

Dying for Sex

Miss D'Mena

It was the town's festival weekend and the family had all been out enjoying the parade and then a few jars at the local public house. His mother was tipsy, his father plastered, and when they finally got him home, he had retired upstairs to sleep it off. 'Drunken old bugger,' his mum had commented.

Downstairs, she had lit a cigarette which seemed strange to her son as she was normally a non-smoker, the tip of it now covered in her red lipstick. Despite her age, she was still light on her feet, and she hummed a tune as she waltzed around the lounge. She had drunk far too much for such an endeavour, soon losing her balance and if her son had not have been there to catch her, she would have landed in a crumpled heap on the floor.

She looked up at him with her sozzled grin as he steadied her. 'Jordon,' she managed with a hiccup, 'give your old mum a kiss.'

Whether she was aiming for his cheek and missed, he hadn't got a clue as she somehow managed to find his lips instead. At first, it was just a normal motherly kiss, but thanks to the alcoholic fog he was presently experiencing, plus a hint of devilment, it quickly turned it into something different, continuing a little longer than it should. She was fine up to the point that he ran his tongue across her lower lip, her head jerking back rapidly as she stared at him with bleary eyes.

'You mustn't do that Jordon. It's not funny.'

'Why not?' he asked with the faintest hint of a teasing smile, 'you asked me to kiss you.'

'Yes, but not that kind of kiss, that was.....' It seemed that she refused to put a word to the end of her remark, and so he finished it for her, aiming to shock her a little.

'Sexual?'

She looked flustered and he'd never seen his mother look flustered.

'Me man, you woman,' he joked, 'If I'm going to kiss you, shouldn't it be sexual?'

He hadn't meant it literally, he was pulling her leg and having her on, finding it amusing to see his mum lost for words.

'You mustn't do that, it's not right.

'Felt all right to me,' he chuckled, 'to be honest, it felt pretty good. Good enough to try doing it again.' Jordon was highly amused by the look of surprise on her face.

Although she had jerked her head back, his arms had still been around her waist, his mother taking a moment, swivelling her head one way and then the other as though checking that no one was watching. Jordon was astonished when with a sudden movement, her face had come closer to his once more, her

eyes watching him intently as she hesitated and then closed them before her lips met his.

She couldn't fathom why she had done it, perhaps to wipe that smile off his face, or perhaps because it had actually felt quite good in her current alcoholic state.

Despite having started as a joke, it came as a surprise to Jordon just how tantalising it felt. Slow and unsure at first, but then quickly building into a full-on passionate, sexual kiss, her tongue running across his lower lip this time.

Jordon realised with a shock that his mother was arousing him, his cock thickening and growing until embarrassingly, he had a substantial bulge in his pants. He was so enthralled with the kiss that his hands just naturally gravitated from her waist to her buttocks, his mother releasing him for a second as she moved them back to her hips.

The longer the kiss progressed the more his hands kept returning to her buttocks as he pulled her tightly against his

erection. When they came up for air, they were both breathing heavily. 'Now that was a hell of an improvement on the first one,' Jordon managed, staring down at her bosom as it heaved up and down rapidly, his hands still affixed to her bottom.

Lacey was stunned, whether the reason was the kiss, his hands on her arse, or his erection pushing against her mound, she was at a loss, but her son wasn't waiting to find out as she allowed him to pull her towards him again and their mouths met once more. This time it wasn't only her buttocks that received her son's attention as he tested the water by placing one hand on her small breast as well, his sudden lust for her getting the better of him.

She reached up as if to pull his hand away but then left it there as he cupped and squeezed, allowing his hand to engulf the small orb as he massaged it. Just as quickly, her hand had slid between them and was now resting on his erection as she explored its length.

She had suddenly come to her senses as she attempted to push him away and try to wriggle free. 'Stop, stop. This is wrong, we shouldn't be doing this.'

Jordon's motivation was, unfortunately now, being controlled by the amount of alcohol he had consumed and the building lust between his legs, as he blurted out, 'I want to fuck you. I want to feel my cock slide into your fanny and then I want to shoot my spunk up your cunt.'

Lacey was stunned, gobsmacked, and shellshocked, unable to comprehend what Jordon had just said to her. She had still been trying to work out why she had allowed him to touch her breast, astonished at herself for getting carried away and feeling his penis. His sudden declaration had her in a tizz, what she had allowed had been so wrong, but for those short moments, she had enjoyed letting her son explore, her body responding and becoming aroused.

He pleaded, using soft words to seduce her until against her better judgement, she had eventually succumbed, tilting her

head back as she raised her eyes, staring at the ceiling, Jordan's father, her husband, asleep above them. When she looked at him once more, she seemed uncertain, Jordon quickly easing her back towards the couch before she changed her mind.

He lowered her to it and then knelt in front of her, slowly opening her legs enough so that he could shuffle between them.

Lacey continued to stare at her son, her body trembling, his hands at first, resting on her knees as he then slowly moved them beneath the hem of her cotton dress and advanced up her stockinged legs until he reached her thighs. She was unable to stop her eyes fluttering occasionally, the frequency increasing as he reached the top of her stockings and bare flesh. By the time his fingers and thumbs reached her groin, she was struggling to keep her eyes open, her breathing coming fast and ragged.

When he stroked her cunt through the flimsy material of her panties, her eyes closed completely, and she uttered her first groan.

Easing her dress higher, Jordon exposed her stocking tops and eventually her white knickers, a noticeable damp patch showing in the gusset. He was mesmerised by her tan stockings and the utilitarian straps from her suspender belt holding them in place as well as the narrow piece of material that presently hid her secret place.

Hooking a couple of fingers beneath the elasticated leg hole, he slid the damp material to one side, ecstatic as at last her fanny and its covering of pubic hair came into view.

Her piss flaps were open, juices seeping from her cunt as she continued to moan softly, her eyes still closed as he ran a finger up and down her slit. His shaft was becoming uncomfortable, throbbing constantly as he thought about what he wanted and intended to do.

While his mother was still allowing him to touch her, he took his opportunity, unbuttoning his pants while she was distracted and easing them and his briefs over his hips. Jordan's shaft was rigid, jutting from below his belly now that all restraints had been removed.

Pushing his cock downwards, he inched forward, lining it up with her fanny as he prepared himself, his mother's eyes opening momentarily as though sensing that something was about to happen. He leaned towards her, as though he was going to kiss her again and then at the last second, thrust his cock into her cunt.

Lacey had become so immersed in what was happening to her, that the sudden insertion of a penis into her quim brought her back to reality. The realisation that her son's cock was now deeply embedded inside her pussy caused her to panic, 'No Jordon, no. We can't do this,' she started to say, struggling against him as he began thrusting.

He was increasingly aroused, so much so, that he was unable to stop as he fucked his mother. He had pushed the lower half of her dress higher, her legs, vagina, belly, and suspender belt exposed. The view had increased his excitement as against her wishes he had rapidly opened the upper buttons of her dress, looking at the old-fashioned white bra that covered her breasts. Without a second thought, he pushed it up and out of his way as his mother's titties popped free, her areola and nipples dark and aroused. Leaning forward he took first one and then the other between his lips, his tongue circling her teats as he licked and sucked on them.

Lacey was riding a rollercoaster of emotions, the thrill and excitement of the illicit sex, while her husband slept above her, was tinged with disgust as she opened her eyes briefly and saw the reason for the pleasurable sensations coursing through her body, her son's cock now fucking her fanny. She found the situation revolting, not necessarily the fact that it was her son, more that she was slumped on the couch with her legs akimbo and her dress around her waist, its upper part opened wide and her tits hanging free as though she was some cheap tart, taking her pleasures wherever she could.

Despite her protestations and wanting her son to stop, her body continued to delight in what was being done to it, her excitement and arousal rocketing as her climax approached. Her brain was telling her mouth to scream at Jordon to get off her, her body was telling it to urge him to shag her faster and harder.

