Mom, How Could You

Chapter 1

Quinn couldn't stop fidgeting. Now matter how he turned, he was either in the shot or Mom didn't like his angle of the camera he held. She stood there in front of her full-length bedroom mirror in her workout clothes: gray and green yoga pants with a green sports bra. You could damn near see everything and Quinn was embarrassed to be doing this. Her fit belly was exposed and you could see a hint of her hard nipples poking through her bra. Mom had her leg up on the ottoman and was sticking her butt out.

"No, Quinn, you can't see enough from there. You have to get behind me and in the mirror. And don't get the pile of clothes on the bed." Their house wasn't that messy, but Mom liked to keep up appearances. They were in Mom's small bedroom.

"There's not any way to get this perfect. And do you really think this is good for a dating profile? Isn't it a little risqué?" He was beet red, seeing his mom's big butt straining against her pants. Her curves overwhelmed him. Try as she might, she couldn't get her butt down to a size she liked, though she was fit otherwise. "You look good enough without this."

She side-eyed him over her shoulder. "Thanks, Babe, but you don't know what it's like. I have women ten years younger than me to compete with. Guys set their age range so low." She huffed. Sofia, of Sofie as she preferred, was in great shape for her forty seven years. She was mostly happy with the way she looked with clothes on, other than the size of her butt. But her breasts hung too low for her liking, ever since she had nursed Quinn twenty years earlier. The kind of crap men said to her on dating apps had made her as insecure as she had ever been. Her hair was brown and in a pixie cut, shot through with a few veins of silver. It complimented her thin face and made her pointy nose look a little more delicate. Her large, round glasses lay on her bedside table.

"Don't you think it's better to give guys an honest look at you?" Quinn grumbled.

She turned to face him, and had that look, the one she had when Quinn said something wrong. "Excuse me, young man. There's nothing dishonest about what I'm doing. I don't like your attitude. All you're doing is holding a phone and taking pictures. It's not something I can do on my own, they come out looking awful." That seemed impossible to Quinn. His mom was a pretty lady in his mind, she had been since he was little, and age had done nothing to tarnish her looks. It just bothered him how she acted sometimes. Like a lady and a mom

shouldn't take pictures like this. "It won't be much longer," she said.

After a few shots in this pose, Sofie looked over the pictures with Quinn and was reluctantly satisfied. He was uncomfortably aware of her body as she looked over his shoulder. "Ok now I have a couple more poses," she said.

"Shit, Mom," Quinn whined.

"You watch your language with me. Why can't you just support your mom? I'm just trying to find someone to be happy with. Just because I'm forty seven doesn't mean I have to be a nun."

Quinn held his tongue, preferring not to opine on what kind of man this would attract or what kind of assumptions they would make about his mom. He had never said the word "slut" to his mom, not to her directly. He had called a girl on TV a slut once and Mom was wrathful God pissed. But in his deepest darkest thoughts he was afraid that his mom was too loose, too open. It was too distressing to even form a coherent thought on this. But it bothered him that she wanted to show off to men like this. The thought of her having sex with a guy on her dating apps was like a pebble in his shoe he couldn't quite seem

to get out. It wouldn't be the first time, though. Mom had made him promise to behave if she brought a guy home, but it was hard.

"Now help me put these clothes away," she said. Quinn obeyed without complaint, relieved for a mundane task. It was just the two of them in the small house, and she needed his help. They had to move out of his dad's old house when they got divorced. He was old enough to choose where to go, and though he was pissed at her, he went with Mom. He told himself that she needed his help more than dad did, even though the divorce was her fault.

Red faced, Quinn hung up a blouse, a bra, and folded a pair of panties. He imagined Mom dropping these to the floor as some balding old goat leered at her, ready to rut. It made him supremely uncomfortable. After they finished he turned to leave.

"Hold on," Mom said.

Quinn turned around, a scowl on his face. "Mom, no more. Please."

"Quinn, you're the only one I have." Her voice was sharp. "Now get your butt over here and I don't want to hear any more complaining."

He trudged over to her and took the phone. Sofia got up on the bed and got on her hands and knees. Quinn squirmed as she turned her butt toward the camera. She stopped right there, her big butt right in his face. "Now be sure to get my face," Mom looked around the side, and put the sweetest smile on her face. How she would fake smile this good escaped Quinn.

Choking back every complaint and mean comment that shot through his head, he took the pictures, making sure his face told his mom how he felt about this. Sofia even put her hand on the side of her butt, like she was going to spread it open. He seethed.

He snapped pictures for what seemed like an eternity and breathed a sigh of relief when Mom came over to look at them. Mom breathed a heavy sigh. "Ok, Quinn. Thank you. So there's one more pose I want to do." He shot her a dirty look. "You have to turn around for a minute."

As he turned around the horrors multiplied in his head. What the fuck was Mom doing that he couldn't see? Then he heard

the rustle of clothes and wondered what she was taking off or putting on. To compound his horror, he felt the familiar thump in his dick, like a generator turning on. His cock started to puff up like a clown's balloon animal.

"Ok, Babe. I really appreciate you doing this," it was amazing how sweet Mom could make her voice sound. It did nothing to calm his erection. "Come on now, turn around."

Quinn's motion was painfully slow as he turned to face his Mom. To his further distress she had taken her sports bra off. Her naked boobs were in her hands, and this time her smile was embarrassed and she was blushing. The phone trembled in Quinn's hand.

"This is the last one," Mom said. "You're almost done, Babe. I really appreciate this." There was nothing he could say. Quinn snapped a few pictures of his topless mom. He was so hard he felt like his cock would explode, furious that she was making him feel this way. His Mom turned this way and that, each look on her face more sultry than the last. She made kissy-face, a wink, and even, to Quinn's further horror, fuck-me eyes.

When he was done his mom had him turn around one more time and soon he felt her next to him, her arm around his

shoulder. To his relief her top was back on. Her breast pushed into him and his face burned. "Sugar Lump, thank you so much!" She kissed his head, then his cheek. "You've really helped your mommy out, Babe."

He turned to face her, and seeing her shining, happy eyes helped him a bit. She kissed him on the lips. "What a good boy. The best boy."

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Quinn felt weird for the rest of the day. He had never been comfortable with his mom acting sexual in any way, and it had always been a sore point between them. It was supremely awkward for him to be around. It was his job that day to rake the leaves, and he was out sweating and jerking the old rake. It was November, and he was home from college, missing this semester. Mom couldn't afford to send him this term and his dad considered him a traitor for siding with Mom. The hope was that he could go back the next year. The guilt over being a burden like this ate him up, and he hated that Mom had to work so hard for him. It made him feel all the more guilty when he got angry at his mom for dating and bringing guys home.

This time, though, he couldn't get her out of his head. He imagined he was taking Mom's picture again, with her holding her boobs. In his fantasy her hands slipped and exposed the entirety of her naked tits. She occasionally walked around the house without a bra, and the image of her tits throbbed in Quinn's mind. They were on the small size of medium and were pendulous. He thought back to the way they moved when she walked.

Quinn's cock was starting to get hard again and it slapped against the inside of his thigh as he worked. His hands trembled as he held the rake. They had been moved out for a little less than a year, and the divorce just recently finalized. Mom had cheated on Dad, and her boyfriend, Jared, had been around even after the divorce. He was at least ten years younger than Mom, and Quinn was so hostile to him that he stopped coming around and eventually they broke up. He and Mom had some nasty fights over it. He hated what she had done to the family, but at the same time felt like she was taken advantage of, like he had to protect her. After breaking up with Jared, it was like she was seeing a new guy every week. She was a pretty lady, hot as hell in fact for a woman her age. She was all natural, and had crow's feet, smile lines, and graying hair. The photoshoot earlier that day reminded Quinn of her thin waist and big butt. He squirmed with discomfort.

After dumping the leaves, he came inside, heading to the kitchen to get a cold drink. Sweat dripped down his face, and he couldn't get his mom's body out of his mind. When he got to the refrigerator, there was a note. Quinn- I'm out running some errands and getting food for dinner tonight. Be back in an hour. Love, Mom. He took the note down and grabbed a beer out of the refrigerator.

As horny as he was, he was about to go off to his room and jerk off, surely cumming swiftly. As he headed out the kitchen down the hall, he heard something. It sounded like music. He followed the source, coming into the living room and seeing Mom's laptop on the coffee table. He started to turn around, but then a thought struck him. Mom's computer was on and hadn't locked from being idle. Quinn guessed it was because of the music.

He had wondered for a while what her dating profile looked like. Putting the pictures up that they had taken would surely attract the wrong kind of guy, and he needed to see just how bad it was. He came toward the computer and saw that Mom had her browser minimized. Hopefully she had it so that it remembered her and she didn't have to log in every time. She was on a couple of them, and he knew Eros was one.

Sitting down on the new couch and putting down his beer, he brought up the browser. There were a few tabs open, and the one she was looking at was a pork loin recipe for dinner tonight. He checked the other tabs. One was her music and the other... Why the hell was she on SmutShrine? Quinn had been on before, and subscribed to some of the free girls, but he thought it was ridiculous to pay a monthly subscription just to see a single naked girl. Plenty of them made bank, though.

What could Mom possibly be looking at on SmutShrine? He opened the tab. For a second he scanned the profile. There were a few pics, apparently Mom was subscribed. One of them was completely naked with her back turned, with short hair and a big butt. He moved forward in the photo series and saw her bending over, her pussy and asshole visible. Her screen name was *RomanianPixie_xo* and she was pretty hot. Mom had good taste, but Quinn had never heard anything from Mom about being attracted to girls. She had moved here from Romania when she was a teenager, and somewhere inside him he hoped against hope that she was just trying to meet people from the old country. His blood pumped hot, this was doing nothing to calm his boner. He reached down the front of his pants and started rubbing his cock, already slick with precum.

He flipped to the next picture and his blood ran cold. She was still bent over, and this time she was spreading her ass open with one hand. She was looking back, her face peeking around

the curve of her ass with an easy smile. The glasses, the short hair, her smiling face. It was Mom.

Quinn gasped and quickly shut the laptop, pushing it so hard it almost fell of the coffee table onto the floor. His beer spilled and he scrambled to set the can right. The image of Mom spreading her ass was burned into his eyes. She had made the same pose earlier that day when he had taken her picture, but with her pants on. It was bad enough at the time, he had no idea that there was a version a thousand times more lewd.

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The cold water ran down Quinn's body as he tried to shake the image of his mom's naked ass from his mind. How could she? Wasn't it enough for her to betray her family? Now she had to parade her body around online like some kind of slut. Quinn's stomach was sick. All the same, he was getting hard again thinking about her, despite the cold water. Anyone would want to look at a beautiful woman like Mom, but couldn't she have a little modesty?

On top of being angry at his mom, he was also angry at his own reaction. As bad as it was her taking pictures like this, what kind of pervert was he getting hard thinking about her? He

struggled to be alright with her dating, and he seethed when she brought a guy home. It was her having sex that broke up her and Dad's marriage. But what kind of sick guy gets horny for his mom? After he closed the computer he tried to jerk off, hoping that cumming would clear his mind. Unfortunately, every time he closed his eyes, there she was, ass in the air ready for his cock. He had held off masturbating for a couple of hours, even though he was desperate to climax.

There was a loud thumping and Quinn started, almost falling over. His mom cracked the door and shouted inside, "Hey Quinn, I'm home. I'm going to start cooking in an hour or so." He was in his bathroom, silently grateful that there was a shower curtain instead of a glass door like in Mom's room.

"Ok, Mom, thanks," he said, holding back a million questions, criticisms, and even insults he wanted to throw at her. If he let on that he was this irate with her, she would want to know what it was about and he had never been good at hiding stuff from her. If she pushed he was afraid that he would have to tell her everything.

He scrubbed and scrubbed, but there was no way he could scrub his mind. He had no luck with it and left the shower just as hard as before, using all his strength not to touch himself.

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A couple of times after he had gone to bed, Quinn tried. He thought of Diana, the dark haired, dark eyed girl that worked as a barista at the same coffee shop as he did. She spoke Spanish at home, and Quinn found her accent really sexy. But when her pants came down in his imagination and her round ass was spread in invitation, his mom's face would peek around its curve, shocking him out of his fantasy.

He couldn't sleep, so he got up and fiddled around on his phone. He was afraid to look at porn, and so he scrolled message boards and social media, only half present. After a time, he found himself on SmutShrine, staring at the girls he had subscribed to. They all were free accounts, and so had no nudity, and certainly no sex. And looking at them again, none of them compared to Mom. He shook his head.

After a while his trembling fingers typed in *RomanianPixie_xo* and a picture of his mom bare backed and looking over her shoulder greeted him. She had on tight underwear that didn't hide anything. Welcome to my page. I'm just a 47-year-old mom trying out something new. Quinn's stomach turned. He spotted dick ratings, full nudes, and I respond personally to my messages. It wasn't much to subscribe.

Quinn told himself that he needed to keep an eye on his mom, that he needed to know what she was doing and what men were saying to her. He could read the comments on her pictures and her responses. Once again with trembling hands he touched the subscribe button and the page refreshed.

At first, he was surprised at how tame some of the stuff was. She actually didn't have that many nudes. But as he looked he found the picture he had seen before along with a full frontal. His heart pounded seeing his mom's naturally smiling face with her tits, pendulous and beautiful on full display. Her nipples were lighter than he expected, and larger. He made a conscious effort to pull his hand away from his member. He was ashamed to be curious about how she groomed her bush, but was happy to see neat, trimmed hair.

He went through his mom's pictures for quite a while, and even watched some of her videos. None of them were of her doing anything, all of them being "message for my fans" kind of videos.

"Let me know what you'd like to see, sexy," she said. "I'm new to all this, so I am looking for some new ideas to please all of you." Quinn felt sick.

As he went to turn off his phone and try to get some sleep her status caught his eye. Available now. He typed out a message.

HornyAlpha7216: *Wow, you're beautiful. I'm surprised to see someone like you on here.*

Quinn held his breath, realizing how ridiculous he sounded.

RomanianPixie_xo: *Hey, handsome. Thanks for subscribing and for the compliment. What are you up to tonight?*

HornyAlpha7216: *Just up late, I guess. Can't sleep.*

RomanianPixie_xo: *Me too, just having a glass of wine before bed. So what about my page caught your eye?*

This threw Quinn off. Obviously he couldn't tell her he was there to spy.

HornyAlpha7216: *You're beautiful and look wholesome I guess.*

HornyAlpha7216: *You don't see many wholesome ladies here.*

RomanianPixie_xo: *I think you'd be surprised. I'm a mom and I never did anything like this until a couple of months ago.*

HornyAlpha7216: *Is it worth it? Doesn't it feel weird all these guys perving on you?*

RomanianPixie_xo: *It was at first, but not so bad now. I'm not making as much as I want to yet. That's why I'm asking what people want to see. How about you? What kind of things do you want to see?*

Before Quinn realized what he was doing, he typed his answer. His face burned seeing it on the screen.

HornyAlpha7216: *I'd love to see some sexy videos, like maybe one of you in the shower.*

RomanianPixie_xo: *I was thinking about that and you're not the first to suggest it.*

Quinn felt guilty deceiving her..

HornyApha7216 sent you a $20 tip.

RomanianPixie_xo: *Aww, thanks sweetie! So nice.*

A video loaded in the chat. His mom sat there with a glass of wine in her hand and a plain, gray bra. "Thank you so much, handsome! There more where this came from." She reached up and pulled down the strap of her bra, exposing a single boob. Quinn gulped. Mom made kissy lips at the camera and waved. The video ended and he moved his hand down to his cock. Something about her being just feet away in her bedroom made this worse, somehow, like he could go in her bedroom now and have his way with her. He cringed at the thought.

RomanianPixie_xo: *Did you like that?*

HornyAlpha7216: *You look so hot, oh my god. So sexy. Is there a name I can call you?*

RomanianPixie_xo: *It's Sofie.*

HornyAlpha7216: *Pretty name.*

RomanianPixie_xo: *What do you think about having the girlfriend experience? What if I roleplayed something like that in the videos I posted? Would you pay for a higher tier if I posted stuff like that?*

For a moment Quinn froze. He imagined his mom talking sexy and treating him like her man. He desperately wanted it, but he was afraid. Unable to hold back anymore, his hand shook as he started stroking his cock with his other hand.

RomanianPixie_ox: *You still there, sweetie?*

HornyAlpha7216: *Yeah, that actually sounds really hot. So you'd pretend like we were on a date?*

RomanianPixie_xo: *That's it. Talk to the camera, say sexy and sweet stuff. So guys like that?*

HornyAlpha7216: *I would love that.*

HornyAlpha7216 sent you a $20 tip.

RomanianPixie_xo: *Wow, you're really spoiling me. What's your name, handsome?*

Quinn's mind raced. Why did she want to know his name?

HornyAlpha7216: *It's Ray.*

After a couple of minutes another video loaded. It was a closeup of Mom's face, grinning from ear to ear. "Love you, Ray, my biggest fan! You can chat with me anytime." The camera turned around and Quinn's eyes popped as the figure of his mom, completely naked, appeared in the mirror. She did a little dance and her tits swung back and forth. He felt his heart beating in his ears seeing her slender waist and thick hips. Her bush was like a little brown dab of cloud between her legs. She blew him a kiss. "Love you!"

HornyAlpha7216: *God damn...*

RomanianPixie_xo: *Hehe, I'm glad you like it. Is that something you'd like to see, personalized messages and requests?*

HornyAlpha7216: *Yeah.*

He was dumbfounded, and rubbed his cock faster. He was getting close to cumming now, and played his mom's video again. The guilt overwhelmed him, but he couldn't stop.

RomanianPixie_xo: *How about mommy dommie stuff?*

RomanianPixie_xo: *Lol, it sounds so silly, but guys like it right?*

Quinn couldn't answer, as his orgasm slammed through his body. His came so hard it hurt, and his cock pumped load after load into his underwear. Deeply ashamed, he couldn't answer, and with trembling hands turned his phone off. At least he could sleep now.

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Mom was gone at work all day. Quinn checked his messages when he woke up.

RomanianPixie_xo: *It was nice to meet you, Ray. I think it's a great idea to do a shower video. Keep checking my page xoxo.*

He jerked off immediately after getting the message, going through Mom's pictures as he did. Before Mom got home he had cum several times, every time thinking of her. He was worn out and ashamed. He waited in the living room, watching TV from the old recliner to get his mind off Mom and her swinging tits.

The front door slammed. Quinn didn't know if he was relieved or not having Mom back home. She could hold him accountable and he didn't have as much privacy, so it would help him keep his hands still. On the other hand, his cock thumped when he walked into the living room, ready for more even after how much he had abused it.

Mom had on a business casual button up shirt and a plain black pair of slacks. Her large glasses framed her eyes. Despite her understated clothes, Quinn was stunned by her beauty, and couldn't help but imagine her swaying tits and round ass. She sat down on the couch and took her heels off. She wiggled her toes. "My God, it's good to have these off." Quinn's eyes were glued on her feet. "It was a hell of a day. The maid found bedbugs in one of the rooms, so be on the lookout. We sure as hell don't want them."

Quinn was hypnotized by his Mom, and the thought of bending her over the back of the couch and slamming her pussy until she was sore dominated his mind. His mouth hung open. Mom sighed, "Are you mad? Don't worry, I don't think there's any danger of bringing bedbugs home. Housekeeping has a bit more to worry about." She looked up at Quinn. "What?"

It was just so hot when you talked sexy to me last night and sent me that video. I want to fuck you so hard. You look gorgeous. Quinn couldn't say any of his thoughts. "Nothing, Mom. I guess I'm just glad you're home." The memory of Mom's **SmutShrine** page sparked renewed anger inside him. It was humiliating having her showing off her body like that. It was even more so how it made him feel. He felt as if he would dissolve into his shame and disintegrate.

Sofia could tell something was up. "Are you feeling ok? Your face is so red." She got up and walked over to him. He looked up at her, uncomfortably aware of her body. Her hand touched his head. "You're kind of warm."

"Mom, I'm fine!" Quinn snapped, pushing her hand away. She was shocked and jerked back.

"Babe, I'm sorry." She turned and walked toward the kitchen. Quinn watched her butt wiggle as she walked away. "You didn't put the chicken out to thaw," she shouted from the other room. He forgot. Mom had asked him to do it that morning.

Quinn was too angry to apologize, and he glared at her when she came back into the room. Mom had a glass of red wine. "Babe, what's gotten into you?" She asked.

He shook his head, trying to put thoughts into words. Mom picked her shoes up. "Well you're certainly in a mood. You can think about what to order for dinner."

Mom walked past him in the recliner, his eyes glued to her thick ass again. If only he could squeeze and spread those cheeks. He sat up. "Mom, how could you?"

She turned around, her arms akimbo and her face sharp. "What, Quinn?" Her brow was furrowed, and Quinn knew she didn't want to deal with shit like this after a frustrating day at work. Too bad.

"I found it," he said flatly.

"What?"

"Your web page. The social media one."

"Well, I told you to stop following me on Darkroom. Your aunt is going to comment on my pictures, even if you-"

"Not Darkroom, Mom!" Quinn spat.

For a moment Mom's face was impassive, but then a look of panic seeped into it. "You found-?"

"The SmutShrine, Mom!" Every emotion collided inside him. Anger, shame, sadness. He hated having to yell at Mom like this, and it made him feel even worse. His eyes started to water, adding to his humiliation. "How could you? Aren't you ashamed?"

Sofia looked down for a second and sighed. "I never meant for you to see any of that." Her face was bright red when she looked up.

