. I just want to talk to you for a minute.”

Brian looked at me and I gave him a reassuring smile and nodded. He slowly sank back into the chair and it dawned on me how he had looked to me for help, the way a son would look to his mother when they were nervous.

And that’s what Brian was. A nervous, no at this point, scared kid. This is what I was afraid would happen and why I’d hoped to have met him first to try to put him at ease. Then again that may not have helped.

Malcolm’s desire to see his vision fulfilled had blinded him to something he of all people should know, not just anyone could do this. For women it was a little easier. Take a deep breath, find a happy place in your mind and perform. Women could be nervous and suck and spread their legs and fuck, with lube if necessary, but we could do it.

Men had to perform and nerves were counterproductive to the most important thing a male porn star had, his hard cock. Not every guy could come onto a set and obtain an erection in front of a crew of people, with hot

lights on them, cameras over their shoulders and at times between their legs and dealing with less than thrilled actresses like myself at times.

Like the girls a lot of male porn stars were male models trying to get work anywhere they could. What they weren't, was a normal twenty year old kid who had signed on for something he had no chance at succeeding in. In front of me, Dan had brought Brian a bottle of water and was now standing behind him staring at me; I'm sure the same thoughts going through his head.

I bent over to grab my dress planning on slipping it back on, but Malcolm saw me.

"Molly, stay as you are for me."

I shrugged and crossing my arms stood there in my bra and panties. I'd spent hours on sets nude while people bustled around doing who knows what, so for me, this seemed like modesty.

"Okay, Brian." Malcolm looked down at him, a mistake in itself as due to his size he was towering over the poor kid. "What's the problem here?"

"She's not my mom and…"

"Of course she's not and I'm pretty sure you knew that. It's not like I made you think we were flying your mom out here and this was going to be a big surprise."

"Malcolm," Dan said quietly. "Easy, huh?"

"Sorry." He took a deep breath and spoke in a softer tone.

"Just not seeing the issue here. We talked about your fantasy, about that moving letter you wrote me. We talked about this is the next best thing to the real thing, you getting to live out your dream."

"I know, but it's…" He looked around. "There's no way. Not with these people around and a camera in my face and uh…" he looked at me "…she's like way hot, I'm just a damned kid, I'll make an idiot out of myself."

"Well it defeats the purpose of me having you here if we let the two of you fool around in a dark room alone. I did tell you what to expect, we came here earlier today for you to see the set."

"Right." He gestured for Malcolm to come down to his level and whispered something to him.

Malcolm burst out laughing. “Oh, don’t worry about that, Brian! Sarah will help you out, she’ll put those red lips around you and you’ll be harder than you’ve ever been! Trust me, that girl could suck a dead man hard.”

“Nice,” I muttered as Brian turned beet red.

“Not only that, but,” Malcolm gestured to me. “That’s Molly Minx, Brian.” He whistled. “Molly fucking Minx! Look at her! She’s the hottest, sexiest, woman you’ve ever seen isn’t she?”

“Yes,” Brian said softly. “But…”

“No buts!” Malcolm cut him off. “Know why she’s here, Brian? She is here to fuck you! Molly Minx is going to do every damned dirty thing you’ve ever seen her do and to you! Right here, right now! And she’s going to play your favorite woman while doing it.”

“Brian, I want you to think about it. Think about her going down on you, fucking you in every position, giving you the wildest ride of your life! Best part? It’s up to you! Slower, softer, harder, she’s all yours, Brian. Want to cum in her mouth? On her face?”

“She’s right here,” I sighed, earning a grin from Dan. Christ, Malcolm sounded as bad as Brad right now.

“No, I wouldn’t treat my mother like that,” Brian said so seriously I would have laughed if Malcolm didn’t look like he was losing his patience.

“Fine, no money shot, it’s your show.” He rubbed his hand through his hair in exasperation.

“Brian, imagine down the line your friends see this video. They’re going to see you, yes you, fucking Molly Minx. They’re going to see plain old boring Brian getting his cock sucked by the hottest milf in porn!”

“They’re going to see you licking her pussy, see her cum for you! You fucking her, pounding her, giving it to her good and her loving it. You’d be a goddamn hero! Brian, life doesn’t get better than this! You’re going to get laid with a woman tens of thousands of guys have whacked off to, come on kid, let’s do this!”

Brian looked down at his feet and then looking up nervously said, “It’s not about the sex.”

“What?” Malcolm shook his head. “Of course it is! I know it’s about other stuff, but you didn’t come here to…” He stopped when Dan, sensing the

impending explosion, grabbed his arm and shook his head.

“This isn’t going to work, Malcolm, kid’s way to green. You’ve been doing this so long you think anyone can do it.”

Malcolm met his gaze then, his shoulders slumping, he sighed. “Okay, this isn’t working. You can get dressed Brian, I’ll see you get home and forget about the money, the price of learning a lesson on my end.”

“I’m sorry, I just didn’t think it would be so…real.” He looked around, then giving me a sad smile said. “It’s not you, Molly, you’re beautiful.”

“Thank you, sweetie.” I beamed at him.

“Um, what about pay? Molly did spend some time here.” Dan spoke up.

“We’ll work something out.” Malcolm said something else, but all I heard was Brian’s words as he continued to speak to me.

“You look a lot like my mom; she’s all I think about. I just wanted to love her somehow even if it wasn’t real.”

Between the sincere emotion in his voice and the look on his face, my heart melted. I wanted to go up to him and take him in my arms. Hug him; tell him it would be okay, just like I would Paul when he was upset. All moms always made it better for their sons, but in Brian’s case he wanted it in a way he could never talk about and his mother could never know.

I’d always thought the mother thing was twisted; a sick plot device to appeal to perverts looking for the ultimate kink. But seeing his frustration and the lost look in his eyes, I realized it was real. Real and painful, the ultimate unrequited love.

“Hold on,” I spoke up. “Malcolm, you and Dan go sit down.” I pointed off set. “Let me take care of this.”

“Don’t worry, I’ll pay you something,” Malcolm said.

I took a couple more steps back and beckoned for him to follow. When he reached me I spoke quietly. “Go sit down, I’ll make this happen.”

“Look Molly, you and Dan were right. I screwed up and I know it may not seem it, but I feel bad for Brian. It’s not just about the shoot, I thought this would be good for him in a way.”

“I agree, but you can’t get him to perform, I can.” I looked back over at Brian who was talking to Dan, but still had that sad puppy dog look on his

face. “This needs a woman’s touch; a mother’s.”

“Interesting choice of words.” He cocked his eyebrows.

“Don’t read anything in to them,” I warned. “In fact you want this to happen, you stay quiet.”

“Okay, no more questioning your mother status.”

He gave me a sly smile, that made me think of walking off the set and saying screw it, but another glance at the dejected Brian once again pulled at my heart strings and I brushed off his remark, but delivered my terms.

“No, I mean you don’t say a word the rest of the shoot and you tell Dan the same.”

“I’m the damned director and I’m paying everyone here for what I want,” he said testily.

“And I am the only person here who can get you what you want, but it has to be this way,” I sighed. “Malcolm this isn’t about whose dick is bigger, okay? You scare the shit out of the kid; the camera guy makes him nervous for God’s sake.”

“You want this to be real, right? Well let it be real. I did over fifty shoots before I was that kids age and over a hundred before I quit and a couple dozen since I’ve been back. I know what I’m doing.”

“Literally yes, but…”

“I can lead him along, Malcolm; I can make him come to mommy to use an expression you’d like. But I won’t be able to keep him going if you’re barking orders and telling us to stop. The cameraman knows what he’s doing, right?”

“Josh is one of the best.”

“Then he doesn’t need your help either. Trust me, I will get you what you want. I will get you a hot sexy shoot that looks more real than anything you’ve seen, but only if you let me handle it my way. He’ll respond to me and not just between his legs, but here.” I tapped my breast. “He wants a mother figure who’s also a lover and I can be that.”

“Okay, I’m coming around.” He nodded.

“Speaking of coming around,” I continued, “that coming in my mouth and on my face shit may not happen. You want real? What kid who’s that in

love with his mother blows a load on her face? At least first time out anyway."

"Fine." He rolled his eyes. "But I'm not paying for a damn vanilla lovemaking session either."

"You'll get your money's worth, Malcolm. I'll make sure it's hot, but don't expect him to be calling me his damn whore."

"Agreed." He shrugged. "Anything you can get is better than nothing; it's your show, Molly."

I smiled tightly wondering why the hell I hadn't just taken the out and wandered off with a few hundred for showing up and trying. Malcolm waved for Dan to follow him and watching Brian sitting there looking as if someone had told him there was no Santa Claus reminded me I was doing this to try to help him over an unhealthy obsession that would eventually taint his love for his mother.

"Stay close, we'll be rolling again soon," I said to the cameraman.

"Take your time." He gave me a deliberate look up and down and winked. "You're one of my favorites and this is my first chance to watch you."

"Always nice to meet a fan," I remarked dryly.

I walked over to Brian and squatted down between his legs. It was a sexy position and I'd chosen it on purpose to give him a chance to look down into my bra and get him thinking about something other than his nerves.

"Hey, Brian, I know you're upset, but I'd like to talk to you for a minute, that okay?"

"Sure." He nodded, and to my delight his eyes immediately fixed on my cleavage.

"Would you like me to put my dress back on?" I smiled up at him. "So you'll feel more comfortable?"

"Uh, no you can stay like that." He blushed. "I mean if you're more comfortable."

"I am." I nodded. "Do you like how I look, Brian?"

"Oh yeah." He nodded with comical enthusiasm.

"Think I'm hot?"

"You know you are." He gave me a small smile, not much, but a start.

“I guess I do, but only because young guys like you love to watch me. Would you like to watch me, Brian? Would you like to watch me with you?” I put my hands on his thighs and gave them a squeeze.

“You’re pretty hot yourself, honey.”

“You’re just saying that.”

“Not at all, come on, be honest you do just fine with the girls don’t you?”

“I used to.” He looked away. “Haven’t been with anyone in awhile.”

“Why not?”

“Because I just keep thinking of my mom.” He lowered his voice even more. “I’d think about my mom when I’d have sex with my girlfriend and that’s not right. Not fair to her so I broke up with her and can’t be with anyone, she’s all I think about.”

Again the sadness in his voice made me simply want to take him in my arms and not in the way Malcolm wanted me to. Then again, why couldn’t I? He wanted real. I stood up and sliding back onto his leg put my arms around his neck pulling him into my embrace.

“Aw, honey,” I said softly in his ear. “You’re so sweet.”

“You think that’s sweet?” he asked. I felt his hands on my hips, but he moved them as quickly as he’d placed them there.

“You can touch me, Brian. I’m here for you to touch me anyway you want and I’d love a hug from such a sweet young man.”

Brian paused, but then caused me to smile when he put his arms around my back, returning my embrace.

“Roll,” I heard Malcolm call out. “We’ll edit later, I want this shot.”

Brian tensed at the sound of his voice and quickly removed his arms from around me.

“Good work,” I heard Dan crack.

“Ignore him,” I whispered. “Please touch me again? I liked you holding me.”

“Really?” He sounded dubious. “This is a job for you, isn’t it?”

“It is,” I agreed. “I won’t lie. But this is a special one, it’s one I can enjoy.”

“Why would you?” he asked, but placed his hands on my hips and this time moved them up and down a few inches, caressing my sides.

“That’s it, touch me,” I purred. “Nice and easy, just get used to feeling me.” I sighed in his ear. “I want you to feel me, baby and I want to feel you.”

“Why?”

“Because this is my job, Brian. You’ve seen my movies, this is what I do, but I don’t really like it. The guys I work with? I’m a piece of meat to them and they treat me that way. They get paid, but they get to fuck me and I have to deal with it. It’s not very sexy.”

“You look like you like it,” he pointed out.

“That’s why it’s acting,” I replied while running my fingers up through his thick black hair. “But you? Honey, you’re so sweet and I like that you’re nervous, but best of all? I love how you look at me, like you really think I’m beautiful and you really want me.”

“You are.” He relaxed against me. “You remind me of my mom, not just you kind of look like her, but you look at me like you care.”

“I do.” I eased back from him, but kept my hands on his shoulders. “I want you to have what you want, honey.”

“I can’t.” He sighed. “Not for real.”

“And that’s what makes you so sweet, Brian. You love your mom so much, want her so bad, but you won’t tell her because you know it would upset her so you’re in all this pain because you love her too much to hurt her.”

“I guess so.” He nodded slowly.

“And know what?” I gave him a sly smile and lowered my voice to Molly’s trademark smoky purr. “That turns me on, honey. A boy that loves his mother that much is damned sexy to me.”

“It is?” His green eyes widened. “Seriously?”

“Oh, fuck yeah,” I cooed and working my hips rubbed my crotch on his bare leg.

I moaned and it wasn’t forced. I wasn’t blowing smoke up his ass, the thought of taking this sweet kid and giving him everything he’d fantasized

about was turning me on. As had happened many times recently and all the time years ago, Mary was handing over the reins to Molly.

But in this case not completely, Molly was my porn persona, a sex driven wildcat looking to take Brian on the ride of a lifetime, but it was Mary's emotions driving this, my desire to make Brian feel better. The only way I could do it was for the first time I could remember let Mary and Molly exist at the same time.

"You feel that?" I ground my crotch harder into his leg. "Feel how wet I am?"

"Yes." The word was barely audible and his eyes had lowered to my tits where my now hard nipples were visible through the lace.

"Trade secret." I winked. "Most porn stars need lube because we're not turned on doing this so we don't get wet." I pushed hard against his leg. "I feel turned on to you?"

Brian nodded, then gasped when I grabbed the bottom of his shirt and tugged on it. "How about we take this off so I get to feel something too?"

With no hesitation he raised his arms, allowing me to peel his shirt off. As it was going over his head, I glanced quickly at Malcolm and Dan. Dan was smiling away and Malcolm gave me a silent hand clap.

I tossed the shirt to the side and rubbed my hands across his chest.

"Hmm, trust me, honey, this is a treat for me too." I placed my hand over his heart and smiled. "I can feel your heartbeat, baby. You're so excited for your mother."

"Gold," I heard Malcolm say then wanted to laugh when I saw Dan punch him in the arm out of the corner of my eye.

"But Molly, you're not really my mom."

"I know that sweetheart." I continued to gently rock my hips, my pussy sliding along his leg and keeping his focus on it. Putting my arms back around his neck, I pressed my breasts against him knowing even through the bra he could feel my nipples.

They were so hard they were aching and I had the feeling that when this was all over I was going to question why this had me so excited. The way Brian's eyes widened and his breath caught told me he was very aware of my excitement.

“You can’t be with your real mom, baby, but you can be with me and I would be proud to pretend to be a woman who’s raised such a sweet loving boy.” I brought my face closer to his and added, “Any woman would be proud to have a son like you.”

Josh came around to our left, kneeling down on the floor and when Brian tried to turn his head that way, I whispered, “Right here honey, I’m right here.”

I caught him by surprise with a kiss, not a lingering one, but just long enough to let him feel my soft lips brushing his.

“I know you’re nervous and maybe embarrassed with these people here, so here’s what we’re going to do. You and I are only going to look at and think about each other. Ignore everyone else. I’ve told Malcolm to stay quiet, know why?”

“Why?” He breathed the word and I could feel his body trembling against me, but at this point in excitement, or at least I hoped so.

“Because a mother doesn’t need to be told how to make her baby happy, does she?”

“No.”

“And that’s what I’m going to do, I’m going to make you happy and you’re going to make me happy too. You’re going to let me pretend to be that amazing woman you love so much.”

“I’d like that.” He gave me another smile, this one more confident than the last.

“And I’m going to love it. So all we do now is enjoy, and baby?” I pointed two fingers at my eyes. “Right here. You keep looking right here. I’m all that matters to you now and you’re all that matters to me.”

“Okay.” His hands were moving more firmly up and down my sides and getting closer to my breasts.

His fingers were trembling and his nervous excitement sent a thrill through me. This would be so different than any other shoot, this kid actually wanted me and at this point emotionally as much as physically.

I hadn’t felt wanted since John and my body was responding to that. My breathing was picking up and my pussy flowing, now leaving a wet trail on his leg having soaked through the flimsy panties.

“So what were going to do, baby, is you’re going to relax and let Molly be your mommy and show me all the fun sexy things you’ve been dreaming of and I’m going to show you how a mother can love a boy better than any other woman ever could.”

I gave him another quick kiss, then asked, “You ready to have some fun, Brian?”

“So ready,” he answered, his hands sliding up and this time touching the sides of my breasts.

“Hmm, there you go, honey.” I spoke louder than before. “Go ahead and touch me. Touch your mother; show me how much my baby boy wants me.”

Brian gasped when I grabbed his cock and I moaned at how hard he now was. No sign of nerves there. His hands slid to the front of my tits and when his fingers brushed my nipples, I lost control.

“Oh, yes!” I moaned loudly and grabbing his face in my hands kissed him hard, damned hard.

Brian whimpered adorably into the kiss, but unlike last time, he responded. He squeezed my tits as his lips pressed against mine and when I slipped my tongue out to tease his lips, they instantly parted for me.

My tongue darted into his mouth and was met by his. I worked my hips into his leg moaning as my slick pussy ground into the saturated panties and my clit throbbed in anticipation. Brian’s hands left my breast and slid around to my back, pulling me deeper into the kiss.

I was dimly aware of Josh standing and zooming on our faces and eased back enough for him to get a view of our lips sliding sensually across each other and our tongues engaging during our steamy kiss.

Brian was moaning softly and his hands, his strong hands, were rubbing my back and when he slid them up into my long blonde hair, I groaned in real pleasure, loving the way his still trembling fingers ran through it.

I rubbed his cock through his shorts and his hips moved into my touch. Brian’s lips slid from mine and I expected him to either await my move or perhaps go for my breasts. Instead his lips fastened to my neck and I released another heartfelt moan when they slid gently along the soft skin there.

I let my head fall to the side to give him better access and did the best I could to ignore Josh, leaning over to brush my hair over my shoulder so he could film Brian kissing me. Brian's lips trailed up and down to the top of my shoulder, then all the way back up to my ear where he playfully flicked my earlobe with his tongue.

The move sent a shiver through me and grabbing the back of his head, I held him to my neck.

"Oh, honey," I moaned to keep Malcolm from saying we needed to keep talking to some extent. "That feels so good!"

Brian's cock twitched beneath the shorts and I found myself wanting to rip them open and grab him, but knew I needed to go slow, not just for the video, but for him. I released his cock and put my arm around his shoulders, while I played with his hair, holding him close as his lips continued their journey along my neck.

Brian worked around to the front kissing the creamy skin of my throat and with a sigh I let my head fall back, my long hair flowing down my back and my eyes closed and my lips parted in a look of pleasure that wasn't feigned.

I'd done some shoots with kissing and touching, had guys linger on me with their lips, but they were stiff and it felt like what it was, staged, but I could feel Brian's lips trembling on my skin and his desire for me and it was fueling my fire.

Brian made his way to the other side of my neck and I released a sharp breath when his hands fumbled with my bra. He was nervous and after a few seconds couldn't even get one snap unhooked so I gently pushed his arms down and leaning back, smiled.

"You want to see your mother's tits, honey?"

"Please?" he asked, his eyes filled with desire. "Please, mom?"

"Oh, someone taught you some manners." I giggled, then added a sincere, "You're so damn precious!"

I slid the straps of my bra down my arms and sliding them through one at a time held the bra to my tits.

"You sure you want to see them?" I asked.

"Please don't tease me, mom," Brian whimpered,

That whimper caused another surge of wetness and I swore I'd never been this hot on a set, hell if I was being honest I couldn't recall the last time I'd been this hot in my marriage.

"Trust me, baby, mom's here to please, not to tease."

"So good," I heard Malcolm say, as I'd totally thrown the script out the window and was now just winging it based on other videos, or was there more to it than that?

I tossed the bra away with a flourish and the look of lust on Brian's face when he saw my tits was priceless. A point in Malcolm's favor, you could never get this look from a pro.

"Oh my god, mom." He looked nothing short of awe struck as I cupped my firm tits and stroked my nipples for him. "They're perfect, just like you."

"Hmm, smooth talker," I continued teasing my aching nipples. "You like mommy's tits honey?"

"Oh, yeah."

"Then why aren't you sucking on them?" I asked, widening my baby blue eyes to Josh who had moved to a different angle.

"I…" Brian looked towards Josh again and I whispered, "Show's here, baby, my pretty titties are right over here."

Grabbing his wrists, I placed his hands on my bare tits and he gasped when he squeezed them. I moaned and rocked my hips when his palms slid over my nipples and I kissed him, this time driving my tongue forcefully into his mouth.

Brian didn't seem to mind as he returned the tongue filled kiss while fondling my tits. Putting my hands over his, I rubbed them up and down, and then guided his fingers to my nipples.

"Yes," I groaned into his mouth as he rolled my nipples between his fingers. "That's it honey, play with them! See how hard they are for you?" I ground my hips and gasped, "Mom's so wet for you, honey!"

I reached back down to his crotch. "And you're so damn hard for me!" I sighed. "My baby boy does want me, doesn't he?"

“I want you so bad, mom.” He moaned, then needing no coaxing, he lowered his head and sucked my right nipple into his mouth.

“Fuck yeah,” I cried out, then forced myself to add, “Oh, mommy needs this so bad!”

I arched my back, shoving my tit into his face and he opened wide, taking as much of the soft flesh of my breast into his mouth as he could. I kept one hand over his, as he fondled my other breast, but the other was stroking his cock through the shorts.

There was a sticky wet spot where the head was, showing how much he was dripping and my mouth watered, I needed to have him in my mouth and not just for the video, but to hear him moan and to see the look on his face as I sucked him.

“Other one’s jealous, honey.” I laughed, then sighed when he obediently switched to sucking the other nipple.

Brian was moaning around my swollen flesh and going at it with an enthusiasm that again, could not be faked. His tongue swirled around, then he would suck hard, then soft, then back to licking as if he were trying to everything he could think of.

I turned my head to see Malcolm leaning forward, a slight smile on his face and Dan gave me a wink.

I reluctantly—it had been a long time since someone really wanted to please me—eased his face from my breasts and kissed him.

“That felt so good honey, and from now on mom’s tits are yours anytime you want them, but right now?” I licked my red lips. “I think it’s time you sat back and let me take good care of my sweet boy.”

I slid off his leg and slowly sank to my knees. I grabbed his shorts, unsnapping them as I tongued his right nipple. I turned slightly to the side and extended my tongue fully, giving Josh a great shot of the action. Trailing my lips across his chest, I sucked and licked his other nipple as he moaned and squirmed in his seat.

I popped open his shorts and pulling the zipper down, tugged. When he didn’t react I said, “Come on, honey, lift up so mom can see how much you want her.”

He looked nervously over at the guys and I purred, “Come on, honey. I can’t wait to play with my son’s big hard dick.”

Brian lifted his hips and I tugged his shorts down past his knees and to the floor. I took a moment to remove them from his feet and push them away so he didn’t trip over them later. I licked my lips and looked down to see his cock was now barely semi hard. Nerves.

“Sorry,” he whispered, “I’m…they’re watching and…” he lowered his voice until I could barely hear him “…a lot of people might see this.”

“Honey, I felt you before, you have no worries.” Grabbing his flaccid cock I stroked it, trying to coax him to readiness as I kissed and licked his stomach.

Letting his cock go, I took his hands and put them in my hair. “You hold that for me, okay?” I met his gaze. “That way you can get a good view of your mother sucking your cock.”

I stroked his cock again, but wasn’t getting much reaction and Brian had that panicked look in his eyes again.”

“Sarah,” Malcolm said. “How about you help, Brian out. Molly take a break for a couple minutes.”

“I don’t want her to,” Brian said nervously as Sarah rose and began to come over. “I don’t want her touching me,” he said directly to me. “Please?”

“I got it.” I waved her back and looked at Malcolm. “You said this was all me.”

He nodded and gestured to Sarah who with a shrug sat back down.

“It’s okay, honey,” I said soothingly, back in mom mode.“I know you’re nervous, this is a big line to cross.” I smiled up at him. “But I want this as much as you do honey, so sit back and let your mother make it all better.”

I pumped him several more times and then with my eyes fixed on his, took the tip of his cock between my lips. Holding it there, I flicked my tongue rapidly across it. Brian gasped and his hips rocked, pushing his soft cock further into my mouth.

“Hmm,” I moaned and took him all the way into my mouth.

With him still soft it was easy to slip my tongue out and lick his balls while shaking my head slowly back and forth, working the sensitive tip of his cock around my warm wet mouth.

“Oh, that feels good,” he breathed and a feeling of satisfaction came over me when he swelled in my mouth.

Feeling he was hard enough to actually suck, I bobbed my head, keeping my lips tight to his cock to stretch him out. I tickled his balls lightly with my nails and moaned around him, my eyes rolling back in my head.

I moaned as his dripping cock filled my mouth with his sticky precum and moved my head faster. Brian’s hips were now moving and his cock was becoming harder by the second. I released him with a loud sucking sound, allowing the pre cum to drip from my lips down my chin and moaned, “Honey, this cock feels so good in my mouth!”

I pumped him rapidly and his now fully erect cock throbbed in my hand. I wasn’t lying, he might not be the size of some of the pro’s I’d fucked, but he was bigger than average and fairly thick. I teased my tongue around the purple head of his cock, then fluttered it up and down the length of his shaft.

I pressed it to the side of my face and purred, “How’s your cock look on mommy’s face, honey?”

“It looks so good,” he moaned as I pushed the tip into my face causing him to ooze on my cheek and get it slick and sticky for the camera.

I turned my head, making the same mess on that side of my face, then sitting up on my knees, slapped his now very hard cock against my nipples, going back and forth.

“Look how hard my baby is for me!” I encouraged him, while giving him a wink. “My son’s not a little boy anymore is he?”

I let his cock go and grabbing my tits pressed them around his shaft and moved up and down, tit fucking him. Brian moved his hips and I stopped, letting him work his cock between my firm tits which were now becoming as sticky as my face.

“Hmm, you’re mom’s getting all messy isn’t she?” I sighed. “Guess we’ll just have to shower together later.”

I let my tits go and grabbing his cock, pumped him while I took him back in my mouth. I worked him all the way down nice and slow for the camera, then back up before moving my head in a slow rhythm.

Brian was breathing hard and his eyes were filled with a mixed look of lust and surprise as he watched me devour his cock. I cupped his balls and rubbed them as I continued to blow him and moaned when he reached down with one hand and stroked my left nipple.

I sensed Josh moving behind me and pointing my ass up, wiggled it back and forth as I sucked.

“Christ, she’s fucking wet.” He whistled.

Brian didn’t even look his way this time. His attention was focused on Molly Minx, playing his mom, working his young hard cock in and out of my red painted mouth.

“Oh, mom,” he moaned. “I can’t believe you’re doing that.”

“Doing that?” I laughed when I pulled him from my mouth. “Come on, honey, you’re not a kid, your mother is sucking your cock, your big beautiful cock!”

I resumed doing just that, my lips gliding along his slick shaft. Playing to Josh behind me, I slipped my hand between my legs and stroked my pussy through my wet panties. I whimpered around his cock when my fingers passed over my clit and knew without a doubt I would come during this shoot.

“Oh, mom!” Brian exclaimed and moved his hips faster, shit, he was going to cum already.

“Slow up,” Malcolm called. “I want this to be longer.”

“Stop talking then!” I snapped, when I eased my lips from Brian. “Sorry,” I whispered to Brian. “But he’s pissing me off.”

Brian laughed and I smiled up at him as I released his cock to give him a minute to calm down. I kept my ass moving while easing my panties to the side and sliding my fingers through my wet lips, giving Josh some filler while slowing Brian down.

I moaned softly as I came in contact with my now bare clit and thought it wouldn’t take much even this way, damn I was hot! I removed my hand to

slow myself down at this point and placing my hands on Brian's thighs, took him into my mouth and bobbed my head slowly.

Brian moaned and his thighs were trembling against me. He was still close and there was no way I'd be able to keep edging him unless we took a break for a decent amount of time and that would mean losing the mood I'd gotten him in.

I stopped sucking and looking up at him, stroked him while saying, "It's okay, baby, you can come for me. Mom's doing this to take the edge off so when you fuck me in a little while you can fuck nice and hard and for a long time."

"Oh, fuck me," Brian moaned and I heard Dan's muffled laughter.

"That's exactly what I plan on doing." I went into Molly mode, my blue eyes filled with desire. "I'm going to fuck my son, all day, all night and every damn day from now on. You're going to be a busy boy, Brian because your mother's going to need a lot of this cock to keep her happy."

I went back to sucking him and this time didn't hold back. Keeping my hands on his legs, I showed off my skills by deep throating him repeatedly and opening my mouth wide, let my pre cum laced spit drool down his shaft then sucked it back up.

I was making loud slurping sounds as well as gagging when I took him balls deep. Brian's hand tightened in my hair and he released my breast, probably afraid he'd squeeze it too hard. I caught his wrist and put his hand on my head so they were both in my hair and sucked him even harder.

"Oh, mom, oh, fuck, oh keep sucking!" he whimpered. "Please don't stop, please!"

Brian cried out and I squealed around his cock when it erupted into my mouth. I didn't swallow and continued to suck the tip and first couple inches of his cock, letting him fill my mouth with his huge hot load.

"Hmm-mm," I moaned and rolled my eyes while letting some of his cum spill out of my mouth and down his shaft.

As Brian moaned and squirmed, I sucked him hard and fast, eagerly devouring both his cock and his load. I brought my hands into play, stroking his shaft and rubbing his balls to make sure he gave me everything he had.

I opened wider, letting a thick glob of cum slide down his shaft, then sucking it back up. When Brian's whimpers grew desperate and he moaned, "Stop, oh, please." I sucked a couple more times on his sensitive head, loving the cute little noises he made as I teased the now over sensitive head of his cock.

I eased him from my mouth and looking up at Josh who was now standing behind Brian, I opened my mouth and showed off the puddle of cum. I let some drool down my chin, before closing my mouth and making a show of swallowing it.

I smacked my lips and for the first time since I'd gotten back in the industry it didn't bother me at all to have just swallowed someone's come. I scooped the cum from my chin and sucking it into my mouth, gave Brian a naughty smile.

"That was a lot, baby," I cooed. "You been saving that up for me?"

"I…wow," Brian said weakly. "That was…damn, mom."

"There's plenty where that came from honey." I kissed his cock affectionately. "It's been a long time for me too and I miss sucking cock." I looked up at him, my eyes wide. "You going to let me do it again?"

"Anything you want, Mom," he said, still staring down at his softening cock which in addition to being sopping wet was smeared with my red lipstick.

"Good answer." I stood up and backing towards the bed, beckoned him with my finger. "Come on, baby, it's my turn."

I lay down on the bed and as Brian slowly approached, I lifted my hips and sliding my panties over my hips, drew my legs up and slid them off. I playfully tossed them at Brian who caught them and in a move perfect for the shoot, he brought them to his face and inhaled deeply.

"Damn," he whispered, his eyes rolling back as he continued to press the panties to his face.

"Don't settle for those, honey." I opened my legs and spreading my pussy open, tapped my clit. "Real things right here."

Brian walked up to the foot of the bed and I loved the way his eyes roamed hungrily up and down my now completely naked body. He looked around as if realizing for the first time he was naked in front of several

people, but stretching my leg out, I eased my foot under his balls and wiggled my toes playfully.

“Come on, honey, it’s not nice to keep your mother waiting.”

I beckoned to him once more and with a nervous smile, Brian climbed onto the bed and crawled up between my legs. I expected him to pretty much dive in between my legs, but instead he made his way over me and putting his hands on either side of my head, kissed me.

It was a slow sensual one that surprised me, but I responded in kind, enjoying the way he was not only in charge of it, but taking his time. His lips slid from mine and trailed down my throat to my chest.

He continued to surprise me by taking his time kissing my upper chest and between my breasts before making his way over to my left nipple. I moaned when he sucked it, my hands running over his back and through his hair.

Brian took his time on both my tits, a little too much time as I was so damn horny, I was squirming on the bed, wiggling my hips and sliding my legs up and down. I was sure Malcolm and Dan thought I was playing it up, but I needed to cum.

My heart raced as Brian made his way down between my legs, kissing, licking and sucking on my stomach on his way. He buried his face briefly in my blonde fuzz which I was sure was damp to the touch at this point.

He kissed and fondled my inner thighs and with a sincere whimper, I said, “Now who’s teasing? Come on, honey, give your mother a real kiss!”

Brian looked up at me, a small smile on his face before lowering his head and running his tongue through my wet lips.

“Oh, yeah,” I sighed as his tongue explored the folds of my moist pussy. “There you go, honey, lick that pussy.”

Brian ran his tongue up and down, once again teasing me, but at least now he was there and I could enjoy it. I draped my legs over him, sliding my soft feet up and down his back as he went on with his slow exploration of my pussy.

I gasped when his tongue slid inside me and I squeezed his shoulders as he swirled it around. I heard him moan as he tasted me and that gave him much more to taste as his reaction caused my pussy to gush.

“Look at me,” I told him. “Let your mother see her son’s beautiful eyes while he licks her.”

Brian’s eyes met mine and I could see his cheeks were already coated in my juices. He moved his head, tongue fucking me a bold move considering a half hour ago he’d been ready to quit. He worked his tongue back up through my pussy and when it came in contact with my clit, I cried out and thrust my hips in his face.

“Right there!” I groaned. “That’s the spot, baby, that’s the spot!”

Brian ran his tongue around my clit in slow circles causing me to writhe on the bed and move my hips, trying to keep his tongue on my aching button. I pulled my legs back, putting my feet on his shoulders and sliding my hands up my stomach, cupped my tits.

I teased my nipples and rocked my hips into Brian’s flickering tongue while moaning softly. Even without the normal hot white lights, the set was warm and I was sweating. So was Brian and the sight of his well-muscled back, glistening with it looked damn good.

I couldn’t believe how into this I was. I’d told Brian to forget about everything but me and I was doing the same. This seemed like actual sex with someone who wanted to make me happy, something I hadn’t had since John had gotten sick.

Months of barely having sex, then his last few months he was unable to at all and he’d been gone almost a year. That was two years of nothing resembling affection. The last six months I’d gotten plenty of flat out sex, but in a meat market setting where pleasure wasn’t the goal, just money.

But this was different, Brian wanted me, okay, he wanted his mother, but he was transferring that lust and affection to me and I was happy to receive it.

His tongue moved faster and pressed harder to my clit and I responded by now tugging on my nipples, pulling and pinching them as I ground my pussy in his face urging him to keep licking.

“Don’t be shy,” I told him. “Put two fingers inside honey.”

Brian obeyed, his large fingers easily gliding into my sopping slit.

“Feel how wet I am for you?” I asked. “Feel how hot and tight I am? Think about what your cock will feel like inside.”

Brian moaned and pumped his fingers while now sucking my clit and with a gasp, I arched my back, lifting my ass off the bed and my clit into his mouth.

“That’s it, baby, make me come, that way I’ll be even hotter and wetter when you take me.”

“Take you,” Brian whispered between my legs.

“Oh, yes honey, you’re going to take you mother. You’re going to put that beautiful cock inside of mom’s pussy and it’s going to feel so fucking good. You can have me anyway, any position!”

I was moaning and bucking my hips, winding myself up with dirty talk to try to get over the edge as Brian’s soft lips and tongue danced across my clit.

“I’ll give you everything you want, Brian. Everything you dreamed of! I’ll be your love and your dirty girl and still be your m…”

Before I could get the word out my body exploded into orgasm and throwing my head back I squealed in pleasure. I curled my toes into his shoulders and pushing against him, lifted higher off the bed.

I closed my thighs around his head and worked my hips in circles, grinding and smearing my pussy into his face while the powerful orgasm crashed through me. His fingers kept moving and his tongue stayed on my clit as I bucked and squirmed all the while yelping and squealing.

I hadn’t come this hard in years! The orgasm was long and strong and Brian’s tongue kept me at the height of it. I cried out his name repeatedly, still pinching my nipples and rubbing my pussy into him.

When the last waves flowed through me, I let my legs slide from his shoulders and lay there gasping. I swore the damn room was spinning.

“Oh, oh, baby.” I forced myself to keep talking for the sake of the shoot. “You made your mother come hard.”

I turned my head to see Malcolm looking at me a strange expression on his face. Our eyes met and I had no doubt he knew I’d come for real and probably had his perverted mind racing.

Brian sat up between my legs and was looking quite pleased as he stared down at me. I was sweaty, my skin was flushed and I was breathing hard from the orgasm. I had no doubt he knew that had been real and giving him

a satisfied smile, I said, “Speaking of hard, honey, you have something you want to give me?”

Brian’s smile wavered and I glanced down to see he was only semi hard.

“I’m not sure I can, uh do this,” he whispered.

He could and he would because at this point, screw the shoot; I needed that cock inside me. I sat up and getting to my knees gave him a hard kiss. I plunged my tongue into his mouth and moaned at the taste of my pussy in his mouth.

I grabbed his cock and stroked it, causing him to whimper. He began to grow in my hand, but not fast enough for me. I placed my hand on his chest and pushed him onto his back on the bed. Brian groaned when I took his cock into my mouth and sucked him.

I wasn’t looking to put on a teasing show this time. This time I was on a mission and sucked him fast and hard. A case of stage fright was no match for Molly Minx’s talented mouth and within a minute he was rock hard in my mouth.

I released him with a loud sucking sound and trail of spit and precum and swung my leg over his waist. I grabbed his cock and guiding it to my pussy eased down on him.

“Oh fuck,” Brian breathed as I took his cock slowly inside me. “You’re so wet.”

“Because I want my baby,” I purred and then letting my weight go, impaled myself on his cock.

We both moaned as he sank inside me and after remaining still and reveling in the feeling of his inspired cock engulfed in my hot wet pussy, I worked my hips slowly riding him.

“There you go, honey,” I sighed. “Just lay back and enjoy. How does it feel? How does it feel to be inside of your mother?”

“So good,” he groaned.

He went to place his hands on my hips, but I caught his wrists and brought his hands to my tits. I rocked my hips faster moaning while he fondled my tits. I could feel the sweat sliding down my back and between my tits and strands of my hair were now sticking to my face.

I looked over to Malcolm who was leaning forward, watching intently. Next to him Dan was watching as well, but his expression was unreadable. Playing to Josh, who was at the end of the bed, I raised my hands over my head, taking my hair up in them and making a show of sensually riding Brian.

“How do I look?” I asked. “How’s your mother look riding you?”

“Amazing,” he answered. “God, you’re hot, mom!”

“Then show me how hot I am and give your mother what she needs.”

I bounced up and down on his cock, riding him harder and giving the camera the view of his cock sliding in and out of me. Josh made his way to the other side to get that angle from behind and I lowered myself, down, shoving my tit in Brian’s mouth.

“Move your hips,” I said quietly. “Come on, Brian, fuck me. Give me everything you want to give to your mother.” He hesitated and I added, “I’m not going to break, honey, fuck me as hard as you want.”

I lay down on top of him my breasts pressing into his chest and slid my arms beneath him.

“Fuck me,” I said in his ear. “Give me that hard fucking cock!”

Brian put his arms around my waist and I cried out when he surprised me by doing just what I asked, fucking me and damn hard. He had me pinned to his chest and was driving up into me as hard as he could.

“Yes, of fuck, honey!” I cried out and meant it, damn this felt good.

Brian’s hands slid down my back and grabbed my ass, squeezing it hard and spreading my cheeks, causing his cock to drive even deeper into me. I could imagine the great shot Josh was getting. Brian’s wet cock pounding into my dripping pink slit.

“Look at you fucking your mother!” I moaned in his ear. “How about you fuck me the way you really want to?” I giggled. “It’s mom’s favorite!”

I pushed up from him and swinging my leg over him, remained on my hands and knees. Brian’s face lit up like a kid on Christmas day and sitting up he got on his knees behind me and grabbing my hips eased into me from behind.

I groaned when he began fucking me with long slow strokes and rocked my hips back into him, pushing him deeper.

“Come on, honey.” I looked over my shoulder at him. “This isn’t a sweet position, give it to me! Show your mother how bad you’ve wanted to do this.”

Brian squeezed my hips and fucked me harder.

“Harder!” I snapped. “I’m not one of your little girlfriend’s, your mother’s a real woman and I can take everything my son wants to give me!”