Abruptly she screamed, loud enough that if her husband had not been comatose, he would have come to investigate as Lacey's climax took her by surprise. Pleasure sensations exploded in her brain, her hips lifting uncontrollably as Jordon continued to fuck her until she felt his cock jerk inside her quim as he unleashed several spurts of cum into her.

He was amazed at how enjoyable the experience had been, never having considered his mother as anything but. Her figure wasn't bad for a woman of her age and surprisingly she had been a decent fuck. Jordon withdrew his flaccid cock, covered in her slippery juices as he attempted to make himself decent again. As he stood and turned around to fasten

his pants, Lacey made a break for freedom as she dashed for the stairs.

She had retrieved a clean pair of knickers and was sat on the toilet as she pulled her bra down and adjusted her breasts before rebuttoning it. Discarding her old panties, she grabbed a handful of tissue, mopping up the spunk that was still seeping from her fanny. Lacey was distraught, how had she allowed that to happen? She must tell him once she was decent that it has all been a big mistake. She put on her clean panties, pulled her dress down and straightened it and then flushed the loo.

'It must never happen again,' she told him sternly. 'I'm your mother and we can never repeat that. I won't say anything to your father, and neither must you.'

Jordon nodded his head, taking absolutely no notice of her. What was she going to say to his dad? 'Oh, by the way, Jordon fucked me yesterday while you were upstairs pissed!' He had shagged her once and was determined to have her again,

whether she decided to consent or not. It was too late for her to back out now, she needed to get used to the fact that she had become his plaything.

For the rest of that weekend and into the following week, her son had done and said nothing to make her suspect that he hadn't taken heed of her words. The following Friday morning she had heard the front door slam as her husband and son went off to work, Lacey sitting up in bed as she finished her morning coffee. She was in no rush to get up, most of her chores were done and there were only a few bits and pieces to finish.

Pushing back the covers, she swivelled, sitting on the edge of her bed as she straightened her nightdress and put on her robe. She stiffened suddenly, convinced that she had heard a noise as she strained her ears. The noise came again and then suddenly her bedroom door burst open, scaring her half to death as Jordon entered her bedroom, stark bollock naked.

'What are you doing? Why aren't you at work?' You need to put some clothes on and get out of my room!' she screamed at him fearfully.

'I've got a day's holiday to use up. I thought we might as well put it to good use now that dad's gone to work,' he replied calmly but mischievously.

She could see his cock thickening as he advanced on her. Despite having had it in her flue, this was her first proper view of it, and she tried to suppress the nervousness in her voice as she watched it become erect.

'I've told you. It never has to happen again. I'm your mum, it's wrong for you to be doing those sorts of things to me!'

Jordon continued to advance on her, Lacey's hands and arms coming up as she tried to ward him off, but he was taller than she was and far stronger, picking her up easily as he tossed her back onto the bed and then throwing himself down next

to her. Her robe had flown open, her nightdress riding up and displaying her legs and thighs.

When she attempted to slap his face, he simply took both her wrists in one hand, holding them above her head as his other hand went beneath her nightdress and she felt his finger stroke her slit. When she tried to scream, he pressed his lips hard against her own as he kissed her, his tongue forcing its way into her mouth at the same instant that his finger penetrated her cunt.

Lacey tried to fight her son, clamping her thighs tightly together, but with his finger now up inside her private parts, the action was futile. She was fighting a losing battle, the kiss alone was turning her on, Jordon's fingering of her fanny bringing her body alive. She was no longer struggling against his grip on her wrists, submitting herself as his finger withdrew and his hand slid up her body to caress and tease her tits and nipples.

When he sensed he had overcome her reluctance, Jordon slowly released her, his mother's arms going around his neck as she melted into his embrace.

She had turned onto her side, pushing her pelvis against his erection. Suddenly breaking away, Lacey sat upright as she got rid of her robe and pulled the nightdress over her head before returning and pressing her naked body against him once more, delighted when his hand resumed caressing her breasts.

She was becoming highly aroused, reminiscent of the sex she used to have as her son continued to finger her. Their kisses came thick and fast, her hand squeezing between them as she gripped his hot throbbing meat and began tossing him off while he continued to rain kisses over her lips and face. Slowly, Jordon moved to her nipples, Lacey raising her chest as he sucked each teat in turn, the feeling exquisite as her nipples demanded more.

He was on the move again, the bottom of her ribs, her stomach and then her belly all received minute kisses as she realised what he was intending to do. It was something her husband disliked even though Lacey revelled in her fanny being kissed and licked.

She could hardly contain herself as her anticipation mounted, Jordon's nose nuzzling her pubes as he breathed in the scent of her musk. His mother's legs, along with her pussy, open by the time he shuffled between her thighs, his face inches from her fanny as he observed the pink moist flesh.

When his tongue provided that first sensual touch, Lacey wanted to scream, her hips lifting from the mattress as she pressed her womanly bits hard against his mouth. It had been so long ago that she had forgotten how excited it made her feel, her thighs gripping her son's head. When his tongue pierced her fanny and she felt it sink into her flesh, any arguments she had previously put up had been dispelled, Lacey submitting herself to her son's lovemaking.

When he moved and slid his cock into her cunt, she welcomed him, her legs going around his waist as his shaft ploughed her fanny, Lacey now begging him to make her cum and shoot his spunk into her twat.

Jordon could never have imagined anything as exciting and thrilling as listening to his mother use words and crudity's which seemed completely out of context with the woman she presented to the world. It aroused him when she urged him to 'Fuck my pussy. Come on, ram it in there. Give me all you've got, fill my cunt with your cock, shag the arse off me.'

Jordon did as she asked, his shaft pounding her fanny as Lacey abandoned herself, reciprocating his passion as she pinched his nipples before digging her nails into his shoulders as she climaxed. Her orgasm causing her to writhe beneath him, her hips rising to meet his as he thrust feverously into her, filling her passage with his hot cream.

Whilst Lacey still couldn't quite believe that she had actively participated in the sex act with her son, neither could she

dismiss the feeling of pleasurable satisfaction. She was even more excited when within a short time, they had made love once more.

Later, and after having dressed, they sat around the breakfast table as they discussed what they had done and what happened next.

Jordon was her only child and she found it hard to deny him anything, but she had never considered that a time would come when sex was one of the things, she would be unable to deny him. As wrong as it was, it had thrilled her, bringing her back to life after years of marriage. That afternoon, she felt alive again, excitement coursing through her veins as it did at the start of any new relationship.

Jordon had found himself enamoured by Lacey, currently finding it difficult to continue thinking of her as his mother. Despite their age difference, which was huge, he was twenty while she was nearly forty-seven, he found her sexy. Alright, there were things he would change, the way she dressed and

almost certainly her underwear, it was old fashioned and "mumsy," but naked, he was impressed by her body and figure.

She had good legs, which now that he knew she wore stockings, appeared even more enticing. Her bottom was still round and firm and although there were small areas of cellulite at the top of her legs, it did not detract from their appearance. Her mound and pubes would appreciate the attention of a beautician he thought; and her stomach was no longer flat, more rounded nowadays and quite erotic looking, but her tits were perfect. They were on the smallish side, but large enough to attract your attention and had kept their shape with no sign of any sagging as they jutted from her chest. She was never going to set the world alight with her natural beauty, but she was still attractive in a mature sort of way.

They didn't so much make plans as discuss their options, it sounded easy as they spoke about it, but it was completely different they soon found.

That Friday day, Jordon had taken it as a holiday, it wasn't something he could do every week, he would quickly have none left.

Both he and his father worked, usually leaving together each morning, and arriving home about the same time each evening. His mother worked part-time, a couple of days a week, and each evening unless his father decided to go for a pint, both of his parents would be home together. As far as Jordon could see, their only opportunity would come on a Saturday afternoon when his dad would go to watch the local team play football, but that was only every other Saturday dependent on whether the side was home or away.