"If you didn't want me to see it, you shouldn't have put it up!" He stood and faced her.

"Quinn, you need to calm down. Some things are pri-"

"Private? Showing your," he lowered his voice, "ass online is private?"

"I'm an adult, Quinn," there was an edge to her voice now. "You have no right to tell me what I can and can't put online."

He took a few breaths. "What if someone you knew came across it? What if Grandma saw it?"

"You don't know what you're talking about, Qui-"

"I know you're online showing off your tits and ass like some whore and-" Quinn didn't get to finish his sentence. Mom's hand flashed out, slapping him across the face. Wine splashed out of the glass in her other hand. His cheek stung. She had never slapped him like that before.

"You're the one that should be ashamed. I'm your mother. How dare you talk to me like that?" Her eyes shined with angry tears. "With all I do for you, you're calling me a whore. You need to deal with your hangups, because I'm going to do what I want, regardless of whether or not you can handle it."

Quinn stared at her, shocked. Truly, he did feel ashamed. So ashamed. "You're on your own for dinner," she growled. "I'm going to my bedroom and you'd better not bother me. I'm so disappointed in you, Quinn."

She turned and marched away, and Quinn couldn't help but watch her ass again, quivering with her quick steps.

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HornyApha7216: *Hey are you on?*

RomainianPixie_xo: *Hey Ray. Yeah I'm here.*

HornyAlpha7216: *You ok?*

HornyAlpha7216 sent you a $20 tip.

RomanianPixie_xo: *Just family drama.*

HornyAlpha7216: *What happened?*

RomanianPixie_xo: *Don't take this the wrong way, but I don't feel like talking about it, especially not with a stranger online.*

It had been a couple of hours since he and Mom had their argument. Quinn had munched on some chips, but he didn't really have an appetite. He sulked in his room, not wanting to even see Mom's face. Though he was still angry and embarrassed at what Mom had done, he shouldn't have called her... that. He had been a jerk. He rolled over on his bed. It was hard not to blame their situation on her. Toward the end of their marriage, he could tell that she and Dad weren't happy. Dad in particular was cruel to her. Dad had called her a whore too when he found out about her affair.

Mom had tried to explain it to him a few times, about how she felt around Dad, how things had changed. There was no way to explain away her affair with Jerod, and she didn't try. She knew she had fucked up. Quinn felt caught in the middle. He wasn't a child anymore, but was still dependent on Mom. He couldn't support himself working at a cafe.

"Quinn, are you in there?" He turned his head as he heard Mom at his door. He didn't answer.

Mom knocked. "I'm going to come in. Is that ok?" Quinn still said nothing.

The door opened and there was Mom. She had changed out of her work clothes, with just sweatpants and a t-shirt on now. Her braless nipples protruded. "Babe, we need to talk."

He turned away from her on the bed, but she sat down next to him and put her hand on his back. His cock took notice of her touch and hot shame flooded through him again. "You know I love you. I shouldn't have slapped you." There were a few seconds of silence. "And maybe being on SmutShrine is the wrong decision. Babe, say something."

"Sorry, Mom. I shouldn't have called you that," he mumbled, still not facing her.

"And I'm sorry for hitting you." They were both silent as Mom rubbed Quinn's back. He was getting uncomfortably hard. "It's just you and me now, Sugar Lump. We have to act like a team."

Quinn turned his head. "But Mom, SmutShrine?"

She sighed. "I know, it's not what you expect from me. But, well, there are things you don't know and don't understand about me. It's really lonely for me now, you don't know how hard it is for a woman my age to date."

He gulped, "Mom, you're gorgeous, how could you have trouble?"

There was a hint of a smile. "It's not that simple, but I appreciate you trying to get on my good side. I can't give a man kids and a lot of guys want a younger woman. Being on SmutShrine... I don't know, it makes me feel sexy."

Quinn's heart pounded. He didn't know what to say. Mom continued. "When I started out a few months ago, I didn't know how it would go. I hoped that we could have enough money to send you back to school, and I figured this was an easy enough way to make some extra. But it ended up being more than I thought and I really have a lot of hope for being able to send you back next year."

They had been hoping that Quinn could go back to school next year, and he frankly didn't feel optimistic. "You're making enough?" He asked dumbly.

"I think so," she said. "And I'm getting more subscribers every day. We might not need to worry about money for a while."

Quinn was torn. She had done this for him. From her point of view putting her lewd picture online was being a good mom. At this point it was hard to argue otherwise. "Babe, don't worry about it. Your old mom is tougher than you think. And no one's making you look at those pictures. Just remember that this is for your future. Ten years down the line, you'll be happy that I did this for you."

He rolled to properly face her. "Mom, I don't know what to say. It just doesn't feel right. It's wrong exposing yourself like this."

"But you want to go back to school, don't you?"

"Well, yeah of course I do."

"I'm giving you that chance," Mom said.

It still felt wrong. But Quinn knew he had been outmanoeuvred. "Ok," he muttered.

"Thank you, Sugar Lump!" She kissed his cheek, and he felt her boobs press into him. "You're a good boy." He wanted to be his mom's good boy in another way, but he knew it was impossible.

There was a pause while Mom rubbed his back and shoulders. "So..." she said. "Now that you know about this, I need a little help."

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It was near impossible for Quinn to hold his hand still. Mom rummaged through her dresser drawer. "Here," she said. She handed him a flexible stick with a grip on the end. "It's called a gimbal and it will help steady you a little."

"Mom, how do you have...?"

"Babe, please don't argue. You said you would help." Mom's face was frustrated.

He followed her into the bathroom, his heart pounding so hard he could hear it in his ears. Mom had put on a dress, one that Quinn hadn't seen in years. She was probably happy she could still fit in it. It was a navy blue with a paisley pattern, short sleeved, and not quite cut low enough to show cleavage. "Now when you're filming me, you can't talk. I'll be talking to you, but it's part of the video's fantasy. My subscribers are supposed

to imagine that they're here with me. I have to do it all in one take or it will look weird, so If you talk we have to start the whole thing over." She looked in the mirror, fixing her short hair. "How do I look, Babe? Everything ok?"

She was stunning, making Quinn uncomfortably hard. "You look great, mom," he murmured. Her dress would be on the floor in just a few minutes, a moment Quinn was both dreading and desperately desiring.

"Thank you, Sugar Lump." She smiled and kissed his cheek. In the mirror, she turned this way and that, making sure she looked how she wanted to. Sighing, she said, "Ok that's going to have to do. I'm a little nervous." She turned toward him. "All you have to do is keep the camera on me, Babe. I'm counting on you, I know you can do it."

Quinn could only nod, and he started the video. Mom turned to him with a surprised look. "Oh hi, Sugar Lump! I didn't see you come in. Momma's gotta take a shower. She had such a long day at work. Maybe you can rub her feet later. Would you like that?"

Mom giggled. "Of course you would. You're such a sweet boy for Momma. But now she needs a little privacy to take a

shower." She reached behind her, "Before you go, can you help me with my zipper?" Mom backed up into Quinn. "Come on, Babe. Just pull the zipper."

Quinn's breath was ragged, seeing the creamy skin of his mom's shoulders and back. His cock raised in his pants. Reaching forward with a trembling hand, he pulled the zipper down, exposing the back of Mom's bra. Mom parted her dress at the top and it fell away onto the floor. She was wearing black full back panites, conservative and mom-like. Her back was gorgeous and smooth, and it took a bit of willpower not to reach out. Looking over her shoulder, she said, "Thanks, Babe. Love you. Now go on, Momma needs to get in the shower." She paused, looking at him and waved her hands. "Go. Shoo. Momma needs some privacy."

Mom turned to face him and looked at him for a moment as if she were hearing him talk. Her nipples were sticking out of her lacey black bra, which held her tits separated in a flattering way. Quinn took her in. Her bare shoulders looked even better from the front, and her belly was fit, but just soft enough to be nice to touch, or so Quinn imagined. Her hips flared out into her big butt. She was like a goddess before him. "Babe you want to watch Momma take a shower? No, you don't want to see Momma with her clothes off, do you?" In his head Quinn begged. He felt like he was going to explode, as if Mom were talking to him personally and not her subscribers. Ages ago, he

had come into the bathroom while Mom was showering. He was too little to understand what he was doing. Mom had fussed at him and made him leave the room. The memory sent a quiver through his body. Even back then he knew Mom was pretty, though he was too little to actually have any feelings on it. She had sounded like this, and eventually raised her voice at him and he left. It was going to be different this time.

"You don't want to see Momma naked, Sugar Lump. There are girls at school that are so much prettier." No there aren't, Quinn thought. His cock throbbed. There was nothing he wanted more than to see his mom's naked ass and tits. Mom giggled again, "Well aren't you a little charmer today?" She shimmied her shoulders just a bit, and Quinn's heart skipped a beat. "Hmm... I guess you've been good today. You helped Momma put groceries away and you said you would rub her feet later, so I guess you deserve it. You're making me feel so pretty and sexy." She grinned. "Ok, Babe." She reached up and stroked Quinn's cheek. "Momma will give you a little show."

Quinn's face burned. He hoped that his hardon wasn't too obvious. Mom had to know how she was making him feel, didn't she? It was so weird and deviant that he would be horny for his own mom, maybe it was just too foreign to her mind. Mom brought her hands up to her bra. She did a little shake while she gripped the bottom, teasing taking it off. Though this was for her page, Quinn could tell she was enjoying this.

Whether she was enjoying the men she imagined gooning for her or her son right her hot and horny he didn't know. Though he felt revulsion and anger at her demeanor, he hoped it was the latter.

"Wanna see Momma do a boobie drop?" She pulled her bra up slowly, and her tits stayed up in the bra for a few seconds. It felt like a lifetime. But the bra moved over her tits and they dropped down in all their glory. They jiggled and swayed before coming to rest. Quinn was transfixed. They were pendulous, and her nipples were large and pink, blushing just slightly. Mom smiled when she saw his expression. "I didn't know you still liked Momma's boobies this much. I'm sorry you can't suck on them anymore. Well... maybe some other day if you're really good." She shimmied and they flopped back and forth on her chest. Her hands came up, and to Quinn's shock she pinched and rubbed her nipples, making them harden.

She turned away from Quinn, a little too obvious about showing him her ass. He didn't care. Her butt was the shape of an inverted heart and was large for her slender frame. It jiggled just slightly with her movement. As hot as he had been earlier when she had him take a picture of her ass clothed, the anticipation of seeing her bare ass made him feel like he was going to melt into a puddle on the floor. Mom looked over her shoulder again, the expression on her face much more

naughty. She reached down, hooking her thumbs on the waistband of her panties. Slowly, she slid her hands down. Inch by inch, she exposed her crack, which spread open more and more and she bent down. Her ass spread completely open, showing Quinn the hairy mound of her pussy and her dainty butthole.

Turning around, Mom had a more embarrassed, demure expression on her face. "I hope you like my kitty, Sugar Lump. You came out of it, after all." Holy fuck. Her pussy was covered in brown hair, cut short and even stylish like the hair on her head. Her hands rubbed up and down her body. "The way you're staring at Momma makes her feel sexy," she said.

Mom got in the shower and turned the water on. She held her hand up to feel the water, "Just a minute, it has to warm up." Then she stepped into the water. Quinn imagined he was there with her, his hands running up and down her body, his hard cock poking into her butt. The water cascaded down her front, and her body shined with the wetness. Every move her mobile tits made was magnified by the reflection of the water, every curve emphasized.

She pushed her hair back, raising her arms and thrusting her tits forward as the water splashed off of them. She lathered the soap and rubbed over her boobs. "Babe, you're staring. Would you like to clean Momma up sometime?" Quinn couldn't

believe it. Were these things she was actually thinking about doing? His hands ached to rub over her slippery tits and squish them between his fingers. At the same time, he couldn't imagine how wrong and perverted it would feel to him. He felt dirty enough now just watching his Mom's naked, shining body. The conflict inside him was like nothing he had ever felt.

Mom's tits slid and jiggled under her rubbing hands. "Mmm, that feels nice. Nothing like a nice shower after a long day. Right, Sugar Lump?" She winked at him and a shiver passed through his body. For just a second Mom's eyes dropped and something passed over her face. Was it a pulse of shock? Had she seen how hard we was? Surely she knew something like this would get him hot and bothered, even if she was his mom.

Turning to face him, Mom wiggled her tits back and forth, swaying them like udders. Her large, pink nipples were covered with white foam and shined with the water. Water dripped off their tips. Quinn imagined what it would be like taking her nipples between his fingers and pinching them, hearing his mom gasp and squeal in delight. From the front her curves stood out in stark relief, water running down her thick hips. Her bush was sopping wet, and Quinn wondered if he could ever make her wet like that.

Thrusting her tits forward again, Mom scrubbed them, making them sway. She let the soap rinse off of them. "You just can't take your eyes off Momma's boobies. You can tell me which part of Momma you like best, Babe." Though he knew she was prompting her subs to comment their opinion, The question felt like it was aimed at him personally. Truthfully, he couldn't decide. His mom had always seemed pretty to him, but seeing her in front of him, he was knocked flat by her body. When he had started college, he was shocked then, too, about all the hot girls on campus. But none of them could hold a candle to his mom's mature beauty. For a while, he missed the endless parade of girls of his age. They were away from their parents for the first time, and their clothes showed it. Now though...

Mom bent down and rubbed soap all over her thighs. Her flesh gave just a bit, ripe and soft with her age, while at the same time fit and tight. She scrubbed inside and outside her thighs, soaping up the sexy hair of her pussy as she did so. "Do you think Momma has a cute cookie, babe? I bet you'd like to see Momma put something in it," Quinn gulped, and a bead of sweat ran down his face. He blamed it on the steam-filled bathroom. Mom made the faintest trace over her labia with her finger. What would it feel like to have his cock inside her? To grab the cheeks of her ass and thrust up in the place he had come out of? He caught his hand wandering down to his cock and jerked it back. He wanted to scream, to tell Mom he needed to go and retreat into his room. He was sinking deeper and

deeper into this dark, perverted desire. After all his talk of modesty and propriety, he was just as horny for his mom as the old pervs gooning over her online. But it was so much worse than that. He was her son.

Her fingers traced lines in her body, showing the simultaneous fitness and softness of her flesh. The faintest of stubble was visible on her legs, her. The hair on her legs was lighter than the hair on her head, and only someone as intimately close to Mom would notice. "Feels nice, Sugar Lump." She rinsed her lower body off. "With the way you're looking at me, it's a little embarrassing doing this next part. Momma has to clean her big butt." Her grin was sweet, almost innocent. "Don't tell me you like Mommy's fat butt too?"

To his horror, Quinn caught himself nodding his head. His mom's ass was enticing, hypnotic. If Mom noticed his nod, she gave no sign. She turned away from him and bent slightly, not quite enough to part her cheeks. Soap from her rubbing washcloth ran down her ass, bringing to Quinn's mind his own cum, hot like candle wax. Mom seemed to read his mind. "A little suggestive, isn't it?" Then she bent further, and her ass parted like a treasure chest opening. First her asshole and labia were visible, then the hairy mound of her pussy. The soap flowed into her crack, and Quinn imagined his load would be just as copious for her. He would have a mighty orgasm after they were done here.

Her ass cheeks jiggled with her scrubs, and she reached up inside, cleaning her most intimate parts. For a second she took her hand away and pressed her wet butt into the glass shower door. The soap was pushed away and every part of her was laid bare. Her slippery ass slid across the shower door. After scrubbing, Mom turned just slightly and let the water wash down her canyon like a creek. The foam swirled down the drain.

Mom stood up straight, her mature tits on display once more. If only Quinn could wrap his lips around those luscious nipples like he had two decades ago. He imagined his tongue flipping the fleshy nipple. She turned this way and that under the shower. "Gotta get the last of the soap off," she said. After a minute she said, "All clean, Babe," and opened up the shower door, turning the water off.

The tone of her voice changed, charged with excitement. "Ok, you can turn it off now." Quinn stopped the recording. Mom's naked body bobbed with excitement, her wet tits jiggling. Her smile was genuine now, not the easy stage smile she had kept on during the shower. She let out a little squeal and kissed Quinn. Her lips lingered a little longer, and just as Quinn's tongue rushed forward to meet her lips, she backed away. "How was it, Sugar Lump?"

Quinn was speechless. How could he describe how sexy and gorgeous she looked? How could he describe how he wanted to explode from lust? How could he tell her how dirty and perverted he felt? "Babe?" Mom said.

"You looked great, Mom," Quinn said. "I'm just a little..."

"Babe, it's ok. It's me. You did great," she took a towel and started drying. Quinn left the phone on the counter and turned to leave. "You ok, Sugar Lump?"

"Yeah, Mom," he said without turning. He was angry at himself and her in equal measure. He knew when he got to his room he would cum in force, and in no time at all. "Just a little tired." He didn't turn to see Mom's reaction.

Chapter 2

RomanianPixie_xo: *So what do you think? How do you like the shower video?*

HornyAlpha7216: *So hot.*

RomanianPixie_xo: *Do you think the mommy dommie stuff was too much?*

HornyAlpha7216: *That was the best part. You just look so damn sexy and then add the teasing on top of it.*

HornyAlpha7216: *So is it true? Are you going to do all the things you say?*

RomanianPixie_xo: *A girl has to have her secrets. That being said, you're not the only one who liked me trying something new.*

HornyAlpha7216: *Not surprising.*

HornyAlpha7216: *Really though, what are you going to do next?*

RomanianPixie_xo: *Well, I haven't decided yet. I'm thinking of putting a poll up.*

HornyAlpha sent you a $10 tip.

RomanianPixie_xo: *Thanks, handsome.*

Quinn lost count of how many times he had watched his mom's video. He would imagine himself there with her in the shower soaping up her fit body. There was something too, in that he was there just a couple of feet away from her. Every time he had a mind blowing orgasm, and every time the guilt ate him alive. He wanted to say something to her, but what would he say? He was complicit now, being the cameraman for her beloved shower video. It was bad enough being so horny for her.

Online he kept up the charade. Mom still had no idea that he was one of her subscribers. The deception somehow made his lust for her all the more delicious. She sent a picture. It was the image of his beautiful mom, her hair short with subtle streaks of gray, her amazing smile and cute, pointed nose that made him melt. Also there were her naked, pendulous tits and blushing nipples. He had had those nipples in his mouth so long ago. Quinn squirmed.

HornyAlpha7216: *My god*.

RomanianPixie_ox: *Love you Babe. As much as you tip me, I have to spoil you a little.*

So many times he had felt their roles inverted. He and Mom were on their own after she and Dad had divorced. Feeling protective, he moved in with her. Of course she dated, and Quinn barely tolerated it. The men took advantage of her, and she was too open, too libertine. He had a bunch of other words he had learned not to use around her. The SmutShrine account was the latest of her transgressions. He seethed, even in his lust.

Every time he talked to her it felt like she turned things around. It was so obvious to him that what she was doing was wrong, but it seemed she always had the upper hand when they talked about it. It was impossible for him to object.

RomanianPixie_xo: *Ok, Mr. Alpha. Here's your chance to take charge.*

RomanianPixie_xo: *You get a chance to tell me what you want. Call it a primary before the election. What do you want Momma to do next, naughty boy?*

Quinn felt a quiver in his core that radiated out to the tips of his toes. He immediately started getting hard again. He could have said so many things. There was a library of fantasies in

his head that ranged from perverted to degenerate to illegal. It was like they all rushed for the door in his brain to get out and they got stuck. He stopped to think.

Would she choose him to be the cameraman next? It seemed likely. But at the same time he sure as hell didn't want to see some guy fucking her. It was one hell of a dilemma. He had seen enough porn to know how this worked. You had to up the ante each time. Once you posted a shower, a strip tease wasn't going to cut it.

RomanianPixie_xo: *Come on, naughty boy. No one else is getting this chance.*

Quinn struggled, thinking of the most innocuous fantasy he could.

HornyAlpha7216: *How about the girlfriend experience? You were talking about that.*

RomanianPixie_xo: *Well, I'm going to incorporate that into all my stuff. I think it would pair well with mommy dommie. Surely you've been thinking about something else. I didn't have you pegged for some kind of prude.*

He gritted his teeth, sweating. Somehow Mom was getting him to say and do things he thought were perverted even as an anonymous gooner online.

HornyAlpha7216: I just don't want you to do anything you regret. A lot of guys out there aren't safe for you.

RomanianPixie_xo: *Aww, Babe. It's ok. I've been around the block a few times, and I know what I'm doing. Sounds like you were thinking of boy/girl stuff. Am I right?*

Fuck. He imagined her ass jiggling in front of him, his cock pounding into her pussy over and over. It wasn't that he didn't want to see her get fucked, it's just that he didn't want some other guy doing it. He should be the one to fuck her, the only good man in her life, the one trying desperately to protect her.

HornyAlpha7216: *It just seems weird seeing a guy touching you.*

RomanianPixie_xo: *What if it's a POV shot? You won't have to see the guy, or at least not much of him.*

For a long while Quinn stared at the message. Surely she meant finding a guy and having him do the camera work. She couldn't possibly think that he would do anything more than record. Having him for the cameraman was absurd and perverted as it was.