Brian cut loose and began hammering me fast and hard. I yelped with each thrust and worked my hips in time with his, slamming my ass back into him as he came forward. God this felt fucking good!

“That’s it!” I urged him on. “I know you love me, but I know you lust for me too! I know you want to fuck me. You want your mother to be your bad girl and I want to be!”

Brian pounded me even harder. In the past I’d been fucked damned hard and by guys hung like bulls, but this felt way better than that, this felt…real. Brian was breathing hard and fucking me like a true porn star and I was squealing and moaning like a girl his age.

I lowered my head to the pillow, pushing my ass up higher and moaned for him to put his hands on my shoulders. Brian did as I asked, pushing me down into the bed as his cock drove even deeper into me.

“Oh fuck! Look at you taking me; look at you making your mother yours! I am yours, that pussy is all yours, honey! Claim it, make it yours!”

Brian was tearing into me at this point and I could just imagine the look on Malcolm’s face. He’d given up, but he’d underestimated Molly Minx, no, this time not so much Molly, but Mary. I’d shown Brian some tenderness and understanding and he was now fucking me with reckless abandon.

I saw something move out of the corner of my eye and turned to see Sarah standing off to the side, a paper in her hand with a note on it.

On your sides, leg over his, finish that way, jack him off on your stomach.

I was content to stay where I was, but knew that position was becoming very popular in porn and lifting my head, said, “Hold on, baby, I want to feel you closer to me.”

Brian eased from inside me and I could feel my pussy and his cock dripping down my thighs as he did.

“On your side,” I whispered, my head turned so the camera didn’t catch it.

Brian was beyond questioning anything at this point and stretched out on his side. I slid down so I was on my side in front of him, my sweaty back pressing into his chest. I lifted my leg, placing my foot along his outer thigh and guided his cock back inside me.

Brian pumped me slower than he had been, but still pretty damn hard. He surprised me by moving my hair and kissing my neck as he fucked me and I leaned my head to the side, letting him have a clear path along my neck.

I reached down and cupped his balls as he fucked me, then groaned when he turned my head to the side and his lips met mine. Our tongue lightly teased each other in a sensual rather than lust driven kiss and all the while he continued pleasing me with long hard strokes.

Josh was right in front of us, but it didn’t seem to bother Brian at all anymore.

“Oh, honey,” I groaned. “You feel so good! Come for me! Oh, please come for me!”

Instead of speeding up, Brian slowed down then caught me off guard by slipping out of me and pulling away. I rolled over onto my back and he quickly rolled over on top of me. Before I could react, he slid inside me and looking down at me said softly, “You’re so beautiful, mom,” he said, his eyes staring into mine. “So beautiful.”

He lowered his head and kissed me so softly I barely felt his lips. He slid his arms beneath mine and now pressing against me, moved slowly within me. He kissed me again, then worked his lips over to my neck.

“You feel good,” he said in my ear. “This is what I really want to do with my mother, just love her.”

He’d said it so softly, so sweetly, I felt myself melt. I put my arms around him and wrapping my legs around his waist, drew him deep inside me. I ran my nails lightly over his back, and moaned softly as he moved slowly within.

I lay there stunned by his words and my reaction, but not so much that I wasn’t enjoying the way he felt. His lips were covering my neck in sweet

tender kisses, the kisses of an affectionate lover, the ones given by someone who truly cared for the person they were with.

It had been so long since I'd felt that and it struck me how much I missed it. I turned my head to capture his lips and feel those kisses in a way I could respond to them. He sighed into the kiss as his lips moved softly against mine.

It was a sweet loving kiss, no hurry at all and there was no sense of urgency with the sex either. Brian was moving in a slow steady rhythm that I matched as I pressed my hands to his sweaty back and enjoyed the feeling of his hard muscles beneath his skin.

My hand trailed into his hair and he whimpered as I ran my fingernails through it as we kissed, as we…made love. The thought hit me hard, we were making love. Right here on a porn set in front of several people, Brian was making love to me.

More accurately to his mother in his mind and I could feel his love for her, his affection and his desperate need for her. He'd said this is what he wanted with her. He didn't want to fuck her silly like the porn versions of mother son list, he wanted to love her.

Slowly, softly, sweetly, this is how he wanted his mother, this was how he dreamed of the one woman he could never have, could never even approach for fear of losing her. A wave of emotion come over me. A mixture of sorrow for him, but also affection for him, for this sweet kid who had all this love to give, but had misplaced it on someone he couldn't.

His desire was so strong the emotion was coming through to me who wasn't the person he truly wanted, just a surrogate. The emotion wasn't one sided, this is what had been missing from my life for two years, not sex, but the feeling of being wanted and desired and loved.

I hadn't so much as had a date in a year and had closed myself off, thinking I would never find this again after James. Just as Brian did, I knew this wasn't real, we were mutually benefiting from a staged encounter, but it was the closest I'd come to it and most likely the closest I would until I was ready to try to move on.

My thoughts trailed off and my body took over. I wasn't sure how long it lasted, but Brian and I became the only thing in the room. Just our sweaty

bodies entwined and our lips pressing against each other with occasional dalliances on our neck and shoulders.

His breathing was slow and steady, his breath hot on my neck and his cock sliding in and out in a deliciously slow pace. My breath caught and my legs tightened around him as to my amazement I felt an orgasm building within me.

His shaft was sliding along my clit at just the right angle and even though he was moving slow it had been for some time and I was worked up emotionally as well, enjoying the sex not just physically, but in every way.

“Oh, honey,” I moaned, the first time I’d spoken since we’d begun to make love. “Just like that, please, just like that!”

Brian tensed beneath me, growing close, but continued to go slow, trying to hold off for me.

“A little more,” I whimpered. “Just a little longer, honey, oh I want to come with you inside me.”

Brian groaned, but didn’t speed up and within moments I let my head fall back and released a long high pitched whimper as I came. Unlike the first orgasm this one wasn’t an explosion, but more of a slow steady wave, in a sense it was exactly like the sex that brought it on.

I moaned and whimpered, as my pussy contracted around Brian’s slowly thrusting cock. He moaned and his body trembled under my hands. I moved my hips into his and lay there on a roller coaster of sensation, the slow strong orgasm having its way with me. I hadn’t come with anyone inside me since John and god, it felt amazing.

“Oh, mom,” Brian said, looking into my eyes. “I love you so much.”

Between the lovemaking, the emotions and the orgasm I was overwhelmed and responded softly, “I love you too, baby, mommy loves you so much.”

Brian smiled tenderly at me, then groaned and moved his hips faster. Losing control he gave me several short hard strokes that cause me to yelp with each one. Something moved near me and I saw Dan staring at me and shaking his head, mouthing ‘not inside’

I wanted it inside, I wanted so badly to complete the experience and feel Brian flooding me with his come. I told myself to push up on him, to tell

Brian to pull it out, so I could jerk him off on my stomach but I couldn't do it. Instead I smiled up and him.

"That's it, honey, let it go, let me have it, let me feel it."

Brian groaned and his cock twitched inside me sending a hot wet stream of cum into my still twitching pussy. Brian whimpered adorably as I contracted my muscles, helping milk his spurting cock.

Again I let the sensation take over, I moved my hips into his, moaning each time his cock convulsed and flooded me with his hot cum.

"All of it," I purred. "Every drop, baby, give your mother every drop."

With a shuddering moan, Brian gave up the last of it and he lumped down into my embrace.

"That's it, honey, just let mommy hold you," I whispered.

We lay there for a couple of minutes, with his face nuzzled into my neck and me lightly stroking his hair and his back. I was staring up at the ceiling overwhelmed by the intensity of what had just happened and was struck by an image of Paul.

I saw him in my arms, not Brian. My son, lying naked, sweating and spent in my arms; folding into my embrace after he had made love to me, after he'd told me how much he loved me. I could hear him telling me he loved me, how he'd always wanted me, how he'd wanted to love me and now that he had would always want to.

"Thank you," Brian whispered in my ear. "Thank you so much, Molly."

"Thank your mother," I answered softly. "We're still rolling."

We were, but I knew the reason I wanted him to keep going was I wanted to hear how it sounded in that sweet sincere voice.

"Thank you, mom." He kissed me sweetly. "Thank you for letting me love you."

Oh, how precious was he? I smiled up at him and wiping the sweat plastered hair from my face, said. "Roll over, next to me."

Brian rolled over onto his back and pointing for Josh to go to the foot of the bed, I spread my legs and contracting my muscles, pushed as hard as I could. I repeated it several times until I could feel his cum oozing from my pussy and down into the crack of my ass.

I pushed as much out as I could then rubbed some of it into my pussy. Scooping some up in my finger, I brought it up to my face, my sweaty, flushed face and with Josh zooming in, I sucked it into my mouth, rolling my eyes back.

I gave the camera a satisfied smile, then turning onto my side, curled up next to Brian, draping my leg over his and my arm around his waist. I nuzzled his neck and whispered, “Love you, Brian.”

“Love you too, mom.” Brian slid his arm beneath me and drew me close.

“That’s a wrap folks!” Dan called out.

I turned my head wondering why Malcolm hadn’t called it and saw he was sitting there with a stunned look on his face. I noticed he was flushed himself and I had no doubt the scene had hit him hard.

Brian eased his arm out from under me and took the robe Sarah handed him, quickly putting it on before leaning over and kissing my cheek.

“Thank you. Molly, really, that was incredible.”

“Yeah, it was,” I sighed, earning a huge smile from him.

He stood up and went with Sarah who would take him in the back to shower and change.

“Molly you okay?” Dan asked, hovering over me with a towel in his hand.

“Yeah.” I nodded, taking the towel and wiping cum from between my legs. “I’m fine why?

I sat up and tossing the soiled towel onto the bed, took a smaller one from him. This one was wet and I gratefully wiped the cool towel over my face and neck, then down my chest.

“That looked pretty intense,” he said.

“Brian, my man!” I turned my attention to Malcolm who had finally gotten up and had come up to Brian just before he left the set and had clapped him on the shoulder.

“You knocked that out of the park kid!” he exclaimed happily. “Goddamn that was a great shoot! You got Real Moms off and running in style!”

Brian gave him an awkward smile and continued walking off the set and Malcolm followed him, chatting away. Last words I heard him say was, “So what was it like, did it seem real?”

“Mary?”

“Don’t call me that,” I said irritably. “You know real names aren’t allowed for the actors on set.”

“It’s just us.” He indicated the now vacant set. “Sarah took off and Josh’s in the back already playing back the tape to start marking places to edit.”

“Sorry.” I shrugged and put my hands out for the robe he was holding.

“So what the hell was that?” he asked, helping me into the robe as I swung my legs off the bed to sit on the edge of it. It was an effort to move. Damn I’d cum hard and twice.

“What was what?” I avoided answering as I knew damn well what he was talking about.

“I’ve known you for close to twenty five years.” He sat down next to me. “And most of that as Mary, not Molly. What I just saw wasn’t Molly Minx, it was you.” He frowned. “You got way to into that.”

“Just playing my part,” I said, but knew it was a waste of time.

“Bullshit. I’ve never left this industry. I have seen women who are damned good at faking and that wasn’t acting. I’ve also seen a few get into their roles, but never like that. What were you thinking? That kid might have just found a new woman he can’t have to obsess over.”

“No, he’ll be fine. I think this helped him.” I dabbed at my face with the towel again. “Guess I was like a surrogate, he knew who I was, he just got his fantasy, like Malcolm wanted him to.”

“Problem is, was he the only one getting a fantasy?”

“What the fuck is that supposed to mean?” I blew up at him. “Are you trying to say I want my fucking son?”

“No!” he declared, taken aback at my outburst. “I mean, not really.”

“Not really? Fuck you, Dan.” I went to get up, but he caught my arm and kept me on the bed.

“I mean you were transferring something. Maybe some of your love for Paul in a maternal way. Brian was young, scared shitless and in a way sort of lost and you responded to all of that and took care of him like a mother would.”

“No mother would really take care of his son like that.”

“Stop being defensive. I was talking about your desire to help a young man not your son like that, but I think there was a real motherly tone there.”

“Whatever.” I waved my hand at him. “Drop this, it’s not going anywhere, you’re seeing things that aren’t there.”

“Know how I know something was there?” He grunted. “Because Malcolm looked like he was ready to bust a nut at one point, then I swear the whacko was tearing up with that I love you at the end. Mister Mommy love himself seemed pretty damned impressed with that acting.”

“Good, then he’ll pay more next time.”

“There shouldn’t be a next one of these unless you can avoid being so personal about it.”

“Duly noted dad.” I rolled my eyes. “But fucking my son is not a fantasy of mine. Maybe you’re the one watching too many of these stupid ass movies.”

“I told you what I meant as far as Paul went. What I meant by fantasy was,” He paused then with a resigned tone as if he had no other way to say it, asked, “Mary when was the last time you got laid? I mean off set, you know a date, a boyfriend, a one night stand?”

“None of your business.”

“That’s my answer right there.” He smirked. “And it was rhetorical, you’ve told me you haven’t dated and I assumed you weren’t going to go for a stand. Mary wanted to be a respectable woman.”

“I’ll repeat, fuck you.”

“The fact you’re pissed tells me I’m on to something. It’s been a long time since someone was good to you, Mary and that’s why you got into this. Brian wasn’t a pro and he really wanted you, his lust wasn’t an act. You responded to that.”

“So what if I did? Convincing should make you happy, gets you more money.”

“That’s low, Mary,” he replied with a tone. “I’m Molly’s agent, but your friend. As your friend I’m telling you what I’ve told you before. Date someone, it doesn’t have to be serious, but find someone to have normal sex with and enjoy it.”

“Right date and live a lie to a lover like I am to my son.” I made a sound of disgust. “Sorry, Joe, I know you want to play around, but I spent three hours filming today and I’m really sore.”

“I said you don’t have to get serious and move in, find a friend with benefits.”

“And then it’s, oh you look familiar, have I seen you somewhere?” I slumped my shoulders and lost the edge in my voice. “It’s bad enough I worry about Paul, I don’t need to mislead someone else or worry about being ousted.”

“Mary, I think this is really getting to you in a lot of ways. Like I said before, sell the damn house, Paul won’t care. He’s a good kid, he’ll bounce with it and you can give this up.”

“And just be a waitress who gets ogled and harassed for a fraction of what I get paid to do this?”

“A waitress isn’t seen the way a porn star is.”

“John gave me what he made me realize I wanted; a family and a home, a real home, not the trailer parks I bounced around in when I was a kid. I promised I would keep what we built together and that house was a part of us.”

“You’re talking yourself into that, not me. Do what you want.” He sighed. “You will anyway.”

“Thanks.”

“I’m heading out, I have some other work to do today, Malcolm said he wants to talk to you before you leave. He already has another of these lined up for you end of next week I think. You should turn it down.”

“I’m not going to. It’s too much money and it was what you said it was. Easy, no assholes like Nick and no fake squealing and taking two guys at once.”

“Fine, but I can’t be at the next one.”

“You busy?”

“Not sure yet, but even if I’m not, you’re on your own with these. I’m not Malcolm, I’m not thrilled with what I saw, tells me you need to get a grip on your life and separate it from this.”

“Understood.” I smirked. “Take your commission though won’t you?”

“Know what *Molly?”* He stressed the name. “Keep whatever Malcolm gives you, when you’re filming real mom you’re working for him. You want other work I’ll set it up, but not this.”

He got up to leave and gave me a tight smile. “I’m not fighting with you, Mary, just worried.”

“Got it.” I smiled and squeezed his hand. “Tough love.”

“That’s the name of the first movie I directed.” He laughed. “BDSM, ugh.”

“We live some kind of life, don’t we?”

“Some of us don’t know any better.” He turned serious. “I’m one of them, don’t be me Molly, you left once for family, do it again.”

“I’ll think on it, really.”

“Good and fair warning. When you talk to Malcolm I bet he’s going to bring up that mother stuff like I did except he’ll be more serious so try not to get defensive with him.”

“I won’t.”

“I’m fairly sure he knows you have a son, you know. Malcolm digs where he shouldn’t sometimes. But he’s tight lipped; he just likes knowing dirty little secrets.”

“Paul isn’t a dirty secret; I just don’t need these people knowing about him.”

“Because of what you just shot,” he said pointedly. “And no, he is not a dirty secret, but this shit is for you. Just keep your cool if Malcolm goes off on his all moms and sons deep down want each other.”

“I don’t want my son,” I said softly as he walked away with a quick wave over his shoulder.

But then why did I see him at the end, taking Brian’s place in my mind? And worse, why hadn’t the image bothered me at the time?

Chapter Nine

“Come in,” I said to the knock on the dressing room door.

Josh had caught up with me to say Malcolm needed to make a couple of phone calls, but to please stick around so he could talk to me, so it was a surprise to see Brian enter instead.

“Hi Molly.” He gave me a nervous smile. “I have to leave for the airport in a little while, but do you have a minute?”

“Sure.” I gestured at the small chair in the corner, but he came over to stand in front of me instead.

“That’s okay, I’ll be quick, I just wanted to say thank you again.”

“You don’t have to thank me,” I told him. “Hey, it’s my job after all.” I laughed, trying to keep it light.

“No, your job was to pretty much fuck me, that’s not what you did. You were patient and nice and you really made me feel good and I don’t just mean, well, you know.” He blushed.

“God, you’re cute. After everything we just did you’re still being all shy.”

“I surprised myself.” He laughed. “But seriously, thank you. That really helped. I really saw you as my mom for awhile and I think I can deal with my feelings a little better now.”

“I’m glad.” I nodded. “You’re a really good kid, Brian. I bet your mom is proud of you.”

“She is, but only because she doesn’t know I’d want to do this to her,” he said quietly.

“So why don’t you tell her?” I couldn’t help asking. “Wouldn’t it be better to get it out in the open?”

“And then what?” he grunted. “Best case she sends me to therapy. Worse, she kicks me out.” He paused. “No, she tells my father and he kicks my ass then throws me out.”

“Oh, didn’t know your dad was around.”

“Yeah, Malcolm said that’s why he was interested in me. He said most sons who get feelings for their mom it’s because either their dad died, or ran

off and left mom alone.”

“Interesting,” I said, not liking that particular fact, or that in a way it made sense.

“Yup he said it’s about being man of the house in every way.”

“Brian, only listen to Malcolm so much, okay? He could get you in trouble.”

“I know never to say anything,” he assured me. “But anyway all that’s not the real reason I won’t tell her.”

“What else is there?”

“I know my mom. If I admitted how I felt about her, how I wanted her she would feel like it was her fault, feel like she did something wrong.” He shook his head. “I won’t ever let her feel that way, I love her too much for that.”

“Brian, your mom must be a hell of a woman to raise a son like you.” I took his hand and squeezed it. “Seriously, that’s so sweet.”

“You have a son, Molly?” he asked. “Bet you do.”

“No, I don’t have any kids.” I felt bad lying to him, but nice kid or not, he didn’t need to know my personal business. Or dirty secret, I thought mockingly.

“Too bad.” He smiled down at me. “You’d make a hell of a mother.”

“Thank you.”

He stared down at me and said, “I like that look on you.”

“I’m wearing faded jeans and a sweatshirt.” I looked down at my typical non work ensemble. “And my hair’s up. Think I looked better before.”

“You looked great before, but this.” He pointed to me. “It’s a very mom look, my mom dresses like that.” His phone beeped. “Oh, that’s my alarm, I have to go; Malcolm has a cab coming to take me to the airport.”

He leaned over and kissed my cheek. “Thank you again, Molly. I won’t forget this.”

“You don’t have to,” Malcolm said from the doorway. “You can watch it anytime you want, it will be uploaded by week’s end.” He laughed. “You can relive it as often as you want!”

“Right.” Brian gave him an awkward grin, then with a last look my way, turned and walked out of the room.

“Molly Minx.” Malcolm beamed. “My dear what I saw out there was pure magic!”

“Glad you’re happy.”

“Happy doesn’t cover it! Molly that was absolutely amazing, the hottest fucking mom son scene I have ever seen and I’m betting others will agree.” He whistled. “It blows away anything ever filmed on Loving Mothers and I think that’s a top notch site.”

“High praise indeed,” I said in a neutral tone, hoping Dan was wrong and he wasn’t going to go into more of his oedipal infatuation.

Seemingly unaware of my lack of enthusiasm, he continued.

“Powerful. I’d actually use that word, Molly. Brian was a wreck and I was thinking you and Dan we’re right, but then you stepped in and you made that kid melt into you, he followed your lead and he owned it because you owned him.”

“I got him relaxed is all.”

“Bullshit, if it stayed raunchy sex, I’d buy that, but he believed in this scene, he believed in you. He trusted you like he’d trust his mother.” He clapped his hands together. “And at the end when he made love to you? God almighty, I thought I was going to cry.”

“Then I guess my convincing performance should make you feel good about what you paid me.”

“Performance?” he scoffed. “Please don’t bull shit a bull shitter. That wasn’t acting. You felt for that kid. He was so scared and lost and here comes mommy Molly to take him into her arms and make it all better. Perfection!”

“Think what you want, but that’s why I’m popular. I get into the roles, that’s not the first time I’ve cum on set.”

“But through slow and sweet? I’ve seen other women get off on the sex itself, but that was emotion too, Molly. You loved it.”

“It was like you said,” I conceded. “As in he wasn’t a pro and I didn’t have to deal with crap, so yeah it was fun, but only fun.”

“No, it was…”

“Malcolm would you like me to do another of these?” I cut him off.

“Hell yeah! As many as you’re willing to. This idea is gold, all these boys looking for their mommy fantasy.”

“Then stop talking about what you think you see or I’m done,” I said matter-of-factly.

“I see.” The smile left his face.

“Do you bother Nikki Nice or the other women like this? Go on and on about their maternal instincts and how much they love playing mom?”

“No, because none of them have that knack for it like you do. They go through the motions, give or take some act better than others, they’re fairly transparent like all porn stars. But not you, you…”

“Do not want to talk about this. Are you happy? You seem to be and that’s good because I’ll be fine with getting paid that rate for more of these, but only if you keep your personal fantasies and beliefs to yourself.”

“Fair enough.” He looked put off, but shifted easily into business mode. “I have another kid who I think will be great and he asked for you specifically, said you’d be his ideal. Called out some of what you don’t want me to talk about, kid’s e-mail said he could tell you’re a real mom.”

He put his hands up defensively. “His words, not mine.”

“Fine.” I nodded.

“He’s local too.”

“Hmm, not sure I like that as far as anonymity goes.”

“No more or less chance you know him than any other local model you’ve worked with.”

“True,” I said, although I couldn’t shake off the disturbing image of having one of Paul’s friends show up.

“How about next Thursday?”

“I can do that.” I had Thursdays off from Vincent’s so at least I wouldn’t have to do anything except head home and deal with my usual self loathing after I was done filming.

“Good.”

“I’d like to meet this kid before the shoot,” I told him. “I know you want real reaction, but Brian was to out of sorts. I want to get him comfortable with me first.”

“I guess, but how about an hour or so before the shoot? That way it’s still an early impression of sorts on stage. He’ll still be, damn this is Molly Minx.”

“Fair enough,” I agreed. “And Dan says he doesn’t need his cut on these so…”

“Then you can have it. Next shoot pays you three grand.” The smile returned. “Good deal?”

“Sounds good to me.” I nodded, then stood. “Well, I’m heading home. I’ll call you early next week to confirm the shoot.”

“Yeah, just call the office,” he said. “And this will be live by Friday, it’s going to be big, I can feel it.”

“If it doesn’t feel big, we’re doing it wrong.”

“Good one and I’m sorry I get pushy with my personal tastes, but sometimes I have to call as I see them.” He winked as he walked out. “And you’d be amazed at what I’ve seen.”

Chapter Ten

“Over here,” I waved at Marv and tapped my empty glass.

He came over and as he took the glass said, “You know I’m calling you a cab, right, Mary?”

“Call me whatever you want,” I cracked. “Just make me another drink.”

“Never seen you drink this much, everything cool?”

“Peachy.” I gave him a huge fake Molly Minx smile, and with a grin he turned to make me another Captain and Coke.

If there was one thing I could do was fake it, unless it was some kind of mom thing then I didn’t seem to have to. That thought told me that although I was past buzzed and sinking into flat out drunk, I still couldn’t shake the reason I’d decided to drink in the first place.

The day had started well enough. I had to work a short shift just four to eight to fill in for someone who’d called out and no shoot until the next Real Mom in a few days. The previous couple of days I’d had a hard time shaking off the scene with Brian, way too hard.

I’d come home, napped and dreamt of the scene, particularly him making love to me. The look on his face, the way he had said he’d loved his ‘mom’ and the way I’d come so hard and been so emotional. The worst part of the dream was that it ended the way it had on the set, with Paul replacing Brian.

On the set it had happened in my mind as a vague image, but in the dream it was real and disturbingly vivid. In the ensuing three days, I’d had the dream several times and had gotten to where looking at my son had been awkward.

I always had some form of guilt when I saw him after a shoot, but this one was worse and with good reason. Every time I started down the path of what had I been thinking and why, I would force my thoughts in another direction.

It was most likely a combination of guilt, the constant filming of mother son fantasy and both Malcolm and Dan telling me I was more into it than I really was. Okay, I couldn’t deny I was into it, but not for the reasons they

thought. I did not want Brian to be Paul, I only wanted to help Brian the way I would help my own son if he were hurting.

By last night I'd convinced myself of that. It was all the BS I'd put in my own head and the others had reinforced. It was okay, it was a natural reaction to an unnatural situation. The vision of Paul during sex wasn't related to sex, but everything else going on.

I'd done a good job sell job as last night I didn't have the dream and woke up refreshed and feeling pretty good. I'd had a nice morning, making Paul breakfast before he went to school and being able to look at him guilt free for the first time since the shoot.

Once he'd left I'd planned a relaxing day of pretty much nothing until I had to go to work. At noon Malcolm had called to tell me the movie with Brian had debuted yesterday and to go check out the stats and comments on it.

I should have known better, but curiosity got the better of me. I went to the site and sighed when I saw the home page was a close up of me on Brian's lap, topless, kissing him.

"*A Love Letter To My Mother*" was the title of the video and when I looked at the numbers below the play button, my eyes widened. The video had been up slightly more than twenty four hours and the five minute teaser on the home page already had a quarter million views.

I clicked on the 'view full movie and see comments' tab and was confronted with the member log in. I whistled when I noticed the blurb 'fourteen hundred people have signed up just to view this video, what are you waiting for?'

I pulled out my phone and entered the code Malcolm had sent me to and when I went to the full video page saw the movie already had eighty comments, most porn vids were lucky to see a dozen, and half were web cam spam.

I'd started reading and frowned; almost every one of them was a variation of how loving the final minutes were, how hot it was to watch 'her son' make love to her and how obviously real my cumming was.

The more I read the more disturbed I became, sentences jumping out at me as I scanned: "You can tell she really cared about her son in this" "That

look of love was so sweet!” “That last part was the most romantic mom/son action I have ever seen, I was horny and emotional!”

There were countless I wish my mom would love me like that remarks and I noticed my website friend ‘sowantmymom’ had commented claiming after watching this he not only felt closer to his mom than ever, but he felt ‘it was going to happen soon’ between them.

I’d sat there with the same sense of misgiving that had been plaguing me in the recent weeks. It was only a job. I was an actress and simply better than most. That’s all it was, but all of this kept making me come back to why the hell was I so good at these? That and where had that come from with Brian.

Dan had been right, intense was the word for that scene and he had no idea how emotional I’d really gotten. Maybe it was time to try to meet someone, but that would cause more issues with my career and what if the emotions with Brian were maternal? Was I lying to myself? Did I have the misplaced affection for Paul that Malcolm claimed many mothers and sons had for each other?

Knowing it would be another mistake, but doing it anyway, I clicked on the video itself. I hadn’t watched myself in action since I’d seen one of my old videos show up on a website and couldn’t resist watching the original Molly Minx for a few minutes.

I’d sworn I would never look at anything I was doing at this point as at least back then I wasn’t lying to anyone I cared about and felt no shame in my actions. But after all the comments I wanted to see for myself what everyone else seemed to see.

I fast forwarded through the opening, paused briefly on Brian and I kissing, then continued to move the bar forward. I took in a minute of my sucking on him, then him going down on me. I watched myself ride him, noting that I did look pretty convincing as I posed for the camera, naked lust on my face.

Brian taking me doggy was next, then the position Malcolm had wanted us to end in, with us on our sides. I tensed as Brian rolled me over on the screen and began making love to me. For the next few minutes I sat there, my eyes glued, not to any of the action, or our bodies, but my face.

Near the end, my eyes were closed, lips parted, I was moaning softly and holding Brian tightly to me. When I came, it was easy to see how real it was. What else was disturbingly real was the emotion on my face.

I was looking at Brian with nothing short of adoration on my face. I looked like a goddamn love sick girl. I recalled that was about the time I'd had the image of Paul in my mind. I sat there stunned as I watched the finish, Brian moaning and cumming inside me, me urging him to and caressing him and purring as he filled me.

I clicked off the video and backing away from the laptop as if it had bit me, I'd gone upstairs and showered for work, trying to clean the shame from me as I always did after a movie.

But this shame was deeper, it wasn't the shame of filming the scene it was the shame that after watching it, I could never blame anyone for wondering if there was something to my ability for these movies.

I dressed in the black thigh highs and short black skirt and slipping a sleeveless t-shirt on, buttoned the white blouse over it, leaving the top two undone to show a little cleavage to work some extra tips.

Some women joked at work about how pathetic it was we did that and as I agreed I would wonder what they would think if they knew my tits, and the rest of me, were masturbation fodder for countless men.

Paul had been due home to change for his shift at Barnes and Noble and normally I'd have made sure to be there to see him for a few minutes before I left, but today I headed out and got to work early. I felt terrible doing it, but I couldn't face him at the moment.

Work was slow which wasn't good for my mental state. Leaning against the bar, waiting for people to come in or get someone a new drink all I could see was my face when Brian was cumming. I'd have had an easier time watching myself take multiple loads to the face and pretend to like it.

By the time my shift was over, I was no more ready to go home and eventually see Paul as I was earlier and decided to settle my mood the old fashioned way, get drunk. I was doing a pretty good job of it at the moment and was taking the first sip of the fresh drink Marv put in front of me when a guy in a dark suit sat next to me.

"Hey," he said in a friendly tone. "How you doing tonight?"

“Doing just fine.” I gave him a drunken smile and hoisted my drink to him.

He laughed and tapping his beer to my glass took a couple of swallows.

“I’m Dave.” He offered his hand which I took.

“Mary.” And not interested, although maybe I should be.

“So, Mary, I’ve been sitting over there watching you for a little while.”

“Should I be worried?” I asked. “You a stalker?” I winked to tell him it was a joke and he laughed it off.

He was decent looking guy, dark hair and eyes, rugged features and the expensive suit flattered his shoulders nicely. As my eyes roamed over him, I noticed he was doing the same, lingering first on my legs in their fuck me heels, then resting briefly on my chest before coming back to my face.

“No, not at all. Just admiring a beautiful lady.”

“Damn, and I left my boots at home,” I replied.

“Please, I hate when attractive women act like they don’t know they are.” He grinned.

“And I hate when men make small talk when all they really want to do is fuck,” I told him, then went back to facing the forward as I sipped my drink.

“Ow, tough crowd.” He laughed again. “But hey, touché. Can I get you another drink?”

“No thanks, they’re already on the house.” I shrugged.

“Oh, well anyway, reason I came over to say hi is do I know you from somewhere?”

“Not that I know of,” I said, turning back to look at him.

“You look really familiar.” He peered closely at my face and some of my pleasant buzz fell away to be replaced by a cold feeling in my stomach.

“I work here.” I tugged on my white blouse over my name tag for emphasis. “I’m sure you’ve seen me here before.”

“I have, but it’s not from here. You really look like someone.”

“I am someone.” I gave him a forced smile. “I’m me.”

“No, I mean like I’ve seen you somewhere. You on TV?”

“I wouldn’t be working here if I was.”

“You tube?” He frowned. “You make videos or something? I know I’ve seen you on the net.”

“Think you’re mistaken, Dave,” I told him, trying to sound casual.

“Hey! I know!” He snapped his fingers. “You look like a porn star.”

“Excuse me?” It wasn’t acting that lent me a convincingly appalled look on my face. It was what I had dreaded for months.

“Yeah!” He nodded, looking pleased with himself. “Can’t think of the name.”

“Well, that’s a new one.” I stared at him coldly. “Trying to pick a girl up by saying she looks like a porn star.”

“Adult film actress.” Dave laughed. “That better? Hey, I don’t demean them, those are some good girls and wow, you’re a dead ringer for one.”

He tapped his cheek as if thinking and it struck me he had the name already, he was screwing around and looking for a reaction which so far I hadn’t given him. Perhaps being halfway to drunk was helping, my nerves weren’t as tight.

“Molly Minx!” He clapped his hands. “That’s who you look like.”

“Great, I’ll have to look her up next time I’m cruising porn sites.”

“And a lot of porn is filmed here in LA, lot of the girls live around here.” He was beaming at this point. “Sure that name tag shouldn’t say Molly?”

“Sure your ID shouldn’t say asshole?” I asked. “I’m not a damn porn star, I’m a waitress who has worked here for ten years’”

“Sure.” He nodded. “Hey Bill!” To my dismay he called out to a guy a few seats to my left. “Doesn’t she look like Molly Minx?”

Bill looked up, stared at me for a minute and shrugged. “Why, because she’s blonde?” He waved his hand dismissively and went back to talking to the person next to him.

“Problem?” Marv asked, coming over to take Dave’s now empty beer bottle.

“You know you have a celebrity working here?” Dave asked him. “Your waitress is a porn star!”

“And you’re a drunk asshole,” Marv told him with a scowl. “Mary’s been here for years, she’s like family, now how about you pay up and get the hell out of here?”

“What do you own…” Dave stopped when Marv smirked and tapped the tag on his shirt that read: “Marv Vincent”.

“Yeah, whatever.” He dropped a twenty on the bar and giving me a nasty smirk said, “Loved you in Molly Rides Again.”

“What a dick.” Marv said. “You okay, Mary?”

“Yeah.” I nodded. “I think I’ll have a couple more then you can call me that cab.”

“Okay.” He nodded. “I’ll have Joe pull your car around back, and you can grab it tomorrow.”

“Thanks Marv.”

“Can’t believe that guy thought you were some porno queen.” He shook his head. “You’re a mother for Christ’s sake, what mom would do that?”

“I’ll take another drink now,” I sighed.

Chapter Eleven

“You’re home, ma’am.” The Taxi driver spoke up, startling me out of my alcohol induced fog. “You need any help getting to your door?”

“No, thanksh,” I slurred, digging two twenties out of my purse and handing them to him. “That’s a shweet offer though!”

I got out, stood up and promptly leaned back against the cab as my house turned into three houses before my eyes. “Wow,” I murmured.

I took a few halting steps and tripping on my heel would have went down had the cabbie not ignored what I’d said and gotten out just in time to catch my arm.

“Like I said, let’s help you inside,” he said, slipping his arm around my waist and guiding me up the walkway to the porch.

“Okay, I’ll let you,” I told him, smiling at him. “Only cause it will make you feel better.”

“I appreciate that.” He grinned at me.

“You’re awfully cute,” I told him, looking into his blue eyes. “How old are you?”

“Twenty three,” he said.

“Aw, you’re jusht a pup,” I sighed. “My son’s almost as old as you.”

“Well I would have never thought that.” He smiled. “You don’t look my mom’s age.”

“You love your mom?” I asked as he pretty much had to pull me up each of the porch stairs.

“Of course I do,” he answered. “She’s awesome.”

“You ever want to fuck her?” I gave him a lopsided smile. “Don’t worry, I won’t tell.”

“Wow, how much did you drink, lady?” He shook his head. “I’m not even going to answer that.”

“Why because you really want to?”

“No because…”

“Hey!” I turned at the sound of Paul’s voice and saw him coming out of the house to meet me and the driver on the top step. “You okay?”

“She’s really drunk,” the driver told him, easing away from me when Paul got his arm around my shoulders to keep me steady.

“That I am!” I giggled. “Hi there baby boy!”

“Uh, hi.” Paul nodded. “Hey thanks for helping her.”

“No worries,” he replied. “You her son?”

“Yeah, why?” Paul asked.

“Better watch out.” The driver laughed and headed back to his cab as Paul got me up the final step and walked me towards the front door.

“Watch out for what?” He frowned. “What’s he talking about?”

“Oh, nothing,” I mumbled, thankful Paul hadn’t come out a few seconds earlier to hear the idiotic question I’d asked the driver.

“Whoa.” Paul scrunched his face up. “Mom you reek, jeez what were you drinking?”

“Did a few shots of tequila before Marv shut me off.” I took another step then almost fell. “Oops!”

I yelped in surprise, when Paul bent down, got his arm behind my knees and swept me off my feet, lifting me effortlessly and carrying me to the door.

“Wow, you’re strong.” I giggled at him again.

“Thanks, can you try to get the door?”

I managed to fumble with the handle on the screen door and open it so he could carry me into the living room. He gently sat me on the couch, then closing the door, came back over.

“You want a bottle of water or anything?”

“Nope.” I shook my head vigorously, then groaned when that made the room spin and caused my vision to swim. “Hey. There’s two you, I had twins!”

“You okay mom?”

“Feeling pretty damn good!” I kicked my feet playfully back and forth for emphasis.

“You never drink like this.” One at a time, Paul caught my ankles and slipped my heels off. “Something happen today?”

“Uh, well…” I stared at him ‘No, just upset at how good I am at mommy sex’ but as far gone as I was, I kept that to myself and just shrugged. “Tough day I guess.”

“Can I help?” He sat down next to me. “You need to talk?”

“Need to? Maybe, can I? No.” I sighed and laughed when it turned into a hiccup. “Love you baby boy, but there are some things a mother just can’t say to her son. Things like, ‘honey do you want to fuck me?’. ‘Do I want to fuck you?’”

“You say we can talk about everything.” He grunted. “Or is that a one sided parent thing?”

“Playing the mom card!” I winked at him. “Mom’s always got the trump card, baby boy.”

“What’s with baby boy?” Paul asked, his hazel eyes, currently a light green, stared into my glossy gaze. “You never called me that before.”

“You don’t like it?” I asked, they liked it in the movies.

“I do like it.” He gave me a sweet smile. “I like being your baby boy. But, you know, a man too.”

I touched his cheek, noting he was sporting the five o’clock shadow look. “You can’t cover up being pretty with this scruff. You’re a beautiful young man, Paul.”

“Got a beautiful mom.” He smiled at me and as I returned it with a drunken grin I swore I heard Dan yell, *“Now kiss him, Molly, kiss your baby boy!”*

“Mom?” I blinked and saw Paul had a look of concern on his face. “You there?”

“Yeah.” I nodded, but slowly to not get dizzy. “Just kind of out of it.”

“Let’s get you to bed.” He took my hands and pulled me up.

When I staggered into him, he once again picked me up and walked out of the living room down the hallway towards my room.

“You taking your mother to bed?” I asked as I rested my head on his chest and put my arm around his neck as he cradled me in his arms.

“Yes, we’re putting you to bed,” He replied.

“Take your mom to bed, Paul!” Now it was Malcolm’s voice, *“Cue romantic music!”*

Paul entered my room and laid me on the bed.

“You need anything?”

“I’m hot,” I complained, wiping at my forehead.

“Air conditioner is on,” he said. “Must be you.”

“Yeah, old ladies have hot flashesh,” I joked, noticing how badly I slurred.

I tried to unbutton the blouse, but my fingers kept fumbling with the small buttons and I was getting nowhere.

“You have a shirt on under there?” Paul asked.

I nodded, and Paul moved my hands and deftly undid the buttons.

“Oh, I’m not the first girl you’ve undressed am I?”

“Nope,” He winked at me. “I am beautiful remember?”

I didn’t reply, instead I watched my son undo my blouse. It opened as he worked his way lower and again I heard that phantom director in my head, *“That’s it Paul, take your time undressing your mother.”*

My breathing picked up and I felt even hotter than before. I let Paul help me sit up so he could slide the blouse off my shoulders and as his hands grazed my now bare arms, a shiver went through me. I envisioned him kissing my shoulder, then my back over the skimpy tank top.

“Paul, take your time, this is for Real Mom, show us how much you love mommy.”