The trouble was, they were both eager to continue with their now, illicit relationship, which led them to take chances.

Over the next six months, his mother began to change, very small things at first, things that most people would not have noticed.

Jordon did because lately, he had been paying her a great deal of attention. The first thing he noticed was that instead of the old-fashioned dresses that she would normally wear, she had now begun wearing skirts and tops. The tops caused him lots of consternation, some were exceedingly tight, emphasising her breasts and a couple showed a small amount of cleavage. Others were exceedingly loose, especially the vest type tops which when his father was out, she would wear without her bra, Jordon getting excellent views of her breasts and easy access to them. When his father returned, she would cover it with a cardigan or jumper.

At first, as it was the middle of summer, it was exceedingly easy. When her husband said he was nipping out for a pint she would remark that she fancied a breath of fresh air and was going out for a short walk. Jordon always offering to accompany her as together they headed for a secluded spot they had found.

Off a lane a short distance away, he led her into a field that had a small copse of trees at its centre, allowing her to walk slightly ahead of him as he watched her bottom wiggle. It was

another one of those small changes she had made, her skirts getting tighter and slightly shorter, coupled with the low heels she had started to wear instead of flat shoes, they all served to emphasise her legs.

Lacey looked back, noticing that Jordon was staring at her bottom as she raised her skirt high and bent forward, displaying the fact that she was knickerless. A grin broke out on his face as she set off running, Jordon chasing her as she laughed and giggled like some young girl.

Out of view of anyone who may pass that way, she kicked off her shoes and lay down on the soft warm grass, Jordon joining her as he too kicked off his trainers. Getting rid of her cardigan, she sported one of the loose vests, quickly pulling it over her head and laying back topless. Jordon couldn't wait, ditching his t-shirt and shorts as he got naked.

Lacey raised her hips, unzipped her skirt, and wriggled out of it before pushing her son onto his back and straddling his hips. His cock was already beginning to thicken, growing

harder and longer in her hand as she teased and slowly tossed him off.

This wasn't the first time they had used this spot, over the preceding months they had managed to come here at least a couple of times each week, coupled with the Saturdays when her husband was at the match, Lacey was getting more sex now than she had done in a long time. She knew Jordon noticed the small changes she had made, nothing dramatic, just things that made her feel like a woman again.

Jordon stared at his mother's mound, her pubic hair now neatly trimmed and little more than a thin strip that ran just above the start of her fanny. She noticed him looking at it, teasingly running a finger through it and gently touching herself as she asked,

'Do you like it? I did it especially for you. You know how much I love it when you lick and suck my cunt.'

Jordon still could not get used to his mum being crude in his presence, the coarse words she used always exciting him as his cock jerked several times in her hand, making her smile.

'Do you want to fuck your mother?' she asked, laughing all the while. 'Do you like your mum giving you a wank?' She loved to tease him like that, speaking to him in her "Mumsy" voice, her hand speeding up as she asked, briskly flexing the skin up and down his shaft as Jordon closed his eyes and groaned.

Coming up onto his elbows, his hand shot out, aiming for her slit as he ran a finger beneath her mound and teased her lips open. Lacey moved slightly giving him greater access as his finger found her clit and massaged it softly, instantly arousing her desires as now it was her turn to moan to herself.

As much as they would have liked to take longer arousing each other, they did not have an unlimited amount of time, her husband would only be a couple of hours at the most and she desperately needed fucking. Pushing herself upright on bended knee's, she pulled Jordon's shaft beneath her and

lowered her fanny onto it, grunting loudly as it forced its way into her passage, her cunt expanding as it welcomed the throbbing length of meat.

Lacey commenced rocking back and forwards, rising each time as her son's cock fucked her fanny. Jordon was happy to watch her as he admired her body until he raised his hands and cupped her breasts, fondling the firm flesh and teasing her nipples as they got increasingly aroused and puffed outwards, becoming hard.

As thrilling as their position was, Jordon had an urgent need to fuck her hard and fast and so rolled his mother onto her back as she wrapped her legs around him. His cock pounded her cunt, Lacey twisting and turning beneath him as she gripped his buttocks pulling her son deeper. Crouched over her he kissed and sucked on her tits and then kissed her lips, their mouths twisting together in a sexual frenzy as their climaxes grew closer. At last, he pushed her over the edge, Lacey screaming at the sky as she orgasmed, joined seconds later as she felt her son's cum fill her quim.

Lying together afterwards, Lacey was content, the only downside of what they were doing was that she could not spend as much time as she would have liked with her son.

As the days turned cold, damp, and miserable, their forays into the great outdoors had to cease, Jordon and his mother only being able to be together once a fortnight for a couple of hours when his dad was at the match. While they both put a brave face on it, Jordon began to begrudge his father the time spent with his mother and the fact that he shared her bed each night.

Lacey recognised that there was nothing she could do, she still loved her husband she supposed, he just didn't excite her anymore, not like her son did. With Jordon, they had to sneak about, snatching moments here and there which added to the excitement. He found it hard to keep his hands off her and she got a thrill out of dressing up for him, of feeling his hands touch and caress her whenever he got the chance.

More and more when the circumstances allowed, she would go braless or knicker less, giving her son glances of her body which, she knew excited him. It would also ensure that the moment his father was out of sight and earshot, his hands would be inside her top or up her skirt. There had been several close calls when stood at the kitchen sink, her son's fingers teasing her fanny, her husband had entered the room seconds after they had heard him rise from his armchair.

As months drifted by and Christmas approached, there was palpable tension at home. Jordon wasn't the only one to have noticed the small changes that his mother had made, Tim, his father, had also noticed the increasing changes in his wife. At first, he had put it down to her age, she was swiftly approaching her fifties. When he had commented on her change of clothes style, she had just said she fancied something different, something a little younger. He had also found her new underwear, tucked under other clothes at the bottom of her drawer. They were not the sort of thing she would normally wear, and he had never seen her in them yet.

What plagued him the most was that their sex life seemed to have diminished slightly, he had never been the adventurous type and it wasn't as though she ever refused him, but unless he made the occasional move on her, it was as though she wasn't interested anymore.

'Perhaps it's the menopause?' he wondered.

Christmas had passed in its normal way and together as a family they had gone out on New Year's Eve to the social club. It happened every year, his wife had got tipsy, and he had drunk far too much, staggering home together at the end of the night. He could remember he and Lacey getting into bed and then he must have passed out, waking the next morning with a thumping head.

Lacey hadn't been as drunk as she had pretended, yes, she had enjoyed herself, constantly pulling Jordon up onto the dancefloor and especially towards the end of the night, her husband now oblivious as he downed another pint and talked far too loudly to his friends.

She was pressed tightly against her son as they moved slowly to the end of evening music, his erection pushing against her belly. It excited her that it was an almost instantaneous reaction each time she was near him.

'Don't drink anymore,' she whispered in his ear. 'I want you sober, and I want you to give me the Christmas present I've been missing.' Her hand had slipped between them and secretively rubbed his cock in a way no one would notice.

In their bedroom she had undressed as she normally did, hanging and folding her clothes. She had put on her nightdress and climbed into bed next to her husband, giving him a peck on his cheek and turning her back on him after saying 'goodnight.' There the pretence had ended, her eyes were still open as she listened, Tim's breathing slowing as he fell into a deep sleep and then started snoring.

She gave him another thirty minutes to settle completely before quietly and carefully slipping from the bed and then

easing the door open and then closed as silently as she could. She tapped on Jordon's door several times before creeping downstairs in the darkness, not wanting to put any lights on yet. In the lounge, she put a standard lamp on, its dimmer light casting shadows around the room which was still warm from the dying embers in the fireplace.

She heard the slightest of noises, her son appearing in the lounge with a grin. He wore nothing but a pair of shorts and a vest, Lacey wondering if she should have put her robe on. Jordon didn't give her long to wonder as he took her in his arms and they kissed, his shaft, as usual starting to grow as he began pressing it against her.