HornyAlpha7216*: I'm just worried that you'll find a guy that's not safe for you.*

RomanianPixie_xo: *Ray, this whole protective thing is cute, but it's not something you should worry about. How old are you?*

HornyAlpha7216: *20.*

RomanianPixie_xo: *Yeah my son is the same age. I'm not going to be celibate. There are men I date that have nothing to do with Smutshrine. If you're this worried you're just better off not thinking about it. My son has a hard time with me bringing men home.*

HornyAlpha7216: *Don't you think he just wants the best for you?*

RomanianPixie_xo: *Of course he does. I understand dating and relationships a little better than he does, as young as he is. No offense.*

RomanianPixie_xo: *It's not really any of your business anyway. Just because you pay for my service, doesn't mean you own me.*

Quinn had nothing to say to that. He knew she was wrong on this. He knew it. Rolling over on his bed, he scrolled Mom's profile, too tired and frustrated to hold back his fantasies about her. He wondered what she would feel like inside, her pussy clenching around him. Quinn wasn't a virgin. He had sex the first time with his girlfriend in high school. Andrea. They broke up not long after, and he generally didn't have much trouble dating. He was taking a little break from dating now that it was just him and Mom at home. In his imagination shock waves from his fucking made her thick ass jiggle. She looked back at him, smiling and adoring.

RomanianPixie_xo: *Look, Ray, it's very sweet that you're looking out for me. I promise that whatever I do I will find a guy to do it with who is completely safe. How do you think I got the shower video, anyway? Safe guy.*

He didn't answer, but the implication of her answer put him on the edge of climax.

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Mom set the meat, cheese and beans on the kitchen counter. It smelled delicious. "So, how was work, Babe?"

It had been a pretty normal day. He was happy that Diana had her shift with him, and he could stare at her ass and tits as much as he wanted. She was his go-to to keep the fantasies of Mom at bay. Today Mom wore a casual sweater vest top with a button up shirt underneath. She had on a long pleated skirt. All this with her owl-eyed glasses made her look like a teacher, proper and conservative.

"Regular day," Quinn said, trying not to ogle his mom. Even dressed like this, she was brilliant with sexuality. It had been a couple of weeks since she had posted the shower video he had filmed. Of course he couldn't stop looking at her SmutShrine account. She posted updates every few days, either sexy nude pictures of herself or videos of her dancing in front of the camera. He knew her body intimately now, from the low swing of her tits, the left one just barely lower than the right, there was the large freckle on her lower back just above her butt. He could tell when she trimmed her bush and when she shaved her legs.

They stood side by side at the kitchen island, loading up their taco shells. Mom looked at him. "You ok, Sugar Lump?"

Quinn took a deep breath. There were so many ways he wasn't ok. The ones he could tell Mom she already knew about and they had talked to death. The ones she didn't know about were the deep dark ones. These were the secrets so deviant and shameful that he could barely admit them to himself. "Sure, I'm fine."

He could see in her eyes that she didn't believe him. "Alright, Quinn. Just know that I'm here, ok? Nothing has changed."

It was a lie. Everything had changed since he had filmed her, naked, wet and shining in the shower. He said nothing.

They ate in awkward silence, punctuated by Mom's friendly attempts to engage Quinn. The more she tried, the more sullen he felt. He barely heard most of it.

"So I'm getting lots of new subscribers," Mom said. That snapped Quinn to attention. "If they stay on, you're going to be back to school soon, for sure." She smiled, a smile that only Quinn could tell was faked.

"Mom, please..." Quinn whined.

"I just want to say that all this isn't in vain. You know how hard money has been since we've been on our own. I'm going to be able to pay off my credit card and we're not going to be late with rent for a long time. That's worth a little discomfort, isn't it?" Her smile was brittle.

"Discomfort? That's what you call this?"

"Quinn..." she sighed.

"Seems like all the discomfort is on my end. You're enjoying yourself."

She looked up at him, skewering him with her eyes. He looked away. "I don't appreciate how you're talking to me, Quinn. I'm doing this for us, for your education. Maybe that discomfort is your problem. I work a full-time job on top of this and I'm contributing a lot more. You're not going to be able to contribute much if you don't get an education. I'm not hurting you and I'm not hurting myself, do you have a better plan?"

There were a few seconds of silence, and Quinn looked up at her only to look away again. "Babe, we're a team. I know it's been hard for you, but this is my burden to bear," her voice had

softened. "You have some issues about how you think about me. No one is making you look at my pictures online. I have needs and desires, but I'm still your mom." Quinn's ears burned. He scowled. "Let's give this a try. It's working out well so far, and my eyes are wide open."

Both of them were silent again, and Mom ate the last of the taco on her plate. She took the plate and stood behind Quinn, rubbing his shoulders. His face grew even hotter. Mom was close enough now for him to smell her, the faint remnants of her perfume mixed with the day's sweat and taco meat. "I just... Mom, I know it's wrong."

"No, you feel it's wrong. Like I said, I'm not a nun. I know it's rough for you, but you need to face these hangups." She kissed the top of his head, and his heart pounded. "I love you Babe, and I'm doing this for you." Her hands dug into his shoulders, and he felt her soft breasts pressing against his head.

Quinn tried to regulate his breath. "Ok, Mom," he said, defeated. She ran her hands through his sandy hair. He felt like he was watching a train wreck in slow motion. Mom was right, in a way. She was probably smart and tough enough not to get herself hurt, and as much as it pained him to admit, he was the one with the problem. But how could he be ok with this? Really, the worst thing wasn't Mom showing herself off. Quinn

didn't like it, but she was virtually anonymous online. His big problem was that he couldn't get her out of his head now. He would be paralyzed with guilt when he looked at her pictures online and jerked off. Even when he tried to think of someone else, it always came back to her. Maybe curvy Diana was too different from her in his fantasies. But then he imagined Trina, his supervisor. She was freckled and tall and gracefully slender, lithe and streamlined, with no curves. But it was impossible to get Mom out of his mind.

"Let's go get a cup of coffee, Sugar Lump," she said. "It will help soothe both of us a little."

—

Mom had on her long, gray coat, despite the mildness of the California winter. It was dark already, and the lights of the oncoming cars streaked past them. "They're bug bombing the rooms. There's no 'after hours' for a hotel, so we're just closing off the whole floor to be discreet. It's not like we get many customers this time of year. All the rooms we found bedbugs in were on that one floor. Hopefully that gets it all." She glanced over at Quinn. "Come on, Babe. Smile." He started when she placed her hand on his leg.

She turned at the light, and Quinn forced a smile, hoping the dark would obfuscate his emotions. How did she do it? He certainly hadn't inherited her smile. "Love you, Mom," he muttered.

Quinn ordered a latte with a bit of sugar and Mom got some abomination full of cinnamon and cream. Even then, he felt a little effete drinking something like this. He shook his head when Mom offered him a drink. They made small talk. Quinn was working on a dresser with a dragon theme. Mom saw a raccoon in the backyard the night before.

But then she hit him out of nowhere. "So I need to ask you another favor, Sugar Lump."

Quinn stared, bug-eyed as Mom told him what she needed.

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"Now be sure to have your head turned toward me," Mom said. She had fitted Quinn with a headband camera. "Don't answer my questions, remember it's part of the fantasy." Mom had on her old stained apron. Quinn didn't even know she still had that thing.

Quinn knitted his brow. He sat at the kitchen table, not quite believing he was doing this again. "It's really important for you to keep your head still. All you need to do is follow my lead." Mom fussed with her hair, "Do you think I should wear glasses or not?"

"I don't care," Quinn gritted his teeth.

"Come on, Babe. The glasses make me look more 'motherly' don't they?"

He winced at the word, but nodded.

She checked on the chicken in the oven. "This is more complicated than I expected." She sighed. The table was set with silverware and a couple of glasses of wine.

Quinn gulped. A list of opinions and advice filled his head. It killed him inside, but he knew Mom needed to make the best video she could. "You're the most important thing here, Mom." His blush reached down to his chest. "The rest is details. It's not like guys think you're really cooking dinner for them."

She approached him and placed her hand on his cheek. He squirmed, uncomfortably hard. "Sweet, but I guess you're right," she kissed his cheek. "So just start rolling right when I come in, ok Babe?" He nodded. Mom clapped her hands in excitement and left the kitchen.

Quinn waited a minute, taking deep breaths to calm the storm inside him. Mom entering the room destroyed any hope of peace. She came into the kitchen, with her glasses and the old apron. The thing was, the apron was the only thing she was wearing. Quinn started the camera.

"Well, hello, Sugar Lump," Mom said. Quinn burned.

She walked into the kitchen, her tits swinging back and forth under the apron. A couple of times one of them almost popped out and Quinn held his breath. Her leg and thick thigh turned toward him as she approached the oven. "Oh, you're a hungry boy, aren't you? Well, it looks like dinner is just about ready." When she turned away the apron did nothing to cover her ass. She bent down, giving an unobstructed view of her pendulous tits from the side. She put on her oven mitts and took the chicken out of the oven. "Oh, no, Babe. Don't get up. You've been such a good boy. I want to spoil you a little bit." She cut a few pieces of the steaming chicken and approached the table with it.

To Quinn's surprise, instead of sitting across from him, she pulled the chair right next to him. Her hand touched Quinn's back and he did his best to hold the camera steady. Mom was grinning ear to ear. It seemed so natural, even more than when she really tried. It was like she enjoyed this. "Such a handsome boy," she cooed. She smoothed his hair back. "Now let Momma get you some chicken." She cut a piece and brought it up to him.

The maddening pull between humiliation and explosive desire froze Quinn in place. The only thing that motivated him was keeping Mom happy. After all, he was here to take care of her. He obediently opened his mouth. "Good boy," Mom said. She placed her hand on his leg as she fed him. The chicken was juicy and delicious. Mom was a great cook and any guy would be lucky to have her. Quinn felt he never would find a woman as good as her.

"All you need right now is some of your Momma's home cooking." She started to maneuver her body inside the apron, subtly pulling her left tit out. Her hand moved up to Quinn's lap, and bumped against his boner. There was a microscopic shift in Mom's expression, and Quinn couldn't tell what was going through her head. It wasn't embarrassment.

Unbidden, his eyes moved down to her exposed breast. There was her pink blushing nipple, the areola hard and large. "You make Momma feel so pretty, Sugar Lump. She loves how you look at her. Here comes another bite." Like a baby, Quinn opened his mouth for her. He chewed and swallowed, Mom rubbing his leg the whole time.

"Oops," Mom said, looking down at her exposed boob. "Momma's coming out of her apron. Babe," she covered herself in mock embarrassment. "You're staring. You just can't get enough of Momma's boobies, can you?" She looked him in the eye a moment and grinned. "Well, I know it's ok with you. I just feel a little improper, that's all." A bead of sweat ran down Quinn's cheek. His cock was hard, wetting the inside of his underwear with precum.

"Babe, stop staring," she admonished, beaming. "You're getting so worked up. Look, if Momma lets you look at her boobies, will you settle down and eat?" She reached behind her for her apron strings. Quinn's heart pounded so hard he could feel it in his ears. When Mom let go, the front of her apron dropped down. It felt like slow motion to Quinn, and his eyes were wide with alarm and lust in equal measure. Now her tits were completely exposed. Her nipples were blushing pink against her fair skin. The areola and nipple were both big, and her boobs hung the way a woman's breasts did after she had kids.

She shimmied, and her tits wagged back and forth on her chest like udders.

"Sweetie, there's not much to see. I don't know why you want to look at your old Momma's boobies." She paused and giggled, "Well, that's very nice to say, but I'm sure the girls at school look a lot better. Their boobies are young and firm." Mom had taken her hands off Quinn and was rubbing her tits, circling her erect nipples. "Babe, don't take this the wrong way, but Momma is getting a little excited. Go ahead, look all you want."

And Quinn did. He took in every stretch, every gentle curve, every bit of her softness. His breath came heavy. "Babe!" Mom said, her eyes wide and scandalous. "No you can't touch them! Well, then you're just going to have to touch the girls at school's boobies some more. Yeah, mine feel different. Babe, this is naughty." She grabbed her tits, holding them protectively.

"My God, Sugar Lump, when did you become such a flatterer?" She sighed. "I never could say no to you." She smiled and gently took Quinn's hand. Quinn was paralyzed. He couldn't pull his hand away. Though he knew this was as wrong as anything they had done, he couldn't resist. He did want to see how Mom's tits felt. She was right that he had only felt up girls his age.

Mom slowly placed his hand on her breast. It filled his hand, and was heavenly soft. "That's it," Mom cooed. He placed his other hand on her other tit, without prompting. Mom looked down at her tits and thrust them forward. "See, they're nothing special." My God, they feel amazing, Quinn wanted to shout at her. He had never felt anything like her boobs, and his hands tightened around them, squeezing her mature flesh like dough. "Well, as much as you like them, you can play with them all you want." Now Mom's face was a little red too, and the blush lit her chest up.

Quinn's thumb rested on Mom's nipple, and he made circular strokes around it. Mom quivered with delight. "Babe... that feels good," Was her composure slipping? He twirled with his other finger, feeling her nipples further stiffen. He rubbed down the front of her chest, letting her nipples press against his palm and then moving his hands down, making them pop up. He placed his finger and thumb around them and gave them gentle squeezes, then rolled them between his fingers.

"Babe," Mom gasped, squirming. "Oh my God, Babe. Good boy, you're making Momma feel so good. What have you been doing with those girls at school?" Quinn pinched her just a little tighter and gave her nipples little pulls, her mobile tits stretching. Mom let out a little whimper, "How are you so good at this?" Something was happening here. The character was breaking down. To Quinn's horror and delight, Mom wasn't

acting. She really enjoyed him playing with her nipples. She squirmed in her seat and her eyes were heavy lidded. Puffs of her breath buffeted Quinn's face.

Quinn pulled and twisted, applying more and more pressure little by little as he saw Mom could take it. It was like there was someone else inside him, some kind of degenerate monster reveling in defiling his Mom this way. The other part of him, so much weaker, screamed in helpless horror.

Mom's hands finally came up, clutching his wrists. "Sweetie, my goodness." He didn't want to stop, he couldn't stop. "You want what? Babe..." Her chest rose and fell with her fervent breaths. "No, you can't..." Quinn rolled her nipples between his fingers again and she gasped in ecstasy. "I know you used to when you were a baby, but-" He gave her nipples a yank, and Mom's mouth dropped open.

"Babe, ok. Ok!" She pushed her chest forward, drawing her hands away. "I guess you can suck on them just a little. Shame on you, the things you get me to do," she gave a wicked smile.

Again that part of Quinn's mind cried out in horror, while the animal part, the deviant part, cried out in a different way.

"Alright, come on. I said you could." Mom pushed her tits forward, they slid to the sides of her thrusting chest.

Impossibly slow, Quinn leaned toward his mom. His hand on her leg steadied him. Her nipple grew larger and larger in his field of vision. A car crashing in slow motion, but pleasure rushed up to meet him rather than pain. He lingered there, his mouth an inch away from her nipple. He looked up at Mom, and saw her dark eyes begging him. In his mind, he tried with all his might to tell himself that Mom was doing this for them, for his education. His brain desperately tried to tell him that she wasn't enjoying this, that her pussy wasn't dripping wet, ready for his straining cock to plow her. He failed.

His tongue snaked out, giving her nipple a tentative, almost timid lick. There was a tiny, subtle tremble through Mom's body. He stuck his tongue out further, running it around her nipple, large and stiff and ready. Was this what it had been like so long ago? He flattened his tongue against her nipple and pressed. Had he felt like this when he had sucked on Mom's tits as a baby? Was this some kind of half-remembered instinct that had made a fucked-up mix with his deviant lust?

It didn't matter, as he leaned forward and wrapped his lips around Mom's waiting nipple. She gasped, trembling just like she had before. "There's a good boy," she cooed, cradling the

back of his head. Quinn sucked Mom's nipple in, flicking it with his tongue. He had never felt anything like this, or rather he had, but had just forgotten. Mom's tits were so soft, and the whole nipple and areola went into his mouth as he sucked. She stroked the back of his head, and Quinn pushed the thought to the back of his mind that it would make no difference in the final video.

Quinn's hand went from Mom's leg to her hips, then he filled her hand with the soft flesh of her boob. He squeezed it and felt it between his fingers like warm dough. He tugged on her nipple, with his hand and then with his mouth. He could hear Mom's breath now, fluttering in her throat. Mom's head tilted back, and she pushed her chest toward him.

Her chest was heaving now, and her fingers intertwined in his hair. "Yes, Babe," she whispered. "God, that feels good." Her voice shined with authenticity. She moaned and squirmed on the chair.

Finally, she got a hold of herself. "Ok, Sugar Lump, that's enough." Quinn's hands and mouth stayed, holding fast to his Mom's nipples. She giggled and pushed his head, finally freeing her boobs from his grasp. "Wow, I had no idea you still liked Momma's boobies that much." He looked up at her face,

and saw it flushed and her pupils dilated. Her shoulders rose and fell with her desperate breaths.

Quinn opened his mouth. "No, no, Babe. You don't have to say anything. Momma loves you too." That's not what Quinn wanted to say. He wanted to apologize, to curse himself (and her), and to try to squeeze out a drop of disgust buried under the steaming lust. Perhaps it was better he said nothing, since it all wanted to rush out at once.

"Now, let's finish eating, Sweetie," Mom said. She stroked his hair. "You made Momma feel so good, I had no idea."

—

Quinn sat on the bed in Mom's bedroom, hearing the clinking of hangers in the closet. "Are you almost ready?" he shouted. The curtains were closed on the windows, and it was dark out though it wasn't that late. The only lights were the lamp next to Mom's bed and the crack of light coming from the closet.

"Not that much longer, Babe. This is a really important part, and I'm going to need a lot of effort on your part." He was still

cooling down from sucking his mom's tits. It had only been a few minutes.

"What are you going to have me do?" He had asked her before, but she had dodged the question.

"You're just putting me to bed," she said. He waited for her to go on, but she didn't. His gut told him that there had to be more. The hangers kept rattling inside, and Quinn sat with the extreme discomfort that came with the awareness of his mom's body and his reaction to it. He was so hard he felt like he would burst. Every thought he had was of putting something inside Mom, or rubbing or sucking, or cumming. Any one of them.

The closet door squeaked and Mom came out. Quinn gaped at her. She had on a red babydoll nightgown. It was sheer enough that he thought he could see her nipples, though as she moved he couldn't be sure. She twirled once, flaring her skirt and exposing a pair of red lace panties underneath. Though it left a thing or two to the imagination, it was somehow more alluring, more sinful than when she was naked in the shower.

"I'd ask you how I look, but I can tell what you think," her voice was smug.

Quinn shook his head. "Mom..." he said.

"Hey, don't worry," she said, approaching him. "I promise we're almost done. And you did so good, Sugar Lump. I really appreciate it. After this you can pick wherever you want to go out for dinner." She smiled that effortless smile of hers.

Mom stood up and cleared her throat. "Now, just like before you can't talk, and I need you to follow everything I say. Got it?"

"Yes, Mom," Quinn muttered.

"And promise me you won't laugh."

"What?"

"I'm going to be acting a little and I need you to be nice. If it looks bad you can tell me after." Her smile was frozen on her face.

This was the last thing Quinn had expected to hear, and he simply gave a dumb nod of his head. "Good boy," Mom said.

She placed her hand on his check and kissed him, just a little too long to be appropriate. She got up and walked to the bedroom door. "Now start rolling when I come in. Love you, Babe."

"Love you too Mom," Quinn said, his brain heavy and burdened.

Mom stepped out, giving Quinn a quick view of her jiggling butt. When she opened the door, she was walking weirdly. "Oh, hey Babe, I didn't know you were here." she said. She was doing something with her voice. She took a couple of steps toward him. "Momma had a little too much to drink tonight. Good thing I have my best boy here to take care of me." So her drunk acting wasn't the greatest, but it barely registered in Quinn's mind. She swung her hips as she walked forward, and Quinn imagined his hands sinking into her soft thighs.

She approached the bed and then fell, bouncing on it and giggling. "I know it's my bedtime, Babe." She put her hand on his leg, slowly creeping up. "I had a good time. Nothing I love better than spending time with my best boy." Her hand kept moving up, and it poked the tip of his hardon. Quinn expected a look of scandal on her face, or even surprise. But all that was there was that lustful contentment.

Mom laughed again, "Babe, no. Momma's not mad. She knows you weren't trying to get her drunk. And besides," her hand traveled up, brushing his hard cock once more and then moving up to his arm. "I know you'll take good care of me, won't you?" She stopped for a moment, miming that she was listening. "I know you will Babe. So I need you to help me get a good night's sleep tonight."

Something sounded in Quinn's head. It was like an alarm, a warning. He had no idea what Mom had planned, but it terrified him. It also drove him wild. He had never been this hot for a woman before. "Now, get up and go to my dresser," Mom said. "Go on, Sugar Lump. Momma needs your help." Quinn got up and walked, zombie-like to her dresser.

"It's furthest to the left, two drawers down." Quinn placed his hand on the handle, every nerve in his body screaming out in alarm. "That's the one, Babe." He stood there staring at her. "What are you waiting for? Open it."

Quinn's trembling hand pulled, and for a second the door stayed shut, then it opened for him. Inch after inch its contents came into view, and Quinn's heart burst from his chest. There was a thing, a toy inside. It was long and green, bigger than his cock, embarrassingly so. He looked back at her, imagining the

green phallus penetrating her eager pussy. She giggled, "Go on, Babe," she said.

The drawer continued to open, and a silver egg, a remote, and a tube of personal lubricant appeared. Quinns horror, and his desire, knew no bounds. "Momma has toys just like you, Babe. These are just grown up lady toys. Do you know what they are?" Of course he did. "Well, bring them over. Momma will show you."