I thought of how good his arms felt around me as he carried me and pictured him sliding them around my waist, easing me back into him. I moved backwards, placing my back against him as I’d pictured, but he didn’t put his arms around my waist.

Instead he slid from behind me and let me lay back on the bed.

“Guess you don’t want to,” I said and was shocked not only that I’d said it out loud, but sounded disappointed. I wondered if Mary was passed out and Molly was in charge.

“Want to what?” He was looking at me closely as he hung my shirt from the bed post.

“Kiss me good night,” I told him. “You too old to kiss your mom good night?”

“Course not.” He pointed. “Want the sheet over you?”

“No, I’d like my skirt off though.” I put my hands to my waist to push it down.

“Well, wait until I leave,” he said.

“You’ve seen me in a bikini,” I told him and shoved the skirt down my hips and thighs.

I pulled my legs up and slipping the skirt past my knees kicked it off. I giggled at the thought of trashed or not, Molly Minx could always get her skirt off! I looked up at Paul to see him staring down at me.

I was now lying there in a slinky tank top, French cut panties and the black thigh highs, His eyes wandered up and down my body and I didn’t think it was my inebriated state making it seem like he was lingering on my legs, then the panties.

His eyes made their way to my chest, my breasts rising and falling with my quickening breaths. I had a bra under the top so my nipples weren’t visible to him, but they were hard, they had no right being hard.

“Tell him to kiss you, Molly!” Dan directed me from somewhere in my mind.

“Good night kiss?” I raised my arms to him.

Paul leaned over to peck me on the cheek, but I got my arms around his neck, pulling him closer. I turned my head and caught his lips with mine. Paul’s first reaction was to pull away, but I was holding him tightly.

I kissed him again, this time my lips lingered on his and for a moment he responded! His lips caressed mine and he made a soft sound in his throat. He placed his hand on my arm and his fingers were trembling.

Not sure why I was doing this or what the hell I was thinking, I kissed him harder and had just parted my lips to dart my tongue out, when he pulled away so suddenly he broke my grip.

“N…night mom,” he stammered. “I’ll get the light on my way out.”

“Honey would you lay down with me?” I patted the bed next to me.

“You want me to sleep with you?” He looked nervously at the door then back to me as if he wanted to make a run for it.

“I’m alone.” To my surprise my eyes filled with tears and my voice broke. “I always sleep alone.”

A look of sadness crossed his face and pulling the sheet up to my chest; he sat on the bed next to me and took my hand in his.

“Go to sleep mom.” He kissed the top of my head, and then gently wiped the tears from my cheeks with a tissue from the night stand.

“You don’t want to lie next to me?” I asked, my lip out, pouting like a bratty child.

“No, I don’t think that would be right,” he told me, then added, “You’re not yourself right now.”

As if I wasn’t a big enough mess that comment made me feel worse. I’d just undressed in front of him and kissed him on the mouth like a reject from one of my own movies. Now he didn’t want to lay next to me. Christ, he was probably afraid I would touch him.

“I’m sorry, Paul.” I squeezed his hand.

“Nothing to be sorry about.” He swung his legs up on the bed, but was still sitting up against the headboard and fully dressed. “I’ll stay here until you fall asleep, okay?”

“Okay, and I am sorry.”

“For what?”

“For more than you know, Paul,” I muttered, my eyes closing as my mind succumbed to both alcohol and emotions. “For everything.”

Chapter Twelve

I opened my eyes then immediately closed them again, wincing at the pain the light through the partially open blinds caused me. I lay there with my head pounding and slowly opened them again. I turned my head away from the window and that caused a fresh wave of pounding.

I was alone, at some point Paul had slipped out, most likely the second I had fallen asleep and I didn't blame him. What the hell had I done last night? Drunk as I was I recalled it clearly now, I'd taken my damn skirt off in front of him, then kissed him on the mouth and he had to move to get to stop.

I noticed it was just after eight and pushed myself up into a sitting position. Paul left for class at eight thirty, I had to catch him before that. I kicked the sheet off and frowned at my panties and thigh highs, I'd laid there like this in front of him and wanted him to lay in bed with me, thank God he hadn't.

What the hell had gotten into me last night? There were times I'd sworn I was at a shoot, but that was crap, I knew it was Paul the entire time. I swung my legs off the bed, then groaned at the wave of nausea flowing through me.

Good thing I didn't have a shoot today. I'd seen girls hung over from the night before take a cock a little too deep in their mouths and then, well, it wasn't pretty. I grinned at the thought I hoped that happened to that asshole Nick some day.

I took several deep breaths then noticed the bottle of water on the night stand along with a couple of Advils and a post-it. *"Make sure you take these and drink the whole bottle of water to get rid of the headache. See you after school! Love Paul"*

That made me feel even worse. I acted like a drunk slut last night and he was still taking care of me like he always did. I popped the pills and chugged most of the water, then stood up.

The room spun, but once I closed my eyes for a few seconds and reopened them it was fine. Not wanting to risk the time to change I grabbed my

frumpy non porn star like robe from behind the door and tying it tightly went out into the hallway.

I was relieved to hear Paul still puttering around the kitchen and when I entered he was just putting the cover on his to go mug, his back pack already slung over his shoulder.

“Hey, honey.” I spoke softly, but the words sounded like thunder in my ears.

“I’m surprised you’re up.” He grinned. “Man, you were out of it last night. My mom the party hound.”

“Hardly, I sat alone at Vincent’s and got trashed. More like your mom the loser,” I lamented.

“Hey, never say that.” His seriousness caught me by surprise. “You’re an amazing woman mom, you’ve got a lot to be proud of and I’ll have words with anyone who says otherwise.” He winked. “That includes you.”

“Thank you, Paul.” I walked over to him and kissed his cheek, grateful that he didn’t flinch after last night. “Guess I at least have you to be proud of.”

“Well, what did you think I was talking about?” He grinned at me. “No one as cool as me could be raised by a loser.”

“Right.” I nodded. “I see there’s no need to work on your self esteem.”

“My mother would never let me call myself a loser.” He gave a dramatic sigh. “If only she practiced what she preached.” He gave me a pointed look. “Especially the we can talk about anything line.”

“Duly noted.” I nodded, ignoring the pain it caused.

“You were a mess last night, Mom. You have something going on and when I get home I’d like to talk about it with you. Maybe I can help.”

“Honey, you can’t.”

“Maybe just talking about it will help some,” he pressed. “Get it out in the open.”

“I…it’s not that easy Paul.”

“Neither was telling me dad was dying, but you did it,” he reminded me. “And what happened to baby boy?” He laughed. “That’s who I was last night.”

“Paul, I am so sorry about last night.” I was glad to get the topic away from the why and to the result of last night. “I acted horrible.”

“It’s okay, you were drunk.”

“No excuse to strip in front of your kid.”

“Oh, please.” He waved his hand. “You’re right, I’ve seen you in a bikini.”

“But that’s a bikini, I was in my damn underwear and those stockings are like lingerie.”

“Big deal, Mom.” He shrugged. “Not like you didn’t look good.”

“What?” I raised my eyebrows.

“I mean good as in proper, like nothing was showing that shouldn’t have been, you had a shirt on.” He spoke in a rush, something he always did when nervous.

“And I’m not letting myself off the hook on the other thing,” I told him.

“What other thing?”

“The way I kissed you.” I lowered my head. “That was very wrong.”

“Don’t worry about that, it was a peck on the lips,” he said, as always, letting me off the hook. “I used to kiss you like that when I was a kid.”

“And we stopped that because at your age it’s not right. I don’t know why I did it, Paul, but I’m sorry.”

“You said you were lonely,” he said, looking more serious now. “And you are, you don’t date, you don’t fool around, unless you’re sneaking around. It’s time mom, time for you to find a guy who’ll take care of you.”

“You take care of me.” I was throwing out bait on that one, still stuck in that Malcolm induced son being mommy’s man crap, part of last night’s issues most likely.

“As much as you’ll let me,” he said simply, that was pretty open, I’d been hoping for, ‘I can’t in that way’ line, then again, would any son even think of that in the first place? I was a fucking mess.

“Hey, I gotta run.” He kissed my cheek and grabbing his coffee started heading for the door.

“Stop a minute,” I told him. “Quick question and I want a quick answer. Seeing you brought me up, why the hell aren’t you seeing anyone Paul?”

“Oh, come on, Mom.” He rolled his eyes. “I’m busy, school work.”

“And you’re twenty and good looking and a good kid, you never were without a girl before. You never even said what happened with Jen.”

“Maybe it was all the shit with dad, I think she got tired of waiting for me to come around,” he said. “But whatever, that’s the past.”

“The present?”

Paul put his hand on the doorknob, but then sighed, “Okay, look, there might be someone. But right now I’m interested, not sure she is so what’s worth talking about?”

“Why didn’t you mention her?”

“I did the other night, remember, miss maybe not so sweet?”

“Oh, who is she?”

“Someone, okay? And she’s older, a lot older and I know you won’t like that so no sense in having the fight if nothing’s there.”

“Oh.” That seemed to make sense. “Um, how old?”

He hesitated, then with a look of resignation said, “About your age.”

“Paul, how could that work?”

“Doesn’t have to be marriage.” He grinned.

“Okay.” Who was I to talk about meaningless sex?

“But I’d like it to be something, we’ll see.”

“You make a move, let her know?”

“It’s complicated.”

“Tell me she’s not married.”

“No.” He shook his head. “Husband’s long gone.”

“Then make your play, Paul, people aren’t mind readers.”

“Not that easy and,” he paused and pursed his lips in thought. “I think things are picking up, I’m getting close to knowing if there’s something there.”

“Okay, well thank you for telling me.” I wanted to leave it at that, but had to go back into mother mode. “But if you do get something going, I want to meet her. I don’t want some cougar screwing with my kid’s head.”

“That’s no problem, I think you’ll like her, you guys have a lot in common. Gotta jet!” He left the house and turning to the counter to make a cup of coffee I mulled over what he’d said.

Older woman, maybe he did have a slight mommy complex, but wasn’t looking at his mommy. That would be a natural extension of having a close bond with a mother and wanting a woman like her.

As I picked a flavor to put into the Kuerig, my final thought on it was I hoped to hell she had nothing in common with me.

Chapter Thirteen

The cell ringing brought me out of a sound sleep and sitting up on the couch, I grabbed it, wishing I'd thought to shut it off. I saw it was Dan and thought about ignoring him. I had no intentions of doing any other shoots at the moment, except the one scheduled with Malcolm.

But knowing him he would call back and a quick glance at the clock told me I'd been sleeping for close to three hours so may as well get up.

"Hey, Dan."

"Hey, Mary, how's things?"

"Fine," I lied.

"You're lying. You sound like crap."

"Hung over, I had a few too many last night."

"Yeah? Any fun to go along with it? A walk of shame?" he laughed.

"No, just me, but plenty of shame."

"You okay?"

"Going through the same shit we talked about and the Real Mom shoot added to it, but I'll deal with it."

"I told you another wouldn't be a good…"

"What do you need, Dan?" I cut him off.

"Right, Dan's the agent today, I get it," he said with a tone.

"Sorry, it's just…"

"You being you." He cut her off. "I'm calling to tell you to get on your damn site and send some replies. Since the Real Mom vid your website has been getting lit up like a Christmas tree. You were the most searched for milf porn star last week on Redtube and their affiliates."

"Damn."

"So make your fans happy and send some flirty little thank you notes and do it today, please."

"I will and I'm sorry I'm a mess. I had a guy at the bar last night telling me he thought I was Molly Minx. Marv told him to screw."

“Mary, I’m not going to sugar coat this, you’re going to get caught, and it’s a minor miracle one of Paul’s friends hasn’t found you yet. Kids that age love them some milfs.”

“I know, my son’s got one in his sights apparently.”

“Say again?”

“He told me he’s interested in a woman my age, but not sure about her being into him yet. I want to say something, but jeez, Dan, how hypocritical can I be?”

“I’ll talk to him,” Dan offered. “Try to get some juicy details he won’t give you and see if it looks like trouble or not.”

“Thanks Dan, I appreciate it.”

“Then make me happy and make your fans happy.”

“On it.”

I hung up and getting off the couch, wandered over to the dining room table. Since the other night, I’d gotten into the habit of keeping it out here. The table sat six and it was just us so it wasn’t like it was a hassle keeping them there.

I looked at myself in the mirror over the mantle and winced, in addition to my usual sexy ensemble of a long sleeved Raiders shirt that was huge on me, and a pair of baggy shapeless shorts; my eyes were red and my face pale from last night’s festivities.

“Hey, baby,” I purred in my smoky Molly voice. “You like what you see? You want a piece of this hung over drama queen?” I rolled my eyes and sitting down, opened my laptop.

I went to my site and saw Dan wasn’t kidding, there were well over a hundred contact messages. I scrolled through them and noticed my devoted follower ‘sowantmymom’ was on there several times.

Figuring I may as well take care of my dedicated followers I clicked on his latest message.

“Molly! Just joined Real Moms and saw your new movie! Left a comment there, but wanted to come here and tell you that wasn’t only hot, but brought tears to my eyes! Soon my mom is going to look at me just like that!

I can feel it! Thank you for keeping me inspired and showing me how loving a mom can be!"

"Great," I grunted, this would help with my mood, but I told Dan I would.

I typed back a quick reply that I was happy to help a loving son like him keep his desires going and signing off 'Hugs and hot kisses, Molly' I sent it. I went to the next message and jerked my head up at the sound of a ring.

Paul's damn notifications again, at least I knew what they were now. I went back to the comments and decided to come up with a standard reply and copy and paste my way through them. I went quickly through a couple dozen, then saw sowantmymom again.

I typed something different for them that way in case there was another one from them farther down the list it wouldn't look like I was cheating, using the same reply. I thanked him for being such a dedicated fan and how I always thought of my young 'sons' when I was on the set.

Pure crap, or was it? Couldn't say for sure after last week, but it sounded better to tell myself it was crap. I sent it off, clicked to the next one, and then froze when Paul's laptop went off again. I looked over at it and my heart beat faster. I'd sent two messages to sowantmymom and two new e-mails to Paul.

"Knock it off," I whispered. Get a grip Mary, you're chasing shadows.

That's what it was, coincidence combined with paranoia. I went back to what I was doing, but kept looking up at Paul's laptop as if I were expecting it do something when I wasn't looking.

Okay, I took a deep breath, easy enough to prove. I searched for and found another sowantmymom message and without even bothering to read it, typed 'thank you, for being a fan love, Molly' and sent it.

My stomach felt as if someone had kicked me when Paul's laptop went off seconds later.

"No." I got up from my chair and moved around the table so quickly I tripped over the leg and fell on my knees.

Ignoring the pain from landing on the hardwood floor, I was up like a shot and sitting in front of his laptop opened it. I went down to the chrome logo and saw he didn't have anything open. Standing up, I leaned over and

pulling my laptop over, replied to the same message, with nothing but a few random letters I typed.

I sent it and jumped when Paul's laptop whistled at me and a small box appeared in the corner of his screen: "You have received a message from Molly Minx.com!"

Despite my shock I clicked on the message box and as I'd hoped it opened up his yahoo inbox.

"Oh my god," I groaned when I saw four messages from my website at the top of his e-mails.

I leaned back in the chair, my temples now throbbing in time with my pounding heart.

Paul knew who I was.

No, it was worse than that; my son knew what I was doing and not only hadn't said anything, but was watching my movies. He was following my 'career' and communicating with me as sowantmymom.

"No, no, no," I kept repeating aloud as I thought of his messages, telling me how he wanted his mom and how he felt he was getting close to having her.

I went back to my laptop and saw the first message I had replied to had been sent late last night. Last night, after I'd let him take my shirt off and kissed him.

Paul not only knew my secret, but he wanted me.

No, he wanted Molly, not me.

But I was Molly.

I stared at his e-mails and no longer able to hold it back, buried my face in my hands and burst into tears.

Chapter Fourteen

I sat on the couch, my knees drawn up to my chest and arms wrapped around them like I used to do when I was a young girl and scared or upset. My chin resting on my knee, I looked over at the clock for the hundredth time this afternoon and saw it was three thirty; Paul got out of his last class at three and was due home any minute.

I reluctantly released my knees and let my legs slide off the couch so I was sitting normally and again tried in vain to imagine a way the impending conversation was not going to end in disaster. I looked over at the dining room table and shuddered at the sight of Paul's laptop, as if it had somehow embodied my current anguish.

Once I'd overcome my initial shock at seeing the e-mails I'd begun to think it through. Obviously this was why his history was always deleted, he wasn't taking chances with me using his laptop and finding anything on it.

But if he was that obsessed with me, my adult film persona, or both, wouldn't he need me to know at some point? Was he waiting for me to discover it on my own? No, if so he'd be more obvious.

On the heels of the thought he was talking about me in his sowantmymom messages I was dealt another shocking revelation, I was the older woman he had been talking about this morning. Not so sweet, about my age, and we had a lot in common. The little shit was playing games, telling me all about me.

Like his message, he had insinuated this morning he was getting closer. I blamed last night for that. In fact I was to blame for all of it. Had I not gone back into porn there would be no website, there would be no videos and there would be no sick crush on me.

Sick was the word. He was infatuated with me as a porn star. He'd known for awhile and was most likely fantasizing about me and…worse. The thought of him jerking off to my videos sent me into a fresh wave of shameful tears. I couldn't blame him, I was the damn mother and I'd brought this on somehow.

In hindsight, the nightmares of him discovering me and being pissed off didn't seem so bad, at least that was a normal reaction. I'd rather have him hate me to a degree than be thinking of me in a sexual manner. I'd become my own son's milf fantasy.

When I'd gotten over my second bought of crying, I'd looked closely at his e-mails, looking for anything else Molly related. I found the e-mail confirming his paid membership to real Mom and an older one making him a 'gold member' on loving mothers.

I found the one welcoming him to my website and received another kick in the stomach when I saw it was five months old. He'd known almost from the beginning of my return. I made the mistake of opening that one and groaned at the site of a picture of me, wearing nothing for but a pair of fuck me heels and a sultry smile. "Molly welcomes you!" the caption declared.

I hurriedly got out of that one and was going to get out of his e-mails when I noticed the column on the left for folders. I scanned the name so them, there was one for each of his classes, project names, I saw one still marked 'Jen' and paused thinking I now knew the real reason for their break up, Paul had a crush on me and had sent his sweet girlfriend packing.

Then I found the one marked 'mom' and steeling myself, opened the folder. No amount of preparation would have been enough for what I found. There was an e-mail marked Molly and when I opened it, there were close to two dozen links.

I clicked on several randomly and each took me to a porn site that featured my movies. At the feet of my mother, Mother of my dreams, Mom is bound to please, every movie since my return was there including the recently added Mom Takes Two.

The links to Loving Mothers and Real Mom were there and to my growing horror, the last two links I clicked went to vintage porn sites and contained ten minute clips of my first go around in the industry.

I sat there, tears on my cheeks as I watched the eighteen year old me riding one man while another fucked my ass and a third stood in front so I could blow him. That was enough for me to shut his laptop and push away from the table. It didn't matter what else was there, I had enough to know what was going on.

I'd thought of calling Dan—who thankfully was not in the two original Molly clips I'd seen—but what could he do? Maybe once I'd talked to Paul and had something more to go on I would tell him. I'd also have to tell him this was it, Molly Minx was officially retired again, albeit way too late.

I'd spent the next few hours doing housework, using the mundane acts of vacuuming and laundry and cleaning the bathroom to try to make the day go faster and keep my mind occupied. The latter was no help, I kept trying to come up with a way this would work out, but there was no hope for that.

This was a dual issue, my needing to explain my lies and choices, but more importantly confronting him about his feelings for me. I'd come and sat on the couch at two and the last hour and a half had consisted of me rocking back and forth on the couch, wishing I'd never looked at his laptop. But all that would have done was delay the inevitable and it was time to have a conversation that was months in the making.

I jumped at the sound of Paul pulling into the driveway and told myself to stay calm, whatever happened just stay calm, this had to be discussed, not argued. My son had unhealthy feelings for me which I unwittingly inspired and we both needed to own it and work this out. Paul was all I had, I couldn't lose my son over this.

I heard him come through the back door as he always did and hit the fridge, popping open a can of coke as he came into the dining room and put his back pack on the chair in front of his laptop.

"Hey, mom." He came walking over, a big smile on his face. "Feeling better?"

"No," I said softly, looking up at him.

"Holy shit!" Paul looked concerned. "You're eyes are all red, you been crying?"

"All afternoon," I told him. "Sit down, we need to talk."

"Sure." He sat on the other end of the couch and turning to face him I hesitated, how the hell do I start this?

"What's wrong, mom? You get bad news about something?"

"You could say that," I said glumly.

"What's going on? We…"

“How long have you known?” I cut him off.

“Known what?” he asked, but blinked before he spoke.

“Don’t play coy with me Paul!” I snapped, already breaking my vow to stay calm. “You know damn well what I’m talking about.”

Paul lowered his gaze and when he didn’t answer right away I decided to put an end to any more games.

“How long have you known about Molly Minx?”

Paul released a long breath and ran his hand through his sandy brown hair. He had a look of resignation on his face, as if he knew this conversation was coming at some point.

“Answer me!” I continued to let my emotions get the best of me and shouted the two words.

Paul looked up and spoke in a subdued tone.

“Two years.”

“Two years?” I repeated, my anger changing to confusion, that wasn’t what I expected. “But how? The internet?”

“No,” He spoke in the same quiet tone. “Dad told me.”

Chapter Fifteen

“What did you just say?” I refused to believe what I’d heard.

“I found out from dad,” Paul repeated. “How did you find out I know about you?”

“Sowantmymom told me.” I put my fingers to my throbbing temples. “Calm down, Mary,” I said aloud.

“You don’t have to be upset,” Paul told me. “I’m glad you know, it’s been hard keeping it a secret, but I was afraid to tell you and now that you know, we can talk about us.”

“Us?” I forced myself to adhere to my word of being calm. “There is no us, Paul. What we have is a big problem that needs to be discussed and I know it’s my fault in many ways.”

“I don’t really see the problem.” He shrugged as casually as if we were discussing what movie to watch.

“Then that’s a problem. Honey, we have a lot to talk about, but before we get to that I need to know what your father told you about me. Why the hell would he do that?”

“It wasn’t his fault,” Paul put his hands up. “It’s not like he just came up and talked to me about it. It was an accident. I was helping him clean out his office a couple years ago and found your old movies and…”

“Don’t lie to me, Paul,” I interrupted him. “Your father hated my past. He would never have anything from those days, he never even wanted me to act like that in bed with him.”

“That’s not what he told me.” Paul said it in the same calm manner. “I’m not lying, mom. I think you’re right, we need to talk, but about now, because this is a good thing that we both know now.”

“This isn’t a good situation, Paul, not in any way.” His calm was annoying, but it was making it easier for me to be as well, part of me had been expecting some type of fight with him. “But we can work it out by not lying or keeping anything from each other anymore.”

“You’re right,” he agreed. “But I guess we both had good reasons for not saying anything and it was a matter of time. I think maybe I was hoping

you’d find out.”

“I was hoping you never knew,” I said sadly. “Now I find out you knew about me before I even went back. I feel even worse than I did before.”

“Do you want me to tell you, about it?”

“No, but yes,” I answered honestly, I knew it would be upsetting, but now I had to know why John would tell Paul, something wasn’t right, even for this mess.

“Okay,” Paul began. “It was a few days after my graduation, you had gone to the beach for the day with a couple of the girls from work and dad had roped me into helping him clean out his office for the new furniture he’d ordered.”

Chapter Sixteen

“Hey Paul, I’m going to go run out real quick and grab us some lunch, pizza or burgers?”

I looked up from the box of old books I was packing and grinned. “Mom’s not here to complain about the smell so how about a white pizza with garlic?”

“Oh, I like how you think!” Dad laughed. “Tell you what, my job is getting the pizza yours is to remember to light some damn candles before she gets home so the house doesn’t stink.”

“Deal,” I told him. “You want me to start on your old desk?”

“Sure. Just put everything in a couple of small boxes so I can go through it later, I want to get that old thing into the garage today.”

“Got it.” I stood up and looking around the shambles of the office, found a small box to start with.

Dad had turned to leave, but then stopped. “Just don’t go opening any boxes or anything, I have some client info in there.”

“Yeah, because I’m going to steal their identities.” I rolled my eyes.

“Just do what I asked, okay, smart ass?”

“Yes sir.” I gave him a mock salute.

I went over to his desk and starting with the middle drawer began tossing the contents into the box. I found a small ring of keys and shoved them in my pocket so they wouldn’t get lost and after finishing that drawer began going through the larger drawers on each side.

I sat on the floor while I worked and finding a small brown box, went to stack it neatly with the other stuff, but wondered if dad was hiding something cool in his desk. He’d had a gun mom had made him get rid of and maybe he still had it.

I opened the box and was disappointed to find nothing but a bunch of folders with people’s names on them. I put the box with the rest of the stuff then went to the next drawer. This one was full of old books and more files, but after I cleaned it all out, I noticed a piece of paper sticking out of the corner of the drawer.

I tugged on it expecting it to come out, but instead as I pulled in it, it resisted and I heard something thump under the drawer. I reached under it and felt around, but there was nothing there.

I tugged harder on the paper and this time it ripped, but the corner of the bottom of the drawer lifted a couple of inches. I looked at the piece of paper in my hand saw some print on it; the corner of a book or magazine.

Intrigued, I grabbed the letter opener I'd found in there, and slipped it into the corner of the drawer. I popped the bottom out and laughed when I picked up the small copy of penthouse letters.

"Oh, you dog," I said aloud, looking at the cover which featured a smoking hot redhead in a pair of panties covering her tits with her hands.

"Librarians do it quietly," I read the blurbs on the cover. "Why choose when you can have both sisters? Do porn stars really like their work? Molly Minx tells us yes!"

"Jeez, what a bunch of crap," I muttered, but beneath the book was a metal box that looked interesting. Maybe it was the gun?

It was locked, but remembering the keys dug them out of my pocket.

"Jackpot!" I exclaimed when the third l key I tried opened the lock.

I lifted the lid and saw another magazine, a copy of *Adult Film Stars magazine* with two naked women kissing on the cover and declaring, "This issue's centerfold; Molly Minx!"

Guess dad had a thing for this Molly chick I thought as I flipped it open to the middle to check her out.

"Holy shit!" I exclaimed, dropping the magazine as if it had burned my hands. "No way," I shook my head. "No fucking way."

The magazine had landed face down on the floor and after staring at it for a few seconds I picked it up and flipped it back over.

"Oh my God," I whispered at the picture of the blonde laying naked on top of a pool table holding her tits and smiling at the camera.

Molly Minx was my mother.

She was young, really young, didn't even look twenty. I'd seen pictures of her from when she was a teenager and no doubt it was her. My hands were

shaking so bad the magazine was rustling, my mother had posed nude for skin mags!

I flipped the page and this time she was standing, bent over the pool table, legs wide to line up a shot. Her ass was pointed at the camera and her pussy visible between her thighs. On the next page she was kneeling on the table, her ass in the air and her hand between her legs, spreading herself open. In every picture she was smiling away and I knew that smile, I'd seen it every day of my life.

I closed the magazine and my eyes widened. Adult film magazine: "Molly Minx Tells Us Yes!" My mother wasn't a model, she was a porn star.

I looked back down into the box and saw there were several VHS tapes lined up on their sides. My fingers still trembling, I slid one out. The title was 'Blow Job Teens volume two' and right there on the cover was my mother, a cock in her hand and a huge load all over her face.

I dropped it and unable to help myself grabbed another. "Eighteen and loving it." Mom wasn't on the cover, but was one of several women shown on the back. This time she was on her hands and knees, with a guy behind and in front of her, sucking and fucking.

This had to be a fucking dream, I told myself even as I grabbed another one. This one was titled gang bang teens and I dropped it on the floor when I caught a quick glimpse of my mother kneeling on the floor with several guys around her.

There were four more videos in there, but I didn't touch them. I did notice a DVD on the bottom and removing it saw it was *The Best Of Nineties Porn: Molly Minx!* I turned it over to see it contained fifteen scenes featuring my mother.

I sat there with the disc in my hand, my heart pounding and saw there was an envelope in the box with "Mary" written on it. Putting the DVD in my lap, I picked up the envelope and removed a hand written letter from it.

"Dear Mary, writing this because I can't bring myself to tell you in person. I have a confession to make. I tell you I hate what you did before me and how I never want to know about it, but it drives me wild. I have movies of you I watch all the time when you're not home.

“It shames me to say it, but I love watching you with those men. It gets me so excited and I want you to be that way for me. I want you to be my porn star and want to treat you the way those men did. I know you’d love me to and it’s because you love me. I know you’ve been dying to make our sex life more exciting.

But I can’t tell you, I can’t admit to your face it turns me on, and when it comes time for sex, I can’t ask you to be Molly for me. I freeze up and go back to saying how wrong it was and how sick porn is and how badly you were treated.

But I’m lying to you and myself, I watch and dream of you being that way. Sometimes I think of you fucking other men in front of me as if I was there on the set, maybe that’s why I’m so jealous of Dan, he had you like that and didn’t love you like I do, none of them did, you were just there to be used by them and the thought makes me hard and it upsets me it does.

I guess what I’m trying to say is I tell you all the time I married Mary, not Molly, because I love Mary, but God help me, I lust after Molly! I know it’s a childish thing to ask through a note, but will you be my little minx?”

“Dan.” The note shook in my hand, Uncle Dan had said he’d known mom since they were eighteen. Holy shit, he’d been a porn star too and they’d filmed together. I returned the note to its envelope then sat there staring at the box wishing I’d never opened it.

I didn’t know which was more overwhelming, that my mother had been a well known porn star, or that a man I referred to as uncle had fucked her on video or that my strict prude of a father had fantasies about what she’d done. On their own they were all shocking, but combined?

I picked up the magazine, opened it to the centerfold again and really looked at her. Mom was a little thinner back then and obviously younger, but it was easy to see her as she was now lying on that pool table.

Her long legs were well shaped and her stomach hard and flat, but to my chagrin, my eyes lingered on her breasts. They weren’t as big as a lot of the porn stars or nude models I’d seen. But they weren’t that small and they were perfectly round, firm and her small pink nipples were hard between her red fingernails.

I turned the page to where she was on her knees on the table and looked at her ass, it wasn't as small as I would have thought for how thin she was, but round with a sweet curve to her cheeks. Sweet curve? What the hell was wrong with you, Paul? Put the damn thing away, put it all away.

But my shock had now morphed into a train wreck sort of fascination. I stared at my mother's pussy, her according to the caption, nineteen year old pussy and took in the small patch of blonde fuzz above her pink skin.

Her lips were spread and her swollen clit, as pink as her nipples, prominently displayed. I had to admit if this were any woman other than my mother I'd be thinking about what she would feel like, what she'd taste like.

Speaking of tasting, I put the magazine down and lifted the blow job video taking in my mother's cum drenched face. The cock looked huge in her small hand and the dripping head was right at the edge of her mouth.

Her lips were painted slut red and her beautiful blue eyes were wide and bright, looking at the cock as if she couldn't wait for more. I was sure it was an act, but her expression was of naked lust. Then again, didn't the book I'd seen declare Molly Minx liked her work?

I put the tape carefully in the box, and picked the gang bang one off the floor, quickly tucking it away before I looked closely at it. But when I grabbed eighteen and loving it, I didn't put it in the box, instead, my eyes darted across the room to the small TV that had a DVD player and VCR built into them.

Dad had said he needed the VHS player for his favorite old movies and boring war documentaries. Dad was full of shit, I thought, well not really, his favorite old movies just happened to be his wife's adventures as a porn star. His wife, my mother.

I looked from the VHS player to the tape in my hand and repeated that lost thought out loud.

"It's mom, don't do it."

But was it really mom? Technically yes, but hell, barely older than I was now. She certainly wasn't my mom then. That logic was twisted and I knew it, but I stood up anyway and walked over to the TV.

I slipped the tape in and my heart pounding turned the TV on. The first scene that came on was a redhead named Cindy Sinn and although Miss

Sinn looked pretty enticing in her cheerleader outfit, I picked up the remote and hit fast forward. I stopped each time I saw names for the next scene appearing and the fourth one announced “Molly Minx and Bill West.”

I had to remind myself to breath as the scene came on. Mom appeared in a naughty school girl outfit, complete with her hair in pig tails, seductively licking a lollipop. I stood there transfixed and watched as she tongued the candy, then putting it down, did a slow strip tease, unbuttoning her white blouse, then slipping her bra off and playing with her tits.

She put her back to the camera and shimmied out of the skirt to reveal her ass in a pair of old fashioned little white cotton panties. She lay on her back and spreading her legs, showed the large wet spot in the white panties and pulling them to the side played with her pussy.

I swallowed hard and felt myself blushing as I watched mom slip her finger inside her pussy, then suck on it. She rubbed her clit and made a come here gesture to the camera. A tall dark haired man came into view and stood in front of her.

He was shirtless and after running her nails up and down his chest and stomach, Mom unzipped him and pulling his long cock out, giggled and licked it as she had the lollipop. Mom moaned and the camera zoomed in as she slowly took his now fully hard cock slowly into her mouth.

I was beginning to sweat and kept lifting the remote to stop it, but for some reason couldn’t. On screen mom was deep throating the huge cock, drooling and moaning as she slobbered over it. The man pushed her back, stripped her panties off and getting on his knees licked her pussy.

Mom sighed and moaned, playing with her tits and as the guy licked her he shoved his fingers into her pussy, then one in her ass. Mom’s moans were getting louder and high pitched and I flinched when the room was filled with the sounds of her squealing as she came.

She sounded pretty damn convincing and when she finished, he bent her legs back and drove his cock inside her. I stood there in a daze, a dreamlike feeling coming over me. Could this really be happening? Was that my mother I was watching in a dirty movie? One of dozens she had made?

Worse, was I really hard? Was that my cock throbbing in my jeans as I watched my mother hop on top of ‘Bill West’ and bounce up and down on

his cock like it was an amusement park ride? Squealing, yelping, yelling for him to fuck her harder, her face a mask of wanton desire?

I put my hand on my crotch and groaned, it wasn't a dream; I was hard as a rock. You're a sick puppy, Paul, I told myself, but I didn't care, I stood there rubbing my aching dick through my pants while now watching my mother on her knees getting it hard and fast.

Her hand was between her legs, stroking her clit while she was getting pounded and moaning about how good it felt, then smiling and saying, "Don't be shy!" To my chagrin, and twisted delight, a second man came into the picture, naked, his hard cock swaying as he walked up to her. Mom eagerly took him in her mouth and was now sucking while getting nailed doggy style.

"Goddamn, Mom," I said softly while watching my mother taking it in both ends.

My cock was so hard it hurt and I was thinking disgusting thoughts. Thoughts like, fuck her harder, suck it mom, suck it and go ahead and give it to her, look at you, mom you little slut, kept running through my mind.

Somewhere in the back of my mind I saw my father's letter, him saying how he was upset at himself that her movies turned him on. Like father like son because I'd only known mom's secret for fifteen minutes and was standing here ready to pop.

There was just something about it; seeing my mother, albeit a young version, having sex, her hot little body sweating and the guy's hands pawing over her tits while they had their way with her. The sounds she was making and the look in her eye didn't seem fake, she seemed to be loving it and I was loving her doing it.

The guys whipped their cocks out and I groaned softly as mom knelt between them and they both jacked off on her face, covering it with their spurting cum. Mom moaned as she turned her face back and forth, getting it painted from both sides, then sucking on each cock, trying to get every drop.

The scene ended with mom smiling through her cum covered face and waving at the camera and saying, "Bye bye," in a little girl voice and giggling. Another scene started to come on, but now that mom was gone, I

was able to stop and remove it from the VCR. I slid it back in its case and then the box on the floor.

I was still hard and wanted to jerk off in the worst way, but wouldn't. It was bad enough I'd watched that, I couldn't go that far. I picked up the Penthouse letters book and the magazine, putting them on top of the tapes, and began to close the box.

That's when I saw the DVD on the floor and picked it up. I was taking one more look at it when I heard dad behind me.

"Half way to pizza hub and I realized I forgot my damn…Paul! Get out of there!"

My back was to him and panicked, I closed the lid and shoved the DVD into the front of my jeans, pulling my shirt over it.

"What are you doing going through my things?" Dad demanded, storming around to stand in front of me.

"I…um, I was just cleaning out the drawers and…"

"That box was not in the drawer it was under it!"He stared down at the box and I winced when I saw the key ring was still dangling from the lock.

Dad turned red pretty quick when he was upset and he'd been well on his way as he'd begun to yell, but as he stood there the color drained from his cheeks and he said softly, "You opened it."

"No, I was…well I was going to and you came in and…"

"Don't lie to me Paul." He spoke slowly as if trying not to be pissed. "You were in it."

"No, really," I forced a sheepish grin. "I was about to though, then you came in."

"I said don't lie to me!" He startled me by shouting and reaching down so quickly I put my arm up thinking he was going to smack me.

His hand went past me, down to the floor where he picked up the note I'd forgotten to put back in the box.

"This was in that box and underneath…" He took a deep breath. "You saw what was in there, didn't you Paul?"

"Yeah." I tried to sound casual. "Bunch of dirty movies."

Dad looked at me dubiously and picking up the box put it on the desk. I stood up from where I was sitting, careful to push the DVD deeper down into my jeans and make sure my shirt was over it.

“I think you saw more than that, Paul,” he said, while lifting the lid and peering inside. “Something we need to talk about.”

“Hey, Dad if you want to watch porn, that’s fine with me.” I kept trying to play it up. “I know mom hates it so don’t blame you for hiding it.”

Dad picked up the magazine and then the Penthouse book and stared at the row of videos. I tried to look unconcerned while hoping he didn’t lift them and see the DVD was missing.

“Paul, that note was under the movies.”

“No, it was on top.” I doubted he would believe me, but it was worth a shot.

“No, it wasn’t. I wrote it years ago and it’s been there ever since.” He glanced over at me. “And I watch these a lot more than I should, and they’re out of order.”

“This one,” he tapped the *Blow Job Teens* movie, “is in backwards.” He gave me a poor attempt at a smile. “OCD is a terrible thing.”

Before I could reply, he pulled the video out and showed me the cover with mom’s freshly painted face on it.

“Whoa!” I tried to sound the way I had when I’d first seen it, but it was a pretty poor attempt and with a nod, dad slid the move back in the box.

“You’d seen that already, if you hadn’t you’re jaw would be on the floor right now,” he told me. “Like I said, we need to talk.”

“Look, dad.” I put my hands out. “I don’t think there’s anything to say. Those movies shocked the hell out of me, but mom was really young and it’s in the past and I’ll never tell her I saw them.”

“That goes without saying.” Dad sat down in the desk chair and pointed at a large sealed box next to me. “Have a seat, Paul, we are going to discuss this. I won’t have you thinking poorly of your mother.”

“I wouldn’t think that way.” If anything I was thinking a little too highly of her it seemed. “I’m sure she had reasons.”

“Your mom never talks about her past for a reason.”

Dad was going to talk about this anyway and at this point I was just thankful he wasn't crazy pissed like he should have been. Like he would be if he knew I'd watched a few minutes of one, and had gotten turned on by it.

"She told me she had a shitty childhood and her parents were assholes, that's why I've never met them," I volunteered, even though I knew he was going to go into details. Odd he'd want to talk at all considering how weird this was.

"She did. Her father was a drunken prick like mine, but where mine was just kind of free with his hands, he hurt her in other ways."

"Oh, that's sick," I said softly. "Poor mom."

"And her mother found out, but was too afraid to say anything. Finally a suspicious neighbor did and they took her away from them, but she ended up in group homes and kept running away."

"Usually where she would run is to some guy old enough to have his own place and she would, lie about how old she was and," he paused, then sighed, "earn her room and board. Because of what had happened to her with her father sex was meaningless to her, it was just something that happened so she never cared about what she did or who she did it with if she could get something out of it."

"You don't have to tell me this," I interrupted, I didn't like hearing about mom being hurt, but his remark of her being that casual with sex had gotten me thinking about the movie I'd just watched. The idea my mother was, for a lack of a better term, easy wasn't as disturbing as it should have been.

"You need to understand what led her to that industry. Your mom was a beautiful girl and had said she'd always wanted to act. In an effort to get her on a decent path one of the women who worked at the home had her friend who was a photographer take some pictures of her."