At first and fearing that they may be interrupted, they had remained clothed, stretching out on the long couch as they kissed. Before long, Jordon's hand was beneath her nightdress as he started on her tits and then worked his way down to her fanny. In between teasing, he fingered her, her quim growing moist as they slid in and out. His shorts were quickly pushed down as she gripped his shaft, caressing and stroking as she began to jerk him off.

Although the fire was now nearly out, the room seemed hot as they worked up a sweat, Jordon the first one to get completely naked. The clock on the mantelpiece was the only sound in the room, the steady "tick-tock" it made as they tried as much as possible to suppress the groans and cries of pleasure. The longer it went on, the more confident they got, Lacey was now naked like her son as he lay behind her and she raised one leg.

She couldn't suppress the loud groan as his cock slid into her cunt, both staying still for a minute as they listened. And then her son began to fuck her, ever so slowly to start with, his hand reaching over her hip as he teased her clit at the same time. As her arousal grew, so did Jordon's momentum, his cock sliding in and out of her fanny faster as she felt the first of her juices leak from her. He managed to get his other hand beneath her as he cupped her right breast and squeezed before rolling her nipple between finger and thumb.

With his cock up her cunt, one hand playing with her clitoris and his other playing with her nipples, Lacey were well ahead

of him, juices leaking from her faster and the sound of the clock now drowned out by the slap and squelch of moist flesh as he fucked her rapidly and made her climax. She had to put a hand to her mouth as she orgasmed, helping to block the noise that she couldn't stop making. Her body shook, waves of pleasure washing over her as she closed her eyes and enjoyed every second of it.

From the couch they had adjourned to the rug in front of the fire, Lacey straddling his hips and his cock back in its wet warm home. With her arms outstretched, she dangled her tits over his face, Jordon making her giggle and then gasp as his head continually popped up and his mouth encompassed one of her nipples and sucked.

She was raising and lowering herself frantically, her lungs bursting as she tried to gulp in much-needed air, and then he was supporting her, her bottom stuck up into the air as he fucked her hard and fast, his groin slapping against her buttocks as his cock ploughed her cunt.

Lacey leant forward more and lowered her head, their mouths coming together as they kissed, both their arousals and passions getting the better of them as he made her climax once more and then she heard him groan and felt his cum burst inside her. She just floated, her body alive to the slightest touch, sensations soaring through her as her brain was overloaded and she allowed herself to go with the flow.

Afterwards and dressed again, she made them both a coffee. Ideally, she would have liked to stay with him all night, better still, she would have liked to take him to her bed, but these were just the imaginings of an old married woman, and she knew that could never happen.

Jordon stayed downstairs for a while longer, giving his mother a chance to return to her bedroom before heading back to his own.

Her husband was still snoring when she slipped back into bed, he hadn't even missed her. Lacey wasn't unhappy, she was just becoming disillusioned. Her marriage had become stale as

she and Tim grew older. Jordon had awakened something in her, as much as she knew that what they were doing was wrong, nevertheless, she wanted it to continue, she wanted the level of sex and excitement that he was able to provide. Her last thoughts as she fell asleep, was of her son sinking his flesh into her which caused lurid dreams that night and a longing between her legs the next morning.

Through the beginning of a new year and into spring, family life continued in some sort of normality although nothing had got any better. Tim was beginning to suspect that his wife was having an affair, which she was, but the person he never considered was his son. It couldn't be evenings or weekends he thought, either he or Jordon were always around then. She worked Tuesday and Wednesday, so it couldn't be then, which only left Monday, Thursday, and Friday.

By the middle of spring, he had taken to popping home during his breaks. It was only a couple of miles and in the car, he was there and back in no time. Despite his suspicions, he never caught her out, she was always at home doing

housework no matter what time of day he picked. He began to doubt himself, wondering if it was wholly just in his head.

As the days and evenings got warmer, she had resumed her walks when he announced he was going out for a pint, but again, she was always accompanied by their son which would make it impossible for her to be seeing someone else. What he failed to notice because those types of thoughts never entered his head was how close Jordon was becoming with his mother,

'It's just natural,' Tim had thought.

On one occasion he had said he was going down the pub and had then hidden further down the road. He watched as his wife and son set out and started to follow them, but out in the fields he'd had to keep his distance and lost them. He headed for home, arriving back about thirty minutes before they reappeared, again together. It set his mind at ease; it wasn't like she was disappearing once he was out of the way.

Lacey had no idea that her husband was becoming paranoid, the relationship with her son had become all-consuming, occupying every waking moment as she looked for any opportunity for them to be together. She dreamt continually of having sex with him, arousing herself so much during the day as she replayed their couplings repeatedly, that on several occasions she'd had to go and masturbate.

Her husband had just popped home again which she was finding strange and had picked up something from the bedroom before disappearing again. Her chores were completed, and she decided to have a bath and relax before making a start on the evening meal.

In her bedroom, she undressed, looking at herself in the full-length mirror as she turned one way and then the other. She had lost a little bit of weight since she and Jordon had started, and she considered herself quite svelte looking nowadays. Lacey ran her hands over her hips and then her belly, her fingers drifting lower and between her legs as she gingerly touched her fanny.

The arousal was instant, she had plenty of time she thought as she laid on her bed and opened her legs wide. Starting at her breasts she squeezed and massaged her flesh, arousing her nipples as one hand slid down over her stomach and belly and between her thighs, softly caressing her fanny. Withdrawing her hand, she sucked on her fingers, tasting her juice before opening her piss-flaps and inserting a finger into her cunt.

With her eyes closed, she imagined her son between her legs, his cock rubbing against her quim. She alternated, slowly rubbing her entrance, and then placing a finger on either side of her clit as she rubbed frantically.

Her arousal was reaching its peak, her nipples hard and throbbing as she squeezed her eyes shut and jammed fingers into her cunt, pounding her passage as hard and fast as she could as her orgasm exploded. She kept going as long as possible, before clamping her thighs together, her hand still pressed firmly against her fanny as she rubbed at her tits and nipples, groaning loudly until her climax subsided.

Her legs felt rubbery as she ran her bath, afterwards luxuriating in the hot water. Although she presently felt satisfied, she knew that later her fanny would be demanding her son's cock.

Lacey was glad she had masturbated because that evening her husband decided not to go for his usual pint. She was desperate for Jordon but decided to stay put and not go out for a walk, imaging a worst-case scenario where Tim decided to join them later and caught them in the act. She knew their spot was secluded, but never say never she thought.

As summer approached his father had booked a cottage by the coast for a week. Normally Jordon would have cried off, at twenty-two, going on holiday with his parents was not something he would have normally thought of doing. But so desperate to continue having sex with his mother, he had consented to join them.

Since the relationship with his mother had begun, girlfriends had been forgotten about, even his friends commented that

they didn't see as much on him anymore and especially during the summer months when he and his mum could escape into the fields and fuck.

The journey was only a couple of hours as they offloaded cases and Jordon went to explore. The cottage had a patio with its own hot tub, a long garden and then a path at the end that led down to the beach.

The first day was one of unpacking, a walk down into the local town for supplies and then a stroll along the beach before trying out the hot tub. That night much to Jordon's discomfort, he heard noises coming from his parent's room. What he could hear from time to time could only signal one thing, his mother was getting shagged, and it wasn't Jordon who was enjoying her pleasures he thought jealously.

Jordon began to wish he hadn't accompanied them, trying to get time alone with his mother was nigh on impossible. His father wasn't one for the hot tub, so at least Jordon managed to get a fumble in there and he also wasn't one for just

sunbathing, which was the only time he got his mum alone. His dad even complained the first time she appeared in a bikini, telling her it wasn't decent for a woman of her age.