His shaking hand closed around the rubber cock, its softness surprising him. Holding it in front of him, he stared at him, the shaking of his hand translating to synthetic wobble. He had never held a dildo in his hands before, and there were balls and veins just like the real thing. He would have laughed if he hadn't been so mortified. He took the vibrator and lube in his other hand, and put one foot in front of the other, approaching a grinning Mom on the bed.

Seeing her in the shower was one thing. He could tell himself that it wasn't that sexual, despite how horny it had made him and how many times he had jerked off to it. But now, knowing that his own Mom was going to get off before his eyes. Mom, no, he mouthed silently to her.

"Oh, Babe," Mom chided. "Just relax. Momma's very happy with you tonight. Now be a good boy and come on over." He stood in front of her, his face red, feeling like he was going to cry and cum at the same time. Mom took the toys from him and set them on the bed. "These are Momma's toys. This one," she held up the green dildo, "goes inside Momma's kitty and makes her feel so good. Just like a daddy would do with her." She giggled. "It's ok if you don't understand."

She put the dildo down on the bed and held up her vibrator. "Momma uses this on her cookie too. There's a special spot on her that drives her wild when someone touches it. You'll see. It will help you when you get a girlfriend. All girls have it." She stopped, feigning listening again. "Oh, Sugar Lump, that's so sweet. But of course you'll get a girlfriend. Well, yes you'll always have Momma too. But there's pretty girls your age." Her laugh was natural, Quinn didn't know how she did it. "Now you're just flattering Momma. She's not as pretty as those girls. You're very sweet though and Momma loves you."

Mom pressed a few buttons on the remote and the toy let out a high pitch vibration. "This is the setting Momma likes when she puts it on her special place. See?" She held up the vibrating egg.

"Now, let's get this ready. Help Momma take her panties off, Babe." Quinn hesitated for just a second, but it was impossible to resist, as filthy and perverted as it made him feel. Mom held her dress up, and he looped his thumb around the waistband of her red thong panties. They slid off. His Mom's beautiful bush was exposed, and Quinn saw a sparkle of wetness there. He could also smell the sweet aroma of her desire. "Good boy," she whispered.

Mom picked up her dildo and the tube of lubricant. She opened and squeezed it, applying it to the phallus like an obscene, long toothbrush. She gave him her biggest smile, and rubbed her closed fist up and down the toy, coating the whole thing with the slippery lube. It shined in the dim light of the bedroom as she held it up. "It's important for you to know how to please a girl, Sweetie."

Quinn held his breath now, the moment he had been dreading and waiting for was finally going to come. He imagined Mom's body twisting and clenching, her sweating, gooey hands pushing the absurd and baleful thing in and out of her. But Mom didn't. She kept it held up in the air.

"Babe," she said. "Come on." And to Quinn's infinite panic, she pushed the dildo toward him. Her intent was as clear as his reeling mind. His hand closed around the base again, careful

around the slippery wet surface. "The best boy," Mom said. She picked the vibrator up. "Now Momma is gonna put the vibrator on her clit while you put that inside her cookie. It's this, Babe." Mom spread her pussy like the gate to hell (or heaven). Sure enough her little bean was there at the top, engorged and ready.

Quinn gaped, feeling tears welling in his eyes. "Babe, you can do it," Mom said, taking his hand. Now it was completely clear that she was talking to him, not her subscribers. "This is so important to Momma, and you're the only one she can trust with this. I know you can do it." Her smile was sweet, and it burrowed into his heart. "You're the sweetest boy. Do this for Momma." There was no other choice now.

His hand lowered, his gasping breath rushing so hard that it reverberated through his skull. She had broken the impasse. He had moved with her to protect and help her, and once again her words had completely disarmed him. He was helpless.

Mom positioned her hand over her dewey opening, her body red and hot. The ersatz cock touched her glistening lips, and Mom's nod was almost microscopic. He pushed.

She gasped as Quinn penetrated her, her chest puffing up with her ecstasy. "Good boy," she whimpered, and pressed the vibrator into her clit. Quinn felt like he was floating. He told himself that there was no other choice, that he had a duty to his mom. If you had asked him yesterday, he would have said it was his duty to keep her pure, to protect her honor. He mentally grasped for it, for that thought. But it was nowhere to be found now. He pressed further into his mom, the phallus like a dagger.

Quick, fervent breaths puffed from her mouth. Her body hummed with the energy of her arousal and pleasure. "Fuck, Babe, it's so deep!" She cried as the dildo hit the furthest wall inside her. Quinns hands trembled and his heart pounded. "Now fuck Momma, Sugar Lump." He stroked back, pulling the cock out of her. Her body undulated like a wave, her spread legs trembling. Her composure had completely broken now, and she wasn't acting. Indeed, it would be impossible for her to be anything but gratified and adoring of her son now.

"God damn," Mom moaned. "I know, Babe. You don't like it when Momma talks like this. But it feels so good." Her words trailed off to an animal keen. Her hand circled her clit, the buzzing of the vibrator modulating with her movement.

He was no virgin, but Quinn had never felt anything like this, even when his real cock was inside a woman. A tear rolled down his cheek. He didn't know if it was from the trauma of the filthy act or from the exaltation of his Mother's adoration. Was it both these things, colliding together and creating something simultaneously unholy and sacred? He hoped that God would forgive both of them.

His steady motion was like a steam piston in the humid air. As the cock pushed in and out of his sweet Mom, she moaned and shuddered and squirmed. "I love you so much, Babe," she whimpered. I love you too, Mom, he mouthed. Drops of her juices dripped out, leaving dark spots on the tan sheets.

Quinn moved faster, not out of boldness, but out of degenerate joy. He was testing his Mom's limits, wanting in some twisted way to please her, to show her what a good son he was. He was powerless before her. She was the Mom of his childhood, mighty and invincible and towering over him. His cock beat with his heart in his pants, wetting the inside of his underwear. His orgasm would be an apotheosis after this, his Mom's dripping pussy and moans filling his mind.

By this time, his Mom's hips were pumping in time with his strokes, her hand pressed hard into the sweet spot inside her. "Babe," she gasped, "Momma's getting close. She's gonna cum

soon. Such a good boy." Now her eyes were glassy too. "Just keep fucking Mommma like a sweet boy. The best boy."

Completely seized by the animal inside him, thrusting in where he came out like he would with any woman. No, not like any woman. He took the utmost care with this, the most important woman. "Mom," came his trembling whisper.

He could feel the energy building up inside her, rolling in like a thunder cloud. Slowly her lips curled back and then she threw open her closed eyes. "Babe, fuck!" she groaned. Her back bowed, pushing her hips up to Quinn's hands and rubbing her slippery, fragrant cum into his fingers. Her long, low wildcat groan rose to a keen and her body shuddered and thrusted with the might of her climax. She twisted and turned, her eyes burning into Quinn's.

It felt as if the air had been sucked out of the room and Quinn was floating in space. He was both as mortified and as gratified as he had ever been. Mom squirmed under him like a worm impaled on a fisherman's hook. When he first lost his virginity the remorse over his lost innocence persisted over a few days, but it was a drop of rain next to the ocean of sin that washed over him. He half expected the fires of hell to rise up and disintegrate both of them.

Finally Mom's fevered body gave a few last jerks and untensed. She lay there, her skin shining with sweat and her chest heaving with exhaustion. Her nightie was pushed up around her waist. The only other sound was the high pitch vibration of her toy. The air was thick with the scent of her satisfaction and both of their sweat. Quinn's eyes were wide and alarmed, and the color drained from his face. "Sugar Lump, my God," Mom said. How could she still be smiling? The dildo dropped out of Quinn's hand and bounced on the floor, but he barely noticed.

Mom was like a succubus before him, her face consumed by her evil smile. "Thanks, Babe. Now Momma can get to sleep." She blew a kiss at him and winked. "Ok that's a wrap. Turn it off." Her voice was high with excitement.

But when the camera turned off Quinn saw the concern there. "Quinn? Hey? You ok?"

He stared at her, his shock turning to anger. She stood and embraced him, her body thick with the aroma of their sin. She kissed his neck, then his cheek, then his lips. "I love you so much, Babe. You've done so good for me. You'll never know how grateful I am."

Quinn shook his head. "Babe, this is it. I'm so proud of you," Mom said.

Had this been any other time Quinn would have exploded, let his Mom know what he thought. He was sure some of those words would come out, the ones that he had promised to never say around her. Loose, slut, whore. And he would be the degenerate slut right alongside her for what he had done. But like before, she was his Mom. Not the Mom who he took care of and helped pay the bills, but the Mom who he had clung to crying the first day of kindergarten when she tried to leave. She was the Mom who cooked his favorite meal on those hardest days. She was overwhelming.

"Mom, what did you make me do?"

"None of that, now," Mom said. "Remember, you promised to help me. I know you don't want me finding some other guy to do this."

His mouth opened and closed like a beached fish and Mom shook her head. "I really appreciate it, Babe," she said.

"Mom," he managed to say. But there was nothing else. "Mom, Mom." There was only her. He had to get out. He turned and walked toward the door.

"Sugar Lump, wait," Mom said, holding his hand. He turned to face her, completely under her spell. "I know this is hard for you, and kinda weird. It is for me too. But I promise you it's for the best. And I'm so proud of you." Quinn shook his head.

She stared at him for a few moments, her eyes snaring him in place. "Like I said, you have no idea how grateful I am for you and what you do for me, Quinn. In fact," she took a deep breath and Quinn braced himself. "I want to do something nice for you too."

Quinn shook his head violently, like a child sick of eating. "Shh, Babe, just relax," his Mom said. Her hands moved from his shoulders down his arms. "I know what men like. I want to show you how much I appreciate you."

Inside he cried out as he felt her delicate hands on the sides of his pants. She pulled and his pants came down, his red, engorged cock jumping up like a diving board. "Oh my," Mom said. "I mean, I haven't seen your dick for a long time now. I

didn't know it was so... It's nice is all I'm saying." She laughed nervously.

"Mom, what are you-?"

"Shh, just let me make you feel good, Babe." She squeezed the tube and the lubricant farted out. Quin jumped from the cold when it hit his cock. His Mom's hands closed around his cock, and gently started to move up and down the shaft. He trembled with the pleasure. He was extremely sensitive now, and she was already pushing him toward orgasm.

"Mom, no," Quinn said.

"Shh," she replied and rubbed the length of his cock. He shuddered as his body was filled with pleasure. Again, this was different from some pretty girl away at school. She was the best, the most beautiful, the only. His body was flushed with pleasure, and her hands on his dick controlled him like a leash on a dog.

Mom's hands slipped up and down, each inch a mile of ecstasy. The fire inside him grew by the second. He looked down and saw her dark eyes looking up at him. "Good boy," she

whispered. "The very best. So lucky. I'm a lucky mom." Her voice was almost inaudible. She twisted her hands, rubbing the shaft and his head at the same time.

Despite focusing all of his will, it was a fool's errand to resist. His hips moved along with Mom's hands, just like she had with his. With each stroke came a bolt through his body, with pain nearly as intense as pleasure. Again she made him complicit, his body as guilty as hers in their degenerate dance.

"Mom, fuck. I'm getting close." Quinn held his hands at his side, wanting to push his mom away, but it was impossible. The moment screamed toward him, a wolf coming to devour a bound lamb in the woods. No yes no yes no yes.

"You gonna cum for Momma, Sugar Lump?" Mom hissed. Quinn nodded, tears gathering in his eyes again. "Good boy, give Momma your cum."

That was all it took and Quinn's cock erupted with heat. He came so hard that bolts of pain shot through him. He felt as if his entire body would shoot out his cock and cover his loving Mom. The muscles in his ass clenched, thrusting toward Mom until it hurt. Rope after rope shot out of his twitching cock. Hot cum fell on Mom's chest, shoulders, even some in her smiling

mouth. He watched in horror as the white goo ran down her body.

When she let him go he was frozen. He looked down at her, his filth dripping down her face and chest like sugary frosting. There was even a glob stuck to her glasses. But her face betrayed none of their sin. In fact, she was smiling. "You're a good boy, Quinn," Mom said. "That wasn't so bad now, was it?" Not so bad? It was an abomination. But it was also the hardest he had ever cum, the most affection he had ever felt. And he wanted to be the best boy for his mom. He needed to.

Mom laughed, taking a glob of his jizz from her chest. "It's just cum, Babe. I'll get a wet wipe." She licked her finger clean of Quinn's cum to his absolute horror.

Chapter 3

It had been a few weeks since Quinn and Mom had filmed their latest debauched act. Things were starting to feel normal around Mom for the first time since he had discovered her SmutShrine page. He didn't know if it would ever get back to fully normal, though. He still looked at her page every day. How could he not?

She had put up more pictures on her page, in various levels of undress. Anytime he wanted to, he could see her round ass, still nice and fat despite her efforts. Contrasting with her big ass, the rest of her was quite fit. She was slender above the waist, and her tits hung low, jiggling and bouncing with every move. Since Quinn was little she wore her hair in a pixie cut, and her dark brown hair was shot through with veins of silver. That only served to accentuate her mature beauty. Even when she was naked, though, she kept her round glasses on. She knew how to preserve the mom look.

That's what the perverts online came for. The pictures were as revealing as they could be and Quinn had become intimately familiar with every inch of her body. There was even one of her holding the green dildo he had slid deep inside her pussy that night. See what I did with this big guy on my premium page, it said. Like she had mentioned, she had started a premium

membership, and Quinn could see her subscription numbers skyrocketing. Of course he had to keep an eye on her, so he paid for the membership. For a woman like her it was certainly worth it.

Once he had signed up, he found a picture that particularly caught his attention. It was a picture of her in front of the mirror. She was completely naked, save for her round glasses. The large pink nipples of her pendulous breasts were blushing with her arousal. Quinn could tell when she felt randy now, not so much from what she did with him, but from his obsessive viewing of her page. He tried a couple of times to go without. He lasted a day. In the picture Mom's hips were tilted, with her trimmed brown bush shining in the bright light. His short brown hair made her look even more delicate. There was that smile again. Mom had a great photogenic smile, one that Quinn could always tell she was faking, even if no one else could. This was the real thing, though. The next picture was her looking over her shoulder, her wide ass luscious and soft. The last one was of her on her knees, looking up at the camera. His heart thumped seeing her in that position, grateful and eager just for him. Her smile was gone there, replaced by what Quinn could only call "fuck me" eyes.

There was a message too. Thanks to my Sugar Lump, my most special camera man. I couldn't do it without you! Love, Momma xoxo. Quinn started to get hard immediately on

reading the message. He felt light headed, as if the blood rushing to his cock was rushing out of his brain. That actually would explain some of his decisions. He read the message again, then again, then he lost track of how many times he had read it. His hand crept down, and closed around his diamond hard dick. The tip was already slick with precum. Though he wanted to forget, his mind locked on what they had done that night. Not when he had skewered her dripping slit with the dildo, but what she had done to him after. She wanted so badly to reward him for what he had done for her, and she got on her knees, just like in the picture. Her hands did their work well, and soon she had his cum all over her tits, face, and hands. Now, he felt another hot load on its way.

Just a few strokes later he let fly, the cum shooting into Mom's mouth in his fantasy. She gulped it down and thanked him. Quinn mopped up the slick cum off his belly. Really, the pictures weren't the thing that aroused him most, it was what she had said. He was the best, the most important, hers above all. And she was telling her premium subscribers, too. A thought struck Quinn, and he searched her page. This message was indeed just for premium members. A bead of sweat dropped down the side of his face. Had she put it there because she knew he would be able to see it? Did she somehow know that he would get a premium membership like the other degenerate gooners? His stomach did a flip-flop. He felt exposed, like Mom's eyes were gazing out at him from the

computer screen. Could she know? She knew he was a regular member, but did she know who he really was?

HornyAlpha7216: *Your new video you put up was really hot, Sofie.*

RomanianPixie_xo: *Glad you liked it, sweetie. My last video isn't quite new, I need to be getting another one up soon.*

HornyAlpha7216 sent you a $30 tip.

RomanianPixie_xo: *Aww, thank you, Babe. I appreciate it. The compliment too.*

HornyAlpha7216: *So who's Sugar Lump?*

RomanianPixie_xo: *Don't tell me you're jealous, Babe?*

HornyAlpha7216: *I'm just curious. Is he your boyfriend?*

RomanianPixie_xo: *Don't make this weird, please. Let's just have fun, Sweetie.*

A pic of Mom popped up, her head peeking around her round ass. Her cheeks were just open enough to see a hint of her pussy and butthole. Though he had just cum, Quinn started to get hard again. She was right in the next room, completely unaware that the pervert she was talking to was her son. At least Quinn assumed she didn't know. Something about Mom naked and spreading her ass just in the next room was all the more sexy.

HornyAlpha7216: *Is that a new pic, or one you had?*

RomanianPixie_xo: *Come now, do you think I would give you something old after you tipped me $30? I'm not one of those girls who squeezes all the money she can for no effort.*

HornyAlpha7216: *Ok I guess not. But are you trying to change the subject?*

RomanianPixie_xo: *Like I said before, you're sweet, but I can't be worrying about jealousy on here. I post pics and vids so you can get off. They're not an invitation or a relationship.*

HornyAlpha7216: *I promise I'm not getting jealous, I just want to know more about you.*

Ironically, as false as this sounded, it was the truth.

RomanianPixie_xo: *I can tell you a little. He's someone close to me who I completely trust.*

HornyApha7216: *Your boyfriend?*

RomanianPixie_xo: *No, I'm taking a break from dating for a while. Babe, you're young and a guy. You don't know what it's like for women my age.*

HornyAlpha7216: *So you're single? No special guy in your life?*

RomanianPixie_xo: *Don't make me regret telling you I'm single, Babe.*

HornyAlpha7216: *But you're on here to feel sexy?*

RomanianPixie_xo: *Yeah, I guess so. It gives me a bit of the thrill that dating does without the nonsense.*

HornyAlpha7216: *So he's not your bf, but you're intimate with him?*

RomanianPixie_xo: *More or less.*

HornyAlpha7216: *Would you ever think about taking it to the next level?*

If you were nervous enough, a few seconds could seem like days. For a while Mom said nothing. He desperately wanted the answer to this, though he didn't know which answer he wanted. If she said no, then that was a droplet of relief in their desert of sin. But if she said yes... Quinn couldn't tell if he had scared her off or if she was just thinking. **RomanianPixie_xo** is typing appeared in the messenger.

RomanianPixie_xo: *I've thought about it, yes.*

Quinn's breath felt heavy, and the sweat drops running down his body had multiplied. He was also well on his way to being fully hard again. This had to be a record time.

HornyAlpha7216: *Like having sex, you mean?*

RomanianPixie_xo: *This is getting a little too personal.*

HornyAlpha7126 sent you a $20 tip.

RomanianPixie_xo: *Sorry, Babe. A girl needs her secrets.*

Did he just hear her giggle in the next room?

RomanianPixie_xo: *How about this? You can tell me what you want me to do next. It's about time for something new anyway.*

RomanianPixie_xo: *Come on, Sweetie. I bet there are all kinds of nice things you want Momma to do for her good boy?*

His hand went down to his cock again. He was like an iron rod, and it had that tired but determined feeling that second hardon always did. Last time she had listened to his boy/girl idea for her video. How far could he take it now? Ask and you shall receive.

HornyAlpha7216: *How about sucking cock? That would be hot as hell, Momma.*

His hands trembled as he stroked his member. There was no getting around it, he was asking his mom to suck his dick.

RomanianPixie_xo: *Ooh, Babe that sounds hot. Where would you want Momma to take your cum?*

HornyAlpha7216: *In your mouth. And lick the rest off my cock.*

The air around Quinn felt still as he waited for Mom to reply. He also held himself stiff, as if a bolt of wrathful lightning would strike his degenerate body. It didn't stop him from jerking off.

RomanianPixie_xo: *Mmm, that's a nice gift for Momma too. My best boy's cum in my mouth. It will feel so good in my tummy.*

That was it. Quinn's cock bucked for the second time in twenty minutes. He jerked and moaned. Later he wondered if Mom could have heard him just like he heard her. But there was nothing for it. His back arched with a climax even more intense than the last time. He stared at the screen. No doubt Mom had expected him to be jacking off. Still, he had felt like he had taken advantage of her not knowing it was actually him.

It was like all his progress toward redemption had been rolled back, if it had ever been there to begin with. He fell asleep with guilt gnawing at him.

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Quinn felt like he was waiting for his girlfriend. "Mom, are you almost ready?" he shouted into her bedroom. There wasn't an answer, and he heard her muttering to herself. "Mom? What's up?"

"Sugar lump, can you come in and help me?" She called to him.

Taking a deep breath, Quinn pushed the door open with a squeak. Mom was in the bathroom, still fussing. He cautiously came in. Her bare back was turned to him, a pair of lacy black panties the only thing she had on. "Mom, jeez!" He turned away.

"Don't be like that, Babe. I need your help."

Anything for her. "Ok for what?"

"I've lost my earring. See?" his back was still turned. "You know, as impatient as you are to get out of here, you're being ridiculous. Now look at me, young man."

Quinn turned around. He didn't like the look of displeasure on Mom's face at all. Her naked tits swung in front of her, jiggling and quivering with her movements. He stopped looking at her face. "It's this one," Mom held out her hand. "Damn it, Quinn, stop staring at my tits for just a second."

His attention snapped away and he felt his face warm, along with his stomach wrenching with embarrassment. It was a little dangly emerald earring in Mom's hand. He hadn't seen these before. They looked expensive. "It's frustrating when your eyes aren't what they used to be, Babe," Mom said. "I got them out of the closet, so they could be anywhere between here and there."