"They showed them to a local modeling agency and they had your mom come in and loved her. She was in a couple of fliers for a local store and won a teen pageant. When she turned eighteen she made the mistake of thinking she could make it big and left Minnesota for Los Angeles."

Dad shook his head. "Sounds like a stereotyped script, but she came out here, couldn't get any real gigs, but found an agent that asked if she'd be

willing to shoot porn. Your mother unfortunately was no stranger to sex and decided to let the creep cast her.”

He tapped the box with the movies. “As you saw she ended up working in the industry for four years and became popular enough to appear in almost a hundred movies.”

“Jesus,” I gasped. “Why would you tell me that?”

“I know I shouldn’t, but I have a reason and we’ll get to it. But meantime I’ll stay in the past. I met your mom at a party that the head of my firm was invited to and he took me and a couple of other young attorney’s with him. It was a big shin dig, lot of affluent people and I was excited to think I’d make some connections.”

“What I didn’t realize is that at these types of things a lot of the very attractive women there were there for the sole purpose of entertaining the single men, especially the high rollers. A lot of the women were call girls, but because this particular client had connections in the adult film industry there were several porn stars there.”

“They were all paid a flat fee to attend the party, pick a guy who was there alone and make sure he had a great night and not just at the party. Your mother was one of those girls.”

Dad leaned back in the chair and grinned. “I was so naïve back then, Paul. My father had done us the favor of leaving when I was in my early teens and my mother raised me to be proper and always play it safe, do the right things. She pretty much taught me to be mister vanilla straight guy as your mom still calls me sometimes.”

“So I had no clue these girls were paid company and when your mother came over and started talking to me I thought, holy shit, look at this gorgeous girl talking to me!”

He sighed wistfully, his eyes gaining a faraway look as he recalled the past.

“Your mother was the most stunning woman I’d ever seen. It was a high end affair and even the hookers were dressed to the nines. She was wearing a strapless black evening gown that went down past her knees, but was slit to the hip. It was silky and slinky, tight enough to show off her assets shall we say.”

“Part of what was so stunning about her was I could tell she was young, twenty two at the time so only three years younger than me, but so mature looking, her features, her mannerisms, she seemed mature beyond her years. Sad to say I would discover later that came from the hard life she’d lived.”

“Her body was worthy of a lot of attention, that was damn sure, but her face?” He frowned. “Molly Minx was advertised as having the face of an angel and a body built for sin and that’s crude, but accurate.”

“Those huge baby blue eyes and those perfect lips and when she smiled, it touched those eyes, there didn’t seem to be anything fake or phony about her. I thought I’d hit the jackpot and seeing I’m talking to the son we had together I did, but I had no idea who she was and what her real purpose there was supposed to be.”

“She had brought me over a glass of champagne and we chatted for a while, just small talk. She was relaxed, confident, I was a nervous wreck. She told me her name was Molly and asked if I wanted to dance with her.”

“We get out on the floor and it’s a fast number and she put on a show. Bumping and grinding on me and had me blushing like a teenager. I noticed a lot of the women were dancing like that so again, thought nothing of it. The next number was slow and she wanted to stop, but I asked if we could dance to that one.”

“She looked at me funny, then shrugged and said why not? Looking back I get why most of the other single girls walked off the floor. They were there to slut around and show off, not be a date in a real sense.”

“We danced close and as the song went on, your mother relaxed and nestled into me. Holding her there in my arms as we swayed to the music was amazing, she felt so damn good! The song ended and another slow one came on and this time she asked me to stay there for that dance.”

“We stayed on the floor for an hour, dancing slow, then fast. I’d had a few drinks and loosened up and we were laughing, and dancing and it was the best night I could remember. The band took a break so we wandered around the party and I felt like a damn giddy teenager when she held my hand while she did.”

“I noticed I was getting some looks from the other guys, little smiles and some smirks and I thought they were making fun of me for some reason or wondering what she was doing with me. When your mom excused herself to use the rest room, my boss came up to me and claps me on the shoulder and says what a lucky dog I am.”

“Like an idiot I’m saying, yeah I can’t believe she was into me and he laughs at me and says she’s into a lot of things. I asked what he meant. He looks at me and asks if I know who she is and I said no and asked who she was.”

“Understand, Paul, I was raised to think porn was disgusting and I’d never watched one. I had no clue who she was and was so damn wet behind the ears the idea she was an escort didn’t even occur to me.”

“My boss decides that makes it even better and he just tells me she had done some modeling and left it at that. He walked away grinning and later I would know why, that he thought it was funny his naïve newbie attorney was going to get laid by a porn star and didn’t even know it.”

“Looking back, that may have been the biggest favor anyone ever did for me because if he’d told me who she was, I’d have left right then and there, embarrassed and disgusted.”

“Your mom comes back and the rest of the night is magic, dancing, talking, laughing and having a damn good time. The party is in the ballroom of a hotel and each guest had a room for the night so we could really enjoy the night and so all the men, single and married, could slide upstairs for some fun with their date.”

“The crowd is thinning out and she asks me if I want to go back to my room. My heart’s pounding a mile a minute and I say sure. We go up there and we’re sitting there and again I feel like a little kid. I was nervous, wondering what was going to happen next.”

“Your mother saw I was nervous and told me it was sweet, said she’d never spent time with such a sweet man, I learned soon that certainly was no lie. She slides up next to me and asks if I want to kiss her. That was a no brainer, nervous or not, I was no fool. It was sweet kiss at first, then she turned it into something more intense and her hand goes into my crotch.”

“I’m a little surprised and tell her I’d rather go slow and wasn’t even thinking about sex, I mean I didn’t even know her last name. She laughs at first, then when I blush she gets that I’m serious and asks if I know who she is?”

“I tell her that my employer told me. She looks upset, her face just seemed to fall and I added, that he said she was a popular model.”

“That was break number two, had I not kept talking and gave her an opening to say who she was, that would have been it. Things like that, Paul? That means things are meant to be. Think about it what were the odds some ass at that party wouldn’t have come up to me and said who she was, I’m sure not everyone knew her, but in that crowd I bet more than a few did.”

“She looks at me funny and asks if that was all he said. I told her yes and she gave me this huge smile and asked if I really liked her.”

Dad stopped and gave me a sad smile. “I remember thinking why would a young women this attractive and self-assured ask that question and look so excited when I told her I did like her and was hoping I could get her number.”

“She looks shocked, again I wondered why, I thought she must get asked out just when she goes for coffee the way she looked. She gives me another of those big genuine smiles and…she blushes! She looks nervous, I thought it was surprising, but adorable. Taking that as a good sign I ask her out to dinner the next night.”

“I swear she looked as giddy as I felt and asked if I really meant it, that I’d want to go out with her. I said of course then she gets this odd look and asked where I expected the night to go. I told her it would go as far as she wanted it to.”

“She looks totally stunned and then asks if she were to leave after she finished the wine I’d poured for her would I still want to see her the next night. I told her of course I would. I wasn’t looking for sex, hell we hadn’t even had a real date yet.”

“Your mother claps her hands like a little kid, gives me a kiss and said I had made her night and she would love for me to take her to dinner the next night. We stayed on the couch until two in the morning just talking, with a

few little kisses here and there and when she left she told me what a gentlemen I was.”

“Huh,” I grunted. “Mom just said you guys met at a party and a friend introduced you to her.”

“Much easier story that way,” he said. “We hate lying Paul. We never lie to each other and raised you to never do it, but I think you see now why we never said much about our meeting.”

“I can understand that.” Earlier, I’d been hoping to just get the hell out of the room and the awkward situation my father and I were in, but now I was interested in the story and pressed for more. “So when did you find out?”

“We dated about a month before I learned the truth. Remember back then it was the dark ages, you know?” He grinned. “The internet wasn’t big at all in nineteen ninety four, many people didn’t even know what it was.”

“So it’s not like today where porn is everywhere. Back then porn was available only in adult video stores or if you went to an adult theater. So porn stars weren’t the cult status celebs they are now and not that recognizable. Your mom also looked very different off the set. She was dressed accordingly for the party, but otherwise?”

“Like now, your mom dressed very simple, jeans, t-shirts, hair in a ponytail, not much make up, and she looked very different from her Molly persona. Our first dates were like most people’s dinner, a couple of movies, dancing.”

“All the dates ended with a little kissing and that was it. Your mother would tell me afterwards that she was getting a kick out of having a normal relationship and seeing she had sex for a living she wanted to enjoy an evening that didn’t end with it.”

“But then we had gone out to a small party, we drank a lot and were both kind of buzzed, we go back to her place and she comes out in the sexiest lingerie I’d ever seen and proceeded to pretty much blow my mind. The hottest wildest sex I could have imagined.”

“I’d been with two girls in high school and a couple more in college. I wasn’t a player and stayed with each girl for long time. So I had some experience, but nothing like that and with my upbringing I was usually a

little, well lame I guess by most standards. In fact there were moments I tried to tell your mother to stop, um, you know…”

“Wow, you were a prude.” I laughed. “Who says no to that?” And I’d seen how damn good she was at it.

“It was the way she did it, like a damn animal like a,” he grimaced, “a porn star. Part of it was her being drunk. She apologized for being so aggressive the next morning. In fact she looked so distraught I asked what was wrong and she said that was our first time and she had wanted it to be special not dirty, said she had wanted to be different with me.”

“That remark should have set off a warning bell, but at the time I could see how upset she was and there are worse things than a woman being a wildcat in bed. I took her in my arms and kissed her then made love to her.”

“It was the opposite of the night before, slow, gentle, loving, respectful I guess you could say. It was how I was taught a woman should be treated, love over lust. Your mother enjoyed it so much she cried afterwards.”

“Not sure a girl crying after that would make me think I’d hit a home run,” I quipped.

“I was a little nervous too, but again in hindsight it was the simple fact that I was the first man to ever be good to her. That wanted something other than to fuck her. Sometimes I wondered in the beginning if she loved me or the fact I was nice to her.”

“You know she loves you,” I told him. “It’s been twenty years, nice only goes so far.”

“Good point.” He nodded. “But things were going great. Only hitch was when I mentioned to my boss that I was dating her, he asked what I thought about her job and I asked why I would care she modeled. Guess he forgot his own lie, but then he just played it off with a grin. Now I’d be suspicious, but back then just a love struck naïve guy.

“Then it happened. We went to the park, your mother loved the carousel, she was like a big kid on it. She mentioned not having much of a child hood, but no details and that was the first of anything I’d heard about her past from her.

“So we’re sitting on the bench and this jerk comes strolling over and says ‘hey Molly!’ she looks up and he’s grinning like a goon and asks for her

autograph. I'm not thinking much at this point. She only talked about her modeling if I pressed. I'm thinking he recognized her and he did, but not from any ads.

"She tells him he has her mixed up with someone else and he pushes saying he's seen all her movies. Now I'm staring at her and she's stammering. The asshole looks at me then laughs and says, oh, guess your boyfriend doesn't know.

"She tells him to screw and at that point I get in between them and tell him to get lost. He just grins at me and says, 'I can't believe you're fucking Molly Minx and don't even know it. What's she like, she wild or so worn out from all those big cocks she just blows you?

"That, Paul, was the first time in my life I'd ever hit someone. Didn't even think about it, just decked him, put him on his ass and lucky for me, by the time he had jumped up a few people came over and got in the middle. I looked around for your mother and saw her running away."

"Damn, poor mom," I said, now feeling worse than ever I'd gotten excited over her movies.

"I caught up with her and asked her what was wrong. She said to just let her go, she didn't want to lie to me anymore."

Dad stopped and looked into the box again, his hand drifting across the spines of the movies.

"At that point she probably could have lied to me. All she had to do was say the guy was an ass and she had no idea what he was talking about. Again, no google to just pop in names I had no idea who the hell Molly Minx was, she had said her last name was Walters."

"I had sort of thought he was an ex-boyfriend being an asshole or a friend of one and he was implying she was a slut. I had no idea what he really meant. So I told her to just tell me the truth."

"She didn't want to at first, but I told her I wasn't going to drop it or even take her home until she told me what was going on. We sat down on another bench under the shade of some trees and I thought, what a nice peaceful spot on a gorgeous day. Then your mother, a woman who I'd already fallen in love with, told me she was an adult film actress."

“I sat there stunned, I’ll bet as stunned as you were, or maybe not as much as I didn’t see any visual proof at the time. I had nothing to say and she kept talking and through her sobs confessed to me she had shot two scenes while we were dating because she needed the money and she had no education to get another job.”

“She said those were the nights she had said she hadn’t felt well or was busy because she couldn’t bring herself to even look at me on the day of or the days right after the shoots.”

“That pissed me off. If it had been in the past I might have tried to work around it, but hearing her admit she had screwed guys while she was seeing me? I was so pissed, I stood up, tossed a twenty at her and said it was for a cab home because I didn’t even want her in my car.”

“She tried to give it back, but I told her keep it, after all she should be used to taking money for a ride.”

“That was harsh.” I whistled.

“I was hurt, Paul. You must feel a little betrayed at finding this out. Knowing we lied to you, knowing your mother spent four years doing what most people would call her a slut or whore for doing.”

“In a way, I guess.” I hadn’t thought of that actually, all I’d found myself thinking at the time was that it was hot in a sick way and hearing dad’s words made me realize I should have felt what he had described, but simply didn’t. “For me this is history, before me even, so it was a shock, but I don’t feel hurt by it.”

“You’re an old soul Paul. Nothing ever seems to really get to you,” Dad told me. “I admire the way you deal with things, always calm, always thinking it through. You’re a hell of a young man.”

“Have great parents,” I told him.”

“Your mom, especially, she dedicated herself to being a good woman to me and even more so when she had you, being a mother means the word to her, Paul. You made her feel like she’s worth something.”

“She shouldn’t have had to have me for that.”

“You’re right, but she never thought much of herself, and even with me only to a certain extent, you gave her a real reason to feel special.”

“Obviously you and mom got back together,” I prodded him. “How?”

“For the next week I ignored her calls. I felt terrible, but during that time I’d decided to go into an adult video store and make sure this wasn’t some kind of sick joke.” He rolled his eyes. “One of the first things I saw was a full size poster of your mother topless on the wall over a row of movies that all featured her.”

“I stood there looking at the dozens of movies in shock and a couple of other guys were there and talking about how wild she was, how she’d do anything and seemed to love it. I should have just gotten out of there, but instead? I bought one of the movies.”

“Why?” I asked him, but was partially asking myself the same thing, after all, I’d popped one in within minutes of finding it.

“Damned if I know.” He looked genuinely upset as he spoke. “But I wished to hell I hadn’t because as you can see, I’m still watching the fucking things.”

I was going to press him on that, again because maybe it would make me not feel so bad that I’d not only watched, but had been strangely aroused.

“I’ll get to that. But for now, I took it home and watched it and as appalled as I was watching her I was into it as well, ended up, well, you’re a kid, you know.” He looked away embarrassed. “But even with that, I couldn’t have a relationship with a woman whose day at work was fucking other men.”

“Two weeks later I go to work and your mother’s outside on the steps. She’s wearing this horrible pink waitress uniform with a name tag and like a d-bag I asked if that was for her new movie. I felt bad as soon as I said it and saw the pain on her face.”

“You should have,” I told him. “Dick move, pop.”

“I can’t argue that, and because of that I said I was sorry and she asked if we could go across the street to the little coffee shop and talk for a few minutes. I went and she told me the waitress uniform was her new job. She’d quit the industry two days after I walked away from her and she said she would never go back, even if I didn’t want her.”

“I was happy she quit, but not sure I could deal with it. Think about it Paul, anytime we’d have sex I’d be thinking about what she did with those guys, not to mention they’re, you know…”

“Hung like horses?” I finished.

“Crude, but true. We talked for over an hour, I ended up getting reamed for being late for work, but I promised we’d talk again that night and we did. She told me I’d made her feel loved and showed her respect she never thought she deserved and she wanted more of it. She begged me to take her back.”

“I couldn’t say no to her because as I’d said I’d already had feelings for her and I decided to try to put her past behind us. It wasn’t easy, between me thinking of that movie which by the way she never knows I saw and the fear of her being recognized anywhere we went.”

“Sad to say I felt ashamed for a little while, but as time went on and we grew closer I said the hell with it. The only problem was work as my boss knew exactly who she was so I left one of the top firms in LA to work for the small firm I’m still with. I lost out on a lot of prestige and money, but got an amazing woman out of the deal.”

“Don’t forget your awesome son,” I joked.

“That you are my boy,” he said. “You’re proving it now by how well you’re taking this, a lot kids your age would be basket cases.”

“Has anyone else ever recognized her?”

“Surprisingly, no,” he said with obvious relief on his face. “When we’d been together a few months and serious enough for her to move into my apartment with me we talked about moving.”

“As an attorney I could get work anywhere and mom,” he shrugged, “she dropped out of school and really had no skills other than…” He tapped the box. “So she’s always waitressed. Even now, she doesn’t need to work, but she likes to.”

“But we both loved it here and truth is porn is worldwide so she could be recognized anywhere. But as I said we were lucky. Plus once she quit and nothing new was coming out she began to fade from memory.” He released a long breath. “Until the last couple years anyway.”

“What do you mean? Did someone see her?”

“No, but the internet has blown up so much over the last few years and we found out there are now a few vintage porn sites out there, everything from seventies to nineties and your mother’s videos are there. We can’t legally do

anything about it. The original producers sold the rights to them, plus coming forward to try would expose her anyway."

Dad rubbed at his temples and I could tell this was taking more of a toll on him than me, but I had a feeling it wasn't just because I'd found out, it seemed something else was there.

"Now that you know I can tell you that I discussed telling you with your mother."

"Seriously? Why would you?"

"Because you're a young man and if you tell me you've never watched porn I'd know you were lying."

"Guilty." I gave him a sheepish grin.

"That's fine, most guys do. That was why I thought it could be time to tell you. My thought was what if you found a site that shows clips from older movies, what if you saw your mother? It would be better to hear it from us than for you to blunder into it."

"Worse, I feared one of your friends, or even one of mine could find it. But in my case I've spent the last twenty years knowing it could happen someday you'd be blindsided."

"Looks like I was anyway," I pointed out.

"Because you snooped under a secret drawer and then unlocked the box," he countered. "Not like they were laying around the house."

"Guilty again." I sighed. "I thought it was your gun you were hiding. Wish it was," I added that for effect because I wasn't exactly sure I was all that upset about this, at least not like I should be.

"Your mother refused, said she couldn't bring herself to and would never want you to know that about her. She said she would take her chances she wouldn't be found out after all these years. You can't tell her you know."

"I said that right from the start. I'll never say a word dad, promise."

"Good, now I'm going to ask you two questions and I want the truth."

"Yes sir." I nodded.

"You put one of those in the VCR?"

"Hell no!" Fear of what he would say if I admitted I did along with the shame I felt for doing it made me sound pretty convincing and he looked

relieved.

“Good, I wouldn’t think you would, but then again you wouldn’t think I’d have a collection of my wife’s greatest hits.” He seemed to be mocking himself, rather than her.

“Second question.” He held up the note. This was on the bottom of the box, did you read it?”

“Yeah,” I said quietly, seemed like the cat was out of the bag on that one anyway, and I had a question of my own. “Uncle Dan was with mom?”

“He was,” Dad answered. “Several times it seems. He was already in the industry for a couple of years. He was fairly popular and took a liking to your mom.”

“Obviously,” I said dryly. This was the one part of the revelation I wasn’t thrilled with. My unofficial uncle had made sex movies with my mother.

“I mean off set. Look, Paul, I know this is shocking and you may not be happy about it. Trust me I didn’t want him anywhere near your mother when she quit. It wasn’t just a reminder of those times for her, but she’d been with him.”

“Don’t blame you.”

“But that was childish jealousy. Dan was, no, Dan is a good man. He’s a hell of a friend to your mother and a good friend to me too now, and he adores you.”

“Dan can’t have kids, he got a vasectomy when he was eighteen because he never wanted any. He regrets that decision and he sort of looks at you as a son he never had.”

“But still it’s strange knowing they did that together. When did he quit?”

“He didn’t.” Dad pointed at me. “This is another thing you can’t say you know, or it gives everything away. Dan acted a few more years, then became an agent, now he directs. From what your mother says he’s one of the good guys in the industry, treats the girls well, and doesn’t push them to do what they don’t want.”

“Going to be hard to look at him the same way.”

“I know, twenty years later seeing Dan still reminds me of what your mother did. Still makes me jealous in away and that’s part of why I have

these damn movies.”

“That what you keep saying you’re getting to?”

“Paul, as crazy as this sounds, I’m kind of glad you found those. For one, I thought you should know. Your mother disagreed and I abided by her decision, but can’t help it now, right? So if God forbid someone finds out about her, at least you heard it from me first.”

“Hopefully it doesn’t.” Dad was right about that, shit what if Jack or any of my other friends found this out? My life would be hell, never mind what they might say to mom.

“So far so good.” He paused and ran his fingers along the movies again. “The other reason is I can now at least talk to someone about this. I’ve lived with this secret for over twenty years. Think about it, who the hell could I ever tell this to?”

“Didn’t think of it like that.”

“And we’ve always told you we want you to know we can talk about anything, no matter what, so I guess this is where I practice what I preach because I have a confession to make, Paul. One that’s eaten me up for a long time.”

“Then fire away,” I told him. “Only fair, you’ve been listening to my problems for years.”

“These movies, what your mother did in them. Paul they drive me fucking crazy.”

“I understand, I mean it can’t be easy to know your wife did…”

“No, crazy as in they turn me on.”

“They do?” I was stunned, not just at the admission, but the fact the damn things had me turned on too.

“They do. I told you the first one I bought I couldn’t stop watching it. I didn’t tell you at that point that I went and bought more. I watched them all over and over. When I wasn’t watching, I would lay there in bed thinking of them.”

“I don’t know why, I should have been upset by them, but just watching her being that wild, seeing her being taken sometimes by more than one man was just, primal I guess.”

“Getting close to TMI.” I gave a nervous laugh, but knew exactly what he meant, it was what I’d felt watching that scene with two men.

“Sorry, just being honest. I bought some of the adult movie mags and they talked about how directors and other actors all said she wasn’t acting, that when she,” he hesitated, “got off, it was for real, that she really got into the action. That got me even hotter. I started figuring I was some type of voyeur.”

“Maybe and mom was probably a…what do you call them, exhibitor?”

“Exhibitionist,” Dad corrected me. “I would think so many of them are. Your mother was the perfect porn star. She was sexually promiscuous even before her career, would do anything, got into it and unfortunately felt it was the only attention she was worth.”

“He saw herself as nothing but an uneducated whore doing what she did best, fucking. That’s why she became so emotional when I made love to her.”

“Kind of sad.”

“Very. Now speaking of sex that’s the other part of my problem. You saw the note so you already knew I enjoyed these, but it makes me feel better to come out and say it. You also read that I…can’t be like that with her.”

“Why?”

“Wish I knew. I think in the beginning it was because I didn’t want her to keep acting like she did in the movies. We made love or had just I’ll say basic sex. After time passed, I wanted to just cut loose and have sex with Molly Minx, not Mary my wife. But I couldn’t and still can’t.”

“Don’t know why.” I shrugged, thinking if I had a girl who had done what mom did, I’d want her to do it for me every chance she could.

“Maybe my upbringing, I was raised to think porn was disgusting then married a former porn. star. That and I think I felt less than those guys in more than just, um, endowment, but the way they took her.”

“The confidence, the aggressiveness. That’s not me. I thought that a wild cat like Molly was too much for me, but Mary the woman who melted when I loved her sweetly and with affection? Her I could give what she wanted.”

“They’re the same person, dad.”

“Yes and no. Your mother talked about Molly as if she thought she was a persona that took control. She always said Mary was the one enjoying life now after Molly had done everything she could to ruin her. I started to see it that way and thought if I wanted it wild and crazy she would relive the Molly days.”

“I think you both talk about Molly like she died or something. We’re always who we are, no?” I said, confused at why it would matter.

“Another old soul remark from you. Not that simple. Mom saw Molly as a source of pain and disgrace. The opposite of her as the loving wife and mom. I saw her the same way, but still wanted Molly in the worst way. We’ve never talked about it, probably should, but we’re happy and that’s what counts.”

“Honestly? I think I bore her, but she never wants to say it and I think she figures if she comes on like Molly, dressed trashy, looking to get wild, then it will make me recall those days. Molly continues to live on, but in a negative sense. Mary wants no part of Molly, I’d love a part of Molly, but it’s not worth your mother’s pain if it triggers bad memories.”

“That’s screwed up, but I get it.”

“So I still watch these damn movies. I got rid of a lot of them, but can’t make myself get rid of all of them.” He put the note back in the box, slipping it between two movies and closed the lid.

“Give mom that note,” I told him. “That’s why you wrote it.”

“I wrote it five years ago.” He locked the box. “Obviously I don’t have the balls to give it to her. I guess I’ll live vicariously through twenty year old movies.”

“You’re missing out,” I told him what I personally felt, no way would I deny myself that. “Past is the past dad and those guys were paid, they meant nothing, mom loves you.”

“Wow, who is the adult here?” Dad whistled. “You’re right, Paul and I think that’s why I don’t want the two to mix. Your mom gave me a chance before, said she’d be my whore if I wanted her to be because it would only be for me. She was inviting me to and I just couldn’t, again my loss, maybe hers, but I just can’t.”

“Well, it’s never too late to try, dad,” I told him. “You guys are barely over forty, got a lot of time left to enjoy.”

“That’s true.” He nodded. “On the other hand I tell myself life’s too short and you never know and I should act now.”

“Please, you’re not going anywhere anytime soon, Dad.” I got up and going over to him, put my arm around his shoulders. “You’re going to be around a long time and when I’m making a ton of money I’ll take care of you and mom the way you guys take care of me.”

“You’re a good kid, Paul.” Dad surprised me by kissing me on the cheek. “I have no doubt you’ll take good care of us. But on that subject. You promise me two things.”

“Anything.”

“If anything should happen to me you take good care of your mother.”

“Promise.”

“And you never tell her you know. Even if someone sees her and brings it up, you play dumb, because I had promised I would never tell you. You never tell her, no matter what, got it?”

“Got it.” I clapped him on the arm. “But it’s not even worth talking about because you’re going to be here for a long time.”

Chapter Seventeen

I went up to my room with my head spinning. Finding the movies was shocking enough, but my reaction to them was more so. Then Dad telling me he felt the same way; that they got him hot even all these years later.

But mom was his wife, it was still odd he'd want to watch her fucked by other guys, but he had sex with her. This was my mother. The videos should have made me sick to my stomach, not get me hard.

I entered my room and sitting down at my desk, winced in pain. I'd gotten so caught up in talking to dad, I'd forgotten about the DVD tucked into my pants and the case had dug into my stomach.

I removed it and looked at the cover which featured mom topless, in between a man and a woman, her kissing the woman, while the man kissed her back and covered her tits with his hands.

"Put it down," I said aloud.

I opened the case and pulled out the insert which unfolded into several pictures of mom. They were all complete nudes in various positions and I focused on one where she was smiling and cupping her tits.

This was my mother. A voice in my mind said, but at the same time my cock twitched. I thought of men sucking on them, men and women, imagined them wrapped around a cock, with cum all over them. All the things I'd seen other porn stars do.

I took my time looking at the other pictures, especially the one where she was on her knees, her ass and pussy exposed while looking over her shoulder with a naughty smile. My cock was fully hard as I thought of someone fucking her from behind and with a feeling of inevitability I slipped the DVD from the case and slid it into my laptop.

The scene opened up with mom making out with an older and much bustier redhead. I watched, my lips parted, breathing through my mouth as mom pushed the redhead down on the bed and eagerly licked her pussy.

The camera zoomed in close, showing mom's wide blue eyes staring up as her pink tongue circled the woman's clit before easing back with a trail of sticky fluid dangling from it. A guy came into view and looking up from

between the redhead’s thighs, Mom sucked his cock as happily as she had been licking pussy.

Again a close up, this time her red lips sliding along his shaft taking him deep, then easing back and flicking her tongue around his head before sucking on him, her head bobbing rapidly. Mom rolled over on her back and as the redhead straddled her face, the guy lifted her legs and plowed into pussy.

Mom released a series of muffled squeals then moans when the redhead leaned over to rub her clit as the guy pounded her. My heart was pounding and even as I felt my face flushing from the shame of watching this, I unsnapped my jeans, pulled my cock out and proceeded to jerk off to my mother.

Chapter Eighteen

I sat there staring numbly at the note John had written years ago. In the middle of telling me his story I'd flat out told Paul to stop lying to me. There was no way I could buy John was obsessed with my movies.

Paul had told he could prove it and as I sat there fuming at what I was convinced was bullshit, he'd gone up to his room and five minutes later came down with not just the note, but the metal lock box from his father's desk.

When John was in his last days in the hospital, he had asked Paul to get the box and destroy everything in it. Paul had disobeyed and it was now here in front of me. I looked up from the note which I had just read for the second time since he'd stopped talking, then that fucking box.

My eyes drifted across the titles and as if it had just happened yesterday, I could recall moments of the shoots for all of them. Especially gang bang teens. My God, James had watched that, five guys fucking me in every position in all three holes at once, as well as my hands and feet and anywhere they could put their cock.

I swallowed hard at the thought Paul had watched it as well. It was bad enough to see any of my shoots, but at least the one on ones weren't as hardcore or degrading.

"Mom, do you want me to stop?"

I folded the note and slipped it back into the envelope with my name on it. A note from John from seven years ago and it was about wishing he could fuck me like a porn star.

Part of me wanted to say no. Tell him we'd talk again later, or tomorrow, that I needed time to think on this. My emotions were too close to the surface. Shame that Paul had known for almost three years. Fear that he didn't seem concerned by it and heartache from seeing something written by my deceased husband.

Words that said he had wanted Molly all through the years. I would have given him Molly, all he had to do was ask. But the reasons he had given Paul were typical John, putting his desires aside because he was concerned

of what they would do to me. Now here I was back in the lifestyle, I wouldn't give Molly to him, but to any guy they paid me too.

But how the hell could I let Paul walk away right now? The fact he seemed so unconcerned I'd discovered he knew was eating at me. Granted he had known my past, but how could he not be upset I'd gone back to it?

"No, we need to finish this, now," I said already hearing the tremble in my voice. "You've been watching my movies ever since?"

"Yeah." He nodded and for the first time looked as if he felt bad. "It was like dad said. I'd keep saying I shouldn't, it was wrong, I need to stop. Every time I got off I'd say it was the last time, until the next time."

"Your father know? He must have missed the movie."

"I burned a copy, then put it back," Paul admitted. "Then I went on google and searched you and found a bunch of other videos."

"So for almost three years you've been sitting here acting like you never knew and watching me walk around here like a mom and you've pictured me doing those things." It wasn't a question and Paul's head lowered.

"Yes, but not like a mom, you are my mom, you're an amazing mom."

"Sounds like what sowantmymom has been telling me," I said with more heat than intended. Calm down, Mary, I couldn't let this get uglier than it was.

"It's all true, Mom, I lo…"

"When did you find out I went back and how?" I interrupted him quickly, not giving him a chance to say what I feared to hear.

"A few months ago. See, thing is when I first got into your movies it was kind of like, wow look at my mom doing these things. You were so young in them you didn't seem like my mother. It was like watching another person."

"But they did it for you, didn't they?"

"They did, but not in the way I wanted to do them with you. I never saw me with you, just watched you and was turned on by what you did."

"But I'm led to believe that changed didn't it?" I rubbed at my temples, damn my head was pounding.

“After dad passed, months after, I started watching the movies again and would search for new ones. I ended up on a site that had some mom son stuff. I watched a few and at first thought they were stupid. Who would do that to their mom?”

“First reaction is always the right one, Paul,” I pointed out.

“Then I saw one of the Loving Mother’s movies and it was really sweet and erotic. The son was in love with his mom and she needed a good man in her life and when they had sex it was slow and sexy and fun.” He looked up at me, his eyes bright. “They loved each other and it wasn’t dirty, it was romantic.”

“Paul, it was a movie, a fantasy. That’s not how it works.”

“All fantasy is based on reality and a lot of guys love their mom, hell it’s in Shakespeare. Besides, boys already love their mom, it’s just loving them in every way.

Christ he sounded like fucking Malcolm.

“Where the hell did you get that idea? You go to school with hundreds of boys your age, any of them with their mom?”

“Not every son wants his mom and not everyone who wants them, gets them. Just the really lucky ones.”

“Oh, Paul.” I shook my head. “You’re buying into a myth created by these damn porn sites that appeal to people with an incest kink.”

“If I didn’t feel that way, I’d believe you.” His words felt like a blow, there was no doubt where this was heading, goddamn counseling.

“After that I watched more of that kind of movie and a lot of them reminded me of us. The dad died or ran off and mom was all alone, working hard, lonely and sad. But their sons were there for them, first just to help be the man of the house, but then to take care of her in every way. Who could be better to a mother than her son?”

“I’m not…”

“Not what? Sad? You are, lonely? You won’t date. You’re working two jobs, stressed, still missing dad. You need someone mom and I…”

“Am stalling,” As was I, by cutting him off. “Keep going, how did you find out I was back?”

“I kept watching more and more mother and son stuff and in the meantime still watching your old movies, but seeing you differently, I started seeing you doing those things with me.”

“Nothing I did in any of those movies was loving.”

“True, but shouldn’t people lust after the one they love? Dad made the mistake of not wanting you to act like that, I’d love for you to…”

“Do not finish that sentence,” I snapped. “We’ll get to your misplaced feelings soon enough.”

Paul narrowed his eyes and looked concerned for the first time since we’d started. Had he really expected me to be okay with this?

“Okay, I get it,” he said with a shrug. “Playing the part.”

“What does that mean?” I demanded.

“So I was watching a lot of porn and one day I was on my mom sucks and I saw a blurb, ‘Hot mommy Molly Minx gives her son a birthday BJ. I thought it was an old clip they’d dug up that I’d never seen, then clicked on it and saw it was you now.”

“I’m sorry, honey.”

“Don’t be,” he said simply. “I’m not mad mom, I know why you did it.” He chuckled. “Soon as I saw it I remembered dad’s story about how you said you were a model, you went full circle with the same lie.”

“Full circle in many ways,” I said quietly. “Having this conversation with you reminds me of the one I had with your father back when he rightfully walked away from me.”

“No, this isn’t the same mom. Not at all. I’m not mad.”

“Why? How can you not be, I lied to you.”

“With good reasons and I know what they are.”

“But, Paul you can’t be happy with me doing this.”

“Why not?”

“Because…what if your friends saw me? What would that be like for you?”

“It wouldn’t be easy and it could still happen, you’re all over the net. You’re in the top lists for milf porn stars. If it happens I’ll deal with it, you’re more important than anyone else to me.”

“That’s sweet, honey, but I’m taking a big risk and it’s risking you not just me.” Why the hell wasn’t he mad?

“I saw that video,” He went back to my other question. “Then found a couple more. I started looking for them every day, then I saw you had a website and created sowantmymom so I could talk to you, sort of.”

“Paul those things you said as him, you can’t mean them.”

“Of course I can.” He slid over from his corner of the couch to sit next to me. “I love you, mom.”

“I love you to, baby, more than anything, but not like that.”

“Really mom?” He rolled his eyes. “You don’t need to play this game, it’s okay.”

“What game do you think I’m playing?”

“The one where you have to pretend you don’t feel the same way.” He said it so matter-of-factly it was disturbing.

“No, Paul, I don’t. This is real life not a twisted movie.”

“Right, it’s not a movie, so you can stop playing the part of the reluctant parent.”

“You think I’m acting?” I asked incredulously.

“Yes, and I get it. It’s like the scripts, you’re the mom, you should know better, and you should be the one to stop your son from desiring you, even though you want me just as bad.”

He gave me one of those sweet smiles I was usually a sucker for, but in this circumstance caused me more concern. “It’s okay, mom I know how you feel.”

“No, you don’t,” I said with carefully measured intensity. “You’re wrong, Paul. You’re seeing something that’s not there, honey and I’m sorry if I did something to make you think there is.”

“You did and you did it on purpose, but don’t worry, mom it worked.” He laughed. “Not like you had to do it this way, you could have just told me.”

“What way? Paul, what the hell are you talking about?” I was losing patience.

“I’m talking about why you went back to making those movies.”

“For money, Paul. I promised your dad I would keep this house and you in school and couldn’t do it just waitressing.” I looked away. “Serving drinks and sex is all I know and sex pays better.”

“In the beginning sure.” He was still nodding along as if this were going exactly the way he wanted it to. “But then you found a way to use it for something else.”

“Paul, you need to get to the damn point.”

“You were making money, but you were doing those mom son movies to show me you wanted me.”

“I…” I paused to think for a moment. “How the hell do you figure that? I didn’t even know you knew.”

“I think you did.” He smiled again. “But you couldn’t tell me about it just in case and I promised dad I would never tell you I knew so we were playing a game of who would find out first.”

“I didn’t know, Paul, not until today and that’s only because of the e-mails, every time I replied to sowantmymom your laptop went off.”

“I know, that’s what I was hoping that’s why it was always out there and I sent you so many messages. But you knew before that.”

“Paul, please believe me, I didn’t.”

“And that’s why you kept doing more and more mom son stuff.” Paul was still going on. “Not just filming them, but you really got into them. Especially on Loving Mothers. You were being so good to those actors, like you really cared, like they were really your sons.”

“It was an act,” I said as much to convince myself as his words brought on every doubt I’d had about why I was so convincing in those movies.

“No, the other women in those things act, you were into it. You were sending me a message, telling me how much you loved and wanted me.” He grinned. “You were trying to get me to come to you, but I’d told dad I wouldn’t ever admit I knew so I tried other things.”

“Like what?”

“That nice foot rub a couple weeks ago? Right out of one of your movies. And you looked into it, you were relaxed and making sexy little noises.”

“It felt nice, that was all!” I said defensively.

“Of course it did, It was supposed to, but it felt too good, so good you got upset and made me stop. Just like you made me stop rubbing your shoulders, that night. You were fighting it, mom.”

“No.” I pushed the word out. “But it made me think of that movie and that’s why I stopped you.”

“Right because you liked it.” He winked. “Then you came looking for your stockings.” He sighed. “I played that wrong. In the movie the son took them, I should have done that and we would have had this talk then.”

“This is stupid Paul, I did those movies because they paid more.”

“Then last night?” He beamed at me. “You let me unbutton your shirt.”

“Oh no,” I said aloud.

“Then you took your damn skirt off in front of me.”

“I was drunk,” I said weakly.

“You were,” he agreed. “And when people are drunk their real feelings show. You kissed me mom, right on the mouth and you kept kissing me.”

“I was…drunk and lonely,” I whispered. “I had a weak moment Paul, I was messed up. You’re right, I am sad and miss having someone. Those damn movies do get to me, but because of what they imply and maybe I wanted to prove them wrong and I did because you stopped kissing me.”

On that note, I felt a glimmer of hope. “If you really wanted me then why not last night? Why did you stop kissing me? Wasn’t that your green light?”

“At first I thought it was,” he replied. “I thought maybe you had gotten drunk on purpose to relax enough to be with me.”

Be with him, he said it so casually!

“But then,” He shook his head. “I thought if you had to get drunk to do it, did I really want it like that? I would have felt like I was taking advantage of you and I would never do that, so I did the right thing and let it go. I want you to be yourself when we’re together.”

“Paul, we’re not going to be together. I don’t want what you think I do.”

“That’s not true, mom.” He took my hands in his, holding them as he continued. “I saw how much you wanted me in the Love Letter to my mom movie.”

“It was a movie, hon.” I looked down at my small delicate hands engulfed in his. “Just acting, it’s all just acting.”

“No, it wasn’t,” he said firmly. “You can’t lie to me, mom. I saw it! The way you made love with that kid. The look on your face.” He leaned closer to me. “You were thinking of me, I could see you were.”

I had been, God help me I had been. Staring into his beautiful hazel eyes, I recalled the exact moment he had mentioned. The way Brian became Paul over me, in my arms and inside me. I’d thought of my own son as someone pretending to me my son made love to me. I’d come do the damn thought of it. My silence fueled Paul’s conviction and squeezing my hands he smiled.

“You can’t deny it, can you? I can see it in your eyes right now, mom, why keep fighting it?”

“Because it’s not true.”