To make matters worse, there was another night when the sounds coming from their bedroom again left him in no doubt as to what was happening. Jordon was imagining drastic action, perhaps his mother could divorce his father, or his dad could find another woman. Maybe he could go for a swim and drown or have an accident and never return from this holiday.

As they completed the journey home after their break there were mixed feelings in the car. Jordon was miserable, he'd imagined that there may have been opportunities to be alone with his mother, but none had materialised. His father was feeling a lot happier, the holiday had been a success and his wife had even given out on a couple of nights. Lacey was disappointed, she had been hoping for her son to fuck her, instead, she'd had to allow her husband to maul her. She was beginning to find that she detested those occasions, that she didn't want him to touch her anymore, but there was no way of making that happen without friction and separation.

Both Jordon and his mother were getting desperate, they had been back home two weeks and the weather had conspired against them visiting their private spot. To make matters worse it was still another month and a half before the football season started and so each weekend his dad was at home.

They did discuss sneaking downstairs after everyone had gone to bed, but it was too much of a risk, while Tim was a heavy sleeper after a few drinks, sober, he was easily disturbed. When he nipped to their local, he could be gone an hour or two, on the other hand, he could be back after one pint and after only thirty minutes had passed.

And so, tension within the family built as mother and son were effectively kept apart, Tim oblivious to it all as he thought his marriage was back on track.

By the time the football restarted, Tim was glad to get out of the house. His son was becoming quite belligerent towards him and presently his wife seemed to find any excuse to start

an argument. And then suddenly and for no reason he could fathom, the tension at home seemed to dissolve.

It never entered his head that the resumption of his Saturday pastime also coincided with a late warm spell as his wife and son went back to having an evening stroll several times a week. He still had his suspicions, but as he mulled them over, he had to admit that there was no evidence circumspect or otherwise, Lacey was never alone long enough to be conducting any type of affair with another man.

Out in the fields beyond their home, Lacey and Jordon walked hand in hand. Their normal spot was a little too close for comfort and so since their return from holiday, Jordon had been out several times and had located another area away from prying eyes and where they could be alone.

'I can't really say no to him, that would make him suspicious. I just don't like him touching me anymore,' his mother was telling him.

'You could always get divorced mum.' Jordon suggested.

Lacey shook her head, 'We couldn't afford without his wage, and anyway, what happens when we both get older. I'm under no illusions that this will go on forever. We could never have that type of relationship; we would always have to keep it secret.'

To Jordon, the future was some idyllic dream where he and his mother lived their lives together, not yet having faced up to the fact that their relationship was unlawful.

Something would have to be done Lacey knew, she couldn't continue like this, she just wished that there was an easy solution. She wondered how her husband would react if he found out that she was bedding their son, would he go mad, report them to the police? She just knew that he wouldn't say, 'Oh that's ok, I don't mind!'

Just like her son, some of Lacey's thoughts had begun to turn drastic. As ridiculous as it seemed, she had imagined ways of

getting rid of her husband, the biggest consideration each time was money, that and getting caught if she did something to him.

She was even considering having a true affair and then letting Tim discover it, at least then there would be a legitimate reason for them to separate. But the thought of allowing another man to touch her held her back and filled her with revulsion, anyway, how would her son react to that, would he ever want to make love to her again?

They continued to talk as they walked, both of them producing ideas that were both ridiculous and impractical. It had seemed all so easy at the beginning when they had first discussed it, as they were finding out, life was conspiring against them.

They had reached the new spot, at last, both of them dismissing their present thoughts as Jordon helped her down and then joined her, his arms going around her body as they kissed. Her husband had said he was meeting up with a couple

of mates that evening and so hopefully they should have a couple of hours at least before they needed to return.

Lacey allowed herself to relax into the embrace, blocking out her dark thoughts and looking forward to sampling her son's flesh again after what seemed an interminable wait. She smiled to herself as she saw the lust in his eyes and the growing bulge at his groin. She had missed him terribly, eager now to have his manhood inside her once more.

Her son's hand was quickly beneath her top as he massaged her unfettered breasts, the cardigan open wide and the loose vest giving him easy access. Lacey had a longing, something she had been thinking about for the past few weeks. It was another one of the quirks she liked and another thing that her husband refused to do for her.

The cardigan was soon disposed of along with her vest as she lay back topless, Jordon sucking and licking at her excited teats which were throbbing with pleasure.

'I want you to fuck my arse. Will you do that for me?' she asked.

It was one of the things Lacey loved about her son, whatever her request, however weird it may be to her husband, Jordon was always happy to oblige. He had quickly disposed of her skirt along with her panties, the special ones she had bought just for him, the thong little more than pieces of string and a minute piece of material. He did not need to tease her fanny, her juices were already in full flow, her cunt wet through as he slid several fingers inside her, wriggling them around and fingering her.

When they were well and truly covered, he withdrew them and smeared her lubricant around her back passage before inserting them once more and covering them again. When he considered her sufficiently aroused and wet enough, he removed his t-shirt and pants, slipping his cock into her fanny and fucking her slowly.

Lacey gripped the back of her legs, dragging them upwards as far as she could and exposing her anus to him as he withdrew. His shaft was hard and slippery as he rested it against her tight puckered entrance before easing forward and watching with excitement as his cock disappeared up her arse. As he started to sodomise her, she reached across to her cardigan pocket and extracted a tiny toy, no more than a couple of inches long. Pushing the end, it started to hum and vibrate as she held it against her clit.

'Oh, my fucking God,' she told her son, 'that feels fantastic, I love your cock up my arse.'

Jordon could feel the vibrations rumbling along his shaft, especially when she inserted it into her cunt as he fucked her, his arousal escalating with the tightness of her rectum. Lacey slowed him down, noticing his mounting arousal.

'Slowly, grip your cock hard at the base if it becomes too much.'

As he watched, she continued to play with herself, the tiny vibrator moving between her cunt and her clit, her other hand playing with her tits as he concentrated on containing himself.

At the height of her pleasure, she cried to him, 'Fuck my arse, fuck it hard. I want to feel your balls slap against it.'

She jammed the tiny toy against her clit and several fingers into her cunt as she frigged herself, Jordon's cock pounding her arse as he felt himself start to climax, his ejaculation sending semen from the tip of his shaft spurting up her back passage.

Slumped together, Lacey withdrew some tissues from her other pocket and gave some to her son, while she dabbed at her fanny and then wiped the spunk seeping from her arse.

'That was just the best,' she laughed. 'Thank you so much for doing that for me.'

By rights, they should be making a move, but she wasn't ready yet to return home, her husband would just have to wait she thought as she pulled her son towards her and grabbed hold of his flaccid cock. Magically, she brought him back to life, his shaft hardening once more as she enticed him with words, telling him in graphic detail the things she would love him to do to her. When he was erect once more, she opened her legs as he slipped between her thighs and then his cock was in her cunt once again.

This time it wasn't a slow drawn-out session as Jordon fucked her steadily, both their arousals matching each other as he built their excitement steadily.

Lacey shouted his name over and over again as he made her climax, the orgasm shaking her body as this time he filled her cunt with his cream.

And then they had to hurriedly dress as they made their way towards home, her husband would probably be in the house

by now. Her assumption had been correct, her husband was already back by the time they reached home.

'You've been out a while,' he commented.

'Yeah, we walked a little farther than we intended to. It's quite tired me out. I think I'll go and have a nice hot bath and then an early night,' she said as she disappeared upstairs.

Tim looked to his son, but Jordon just shrugged his shoulders and then disappeared towards his bedroom. Something was going on; Tim just couldn't work out what. Perhaps he needed to confront his wife and have it out with her once and for all, he couldn't carry on living in the present atmosphere.

He allowed it to fester in his brain until at last he stood and made for the bathroom. Lacey looked shocked when he entered and at first it seemed to him that she was about to try and cover herself.

'What's going on Lacey?' he asked. 'Are you having an affair?'