It seemed like they would stand out as sparkly as they were. Mom was quite careful about where she spent her money. Quinn asked himself where she got the money for these and scowled at the answer he came up with. Looking down, he walked toward Mom's big walk-in closet. Inside were rows of her clothes and a couple of jewelry boxes. It had an intimate smell, like her when they got close. Quinn gulped and started

getting hard again. He opened the boxes then looked carefully over the floor, but found nothing but her shoes.

In her bedroom she had draped a dress over the bed. It was an iridescent green tube dress. It looked so small to Quinn. How much would it actually cover? Desperate to think of something else, Quinn got on his hands and knees and looked under the bed. Pushing back the fringe of the bedspread all he saw was dust and cords for her clock radio and various electronics.

When he got back up he stood over the bed. Mom had the water running in the bathroom, but didn't say anything. He picked up the dress and held it in front of him. It was a simple design, but he had never seen Mom wear something like this. He was certain it was also new. There were no straps, and the only thing that would obscure her figure was a short ruffle around the neckline. It would show her shoulders and quite a bit of her legs. He gulped. Quinn doubted this would be enough to hide her nipples, as she couldn't wear a bra with this kind of dress. He knew he should say something, that this isn't something she should go out of the house in, that men are pigs and would get the wrong idea. But he would be one of the men to see it on her.

He turned it this way and that in his hands. It looked like it would show every curve. His breathing became heavy as his

cock reached full hardness. She would no doubt look gorgeous in this, and Quinn was anxious to see her in it. But then he spotted something green that had been under the dress. Green and sparkly.

"Here it is, Mom," he came into the bathroom. Mom was bent over the sink close to the mirror, putting on eyeliner. Her tits hung underneath her, pink nipples protruding prominently. Her eyes shifted to him.

"My hero," she grinned as she took the earring out of his hand and put it in. "I won't be much longer now Babe. I just have to do my makeup and slip that dress on. It should be quick."

Quinn squirmed with pride and embarrassment. "You know you don't need makeup Mom. You look beautiful without."

A shocked laugh came out of Mom. "My God, Sugar Lump, aren't you the charmer tonight? I better be careful, Mom told me about boys like you." She turned to face him showing her mature tits in all their glory.

He gulped, and couldn't meet her eye. "You look pretty handsome yourself, Babe," she rubbed his arm and shoulder.

He had on a button up brown and white striped silk shirt and black slacks. He had even gelled his hair. This was as fancy as he got. "It's like a real date."

"Anyway, you're not going to be much longer, right Mom?" he responded, supremely uncomfortable.

"Come here, Babe," she said. He approached her, feeling like a puny male spider doing a dance for his dangerous mate. She took his hand and pulled him close, leaning into him. Their lips touched, and for a fraction of a second, Quinn thought her tongue was coming. But she pulled away. "Love you, Sugar Lump. Promise I won't be long."

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Quinn's head spun. There was a menu with no prices on it, lit candles, and questions like "French or German steak knife?" The German one was heavy and had a serrated blade, while the French one was light and sharp. It looked like a lady's knife. He chose the German one. When they came into the lobby there was a staircase and wooden balcony along with a fancy rug and paintings.

He couldn't believe how Mom looked when she came out of the bedroom. The green dress clung to her like she was shrink wrapped and its shine enhanced her curves. Just like he expected, you could see her nipples, and her butt jiggled a little when she walked. She had laughed at the look on his face when she came out. "I don't know why I bother with other guys when I get this reaction from you, Babe!"

Mom sat across from him at dinner, and he couldn't take his eyes off her. How was he supposed to feel when he was with a woman like this? Stunningly beautiful, graceful and charming, intelligent. Where could he find a girl like that?

Right here was where. Right across from him. Mom gave him a nervous little smile when their eyes met. "Thanks for coming with me, Quinn."

Are you kidding? I get to look at you like this all night, have a top quality steak, and then go home with you? "Umm... yeah," was all that came out. It was all the better that he got to be seen with her. She absolutely turned heads, and people could see that he belonged to a sophisticated and discriminating woman.

"It's ok, Babe," she said, taking his hand across the table. He jumped and she gave him her sweetest smile. "There's no

expectations tonight, just you and me. Let's just relax and enjoy our time." She lowered her voice so it was just audible above the din, "I see you looking at me. Look all you want, it's nice. It makes me feel sexy."

"Jesus Christ, Mom," he said between clenched teeth.

Now there was a subtle shift and Mom's smile was genuine. "It's just nice to know your old Mom has still got it, that's all."

And though he was overwhelmed with anxiety and discomfort, he knew what he had to do. Mom deserved to know how great she was. He owed it to her, as he belonged to her. "You do look amazing tonight, Mom. I may be your son, but I'm not a dumbass. I know what I see." The words slipped out of him. He couldn't be any more embarrassed.

Yet when he saw the look on Mom's face, he didn't care. He would go through any amount of embarrassment for her. She had to know how much she meant to him, how precious she was. "Babe, oh my God," Quinn couldn't be sure if it was the candlelight, but Mom's eyes gave a sparkle.

Quinn had a couple of glasses of wine as he ate, and they shared bites of their food. Mom giggled and Quinn grinned in spite of himself. His guard dropped here, and he was grateful for it, to be able to enjoy Mom like this. When they finished he felt a great sense of contentment and peace. He convinced Mom to split a piece of chocolate mousse with him.

"You had a good time, didn't you, Babe?" Mom said, her face telling him she already knew the answer. Her eyes did flash with the candle light. Her presence combined with the wine and the peace he felt held him enchanted. He couldn't find another woman like her. There were none.

After the waiter took the plates away, she grabbed the check before Quinn could even look at it. "So I have a surprise, Sugar Lump."

Surprises lately had been landmines rather than the delight of a snow day off from school. That wasn't strictly true. They were a dangerous combination of the two. Mom went on, "So like I've mentioned, we have a little more money than I was expecting. This dress and the earrings are new. I wanted us to have a little fun and travel a little. Anyway, I've booked us a week-long trip to Bali in April."

Quinn didn't know what to say. This was the furthest thing from what he was expecting. He didn't even know where Bali was. "Mom... I... what?"

"Bali, Babe. It's hot and tropical. Beaches and palm trees and all that good stuff. Remember Hawaii?"

"Bali is near Hawaii?" he felt much drunker than the two glasses of wine could have made him.

"Well, no. It's in Indonesia. But it's the same idea. Babe it's ok to be happy about this, there's no hook."

"It's just a shock. But Mom, it would be my pleasure. Thank you." He didn't have to fake his smile. A week with Mom all to himself?

"I've heard good things about Bali, Sweetie. We're going to have so much fun. You can do stuff like swim with dolphins and we're going to have a mini dinner cruise."

"India is pretty far from home, but I can't wait, Mom." He knew his face was incandescent red, but he didn't care. "All that time together."

Mom giggled, "It's Indonesia, Babe. You know, you can be charming when you want to. The tough guy act doesn't suit you. You're a sensitive boy."

"Mom..."

"Ok, ok, I'll stop teasing. But seriously, you can relax around me, Sugar Lump. I know you and nothing you say or do can stop me from loving you," she smiled.

He allowed himself his own smile. "I love you too, Mom. There has just been so much in the past couple of months. It's a lot for me to take in. I'm glad something good is coming out of this."

"Told you," Mom said.

"I'm just glad we're in a good place with money now so we don't have to do anything else... weird." He had enjoyed what they had done, he could finally admit, but it was hard on him and made him feel guilty.

Mom's smile disappeared. Now she looked awkward. "I'm glad you're happy about the vacation Babe, but about that..."

"What?" Quinn felt the fear rising inside him, along with that cursed excitement.

"I'm going to need your help with something else."

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How could Quinn say no to her after all that? Really it was getting hard to say no to Mom about anything. He sat at Mom's laptop in the kitchen. It was open to one of the lewder parts of the internet. "So I'm going to come in and you're watching porn on my computer," Mom said, her eyes shining with excitement. She wore her brown bathrobe and here and there her movements would give a view of a blushing pink nipple. There was nothing underneath. Quinn's eyes were glued to her, hoping to see more. Just her being there in her robe was making him hard.

"Watching porn in the kitchen?" he said.

"Babe, there's not really going to be anywhere else where this will work. Besides, it's just us here, what are you worried about?"

"Seems a little unrealistic, that's all."

Mom gave him a look, but went on. "So I catch you watching porn and of course I'm angry. You stay in your chair and we talk a little. I explain why you shouldn't be watching porn."

"Mom, all the gooners on your page watch porn. Isn't the scenario a little ridiculous?"

"You're not the one in charge here, young man," Mom was genuinely irritated. "This won't work if you don't listen, and you're going to be sorry if you mess it up for me. Got it?"

Quinn huffed, "Yeah, I got it."

"So you're on the computer and you're telling me that you need to watch porn to get off, that you're horny and have needs," Mom said, as nonchalant as if she were giving him a grocery list. Though they were ridiculous, the scenarios they went through always had a kernel of embarrassing truth. Quinn had needs, and Mom was so good at satisfying them. His stomach quivered with excitement and dread at what she was going to have him do.

"Then you start to beg for Momma to do something instead," she giggled. "And well..."

"Mom, what are you going to make me do?" Quinn tried not to whine.

"You'll see. I promise you'll love it. You've loved everything we've done, Sweetie. Tell me you haven't."

Quinn glared at her, but he indeed could not deny it. He had suspicion that she had taken the request to heart that he had asked her as HornyAlpha7216. His heart pounded as he imagined Mom's lips closing around his cock. His member inflated further, nearly at full mast. It bulged even with his pants on. "Well, I can see you're getting into the mood," Mom said, eyeing his cock hungrily.

He vehemently shook his head now, though his traitor of a cock was very much in the mood. "Now I can't have you complaining, Sweetie," Mom said. "I'll have to cut it if you do. The guys are supposed to imagine themselves in your position and in this you really want it from me." Who wouldn't? If only his mom weren't his mom, then they could be happy together. But then she would have no interest in him either.

"All you need to do is follow my lead. Ready?" she asked.

"Mom, what are we going to do?"

"You just sit at the computer. Keep the camera on me. I know you're a good listener, Babe, you can do this," she gave him her photogenic smile. The way she looked now made Quinn's heart jump.

"But Mom, don't you think this is wrong?

"Shh, Babe. Momma has it all worked out, ok?" Why was she talking to him like this? "If you want to talk some more we can later. Come on, trust your old mom. She's not as dumb as you think," now with the real smile.

She certainly wasn't. Smart and beautiful and sexy and charming. "I just-"

"No more, Quinn. You're going to kill the mood, and besides," she lightly touched the head of his straining cock through his pants. "I know you're ready."

Quinn sighed, but nodded his head. "Yay!" Mom said, her fingers intertwined as if she were praying. "Good boy," she kissed his cheek and left the room.

When she was out of sight, she said: "Ok, start rolling." Quinn did just that, and activated the headband camera he was wearing.

"Babe I was about to head out to the grocery store and I was wondering-" Mom pushed the door open and stopped dead. She had opened the top of her robe just a little more, her nipple almost slipping out. "Oh my God," she turned away. Quinn kept her in the frame.

"Sweetie, no," she said, her voice forlorn. She approached him. "What are you watching? 'Stepson and stepmom f-' oh, Sweetie. You know you can't watch stuff like this."

Mom did the thing where she looked at him like he was talking to her. He loved being the center of her attention like this. She had her big, round glasses on. "I know you're," she lowered her voice, "horny, but this stuff isn't good for you. You get all kinds of strange ideas from it."

She paused again and then shook her head. "No, Babe, stepsons and stepmoms don't do this. It's porn, not real. This is what I'm talking about. Boys can't be with women so much older than them and they certainly can't be with their moms. You're old enough I shouldn't have to explain this to you."

Mom sighed, "Sugar Lump, that's so sweet, but I know there are much prettier girls at school and at the coffee shop where you work. What was that one girl's name that you went on a date with, Jenny?

"Ok, Jamie. Isn't she a nicer girl for you? She's petite and pretty and has cute blonde hair." It was bizarre how easily this came to Mom. "Babe, don't... No, she's twenty five years younger than me, I know her boobies look better. Well, they're little and cute and perky. Momma's boobies hang, that's what happened when you sucked Momma's boobies when you were a baby. They're too droopy, Babe."

She shook her head, "You don't have to flatter Momma like this, Babe. I love you all the same. Sweetie," she took his hands and pulled him off the chair to her level. "Look, if Momma shows you her boobies, will you be a good boy and turn the porn off?"

She smiled, "I knew you could be good, Babe. Momma's best boy." She squirmed and her robe fell down off her shoulders. Her magnificent tits were in full view now and Quinn gulped. They were just as he remembered, low and pendulous, mobile with her body. Her nipples were large and pink, and were hard and crinkled already. She shimmied back and forth, and her boobs flapped from side to side. "I can't believe you like Momma's old boobies so much."

Her body bobbed subtly as Quinn stared at her, and she beamed at his attention. "Oh, Sugar Lump, I knew you would want to touch them. Of course you can."

Quinn didn't need to be told twice, he reached up and cupped her tit, squishing the soft flesh. "Ooh that feels good. You just can't get enough, can you Sweetie?" He grabbed her other boob and kneaded both of them. God, they felt heavenly. Just like Mom said, younger girls' boobs didn't feel like this. They didn't come close. She was so soft, they felt like warm dough in his hands. Quinn flicked her nipples with his thumbs. They were large, just like her areolas, and were incandescent with her excitement. "Mmm, oh my God," she moaned.

He moved his fingers, and pinched the nipples and rolled them. Mom gasped. She had no inhibition now. Her body

undulated and her mouth dropped open. There was no acting. "Fuck, Babe. Sorry I know you don't like when Momma says bad words." He tightened his grip, pinching her soft nipples. Mom took both of his wrists in her hands, not to pull them away but to steady herself. Her breath was heavy, causing her tits to rise and fall even more.

Quinn was completely lost to his animal side. He was desperate to get as much of Mom's tits as he could now. He pulled on Mom's tightly-gripped nipple, and her jiggling tit stretched with this hand. Mom groaned, squeezing her eyes shut. "Oh, Babe," she whimpered. He gripped her other nipple, and both her tits were sticking out from her chest. He tugged up, then down, then sideways. Mom's mouth dropped open and her body started to clench and quiver.

Her grip on his wrists tightened. "Oh my. Ok, Babe I think that's enough. You're getting Momma hot and bothered, Sweetie. Wow."

She smiled at him now, their eyes were at the same level. "Well, I know you like them. You're making your old Momma feel pretty." She furrowed her brow, "Wait, Babe, what? You already touched Momma's boobies, you're gonna wear them out." Her eyes widened, "You want to put your... weiner

between them? No, Babe, that's weird. Hold on, Sweetie, don't pull down your pants."

Quinn took her cue and dropped his pants, his diamond hard member pointing straight at Mom. "Oh my goodness, Sweetie," Mom said. "It's been so long, I didn't realize you grew up to have such a handsome penis." She held her hands at her sides, like she wanted to touch it but wouldn't dare. "Yes, Babe, it's a very nice penis. This is going to feel so good inside a lucky girl one day." She sighed. "You want to put it between Momma's boobies? Babe I could never say no to you," she gave a resigned smile and got on her knees in front of Quinn.

Mom reached up and placed his cock on her chest. He could feel her heart pounding against the bottom of it. She looked up at him, her dark eyes deep and adoring. She grabbed each tit in her hands, and pressed them to either side of his dick. Her skin was smooth as silk, and Quinn started to twitch his hips. "Babe, what are you doing? Are you humping Momma's boobies?" He sped up, his precum smearing between Mom's tits, giving him a slick valley to thrust in. The strokes of his hips became faster and wilder.

But Mom still held her tits around his cock, playing with her hard nipples just like Quinn had. He hated and revelled in how much she was enjoying this. Though she clutched them, her tits

jiggled with his mad fucking. He was losing control, and his cock hit Mom's chin. "Easy, Babe, watch out."

It was wet enough now that there were little squelching sounds. His cock pushed up, hitting her chin again, then her lips. Mom made an annoyed face. Quinn's breath was coming fast now, and he was a bit relieved that he would be cumming on Mom and not inside her. It didn't seem like as much of a boundary.

"What do you mean you want to try something?" Mom said. "Oh, Babe. No, Momma doesn't want your weiner in her mouth." She frowned, his cock slipping up and down her pressed cleavage. "No, moms don't do that with their boys. I don't care what you saw in porn. Those are actors. Yeah, I know, Sugar Lump. You're horny, just think about Jasmine. Right, Jamie. Just touch your wiener and think about her. This isn't right, Babe."

Quinn's cock between Mom's tits filled the room with obscene sounds. "Ok... ok. Look I'll just kiss it, and then I'll leave and you can stroke your penis by yourself." She moved back a little and took Quinn's cock in her hands.

That was the last straw. "Mom, no. We can't do this." Careful what you wish for. He was horny as fuck now, but the guilt gnawed at him. "You can't... give me a blowjob, Mom. This is crazy."

Mom cleared her throat. "You can't talk while we're doing this, Sugar Lump. I'm going to have to cut this and it will look weird if I have to cut the video too many times."

"Mom, it's wrong!" But Quinn didn't move.

"Sweetie, come on. You need to get your game face on. I know you're having fun and you can't get cold feet now. Come on, Bali, school, I'll get you some new tools for your woodwork."

He shook his hand and took a step back, or tried to. Mom had a much firmer hold on his cock than he realized. "Young man, I am not going to let you mess this up for me. This is the lowest effort thing a man can do with a woman. All you have to do is hold still for God's sake."

All Quinn could do was tremble and stare now. Mom sighed, "If you want to talk, you can. It just has to be in character. You can't be complaining. Now, I'm not going to argue anymore

and I don't want to have a bunch of cuts, so you'd better get your act together."

At that moment her face transformed, and she was apprehensive but sweet again. "It is a nice weiner, Sugar Lump. "Lots of girls will like it. It's nice and thick, and doesn't curve too much. It curves up just a little, that's good for getting a girl's g-spot."

Quinn took a few deep breaths. It looked like this was going to happen, and so he needed to do his best for Mom. "You really think I have a nice dick?"

There was a split second of hesitation in Mom's eyes. The next thing though, told him he had made the right decision. He could see Mom's beaming approval in her face. He would do it for her. Everything for her. "You do, Sweetie. To think it was just hidden there the whole time. Even if I don't like when you say bad words." She held his cock steady now, and brought her lips to its very tip. Quinn couldn't help but twitch when he felt her warm lips. "Ooh, Babe. I can tell how excited you are."

"I can't help it, Mom. This is what you do to me."

Mom ran her tongue over her shining lips now. "I haven't had that taste in a while," she said. To Quinn's delight a horror, she stuck her tongue out and twirled it around the head of his dick, licking up the slippery precum around it, he moaned in pleasure.

"Mom, God damn," he grunted.

"Language, Babe," she said, and resumed licking. "There's a lot of it." She licked the length of his shaft now, from his balls to his bellend. Her tongue roamed his cock, getting every square inch of it and getting all the precum.

Mom leaned back and wiped her lips. "That stuff does taste nice. You know what I haven't had in my mouth in a long time, though, Sweetie?"

For half a beat Quinn stared. "Cum," he said.

"That's right. Oh, I know I shouldn't but now I need it, Babe. I think I want you to cum in Momma's mouth. How would you like that?"

"I would love it, Mom," Quinn hissed.

She took his cock in her hand, and licked around the head some more. "I love you Mom," Quinn said.

"I love you too, Sugar Lump. Now let Momma have that sweet cum of yours." Her head moved forward, and her mouth opened. His cock sat on the tip of her tongue and she used it to guide it into her mouth. Just the heat and humidity of her mouth was enough to make Quinn moan.

"That feels so good, Mom," he said. Her lips touched the tip of his dick, then parted as she slowly moved her head forward. She was looking right up at him, her eyes open and bright. The hot circle of her mouth slipped over the tip of his cock. He couldn't think of anything more wrong than this, but what could he do when Mom needed it? Her tongue tickled the bottom of his dick and he trembled all over.

He reached out, and ran his fingers through Mom's short hair. Oddly, at this obscenely sinful moment, he realized he had never done this. Just touch her hair. Somehow stroking her hair and looking in her eyes was more intimate than her having his cock in her mouth. "Yeah, suck my cock, Mom," he said. And she did. His member disappeared deeper and deeper into his mouth.

Inside her mouth her tongue kept twirling around his member. He had never had a blowjob this good. In truth he hadn't had that many, as the girls he went out with were reluctant to do it. He tried not to think too hard as to why Mom did it so well. She made soft hums of pleasure as his cock moved further and further into her mouth. Quinn threw his head back.

He felt the cold air on his cock again. "Babe, you need to look at Momma while she does this." Quinn realized what he had done and pointed the camera on his head at Mom. "Good boy," Mom said, his cock clutched in her hand. "Momma needs to see your face, especially when you give her your cum. Do you understand, Sweetie?"

"Yes, Mom. Sorry."

"Aww, Babe, it's ok. Now hold still and let Momma take care of you." She guided his wet, frothy cock into her mouth once more and circled the head with her tongue inside. Quinn resisted the urge to pull his head back.

She pushed her head forward a bit more and she squinted her eyes, the sides of her mouth drawing back. Oh no. He had

gagged her. "Sorry, Mom," he blurted, hoping this wouldn't end.

Quinn's dick dropped out of Mom's mouth, her hand still holding it steady. "It's ok, Sugar Lump," she said, licking his tip. "Momma's ready to gag on that handsome weiner a little for her special boy." She licked the length of it. "How could I not enjoy a dick- I mean penis like this, especially with my best boy?"