Even I could hear the uncertainty in my voice. For weeks I’d been questioning why I was so good at those movies. Others had seen it and remarked on it, everyone from Brad to Dan, to Malcolm to all the viewers who really had mother fetishes.

That damn scene with Brian, Dan had said intense and that was putting it mildly, the raw emotion I’d felt, the passion, the love? But that love wasn’t directed at Brian, I knew that, but was it really to Paul?

“I love you, mom,” Paul whispered, leaning closer to me. “Not just as a son, but as a man.”

“You’re not a man,” I said softly as he let my hands go, and put his on my shoulders. “You’re my son, my baby.”

“But your baby is a man and my mother’s the most desirable, loving, beautiful woman I’ve ever known.”

Before I could react, he kissed me. It was a soft, gentle kiss, his lips barely grazing mine and his hands trembled on my shoulders as the kiss lingered. I moved my head back, but sliding his hand under my hair, Paul held me still and kissed me harder. I heard a soft whimper and realized it had come from me.

Paul’s lips caressed mine and his hand moved, his fingers running through my hair and I gasped when he removed the clip, letting my long hair flow down my back. His hand ran through it and his lips pressed firmer to mine

and this time it was a low moan that escaped me as my son kissed me. As a mother, his lips on mine should have upset me, made me push him away, tell him to stop.

Instead, I found I was returning the kiss, my lips working against his and as if of their own volition my hands were on his chest, not pushing as they should be, but rubbing him through his shirt. It was Paul's turn to groan and removing his lips from mine he gently pushed me into the corner of the couch.

That gave me the chance to stop him. I lifted my left leg from the floor and put my foot on the couch so my knee was up between us. Paul gave me a sly smile and putting his hand on the inside of my leg, eased it over against the couch. I didn't resist him and when he slid up between my legs and put his arms around my waist, I once again made no move to stop him.

I told myself to. Somewhere in my mind I heard my voice telling me how wrong this was, that there was something seriously wrong between me and my son and I needed to be the one to stop it. But another voice was drowning that one out, telling me if it felt good, than why not? That voice was smoky and sultry, it oozed sex and sin and was all too familiar, the voice of Molly Minx.

Molly purred happily when Paul lowered his head to kiss me again and my lips parted to meet his, inviting the kiss I should be denying. This time his tongue flicked briefly against my lips as if testing my reaction.

As a mother I failed that test, but as a woman I responded by slipping my own tongue out. Paul moaned as I teasingly traced the outline of his lips with my soft wet tongue, before sliding it into his mouth.

He gasped, when I kissed him hard, my tongue dancing across his and taking his face in my hands, held his lips to mine. I was aware of Paul's hands on my bare thighs as we kissed and could feel his fingers trembling.

They moved upwards, but not under the loose leg of my shorts, but up to my hips. Our kiss continued to gain in intensity as our lips pressed hard together and our tongue explored each other's mouths.

We were both breathing hard and to my dismay, but Molly's delight, my nipples were hard and there was a warm feeling building between my legs. Paul's lips left mine and I released a shamelessly loud moan when they

fastened to my neck. I let my head fall back on the couch to give him better access and putting my arms around his shoulders, drew him close to me.

I arched my back, pressing my breasts against his chest and even through our clothing the contact caused my nipples to ache. Paul was alternately licking and sucking gently on my neck and I slid one hand down inside his shirt, rubbing his back. He groaned as I ran my fingers through his hair and held his head while turning mine to let him kiss the other side of neck.

Paul's hands slid under my shirt and my heart pounded as they fondled my stomach before sliding around my waist. My t-shirt was a V-neck and his lips had gone from my neck, to my throat and were now at the top of my chest. I removed my hand from his shirt and again, as if I were moving without my mind's permission, I grabbed the edge and pulled up on it.

Displaying no shyness at all, Paul sat up, quickly stripped his shirt off, and then leaned back over me, his lips once again seeking mine. I placed my hands on his chest and rubbed them up and down, feeling his bare flesh and his hard flat stomach. I slid my arms around him, running my nails lightly along his back causing him to release an adorable whimper into our kiss.

His hands, moving more boldly this time, grabbed my shirt and as I had done, tugged on it.

No! Mary, the good mother called out, but at the same time Molly Minx moaned yes! In her best made for porn sultry purr. As she had for months now Molly won out and I raised my arms. Paul's eyes lit up like a kid at Christmas and hurriedly, as if he were afraid I'd change my mind, pulled my shirt up and off.

I shook my head, letting my long hair cascade down my bare shoulders and back. Paul's eyes were glued to my chest, taking in my heaving breasts in the plain black bra I was wearing. There was a look of lust there as real as Brian's had been, but this time it was my son staring at me and the sensation between my legs had not only become warmer, but moist as well.

My hard nipples were poking through the bra and the wetness between my thighs should have been alarming, but was arousing and this time it was me who leaned into Paul and initiated the kiss.

His arms went around me and I moaned as his hands ran along my bare back. My hands had started at his shoulders, slid down his chest and

stomach and he gasped when I grabbed his jeans and unsnapped them.

As I expertly pulled his zipper down with one hand while teasing the fingers of the other along the waist band of his underwear, Paul's fingers found the clasp of my bra and began to unhook it. My fingers worked their way into his underwear and breaking our kiss, he moaned as I trailed my fingernails through the edge of his pubic hair.

The last hook undone, my bra loosened around my breasts and as I lowered my head and kissed the top of his chest, Paul slid the straps down my arms. I pushed my fingers further into his underwear and he whimpered when they brushed his trapped cock. He was easing the straps of the bra past my elbows and I felt it begin to fall away. My fingers slid along his shaft, preparing to wrap around it.

In my mind, Mary's protests were all but whispers now and Molly was moaning like the whore she was. Over both a louder voice sounded. The deep powerful voice of Malcolm.

"There you go Mary! I told you you'd make a hell of a mother! All mother's want their sons! Now go ahead push him back, suck his cock like only Molly can and make him yours!"

My fingers froze where they were and I bent my arms so Paul couldn't simply slide the bra off. My lips slowed on his neck. Dan's voice replaced Malcolm's *"What the hell was that,Mary?"* Then warning me not to do any more Real mom shoots.

I lifted my head from Paul's neck and saw him looking at me expectantly. He pulled on my bra straps, but this time I curled my arms up and crossed them over my chest.

"Come on, mom, don't play shy now." He grinned at me. "Not like I haven't seen them, just not in person yet."

"Stop," I whispered, his last words had served to finish what hearing Malcolm in my mind had started.

"Hard to get?" He rolled his eyes. "Really? Come on mom." He put his hands on my arms and tried to push them down away from my breasts.

"I said stop!" I shouted in his face with an intensity that startled me.

Paul flinched and not only moved his hands, but leaned back from me. "What's the matter?" he asked, his eyes wide. "Did I do something wrong?"

“Everything about this is wrong!” I slipped the straps of my bra back up, then bent over and grabbed my shirt from the floor. “Jesus Christ, Paul, I’m your mother!”

“I don’t…” He looked at me, bewildered. “I don’t understand, you were kissing me, you were letting me ouch you.” He put his hand on his open jeans. “You were starting to touch me.”

“I said everything is wrong and that means me too.” I forced myself not to keep yelling. “I’ve been hearing for goddamn months from all these sick bastards about how mothers and sons really want to fuck each other. I’ve heard it so much it’s gotten in my goddamn head.”

“Because in our case it’s true.” He was back to that calm again, acting like this was natural. “And it took you doing all those movies to get you to realize what you really wanted,” He touched his chest. “Me.”

“I love you, Paul. With all my heart, but not like that.” I tapped my own chest. “I’m responsible for this. I am. You seeing me in those movies made you see me in a way no son should ever see their mother.”

“Guess I take after dad then, because he loved those movies.”

“I loved your dad dearly, and I miss him, Paul. But your father was wrong to tell you how those movies affected him. He didn’t handle it right and it made you think they were okay and made you see me the same way.” I put my hand up when he tried to speak,

“I was his wife. If he was turned on it was because he was a closet voyeur or because he was raised so strict seeing that was some type of overload for him. I’m your mother and you should have never seen those as someone sexy.”

“I did even before he talked to me,” he explained. “Didn’t you listen to my story? I was excited before he even caught me. It’s inside all sons to want their mothers. It’s just most don’t get a chance to see their mother as a sexy woman and think of her that way.”

“I wasn’t a sexy woman, Paul. You saw me as a fucking whore, a woman fucking for money, just on a set instead of a corner and in a way what I did was worse, because it’s there forever for anyone to see.”

“You’re not a whore mom!” he snapped. “Don’t ever say that about yourself!”

“Then I went back to being a whore because end of the day it’s all I fucking know is sex and how to make money from it and look what I did!” My throat was getting tight as the emotions began to overwhelm me. “I did those stupid fucking mom movies and now you think I want you.”

“I know I want you.”

“No, honey, you think you do.”

“Then you think so to, mom we were just half naked and…”

“And I decided to see how far you would go,” I lied, a bold faced lie to my son, I had to defuse this any way I could. “I was hoping you’d see it was wrong and stop.”

“You raised me not to lie, you going to do it to me now?” He raised his eyebrows.

“I’m done debating this Paul!” The anger returned and I was well aware I’d made yet another mistake, having this conversation right away, my emotions were on a roller coaster and part of that was due to the fact that I had been seconds away from crossing the line with my son and I’d been enjoying it the entire time.

“Mom, what’s wrong…”

“What’s wrong with you?” I demanded. “You find out I’m a porn star; that I’m all over the internet not only fucking kids your age, but acting like their mother! I could have ruined your life if your friends found out, they could still find out! They could find out any day!”

“Then why did you do it?”

“I’m a selfish bitch! I put what I wanted, what your father said he wanted in front of what was best for you and lied to myself that it was best for you!” I took a deep breath to slow down. “I said I was responsible for this and I am.”

“But the movies, you’re really into them! That’s because you,” He flinched when I cut him off, yelling at the top of my voice.

“Because I fucking like it! I didn’t like every scene I had to shoot when I was young, but I enjoyed most of it. I loved fucking on camera, loved knowing guys jerked off to me and the sex felt fucking great!”

Paul stared at me in dismay, but I continued, “Porn was my sex life, fucking for the movies then fucking guys at parties like I was going to do to your dad until I really started to like him and he actually showed me respect and made me respect myself.”

I stood up from the couch and paced back and forth as I raged on, more at myself at this point than Paul.

“He made me a good woman, a wife, a mom. I had a boring life compared to the party scene, but it was a good one, a loving one. Then he’s not gone a year and I’m back in the industry and back to loving it! I get off on very fucking shoot because no matter how appalled I am at what I’m doing, Molly takes over and I get into being a dirty little slut!”

I stopped and pointed at him. “You’re right, Paul. I do get into those movies, but not because I’m thinking of my son, but because I like getting fucked with a bunch of people watching.” I lowered my head and my voice. “I always have. Sex is what I’m good at, all I’m good at so I guess I like to show off.”

“Why would you think that?” Paul asked softly. “You’re a lot more than that mom.”

“It’s what my father told me the night he took my cherry when I was thirteen, that he would only love me if I did it because sex was all I was good for.”

I was back to being close to tears again. “And that’s what he said every night he came to my room, asked if I was ready to earn his love and I did. Then when my bitch mother found out she let it keep going. When a neighbor saw him with me through a window and I was taken away I thought I did something wrong and I’d never be loved again.”

“Oh, mom, that’s,” Paul rose from the couch and coming over to me, put his arms around me, this time not trying to be a lover, but in a comforting hug. “I’m so sorry.”

“Until I met your father that’s what I considered love, just sex, any guy that would have me I’d be with just to feel loved even if it was only just that and a for that night. I felt loved in porn, worshipped, and adored.”

I eased away from him, afraid to let him see this as another man of the house incident and try to turn comfort into more.

“I was lonely after your father and afraid to date. I’d never really dated before him, just fucked. I stayed by myself, then when the bills piled up and I had to make a choice to sell the house or try to make more money I went back to what I knew and it was like I never left. This time more guilt and shame, but never enough to make me stop and that sick broken side of me got off on my own humiliation.”

I raised my head to face him. “Why can’t you just be angry at me? Be ashamed of me or even hate me? I swear to God, it would be easier than you thinking it’s fucking great.”

“It’s not great, mom. I liked what you were doing because it was going to bring us together and once we were, you could quit.”

“We’re not together, we won’t be together.”

“I don’t care where we live, mom.” His words reminded me of my recurring nightmare where he’d said the same thing except in the dream he was angry. At this point I preferred the nightmare, it would be easier to deal with. “Sell the house, yeah dad wanted you to keep it, but he’s not here and all that matters is we’re happy.”

“We probably will be selling the house soon because Molly Minx is done and this time for good. That Real mom movie was my last and one too many.”

“No, it was the most important one, that’s the one you really showed your love for me.”

Paul put his arms around my waist and this time it wasn’t to comfort me. He pulled me closer to him and said softly, “We’ll go live somewhere small, but nice and the important thing is we’ll be happy together.”

He surprised me by kissing me, a soft tender one, but this time I pulled away immediately as I should have done the first time.

“There is no we, Paul,” I said firmly, removing his hands from my hips and stepping back from him. “Get it through your head. We are not a couple, we will not be a couple. I don’t care what you have heard or seen in that filth I’ve filmed, but we are never going to have sex, or be in love and live like some kind of twisted couple.”

Paul finally looked as if he knew I wasn’t kidding. The smile left his face and his shoulder’s slumped. My heart sank when I saw his eyes fill.

“I…I don’t understand it,” he said, his voice quavering. “How can you lie to yourself and to me? You felt it on the couch mom, you weren’t acting, you wanted it.”

He was right, I was lying that I hadn’t wanted it, but I was now convinced it was from too many of these movies and being around sex that involved incestuous themes. I’d had trouble with keeping Molly and Mary separate in my first go round years ago. Now it was happening again, Molly’s mommy persona creeping in and taking advantage of my confused emotions.

“You’re wrong, Paul.” I was gaining confidence now that I saw the seeds of doubt on his face. “I wanted to see how far you would take it. I was hoping you would stop on your own, see how wrong it is and you didn’t. So I stopped you and I think it’s time you talked to someone.”

“No.” He shook his head, still trying to convince me, but perhaps himself at this point. “That movie! The way you were with that boy.”

“You’re right.” I nodded. “There was chemistry there. It was a soft slow part of the scene, he was young and cute and sweet and I let myself enjoy it. But I enjoyed him, not him thinking of you.”

“But,” He stopped and I had to force myself not to go to him when a single tear trickled down each side of his face. “It’s not right and it’s not fair.”

“We agree it’s not right.” I stood my ground acting as if I were unaffected by his tears. “Why isn’t it fair?”

“Those guys who don’t care about you, you can do all those things with them and that boy? You loved him, mom, you really loved him.” He swallowed hard and finished in a choking sob, “But you won’t love me?”

My reply was to simply stare at him, trying to hold back my own emotions and remain stoic. Paul met my eyes for a moment and the pain in them threatened to break me. But before it could, he lowered his head, turned away from me and without another word left the room. Once he was out of sight I heard him run down the hallway, then his bedroom door slam shut.

I sank down onto the couch and wrapped my arms around my stomach, I was so upset I was nauseous. I took several deep breaths and leaning back

on the couch wiped at my damp eyes and looked over at the mantel to a picture of John and me on our wedding day. That smiling bride was Mary, a good woman, a good wife and at one point a good mom.

Now John was gone and I'd let Molly back in my life and she was threatening to cost me all I had left, my son. I couldn't let that happen. I would do what I should have done in the first place. I'd put the house up for sale use the money to pay the rest of Paul's tuition and scrape by waitressing. In the meantime there was only one other thing I could do right now and that was to rid myself of Molly Minx and this time for good.

Chapter Nineteen

I sat propped up on my pillows staring at my cell phone on the bed next to me. Hard to believe after all the drama of the day it was only eight o'clock. I'd sat on the couch alternately crying then raging at myself for doing this to my son, to us.

My mind spinning out of control I was confronted with everything wrong right now. Not just Paul's misguided love, but there was obviously a lust factor there as well. He'd been getting off to my movies long before he'd developed the emotions to go with it.

Like father like son it seemed. I was shocked to discover John had watched my movies the duration of our marriage and had lusted for Molly as much as he loved me. That note was a revelation and I felt a sense of loss that he had never owned up to his feelings.

I'd have had no problem being my husband's private porn star. It amazed me that even when I'd brought up the fact I wanted to be more adventurous in bed he'd held back his real feelings.

Paul now knew about Dan. I'd been so consumed with his story about his discovery and James confessions to him, then our too close call on the couch that I hadn't even addressed the subject that Paul now knew his beloved uncle had starred in movies with me.

John had even told him Dan was still involved in the industry for some bizarre reason. Paul wasn't stupid, he would put two and two together and figure Dan still had some professional connection to me.

It hadn't seemed to faze him, hell the fact his mother was all over the internet fucking and sucking and playing mommy didn't affect him. Even the idea his friends could find out wasn't a concern.

He had the mentality that I was his true love and be damned what people thought. Above all my biggest worry was what had almost happened on the couch. Why had I let him kiss me, worse why the hell did I respond to him?

There was a point I was wet, totally aroused by my son and his desire for me. Seconds away from his cock in my hand and being topless in front of him. At that point I may not have stopped. Although I'd bluffed Paul into

thinking I was playing him, I had meant what I'd told him that I was being affected by too much mother son romance trash.

That coupled with my guilt and stress had produced that reaction and it was loneliness and feeling unloved that had led to the emotional scene with Brian and the aforementioned incest propaganda had surfaced to make me see my son in his place.

"Who needs Doctor Phil?" I mumbled. Sounded like I was reaching for anything that would excuse my actions, anything other than could I actually want my own son? One thing was for sure, Paul wasn't the only one who needed to talk to someone.

There were two someone's I had to talk to tonight and I'd finally pulled myself off the couch to go into my room to do it in private in case Paul came out of his room. I'd stopped outside his door and listened and when I didn't hear anything had risked opening his door a crack and saw he was sleeping. Even in his sleep he looked sad and I could see his face was streaked with dried tears, his eyes swollen from crying.

Fighting back my own tears, I closed the doors and come in here to put Molly Minx to rest once and for all. At least for the future because thanks to my rebirth as a popular milf porn star, Molly would live forever on the net. But she didn't have to live inside my mind or my son's skewed fantasies anymore.

I finally picked up the phone and called Dan first.

"Hey, Mary," he answered. "How's it going, you in a better mood than last time?"

"Worse actually, we need to talk."

"Wow, you sound exhausted." I could hear the genuine concern in his voice. "What's wrong?"

"What isn't?" I sighed.

"I'm supposed to be heading out with Sharon in a half hour so I can't come over, but maybe tomorrow?"

"Maybe, I'll let you know, but if we do, how about at Starbucks? I don't want to talk here."

"Uh-oh, this have to do with Paul?"

“Partly.” I wasn’t sure what I was up for to tell him tonight, so simply cut to the chase. “Dan, I’m done. Don’t book anything for me and you can start spreading the word, Molly Minx is back in retirement.”

There was a momentary silence, before he spoke. “I’m glad to hear that, especially after that last shoot.”

“Yeah, that last one had a lot to do with it, oh boy, did it.”

“Mary, you sound really bad, what happened?” Before I could reply he swore. “Shit, don’t tell me Paul found out?”

“Oh my God he knows!” I surprised myself by sobbing into the phone.

“Oh, Christ,” Dan sighed. “He find out or one of his friends? Better damage control if it’s just him, but still, oh, man, Mary.” He was speaking rapid fire. “Did he flip out? Do you need me to try to talk to him? I’ll cancel my plans and come right over.”

“No, he just found out today. We talked and now he’s in his room, I want to give him time before I bring it up again and want it to stay between us.”

“Hold on a minute. Be right back.”

I sat there staring down at my baggy shorts and oversized shirt, thinking why couldn’t I have just stayed this boring unsexy mom? Just dress a little sexy for work and come home and be a damn dud. Paul would have thought I’d changed, that Molly was gone. But know I had to give him something to be excited about.

“Okay,” Dan came back. “You can talk as long as you need, Sharon is fine with us going out a little later. So I’m assuming he saw a movie. When did he find out, today?”

“He’s known for two years,” I whispered, I’d planned on only saying I was quitting, but when Dan guessed right it gave me a chance to talk. Still, I hadn’t thought I was up for any details, but now I felt I needed to. Keeping everything a secret had done nothing but backfire and if I couldn’t trust Dan who could I trust?

“What?” Dan exclaimed. “What happened, he find an old movie of yours? Why didn’t he say anything? Embarrassed, afraid to talk about it?”

“He found out from John.”

“Again, what?” Dan whistled. “What the fuck is more like it, why the hell would John ever tell him that? But in the here and now why did Paul wait so long to say anything?”

“Because,” I closed my eyes and took the plunge. “The movies turned him on.”

That was met with a prolonged silence and I could picture Dan’s face as he struggled to come up with what to say to that.

“Dan, Paul wants me,” I went on. “He thinks he’s in love with me. He’s been watching mom son porn for the last two years and has now seen mine. He thinks that shit’s real he sounded like fucking Malcolm tonight with some of the things he was saying.”

“Jesus, Mary. I remember spinning Malcolm’s crap to you last time I was over, the whole boys could fixate on mom, but I never really thought it could happen. The fact you do this for money I would think would tell him you’re not into it.”

“But I was into the scene with Brian and that convinced Paul I was doing these things to show him I wanted him.”

“If you wanted him, you would have taken him, it’s that simple.”

“He said I couldn’t come out and try because I’m a good mom and would never take the chance. He wouldn’t approach me because he promised James he would never tell me he knew what I did. I found out today because I was on his computer and when I confronted him he was thrilled I knew so we could go forward.”

“Forward,” he repeated sounding as numb as I had earlier.

“Yup, he was excited about our new life as a couple.”

“He needs to get some help, Mary. I think you could use some yourself.”

“Agreed, both counts.”

“But John,” Dan circled back, “why did he tell him in the first place?”

“Because Paul found movies of mine that John kept.”

“Are you kidding? He hated what you did. He hated porn itself. You confided in me he was a damn dud and never wanted you to do anything he thought made you think of those days. Why would he have those?”

“If you have the time I’ll just tell you everything.”

“I have plenty of time for this.”

Before I could stop myself I plunged into the whole story. How I’d found out Paul had been watching, the sowantmymom messages, his reaction of being thrilled I knew, then his story about John.

I then went into some details of our conversation. I felt like I was betraying Paul as I went on. I was revealing my son’s desire for me, but avoided telling him of the near crossing of the line on the couch. I couldn’t let Dan know I’d been dealing with some misguided affection myself.

Dan would feel for Paul and understand in a way. He wouldn’t judge him, but me? I was the parent I should know better. I’d felt it about the topic all along. A son or daughter could get blurred lines, but the parent had to do the right thing and never encourage it. I’d done everything I could to encourage my son’s lust for me, including briefly exhibiting some of my own.

When I finished I was surprised to notice it was now quarter to nine, I’d been rambling for almost an hour.

“Damn, that’s some heavy shit.” Dan whistled. “You’re head must be ready to pop. Can’t believe all those years John was in a love hate with Molly and you’re the same damn person.”

“I wonder sometimes,” I admitted. “I swear I hear Molly in my head, Dan. That’s what gets me through those shoots, she takes over. I buried her for two decades and she’s back with a vengeance.” Enough of a vengeance to make me entertain a desire for my son’s affection.

“Then I’m glad you admit it’s time to talk to someone, because Molly is not a devil on your shoulder you’re one in the same. My guess is Molly is you without inhibitions and there was no reason to really bottle her up, you should have been having a lifetime of great sex with a man you loved, but both of you ducked it. “

“Deep for a porn guy.” I laughed weakly.

“And now Paul knows I’m a porn guy. Honestly Molly that was a dick move for John to call that out.”

“Paul read the note. It was out there and John covered saying you were a good guy.”

“Think he knows what I do now? Watch his mother have sex?”

“I don’t think so. I doubt anyone reads directing credits. And it’s what you did, anyway because I’m done. No more movies and little miss Molly is going to get put back in her box and if I have to go to therapy to keep her there I will.”

“I think you need some Molly in your life. You need a damn sex life, Mary. A healthy one and I want you to think about something.”

“What’s that?”

“If you had a damn boyfriend or at least dated regularly, Paul would have no grounds to think there was a shot for him to be your man.”

“Point taken,” I sighed.

“What’s your next move?”

“Calling Malcolm and canceling the Real Mom shoot next week. Then working every night I can because I’ll be back in brokesville in a couple months without the Molly money.”

“He’s not going to be happy. Maybe I should talk to him. “

“No, it’s my problem.”

“Whatever you do, don’t tell him why,” Dan warned. “He’ll have his mind running with all kinds of fantasies.”

“I won’t. Thanks for listening Dan.”

“That’s what friends are for. Hey keep me in the loop okay? And if you need anything, you let me know.”

“I will, now go enjoy your normal life with your sweet normal girlfriend.”

“I will and you need to find that normal as well. You’re a hell of a woman Mary and a little Molly from time to time isn’t a bad thing, so meet someone and have some fun, both of your sides need some fun. “

“Yes, dad,” I said dryly.

“Big brother, I’m only a little older than you. As far as Paul goes he’ll get past this.”

“I hope so.”

“He will, know why?”

“Why?”

“It’s simple. You shot him down point blank tonight. It’s not like you gave him any hope or mixed signals. Therefore it’s game over, right?”

“Right, thanks,” I said softly. “That’s just what I needed to hear.”

I ended the call and leaned back into the pillows. It had been a relief to get it off my chest, but that last line replaced that relief with blame. I wanted nothing more than to do what Paul had done, just slide under the covers, bury my head in the pillow and got to sleep.

But one more call would end this part of the drama and tomorrow would be a clean slate to move forward and work on getting a normal relationship back with my son.

I leaned over and pulling my purse over from the nightstand dug out Malcolm’s card. He’d written his cell number on the back and I dialed it only half expecting him to answer. After all it was a Friday night and he had a reputation as still being a party hound and enjoying the ladies. It went to voicemail.

“Malcolm, it’s Mary, listen you need to give me a call, it’s important. Call anytime.”

It had bothered me to give him my real name. That was why I’d stayed exclusively with Dan since my return. I didn’t need anyone else knowing my real identity. I had them pay Dan rather than me directly, but the law required my real name be on record in case there were ever any legal questions about age or anything else about the movies being filmed. Not that it could be divulged other than in an investigation.

I put the card away, shut the lamp off and slid down under the covers. I closed my eyes and tried to let my mind slowdown in hopes maybe I could find some relief in the oblivion of sleep. That is if today’s drama didn’t spawn a whole new series of nightmares. I jumped when my cell rang and picking it up, I saw it was Malcolm.

“Hey, that was quick.”

“Molly, what can I do for you?” He sounded out of breath and before I could answer I heard a high pitched giggle in the background followed by the sound a light slap, a yelp, and Malcolm speaking away from the phone. “This is important, go wait for me in the bedroom.”

“That was an awfully young sounding giggle for someone with a mom complex,” I told him.

“I’m forty eight. Moms to me would be seventy,” he explained. “Still my number one fantasy, but in reality? Guess I’ve gone the other way and am finding girls with daddy fixations.” He laughed. “Still keeping it in the family.”

“I’ve come to expect no less.”

“What can I do for you, Mary? And before you worry, my little playmate has left the room. She can’t hear me use your real name.”

“Appreciate that. Listen, Malcolm, I won’t be making the shoot, Tuesday.”

“Oh, you need me to reschedule? I should be able to. I can switch it for Charlie and the young man she was shooting with on Wednesday. The kid who requested you is local. He’ll be fine for whenever you’re available.”

“That’s the thing. I’m not going to be available. I’m calling it quits.”

“I’m sorry to hear that Mary, you’re a real talent. The industry will be a lesser place without you.”

“Thank you, I…”

“However,” he kept speaking, “your retirement will be after the next *Real Mom* shoot.”

“Excuse me?” He hadn’t said it in a nasty tone, but there was no indication he was joking either.

“You signed a contract to film the next installment for an agreed upon amount of money. You will honor that.”

“And if I don’t?”

“I sue for breach of contract.”

“You didn’t pay me anything for it yet.”

“A Love letter to mom made Real Mom and Stone Cold Productions over forty thousand dollars in advertising and new memberships. On the membership form there is a poll asking why you are joining.”

“Your movie was listed as the reason by hundreds of new members. Meaning your sudden backing out on a movie that I have already started

advertising is costing me at least that and I can prove it. You want to walk away you can, but you'll be in court and paying me a large sum of money."

He was speaking calmly and I was reminded that although Malcolm was personable and had a reputation as being great to work for, he was one of the top money makers in the business and hadn't gotten there by being soft.

"Stone Cold is a great choice of name," I replied.

"I don't like to be this way, Mary. I like you, I mean that, but money talks. Had you mentioned this a week ago things might be different, but as I said I am already advertising "*Man of the House*"."

"What's that?"

"Your next movie. Script based on the fantasy of the young man shooting with you."

"You'd really sue me?"

"Yes and be aware Molly Minx will not be the name on the docket. Your legal name will be. It will be a matter of public record that Mary Walters is being sued for breaching the contract to make an adult film. You seem like anonymity is very important to you, you need that?"

Walters? That was my maiden name, the name the original Molly Minx had filmed under. Where had that come from? It didn't matter right now and I pressed on with the topic at hand.

"You're really threatening me over a movie that will be a drop in the bucket to the money you already have?"

"A movie that has a lot more hype than anything I've done in the internet porn world in some time." He paused. "Question is Mary, will you risk that over one more movie?"

"I can't believe you would hold me to this! I have a reason for this, Malcolm, a damned good one."

"And you can reschedule if you need to, but you're not walking away without either shooting this within the next two weeks or getting brought to court."

"What if I'm sick, really sick?" I tried.

"Prove it with a doctor's note and we'll talk." He chuckled. "And we just got the results of your monthly blood work, you're clean so there will be no

claiming an STD.”

“Malcolm, please.” I softened my voice. “I can’t tell you why, but I can’t do this.”

“Son find out about your career?”

“I…don’t have a son,” I said as evenly as possible.

“Of course you do. You left the industry for a man. You married, I’m sure kids were involved. A lot of new people have no idea, but I was in the industry your first go around I heard the story. I have to admit short of Tori Welles I can’t remember too many that came back after kids. It’s risky.”

“Fine, I have a son. No, he doesn’t know, but I had a close call,” I lied. “I can’t keep doing this. Malcolm, you talk about family in a loving sense, twisted, but loving. I am not one of your plots.” Although I could have been last night. “I can’t do this anymore, please understand as a person not a businessman.”

There was a long silence that had me thinking he’d hung up. He then spoke and in a lower tone.

“Mary, I do appreciate family. I was the black sheep of mine. So I see close families and I’m envious. I applaud your concern over your son and not wanting to risk your relationship with him. But you made this choice months ago. I also think I see a little more than just maternal feelings in your movies, but I won’t push that topic.”

“Good,” I said. “Because I’ve about had it with that.”

“But I want you to do this one more film for me. You agreed. I have it in writing. I’ve invested money in it. But I was wrong to lead with threats. I let my personal feelings get ahead of me.”

“I thought you liked me, your feelings are you wanted to sue me?”

“I don’t make my personal tastes and fantasies secret. That scene you did with Brian hit me hard,” he laughed. “In many ways, but seriously. My God that was everything I thought it would be with my mother. Anyone with a thing for their mom lived it through that movie.”

“I have gotten feedback that talked more about the love and affection you showed than the damned sex! It set a standard! Mary, that scene could be the next Taboo landmark video. You could be the new Kay Parker!

Thousands of sons and I'm sure some moms seeing that and thinking God, it was so real!"

"So you're saying you want me to shoot this as much for you as for money."

"Sadly, yes. I see what I want, I get it. I have no hold on you past this one more, but I am going to selfishly ask you to keep your word because you did sign on. As for your boy, you've made how many movies in the last six months? What's one more?"

"It's complicated," I said vaguely.

"Life usually is. But okay, how about I sweeten it for you. I offered you three for this and there's no fee to Dan, right?"

"Right, but it's not about money."

"Of course it is, you wouldn't have come back to porn twenty years later for any other reason. Your husband passed. You have a son, money is tight."

"How did you know that?"

"Your husband? I looked it up, the rest is common sense. So, how about four thousand? That's double what any of the other women will be paid."

"Malcolm, the money is why I did this, but I can't put a price on my son."

"But if you're looking to retire, you could use a good payout on your way out the door," he pointed out. "Five."

Five? That was unheard of for anyone but big name stars doing major movie releases, but I couldn't let money motivate me anymore.

"No."

"Mary, I really don't want to sue you. In fact I'll make a negotiating mistake and say I won't. It will be your choice."

"Thank you," I said sincerely. "The answer is…"

"Ten grand."

"What?" Okay, that caught my attention.

"Ten grand for you to do this shoot."

"That's crazy Malcolm, no one pays that."

"You were right it's as much for me as the company. This kid I have waiting for you I swear he is better than the last. His letter to the site was

full of the same love for his mom as Brian, different situation, she's single and he hates her being lonely."

"Clichéd," I muttered, thinking I was in the same boat.

"But his passion and love for his mother comes through so clearly. I met him last week and we talked for hours. His love is so sincere I was heartbroken for him. It turned back the clock for me. So yes, I am living vicariously through him. I have no doubt we'll see a similar performance from you as well."

Hopefully not, I thought. No there wouldn't be because I wouldn't. But ten grand? That could help if it took a while to sell the house.

"But there is a catch. I'm not that selfless or reckless."

"What's the catch?"

"You really retire. That way I can bill this as Molly Minx's last movie. I can hype it as such and it will make me even more money, people will watch just for that. Advertisers will want to have a promo on the page it plays on."

"I'm listening." An official announcement wasn't much of a sticking point.

"You sign a new contract stating you retire and you can't return for at least a couple years so it doesn't look like a bait and switch saying it was your last."

"That's no issue, it will be the end."

"Ten thousand dollars, Mary." He said it slowly. "Think about it. I'm doing you a favor, you're locked in and I could force that. Instead I am offering you crazy money for one more show and we announce it's your last one right there when the movie debuts. You go out on top." He laughed. "In fact let's do that, the final position is you on top and I'll use that line."

"Pure genius." I rolled my eyes.

"So what do you say?"

"I want to meet him before the shoot, like we agreed on before. I don't want another deer in headlights when it's time."

"Fine, get there around noon and you can talk to him for a few minutes. The three of us can talk about what's going to happen. Tell you what,

though. From talking to him he’s nowhere near as nervous as Brian, he seems confident. Good looking kid too, you’ll have fun like last time.”

Not like last time. I would hold back, I’d give a good show, but nothing emotional. Malcolm might be let down, but I’d be walking off with enough money not to sweat for a little while. Malcolm announcing it being the end of Molly would help put closure on the deal.

I’d been adamant I’d quit here and now, but he was right, what was one more? I’d tell Paul I’d already filmed it if he saw it. Dan would be pissed at me, but that would be it.

“Do I have a yes Mary?”

I heard a naughty giggle in the back of my mind and for the last time let Molly answer for me.

“I’ll see you Tuesday.”

Chapter Twenty

I woke up and was happy to see it was after midnight, I'd fallen asleep after talking to Malcolm. I figured guilt for agreeing to do one more would keep me up, but quite the opposite, I had a sense of finality with Molly I hadn't when I spoke to Dan. This would be it, it had to be or Malcolm would sue saying I tricked him into saying it was the end to get more money.

I felt as if I could drift right back off, but had to pee. Kicking the covers off, I smiled at the line I'd used for years. No one ever had to pee in porn. Or had bad breath, or messy makeup and hair. I got out of bed and went out into the hallway. I was just in time to see Paul leaving the bathroom and heading for his room.

"Hey, honey," I called softly.

He stopped and turned around. "Hey, mom." He gave me an awkward wave. "Just heading back to bed."

"You okay?" I asked walking up to him. "That was a lot to deal with earlier."

"I'll be okay." He nodded. "I was upset at first, but I get it."

"You do?" Wow it was good to hear that. "You're not mad at me?"

"I told you I wasn't. You did the movies for a reason."

"I already quit." Another lie to my son, but it would be the last one. "Made some calls after we spoke."

"You didn't have to." He grinned. "I kind of liked you doing them in a way."

One step forward, three back. Jeez, he was turned on regardless of whether I wanted him or not.

"Well you shouldn't, but that's my fault, your father's too. I won't add to it."

"Okay." He seemed back in the odd calm of before and the warning signals started going off, what was in his head now? "Like I said, if we have to leave here, that's okay as long as we can stay together."

“Paul, you’ll live with me until you’re ready to move on with your own life,” I told him, then quickly added. “But as I said earlier, only as my son.”

“Sure.” He shrugged. “If that’s what you say.”

Why the hell had I decided to talk to him? Should have just let him go back to bed.

“I thought that was settled,” I reminded him.

“For tonight.” He leaned forward and I felt like a jerk when I flinched, but he only gave me a peck on the cheek. “Go back and get some sleep mom, you look tired.”

He turned and walked back towards his room.

“What’s for tonight supposed to mean?” I demanded, but he kept walking, when he reached his door, he spoke over his shoulder, There’s always plan B.” He laughed. “It was plan A, then things changed so now it’s B.”

Without another word he entered his room, closing the door behind him.

Chapter Twenty-One

I pulled up to the studio and getting out of my car flashed my ID to the guard who was sitting by the door. The ID had my picture, but the name Molly. The guard looked at it then me and handing it back, smirked. “Have a fun day at work, hon.” He added a wink and ignoring him, I stared straight ahead as I walked into the building.

All the jerks who worked here knew what was filmed and always had something snotty to say. The few that were nicer were only that way for a little while, then they would hit on the girls and be offended they would turn them down. Porn had come a long way, but the assumption porn star equaled indiscriminate slut would always be there.

That made me recall Paul’s sad comment that I would do things with all these guys and not him. It was obvious why, they weren’t related, but the hurt on his face had leant weight to the comment. Well, after today I wouldn’t be doing it anymore.

I walked down the hall following the signs to the set I would be filming on and nodded at a few of the people I knew wandering the halls. Several girls were there and unlike me dressed as if they were already on set. Tight low cut tops, miniskirts, fuck me heels, the young still wanting to party crowd.

I saw a few guys including Ricky, whom I gave an affectionate hug to and told him I wouldn’t be working after today. He kissed my cheek and wished me well, not making any smart ass remarks like I’m sure Brad and some of the asshole male talent would.

I found the studio and was spotted by one of the makeup girls who pointed me to my dressing room and said I was early, that she wouldn’t be in to take care of me for another hour.

The girl handling wardrobe told me my outfit was already hung up in there and to try it on at least a half hour before the shoot in case something didn’t fit and she needed to make a change. I knew all that from countless shoots, but listened anyway. I went into the room and noted the ensemble hanging from the rack.

“Huh,” I grunted as I removed the white button up blouse from where it hung and the black skirt next to it. There was a packet containing black stockings attached to the hangar and on the shelf a pair of knee high black boots alongside black stiletto heels with an ankle strap. A post-it was stuck to the boots saying: “Your choice.”

The outfit was identical to my waitressing outfit at Vincent’s. Then again the girls dressed like that at several other bars and restaurants I’d worked at over the years and had frequented when I went out. Either the kid liked waitresses or maybe this was supposed to be a naughty school teacher look, or maybe hot librarian.

Like the previous shoot I was glad it wasn’t something outrageously slutty. Not that it would matter anymore. I walked over to the makeup table and dropping my purse on it, eyed the shower.

I’d wait and meet my co-star before I’d shower and change. I wouldn’t miss the showers. Scrubbing hard with the loofah and antibacterial soap. Porn stars had to be pretty much surgically clean for a shoot and once I was out of the shower I would douse myself with body spray. The men did as well, especially at key spots.

I’d only shot anal twice in my return and wouldn’t miss the prep for that. That prep was why I wouldn’t do much this time around. It would be hard to explain to Paul why his mother was using enemas and shitting her brains out once a week.

Another oh, so sexy detail about the porn world. Although I could get into it more than most, I’d always said if anyone wanted to be cured of thinking porn was sexy or thought we all enjoyed it, all they would have to do is sit in on some shoots.

I looked at myself in the mirror. Knowing I was going to meet the kid first I’d foregone my typical bum around the house outfits I’d wear to the set and had on a black tank top that was low cut and tight enough to make my tits really pop.