His choice of words seemed to spark something in her. 'Don't be fucking ridiculous, when do I have time to have an affair. I work and I have a house to look after.' The lie slipped easily from her lips. She wasn't having an affair, at least not that type, in her mind, what she was doing was completely different.

It quickly developed into an argument and then Lacey blurted out what she was feeling. 'I'm not happy. It's not one thing, it's lots of things and I haven't been happy for a while. I've thought a lot about this, and I think that perhaps for the moment..... we need to have a trial separation.'

To Tim, it came as a bolt from the blue, as though someone had just punched him in the stomach. He was still trying to work it all out when his wife announced that she wanted him to move out.

'There. I've done it,' she thought. She had stupidly sacrificed her marriage so that she could have an impossible relationship with her son.

The acrimony only got worse over the next month and a half, It wasn't as though her husband could move out straight away and it took him time to find somewhere else to live for the moment. He had managed to rent a small flat and it wasn't as though he could take all his belongings at once, Lacey telling him he could return when needed to collect other items, but she would have promised anything, she was just glad when he closed the front door behind him.

She stood in the silence of the lounge having told Jordon to disappear for the day and not return until late afternoon. She had managed to get full-time hours at her job, so moneywise, they should be able to manage, and she was sure Jordon would help out more. The silence felt scary, her marriage was over, what came next was something she had been planning for a good while.

Upstairs in her bedroom, she unpacked the new bed linen and remade the bed. 'New covers for a new start,' she thought. From now on, this would be hers and Jordon's room. They could have sex whenever they wanted, and she could share the bed with him each night. The very thought of it was beginning to excite her and she looked forward to his return and christening the new bed linen, her fanny reminding her that it needed fucking.

That evening Lacey had dressed especially for him when her son returned home. Her blouse was nearly transparent, easy for Jordon to notice the half-cup bra she was wearing and that her erect nipples pushing against the sheer material. Her skirt when she turned around was split up the back, nearly to her arse and as she bent over the dining table, Jordon could see the tops of her stockings and the fact that she wasn't wearing any knickers.

His cock was hard and throbbing and he was eager to touch her, but she made him sit down for his meal as she sat opposite and teased. With his food finished, Lacey

disappeared into the kitchen and returned with a can of aerosol whipped cream.

'Would you like me for dessert?' she laughed, shaking the tin.

Kicking off her heels and with the aid of a chair, she slid onto the tabletop, pulling her skirt up to her waist as she opened her legs and teased her fanny open. Jordon watched avidly as he pulled his cock out and started masturbating.

When she was ready, she slid the nozzle between her piss-flaps and with an evil glint in her eye, depressed the button. There was a sudden 'woosh' as she filled her cunt with cream, finishing off with a small mound atop her clit.

'Do you want chocolate sauce? Or do you want to lick it out as it is?' Although she had started to giggle, it didn't last long before her son's head was between her thighs, and she felt his tongue poking into her cunt as he licked and slurped at her creamy filling.

By the time he had emptied her passage, her blouse was open, and she had placed another squirt of cream on top of each nipple. She moaned loudly as he sucked it off, his tongue teasing her erect teats as he nipped them between his teeth. Lacey was getting ready now for some cock, Jordon's tongue had done its job of increasing her arousal, her fanny now crying out for something to fill it.

He had a sudden idea as he quickly undressed, his mother never taking her eyes off his stiff shaft as it jerked and bounced. Just as she thought he was going to slide it into her, he disappeared into the kitchen, returning with his hands around his back and hiding something.

'What have you got there?' she laughed and then gasped as he produced a cucumber.

'I take it you want your fanny filling,' he smirked as he advanced on her and started rubbing the vegetable against her quim.

Propping herself up on her elbows, she watched as he pushed it harder against her pussy and then she felt her passage stretch as inches of green veg slid inside her.

Jordon fucked her with it, juices flowing and soaking the tablecloth as she climaxed one after another, the coarseness of her language better than he had ever heard. When she finally demanded his shaft in its place, he snapped it in two and took the smaller piece and placed it against her anus, the vegetable and his cock sinking into her flesh at the same time.

Lacey nearly left the table, she had never felt anything like it in her life, convinced that she was being fucked by two cocks as her son ploughed her roughly and rapidly.

For Jordon, the cucumber made her cunt extremely tight, and he could feel every ridge as he slammed both into her, his demand to ejaculate reaching a fever pitch. The room was full of her screams and cries, of wet flesh slapping together, and the grunts as he rammed his shaft home. Most of the veg was

in her arse now as she felt his compressed cock jerk inside her and the familiar blast of his cum as it hit the back of her cunt, Lacey passing out for several minutes with the force of her orgasm. She felt lightheaded when she came to, Jordon helping her off the table. 'Time for bed?' he asked with a grin.

Lacey could never remember a time like the previous evening and night, thinking she had died and gone to heaven. Once upstairs and in their bed, they had made love constantly, interspersed with talking and laughing. Jordon had never mentioned his father, content in the knowledge that he and his mother could do whatever they wanted, and that later, he would sleep next to her, not that they did a lot of sleeping that first occasion.

They arose late the next morning, taking a quick bath together before dressing and going downstairs for some breakfast even though it was now midmorning.

Although she occasionally felt sad and had reservations about having ended her marriage, Jordon distracted her continually

that weekend. It was as though he couldn't get enough of her, his hands caressing and touching her at any opportunity, even when she was attempting to get chores done. They talked, they laughed, and they teased each other all afternoon and evening before retiring to their bedroom.

During the following week, even though she was now working full time, she was always excited as her home time approached. Jordon was a source of never-ending help, each evening giving her a hand completing tasks that she would normally have done during the day.

The following weekend saw a change in the weather, which was disappointing, Lacey loved the al-fresco sex, finding something quite exhilarating about being outdoors. Her son had disappeared up to his bedroom for an hour each evening over the last week, telling her he was preparing a surprise.

Saturday, they had an early meal before covering the curtains and settling down together on the couch as Jordon pressed the play button on the DVD remote.

'What are we watching?' Lacey asked, her son refusing to answer and just grinning at her.

There was no fanfare, no opening music, no credits, just a young woman spreadeagled on a bed as a well-endowed man ate her fanny. Over the next hour or so Lacey watched enraptured, the stitched-together clips, of men and women of all ages, shapes, and sizes, performing sex in a variety of positions and combinations. There were old men with young women, younger men with older women, some in their sixties, handjobs, blowjobs and anal. A smattering of bondage, double penetration and supposed incest completed the roundup.

There was still more, but by the hour mark, her clothing was in complete disarray. Her skirt was on the floor, the shirt she was wearing was completely undone. While she still retained her panties, her bra had been disposed of which left her tits free, Jordon, able to take full advantage as he played with her nipples.

Her husband had been mainly a missionary position man with an occasional doggy fucking thrown in, her son was up for anything, he wasn't bothered which orifice he filled so long as his cock was inside her.

That evening she had started up against the living room wall, she was highly excited after having watched so much sex and wanted a quick fuck. Jordon brought her to her feet and then lifted her, gripping her buttocks as her back slammed against the wall and her legs wrapped around his waist. Somehow, he managed to pull her panties to one side and then his rigid cock was sinking into her cunt.

He nuzzled her breasts as he shagged her, her back and shoulders continually bouncing off the wall with each thrust. Lacey clasped his head to her breasts, staring at the screen as a middle-aged woman got fucked by two young men. It reminded her of the previous weekend, the woman was laid atop one, facing upwards, his shaft up her anus while the other male plundered her fanny.

Her husband would never have considered something like this, she thought, aroused by getting shagged as she watched porn on tv.

His constant thrusting and a well-placed finger up her anus caused her to climax, Lacey, feeling his cum spurt inside her cunt as his cock pounded her genitals and then she was consumed by a fit of the giggles as she suddenly imagined her neighbours wondering what was going on with the rapid banging against the adjoining wall, the two of them collapsing in laughter when she told him.