He was dumbfounded. He had no idea that Mom could talk like this, especially to her son. It was dirtier than anything he had ever imagined, and somehow that made it all the better. Mom pushed back down on his member and it sank back into her eager mouth. Her brown eyes looked back up at him, the corners pulled up in the smile her mouth was too busy for.

Her slithering tongue and lips sent shots of pleasure through him, and his hand tightened on her hair. He was careful to be gentle, this was his mom after all. Her eyes said it all. This isn't just for the subscribers. I want to show you what I can do, Sugar Lump. I appreciate all you've done for me and I want to give back. Once again, she squinted and then closed her eyes all the way. Yet she pushed further, powering through.

Quinn had always been careful not to gag the girls who had sucked his cock. The first time it had happened, that was the end of the blowjob. But it was like Mom wanted it, like she wanted to show the lengths she was willing to go to please him. The depths of Mom's throat felt heavenly. His hand moved down the side of her face and he rubbed her neck and shoulders.

"Thank you, Mom. I love you," he said. He said in gratitude but also as an apology. To Mom for defiling her like this, to himself for allowing her to do this, and to God for... everything. But he couldn't stop. Along with the pleasure, this was for Mom. The back of her throat closed around his cock, and a tear ran down the side of her face.

Mom started to pump her head over Quinn's cock, taking the entire thing, lips touching his balls, in her mouth with each stroke. God, he couldn't believe how well she took his dick. And of course each time she pushed him closer to cumming, her lips, tongue, and throat, wrapped around him and giving him what he needed. "Mom, fuck," he said. It was impossible to express his simultaneous disgust, adoration, and gratitude.

She pulled back, giving a little cough as slobber dripped from her mouth. Mom took a few deep breaths and looked into his eyes. Her eyes were red and watering. She didn't have to ask,

she knew she was doing good, she knew she was getting his cum tonight. Quinn's cock plunged back in, and this time Mom was all the more vigorous and fast. It was like she wanted to swallow his cock whole, and Quinn felt himself close to cumming in just a few seconds.

This orgasm was going to be incredible, maybe as strong as the last one. She could see it too, and Quinn saw the satisfaction in her eyes. Mom pushed and pushed, and he was about to tumble over the threshold of his climax. For a second he stared at her, his brain too overwhelmed to say anything. Then his body was seized and he felt the heat lance up the length of his member. He fired out the tip, and it felt like he had a livewire in his cock, pleasure so intense it crossed over into pain. His body shook, and he was vaguely aware of the look of satisfaction on Mom's face. With each pump of his cock his body shook. The muscles of his ass clenched until he was sure that he would be sore the next day.

Finally he made one last, trembling thrust and his final load shot into Mom's mouth. He looked down at her, horrified at pushing their absolute debauchery one step further. Her mouth opened, and there on her tongue was the filthy white puddle of his jizz. The evidence of the crime. She closed her mouth and made an exaggerated swallow, then opened back up, sticking out a clean tongue.

"Thanks, Babe," she smiled. "I started doing this for you, but I was so happy to get your sweet cum."

Quinn's eyes were wide with horror. He had never felt this clear minded after cumming before. What had they just done? But Mom acted as if it were the most natural thing in the word and gently grabbed his cock. "I need all of it," she said, and licked the dirty remnants off the tip of his dick. "You're a good boy, Sugar Lump. I told you Momma would take care of you." She paused for a moment and cleared her throat. "Ok, Babe. You can cut now."

Mom cautiously stood up, taking Quinn by both hands. "Mom," Quinn whispered. He couldn't meet her eyes. "We can't do stuff like this."

"Sweetie, I know this is a lot. You need to relax, though. I know you had fun, and so did I. And this is going to make bank for us online!" She grinned and squeezed his hands.

"But this is wrong. I can see it, why can't you?" Quinn pleaded. He was close to tears.

"Babe, don't think about it too much. I know a little more than you about sex and relationships. We're just having fun and it's for a good cause. Now why don't you go get a beer or something? You were a good boy tonight." She leaned forward to kiss him on the lips, and before he could stop himself, his tongue intertwined with hers. The thought struck him that his own cum had just been where his tongue was now, but it wasn't enough to stop him.

"Mom..." he whined as their lips disengaged.

"Shh, Babe. It's done. It's not good for you to dwell on it like this. Let's just enjoy each other and the peace of mind this is giving us."

"Peace of mind...?" he said, confused.

"We aren't going to have to worry about money for a while now. Babe, I'm not going to argue with you about this. I think you're tired and you're worked up. I know how you get. Now I'm gonna have a bath and get changed. Go get a snack or something."

Quinn glared at her again. He felt like he had been deceived again, like Mom had taken advantage. A man didn't let himself be manipulated like this. Still, he knew that there was nothing he could say to Mom. She had gotten what she wanted and he couldn't deny that he had too. He stomped off into the kitchen and had a beer.

Chapter 4

"Quinn, this is what I was talking about with this church. I don't like the judgement," Mom said. The diner was full with the after church crowd and the waitstaff struggled to keep up. "It's obnoxious. I wanted to give that preacher a piece of my mind. Why did I let you convince me to come back?"

Quinn took a sip of his coffee. "Don't you think God is important? You haven't been to church since-" the last time was before the divorce. "Well, for a long time. It's like you don't even believe."

"Don't be ridiculous, of course I still believe in God. I just don't think he's going to condemn you to burn based on who you love." The sermon that day was about Sodom and Gomorrah and focused on sexual purity. Quinn had found it apropos, much to Mom's chagrin.

"You just have to have morals," Quinn said. "You can't just go off and have sex all the time with whoever you want. It's wrong. Also, you can get diseases, have kids out of wedlock..."

"If you're responsible and use protection, it's fine," Mom folded her arms.

"Not really. But even if you're lucky it's still not with God's law."

"Doesn't God just want people to be happy?"

"Mom..." Quinn sighed. "Life isn't just puppies and ice cream and rainbows. It's important for us to be moral and pure. And as the man of the house, I think we have some things to work on."

"Babe, this is why I don't like this church, you get all kinds of weird ideas when you go," Mom said. The sermon had made passing mention of the wife submitting to the husband, and Quinn ran with it.

"It says in the Bible that the man is the head of the household. Since you and Dad got divorced, that's me," Quinn said, as if that settled it.

"As long as I pay the bills I'm the head of the household. And you better watch the way you talk to me, young man. Just because you have your head filled with bad ideas doesn't mean that I'm not still your mother. I work hard for you and I expect you to treat me with respect."

"Not what it says in the Bible," Quinn, cowed by Mom's words, grumbled. Even with God on his side, he couldn't win an argument against Mom. He knew he was right, though.

"Well, if you don't like it you can try being out on your own. If it's just you, you can be the head of the household," Quinn thought Mom's tone sounded smug, but she was angry.

They had their breakfast and the tension abated just a bit. Mom smiled at Quinn while he tried to make grumpy and petulant look like resolute and righteous. The diner was starting to clear out when they finished.

"Well, I guess breakfast is one good thing that came out of this. Thanks for having breakfast with me, Sugar Lump," Mom said.

Quinn huffed, "You're welcome, Mom."

It was taking the waitress a while to get there with their check. "Look, Mom," Quinn said. "What we... do still isn't right."

"Oh? Is that your pronouncement as the head of the household?" Mom wasn't so angry anymore. She actually looked amused, and spoke with a mocking tone. "You going to stone me?"

"Mom..." he griped. His face was reddening. Nothing got on his nerves like when he was trying to be serious and Mom made fun of him. This was serious.

Her eyes widened in mock surprise. "Oh, dear. This blouse is polyester and cotton, Babe."

He shook his head. "What?"

"It's in Leviticus, Sweetie. You can't mix your fibers."

"That's crazy," Quinn said.

She shrugged, "It's there. Maybe I'm not the one who needs to read the Bible," her face was smug.

"Mom, God damnit," he growled.

"Oh, and that's using Lord's name in vain!"

Quinn shook his head, feeling like he was sinking in quicksand. He lowered his voice, "Forget all that, I'm talking about incest." That word got her attention, and it emboldened him that it gave her pause. "Yeah, it's a sin, Mom. And I don't appreciate you tempting me and making me do all this. It's wrong and it's not going to end well."

"Tempting you?" Mom said, truly surprised. "This isn't me, Babe, it's us. It takes two to tango, and as far as I can tell you're enjoying the hell out of the dance."

"But Mom, men can't..." he struggled for the words. "We have urges. You don't know how hard it is for a man to resist. That

disgusting page you have up is tearing us apart! It's not ladylike, and it's not something a mother should do."

"Quinn, I'm not going to dignify any of that with a response. Like I said, this stupid church puts crazy ideas in your head. You can yammer on and on about what you think God wants, but that doesn't change the fact that you can't order me around and you're responsible for your own actions," she said.

Taking a deep breath, he tried to steady himself. "All I'm saying is that what you and I do is wrong. We need to stop." How could he get her to see?

"Babe, this is one of those things where the proof is in the pudding. It's only bothering you because of your hangups. Look at how much money-"

Quinn cut her off, "That's greed, Mom! You're selling your soul."

"Excuse me? Young man this is about survival, not greed. This is about your future. You're going to have to stay home and work that coffee shop for the rest of your life if you don't go to school. And don't tell me that's what you want, because I know

better. We're paying rent without a problem, and we're taking that nice trip to Bali. You know plenty of women have nothing after they divorce. Some of them become homeless. You don't know how good you have it."

"I... Mom, we can't..." he shook his head, desperate for the words. There were tears welling in his eyes, and he covered his face, mortified.

"Babe..." Mom said. She reached over and held his hand. "Shh, Sugar Lump. I know this has been really hard for you. You're getting too worked up over this." Quinn shook his head, and dared not speak lest his voice crack. "Just take a few breaths for me, Momma's here. I love you and I'm proud of you Sugar Lump. Even when you're aggravating. We have a good thing going, and we're both enjoying it." This time Quinn shook his head even more vigorously. "I know you are. And it's helping us as a family."

It was impossible. He was supposed to be the leader, the protector, yet without fail Mom could completely disarm him. Once again, he would have to save his further objections for later.

Quinn had calmed down a bit by the time they got up to leave. He had resisted the tears. When Sofie saw the meager tip he left, she surreptitiously dropped a few extra bills.

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"Come on, Babe. It's the first day of the year warm enough." Mom stood at the door in shorts that showed way too much leg. The white and green striped tank top had no bra underneath and you could clearly see her nipples poking out. She never used to dress like this.

"The pool's going to be so crowded, then. Today's not a good day for it," Quinn said.

"When did you become such a stick in the mud?" Mom said.

"Don't call me that," he said.

"It's not going to hurt you to come with me. We could both use some exercise and sun. Come on, I'll let you choose dinner." When Quinn didn't respond she continued. "I know you don't want me there all alone. I need a big strong man to protect me," she was being sarcastic, but Quinn knew she truly needed him.

Who knew what kind of creeps would be hanging out there today? He sighed.

Like he had predicted the pool was crowded. Kids everywhere, parents fussing, teenagers shouting. It was a pretty large pool, they used to go together when the whole family was together in happier times. Mom stepped out of the car in her tank top and shorts, and put on a pair of sunglasses and a floppy hat. Quinn stared at her, it was like she just couldn't help being beautiful. He thought back to the last time they went swimming. It was back in happier times a couple of summers ago. She looked hot as hell even in the conservative one-piece she wore back then. Seeing his smiling, charming, gorgeous Mom he felt that familiar thump down below as he started to get hard.

Swimming wasn't going to be easy. In fact, with this many people it would be obnoxious. "I'm gonna get changed, Babe," Mom said. She tousled his hair. He sighed and went into the other dressing room.

When he came out, Mom hadn't finished yet. The deep end of the pool had a bit of space, and Quinn could convince himself it wasn't full of pee. He jumped in and started laps. After a while he fell into his natural rhythm, and it felt good to only be concentrating on moving his body. Stroke, breathe, stroke,

breathe, all the meanwhile kicking his legs. Soon enough the screaming of kids faded and he was fully enveloped by his exercise. His hardon went down as he pushed lewd thoughts from his mind. His body relaxed.

Stroke, breathe, stroke, breathe. He lost track of how many laps he had done. But he didn't care. "Babe," a distant voice said. He kept going. "Quinn, hey!" Mom shouted. Annoyed at the interruption, he stopped and looked up. His vision was a little blurry and when he looked around he didn't see her. Wiping the water out of his eyes, he still couldn't find her.

"Mom," he called, feeling like he was ten years old again.

"Sweetie, I'm right here." He turned toward the voice and he saw why he didn't see Mom to begin with. He looked up and down her body, slowly and entranced. The old one-piece he remembered was gone and she had on a maroon bikini. It was barely anything. Just like before, her nipples protruded and swayed with the movement of her breasts. The bikini bottom was even worse. It plunged down in front and Quinn could see a tiny tuft of her luscious hair. The curve of the bikini somehow emphasized the roundness of her already majestic ass. She still had the big round sunglasses, just like the prescription ones she wore every day and her white floppy hat. He immediately started getting hard again. So much for forgetting about sex.

"Oh... hey Mom," he said. His eyes were glued to her, and followed every curve. It was like she was wearing nothing. Her slender arms were visible along with her fit belly. Her tits weren't especially large, but were mature, pendulous, and mobile, driving Quinn wild. That stubborn bit of fat still clung to her thighs and butt, despite how fit the rest of her was. She was a goddess to Quinn, radiant and gorgeous and larger than life.

"Come on out for a minute, I need your help," she said.

Quinn gulped. Anything for her. When he emerged from the water his raging boner was back and had pitched a tent in his swimming trunks. Mom's eyes darted down for a fraction of a second, and he saw it in her eyes. A tiny smile tugged at the corners of her mouth. He stood before her again, agape and stunned. "Come on," she repeated, and took his hand.

Walking behind her, he stared at her butt, swinging back and forth with her steps. It just barely jiggled. They headed to the chaise lounge chairs in the shade of nearby trees. Mom took out a little plastic bottle. "Did you put sunscreen on?" she asked. Quinn's blank stare gave her the answer she needed. She squeezed the sunscreen out into her hand. "Now hold still." Quinn jerked away when she started rubbing his shoulders.

"Mom, I can do it!" he protested. But Mom didn't listen. She rubbed his shoulders and arms. Her delicate hands pacified him, as he imagined the things those hands had done to him and what else they might do. Despite his burning ears, he let Mom rub his body down with the sunscreen. It felt wonderful. At that moment he realized what was happening. She was doing this on purpose again, trying to work him up. It certainly was working, and him knowing what she was doing did nothing to stop it. He wondered what she had in store for him today.

"Such a handsome boy," Mom muttered. "You've grown up right, Sugar Lump." She rubbed his chest, making the hairs sticky white with the cream. His heart beat madly against her hands. She rubbed him all over his front, putting her fingers just slightly below his swim trunk waistband to tease him. Her finger dipped one more time and Quinn gasped as it touched the angry red head of his cock. Mom giggled at his reaction.

Wordlessly, she placed her hands on his shoulders and turned him around. He felt her velvet hands travelling down his back, and trembled with delight. He couldn't possibly get any harder and hornier. He melted into Mom's hands now and was completely at her mercy. Her hands tickled at his sides, and he quivered again at her touch.

Mom turned him again, and dabbed the cream on his face. "Hold still, Babe. You don't want this in your eyes."

"Yes, Mom," he said.

After his face she bent down and got his legs. She made sure to look up at him at the right time, just when she was level with his dick. With sunglasses it didn't quite have the same effect, but Quinn still thought of his member bucking and filling her mouth full of cum. When she was done with his legs she stood up. "Did I get everywhere, Babe?" Quinn nodded dumbly. "Good," she handed him the bottle. "Now it's my turn." He stared while she lay down on the chaise chair. She turned onto her stomach, her voluptuous, round ass on full display for him. Quinn was so hot he thought he would start panting.

"Just start at my legs and go up," Mom said.

"There are people all over Mom. Everyone will see," Quinn hissed.

"Sugar Lump, it's ok. No one we know is here," she looked over her shoulder at him.

"But I'm your son," he said.

"It will only be a minute. Come on, think of how good it's going to feel to rub your cream all over me, for both of us. No one else can do this for me, Babe. I can't ask anyone else to touch me like this. Please. I need your help."

The innuendo made the bottle fall from Quinn's wobbling hand and thump in the grass. He picked it up, and the cream farted out into his hand. "Start at my legs," Mom repeated.

He felt like he was underwater, his movements slow and heavy. His fingers sank into Mom's calves, and she sighed with pleasure. They felt incredible under his fingers. Mom was the perfect mix of soft and fit, and he felt like steam would burst from his ears. He felt her muscles rippling under her smooth skin. "That feels good, Sweetie," Mom said.

After her calves were covered in white cream, he moved up to her thighs. If her calves were beautiful, her thighs were exquisite. His fingers dug in, the thick flesh just the perfect amount of soft. Her ass was right next to his face and he was close enough he could see the little dimples above it. A drop of sweat fell down his face and onto her skin. Her hips and butt

jiggled and flowed with his rubs. "Thank you, Quinn. You're so good at this." He gulped. His member had been at maximum hardness now, but he felt like it wasn't hard enough for what he was feeling. It was like all that lust that was making him hard overflowed out of his cock and was turning his whole body into a swollen, engorged erection. Even his skin felt tight.

Though he had coated them, he couldn't stop with her thighs. His thumbs pressed, his fingers kneaded, he pressed with the ball of his hand. They belonged at the end of his lips, where he could kiss and lick and bite them. He wanted to lick every single dirty square inch of Mom's body. He forced his hands up to her back, focusing on her Venus dimples. Once more his hands dug into her. "That's the spot, Sugar Lump. You need to start giving me massages at home."

"Yes, Mom," Quinn droned.

Mom laughed, and Quinn ran his hands up her back. He coated her with cream that, like she said, only he could give her. That is what she would look like if he was fucking her from behind. It would be amazing, his iron cock pounding her dripping wet pussy so hard you could hear the squelches. Or maybe he would fuck her in the ass. He had never fucked a girl's ass before, and he wondered if Mom had ever taken it anally. At

this point he would have straight licked her asshole clean if she asked him.

Her muscles rippled in her shoulders and arms as Quinn rubbed them. Her delicate neck felt amazing too. Sad that he was done with her back, he stood up straight. "Babe?" Mom said.

"You want me to get your front, right?" he asked. He was driven mad by the thought of her bouncing tits and pokey nipples on full display for him.

"But Sweetie, you're not done." She wiggled her plump, round ass. "The swimsuit doesn't block everything."

Quinn's breath heaved. His hands were trembling so bad he almost dropped the sunscreen again. A little puddle of white cream oozed into his hand. Slowly, his hands approached her big butt. He tucked both hands under her bikini bottom. For a moment, he just paused there, preparing himself for what her magnificent ass would feel like. Then he dug in, filling his grasping hands with the delicious dough of her ass. At first he couldn't even bring himself to rub the cream in. He squeezed the cheeks of her ass, he spread them, disappointed the bikini was covering her pussy and asshole. He pushed, feeling her

glutes in the depths of her thick cheeks. The cream spread out over her ass. "Babe, you're playing with Momma's butt," she said in that voice she used for her videos. Their videos. Suddenly self-conscious, Quinn jerked his hands back. "Ok, now I'm ready for the other side. Just like before, start at the bottom and move up."

She got up and turned over, and Quinn held his breath as her fit belly and soft tits came into view. They were covered still, and their flowing flesh flowed and splayed to either side. Quinn boggled and Mom smiled at his reaction. She took her sunglasses off. "Sweetie, I'm glad you're enjoying the show, but I need that cream of yours."

"Yes, Mom," he said and started on her shins. Though they were harder than the backs of her calves, he felt the meat around the bone of her shin. When he moved up to her thighs they were just as delicious and abundant as before. His mouth was dry and scratchy, and he desperately needed a drink. But he couldn't possibly pull himself away. This was a chance not only to please his beloved Mom, but also to get handfuls of her sweet flesh and explore every soft and quivering corner.

He came up to the top of her flanks, his hands meeting in the place where her legs came together. That sacred place, a flower hidden in the forest. He looked up at her as his finger just

barely tucked under the bottom of her swimsuit. Their eyes met as he held his breath. She nodded. His fingers were almost as engorged and sensitive as his cock. He traced the area under her swimsuit and then ran his fingers through the lush, shining hair on her pussy. His body was getting tired now, lust and desire exhausting him, but also pushing him forward.

Shaking with energy, his fingers traced the slick lips of her slit, and her body undulated. But her hand flew down and caught him. "Not here, not now," she said with such finality that Quinn dared not even question her. So he moved his hands up to her fit belly. Rubbing the cream on her abs, he imagined shooting a load of cum there, and looking down at Mom, her face slack and content as it was now, pleased to get his creamy treasure. Again he came to one of her sacred places as he traced the bottom of her tits. But his hands surged under her top and her erect nipples brushed the palms of his hand. She let a shuddering sigh out again. "Good boy," she whispered. His fingers traced the crinkled, erect surface of her areolas. Then he closed his hands and filled them with the incredible soft meat of her pendulous breasts. He squeezed, and he pulled. Mom's hand went down again. "Babe, you're going to get them out of my top. That's enough." He used all his effort to obey, and rubbing her shoulders and arms brought his own face within inches of hers.

He ended at her fingertips, and entwined his in both hands, bringing their clasped hands up to his chest. "I love you, Mom," he said in a trembling voice.

"I love you too Babe. You did a great job." She raised her head and kissed him on the lips, just long enough not to be appropriate.