My shorts were black as well and painted on, showing off my ass and I had donned a pair of heeled sandals. I let my hair down and checked to make sure my makeup didn’t need touching up.

I wasn’t quite in Molly Minx mode, but looked a lot sexier than Mary the mom usually did. I turned back to the table and spotted the folder marked “Molly’s script.” I walked over and was just getting ready to flip it open to see what few lines I had to learn before the scene got hot and heavy and as Malcolm wanted, I would improvise. I let the folder fall closed and turned at the sound of a knock.

“Come in.”

Malcolm entered wearing his traditional work clothes of a black suit and blood red shirt.

“Well this is a momentous occasion,” he said cheerily. “Your last time on a set.” He laughed. “Then again you came back after twenty years.”

“If I come back in twenty more I’ll be a hag,” I joked.

“Hey, don’t rule out an eventual serious spike in gilf porn.”

“Gilf?”

“Grandmother I’d love to fuck.”

“Oh, of course.” I grinned. “But really this is it for me.”

“Well, I appreciate you doing this one last one and letting me capitalize.” He winked. “And get one more voyeuristic thrill out of the hottest mom in porn.”

“Glad I can help.”

“You ready to meet your very lucky young partner for the afternoon?”

“Sure.” I nodded and walked over to him.

Malcolm linked his arm through mine and we strolled across the studio towards another dressing room.

“I think it’s something that your last scene will be with an unknown amateur. He’s going to be doubly famous.”

“Think he’ll be up for this?”

“Absolutely! You’re going to love this kid, Molly. He’s polite, well mannered, nice looking, seems really mature for his age and not only has a thing for his mom, but sounds like you’re biggest fan. He’s as obsessed with you as he is his mom, this is a big win for this kid.” He winked. “And you, youth an enthusiasm Molly, right?”

I widened my baby blues, batted my lashes, pushed my lips out in a pout and whimpered, “Yes, Daddy.”

“Wow, that’s not bad.” He nodded in appreciation. “But the young ones, they…”

“The door, Malcolm.”

“Right.” He knocked, then opening the door just enough to pop his head in said, “Hey kiddo, I have someone special who wants to meet you.”

Malcolm opened the door further and stood aside as I walked in ahead of him. The room was identical to mine and I saw a young man sitting in a small chair facing away from us. He was to the side of the mirror and I couldn’t see his refection, just saw he had a nice set of shoulders in the white t-shirt he was wearing and sandy brown hair. I heard Malcolm close the door behind him.

“What, you’re going to play shy?” he laughed. “Come on, kid, turn around and meet the one and only Molly Minx.”

“Yeah, come on, baby.” I went into my best Molly purr. “Don’t be nervous. Turn around and let me see what I’m going to be getting a whole lot of in a couple of hours.”

“Come on, Paul, you’ve been waiting for this, Molly and your mom are all we’ve talked about.” Paul?

The chair turned around and I was confronted with my son.

“Oh my God,” I whispered, unable to control my reaction.

“Hi, Molly.” Paul however, seemed able to play his part. Most likely because he’d had plenty of time to plan it. Plan B. Jesus fucking Christ! That’s why he sounded like Malcolm, he’d been talking to him. “It’s nice to meet you.” He smiled. “Wow, you look even sexier in person.”

“And you haven’t seen her in her birthday suit yet!” Malcolm laughed. “Well, I’ll let you two talk for a couple minutes, get to know each other, and hey, no sneak peeks, Molly.”

“This can’t happen.” I turned around. “I’m leaving. Shoots off.”

“What did you say?” Malcolm stepped in front of me, blocking the door.

“You heard me, there will be no shoot and you can fucking sue me if you don’t like it.”

“What the hell is going on?” Malcolm looked over at Paul. “Do you know each other?”

“He’s a friend of my son,” I hissed in a low whisper. “I have to get out of here.”

“I didn’t know.” He looked genuinely concerned. “Well, then we’ll have to cancel and…”

“Hey, mom where are you going?” Paul asked.

My eyes widened and I felt the color drain from my face.

“Mom?” Malcolm looked at me, then Paul. “This…Molly is your mother?”

“She is, that’s why I’m her biggest fan and why I wrote to you. I needed to show my mom how much I…”

“Shut up!” I shouted, as I spun around to face him. “Just shut up, Paul!”

“It’s true,” Malcolm said softly and I wanted to hit myself. I could have tried to say Paul was lying, it would have been a weak play, but something, instead I’d just admitted it. “Holy shit.” He whistled.

“Plan B?” I took a couple of steps towards Paul. “This is plan fucking B? You meeting me for a damn shoot?”

“It was plan A, remember, but then you…”

“Shut the fuck up!” I screamed and Paul gasped, his eyes going wide. “You stop talking and you get the fuck out of here, now!”

“Hold on,” Malcolm said. “There needs to be a shoot today.”

“You listen to me you twisted fuck.” I spun around so fast to face him, Malcolm stepped back from me. “My son is leaving, then I’m leaving. There will be no shoot and if you try to sue me, I will tell the court you tried to force me to have a porn shoot with my son. An illegal incestuous shoot. You got that?” I was pointing up in his face and he looked as shocked as Paul.

“I…wasn’t suggesting that. But I need a shoot, I can call one of the other girls and they can stand in.”

“My son is not starring in one of your filthy movies. He will not be put in the hands of some predatory milf porn star. He will never do what I’ve done, you understand that Malcolm?”

“I…”

“So help me God, I will claw your fucking eyes out if you don’t get the hell out of my way.”

“No shoot!” He put his hands up and I heard Paul snicker behind me.

“You think this is funny?” I rounded on him. “You have no idea how not funny this is! You better get the hell out of here now Paul. Go home and wait for me and hope that I calm down before I get there.”

Paul looked at Malcolm who was smart enough to offer him no help. He slowly rose from the chair and gave me a wide berth as he began to pass me. He stopped when Malcolm said, “Hold on a minute.”

“Leave, Paul. Remember who you have to live with.”

“Just wait, two minutes, please.”

“There’s nothing you can say,” I told him, trying to reign my temper in and not keep yelling. There were people in other rooms and in the studio, they didn’t need to hear me yelling about my son being here.

“So you,” he pointed at Paul, “really want your mom? Everything in that letter and the talk we had was about Mary?”

“Don’t use my real name here,” I warned him.

“He’s your son, he knows your name,” Malcolm said, while still looking at Paul.

“Yes sir,” he said softly. “It’s all true, that’s why I did this, to show her how much and that I’d do anything to…hey!” Paul cried out in surprise when I grabbed his arm and yanked him so hard towards the door, he almost fell. “Stop talking and get the hell out of here!” I told him.

“Twenty five thousand!” Malcolm blurted out.

“Holy shit!” Paul gasped.

“Not only will it never happen, but what part of filming an incest video in this country is illegal don’t you understand?” I asked him, my voice trembling with the effort to not explode. My hands were curled into fists and I swore I was ready to punch him.

“It’s not to film for a site, it’s for me, personally.”

“Twenty five grand?” Paul repeated. “Mom, that…”

He stopped as soon as I looked his way.

“It would be just for me,” Malcolm continued. “Just you and Paul in a room and me filming with a simple camcorder.”

I stood up on my toes, inches from his face and said, “You can’t buy this, you sick bastard.”

“I have before,” he countered. “I drew up a legal document that should the film ever make its way public I would have to pay out a million dollars. And…” he gave me a nervous smile “…as you pointed out it’s illegal, I would lose my business, everything. I’m willing to put that in writing.”

“Then if you have done it, why do you need to do it again?” Paul asked.

“Why does a drunk need another drink?” Malcolm shrugged. “It’s my passion.”

“My son and I are not having sex. Not at home and certainly not in front of you so you can jack off to us for years to come.”

“Thirty Five.” He looked nervous, an odd look on him, and he was red and seemed as excited as he had at the Real Mom shoot. “Come on, Mary, you know you want him! I saw it with Brian! You can mock me, but can’t deny I know about these things, I saw real desire there.”

“People win Oscars for that kind of acting. I got a couple grand and a mouthful of cum,” I said nastily. “What you saw was me playing a part and playing it well enough to ensure I’d make more money next time.”

“It was a mistake as this proves. Now, let’s go Paul.” I pushed him towards the door. “You’re going home and I’m going anywhere but home until I don’t want to kill you.”

“Forty?”

“Fifty three thousand eight hundred.” Paul spoke up.

“Huh?” Malcolm looked at him. “That’s a random number.”

“It’s what’s what we owe on my tuition. I get that I’m covered until I graduate.” He smiled at me. “We could keep the house and,” He was stopped by my placing my finger to his lips.

Keeping it there, I pulled open the dressing room door, switched my hand from his face to his hair and yanked it hard enough to make him cry out as he staggered out of the room. “Go home!” I snapped as I slammed the door behind him and turned to Malcolm.

“You put all this shit in his head.”

“No, he came to me! He wrote a letter I loved and I met him and yeah I said a few things about what I believe, but he was already gung ho.”

That was true and I knew it, Paul wanted me before he met this idiot.

“Mary, think about it, that’s a lot of money and it will never leave my hands. And you do want him! I get you can’t admit it, but he saw what I saw in that movie! I…”

“You shut the hell up,” I snarled at him. “You stay away from me and you stay away from my son. I find out you tried to contact him, I swear I will press charges and tell the cops you were trying to get me to fuck my son for money. That story gets out you’re finished, understand?”

Malcolm’s shoulders slumped in defeat. “Understood, I won’t reach out to you, but mark my words, Mary, you want that boy and he is madly in love with you. It’s not lust, he wants to be good to you and you certainly look like you need someone to be good to you.”

I reached for the door, but he his hand on it, holding it closed.

“One minute and you can go, promise,” he said softly. “Paul told me how alone you’ve been since your husband passed. You came back to this not just for money, but for sex. You forget I started as an actor as well.”

“I’d been disowned by my family and was lost and lonely and the industry gave me sex, attention and despite a lot of assholes some friends and a twisted little family of sorts. That’s what you got out of it your first time and part of why you came back. It’s what you know and it fills a void, but that young man wants to give you so much more, Mary. He wants to give you his heart, let him.”

“Get help, Malcolm.” I yanked my hand from his hand from the door. “And stay away from me and my son.”

I turned and stormed out of the room, slamming the door in his face as he tried to say something. I walked quickly through the studio, keeping my head down. I heard Rick calling my name and asking if I was okay, but I kept moving. I made it out of the studio, got into my car and peeling out of the lot, drove a few blocks before I pulled over into a Walgreen’s parking lot and let it go, sitting with my head on the wheel sobbing.

My son had tried to trick me and in doing so admitted it in front of a freak who thought it was just great. If there was any bright side it was that things couldn’t get any worse, could they?

Chapter Twenty-Two

I sat in the car outside the house and for the tenth time in the last half hour told myself to go inside and get this over with. After I'd had my drama queen cry in the parking lot, I'd gone to Vincent's and had a few drinks. I didn't get drunk like last time, but had enough to relax and dull my senses a bit, hopefully enough I wouldn't explode on Paul when I did get home.

It was crowded and the way I was dressed led to three different guys trying to pick me up. The last one I actually considered. He was about my age, good looking and had a great smile. He was interested, but laid back, not pushing, taking the approach of letting it be my move. As we had our third drink together I thought about it.

Maybe it's what I needed. Go back to his place, have some fun, maybe spend the afternoon and possibly the night there. I'd call Paul and tell him I'd talk to him tomorrow then lay back and let someone take care of me for once. I'd be both Mary and Molly, let him take the reins the first time, then go wildcat on him.

In the end I decided I couldn't do it. Not now, with everything going on, but I did give him my number and asked him to call in a couple days when I wasn't so busy. Maybe Dan was right, this is what I needed and if I had a lover it would show Paul he was seeing shadows.

My fucking porn stars didn't deter him, hell, he was turned on. But there was no emotion there. If I showed interest in a man that would be different.

Then I was hit with the inevitable; what if this guy, or any guy found one of my movies, then what? Molly was the gift that would just keep on giving at this point. I'd driven home and been sitting in the driveway trying to envision a scenario where this didn't get ugly.

As much as I'd drank I was still angry at Paul, angrier than I'd ever been at him, or anyone else for that matter, in years. I told myself Paul didn't realize what he'd done, that he was confused and in a sense maybe still dealing with the loss of his father, somehow thinking he could take his place and make both of us okay.

But my overwhelming reaction was still to be pissed off. He'd been 'talking ' to me through my website, wrote a letter to Malcolm then sat and talked with that whack job for hours about me. I quickly got out of the car as the more I sat there, the angrier I became again.

I walked up the porch stairs fuming as much as I had been at the studio. Part of me had hoped he would be hiding in his room and I could go in mine and do this tomorrow, but now I wanted him to be waiting for me because I'd had it with this whole mess. So much for wanting to take time to get my act together, I was now as mad as when I'd first seen him in the dressing room.

I entered the house and to my ill-tempered satisfaction saw he was sitting on the couch waiting for me.

"Um, hey , mom," he said quietly.

"Mom? What happened to hey, Molly!" I tossed my purse on the end table too hard and it slid off and fell on the floor, the contents spilling onto it.

Paul started to get up to pick it up, but I stopped him.

"Leave it and answer me, what happened to hey, Molly?"

"That was an act, you know, so Malcolm wouldn't know who I was."

"You didn't mind telling him who you were though did you?"

"Well, when you wouldn't play along, I just figured…"

"Figured what?" I snapped walking over to stand in front of him. "That I would show up, see it was you and say what the hell, the show must go on? Did you think you were going to fuck me?"

"No, I…I just wanted you to see how much I wanted you, that I'll do anything."

I stepped up between his legs, looking down at him where he sat up on the edge of the couch. I was breathing hard and so mad I was shaking. Paul, seemingly oblivious to my impending explosion, continued to speak.

"We should talk, mom."

"Molly," I said. "Call me Molly."

"Uh, why?"

"Because I'm your goddamn mother and you'll listen to what I say. Now call me Molly."

“Okay.” He looked at me dubiously. “Molly, we need to talk.”

“Yeah, we do.”

“That offer from Malcolm we should take it.”

“Really?” I gave him a smile, that he should have noticed wasn’t a pleasant one. “Why?”

“Because I bet we could get him to give us enough to pay off school. Then you could stop filming porn.”

“I already quit, weren’t you paying attention?” He wasn’t now, that as for sure because if he was he’d know enough to shut up.

“Well you wouldn’t have to worry about money! We can afford the house with your job and me chipping in until I graduate then I’ll be making good money!”

“But we’d have to fuck and do it in front of Malcolm now wouldn’t we?”

“Yes, but we’ll do it before that.”

“Oh, will we?” I asked softly, what the hell was wrong with him?

“I wouldn’t want that to be our first time. So we’ll do it after we’ve been together a few times! Then we make that movie and we’re all set!”

“All set.”

“Yes, no money worries, but more important, the two of us will be…”

“There is no fucking us!” I screamed at him, causing him to lean back on the couch. “Get that through your goddamn head!”

“But mom…”

“Molly! I am fucking Molly to you right now and I’ll tell you why when I’m done reaming your ass! How could you be so fucking stupid?”

“Jeez, I was just trying to…”

“You sat there talking to that pig about me! You told him how bad you wanted your mother and you knew you were getting him to set you up with me!”

“Yes,” he admitted.

“Then right there in front of him you tell him who I am! You told that freak you were my son! He knows, he fucking knows!”

“He won’t say…”

“I have never been more humiliated in my life!” I was out of control now, screaming at the top of my lungs and waving my arms wildly. Paul looked taken aback, but at the same time was still speaking as if nothing were wrong.

“Really?” he asked. “I would have figured that video from a long time ago where you sat there and let all those guys jerk off on you would have been more humiliating that that.” He grinned at me. “Or did you kind of like that…Ow!”

Paul cried out when I slapped him in the face, not once but twice, hitting him with both hands in rapid succession.

“Don’t you fucking dare talk about things like that to me! You think I wanted to do those things? I was new and staying at a fucking homeless shelter! I needed that money to survive and those things paid more! I did what I had to! You’ve never had to do that!”

“Mom, please, I…” I silenced him with another slap that sent him reeling against the back of the couch.

“Then I went back to this bullshit so you could keep the life I would have given anything for! College, a beautiful home to live in! I became a fucking whore for you!” I stopped yelling and stood there, my chest heaving. “No.” I lowered my voice. “That’s wrong, I was always a whore, I just took time off from it when I had someone to love me. Then he left and the whore came back.”

I leaned over and was so far gone it didn’t bother me he put his hands up, afraid I was going to hit him again.

“And that’s why I want you to call me Molly. Because you don’t love me, Paul. Not like that anyway. You’re in love with Molly. You don’t want your mother, you want Molly the slut, the fucking cum dumpster who gets paid to take loads in her face and cocks in whatever hole the director tells me to.”

“Mom. Please don’t talk like that.” His voice was trembling. “You’re not like that.”

“Of course I am!” My voice rose again. “There’s over a hundred movies to prove it and you’ve probably seen them all!”

Paul tried to get up, but I pushed him back and put my knee up on the couch between his legs, to keep him where he was.

“That’s the point, Paul. You’ve been watching Molly the porn star for over two years! That’s who you want! You don’t want your mother!”

“I do.” He spoke up. “It’s not Molly when I’m rubbing your shoulders and feet and watching movies with you and keeping you company, I love you, mom.” He shrugged. “But you are Molly, you’re not two people and yes, I want Molly too.”

“Of course you do,” I growled through my rage. “All men want Molly. No one wants Mary, the boring housewife and loser drop out who can’t do better than be a waitress. You all want the skank, the pig, the little fuck doll you jerk off to.”

“No, I…” He was confused and finally looked scared, but it was too late to slow me down.

“You just admitted you did! Tell me, Paul, you lay there and jerk off to me in my sweat pants? You get off to thinking of a candlelit dinner with me or you watch those movies when you do it?”

His quickly lowering his eyes was the only answer I needed.

“Right, so don’t give me this love shit, you’re in lust with Molly just like every other guy that’s ever blown a load on me or to me.”

I was being unnecessarily crude, but didn’t care, he needed to know I was done with this and why he really had a thing for me. The same reason every man had wanted me, sex.

“Dad was wrong.” Paul raised his eyes to mine. “He lied about wanting Molly. That’s why you thought they were different people. I won’t lie. I do want Molly, I do fantasize about you being that way with me, but I want…”

“You want Molly?” If I’d thought I was mad before, I was mistaken.

His words caused a rush of red hot rage to flow through me and months of grief, guilt, self-loathing and stress exploded through me, sending anything resembling reason out the door.

“Well, yeah, but I…”

“Then you can fucking have her!”

I leaned over him and holding him against the couch kissed him hard. Paul gasped as my lips sought to devour his and he tried to push me back. I shoved his hands down and hissed. “Go ahead, kiss me! Show Molly how much you want her!”

I kissed him again, my lips roughly pressing into his mouth. Paul whimpered in his throat, but attempted to return the kiss. He was trying to go slow, slide his lips gently across mine, but I was having none of it.

“Forget the sweet shit,” I said into his face. “I’m not your mother, I’m Molly and I don’t need love, I need this!” I pushed my lips to his and shoved my tongue into them.

Paul parted his lips and groaned as my tongue forced its way into his mouth. I moaned as my mouth attacked his. My nipples were aching and I was already feeling that familiar wave of heat between my legs.

As always when she was doing something she shouldn’t Molly was getting worked up. I grabbed his face in my hands and kissed him even harder, nipping his upper lip with my teeth then plunging my tongue back into his mouth.

I was kissing him the way I kissed on the set, exaggerated and lusty, no real enjoyment in it, but that was fine, after all, wasn’t this the woman Paul wanted? I slid my hands down his chest and grabbing his shirt, pulled it out of his pants and up to his chest.

“Take this off,” I whispered into his ear, then flicked my tongue across it and moaned loudly, “Show mommy how her little boy’s not so little anymore.”

“Mom, please, I don’t want to do it this way.”

“No?” I pushed up on the couch, swinging my legs over his hips and straddling him. I worked my hips, grinding my crotch into his and gave him a nasty smile. “Then why are you hard, baby boy?”

Paul turned red and I laughed nastily. “You’re hard because this is what you want!” I leaned over and kissed his neck, then whispered in his ear, “Every man gets hard for Molly Minx, don’t they?”

I yanked on his shirt so hard I heard it tear and with a panicked look on his face, Paul lifted his arms up. I ripped the shirt over his head and hurled

it away. Placing my hands on his chest I ran them up and down, caressing him with my long red nails.

“Hmm, look at you, baby. My boy’s a man now isn’t he?” I ground harder into his crotch. “A hell of a man it feels like!”

I put his hands on my shirt and raised my arms over my head. “Go ahead, Paul, take my shirt off.”

“Mom…”

“Molly!” I snapped. “You wanted my shirt off last night, now take it off!”

When he didn’t move I leaned back on his lap and stripped it off myself, tossing it over my shoulder. I cupped my breasts through my bra and worked my crotch into his, dry fucking him.

“This is your chance, baby! You want Molly, here I am, come and get me!”

I reached around and unhooking my bra slid the straps down my arm. Unlike last night, I slid my arms through them, then held the bra to my chest with one hand while reaching out and tracing Paul’s nipple with my fingertip causing him to groan. He still looked nervous, but his eyes were now focused on my chest.

“Yeah, you want to see your hot mommy Molly’s tits? You want them don’t you?”

I didn’t give him time to answer whipping the bra off with a flourish.

“Oh my God,” Paul breathed, his eyes widening at the sight of his mother’s tits.

“It’s not like you haven’t seen them before in all the movies, but better in person, no?” I cupped my tits, lifting them and stroked my nipples with my thumbs. I moaned from the contact and my hips were now moving continuously on the raging hard on in my son’s jeans.

The expression on Paul’s face was changing. His eyes were still wide, but had lost the concern in them and were now glazing over with a look I was paid to be an expert in, lust.

“That’s right,” I was now in full Molly Minx mode speaking in my best porn star purr. “These are the tits you’ve been wanting aren’t they? The ones you’ve jerked off to. These are mommy’s tits, aren’t they, baby boy?”

His hands were in his lap as if he didn’t know what to do with them and once again taking his wrists, I pulled them up and he didn’t resist.

“No director to tell you what to do, so I guess it’s up to me.” I placed his unprotesting hands on my breasts and the breath hissed from between his lips as I held them there.

“Go ahead, play with them,” I moved my hands up and down causing his to fondle me.

I stopped moving, but Paul’s hands continued to move, sliding across my tits and causing me to moan as his palms slid across my throbbing nipples. He gave them a gentle squeeze and the look on his face was one of shock, as if he couldn’t believe this was finally happening for him.

“Come on, baby, better than that!” I snapped impatiently. “How much porn have you watched? Don’t tease them, play with them!”

His fingers found my nipples and I released a low groan as he rolled them between his fingertips. It felt better than when he was just rubbing them, but he was touching tentatively and too softly. Molly wasn’t one for patience or slow and gentle for that matter and slapping his hands away, I leaned over and shoved my tits in his face.

“For Christ’s sake, stop pretending you don’t want this!” I breathed, moving side to side, slapping my tits against his face as he sat there stunned.

I grabbed the back of his head and pushed it into my left breast. “Suck that tit!” I demanded.

Paul moaned and a moment later I felt his tongue flick across my swollen nub. He traced it in a slow circle and rolling my eyes, I held his head and arched my back, thrusting my nipple into his mouth.

“I said suck it! Suck your mother’s tit! Or is it Molly’s tit you want? Well, you’re right, it’s the same thing, and your mother’s a fucking pig who blames a stage name for being a whore!”

Still holding his head, I lifted up on my knees removing my ass from his crotch and reaching down grabbed his cock through his jeans.

“You’re hard, baby, you like those tits in your face don’t you? You like your slutty mom, Molly sitting on your lap?”

“Hmm-mm,” Paul moaned around my tit.

“Then show me how much you want it and suck that fucking tit like a man, not a little boy!”

Paul opened his mouth wide and I gasped when he sucked not just my nipple, but part of my soft breast into it. He cupped my tits as he now eagerly sucked my nipple. His fingers teased my other nipple and I rubbed his cock up and down.

He was damn hard and there was an impressive length to his bulge. Seemed my son had quite the cock. Good, because the bigger the better for Molly Minx.

“There you go!” I cried out when, without me coaxing him, he switched to sucking my other nipple.

I squeezed his cock, making him groan around my breast and grabbing his head, I shoved him back into the couch and sliding closer on his lap, kissed him. This time my rough kiss was met much more confidently and as my tits pressed into his chest, his arms encircled my waist and his hands rubbed up and down my bare back and up into my long hair.

You fucking whore, I thought, look at you topless, grinding on your son’s dick. But that’s what he wanted and what people kept telling me I wanted so why the fuck not? If my son wanted Molly Minx, then he was going to get her, every bit of her.

I eased back from him and reaching behind me slipped my shoes off. Bracing my hands on his shoulders I slid my feet onto the couch on either side of his legs and stood up. One at a time, I lifted my feet over his leg so I was now standing between his spread legs. Paul looked up at me, a mixed look of surprise and desire on his face as I unsnapped my shorts and shoved them down over my hips and part way down my thighs.

“Take them off,” I told him. Paul hesitated and I repeated my request. “I said take my fucking shorts off!”

Paul grabbed them and tugged them slowly down my legs. I sighed and said in a mocking tone. “Jesus. And you thought you could make a movie with me? You don’t even want to take my clothes off!”

Paul stared up at me, the nervous look back on his face.

“Easy, mom,” he said. “It doesn’t have to be…”

“It will be what you want it to be!” I told him. “Molly Minx is going to fuck you, your slut mother is going to show you just how nasty she is and if you can’t keep up, I’ll just take what I need.”

I lifted my legs one at a time, keeping my hands on his shoulder for balance as he removed my shorts. I was wearing a pair of black lace panties, the transparent crotch of them was right in his face and tugging them to the side, I ran my finger through my sopping wet slit.

“That the pussy you want?”

I didn’t bother waiting for an answer. I pushed the panties down and lifting my left leg, put my foot on his shoulder, leaned forward and shoved my pussy in my son’s face. I held his hair in my hands and when he didn’t immediately lick me, I worked my hips up and down, rubbing my slick pussy up and down his face. I heard him moan and gasped when his tongue slid out and into the wet folds of my pussy.

“Yes,” I moaned. “Come on, baby boy, give mommy a kiss.”

I pushed my hips down, guiding his tongue to my clit and groaned when he licked it several times, then sucked on it.

“Oh, look at you!” I told him. “Look at you sucking on your mother’s cunt. Hmm, that’s a nasty word isn’t it? That’s okay, because I’m your nasty girl aren’t I?”

Paul moaned into my pussy and his hands came around to grab my ass. I gasped when he spread it open and eased his fingers through my pussy from behind. Leaning forward, I put my hands on the wall and ground my hips into his face.

“Suck it,” I hissed. “Shove those fingers in my cunt and suck that fucking clit until I cum in your face!”

Paul stopped licking and removed his hands from my ass and pussy. Grabbing my hips, he eased me back, holding onto me so I didn’t fall off the couch. I stared down at his now red face, his cheeks glistening from his mother’s sticky juices.

“No,” he said softly. “Not like this. Get off me.”

“You have your mother naked on the couch, her pussy in your face and you tell me no?” I carefully stepped down off the couch and kicking the panties off my right foot, I shook my head. “You don’t tell me no.”

Paul started to stand, but lifting my leg, I put my foot on his chest and pinned him to the couch.

“You wanted this mister sowantmymom. You fucked with me, you knew all along and stalked me on my site. You told that little lie about your father telling you I was a model just to see how I’d react. You sat here telling me about an older woman and meant me. You were fucking toying with me and laughing at me.”

“No, I just didn’t…”

“Then today? You show up and make me look like a fucking fool. You set me up, you little shit. Well for that you’re going to get just what you wanted. Molly Minx in all her glory.”

I dropped my foot from his chest, then dropping to my knees between his legs, ripped his jeans open, the button flying past my head to land somewhere on the floor behind me.

“Mom, stop,” Paul exclaimed, sitting up. I used both hands to shove him back again.

“You won’t be saying that in a minute.” I yanked his zipper down and reaching into his underwear, pulled out his now only semi hard cock.

“Aw, someone’s not so happy anymore.” I smiled up at him as I stroked his cock. “Bet I can fix that.”

I opened wide and took him in my mouth. Paul cried out a sound of both surprise and pleasure as I swirled my talented tongue around the spongy head of his cock. I bobbed my head rapidly. Putting his hands on my shoulders he whimpered, “Mom, please stop.”

I didn’t listen and he didn’t do anything to stop me. His hands remained still on my arms, his fingers trembling as I continued to blow him. His cock swelled rapidly in my mouth and when he was fully hard, I took him down to his balls.

Paul’s cock was fairly large, but hell, I was a damned porn star. I effortlessly took him as deep as I could with his jeans still up and Paul moaned when I shook my head back and forth, rubbing the sensitive head of his cock around my hot wet mouth.

Keeping him in my mouth, I grabbed the edge of his jeans and tugged on them, Paul groaned, “Mom, I…Oh.”

He couldn’t finish the sentence when I removed his cock from my mouth and sticking my tongue out slapped it against it. I turned my cheek and rubbed it alongside my face, his pre cum oozing onto my face.

“How’s your big dick look in your mother’s face? As good as you hoped?”

I took just the tip into my mouth and sucked hard, getting a mouth full of pre cum and another whimper from Paul. I grabbed his jeans again. “Take this off!” I told him, letting his cock fall from my mouth. “It’s not nice to disobey your mother.”

Paul was breathing hard and seemed to waver. Giving him a sultry smile, I held his cock up and licked up and down his shaft, making a show of it. With a look of a drowning man going down for the last time, Paul lifted his hips and with a laugh, I pulled his jeans and underwear down his legs.

His cock sprang free and he groaned when I took it back into my mouth. I bobbed my head slowly, teasing him by taking him an inch at a time, then taking just as long on the way back up.

As I did I pulled his shoes and socks off, then his jeans. The entire time I was undressing him, I kept my eyes on his and my mouth moving along his cock. I was a professional after all.

“You jerk off to this, Paul? Your mother on her knees blowing you?”

I grabbed his cock and pumped it slowly. “Answer me!” I snapped, squeezing his cock for emphasis.

“Yes,” he whispered. “All the time.”

“Then why fight it?” I gave him a naughty smile. “Just sit back and let mommy do the work, baby boy.” I kissed his cock. “And this is work, after all I suck cock for a living don’t I?”

I pinned his cock to his stomach and sucked his balls into my mouth causing him to cry out again. I slurped noisily on them as I stroked his throbbing cock. My hips were working as I bathed his balls with my tongue.

I was wet and my clit was aching. I needed to cum and more than that needed this cock inside me. My son’s cock, the one cock I should never think about, let alone have it in my hand.

But seeing he wanted it and every sick prick in the porn world insisted mother’s secretly wanted to please their sons, why not? If I was going to be

branded porn’s hottest mom, shouldn’t I live up to it? I pulled his cock to my mouth and spit on it, pumping it and working my saliva into it.

I spit on it again, making an exaggerated sound effect like I did in the movies.

“Like mom spitting on your cock?” I did it again, but this time quickly took him into my mouth and slurped it back up. Paul’s hands fingers dug into my shoulders when I took him easily all the way down to his balls.

I held him buried in my mouth, swirling my tongue around his shaft. I slipped it out to lick his balls then shook my head back and forth. Paul was moaning and his hips were moving, pushing his cock deeper into his out of control mother’s mouth. I worked my way back up his cock and opening wide let a long strand of pre cum mixed drool spill out onto his cock.

Just as I was taught to always look at the cameraman over the male talent’s shoulder, I kept my eyes on Paul’s. He seemed to be caught between being uncomfortable and nervous, but he was breathing hard and moaning, helpless not to enjoy his mother’s extremely talented mouth. My hair fell across my face, and taking his hand I used it to brush my hair back and placed his hand on my head.

“Don’t you want to watch the show?” I asked, a line of spit hanging from my chin to his cock. “Your mother slobbering over a big cock?”

I slurped up the line of spit and opening my mouth much wider than I needed to I proceeded to devour his cock, bobbing my head quickly and taking him deep every time. With my mouth that open I was make nasty sucking sounds and began to gag for effect just like I did for the movies.

Spit and re cum were flowing down his shaft and my chin and down onto my tits. I slammed my head down harder and faster on his cock causing my eyes to water and giving him the full effect of a hardcore face fucking blow job.

His hand stayed in my hair and placing my hands behind my back, I sucked him even faster, now whimpering and moaning along with the wet gagging sounds. The whimpers were for show, adding to my wide watery eyes that had a look of alarm in them, as if he were forcing me.

The moans however were real. Paul’s was long, thick and hard and his cock felt good in my mouth. He was beginning to twitch each time I took

him deep and his thighs were trembling.

I released him with a retching sound and a huge glob of slobber that splattered on his stomach. I stroked his slick cock and gasping, said, “Tell me.”

“T…tell you what?” he asked, breathing just as hard that stunned look still on his face.

“Tell me to suck your cock, tell me I’m a fucking pig! Talk to me the way those assholes in the movies do.”

“No, I can’t.”

“You will.” I sucked him into my mouth, sucking him fast and hard while jerking him off and fondling his balls with my other hand. It was a running line in the industry any porn star could suck one of the men off in less than five minutes if they really wanted to and my son was no porn star.

Paul, groaned then whimpered, his hips moving faster and his cock jerking in my mouth. His hands tightened in my hair and his balls were tightening. I sucked a few more times and when he began moaning louder and his hips jerked faster, I stopped and released him.

“Oh, oh, shit,” he moaned.

“Tell me, tell me or you won’t come. I’ll tease you all fucking night if I have to.”

I started sucking again and within a minute he was shaking again. I stopped once more. “Going to tell me? Or am I going to make you beg?”

“Mom. I don’t want you to act like this,” he said. “Please stop.”

“I’m not acting!” I told him then sucked him some more, stopping when his hands clenched tight enough to pull my hair painfully. “Now tell me! You think those movies are so fucking hot treat me like those men treat me!”

“Oh, Oh,” Paul groaned as I began sucking him, but slowly this time.

He tried to lean forward, but I braced my hands on his chest and held him down as I sucked him. He whimpered and thrust his hips hard into my mouth, I yanked away from him and smiled when he whined pathetically, “Please, please mom.”

“You’re going to cum for me, you’re going come all over your mother’s slutty face and I don’t care if you like it or not. Molly’s a pig and she’s your pig, just like you wanted.”

I sucked him several times, then stopped. Then started again. I’d done fetish edging videos in the past and knew men. I had total control over him. There was no chance he would come unless I let him. Paul lasted through two more tries, before he blurted out.

“Suck my cock! Oh, please suck it!”

“Who should suck it and what am I?” I ran my tongue along his quivering head.

“Suck my cock mom!” he moaned, when I took him in my mouth, but simply held him there he moaned, then whimpered, “Suck it you…you fucking pig.”

“Hmm.” I sucked him, but slowly, his back arched off the couch and his legs straightened his body straining to come, but I was holding him off.

Finally losing control, Paul cried out, “Suck my cock, you nasty skank, you dirty fucking slut!”

“Oh, that’s it!” I purred around his cock and sucked him faster, Either now into it, or afraid I would stop, Paul kept going.

“You’re a slut Molly, a nasty little cum dumpster! My mother’s a cock sucking whore.”

I groaned around him and sucked him faster. Paul cried out and I gasped and my eyes rolled back when he exploded into my mouth. I had him deep and the first squirt hit the back of my mouth. His thick salty cum sliding down my throat. I quickly pulled my mouth from him, but kept it open, jerking him off. A long spurt landed on my tongue and the next one splattered against my chin.

“Come on my face,” I called out, my eyes and face a mask of lust like when I was on the set. “Come in mommy’s face!”

I stroked him and turned my head side to side, letting him paint my face.

“Yes!” I moaned. “All over your mother’s face, just like you thought about! Take that, you fucking whore, that’s what you thought, wasn’t it?”

I pumped his cock until his moans turned to whimpers and only a few drops came out. I sucked him back into my mouth and sucked hard, draining his balls completely. I let him go and sat back on my knees, my son's cum dripping from my face and onto my tits.

"Oh fuck," Paul groaned. "Oh my God, mom."

I stood up between his legs making no effort to wipe the come from my face and looked down at his still hard twitching cock.

"Better than the movies?" I asked, my chest heaving.

"I…didn't want that," he said in between his own deep breaths.

"Then why am I wearing a huge load on my face?"

"Because you…made me," he said, but his eyes were on first my breasts, then darted down between my thighs.

"You're a strong twenty year old boy twice my weight. I couldn't really make you do anything, baby boy." I grabbed his cock. "And you're still hard for me, aren't you?"

"Mom, stop."

"Oh, you get yours, but I can't get mine? Molly always comes on the set, she's going to cum here."

I got back on the couch, once again straddling him. "But before I do, I think you mother would like to go for a ride."

Before he could react, I reached back, grabbed his cock and impaled myself on it.

"Oh fuck," Paul cried out in my ear as his cock plunged into his mother's sopping pussy.

"Oh, yeah!" I moaned, working my hips across his lap, sliding his cock back and forth inside me. "Nice and hard for your mother."

I put my hands on his shoulders and bounced up and down, riding him. Leaning forward, I pushed my tit in his face. "Suck on them while I enjoy you not wanting me."

Paul obediently sucked on my nipple and I rode him harder, my hips bucking up and down and really driving him deep. I flicked my tongue across his ear before whispering, "How's it feel to fuck your mother? As

good as you hoped? You like being in a pussy that's been used by so many men I've lost track?"

"Stop talking like that," he begged. "Please just let me be with you."

"Be with me? How fucking Hallmark!" I laughed harshly. "Save that for a nice girl, not your porn star mother. Now suck my fucking tit, you've pined for me so long, just shut up and enjoy the ride."

I worked my hips in tight circles, grinding on my son's hard cock and moving side to side feeding him each nipple in turn. I ignored his whimpering protests and continued to ride him, moving faster, sometimes up and down then side to side, working his cock around inside me.

I was moaning softly and as I always did on the sets let Molly fully take over and enjoy herself. For someone who seemed reluctant, Paul's tongue and lips were working just fine on my nipples and his hands were on my hips, moving with them, guiding his mother along his cock as she rode him.

My clit was aching and as good as fucking him felt, I needed to come. I stood up on the couch as I had before and this time putting my knees on either side of his head on the back of the couch, buried his face between my thighs. Paul released a muffled cry between my legs, but when I worked my hips, smearing my hot flesh into his face, his tongue began to move.

"Eat that pussy," I hissed, my forearm braced against the wall, my head resting on it as my other hand played with my nipple. "Suck your mother's cunt until she comes for you! Show me how bad you want mommy's pussy!"

Paul's hands cupped my ass, helping me balance and reaching back, I grabbed his right one and pushed it between my thighs from behind. "Shove your fingers in my pussy, come on baby boy! Show you're mother all the fun things you learned from watching porn."

I groaned when he followed my instructions and pushed two fingers into my overheated pussy. His tongue was on my clit and I moved my hips, pushing my clit into his mouth while working his fingers deeper.

I leaned my cheek against the cool wall the couch was against and felt the cum on my face squish into it. It couldn't get much more wrong than this. Naked, straddling my son's face with the taste of his cum in my mouth.

This would make a hell of a scene, Molly goes for a ride! I giggled and even in my current rage fueled state I realized how sick it sounded. The giggle turned into a low moan and my hips jerked as Paul sucked my clit harder than he had been.

His fingers were moving faster, thrusting harder. I rose up and down on my knees sliding my pussy up and down his tongue. Paul put his arm around my waist and held me still as his lips once again fastened to my clit moved faster than before.

He was not moving his tongue slowly or teasing and enjoying he was licking hard and fast, trying to get me off, get this over with. Just like the fucking assholes I had sex with on the set.

All about them, then when they had to actually pay attention to the woman it was a rushed effort. That was alright, I'd let him get me off quick, this time. But I'd get as much as I wanted. After all didn't all the experts say a son always wanted to please their mom?

"Yes!" I moaned. "Right there, suck that clit, make mommy come in her son's pretty face!"

My breath caught and my body tensed. Paul continued to finger and suck and my moans turned into the telltale sexy little hiccups that told the audience that Molly was ready to go off and as always not faking it.