Tim sat in his flat feeling miserable, even his trip to watch the match had not been able to improve his mood and garner any enthusiasm. He was at a loss as to what had gone wrong with his marriage. He had never messed around with other women, nor did he gamble their money away. Twice a week he went out for a couple of hours for a pint and on Saturdays, he would go and watch the football, that was hardly excessive he considered.

All those years of working hard had been for nothing as he stared at his sparse surroundings. He couldn't understand what had come over Lacey, if she had been unhappy, why hadn't she said something earlier? Despite having no proof, he was still convinced that her sudden change in demeanour was the result of another man.

'I'm going to find out,' he told himself, his mood turning to one of anger at what she had brought him to.

Over the next few weeks, he took to sitting in his car on the street, watching the house for any comings and goings. He would see his wife arrive home from work, closely followed by his son. After that, no matter how long he sat, they never left the house again. November had arrived cold and wet, Tim sitting out of sight, but where he could observe his home. It did nothing to improve his temper but nonetheless, he would sit until the living room light went out and her bedroom light went on as she covered the curtains.

'Jordon must have gone to bed as well,' Tim thought, though it was impossible to tell as his son's room was at the back of the house. Little did he know that once the curtains were covered, his wife and son were undressing each other.

Upstairs in their bedroom and without any idea that outside they were being stalked, Jordon and his mother unwrapped the package that had been left that morning. They didn't have a lot of money to spend on extravagances, but she had pleaded with Jordon to buy it for her.

She had undressed earlier, wearing nothing now but her robe as she watched her son undress, his cock bouncing as he moved about the room. The very sight of it drove her mad as with an impulse, she grabbed his shaft, using it to pull him towards her as she perched on the end of the bed. Lacey licked her lips in anticipation as she looked up at him, her hand dragging the skin of his cock downwards as it throbbed and pulsed in her hand. She teased him, running the fingers of her other hand around and under its engorged knob, now smooth and shiny as she excited him.

Ever so slowly, she began to toss him off, watching as pre-cum began to ooze from its tip and spreading it with her finger around his knob. Satisfied, she opened her lips and took his cock into her mouth, running her tongue over it and sucking at his bulbous head.

As he groaned, he reached down, his hand cupping her tits as he squeezed and fondled them, bringing her nipples to two prominent buds sticking from the centre of each breast.

Lacey could feel the moisture in her fanny as she released him, disposed of her robe, and inched up the bed, handing him the contents of the package. Jordon smeared a small amount of lubricant over its length and then some around her ring piece before pushing the toy against her entrance.

The butt plug slid easily up her arse, Jordon probing with it as he aroused her. Pushing the button on its end, he felt it begin to vibrate up her rectum as he scrambled between her thighs and slid his cock into her cunt. Both of them groaned and

cried out constantly, the vibration resonating in her fanny and along his shaft each time he shoved it into her cunt.

Lacey's head moved from side to side, her mouth opening and closing as she licked her lips and moaned in pleasure. The veins stood out on her neck, her breasts forced upwards as she arched her back, the constant buzzing up her arse and her son's shaft stretching her cunt had her close to her limit as she tried to postpone her climax for a few minutes longer.

The vibration along his shaft made his imminent ejaculation seem more intense as he fucked his mother, his hips became a blur as his cock slid feverously in and out of her wet passage Lacey screaming that she was cumming as his sack exploded and pumped spurts of semen deep into her cunt as he continued to ram it up her until he collapsed exhausted.

By the end of November, the weather had turned extremely cold, a deep frost covering everything each morning and evening. Unbeknownst to his mother, Jordon had also bought her another present, something he was eager to try out.

On Saturday morning they went together and did the weekly shop, having to carry the bags home because Lacey did not drive and Jordon had yet to pass his test, it made no difference anyway because currently, they could not afford a car. The day was cold and frosty, but the sky was blue, and the sun shone brightly as they reached home. Jordon made the coffee's as he asked if she fancied a walk after lunch.

Lacey was suspicious of his request until he showed her what he had bought. Instantly, she wanted to try it out as he explained its purpose. Pulling on her knee-length boots she got her hat scarf and coat ready before sitting on the couch, raising her skirt, and pulling the gusset of her panties to one side.

'Are you going to put it in for me?' she asked with a laugh, watching as Jordon applied a small amount of lubricant to its bulbous end and gently slid it up inside her pussy. A length of the pink toy hung out of her fanny as she replaced her knickers and made it comfortable. Well rugged up, Lacey asked her son what happened next.

Placing his hand in his pocket, he pushed the button on the remote once and Lacey immediately felt the slight buzzing and vibration in her cunt as it took her by surprise.

'Oh my God. Can you do that anytime you like?' she asked. Jordon nodding his head and grinning at her.

'Yeah. No matter where we are or what we are doing, I can make it vibrate,' he told her, showing his mother the remote.

Lacey couldn't wait to be outside, the thrill of what she was about to do already making her randy as they closed the front door behind them and headed back towards town.

Jordon tested it a couple of times as they walked, his mother missing a step on each occasion that the toy vibrated in her fanny. They had reached the end of their road, a neighbour coming the opposite way with shopping, stopped to ask his mother how she was. Jordon found it hard to keep a straight

face as halfway through he pushed the button, Lacey having to cough and excuse herself several times as her cunt came alive.

Buried up inside her passage, the toy made no noise when it vibrated, her neighbour apologising for keeping her as she went on her way, occasionally glancing back as Lacey burst out laughing. There was no way she was going to make it around town without climaxing, noticing the evil glint in her son's eye and wondering if it may have been a good idea to bring a spare pair of clean dry knickers, the one's she was wearing were going to be wet through by the time they returned.

Their afternoon stroll was more an adventure than a walk around the town. At every opportunity, whenever she stopped or went into a shop, her son would give her several seconds worth of vibration, her fanny by now extremely moist and her excitement level sky-high.

In town, he bought them both a coffee, sitting outside to drink it despite the cold weather. It was just as well they did because he gave her a burst lasting nearly a couple of minutes and which caused her to climax, several passing shoppers looking and wondering if she was ok as she screwed her face up and breathed rapidly.

The local park was empty as they passed, Jordon giving his mother another prolonged blast which had her walking on tiptoes and gripping his shoulder forcefully as another climax approached.

"I know it's cold out. But I know a spot where we can have a quick fuck if you want?"

As if to emphasise his point, he gave her another blast, this time at a higher speed. Lacey wasn't bothered what the temperature was, her fanny was demanding more than the vibrator as she took his hand and allowed him to lead her across the park.

There was a bench, surrounded by a hedge which was about chest high. Opening a bottom couple of buttons on her coat, she lifted a leg and placed it on the bench as she hitched her skirt up and slowly extracted the toy. She was ideally placed as her son whipped his cock out and moved against her.

From a distance, it looked as if they were stood talking and by looking over the hedge, they would see anyone approaching long before they got to them. Jordon stooped as his erection went between her legs, gripping his cock as he teased by rubbing its tip against her fanny. Lacey wasn't in the mood for teasing, all she needed at that moment was shafting and so told him so in no uncertain terms.

She let out a loud grunt as his cock filled her cunt, his hands gripping her buttocks as he fucked her, slow and steady initially. His fingers were cold at first when they touched her bare buttocks, but they soon warmed beneath her skirt and coat. Lacey would have liked to play with her tits, but it was far too cold to expose any more flesh, and anyway, her cunt was getting what it demanded.

His impetus had increased, both of them feeling relatively warm as their climax approached, Lacey unable to stop kissing her son. 'Fuck the consequences!' she thought, the excitement making her reckless.

And then he was having to steady her and keep her upright, his spunk bursting inside her quim causing her to orgasm as they brutally fucked until they were exhausted.