On top of her like this, he wanted to roll onto her and push his raging erection into her as far as it could go, he didn't even care if there were people everywhere. Again, if she asked him he would be powerless to resist. His mouth worked, but no sound came out. He wanted to beg for... something, anything. He would have licked her whole body, uncaring that the sunscreen would make him sick.

"Thank you so much, sugar Lump," Mom said. I'm gonna be over here reading, ok? Go have fun."

"Ok," Quinn mumbled. Again Mom's eyes dropped down to his hard cock as he got up. She didn't have to say anything, Quinn could see how gratified she was at driving him wild. As much as he wanted to, there was nothing he could do with her, but he needed his release.

He turned, and heard a giggle from Mom behind him. By the time he got to the changing room, he was running. There was no time to fool around. This orgasm was going to be painfully strong, and it would hardly take anything to get it. He violently dropped his shorts, and gripped his cock like he was strangling a rooster. He didn't even have time to put together a proper fantasy in his mind. All that was there was flashes of Mom's tits, her ass, her smiling face. He pumped his cock once, twice, three times. With the fifth pump, he felt the eruption start inside and braced himself. When it shot out of the end of his dick, his whole body quaked. He groaned, aware that people around could most likely hear, and embarrassed that they would, but powerless over his own body. Again and again, white ropes shot out from his member, hitting the walls and floor and running down his clenched fist. He moaned again, as the pleasure was so intense it became painful. He stumbled and fell against the wall and then onto the floor.

On the concrete floor, his tortured cock gave one last sputter and his white cream oozed out. He lay there dazed on the floor. In a couple of seconds he was up, and though his head was swimming and his body was tired, he got out. The cum he had sprayed on the walls and floor would just have to dry and get cleaned up. He spent the rest of the time peacefully floating in the pool, stealing glances at Mom reading her book.

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Quinn spent the rest of the day locked in his room. He came several times looking at Mom's page. The next morning he was actually glad someone had unexpectedly called in sick at work and he had to take a double shift. He immersed himself in work, and tried his hardest not to think about the sinful vixen waiting for him at home. How was Mom like this now? She hadn't been when he was growing up. In his memory, she was pure and sweet as a saint. Perhaps it had been true, and not just the naivety of a child.

Sitting in the car at the end of his shift, he took long, slow breaths. His hands gripped the steering wheel, his knuckles white. The long way home would give him a few precious minutes of calm or at least help him settle down before he got home. But the more he drove the harder he got, and his anger built as his arousal did. It was like everything was a fight with her. Telling her right from wrong was a fight, holding her accountable was a fight. He even had to fight his own Goddamn cock. And the irony of it was he knew he was right, but he lost over and over again. Over and over he yielded to Mom's temptation. The pool had felt like a small victory, but only since Mom had decided not to press her advantage and molest him again.

He drove through the sparsely forested hills around town, the last of the winter green fading from the dry grass. It felt like an ambush when he saw it. Somehow he had found his way to his old neighborhood and the old house, Dad's house now, was right in front of him. It had been so long since he had been in this house, almost a year. It looked so big now, though he had thought of it as just two modest stories, four bedrooms. It had a small front yard and was right out on the street, its tall windows staring him down. Mom and Dad's last days rushed up at him in his memory. His fury at Mom for cheating on Dad, but then his rush to defend her from Dad's wrath. It seemed like the fighting was constant. Though Dad was right about her destroying the family, some absolutely vile things came out of his mouth. Seeing her face red and streaked with tears did something to him, and he jumped to her defense.

Quinn could have chosen to stay with Dad, but now there was no going back. He had taken a side, though he hadn't meant to. He didn't regret his decision though, Mom needed him, no matter how fallen lost she was. In fact she needed him more because of this.

It was no use, and he headed back home. There was no doubt in his mind that Mom had set him off on purpose at the pool the day before, and he wondered if she would try something when he got home this time. When he came inside, Mom's

bedroom door was closed, and he heard running water inside. He breathed a sigh of relief.

But not that much long after, there was a knock on his door. Mom didn't wait for him to answer and came in. She had on the brown bathrobe. The same one she had on during their last carnal encounter. "Hey Babe, welcome home." There she was with her grin, the real one this time.

"Hey, Mom," his resolve, hardened by his boiling anger in the car, faltered. Mom bent over and kissed him on the top of the head, giving him a close up look down the top of her robe. It was looser than she usually wore it, and he got to see Mom's luscious tits. They hung there, swinging all the more with her bending over. They came to a defined point at each nipple. His exhausted cock started to get hard again.

When Mom stood up, the robe was only held together right at the belt. The inner sides of both boobs were visible as was the shining hair of her bush. "Come on, Mom. Cover up," his ears burned.

Mom pulled her robe closed, but not much. "Oops," she said. "I just got out of the shower, Babe. Feels so good to be clean and I just didn't notice." The lie was easy and natural. "I put some

perfume on, Sugar Lump, smell." She got too close to him again, and the perfume tickled his nose. Though he wanted to rebuke her, he couldn't bring himself to do it.

She was like this for the rest of the night, tossing every bit of innuendo she could into her words, "forgetting" her robe being open. Quinn jerked off to her twice more that night.

The next couple of days weren't any better. Mom had him hand her a bottle of shampoo when she was in the shower, she had him rub lotion on her feet, she lounged around in her underwear. Quinn could swear that she was icing her nipples as hard as they seemed to be all the time. Every time he told himself he was going to resist. He would tell her how filthy she was being and shame her for trying to tempt him. But just when he was about to, she would expertly toss him some piece of praise, or give him that damned smile.

Quinn had been in a few fights in his time, and he prided himself on being strong and capable. The bedside table in Mom's room was his handiwork. But in his effort to be a true man in every area he could, there was one he overlooked. He could throw a punch, he could use a circular saw flawlessly, but he was as soft and doughy as a loaf of white bread before his mother.

One night he was heading off to bed, and he thought Mom was in bed too, but he heard her voice calling him from inside her bedroom. "Babe, can you give me a hand in here?" Walking into the bedroom he heaved his millionth sigh, his hard dick and soft brain at odds.

There was no one there, and he heard her call from her closet. "Hold on a second, Sweetie, almost ready." He stood there, too awkward to sit down on the bed.

Mom emerged from the closet with the head mounted camera in her hand, but that wasn't what Quinn noticed. She had on a set of black lingerie. It both covered and exposed her tits and pussy at the same time. It was lacey and see-through, with gartered stockings. As she moved Quinn could see it all, the lingerie only serving to enhance what was underneath. And as always, the truly magical thing was her. Wearing nothing but a potato sack she would still be enchanting and lovely.

That feeling he had felt at dinner flowed up through him. Not just filthy lust, but that warmth. That feeling that he was in the presence of a goddess. When he was just a toddler, he thought he had the best mom in the world. The prettiest, sweetest, most charming mom, and he would punch any kid in the face that said otherwise. Over the years, his view of her had been tempered, and then rocked with her and dad's divorce. But

now he knew that he was right to begin with, and that there was no other woman in the world like her. No one could ever compare. And he was hers.

Her smile stretched her face. "Again, Babe, I don't think I have to ask you how I look." She took step after excruciating step toward him, and Quinn flinched, as if she were the burning light of the sun. Every alarm was going off in his head. Here he was again trapped in her web and she was about to endanger his soul with her wickedness. He poured forth every ounce of will he could to resist.

"Mom, you look beautiful." It wasn't a word he liked to say out loud, as it felt unmanly to him. But what else was there to say?

"Aww, Sweetie, thank you." She touched his cheek and then leaned forward to kiss him on the lips. The past few days he had been like a castle besieged with the way she had been teasing him. Like underminers beneath the walls, she chipped and chipped away at his resistance. The kiss was a battering ram and his gate shattered. This time he stuck his tongue out, like he was licking the last of the honey out of the bottom of a jar. Mom squealed in surprise, but deftly reciprocated, and their tongues intertwined in wet, hot sin. Their faces pushed together, and Quinn would have swallowed her whole if he could.

Their kiss broke. "Ooh, Babe. That was-" But Mom didn't get a chance to finish as he tamped her mouth again. His fingers on one hand sank into her thigh while the other clumsily tried to grope her breast. They licked and sucked at each other, their ravenous teeth clicking.

Finally Mom pulled back. "Oh my, that's enough of that. Don't worry Babe, you're about to get as much of me as you can handle." She lowered her gaze and took his finger, placing it on her bottom lip. Her lips closed around it, and her tongue tickled its tip.

"Mom..." he muttered. It was like she was sucking his strength out of his finger. His will crumbled, and she replaced it with something dark and degenerate. The unholy vigor filled his body, and his beleaguered cock gave a forceful rush. "Yes," he whispered.

"Love you, Sugar Lump," she cradled his face and he pushed into it. Her helpless boy. "Now before we start I want you to understand. I'll be saying a lot of things, and it's for my subs. But every word I'm going to say to you is true. This is me talking to you, I'm just letting them watch."

His chest rose and fell with his labored breaths. "I want you, Mom," he whispered, "I want you, I want all of you." There was a tiny part of his mind, the one where his morality lived, that wailed in horror.

"I know you do, Babe. Now let Momma give you what you need." She strapped the camera to his head. She trusted him now, and didn't need to tell him to keep her in the frame. His heart swelled with pride.

She was grinning from ear to ear, and walked back into the closet. "Ok, start rolling, Babe," she called from within.

For a few seconds she didn't emerge. Each heartbeat felt like an hour to Quinn. The first thing he saw was a foot, then her lithe body emerged from the closet. A quiver passed through his body. "Well, hello, Sweetie," it was the real smile, not the stage one. The real smile.

"Hey Mom," he said, and was gratified to see that she approved of his participation.

"You know, Sweetie, you've been so good to me. I know I ask a lot of you, and you've done such a great job helping Momma

around the house. Momma doesn't know what she would do without you."

"Thanks, Mom," he muttered. He was like a mouse hypnotized by a cobra.

"No, Babe, thank you." She took his hand. "I see how you've been looking at me the past few days. You really liked that new bikini I wore to the pool." Fiction and reality were merging, and Quinn gaped. Her hands guided his to her hips, and once again they were filled with her luscious flesh. It was smooth as silk.

Mom gave her hips a little shake. "You make your old Momma feel so sexy, Sweetie," she said.

"That's because you are," Quinn said. Mom giggled.

He moved his hands up her body, and when they found their way to her tits, her nipples were already hard. He circled them over her bra with his thumbs. She giggled with delight. This time felt different to Quinn. Before he felt guided just by his lust and desire, and every second was agonizing guilt. But this time, the things that Mom had said to him made a bizarre sense. Why not make each other feel good?

Mom stepped back and sat down on the bed. When she spread her legs, Quinn saw that there was a neat little vertical slit in the crotch of her panties, just the perfect size and place for his cock. "Come over here, Babe," she said, and he obeyed.

Her hands went up inside his shirt and rubbed his chest and belly. "Sugar Lump, you feel so tense. I know how rough the past few months have been, but I've also seen how you're looking at me. My handsome boy." Down her hands went, and they clutched the button on his pants. They froze there and Mom looked up at him. Her eyes skewered him, and she waited for his word.

Had this been the first time they had indulged their sordid fantasies, he would have easily been able to decline, even forcefully so. Even the second or third time. She had plowed over him those times, and used his lust and weakness against him. But now, with her eyes daring and pleading, he could only acquiesce. "Yes, Mom. Please."

She deftly unbuttoned him, and he shivered as the release of pressure and cold air of the room hit him. She smiled up at him, never breaking eye contact, and pulled the sides of his boxers. As they went down, his cock went up, like an ironing board tilting out of the wall. Now she looked straight at it, and her

eyes widened with what she saw. "I don't know where you got such a nice cock, sweetie. Your dad's wasn't near this handsome. It's going to feel so good inside me." Somehow, this shot at his dad wounded his pride, and he felt like he needed to object, but found no words. Her hands moved up his legs and slid down the length of his rock solid dick. She moved up to his sensitive head. Squeezing his cock, she twisted her hands.

"Mom, don't. I don't want to cum yet," his words surprised him as much as they did her. Never before had he been concerned about cumming too fast.

"Well, aren't you the generous lover? I raised my boy right, you don't want to be done too fast. You want to please your Momma." She took her hands away from his cock and leaned back on the bed, spreading her legs and tilting her hips up, opening the narrow passage in her panties. "You can cum wherever you want, Babe. So where do you want it?"

Quinn's heart was in his throat, and that little moral part of his brain was screaming in terror. It was much easier to ignore this time. There was only one place where this could go, and the realization roared through his body. He felt like every switch inside was turned on, that he was firing on cylinders he didn't even know he had. There had never been something so vital in

his life. "I want to cum inside you, Mom." He took one breath, then another, then another, the words sinking into both of their minds.

Lying back, Mom spread her legs even wider in a rosy invitation. She unfastened her bra in the center and released her amazing tits. "Do it, Babe," she said, "cum for Momma."

His breath roared in his ears, and unbidden his hands gripped her spreading legs. Mom's eyes were wide now, and it occurred to him that she was just as excited by him as he was for her. That a woman like her would want him this much made his head swim. His hard member rubbed the inside of her leg, leaving a single sparkling dot of precum. It wobbled and surged, finally coming to rest against per pussy. He laid it there lengthwise, touching but not penetrating. It looked so right, so natural over her luscious brown bush. "You don't know how long I've been waiting for this, Babe," she whispered.

There was no answer he could give, as his brain was running in the red and he couldn't put thought to word. He had waited just as long. But words were unnecessary. He pulled his hips back and positioned his dick right against her pussy. This time he had the ram and she had the gate. But she welcomed it

rather than resisting, biting her lip and tilting her hips at the perfect angle.

Finally this was where all this led. Finally he would give her what she needed, his Mom who had been alone and anguished for so long. This was about more than just his pleasure. He pushed, and her lips parted. Her heat burned him as he penetrated her. Mom's back bowed and her chest heaved with her breath, her ribcage was even visible. Quinn's breath quickened, just the tip of his member sampling her insides. He didn't want to cum inside her just yet.

Like a glacier creeping through its valley, his cock sank into her. First her lips were around his head, then they were around his middle. "Yes," Mom whispered. Her eyes sparkled with her desire. Surrounded by her warmth, his cock displaced the juice inside her, making it drip in the sheets. Inch by excruciating inch, he plowed into her, her body shaking and writhing. Her insides tensed, and caught his dick in a stranglehold. He didn't even know a woman could do that. With each movement she twitched.

He was almost there, and had just a fraction of an inch to go. Then that magic moment, when her mound touched his abdomen, happened. Now he was as deep into her as he could be. Her eyes squinted. "Feels so good, Babe." Again Quinn

couldn't respond, but he smiled. It wasn't the smile of a lustful man about to fuck, or even the smile of the child he used to be, in awe of his goddess of a mother. It was the smile of absolute privilege and purpose. Chosen by her, this was exactly when he was meant to do.

Mom quivered again when he pulled back, her pussy gripping him like a boot stuck in the mud. Her back arched again with his movement, and the divine friction sent pulses of pleasure through him. A little whimpering cry emerged from her. Soon he was almost out, Mom's pussy, greedy and engorged, holding onto him. Her lips were just at the base of his head when he thrust back in, this time with enough force and conviction to shake her body and bounce her fluid tits.

From then on there was no thinking, no deliberate action. Mom would have to be pleased with his animal instinct rather than thoughtful seduction. The thing was he knew she would be, no matter what, and that was truly special. He pumped again and again, Mom moaning and muttering "Sugar Lump," over and over. The stage temptress was gone, even the sinful succubus, and what was left was raw and true and vital.

As his thrusts became more vigorous, her breasts bounced in time, her nipples completely hard. "Fuck, Sweetie, you're gonna make Momma cum," she moaned, struggling to speak.

"Please, Mom. Cum for me, " he hissed.

And she did just that. Before her back had arched nothing like this time, and for a moment Quinn was afraid she was going to hurt herself. Her mouth dropped open as far as it could go and a sound resembling a death rattle rolled out of it. Inside of her, her pussy pushed against his cock, tightening more than he thought possible. Her whole body shook, and her moan was a strained, wildcat growl. He was going so fast and hard now that each stroke splashed and squelched. Mom's chest heaved as she took a desperate breath and she moaned again, this time a high, trilling note. With every moan came another breath and her orgasm threw her about like a leaf on the wind.

With her ecstasy, he felt his own inside. Before he had intense, unbelievable orgasms with Mom. This one frightened him, and he was afraid of how much it would hurt. But it wasn't enough to stop him, in fact it had no effect at all on his wild, vigorous thrusts. He pounded and pounded, each stroke pushing him higher and higher while Mom came down from her climax.

He had once seen a bizarre video online of rabbits mating. The male would chase the female and mount her, and then thrust his hips lightning fast. When the male came, he stiffened and fell, almost like he was fainting. Then he let out a weird little trilling squeal, overwhelmed by his own orgasm. It was jarring,

and the only time he remembered a rabbit ever making a sound. Quinn's own climax slammed into him, and it certainly hurt. The pleasure was so hot and so intense that he winced in pain. He let out a single huffing moan, then another, then another. It didn't matter how much he sounded like a foolish, hooting ape. Stars swam before his vision, and his cock pulsed like a beating heart. He came and he came and he came. How was there this much cum inside him? His arms trembled, holding himself up over Mom. His hips slammed into her over and over again, and through the haze he could see the smile on her face, the real smile.

With the last pump of his member, he trembled and wheezed, his arms failing and falling into Mom. He fell on top of her. She was saying something to him now, and it took him a few seconds to hear her. "Babe, sit up and look at how happy you've made your Momma." He was frozen in place and Mom disengaged her pussy, still gripping him, from his rapidly softening cock. From the way it felt Quinn expected it to pop like a cork.

Quinn thought he was too weak to do it, but he would have done anything for her. He sat up, and saw his Mom's beaming face, her eyes red and sparkling with her raw emotion. He looked at her in stunned silence, his mind felt like a cold hose had been turned on it. She bent down and kissed his forehead,

then his cheek. "Thank you so much, Sugar Lump. You've made your Momma so happy."

He lay on his side, not knowing what to do or say, as his Mom got up and looked down at him. "Babe I love you so much," she said. A little bit of cum dripped out of her. She reached down and took the dollop on her finger, then up to her mouth.

"I love you too, Mom," he croaked, dizzy with exertion, ecstasy, and dread.

Chapter 5

The day came for Quinn and Mom's trip. It had been a while since they had done anything, and not even a mention of it on Mom's page. A few days before the trip, she made a post. "Going to be out of town for about a week. I may find some time to post a pic or two in that time. I'm going to be with a special person in my life, and I will come back with updates about the future of my page. Love you all!" Not a mention of future videos or content.

Quinn read the message several times, hoping he could get some kind of insight into it. What did Mom mean? Were they

not going to do anything else after this? It sounded like it was up in the air. Quinn didn't know how to feel about that. Did he want to continue what he and Mom were doing? There was no doubt that one part of him absolutely did, and the other part was withering away. He wondered what Mom had planned for the trip.

Doubt gnawed at him, and despite the joy he was sure the trip would bring, he dreaded the day they would depart. There were a thousand awful things that could happen, and half of them he knew he would quite enjoy. The night before he sent Mom a message.

HornyAlpha7216: Have you headed out on your trip yet?

HornyAlpha7216: You left a pretty cryptic message. Are you going to keep posting videos? The last one you posted was hot as hell. They keep getting better.

HornyAlpha7216: Well, I hope you have a lot of fun. And don't forget about your fans. We want to see more.

And there it was. Once again he was asking Mom to molest him, making himself complicit. Every word was honest and

deceptive at the same time. What he was really asking here was if she was going to fuck him again.

Finally the day came. Mom was frantic the night before getting everything ready. The next morning she drove them to the airport. She was clearly amped up. "Oh, Sugar Lump, I can't wait. We're going to have so much fun. All the beaches we could hope for. What are you more excited about? The nature tour or the dolphin experience? I think the nature tour is going to be fun and interesting. We'll see if we can even ride an elephant!" She was quiet for a second as they merged onto the highway, her enchanting grin spread across her face. Quinn would be staring out the window if he could have taken his eyes off her.

"Babe?" she said, glancing at him. "What's up?"

Quinn shook his head, "Nothing, Mom." Even as it came out, he knew it was ridiculous to think he could fool her.

"You're worried," she said, her eyes back on the road. It wasn't a question.

"Not, really," Quinn said. A ridiculous lie.

"It's going to be a lot of fun, Babe. I promise. You've been worried a lot lately. This is a chance to get away and not think about all the stressful stuff. Besides, we're good for a while. No worries about bills." She paused, and Quinn wondered if she knew what was actually on his mind. "Remember when we went to the zoo when you were a little boy and you saw the elephants? We came back four times that day to see them and every time you asked to ride them. Now it's going to be your chance. Isn't that exciting?"

It was, though Quinn didn't know why he was so loath to admit it to Mom. There were two scenarios he saw in his mind. In one, Mom would come onto him, and he would fold and crumble like always. With no other distractions, this might as well be a sex trip for them. And he would be in heaven the whole time. Mom was the best, the most beautiful woman he had ever known, and he was all hers. He longed for her to have her way with him. Of course, the deeper they got, the more wrong and sinful it became. Mom had been mad at him when he talked to her about God, and she had bad mouthed the church they went to. But whatever church you went to they would tell you that incest was a sin. The pastor didn't matter. They were both perverts beyond the pale, and in that heaven of her touch was hell.