I gave my nipple a hard twist and throwing my head back howled as my orgasm exploded through me. I clamped my legs tighter around Paul's head and bucked my hips wildly.

His tongue was still moving on his clit and my pussy convulsed around his plunging fingers. I cried out repeatedly as my son became the first man that I hadn't been paid to fuck to make me come since his father became ill.

I shuddered as the last of the orgasm flowed through me and after a moment of leaning against the wall, to catch my breath, I slid my legs from Paul's shoulders and eased off the couch.

Paul was breathing hard, his face beet red from being smothered by his mother's thighs and pussy. His face was glistening and he looked more surprised than turned on. I stood looking down at him and noticed his cock had softened, but was still semi hard.

“Hmm, you made me come hard,” I told him. “Good job, baby boy. Now it’s time for you to really fuck me.”

“I’m done,” Paul declared.

“You’re done when I say you are.” I lowered my head into his lap and sucked him into my mouth, Paul squirmed on the couch, but as before he didn’t really fight me. His cock grew rapidly and within moments he was once again fully hard for me.

“Hmm, you bad boy!” I smiled at him as I pumped him. “You taste like Mommy’s pussy. Oh, that’s right, that’s because you fucked me.”

“Right so we…”

“I’m just getting warmed up, you’re not going anywhere until you stop whining and man up and fuck me.”

I gave his cock a few quick hard sucks, turned my back to him and sat down on his cock. Paul moaned as I put my back against his chest and listing my legs, put my feet on his thighs. I bounced up and down on his cock and reaching over my head, put my arms around him, pulling his head down. Turning to the right, I kissed him, well aware I still had some of his come on my face.

Paul whimpered into the kiss as I rode his dick fast and hard.

“Fuck me!” I told him. “Move your damn hips and fuck your mother like she needs it, The way you think I do. The way you think only a son can.”

“Fuck!” I moaned when Paul worked his hips, thrusting into me. I lifted up a little higher to allow him more room to move and fuck me harder. He put his hands on my stomach and pushing his right one between my legs, pressed his fingers into my clit.

“I want to come on my baby boy’s dick.” I kissed him hard. “Make me come again! Show mommy why you’re the man who can take care of her.”

Paul groaned, but moved his fingers, working my clit in hard fast circles. My pussy was still quivering from the first orgasm, but between his cock plunging rapidly in and out of me and Molly being out of control, I could already feel my body responding.

“Play with that pussy!”

“Mom,” he whispered. “Don’t keep making me do this.”

“Oh, this could be a fun script! The son who’s whacked off to mommy for years now doesn’t want her! If you didn’t want me your cock wouldn’t be hard and you wouldn’t be fucking me!”

I moaned as I drove myself down harder and faster. “But if you need me to keep telling you what to do, I will, now shut up and make me come.”

“Mom!” he exclaimed.

I dug my hand into his hair and pulled it hard enough for him to cry out. “I said shut up and make me come! Then fuck me the way I need it! We stop when you’ve fucked your mother so good she’ll want more! Isn’t that what you want? For mommy to be your cock whore?” I gave him a nasty smirk. “Why shouldn’t I be, I’ve been everyone else’s cock whore!”

The look on Paul’s face told me, he didn’t like hearing me talk like that, but tough, it was the truth. The woman he thought he loved was an illusion, this was the real me. A woman so screwed up she was fucking her son to prove it.

Paul’s fingers pressed so hard into my clit, I moaned in pain, but it felt good at the same time. I cupped my tits, pinching booth nipples as he now fucked me hard enough to make me yelp.

Like before he was doing everything he could to get me off and get this over with. I closed my eyes, leaned my head back against him and gave both my nipples a hard twist. Another long loud wail exploded from me as my second orgasm in minutes slammed through me. This one was even better as my pussy convulsed around my son’s plunging cock.

“Keep fucking me!” I demanded as he had begun to slow up. “You fuck me until I tell you to stop!”

I squirmed and writhed on his lap, yelping and moaning as the orgasm had its way with me. I slumped against Paul when the last tremors passed and when he stopped fucking me, I turned my head and smiled at him. “Now you get to really fuck me.”

I pushed myself up from his lap, his cock making a wet sound as it slid from my sopping slit. Grabbing his hand I tugged on it and with a look of resignation more than desire, he stood up in front of me.

“On your knees,” I whispered as I sank to mine on the floor.

When he didn’t I took his cock in my mouth and sucked on him, once more tasting my sticky juices from my son’s cock. I stopped sucking and pointed to the floor. Paul lowered himself to his knees and turning around, I got on my hands and knees my ass pointing at him. “Let’s go, baby boy, time to fuck mommy for real.”

Paul stared at my ass and putting his hands on my hips eased his cock inside me and began fucking me.

“Faster.” I looked over my shoulder at him. “And harder! Your mother needs you to fuck her, now do what I tell you!”

Paul moved faster, now fucking me with long hard strokes that felt damn good.

“Harder!” I snapped. “I’m not Jen, I’m a real woman, now fuck me!”

Paul went a little harder, but still not enough for me and I kept egging him—and myself—on.

“Come on, Paul! Don’t forget your mother’s been fucked by some big fucking dicks and a lot of them you need to really fuck me so I can enjoy it!”

I yelped in surprise as Paul began hammering away at my pussy, driving into me so hard his balls were slapping against my clit.

“Oh, you don’t like that, do you?” I asked, smiling away at him. “Don’t like hearing what a used up your whore mother is? How she’s been fucked by all those huge cocks? Sometimes more than one at a time!”

“Oh, fuck!” I cried out as Paul really tore into me. The look on his face was one of anger, his eyes hard and his lips set in a scowl as he squeezed my hips hard enough to hurt.

“Yeah, that’s it! That’s the way I like it! You see that movie where I ran a train with six guys? Just me on my knees like this and one at a time they fucked me then came on my back then the next one fucked me!”

“Shut up!” Paul hissed and punctuated that remark by dealing my ass a hard slap.

The blow excited me and I kept it up. “And I had to suck on them in between, a two hour shoot the whole time a cock in each end like a pig on a spit!”

Paul slapped the other side of my ass, then again and again as he fucked me even harder.

“Stop talking like that!” he yelled at me even as he fucked me.

“That was one scene, another was the same, but they all took my ass! Sometimes I’d ride one, take one in the ass and suck another, plus jerk the other two off! Five cocks at once! Your mother can multi task, can’t she?”

“You’re not my mother!” he yelled slapping my ass again. “Not like you are now! You’re acting like a whore to make me fuck you!”

To my dismay he pulled his cock from inside me. I sat up on my knees and turned to face him.

“I said we don’t stop until I say so!”

“I’m done!” Paul yelled back, as he fought to catch his breath. “This isn’t you! This is some sick point you want to make! I don’t want you like this! I want my mother, not…not the slut you’re acting like.”

“Oh, honey, this is not an act.”

I shoved him hard, catching him by surprise and sending him onto his back. Before he could sit up, I straddled him and sat on his cock.

“Fuck,” he moaned. “Get off me!”

He started to put his hands up, but grabbing them, I pinned his arms to the floor over his head and leaning my weight on them held him down as I bucked my hips riding him wildly.

“Mom stop! Please stop!” he moaned, his eyes filled with pain, no sign of lust at all anymore. But his cock was still hard. Molly’s insatiable pussy wouldn’t let him get soft.

“Just lay there and let me fuck you! I’m only giving you want you want, what you wanted so badly you’d stalk and humiliate me!”

“I’m sorry!” he whimpered, he looked close to tears at this point. “I’m sorry, mom!”

“Don’t be sorry! You’re getting a wild ride from Molly Minx, everyone’s favorite mom! Just relax and enjoy!”

I slammed my hips down on him so hard my pussy was beginning to ache, but I kept going. Beneath me, Paul looked as if he were ready to cry, but I

kept fucking him. He wanted it, he'd said he did. What he didn't want was me acting like Molly and that was tough because it was Molly he wanted.

He never wanted Mary, he wanted my slut alter ego. All men preferred Molly to Mary, even my father before I even knew Molly existed wanted his daughter to be a sex toy, rather than a sweet little girl. I always thought John was different, but then Paul told me even my husband, the one man I'd loved in my life had been no different.

I felt my own emotions rising up within me. John had lied to me, he hadn't loved me for just who I was, he'd wanted that dirty whore too, but was afraid to say it. After all these years Molly had managed to even take my husband from me.

"This is what you wanted!" I yelled in Paul's face. "This is what all of you wanted! Every fucking man I've ever known, this is all I'm good for!" I yelped as I fucked him even harder.

Paul was crying out as well as I fucked him so hard it must have been painful for him as well.

"Come for me!" I snarled. "Come for your mother! Give it to me! That's what I do, I make men come!"

"Please Mom, please you…oh!" Paul gasped and I felt his cock jump inside me.

"Yes! Come, come for me you little shit! Stop whining like a baby and be a man and fucking come for me!"

Paul whined pathetically and feeling his cock twitching, I hopped off him, slid between his legs and took him into my mouth. His cock erupted and as Paul whimpered and moaned, I sucked him deeper into my mouth.

I took every drop he had, licking and sucking, expertly milking his cock while keeping every drop in my mouth. When I couldn't coax any more from his spent cock. I slid him carefully from my mouth and stared at him.

Paul looked as if he were an accident victim in shock. His eyes were wide, but dull and he was looking at me as if he wasn't sure of what just happened. Keeping my eyes on his, I opened my mouth and slowly let his cum spill out and form a puddle on his stomach. I spit the last few drops onto him and sitting up on my knees gave him my best made-for-porn purr. "Hmm, thanks for the ride, baby boy, you made your slutty mommy very

happy.” A nasty smirk spread across my face. “Is this where I say, Oh, honey, you’re not just my son you’re everything to me. I’m so in love with you.”

“Get the hell away from me,” Paul whispered, tears in his eyes.

“Well, then.” I stood up and shrugged. “That wasn’t in the script.”

Paul sat up staring at sticky mess on his stomach, then looked at me an expression of such disgust, that even as far gone as I was, I couldn’t pretend it didn’t hurt.

“I hate you,” he said, his voice quavering. “I fucking hate you.”

“Good,” I said, my own voice breaking. “That makes two of us.”

Turning away from him I walked out of the room towards the bathroom. I was completely naked, but it was a little late for modesty. I envisioned the view from behind, my ass, red from my son smacking me, swaying back and forth.

The camera would zoom in on it getting a view of my glistening pussy from behind. The director would say, ‘Fade to Black’ and the picture would slowly fade away.

I entered the bathroom and locked the door behind me. I turned the shower on as hot as I could stand it and methodically cleaned myself as if after a shoot. After all, that’s what it was to some extent.

The final ride of Molly Minx and the one that would cost me my son. It had to be done, I had to show him how wrong it was, didn’t I? When I was done washing I stood under the water, then gave in to the trembling in my legs and sank down on the shower floor.

Whether it was rage, the alcohol, all the stress of the last few months, whatever had caused me to lose my mind was wearing off and now a quivering mess, I drew my knees up to my chest and wrapping my arms around them put my head between my knees. As I cried softly, my tears mixing with the hot water running down my body, one thought kept racing through my stunned mind.

I had just raped my son.

Chapter Twenty-Three

I lay on my side and saw the clock change from twelve fifty nine to one am. Just as I'd seen it change to ten, eleven and midnight. I'd cried myself out hours ago, but had continued to replay the horrific scene from earlier over and over.

I was everything I'd told Paul I was and worse. I kept referring to myself as a whore and a porn star slut, well porn stars and even whores and sluts didn't have sex with their sons. Worse was the fact I'd forced him.

I had sexually assaulted my son and there was no excuse for that. I could blame rage and stress and guilt. The fact I now felt betrayed in a sense by James and the way Paul had played me , knowing who I was and setting me up.

None of that justified what I'd done. In the time I'd had to lay here and berate myself the irony of the other night wasn't lost upon me. Paul and I'd been seconds away from sex and the way it had been going it would have been a slow sensual enjoyable experience.

I'd stopped him and rightly so, but tonight I had taken him, forced him to fuck me. Used my mouth and pussy to keep him hard even when he didn't really want me. I'd taken an already perverted situation and made it far worse than what could have transpired when Paul came onto me last week.

I was still hard pressed to explain how I'd let him get that close, why I'd responded so well to him. Then tonight …since when the hell was sex with your son the answer to a problem? In my twisted rage I'd wanted to show him who he wanted and it was Molly and then show him how disgusting Molly really was.

"You're Molly, you stupid bitch," I muttered.

My own words were daggers in my heart, but were true. Over the years I had somehow convinced myself Molly was a separate entity, one that was responsible for all of my previous shameless degradation on film.

When I returned she came back, but 'she' had never left because I was her and had proved it in spades tonight. Somehow a few new tears sprang into

my eyes when I struck by the thought I had molested my son just as my father had hurt me.

I closed my burning eyes, squeezing the tears out, then stared at the flickering flames of the scented candles burning on the night stand. I'd lit them to avoid being in total darkness which would have added to my depressed state and to possibly sooth my rattled nerves. Not that anything could do that right now, at least not anything other than knowing where Paul was and if were okay.

I'd stayed in the shower, sitting on the floor a crying trembling mess. As quickly as my rage had driven me to the unspeakable act I'd committed with my son, it had left me and now the consequences crashed through my mind.

Paul had said he hated me and I didn't think it was a pain driven remark, but the truth. Why wouldn't he? What I had done to him was beyond disgusting. I had taken his misplaced love for me and perverted it, I'd teased him and mocked his feelings, especially when I'd made my sarcastic comment about loving him.

When the hot water ran out and the ice cold spray hitting my body snapped me out of my emotional stupor. I'd gotten shakily to my feet and after drying off realized I had nothing to put on. I'd walked in here naked and the robe usually hanging behind the door was probably still in the laundry.

I wrapped a towel around me and trying to figure out what I could possibly say to Paul other then I'm sorry and to beg him not to hate me, I left the bathroom. The light was still on in the living room and I thought about quickly going into my room to put something one.

I then decided that at this point did what I was wearing or not wearing really matter. I slowly made my way down the hall. The living room was as I'd left it, clothes strewn everywhere. I looked down at my panties in the middle of the room, my bra on the end table and my shoes on the floor by the couch.

It looked like the scene of a great night rather than that of the crime it was. I turned and around and steeling myself for the angry reaction I would receive, headed down to Paul's room. I knocked twice, then let myself in.

Paul wasn't in there and panicked, I ran over to his window and peered out into the driveway.

His car was gone.

I'd raced back into the living room, digging my phone out of my purse and pulled his number up. I hesitated with my finger on call. Why the hell would he answer me? What would I say if he did? I made myself lower the phone. Paul was hurt and angry, but he wasn't stupid.

He'd probably go to Jack's hang around there, maybe spend the night. He'd cool off and come back in the morning. That's what I'd told myself and continued to tell myself the four hours I'd lain here.

I wouldn't chase him down tonight, but if I didn't see or hear from him by morning I'd call Jack's house, no I'd go by there and look for Paul's car in case he had told Jack to lie for him. Once I knew he was okay, I'd leave him be, but I would at least find out where he was.

If I couldn't find him I wasn't sure what to do.

"Hello, officer my son ran away last night."

"Any idea why he would run away, ma'am?"

"I think he's mad because I made him have sex with me."

On that note I decided to actually try to sleep. I was still in the towel I'd worn into the room, having simply tossed myself onto the bed like a drama queen teenage girl. Sitting up, I unwrapped it and flipped it into the pile of laundry in the corner.

Too tired to get up and find something to sleep in I slipped naked under the sheets. It wasn't as if Paul was home to worry about and sad to say, it wasn't like he hadn't seen everything I had to offer both on screen and now in person.

I rolled over on my stomach and turned my head from the clock so I couldn't keep watching the time pass. It was a warm night with breeze and the candles added to the heat of the room making me hot. Bending my legs I used my feet to pull the sheet down to my waist and sighed when at the slight breeze through the window caressed my now bare back.

I closed my eyes, silently begged for the miracle of my son's forgiveness and mercifully drifted off to sleep.

Chapter Twenty-Four

I opened my eyes and blinked to try to clear them. I had no idea what time it was, but it was still dark. I lifted my head from the pillow and released a startled yelp when I saw a shadow reflected in the mirror over the bureau. Paul was sitting on the edge of the bed, watching me.

“Paul!” I rolled over and sat up so quickly the sheet fell away, exposing my breasts. “Oh, shit!” I swore, pulling it back up and holding it to my chest.

I gave him a nervous smile. “Little late for modestly I suppose.”

“Hey, mom,” he said softly, ignoring my remark. “You okay?”

“Am I okay?” Talk about twisting the knife, I hurt him and he was asking if I was alright. “Honey, who gives a shit about me, are *you* okay?”

Paul didn’t answer right away and I forced myself to remain silent and let him say whatever he needed to. He was looking at my bare shoulders and my hand clutching the sheet to my chest. Could he possibly still be attracted to me?

“I’m better than I was when I left,” he said finally. “But still not really right, if you know what I mean.”

“I know exactly what you mean, baby, I can’t tell you how sorry I am for what I did.” It was lame, but all I had. There weren’t words for what I’d done or how bad I felt.

“It wasn’t what you did, but how you did it,” he replied. “I didn’t want you like that.” He grunted. “Well, okay maybe just not at first. I wanted our first time to be nice.”

Good god, he was still talking about us together. But after what happened earlier, I let it go. We could talk about that impossibility another time. Right now I was thrilled to see him and even happier he was speaking to me at all.

“I don’t know what happened Paul.” I wasn’t lying. “You made me so angry and I just lost it. I don’t know what the hell I was thinking or why I would ever do that to you.”

“It’s my fault.”

“Don’t say that.” I pointed at him. “None of this is your fault, Paul, it’s me. If I had never gone back, if I hadn’t shown you that side of me in the present your fantasies would have never gotten this far.”

“Yes they would,” he said simply. “I love you mom, and even though you made fun of me and might again, it’s in every way.”

“I won’t ever make fun of you again, honey. I promise and we’ll talk about this us thing okay?”

“I’d like that, but for now, I’m sorry mom. You were right, I knew all this time and should have said something. I let you worry and feel guilty and like you said I was even playing games with it. I don’t blame you for being mad.”

“I shouldn’t have been that mad.”

“The Malcolm thing…I don’t know what the hell I was thinking. I doubt he’ll say anything, he’ll just perv on the idea, but I made you look really bad.”

“No one can make me look worse than I did earlier, no one but me.”

“And I don’t hate you and should have never said that. Mom, you’re amazing. You love me, take care of me, you sacrificed your dignity for me. At least in your eyes because I don’t think you need to be ashamed of what you do.”

“That’s sweet and better than I deserve.” Carefully tucking the sheet around me, I put my arms out to him. “Come here, honey.”

Tears of joy and relief sprang into my eyes when he leaned in and hugged me. He was so much better than I deserved. Paul’s hands lightly rubbed my bare upper back and when he kissed my cheek, it wasn’t a peck, but a slow, soft caress of his lips.

His hands slid to my shoulders and down my arms. I began to worry this was going to be a replay of the other night, but didn’t say anything to him.

“Mom, I want to ask you to do a couple of things for me.” He spoke softly in my ear as he continued to hold me.

“Anything.” That was risky at this point, but whatever my son wanted I would give him, even if what he wanted was his mother in her bed.

“Never talk like that about yourself again. You are not a whore or a pig. There’s nothing wrong with you. You’re an amazing beautiful woman and it made me sad to know that’s how you think of yourself.”

“Okay.” I kept my arms around his shoulders, enjoying him being close to me, wanting to be close to me. “I’ll try to keep the self-loathing to myself.”

“I don’t want you to even think it, but I guess I can’t help that.” He ran his right hand up through my hair. “At least not yet.”

“What else do you want, baby? You said two things.”

“I want to show something to you.” He leaned away from me and my heart skipped a beat when he took his shirt off. “More like prove something actually.”

He must have seen the look on my face because he shook his head. “It’s not what you think.”

He stood up and unsnapping his jeans pulled them down and kicked them off so he was now in just a pair of black boxers.

“Could have fooled me.” I laughed nervously. “I think I’ve played this game a few times.”

“Not this one, at least not for a long time.” He pointed to the bed. “Lay on your side for me.”

“Paul, what…” I stopped when he put his hand up.

“Please? Just lay on your side, you can keep the sheet around you.”

I had no idea what he was up to, but after what I’d done to him he’d earned the right to have whatever it was he wanted right now.

I slid down onto the bed and lay on my side, my back to him. I felt him get back onto the bed and flinched when he lifted the sheet. He only held it up high enough to slide under it, but I tensed up when he pressed his chest against my back and I felt his crotch against my ass and his leg along mine.

He wasn’t hard, but not exactly soft and I remained still, not wanting to move and get him excited. Paul slipped his arm beneath my head so I was resting on it rather than the pillow and put his other arm around my waist.

His hand was flat on my stomach and nuzzling his head into my shoulder he whispered, “I want you to relax, mom. I’m not looking to do anything except hold you.”

“You feel nice,” I said and meant it. Despite the fact I was naked and he was close to it, I didn’t feel awkward in his embrace which I suppose should bother me, but again, just to have him want to be so close to me was worth it not being an exactly normal situation.

“I want to sleep like this for the rest of the night.” He kissed my shoulder and the tenderness of it sent a warm sensation through my body. “Know why?”

“Tell me,” I said softly as I put my hand over his on my stomach and stretching my other arm along his, took his hand in mine.

“You probably think all I’ve thought about is sex with you, but it’s not. I think of this even more. I lay there at night and imagine holding you just like this. I picture us having just made love and you in my arms and we whisper I love you and go to sleep and we do it every night.”

“That’s sweet.” So was the kiss he placed on the side of my neck when he finished speaking. A shiver went through me and to my surprise my nipples were stiffening against the sheet.

“You’re sweet too mom. Sure Molly can be a bad girl, but she just wants to be loved too. I want to love both of you, all of you and just like this.”

He kissed my shoulder again and my body responded just as it had the other night. Was there really something there? Was I as close to Paul as he was to me, but whereas he just went with his feelings I was denying it, telling myself I had to?

“I love you to, Paul,” I said. “Just not in the way you would like.”

“Because you won’t let yourself.” Wow, was he reading my damn mind? “But let’s not talk about it, we’re tired and this feels way to nice to ruin.”

He kissed my shoulder once more. “Good night mom. I love you. “

“Love you too.” But as what?

I closed my eyes and found myself edging backwards, pressing tighter against my son. His hand edged up my stomach to rest between my breasts and I thought he was going to touch them, but instead he sighed in my ear and his arm relaxed around me.

I listened to his slow steady breathing in my ear and squeezed his hand tighter. He felt good, damn good. It had been a long time since I’d had this.

Only John had held me like this, any other man I'd been with had just been sex, but laying here in my son's arms …

I felt loved.

Chapter Twenty-Five

I was awoken by a soft touch on my shoulder. As I opened my eyes, the touch was repeated. Paul's arm was still around my waist, and my head resting on the other. The touch came once more, so light it was barely more than a tickle, but I recognized it as a kiss, a soft sweet kiss.

Another one, a little higher than the last, then another. I sighed softly as Paul's lips worked their way across the top of my shoulder. He nuzzled my hair to the side and when his next kiss was on the sensitive skin of my neck, my heart began to race and a barely audible moan escaped me.

Paul leaned over to kiss higher up on my neck and I felt his now hard cock push into my ass through his underwear.

"Honey, please stop," I said even though nothing in me really wanted him to. "We can't."

"You had it your way," he said in my ear, then teasingly licked my ear lobe. "Only fair I get my turn."

"Paul, please I…oh," I moaned when he sucked gently on my neck and his hand moved up my stomach towards my right breast.

My hand was still over his, but I didn't try to stop him. When he slid it over my breast and his palm grazed my nipple I groaned and keeping my hand over his, pressed it tighter to my flesh. Paul unhurriedly kissed and sucked on my neck sending pleasant shivers through my body.

Stop him. Mary a voice said in my mind, but it was faraway and there was no real conviction behind it. Paul's hand left my breast and my breath caught when he grabbed the sheet and pulled it down our bodies.

He pushed it past our waists and my heart raced when he caressed my thigh before sliding his hand up my now bare side. He once again cupped my breast, gently fondling it while his lips traced a line across the top of my back.

"That feels…so nice," I purred.

Paul continued to take his time, peppering my back and shoulder with sweet little kisses that were garnering a not so sweet reaction from his

mother’s body. I moved my hips, working my bare ass against his covered cock and Paul’s breath hissed behind me.

I reached behind us, and placing my hand briefly on his hard stomach, slid it into his boxers and found something even harder. He moaned when I wrapped my slender fingers around him and pumped him as much as I could in that position.

Paul eased his arm from beneath my head and propping himself up, leaned over me and kissed my cheek. I turned my head and my lips were met by his in a soft kiss that caused me to whimper in my throat.

Our lips softly caressed each other in a slow gentle kiss that had my body trembling in excitement. Paul was throbbing in my hand, but not moving his hips or making any move to let me roll over and be able to do more.

His fingers found my aching nipple and I moaned into our kiss as he teased it. Fight this! The voice of reason cried out, stop letting Molly win. I kissed my son more passionately and as my tongue slipped between his parted lips, I silently answered the voice of protest in my mind.

This wasn’t Molly winning, this was Mary.

Paul’s lips worked from mine back down to my neck and his hand left my breast to slide down my side and over my outer thigh. I drew my leg up, bending it at the knee and opening my legs for him. His fingers caressed the inner thigh of the leg that was still straight, then slid up, past the increasingly moist flesh between my legs to fondle my ass.

Still slowly stroking him, I worked my hips, silently imploring his hand to slip below my ass and explore his mother’s suddenly very willing pussy. Or was it sudden? I’d wanted him the other night there was no doubt and even before we’d fallen asleep tonight the desire was there.

No, this wasn’t sudden this had been there for some time now and I’d denied. Mostly because it was wrong, but partly because of people like Malcolm telling me that it was more okay than I thought. All the talk of incestuous desires had helped me fight off the taboo love growing within me.

But that denial had fueled my rage, which I now knew was as directed at myself as it was Paul and it had served to awaken that forbidden lust, but in

an ugly way. I'd taken my son the way I'd felt men had always taken me, like a piece of meat to be used.

In many ways I'd gotten off to that treatment, never wanting to admit it, but knowing it was true. But Paul hadn't wanted it that way, he wanted it this way. He wanted to be slow and sensual and good to me.

And I was ready to let him.

I gasped when Paul took his mother up on her lascivious invitation and moved his hand down my ass and ran his fingers through the soft wet lips of my pussy. His lips worked around my neck then down between my shoulder blades.

"Oh, yes," I groaned when his fingers eased inside of me and his thumb found my swollen clit.

I worked my hand down the length of his shaft and cupping his balls and gently kneaded them before working my hand back up his cock. He moaned into my back when I rubbed my thumb across his sensitive, and now dripping head.

I tried to roll back into him, planning on getting on my back to play with him more and kiss him, feel him pressing against my breasts. But Paul placed his hand in the middle of my back, stopping me.

He then pushed firmly, causing me to roll over onto my stomach for him. Paul began kissing my back once more while his fingers were buried inside me and his thumb rubbed my clit in slow circles.

His lips continued down my back and I felt him slide down further down the bed. I moved my hips up and down, working his fingers deeper and encouraging his thumb on my clit. Paul was now kissing the small of my back and I purred when his lips slid lower until he was kissing the left side of my ass.

I whimpered in disappointment when his hand left my pussy then gasped when a moment later he placed his knee between my legs and I felt his bare cock against my inner thigh. He leaned over, his lips finding my neck.

He moved his hips, sliding himself along my leg, leaving a sticky trail in its wake. Paul placed his hands on either side of my head and keeping his head low enough to kiss my back, slid his cock through my wet slit.

I moaned when the spongy head came into contact with my yearning clit and my heart raced when he eased back down and pushed inside just enough to make me whimper and wiggled my hips, trying to entice him all the way inside.

He eased himself a little further, the head of his cock slowly spreading me open and turning my head to look over my shoulder at him, I whispered, “Go ahead, Paul, I’m all yours.”

“Oh, honey.” I sighed when he entered me in one smooth thrust.

Paul moaned in my ear as he remained still, engulfed in his mother’s warm wet pussy. He moved his hips, slowly pumping me and nuzzling his face into my neck, kissed it. I lay beneath him moaning softly as my son moved within me.

He was straddling my leg and I could feel his balls sliding across my thigh as he pleased me with long slow strokes. He lowered himself down to me, pressing his chest to my back as he continued to work his hips in a slow sensual rhythm.

“Mom, you feel so good,” he said in my ear, punctuating his remark by sucking on my earlobe.

“So do you, baby, so do you,” I breathed and I wasn’t just saying it, God he felt amazing!

I lifted my head and craned my neck, getting my face around just enough for him to lean over and kiss me as he filled me with his hard flesh. With him on me I couldn’t move my hips and remained still as he did the work, sliding in and out of my wet heat.

My nipples were so hard they were aching and my clit was throbbing in need, but I swore I could stay here all night, just enjoying his long slow thrusts into me.

“I love you, mom,” he whispered against my lips. “I really do.”

“I love you to, baby.” I swallowed hard and added softly, “And the way you want me to.”

I groaned when my words caused him to move faster in excitement and he kissed harder than he had before.

“Let me roll over,” I told him. “I want to see my beautiful son over me.”

“That sounds so much better in person,” Paul said as he leaned back on his knees, his cock sliding wetly from me within me. “I’d watch your movies dreaming of you saying that to me.”

“I hope I’m better than the dream,” I rolled over on my back, showing off by lifting my leg high enough to go over his head as he kneeled there.

“So much better.” He looked down as he knelt between my legs, a look of hunger in his eyes that I hadn’t seen in a man other than on a set since I was maybe Paul’s age. John would look at me adoringly, but he had never had that mixed look of love and lust Paul was showing me now.

“Then what are you waiting for?” I opened my legs further and put my arms out to him. “Come here, baby boy, come show me how much you want me.”

That look of desire was momentarily replaced by one of those sweet smiles that had always melted my heart, but now caused a different type emotion within me, one of need. That need was quickly met, when Paul leaned over me, his hands once again on either side of my shoulders as he entered me.

He tried to do it slowly, but I thrust my hips, driving him deep inside me. Once inside however, I didn’t move, just let him dictate the pace. That pace was as slow and steady as when he’d been behind me.

But in this position I could see him and admire how truly handsome my boy was. Paul’s gorgeous hazel eyes were showing more green than light brown and even as he slowly pumped me, there was a slight smile on his face, as if he couldn’t help but show the sheer joy that he finally had his mother where he’d wanted her.

I put my hands on his chest, then his biceps, admiring the hard muscles beneath his skin. I expected Paul’s eyes to be on my breasts, or watching himself fuck me, instead his eyes were on my face and smiling down at me, he said, “You look amazing in the candle light.” He moaned softly when he buried himself inside me. “You’re so beautiful, mom.”

“Show me.” I put my arms around his neck and pulled him into my embrace. Paul lowered himself into my arms and when his lips met mine we both sighed in pleasure.

I wrapped my arms tightly around him, my hands flat on his back, squeezing his muscular shoulders. I put my legs around his waist, drawing him deeper into his mother's formerly forbidden heat. Formerly because I couldn't believe how fucking good he felt inside me.

Paul moaned into our kiss as when I introduced my tongue into his mouth and moved my hips, matching his slow rhythm. He slid his arms beneath mine and it was my turn to groan as my hard nipples pressed into his chest.

His lips left mine and searched for my neck. I let my head fall back on the pillow making it easy for him to kiss and suck the tender skin of my neck. I returned the attention, kissing his shoulder and rubbing his back while crossing my ankles behind his waist, locking him into me.

"Oh honey," I cooed in his ear. "This feels amazing! You feel amazing!"

"This is all I wanted," he replied in between his heavy breathing. "For you to just let me show you how much I love you."

"Keep showing me." His cock was at the perfect angle, his shaft rubbing my clit as he continued that slow sexy rhythm. "Don't stop showing me," I added. "Please never stop showing me."

"You mean it?" he asked. "You'll keep letting me?"

"Letting you?" I paused to release a long shuddering moan as my pussy contracted around him and I could feel my climax building within me. "I won't be letting you, I'll be wanting you and I'll be coming after it if you don't keep giving it to me."

"I don't think that's ever going to happen." He kissed my cheek and laughed softly. "Unless you want me to play hard to get."

"Just play hard," I told him. "Just always be hard for me, baby and always be ready to love me."

Somewhere in the back of my mind I heard Malcolm raving over my great 'lines'. I did sound like a reject from one of his movies, but the hell with him, and my own former feelings be damned because I meant every word of it.

"I love you." He lifted his head and as my legs tightened around him and my back arched off the bed, in anticipation of my impending explosion.

He had tears in his eyes when he lowered his head and kissed me. He moved his hips faster, his cock driving deeper and harder than he had before

and digging my nails into his back, I opened my mouth in a soundless O, my body trembling as I teetered on the edge.

Breaking the kiss he whispered. “Mom, Mary, Molly; I love every part of you, always have, and always will.”

His words along with the now longer harder and delicious strokes of his cock sent me over the edge. I cried out softly in his ear as my hips bucked beneath him and my pussy convulsed around my son’s hard flesh.

Unlike my normal explosive orgasms this one was powerful, but slow and lasting. I squirmed and writhed beneath my son as he continued to move within me, keeping perfect time with my thrusting hips.

Paul was breathing harder in my ear and his back tensed beneath my hands as his mother’s pussy quivered and contracted around him, sucking greedily at his plunging cock, pulling him deeper into me.

I moaned his name repeatedly as the waves of pleasure continued flow through me. Paul slowed down, trying to outlast me and I decided to reward him for doing so. My head fell back on the pillow as the last of the long sensual orgasm left me a quivering wet hot mess, but a satisfied one.

Paul’s lips immediately fastened to my throat, kissing and licking while his thrusts slowed even more. I could tell he was close, but seemed to be trying to make this last as long as possible.

“Roll over with me,” I told him.

“I…I like you like this,” he told me. “You look so good under me.”

“And you look good over me, but I bet we’d look just as good in reverse.” I gave his shoulders a gentle push. “How about you let your mother do the work?”

“If you put it that way.” Paul grinned, when caused me to release a startled yelp when, with a wrench of his shoulders and hips, he rolled us over.

I laughed as I was now on top of him and sitting up, ground my hips in slow circles, working his cock around my wet and very happy pussy.

“Wow, you were right,” Paul gasped beneath me. “You look damn good.”

“Not looking bad yourself, baby boy.” I now moved my hips back and forth, teasing him within me.

Paul’s hands found my breasts and I sighed contentedly when he rolled my nipples between his fingers. I braced my hands on his chest and now moved up and down, riding his beautiful cock. I had a bad moment, remembering how several hours ago I’d been in this same position, but that time Paul had been struggling beneath me, begging me to stop.

I pushed that image away as quickly as it had come. No more depressing thoughts, no more conflict or turmoil. I was having phenomenal sex with a man who truly desired me for who I was, not who I played and made me feel truly loved.

The fact it was my son making me feel that way was no longer a source of conflict to me, in fact I had to admit it was adding to my enjoyment. The taboo thrill my movies had supplied to all the kinksters I had mocked was now adding to my passion.

I was having sex with my son and it was as amazing as the people like Malcolm made it out to be and it was because I could feel our mutual love for each other as much as I could his amazing young body.

I leaned over him and lowered my breasts to his face, teasingly moving them back and forth, as his eager tongue flicked out to lick each nipple as it passed. He put his arms around me and holding me still captured my left nipple in his mouth and sucked gently on it.

I moved my hips in the same slow rhythm he had pleasured me with. No wildcat fucking, no fake moaning and exaggerated bucking of my hips, just a slow sensual ride on my babies cock. The cock that was so hard for his mother, the one she had just cum on and now wanted to feel cum inside her.

It wouldn’t be long before that wish would be fulfilled. Paul was whimpering around my nipple and his hips were now moving. Finally losing the control that seemed beyond his years he had had been exhibiting earlier, he was thrusting desperately up into my descending pussy.

I eased my breast from his mouth and lowered myself down to him, pressing my nipples into his chest. As he had done, I slid my arms under his and locked my legs tightly around his waist. I kissed him softly and he moaned into my lips as I moved my hips faster, encouraging his impending release.

“There you go,” I whispered in his ear when his hips moved even faster and his moans became more desperate. “Let it go, baby, let me feel it.”

When Paul’s cock twitched and erupted inside me, my eyes rolled back and I moaned in shameless pleasure as my son filled me with is warm cum.

“Oh, oh, mom.” He groaned as I contracted my pussy, milking his spurting cock as I continued to ride him.

I felt a wave of emotion flood over me as my on committed the final taboo of coming inside his mother. I felt so close to him, so loved by him. This was the ultimate intimacy, the two of us naked, our bodies entwined and him moaning in my ear as I worked my hips, draining him of all that he had.

“I love you, Paul.” I kissed him softly. “I’m sorry I fought it so much.”

“Only fought it because you do love me,” he said in my ear, as he held me tightly against him. “You were being a good mom.”

“I was anything but that earlier,” I lamented. “I’m so sorry for that.”

“Don’t be, we wouldn’t be here now if you didn’t,” he said, his fingers lightly running up and down my back as we remained as we were, his cock still inside me. “You would have never given me this chance if you hadn’t felt bad over that.”

“Taking advantage of me?” I laughed. “Not nice to take advantage of your mother.”

“You seemed pretty willing,” he reminded me.

“Guilty.” I kissed him, then sighed at the sensation of his cock softening inside me.

We remained in our sinful post coital embrace for some time, both of us remaining silent as we enjoyed the feeling of our spent bodies relaxed against each other. I would have thought my mind would be racing, thinking about what I had just done, where it would leave us, what was next?

But instead I felt more relaxed and peaceful than I had in over a year. I was happy, satisfied and loved, what more could I ask for?

Beneath me, Paul had his eyes closed and a look of absolute bliss on his face. The look of someone who had finally gotten all he’d desired. His arms

were relaxed around me and his breathing slow and steady.

“You asleep?” I asked.

“Hmm-mm.” He shook his head, opening his beautiful eyes. “Just loving every minute of this.”

“Me too.” I kissed him fondly, then rolled off him to lay on my side, my back to him. “Come hold me?”

“For the record?” Paul rolled over behind me, pressing his chest to my back and putting his arm around me, just below my breasts. “You’ll never have to ask me to hold you.”

“Hmm, good to know,” I cooed, wiggling back into him, his still wet cock nestling into my ass. “What about sex, will I ever have to ask for that?”

“Nope, after all you are my mother and I have to obey you, right?”

“Oh, so it’s just about being a good son?” I smiled at the joke, a joke that would have pissed me off or made me think of the movies I’d scoffed at before tonight.

“No, it’s about loving my amazing mother.” He kissed my shoulder. “And lusting after Molly.” He laughed. “Hey, can I call Molly bad mommy?”

“Keep making me feel the way you did just now and you can call me anything you want.” I put my hand over his forearm, and squeezed it. “Baby boy, you’ve filled out pretty nicely. You’re one hell of a man, that’s for sure.”

“But I still like being your baby.”

“You’ll always be my baby,” I told him.

“Mom?”

“What is it Paul?”

“Are we going to, you know, stay like this? I mean you’re not going to have a big time regret tomorrow morning are you?”

“Honey, I’ve done some pretty damn regrettable things in my time and most of them are all over the net for the world to see. This is not one of them.”

“You sure? You get into drama queen mode pretty easy these days.”

“Ouch!” I grimaced. “But you’re right, I’ve been a mess the last few months. But right now? This feels pretty damn good, baby.”

“If I start to regret this you’ll just have to keep showing me how right this is until I don’t regret it anymore? How’s that sound?”

“I’ll take it for the team,” he sighed.

“Team mom?” I giggled. “Sounds like a Malcolm Stone special.”

“Nope.” He kissed my neck and hugged me tighter. “Team us, you know the us you said wasn’t there?”

“I was wrong baby,” I said softly. “This is wrong, it’s wrong in a lot of ways, but it’s right for us and that’s all that counts, right?”

“Now you got it,” he said. “It’s not about this house or school or what you do for work, it’s all about this.” He kissed my neck for emphasis. “It’s all about love.”

“Your father was right, you’re an old soul, honey. But he was wrong about one thing.”