Taking the damp panties that she had already removed, she wiped her fanny several times, mopping up her juices and dribbling semen before popping them into her coat pocket as they adjusted their clothing and then set off for home, arm in arm and the promise of more sex to come

As Christmas approached, Lacey suddenly found a conscience, feeling mean at what she had subjected her husband too. The week before the big day, she phoned him and asked if he would like to come for Christmas lunch.

Tim readily agreed, wondering if at last, his wife was coming to her senses.

Lacey told her son, Jordon not completely sure it was a good idea, but it was her choice and Tim was still his father when all was said and done. It may have been selfish of him, but he felt no guilt that he had replaced his dad not only in his mother's affections but also in her bed.

The house lately was full of constant laughter as well as the strong smell of sex, windows having to be opened frequently despite the time of year and the cold snap they were presently experiencing. Every evening a fire raged in the hearth and before they retired to their bedroom, there was nothing better than lying in front of it naked.

On Christmas Day, Tim arrived just after ten, he had made an effort and smartened himself up after a comment at work that he was letting himself go. When he went to kiss his wife, he was saddened as she turned her cheek to him, not giving him the chance to get too close.

Perhaps it had not been the best idea Lacey thought later, her husband was eager to help, but she didn't want him fussing around her. He chatted constantly to Jordon who at least was making an effort to be friendly and jovial with his dad, but any conversation between her and her husband seemed stilted. Anything she had felt was gone and she didn't know what to say to him and felt guilty each time he looked in her direction.

Maybe that was the reason she started on the glasses of wine early, polishing off several more during the course of their meal.

In the kitchen afterwards, she cleared pots and pans, washing the dishes in the sink as Tim joined her.

'You wash and I'll dry.' He told her.

Lacey would rather have done it herself, she would rather it had been Jordon in the kitchen with her, sure his hands would have been all over her by now. As her husband was to be there that day, she hadn't dressed provocatively for her son, simply opting for a pair of tight blue jeans and a figure-hugging jumper.

Tim watched his wife stood at the sink. She had lost weight he was thinking as he admired her legs and bottom, noting how slim and sexy she presently looked. Even though she had just had her forty-eighth birthday she surprisingly looked ten years younger.

It was a bad idea he realised afterwards, but he could not resist the temptation to put his arms around her waist and kiss the back of her head.

Lacey spun around a look of indignation on her face. 'What do you think you are doing? Get off me,' she screamed at him. 'Don't touch me!'

Tim tried to explain, not making a very good job of it and then because she was angry with him, he got angry back, a row quickly ensuing until Jordon rushed into the kitchen.

'Get him out of the house,' Lacey screamed, 'I don't want him here.'

'You had better go, dad,' Jordon said to his father, Tim grabbing his coat and storming out of the house.

The day had been ruined, his mother going upstairs to their bedroom and slamming the door shut. That evening when Jordon retired, it was locked and for the first time in several months, he slept in his own bed that night.

Lacey apologised the next morning, she hadn't meant to lock him out, it was the shock of her husband touching her that had set it off.

As it was Boxing day, nothing was planned, just the normal recovery from the day before. After they had bathed together, they made the decision not to get dressed, but to stay in their nightwear all day, Jordon donning shorts and a t-shirt while his mother put on a nightdress and robe. Curled up on the couch, they watched the festive offerings on tv, Lacey polishing off a bottle of wine while Jordon had downed several bottles of beer.

After lunch, which was basically a "help yourself" affair, they settled back on the couch, Jordon producing another DVD, this time full of clips that his mother had requested.

The young woman was tied to a chair, completely naked, while an older woman purporting to be her mother used a large vibrator on her tits and cunt, Lacey immediately coming in to heat as she watched the scene unfold. Her fanny was stirring, aided by her son's hand which was beneath her nightdress, his fingers gently stroking her twat. The next clip was again two women, only this time the older woman was bound and suspended as the younger woman wearing a harness with a huge rubber cock, rammed it up her fanny.

Lacey just knew that she wasn't going to get much further without being fucked her hand inside her robe while she played with her tits.

Tim cursed himself for yesterday, imagining that his wife's invitation meant that her resolve was thawing. After a meagre lunch, he got himself rugged up, it was Boxing day and there were always football matches on that day as he ventured out, heading for the ground.

There had been a heavy hoar frost the previous night, the trees and bushes looking like a magical winter wonderland as he made his way across town.

The fire made the lounge hot, maybe a little too hot as Jordon and Lacey both stripped off, Jordon laid behind her so that his hands could play with her tits and fanny as they continued to watch the pornographic clips. Lacey's cunt was on fire, juices already moistening her labia and her son's fingers as

they slid inside her passage, her breathing quickening and her eyes closing as Jordon fingered her.

Tim was already heading back; he had met other fan's on his way to the ground as the news was passed around.

'The referee has called the game off. The pitch is frozen and dangerous, so it looks like I'll have to put up with the missus,' he heard one bloke grumble.

As he headed back towards his flat, his hands dug deep into his pockets against the cold, he suddenly felt the small gift he had bought for Lacey. He had been going to give it to her yesterday, but then the argument had happened, and he had forgotten all about it.

'I'll not stay. I'll just drop it around there and apologise,' he thought to himself as he headed for the house.

His shaft had entered her cunt from behind, a slow teasing thrust as she felt her body come alive, sensations shooting through her as her son fucked her and continued to play with her tits. When he had aroused her sufficiently, they changed positions, Lacey slumped upright on the couch, her legs pulled up and wide as Jordon, knelt on a couple of cushions and between her legs, rammed his shaft into her minge while she tried to watch the screen, her eyes continually closing as her climax drew nearer.

Tim stopped outside the house, wondering why the front curtains were covered. In his coat pocket, he had found his set of house keys as he approached the front door and slid the key into the lock.

As the door opened, he could hear noises, some coming from the tv as he wondered what his wife and son were watching, while the other's seemed to be coming from the occupants. Easing the lounge door open, he stepped inside, instantly stunned as he saw the back of his naked son knelt in front of the couch, his hips moving backwards and forwards and making it obvious what he was doing.

'Lacey must be out,' Tim thought to himself, 'There was no way Jordon would be doing this with his girlfriend if his wife were in.'

Lacey left out a long withering groan as Jordon's cock slammed into her passage and her orgasm overcame her, her body shaking as she wailed and felt his cum fill her fanny. She urged him onwards, her language coarse as she told him how much she loved his cock in her cunt.

Tim was glued to the spot, unable to move or say anything as he suddenly realised that the woman hidden by his son's body was his wife. He felt sick to his stomach, a wave of disgust and revulsion sweeping over him and a red mist descending as he reached down to the fire irons and grabbed the poker.

Lacey's orgasm refused to end, Jordon still thrusting his shaft into her as she gazed into his eyes. Suddenly there was a loud thud and he looked surprised for a moment before his eyes went blank as his head and body slammed forcibly into her,

momentarily stunning her, and pinning her on the couch. When she opened her eyes and focused, she saw her husband stood in front of them, the poker raised high above his head and a look of fury on his face as he brought it down again and she felt something wet splatter across her face.

Lacey wanted to scream, she wanted to move, but her son was a dead weight keeping her in place as she saw her husband's arm, rise once more.

The pain was like nothing she had ever felt, her head seeming to explode. She manage a blood-curdling single scream before the pain came again, thankfully only for a second before everything went black.

Tim sat in the armchair, his arm, still gripping the poker, felt tired, as blood and bits of matter dripped from it.

He had been right all along, his wife was playing around, there had been someone else.

The someone else he now realised, was his son, no wonder he had never been able to catch her at it.

'The bitch! The perverted fucking bitch had enticed their son to fuck her.'

He looked at the two bodies still slumped together in some gory sexual embrace and now covered in blood which soaked into the couch and covered the wall behind them.

'The fucking cheating cow won't be doing that again,' he sniggered to himself as he continued to gaze blankly into the distance, oblivious to the sex playing out on the television screen.

THE END