“What’s that?”

“It’s about love, but it’s about lust too and I’m not going to hold back on that. Mary and Molly are the same person, I kept them separate and he did too. But not this time. I’ll be your sweet love and you’re little slut, that okay?”

“I suppose.” He sighed. “There’s worse things than being a boy toy.”

“Oh, jeez.” I laughed loudly and it felt so damn good. “Get over yourself.”

“Hey, I’m hooking up with a damned porn star! I must be something.”

“You’re not something, baby, you’re my everything.” I was smiling so hard my cheeks were hurting.

“So…” He paused then nuzzling into my neck, asked, “How about that I-phone six?”

Chapter Twenty-Six

I opened my eyes and as I had done every morning for the last week, smiled at the sensation of being curled up to my son. Paul was on his back and I was on my side, my arm across his waist and my leg draped over his thigh.

I looked up at him from where my head was resting on his shoulder and my smile broadened at how peaceful he looked, how content and happy. I'm sure satisfied went along with that, because I knew I was feeling all of the same things.

In the last week we had been like any other new couple, going at it like rabbits, morning afternoon and night. Bad as it would sound to most people—and I had recently been one of them—I couldn't get enough of my son!

And I had made good on my promise of no longer treating Molly like a dirty secret or associate her with only being a porn persona. Some nights we made love. Slow, sweet, sensual, just taking our time, enjoying our bodies and showing our love for each other. Other times? It was as if I were on the set, fucking my son like …a damn porn star.

I would suck him off, let him cum in my mouth, all over my face, anywhere he wanted. I'd take him around the world, fucking in every position and doing it hard and fast, years of pent up lust that wanted to be shared with a real person, not a porn actor, was finally finding its release.

Just thinking about the torrid sex we'd had in the week since our first night together caused my nipples to harden against his side. My pussy, still moist from our last go round only a few hours ago, was already heating up. Awake five minutes and ready to go, yup, Molly was living it up these days.

It amazed me how easily I'd accepted Paul as my lover and how not only hot, but comfortable the sex was. There were no awkward moments, no hesitations or hang ups, we fucked with the familiarity of a couple that had been together for years, not days.

Perhaps that was the mother son relationship transferring over to a sexual connection. Whatever it was it was incredible and I wasn't complaining.

Paul’s skill as a lover was shocking. In the same way he seemed mellow and mature beyond his years he was just as sexually precocious.

Three nights ago, when I’d come home from work, Paul had taken me into the bathroom, stripped me, gotten into the shower with me and proceeded to wash me from head to toe. I’d purred delightedly as he’d washed my long hair, soaped and rinsed every inch of my body.

He’d reached around and played with my clit taking his time and making me cum so hard it was a good thing I was leaning against him. I’d tried to return the favor, but with a patience beyond his years, he’d simply toweled me off and carried me into our, yes our, bedroom.

I’d laid on my stomach while he’d spent over and hour massaging me from head to toe, then rolling me over to rub the front and slide between my legs and give my pussy a long, slow licking that induced another knee weakening orgasm.

He then made love to me and I was so relaxed I simply lay there moaning softly as he slowly pumped me, again in no hurry and succeeding in delivering third orgasm to me during which he also climaxed. As raw and dirty as it sounded I couldn’t deny that my son coming inside me was a taboo thrill that made me feel both loving and slutty at the same time.

The next night I’d rewarded that good behavior in a very unmotherly way, by letting my son have my ass. Like his coming inside me the sheer taboo of it had driven me wild and I’d cum twice, playing with my clit while I knelt on the bed letting my son pound my ass.

At this point there were no lines left to cross, but we’d keep crossing the same ones as often as possible. Thinking back on our week long sex fest had me worked up, but I saw it was only six thirty. Paul had a class’s nine to two then a shift at Barnes and Noble. It was a long day and I decided to give him a reprieve from his insatiable mother.

I carefully eased myself away from him and got out of bed, figuring I would head downstairs, enjoy a cup of coffee and then make him breakfast, a much more common motherly duty than sucking him dry and fucking him senseless.

I put on a short silky purple robe that due to it barely going past my ass I would have never worn in front of Paul before. But at this point not only

was there no cause for modesty, but I loved the way he looked at me. No matter how much sex we had Paul always looked at me with hunger in his eyes.

I tied the robe, then slipping out of the room made my way into the kitchen and popped a K-cup into the Kuerig and let my mind drift over the last week as it brewed. Like the sex, everything seemed to be going a lot smoother and better than I could have imagined.

Life was good, better than good, great. Paul and I still had our normal routines, work, his school and spending some time with his friends. I was still his mother, caring for him the way I always had, but now caring for him in a much different way and he was now caring for me in a way I hadn't had in a long time.

I felt guilty thinking of it, but Paul had been right, his not being appalled or intimidated by my work as Molly had the two of us happier so far than I'd been with John. My husband had loved me dearly and I'd felt the same, but sex had been a sticking point.

It had upset me more than I had thought it would to discover John had really been a 'fan' of Molly and had wanted what I wanted all along and had denied us both of a sex life as good as our love life.

I'd been hurt to find out he'd been turned on by my movies and could even tell our son, but not me. But Paul had been upfront telling me point blank the movies got him hot, even the new ones when he was pining for me and watching me fuck other men.

He'd confided in me there was a part of that wouldn't have been that upset if I'd wanted to do a few more. Apparently my son was a bit more than a voyeur, but like John enjoyed seeing his lover being taken like that.

There was no chance of me ever doing a movie and when I asked him if now that he had my heart he would really want to share any part of me. He'd agreed probably not, but claimed he might still watch some of my movies.

He'd shocked me by putting one on while we were on the couch and I was even more shocked when I became aroused watching it with him. I didn't want to make a habit of it, but it had been more of a turn on than I currently

cared to admit. It did show that what I had done would never be an issue between us.

There was still the fear I could be discovered by one of his friends, but he said he would deal with it and not let it affect us. Of course the downside was we could tell no one of our relationship. That included Dan.

He'd come over earlier in the week and I'd told him Paul and I had several long talks and gotten things straightened out and his feelings for me were getting back to normal. I hated lying to him, but had no choice. Much as I trusted Dan, no way could he know.

Dan had insisted on talking to Paul about our past and how he wanted him to know we had been nothing more than friends for the last twenty years. Paul had played his part, not letting him on that I had admitted to him, Dan had been directing me in order to keep me away from the asshole agents and more degrading work.

For the first time since John had gotten sick I felt happy and content and I had sworn that I would no longer question my happiness. I spent a long time thinking I never deserved to be happy, hadn't even deserved John. But I was wrong, I wasn't a bad person for what I had done, it was simply the only thing I'd known.

I was a good person, had been a good wife and although most would disagree, felt as if I was a good mom. Hell, what other mom put their son to sleep with mind blowing sex? That thought made me grin and the fact I could joke about it told me things would be just fine. No more crap about the past, just the future which although wrong by most standards seemed pretty bright to me.

"There you are," Paul said behind me.

I turned to see him standing there in just his boxers, his bulging boxers.

"Hey, why are you up? You have another hour to sleep," I told him, trying not to focus on his seemingly always hard cock.

"You're why I'm up." He winked, telling me he knew I'd noticed. "Do I have to come get it this morning?"

"Settle down," I told him. "We had plenty last night, I want to make you a nice breakfast."

I turned back to the counter and a moment later he was behind me, pressing his hard cock against my ass and reaching around my waist to untie my robe.

“Paul, really,” I said with little conviction. “Calm down, I’m not going anywhere.”

“Okay!” he snapped startling me. He stepped back from me and in a loud voice said, “Quiet on the set!”

“What are you doing?” I turned to face him and rolled my eyes when I saw he had his hands up as if holding a clapperboard.

“Come on people, it’s time for take one of Making Mom Breakfast!”

“Stop that,” I said, but smiled.

“Starring Porn’s hottest Mom, Molly Minx and handsome hung new comer, Paulie Pounder!”

“Paulie Pounder? Oh my god!” I burst out laughing. “That’s horrible!”

“Molly.” Paul pointed at me as I continued to laugh. “Stop making fun of the talent.”

“Talent. I see.” I giggled.

“Don’t be a diva Molly, give Paulie a break and let’s get to work.”

He clapped his hands together and stepping up to me, put his arms around my waist and kissed my neck.

“Come on, mom, don’t pretend you don’t want to.”

“Paul…”

“Just play along,” he said in my ear. “Please, mom?”

“But honey,” I pushed at his shoulders. “What if your brother catches us?”

“He won’t be home for another hour.” Paul pushed my hair to the side and really worked my neck as his hands fumbled with the ties to my robe.

“Honey, we can’t keep doing this, it’s not right, it’s…oh.”

I moaned when he pulled the robe open and his hand went right between my legs, his fingers grazing my clit, before slipping inside me.

“That’s not fair,” I groaned even as I moved my hips, pushing his fingers deeper. “Neither is that,” I added when he lowered his head and sucked on my right nipple.

“Honey! Please stop that! I told you last night was the last time, and, oh God that feels good!”

Paul had added his thumb to my clit and had pushed me back against the counter. I reached into his boxers, removing his cock and moaned, “Oh, okay, maybe this one more time, but after this no more!”

“Okay mom,” he grinned up at me from my breast. “Last time, promise.”

He pulled his hand from between my legs and grabbing the robe, slid it off my shoulders to the floor. Grabbing my ass he lifted me off the floor, sat me on the counter and dropping to his knees buried his face in my pussy.

“Oh you bad boy,” I moaned, leaning against the cupboard and cupping my tits, stroked my nipples. “Eating your mother’s pussy on the counter!”

“Hey, it’s called making mom breakfast.” He winked at me. “Get it? I’m making…”

“Don’t talk, just lick, baby,” I told him. “Your brother will be home soon!”

He smiled at me, glad I was playing along with him and returned his focus to my pussy, his fingers sliding inside while his lips embraced my clit. I lifted one leg and placed my foot on his shoulder, the other I put up on the counter, a move I would have done had this been an actual shoot.

I rested my head against the cabinet, moaning as Paul’s tongue and fingers worked his mother’s pussy with skill and an enthusiasm that would never get old. I twisted my nipples and moved my hips as much as I could, eager to cum so my son’s fingers would be replaced by his cock.

Paul seemed to be striving to make this a quick orgasm, licking and fingering me hard and fast before slipping a finger into my ass. I groaned and arched my back, my toes curling into his shoulder.

“Yes, oh, fuck yes,” I moaned. “Right there, baby, right…yes!” I squealed when Paul worked a second finger into my ass and came long and loud for him.

I cried out repeatedly as my holes contracted around his plunging fingers and he sucked my clit with lip smacking gusto. The last waves of the orgasm were still flowing through me when Paul, removed his fingers, stood up and plunged his cock into my still quivering pussy.

I wrapped my legs around his waist as he nailed his mother on the kitchen counter, fucking me so hard the cupboards were rattling where I was against them. Paul put his arms around my waist and lifting me off the counter turned around, and deposited me on my back on the kitchen table.

Grabbing my ankles he lifted my legs, spread them as wide as he could and proceeded to hammer away at his mother's delighted pussy.

I grabbed my wildly bouncing tits, holding them and teasing my nipples for him. Paul looked damned good fucking me, he was still in his boxers, his cock pulled through them and the muscles in his chest and arms stood out as he lifted me up so my ass was off the table as he continued to pound me.

His eyes were wide and wild with lust as he stared down at his mother whom he had squealing and crying out his name on the table. I lowered my gaze taking in the incredible sight of my son's cock sliding in and out of my pussy.

His long shaft was glistening from his mother's juices as it plundered my pink pussy. Paul moaned louder and he fucked me even harder. Just like he had sucked me off with a vengeance he seemed determined to make this a hard quick nasty fuck and I was willing to oblige him.

Pushing myself into a sitting position, I said, "Stop."

Paul obeyed me, remaining still with his cock buried deep inside me.

"I'm hungry too." I pushed him in the chest and as he stepped back I slid off the table and pointed to one of the kitchen chairs.

Paul sat down and dropping to my knees I took his wet cock into my mouth and bobbed my head rapidly. I moaned around his hard flesh loving the way my pussy tasted on him. I didn't tease or play, but sucked him as if I were in a competition.

I stroked him as I sucked, following my lips with my had, jerking him into my mouth and cupping his balls as I took his cock deeper and deeper with each bob of my head. My eyes met his, staring up at him as I made loud, wet slobbering sound while devouring his cock.

"Oh, shit, God that feels good, mom, please don't stop, please…fuck!"

Paul's cock twitched and exploded in my mouth and my eyes rolling back I hollowed my cheeks, sucking him hard; greedily taking every drop he had.

Paul whimpered as I worked my mouth up and down his cock, slurping and gulping his hot sticky load.

When he had no more to give, I eased my mouth from his cock and opened wide, showing off he puddle of cum in my mouth, then closing it, swallowed then showed him my now empty mouth.

“Damn,” he groaned. “You suck cock like a pro.”

“Watch it mister.” I winked. “I’m retired.”

“Still in form though,” he sighed. “Wow, that felt good.”

Before I could speak he clapped his hands. “That’s a wrap folks! Good job as always Molly. And Paulie Pounder, you have a future kid!”

“Yeah, as an engineer not named pounder.” I gave his cock an affectionate kiss and stood up.

I laughed when he caught me around my waist and pulled me onto his lap.

“Long as my future’s with you, that’s all that matters.”

“Aww, you’re such a sweetie.” I kissed him.

“So, what’s for breakfast?” He grinned.

“Whatever you’re making me, that shipped sailed when you made me cum on the counter.”

“Toast it is!” he laughed.

Chapter Twenty-Seven

“Better than toast?” I asked while Paul dug into the stack of chocolate chip pancakes I’d made.

“Way better, you didn’t have to make them, you know.”

“Honey when you take care of a woman the way you do, there’s not much she won’t do.”

“Speaking of doing things.” He paused to take a huge bite of syrup drenched pancake, then wash it down with about half a glass of orange juice. “Can we talk about something?”

“Sweetie we’ve become lovers, at this point there’s not much you could bring up that would be an issue.”

“Okay, but before I say it, I want you to promise me you’ll let me explain myself.”

“Oh, jeez, what did you do?”

“Nothing, well not yet, anyway.” He took a deep breath. “Mom, I think we should take Malcolm up on his offer.”

“Okay, I was wrong, that’s an issue. Not a shot in hell.”

“Hey, you said we can talk about anything,” he pointed out. “Come on mom, hear me out.”

“Okay,” I caved. “I’ll listen, but just know I am patronizing you.”

“Way to be supportive,” he joked. “But fine, so the problem is with you no longer,” he winked, “modeling, we have to choose between my tuition and keeping the house, right?”

“Right, but it’s not like it’s a choice, you’re staying in school. I’m going to put the house up right away while I have enough money set aside from my modeling, to keep us afloat here a few months if it doesn’t sell right away, that and working every shift I can get.”

“But if we did the movie for Malcolm he’ll pay my tuition and then we can foot the house.”

“Paul, we are not performing for that whacko, you would really want that in someone’s hands? You know if it ever got out we good technically go to

jail?”

“Who would actually prosecute that? Besides he said he would have an agreement to sign saying he couldn’t and if he did he’d have to pay us a ton of money.”

“If made public, he could ship it around to wealthy sicko’s like him and we would never know.”

“He wouldn’t.”

“You don’t know him, Paul.”

“Neither do you,” he countered. “And I know him better than you. I talked with him for hours about mom son romance.”

“Great.” I rolled my eyes.

“You have no room to mock him seeing your son just fucked you silly on the table.”

“Touché.” I nodded.

“But he takes it serious. The guy never got a shot with his mom because she got sick after he…”

“He told you the story?” I was curious despite myself.

“Yeah, long story short he found pics of his mom, old snap shots of her fooling around with his dad, he got obsessed started seeing her the way I started seeing you, an object of lust and love, the best of both words, the ultimate lover and woman.”

“Sorry I asked.”

“Anyway, his dad finds out and goes ape shit, tells him get the hell out of the house disowns him.”

“Harsh, but probably a normal reaction,” I told him.

“But his mother called him and met with him and said if he was that in love with her she would let him sleep with her. She had no interest, but he was her son and if it would help him she would do it.”

“I take it that didn’t happen?”

“No, she wanted him to wait until the following week when his father was out of town so they could have privacy and spend the night. Three days later she had a stroke, she died a week after that.”

“Oh, how sad.” I meant it that must have been heartbreaking.

“His dad blamed him. Said the stress of his mother knowing her son wanted to have sex with her caused the stroke. Never talked to him again after that. Malcolm ran away and ended up in porn like you.”

“So his obsession is over unrequited love.” I shrugged. “It makes it less sleazy, but it doesn’t make me think we should do this.”

“My point is he doesn’t want this just because he thinks it’s hot. It’s him living his dream through an actual mom and son rather than the movies he directs with actors.”

“Too much risk.”

“He’s done it before.”

“So he said.”

“And it never came out anywhere.”

“If he did it, we don’t know if he’s lying.”

“Mom,” he sighed. “Look at the big picture. We sell the house now and what? We rent somewhere, right?”

“Right, but your tuition is paid off.”

“But we’re stuck here.”

“What do you mean?”

“Okay, hear me out,” he said, putting his hands out. “We’re a couple, but we can’t be anywhere, but behind closed doors.”

“We have to, Paul.”

“Here, yes, but not for long if we do this.”

“You’re losing me,” I said. “Unless you’re talking about moving?”

“I am, but if we’re in an apartment we can’t, it takes money to leave the state and find a place and time to get a job.”

“Right, which is why we can’t.”

“But if we did this with Malcolm, he pays off my tuition, we keep the house. In a year I’ll be a few months from graduating and I’ll start looking at states we’d like to live in. The school has a program to help find out of state jobs.”

“But…” I stopped when he put his finger up.

“Just let me finish. I’ll be making decent money right out of school and I’m not making fun of you, but waitressing? You can find a job anywhere doing that. But we wouldn’t have the money to move unless.” He smiled.

“We still have the house. We put it up for sale just before I graduate then when it sells we’ll take the money we make from it to use to move and have some money while we get settled in with jobs.”

“It’s not a bad idea, but we’d have to do the movie.”

“Who the hell cares?” Paul looked annoyed. “Mom, you’re all over the net now, what is the big deal here?”

“I’m not with my son, is the big deal and it’s me, not you. I don’t want you ever doing that.”

“It would be once in front of him, not all over the net.”

“Paul.”

“Mom,” he returned. “Look, I want to be somewhere that we can be together with no worries. I want to hold your hand in public, give you a kiss. Here we’re Mary and her son Paul. Somewhere else we can be Mary and her sexy little cub.”

“I’ll be Miss Robinson.”

“But better than Kay Parker. But wouldn’t it be great? No worries, yeah woman might be catty saying you’re wrong for being with a guy young enough.” He smirked. “To be your son, but who cares?”

“True, and I’ve thought about that too, but also because this house.” I sighed. “Your father is in it. And now that we’re together that is no longer comforting to me.”

“Right, and one of my friends could see one of your movies anytime. Surprised they haven’t yet, but sooner or later they will. So if we move we dodge that.”

“The net is everywhere, Paul,” I explained. “Someone could recognize me wherever we go.”

“But if they do, then you’re not my mother. You’re a retired porn star hooking up with a young guy.” He laughed. “Took your work home with you. I’d be looked at like ‘damn, that’s your girlfriend’. Not ‘Christ that’s your mother?’”

“Point,” I agreed. “It’s a good idea Paul and moving doesn’t bother me like it used to. I feel guilty as hell when I think of your dad and being here isn’t helping.”

“So let’s talk to Malcolm!”

“Paul.” I rubbed my yes. “It’s risky.”

“If he signs that paper he says he has he would be an idiot to put that tape anywhere. He could go to jail for making a real incest movie and we could say he paid us and we were desperate, get us off the hook kind of. Plus it says if he does he pays us out big money, like half a million why would he screw with that?”

“What if his computer is ever hacked?”

“He claims the one he has is on DVD he only watches it that way, he doesn’t have it downloaded anywhere.”

“But if his house gets…”

“Mom, come on, you’re looking for excuses, come clean, what is the big deal?”

“Okay, fine. Paul let me ask you, could you do this?”

“What, the movie? Why not?”

“You could have sex with Malcolm walking around the room filming us?”

“Sure.” He grinned. “When Malcolm thought I was just some kid looking to meet Molly Minx and he described the filming and what we’d be doing I was friggin hard sitting with him.”

“What are you saying?”

“I’m saying I got to where I would have loved to try to be in a film. Maybe I’m an exhibitionist or maybe it’s in the blood.”

“Nice thing to say.”

“You got off on being filmed and dad got off on you being filmed and so did I.” He laughed. “We were all perverts.”

“So you’d be fine with Malcolm filming us? What if you have a problem?”

“I won’t, but if I did, we would just call for the fluffer!” He laughed. “Oh, wait that would be you.”

“I suppose I could be persuasive.” I shrugged. “I don’t know, Paul.”

“Mom this is a good idea, you’re just stuck on the wrong and risky thing.”

“Because it’s both.”

“Can I ask you a question?”

“This is how this conversation started.” I put my hands out. “Go ahead.”

“You fought what was happening between us because it was risky and wrong, so let me ask you; how did that work out for us?”

I frowned and looked away. He had a point, when I looked back I saw he was losing the battle of not smirking at me.

“Come on, mom let Molly have one more ride. The ultimate one, with her own son.”

“The last ride of Molly Minx,” I muttered.

“Co-starring Paulie Pounder!” He clapped his hands.

“Paul? Quit while you’re ahead, will you?”

“Ahead? So I can call Malcolm?”

“No.” I shook my head.

“But…”

“I’ll call Malcolm.” I pointed at him. “But understand something, we talk to him, he’s going to know.”

“I bet he already does. As soon as he saw who I was and you flip out at me, I think he figured it would happen.”

“Maybe. But I’ll call him and we’ll talk, but if I hear one thing from him I don’t like, it’s off.”

“You’re the best, mom.”

Yeah, that was me, thinking of negotiating a porn shoot with my son, mother of the year.

“Hey, mom?”

“What, Paul?”

“I have to shower before class.” He gave me a sly smile. “Want to join me?”

“Paul,” I shook my head slowly. “There’s a lot wrong with what you just said.” I gave him a rueful smile. “But I can’t even pretend I don’t want to.”

Chapter Twenty-Eight

“I can’t believe I let you talk me into talking to Malcolm here,” I said to Paul as I watched the coffee pot slowly fill. “Not comfortable with him being here for some reason.”

“What do you think he’s going to do?” Paul asked from where he sat at the table. “Besides, you want to be seen with your son talking to a porn producer?”

“Good point, but I doubt Malcolm is highly recognizable.”

“Just from the waist down.” Paul whistled. “I’ve seen some of his old movies he was in, Christ that thing needs its own zip code.”

“I know, he fucked me in the ass back when I was just starting.” I was facing away from him so he couldn’t see me grinning.

“What?” he exclaimed. “Are you kidding?”

“Yes.” I turned around smiling. “I never worked with him back then, never even met him. Was that a little jealousy I heard there?”

“More like inadequacy.” He laughed. “I mean you’ve been with some guys that were pretty big, but that?”

“You have plenty, baby and I mean that.” I winked. “I am a bit of an expert.”

“Glad you can joke about with me,” he said. “Seriously, it’s good you’re not letting it bother you anymore.”

“It still does here and there, but not like it used to,” I told him. “You know and for some reason even find it hot so aside from you who should I really worry about?”

“True.” He nodded. “I like that you’re dressing more fun now too, I love that sexy little dress.”

“This?” I looked down at the blue sundress I was wearing, it was a little on the shorter side and low enough to show some cleavage, but nothing really inappropriate. “It’s kind of plain.”

“Simple and sexy and way better than those damn sweatshirts and those crappy sweat pants.”

“I was dressing like a proper mom.”

“Most moms dress better than that.” He grinned.

“Okay, I was covering my body because I was ashamed I made a living with it. Even at the restaurant, I’m showing off my ass and legs.”

“You should never be ashamed of that,” he said. “And hey, if you got it flaunt it.” He made a show of flexing. “Like me.”

“Settle down, stud.” I waved my hand at him while trying not think of damn good he did look in his white sleeveless t-shirt that showed off his arms and accentuated his deep tan and the tight faded jeans that showed off another impressive muscle.

“And anyway, now I’m dressing for my lover.” I walked over and kissed him. “Have to look sexy for my baby.”

“You’re always sexy, you even made those Sponge bob pants look good.”

“Now you’re lying.”

“Yup.” He laughed. “No one could make those look good.”

I jumped at the sound of the doorbell.

“Okay, that’s him.” I took a breath. “Remember, don’t start saying yes to anything without me, got it?”

“Oh, I got this, trust me.” He winked. “There’s a reason why we’re meeting here.”

“I don’t like that look.” I frowned. “What are you up to?”

“Nothing much, just an idea to negotiate if we have to.”

That’s all he said and when I stared at him, he smirked. “Better go get the door.”

I shook my head and left the kitchen with Paul trailing behind me. I was nervous about this whole thing. My gut was I still didn’t want to do this, but Paul made good arguments and for me, what was one more movie, especially a private one, but Paul would be involved and had more to lose in life than I did.

I paused in front of the mirror over the mantle to check my hair. I had it down and teased out a bit along with wearing makeup, which I never did at home, but another of Paul’s points was to look sexy, make Malcolm keep thinking of the two of us together.

I looked at Paul who didn’t seem nervous at all which bothered me. Then again during the majority of all the recent drama he had always been far calmer than I had been. He really was mature beyond his years.

I answered the door and was surprised to see Malcolm dressed casually for once, in a simple black t-shirt and jeans.

“Morning. Malcolm, thank you for coming over.” I stepped aside for him to enter.

“Thank you for having me.” He brought his had around from behind his back, presenting me with a bouquet of colorful flowers. “A little something for you.”

“Thank you!” I accepted the flowers along with the kiss he placed on my cheek.

He had to lean down to do it and as he entered the house I swore he could barely fit through the door, the man seemed even bigger in a normal setting than he did on a set.

“Paul. Good to see you again.” He extended his hand and I watched Paul’s hand disappear inside his massive grip.

“Same here,” Paul said, wincing, as Malcolm squeezed his hand.

“Have a seat.” I gestured towards the living room as I closed the door behind him. “Would you like some coffee? Or a Drink?”

“Coffee sounds wonderful,” he replied as he sat down in the recliner across from the couch. I repressed a smile at the image of Paul sitting in that chair two nights ago while I gave him a blow job.

“Cream and sugar?” I asked over my shoulder as I hurried into the kitchen, I wasn’t keen on Paul being alone with him too long.”

“Yes to both,” Malcolm called out.

I put the flowers in a vase and as I made his coffee, I could hear Malcolm’s deep voice from the living room and to my relief he was lamenting to Paul about how shitty the Dodgers were playing of late. I made myself and Paul a cup and carrying the tray into the living room placed it on the coffee table between Malcolm and the couch where Paul was sitting.

I passed Malcolm and Paul their mugs, and sitting back on the couch next to my son said, “So I’m sure you know why I called you.”

Malcolm sipped his coffee and smiled. “Hmm, this is excellent! As for my visit, I am hopeful about what we might be discussing.” He shrugged his massive shoulders. “After our last encounter I doubt you invited me because you enjoy my company.”

“About that,” I began. “Let me start with an apology. I was rude and out of line with you. What happened at the studio wasn’t your fault at all.”

“It was mine, I was an idiot,” Paul interjected. “I really screwed that up.”

“But I didn’t have to be so angry,” I continued. “I wasn’t angry at you, well not really.”

“Forgotten.” He waved his hand dismissively. “But I’ll offer my own apology because I took a bad situation and made it worse. I was so blinded by my own desires I blurted out my offer rather than realize it was an awkward family moment that I needed to stay out of.”

“Okay, so fresh start then?” I asked.

“Sounds good to me.” He nodded, sipped some more coffee, then putting the mug down, leaned forward, clasped his hands between his knees and smiled.

“Hopefully I will not offend by saying this, but I have to say it looks to me as if the two of you have, shall we say, resolved your conflict?”

“What makes you say that?” Not that we weren’t going to end up owning up to it at some point, but this was pretty quick.

“You,” he said simply. “All the times I met you, you seemed distracted, uptight, testy. It was obvious you had some issues going on. Now? You look calm, happy, content.” He grinned. “You my dear have that glow about you.”

“Oh? The I fucked my son glow?” I raised my eyebrows.

“Actually, I was going to say the glow of a woman in love,” he said. “And Paul is sitting there looking like the cat that ate the canary.” He paused and his dark eyes had a gleam in them when he asked. “Am I right?”

I glanced at Paul, then nodded. “Yes.” I took Paul’s hand in mine and placed it on my knee for effect. “We’re very happy.”

“Oh my,” Malcolm breathed. “This is wonderful. To finally see in front of me what I’d always desired and what I’ve known is out there, but hidden away as it sadly has to be. You two,” he released a long sigh, “are beautiful together.”

“You can never say…” I started, but he cut me off.

“You don’t have to finish that sentence, Mary. I would never ruin a lovely situation. I don’t think you understand what seeing you together means to me, it proves all my theories correct, that when that line is crossed, it’s never just about a twisted lust, but a love deeper than that of a normal couple because it’s an affirmation of an already deep love.”

“So this is like the X-files for you?” Paul laughed. “The truth is out there.”

“Don’t be a jerk, Paul.” I punched him in the arm.

“Just like a couple.” Malcolm clapped his hands. “But he’s right, it is an affirmation of my own deep desire. Tells me I wasn’t a freak back then, that there are many other sons who feel the way I did. Brian was one of them, but for him, Real Mom was close as he could get, Paul? You are blessed to have this, always appreciate the gift of your mother’s heart and her bed.”

“I will,” Paul said seriously. “This is what I’ve wanted for a long time now.”

“Long time? You’re twenty,” Malcolm sighed. “So lucky.”

“Now that the cat’s out of the bag.” I wanted to cut off more of his mom son romance theories and laments. “We can talk about why I called you. I’m considering your offer.”

“I was hoping so. Is it because seeing the ice is broken, it’s not as big of a deal?”

“If I still thought being with my son was wrong you wouldn’t be here. But fact is with me quitting the industry, there’s financial concerns and maybe if I feel comfortable enough as we talk we can work this out.”

“Okay. Let’s start with price.” The smile had left his face and he was now all business. “My last offer was forty, then Paul blurted something higher?”

“Sixty five,” Paul said, causing me to turn and stare at him, we had talked about just the number for his tuition.

“Sixty…what?” Malcolm’s eyes widened. “How did we get to that number?”

“Well my tuition, then I figure another twelve to go in the bank, make things easy so mom isn’t trying to work seven nights a week. Maybe a little saved towards moving.”

“Moving?”

“Yup, when I graduate, mom and I are selling the house and going somewhere no one knows us so we can live as a couple.”

“I see, well…”

“Think about that Malcolm.” Paul kept going. “The two of us going out, holding hands. Going dancing and my mother grinding all over me, my hands all over her. People watching thinking she’s just a cougar with her cub, but we’re mom and son. Hiding in plain sight.” He smiled. “Wouldn’t you want to help with that?”

“I admit that is a sexy scenario. The two of you carrying on and people never knowing who you are to each other.” He smirked. “But you knew I’d think that was sexy so you lose a point for trying to play me.”

“Oh.” Paul frowned.

“I want what I want, but I’m not foolish. That is a lot more than what I offered and any large sum will help you out. Let’s be…”

He stopped and I gasped in surprise when Paul took my face in my hands and kissed me.

It was a hard kiss and his tongue immediately pushed into my mouth. I returned the kiss for a moment, then turned my head, but Paul went right to my neck, kissing me just below my ear.

“Play along,” he whispered into my neck. “Trust me.”

I let my head fall back and sighed as he ran his tongue and lips along my neck, then moaned when his hands cupped my tits through my dress. Paul’s hands slid across my tits, then taking the straps of my dress eased them down my arms.

I was going to tell him to stop, then caught the look on Malcolm’s face. His stern business face was gone, replaced by his dark eyes widening and

his mouth partly open. Paul grabbed the top of my dress and pulled it down, causing my breasts to spring free.

Paul's lips were on my nipple in an instant and I moaned loudly, partly for show, but also because it felt damn good and even better with Malcolm watching and looking like he was ready to lose his mind.

I went even further. While Paul sucked my tits, I grabbed his jeans and unsnapped them. "Stand up," I whispered.

Paul did as I asked and with no hesitation, I pulled his jeans and underwear down over his hips. His cock sprang free and it was obvious in how hard he was an audience was having no effect on him. Maybe he was right and this was in the blood.

I took his cock in my hand, pumped it several times, making Paul moan for me, then put my mouth just over the tip. I turned my face to stare at Malcolm, my blue eyes wide and Molly's best lusty look on my face.

I fluttered my tongue briefly around the head of my son's cock, then gave it a quick kiss and pulled his jeans back up over it. Leaning back on the couch, I fixed my dress, tucking my breasts away and smiled at Malcolm.

"Still not worth it?"

Malcolm couldn't even pretend to be unaffected. He ran his fingers through his dark hair, and his face was red and I could see the massive bulge in his pants and glancing at Paul, I winked at him.

"I…okay." Malcolm took a deep breath and collected himself. "Let's negotiate."

"We're listening," I took Paul's hand and placed it under the hem of my dress, on my thigh where he ran his fingers up and down my soft skin.

"Yeah, you got me," he said, his eyes on Paul's hand. "But, I'm not going that easy."

He stroked his beard as he sat there thinking, then nodded as if to himself.

"Here's the deal. I was doing this solely for me, but that's a hell of a lot of money to toss away with no return."

"There's no way to get a return on this," I pointed out. "You can't make anything on us and I am not coming back for any type of movie so get that out of your head."

“Hear out my offer. You want that amount? I’ll do it.”

“Nice!” Paul exclaimed, then put his head down when I shot him a look.

“But there will be two videos. One will be what was originally mentioned. The two of you filmed by me.”

“Okay,” Paula and I said in unison.

“I want a full show. A lot of lust, around the world, I want Molly Minx in all her glory with her lucky son. It has to be damned hot.”

“I’ll make it hot.” I shrugged. “I’m a pro remember?”

“That’s half the deal and what I’m paying for my guilty pleasure, that’s thirty five to me. Now you want the other thirty? I have a way to recoup that.”

Paul and I looked at each other and I said, “Go ahead.”

“You’ve heard of POV porn?” Malcolm asked.

“Heard of it, but never done any.” I narrowed my eyes. “That’s what, just the camera watching the woman?”

“Exactly. It’s one camera over Paul’s shoulder. I’ll be the cameraman, no one else involved. I film you between his legs. Stroking him, sucking him. Then you ride him, forward, reverse cowboy, then doggy.”

“Wait, you want this to be on the internet?” I shook my head. “No way.”

“All that is visible of Paul is his cock, legs, stomach, maybe a shot of his chest and arms from the side during doggy, all neck down, his face is never shown.”

“I don’t like this,” I told him.

“Paul you have any tattoos, big scars, a birth mark?” Malcolm asked. “Anything people could see and recognize?”

“Nope.” Paul grinned. “I like this idea; it’s fucking hot!”

“Yeah it is,” Malcolm agreed. “The entire time Mary, you’re giving it your best mommy dialogue. How does mommy look sucking, licking, fucking? Just like the nasty mom videos. This video is pure lust.

“But it’s me and my son, that’s illegal,” I explained.

“True, but,” he gave me a sly smile, “Dan had told me in order to try to protect Paul as much as possible, he was submitting your name on record as Mary Walters, your name at the time of your first time in the industry.”

“It’s still your maiden name and for legal purposes same social, date of birth, you are that person. Several porn stars who have gotten married have done it. So it will be Mary Walters and Paul Stevens on record. And when was the last time the feds asked for proof on anything unless one of the actors looks underage?”

“Keep talking,” Paul said enthusiastically.

“I put this movie out and bill it as Molly Minx’s last movie. Molly in a simple, but sexy as hell POV video with an unknown lucky stud.”

“I don’t know.”

“I’ll make a lot of money back on it.” He snapped his fingers. “I’ll even run a contest, guess the actor! Of course no one will, but it will help pull attention to the video.”

He spread his arms out. “Risk free and the full amount of money you and Paul need. And,” He licked his lips. “Don’t even try to tell me you wouldn’t think it was hot, you were getting worked up showing off for me for thirty seconds and so was Paul.”

“It’s like how you’ll be away from here, hiding in plain sight, think about it!” He was getting more excited by the minute. “Filming a fake incest movie, that’s really incest, but only we know!”

“Come on, mom!” Paul faced me. “That would be a lot of fun and we’d get the money.” He leaned over and whispered in my ear, “I told you I always wanted to do something like this. We could do it together, no one could know!”

“What do you think, Mary?”

“I…okay, we film it, and then we watch it. If there’s no trace of anything that people could recognize Paul, then I’ll let you do it, but it’s exclusive to your site, you can’t sell rights to anyone else without our permission, we have total control of the material.”

“That goes without saying and I’ll aggressively pursue any site that tries to pirate even a few minute sample of it. I do that with all my work, that’s why I make a killing in memberships, my work is never free.”

“Hey!” Paul snapped his fingers. “I have an idea for the plot.”

“Really?” Malcolm laughed. “Well, come on, sowantmymom, let’s hear what you got.”

“Okay, it starts with the camera facing TV, and on the TV is one of mom’s videos.”

“Oh, for Christ’s sake,” I sighed.

“You see me stroking my cock.” He stopped. “The camera makes it look bigger, right?”

“You have no worries,” Malcolm assured him. “I just saw it, you have plenty.”

“This is like the Twilight zone,” I muttered.

“So then mom comes in the room and starts saying, ‘oh, so you found my movies?’ She comes over and sits on the bed and starts saying sorry, then goes into, but they turn you on? How about a real show? How about I give my baby, what I been giving those actors?”

“I like this,” Malcolm pointed at him. “Keep it going.”

“She’s between my legs, jerking and sucking me and like you said, all the mommy stuff, but mentioning the movies, ‘you loved watching your sexy mom Molly fucking all those men.”

“I’m still with you.”

“Then she starts confessing that she was thinking of her real son in all those fake videos, that’s why she does them because she wants her real son’s cock so bad.”

“This is good stuff, kid.”

“Okay and maybe she…she sucks me off, nice big cumshot all over her face.”

“Her is right here,” I said, getting a laugh from Malcolm.

“Then she lays back and the camera just shows my hand between her legs and I get her off with my fingers. Then I’m hard again and…”

“You’ll be hard again, after her blowing you?”

“Dude, please, I’m twenty,” Paul said seriously. “And look at her! Never mind it’s going to be so damn hot doing this.” He grinned. “And if not she can always suck me again.”

“Of course she can,” I grunted, but it was getting me worked up. Mary you’re a twisted woman, there was no more denying or even fighting that fact and it felt…liberating.

“Then I fuck her on her back and we do the positions you talked about and there you have it!”

“I think it’s great.” Malcolm extended his hand outward. “And what’s the title mister director?”

“Oh.” Paul thought then clapped his hands. “Mom wants the real thing!”

“Brilliant!” Malcolm reached across the coffee table and gave him a high five. “Kid, you could have a future as a script writer in this biz.”

“No, he’ll be a one shot wonder and stay in school,” I pointed out.

“That’s a yes?” Malcolm asked.

“Yes,” I answered, at this point influenced as much by the growing puddle in my panties as any type of common sense. Paul’s description had me planning on fucking him the second Malcolm left.

“Excellent!” Malcolm was all smiles. “So two movies and I will draw something up for you to sign assuring you nothing will ever be made public about who you are and my video is never to be shown anywhere.”

“Fine.” I nodded.

“We’ll do mine…maybe this weekend?”

“Sunday works,” I told him.

“Great, then we’ll plan the other.” He laughed. “Paul, I love your idea, we’re going with it.”

“I can see it now!” Paul put his hands up and spread apart as if reading a sign. “Mom wants the real thing! Starring Molly Minx in her final role.”

“Again, kid you got the knack for this,” Malcolm told him.

“And co-starring in his first and only role, the soon to be legendary…”

“Don’t you dare say it,” I warned him.

“Paulie Pounder!”

He clapped his hands and looked at Malcolm, who shook his head. “Paul?”

“You love it, right?” He put his hand up for another high five.

“Listen to your mother kid: stay in school.”