In the other scenario, however, Mom told him it was over. It was always her choice, whatever she said would go, she was the true mistress of the house and of his heart. And truly there would be nothing he could even say, since this is what he told himself he wanted all along. They would go back to their normal lives of loneliness and disappointment. Though it would be the right thing to do, it would be heartbreak for Quinn.

Before this, the longest plane trip Quinn had been on was to Florida to visit his grandparents. It had been an excruciating six hours. The flight was nothing compared to this one. Mom slept most of the way (with the help of pills) and read. She was pretty scared of flying too, and he felt bad that she had to deal with that stress. It was a chance, though, for him to comfort her for a change. They chatted here and there and it almost felt like the old days. There was a short layover in Hawaii, and then in Tokyo. How could anything be this far away?

He knew the look Mom had when they got close. It was like when she had a hard day at work, except on overdrive. She groggily woke a couple of hours before they were finally there. "Quinn," she said, "there's something I have to tell you before we get there."

Now this tone was more familiar. It started innocuously and turned into Quinn cumming on or in Mom. But he was tired too, and his normal anemic resistance to Mom was ground to dust. Mom continued, "So Indonesia is a bit more conservative than America." Quinn still couldn't find Indonesia on a map, even though Mom had shown him. But this didn't make it sound so bad. "Some of the resorts are restrictive about who they let book cabanas. We have a really nice one and you're not going to be disappointed, but I didn't want to get two. Why would I?"

"Mom, what's wrong?" Quinn said, dread creeping inside him.

"Well, it's harder for a mom and son to find a cabana together. Isn't that crazy?"

With the kind of mother and son they were, it didn't seem crazy at all. "Just tell me, Mom."

"Well, we're registered as Mr. and Mrs. Dascalu." Mom kept her maiden name when she married Dad but it wasn't Quinn's name. It took a minute for it to sink in, and his eyes went wide. "It's ok, it's just a formality. But, yes, they think we're married. So don't get all weird when they refer to us as husband and wife."

It was too much. "Mom, how could you? Can't we have a break from you pushing... this? Can't we just be mother and son again?"

"Babe, relax. It's only a name. Nothing changes between us."

That was just it. How did Mom have such a way of twisting words like this? Change was what they needed, and Mom was acting like a mother and son playing at being married was something normal. He shook his head. "This is insane."

Mom sighed. "Well, I am tired and sweaty and have a headache. It's a done deal, so unless you want to buy a ticket back you're just going to have to deal with it. Honestly, Quinn it's like you're determined to suck the fun out of everything."

And that, indeed, did settle it. Quinn was worn out, too, and the air was thick enough to cut when they got off the plane. Mom was quiet, and gave terse answers to anything he asked her. They grabbed their luggage and Mom managed a smile for the clerk at the auto rental counter. By the time they checked into the cabana the sun had set. Their cabana was out on the ocean, and inside was like a small apartment. There was only a bathroom and the main room. It contained a king size bed,

miniature kitchen, and a couch. Quinn had to admit it was nice, he had never stayed anywhere this fancy before.

Mom emerged from the bathroom with a t-shirt and panties on and covered her red eyes with a mask as she lay down. "You, ok, Mom?" Quinn asked, feeling nervous even asking.

"Not really, I'm not going to be much for conversation. I've taken some pills and I'm gonna nap for a while. Don't let me stop you from having fun. Go downstairs and have a couple of drinks." After some grumbled reassurances that she would be ok and wasn't mad, Quinn did go to get those drinks.

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"First time in Bali, sir?" The bartender asked as he opened the beer for Quinn. He had a slight accent to his English and was dark skinned with epicanthal eyes. He assumed the man was a local, but didn't want to ask and be wrong. When Quinn timidly answered that it was, the man nodded. "I can always tell. Where you from?"

"I'm American," Quinn answered after taking a pull on his beer.

The bartender laughed. "Yes, sir, I can tell that too. Where in the States are you from?"

"California."

They went back and forth, the man asking Quinn's impressions of Indonesia, if he liked the beer, and sharing about his homeland. Quinn was relieved to find that his assumption had been correct about the man being in his home country, even if he wasn't from Bali. He ordered a second beer.

The place wasn't busy. It opened to the beach, and had the typical thatched roof of tropical tourist traps. The bartender's name was Ismail, and he had worked there for twenty-five years, starting as a poolboy and working his way up. With all that was on his mind, Quinn didn't say much. He had been to enough bars to know when the bartender wanted you to open up. He started on his third beer.

"Sir, if I can ask, who are you here with?"

"My m- my wife," Quinn answered, remembering what Mom had told him.

"She back in your cabana?"

It irked Quinn a little that this bartender was asking so many questions, but the beer had loosened him up. "Yeah, resting. She doesn't like flying. We just got here."

"How long you been married?"

Shit, he didn't know he would have to think about it this much. "Umm, it's our honeymoon," he stammered.

The bartender left to get another customer and Quinn watched the TV. It was a soccer match between two European teams. Boring. He asked the bartender for another beer.

"Travel can be rough. You might want to bring your wife something to eat if she's in a mood."

There was a spark of anger, and Quinn was about to shut Ismail up, but again the beer had softened his defenses. "She was pissed at me before we even arrived."

"You don't look too happy yourself."

Quinn furrowed his brow. "She didn't even ask me about planning this trip. She has all these ideas about what she wants to do and what she wants me to do. It's like I'm dead weight."

"You don't feel like you have a voice," Ismail said. Quinn nodded. "I've been married for thirty years, sir. Sometimes it's like that."

"Doesn't it piss you off, though? The man is supposed to be the head of the family. You believe that here, right?"

The bartender got that look in his eye that Quinn had seen when older men had real talk with younger men. It was sympathy mixed with understanding, but it was condescending too. "It's more complicated than that. And Muslims believe that too, that the man is the head of the house." That shocked Quinn and it must have shown on his face. "Most of us in Indonesia are Muslims, yes. Christians believe that as well, don't they?"

"They're supposed to, but my m- wife just gets her way whenever we argue."

"You're going to have to live with your wife for the rest of your life. You have to know when you're in the wrong and when it doesn't even matter that you're wrong or right. What's that Kenny Rogers says? 'Know when to hold them and know when to fold them?'"

Quinn couldn't help but smile at a country quote like that coming out in Ismail's accent. Ismail opened a beer without him asking. "So you just give in when your wife argues?" Quinn asked.

"Definitely not. But you get married and you're telling God that the two of you are one now. You have to think about peace and happiness. Especially in a place like this. I've seen so many tourists come through here. Some of them worry every second. They argue with their wives, they fuss at their children, and then everyone is miserable." It was madness, talking about being married to this stranger. But it was greater madness that he was describing what was happening with him and Mom.

"But I feel out of control with her... sometimes."

"Control isn't everything, sir. You're going to remember your time here one day, and what do you want to look back on?"

The honest answer was that he wanted to see Mom happy, he wanted her affection, and he told Ismail so. Of course substituting wife for Mom. "I always tell the people who are stressed that they can go back to worrying about everything when they get home," Ismail said. "This isn't the place for worries. Isn't that the whole idea?"

Quinn didn't have a response for that. It wasn't as if he could bring up that he was fucking his mom. A shrug was all he could muster. "If I were you, sir, I would take care of your wife and give her the time of her life while you're here. Whatever issues the two of you have you can work them out when you get home. You may not have another chance like this."

Heeding the bartender's advice, Quinn ordered food for Mom. She would surely be hungry and him bringing food home would earn him a few points if she was still in a mood. When he got the foam container, he peeked inside. Per the bartender's recommendation, he ordered a salad of chopped vegetables with peanut sauce, "gado-gado" they called it on the menu. It didn't look all that good to him, but Mom was a more adventurous eater and would appreciate the gesture anyway.

The cabana door opened to a dark room, and Quinn heard Mom's heavy breathing as he came in. It was well into the night by then. Awoken by the sound of the closing door, Mom sat up

and awkwardly removed her eye mask. "Sugar Lump?" she called.

Quinn cautiously greeted her and asked how she was. "It's amazing the wonders that a nap and modern chemistry will do," she said. She reached over and turned on the bedside lamp. Then she spied the container in Quinns hands.

"I got you a salad from the bar, Mom. It's called 'gado-gado.'" He laid the container on the bed at her feet.

"Oh I read about that before we left, I wanted to try it." She smiled at him, that damned smile. Along with her nipples, rising from her thin top, all of it gave Quinn a quiver and his cock began to sharpen. "I knew you'd come through for me, Babe."

That was the best Quinn had felt since they had arrived. The beers he had still held their spell over him, and her gratitude and approval flooded through him. "Of course, Mom," he said.

Mom leaned over and opened the box. The rich smell of the dish filled the room. "Come sit next to me, Quinn." She patted the bed next to her. Quinn obediently sat down, and he was

close enough to smell her, sweaty and worn from the trip. She kissed his cheek. His cock was uncomfortably hard now.

They turned the giant TV on, which had the standard local and satellite channels, along with any streaming service they wanted. Mom ate her salad contentedly, and offered Quinn a bite, which he refused. He poured them a couple of glasses of wine from the minibar. "You sure you need that, Sugar Lump?" Mom said.

"I had a few drinks, but I'm not drunk, Mom." She kissed his cheek again as he sat down. They watched a movie, which Mom dozed off to in the middle. She laid her head on Quinn's shoulder, doing nothing to calm his raging hardon. Tonight would be the moment of truth, he supposed. He had that feeling now, horribly familiar, where he wanted to fuck Mom raw, but the guilt wasn't there, or had least faded to embers rather than the radiance it had before. And what did that mean? Shouldn't he feel bad about wanting Mom like this? He hoped it was because of the alcohol.

The bigger question blazed through him, heedless of any guilt or morality: did she still want him? With her next to him, her soft, delicate body, the delightfully pungent aroma of her fatigue, and her subtle breathing. Her presence was overwhelming, and his hand squeezed into her side. The TV's

flashing lights reflected off her glasses. His beloved Mom. She was more this now than she had ever been. Sitting atop a pyramid, she was his queen, and a goddess among women, her beauty, charm, and intelligence making them base trolls by comparison. No one could ever compare. And he was her chosen, there with her when she wanted no one else.

Her side was smooth and warm, and he moved down to her thick thigh. He was her man, the man, here to protect and serve her forever.

Mom woke up as the movie ended. Quinn himself was ready to fall asleep. He stretched and got up as Mom stirred. "You ready for bed?" She asked. The extra long flight and the beer he had drunk made the answer an emphatic yes.

After Mom brushed her teeth and got in bed, Quinn came out, ready for bed. Mom hadn't said a word to him. She lay down, watching him as he got ready. He took a pillow and blanket, setting the couch up. It wasn't a bad couch, comfortable enough. Of course he wished he could sidle up next to Mom in bed. Poke her with his cock at first, then penetrate her with it. But as he sobered up, the fantasy floated further and further away from him.

"Don't be silly, Babe," Mom said as he laid the sheets on the couch.

"What, Mom?" He held his breath as he waited for her answer.

"The bed's a king. It's big enough for both of us. Come cuddle with me." If he did, he wasn't sure he could control himself. In fact, he knew he couldn't. And even after all they had done and all the thinking he had done about it, he still couldn't shake the guilt. Just being with Mom the way he was was bad enough, but putting the videos online was beyond depraved. It was degrading to both of them. The thought of what it would be like next to mom in her underwear threw a switch in his cock. He started to get hard once more.

"I can sleep on the couch, Mom. I don't mind." If she was his to protect, so was her virtue. None of this was right. It was even dodgy to tell the hotel that they were married. What Ismail, the bartender, had said about going with the flow seemed to make so much sense when he was out there with him. But now, all he could feel were the fires of hell. Ismail wasn't even a Christian. What did he know about this kind of thing?

"There's no need. It's been a long day, Sugar Lump. You aren't going to give me a hard time about this, are you?" She propped

herself up on an elbow. "I could use some cuddles anyway, it was a rough day." Quinn felt his resolve waver, seeing her smile. With each of Mom's words, his dick got harder and harder.

It would happen just like always. Mom would say or do something that seemed innocent, he would walk into it like a fool, and before he knew what hit him, videos of the two of them being lewd would be online. All the more humiliating was that he knew what he was going into every time. "Just go to sleep, Mom," he grumbled.

"Don't you use that tone with me." She sighed and got up. Quinn lay down on the couch and turned away. With each step she took toward him, he got harder and harder. By the time she touched his shoulder he was fully erect. "Babe, this is it. We've made it and I want to celebrate getting here with you together. Chances are, we'll never be here again."

Her hand moved to his head, then down his cheek toward his chest. Quinn took her hand before she could go any further. "Mom, it's wrong. I know every time we talk about it you turn everything around and win the argument. But winning an argument doesn't mean you're right. It's incest, Mom. What would Dad think? What would grandpa think?" Despite his

feelings, despite even Mom's desires, nothing could make this right.

Just the subtle tightening in Mom's wrist was enough to tell him he had struck a chord. Her breathing became heavier and for a moment Quinn thought that she would start crying. "It's just you and me, now Quinn. We're the only ones whose opinions matter now. I know you love me, and I know that you want what I want. For this week we have this time all to ourselves, to do whatever we want. No one will know, no one can judge. Just come over and keep me company. There's no one I would rather be here with now."

And it was starting. Mom would say all the Mom things and he would make a lot of noise, but eventually capitulate. He would be left mortified and guilt stricken at what they had done. All of those perverts online, his skin crawled at the thought of them watching him and Mom together. Their eyes bugging, their dicks in their hands. "But Mom, it's not just us." To his relief, the thoughts of all those men made his member hesitate, then start to deflate.

She sighed. "Quinn, I know what your religious beliefs are, but-
"

"No, Mom!" He flipped over and faced her. This time she had to face what they were doing. What they shared wasn't truly

theirs. It was done in the name of greed and lust, to siphon money from degenerates online. "It was never just us! You're letting strangers into our life, our family. What we did is forever now, and thousands of sick fucks will see it. I can't anymore. I just can't. I don't care if it's a bad time to tell you now. But no more. I just can't make any more videos."

Even in the dark the whites of her eyes were visible. Her hand slowly disengaged from his body and she took a breath. Then something happened that came as a great surprise to Quinn. Mom smiled, then giggled. Her hand was back on him. "Oh, Sugar Lump!" She leaned over and kissed him on the cheek.

Quinn's eyes were just as wide as he stared back. "Mom, this isn't funny," he choked out.

For a moment Mom held her hand in front of her mouth, trying to settle her smile and get serious. "Sorry, Babe. I'm laughing because you're wrong. I don't want you to do a video with me now, in fact I was going to tell you that I wouldn't need you to do videos with you anymore."

It was one of those times that Quinn had been completely ready to yell and resist. He had finally worked up enough strength to tell Mom. He charged like a bull at her, potent and

resolute. But at the last second she pulled her cape aside, and he was left with nothing to gore but empty air. Now his footing was unsure and he looked away. "What...?"

"No more videos. I was going to share it with you tomorrow at breakfast. I thought it would please you." Her smile faltered.

"But..." he murmured. "You just want to cuddle now?" He couldn't depend on himself to tame his lustful urges, but now that this was over, there was nothing to worry about. Just being in bed next to Mom would be fine if she wanted him to keep his hands to himself. A part of his mind knew that this was a lie. Nothing would be fine if he got into bed with Mom.

"Well," Mom swallowed. "I was hoping tonight we could do a little more than cuddle. We don't need a camera to have fun." And just like that his member was flush with blood again, ready to go.

There it was. Mom had outmaneuvered him again. His objection was answered, Mom was so gracious as to make a compromise, even. Inside him, though, joy rose. She had chosen him. Not just for her degenerate videos, made for the practical purpose of paying bills. His brain scrambled to gain rhetorical footing. She had chosen him because she loved him

and wanted him. But with that joy came the familiar dread. Now that she had knocked his argument down, he would be forced to sin with her again, and to let her defile herself with him.

"Come on, Sweetie. I know you want what I have," she gyrated her hips, and Quinn's hardon felt like it would burst. He looked away, trying desperately to come to his senses.

No matter what she said, no matter if she thought she made sense or not, he would say no. He had to. His haggard breath echoed in his ears. If it took the entire week to resist Mom, he would stay there like a stone. There was shuffling behind him.

"Babe, look at me." He wouldn't. "You know I'm right. This vacation is the start of our life together. Can't you just let go and be happy?"

With Mom's words, the words of Ismail came back to him. What was his morality and purity next to his happiness, even Mom's happiness? It was like he was trying to get back to shore, but the receding waves kept pushing him back. He shook his head, not trusting himself to speak.

"Damn it, look at me!" Mom said. Quinn turned and took her in. Though the lights were off, he could see every curve of her body. She had shed her clothes, and her pendulous tits, soft brown bush, and round hips were all laid out for him to see. The city lights from the window made her skin shine. "I want you to think, and to answer this honestly. You have me. I'm giving myself to you completely." For a couple of seconds she let him ponder her body silently. "If we were the exact same people, with the exact same desires, but weren't mother and son, what would you do?"

His resolve was hanging by a string. Tug after tug over the past few months had made it threadbare, and the last strings of it snapped. He had to know when to hold and when to fold. But this time folding was the way to win. His pitiful resistance tumbled into the blackness. "If you weren't my Mom..." His voice was slow and measured, and he struggled to keep it calm. "I would fuck you until you couldn't walk."

Mom's smile was now predatory, he was the fly caught in her web again. But this fly wanted to be caught. This was how it would be. He and Mom would be happy this way, and Dad, grandpa, society, and God would just have to understand. He rose from the couch, his underwear tented from his straining cock.

She looked at him, her eyes wide and her chest heaving with her excitement. Quinn took one step, then two, then their faces were only inches away. "Come to Momma," she whispered. Before he knew what was happening, Mom's hands were on his and their lips were smashed together. The energy of his body glowed white hot and every cell hummed with his lust. With her.

Their mouths came together so hard that their teeth clicked, and Mom had her arms around him. Their bodies pressed together, but not before Quinn could get his hand on Mom's luscious tit. It squished in his hand like dough. It was like their heat would bake it into bread, piping hot and ready to pop in his mouth. Her mouth was a flood of flavors, the salad, the wine, her own special taste that was always there. More than ever, her body and passion overwhelmed him. This woman who had always been there for him, who had pushed him higher than he even imagined he could, was taking him even higher now. He felt dizzy.

With every heartbeat his body throbbed. His tongue and Mom's intertwined, as hot and wet as ever. The hands on his back rubbed, then scratched. Their lips came apart. "Sugar Lump," Mom was breathless. "Momma loves you. I want it so bad from you, I've never wanted you so much."

He wanted to say something impressive. Maybe to tell her to bend over and let him have his way, maybe to get on the floor and suck him off. Even if he could have told her he loved her, or that she was the most beautiful woman he had ever seen, or that she was a goddess among women. None of those came out. "Me too, Mom."

They pulled and pushed and twisted, making their way in an unconscious shuffle toward the bed. Quin wound up to push her back, so that she could look up at him. Again, it was over before he even knew what was happening. Mom turned like a matador and he lost his balance, tumbling onto the bed. At first he was mad that she had foiled him again, but then he looked up at her.

It was like the sun had risen and was shining into the cabana. Mom's beauty, her charm, her love, her... everything was brilliantly searing. Nothing could ever compare to her, nothing could even come close. And he was hers. She was naked and barely visible in the dark room. But Quinn had seen everything, so she was clear as day in his mind. Her enchanting smile, her short brown hair. The slim, but toned shoulders that would have shamed women half her age. Her pendulous, large-nippled tits, ripe and mobile and delicious. Her belly fit but soft, where he was created two decades before. The thighs, thick and creamy and mature. "I love you, Mom," he squeaked.

Mom said nothing, taking one slow step after another toward him. She got bigger and bigger until she was a mighty redwood falling on him, casting the dye of his fate. But she stopped just short. Her stunning breasts hung over him, her large, hard nipples just scraping his chest. She was so close her breath buffeted his face. "I love you too, Babe. Always and forever." And again he was lost in her kiss. Where they were in the low crest of the waves before, she crashed over him now, and he tumbled in the surf.

They kissed and kissed, for how long Quinn couldn't tell. But he felt those nipples brushing his face, the nipples that were his those two long decades before and now were his again. Tentatively, his tongue tasted the tip. "Good boy," Mom whispered. Then he licked around her areola and flicked her nipple with his tongue. Heedless of his thoughts or anything else, his hand came up to her other breast and squeezed until the delicious flesh flowed between his exalted fingers. His lips closed around Mom's life giving tits and sucked, his tongue playing across the nipple. In the dusty, old corners of his mind memories awakened and he felt completely at home.

"So hungry. Suck Momma's boobies, Baby. You feel so good." Quinn's other hand closed around Mom's thick thigh, and rubbed, moving closer and closer to her center. He found it on

the inside of her thigh, then petting her heavenly bush. "Momma's kitty is already wet for you. I've been thinking about you since we got off the plane. Thinking about how good you were gonna fuck Momma."

She reached down, and hooking her toe on his underwear, pulled them down. His leaking cock stabbed her belly like a poison-tipped dagger. As her body undulated, his cock folded up and laid flat against her, smearing precum. "Quinn, I'm so glad. All we have is each other. You said yes, you said yes. You're all mine forever."

Quinn opened his eyes and looked up at her. His mouth was full of nipple now, and it was impossible to let go. In his mind, he said to her I know, Mom. I love you and I'm ready to do anything for you, no matter what. He gently nibbled her areola, drawing gasps from Mom.

"God, Baby, that's so good. You've been here for so long, the only man for me."

His body melted in Mom's hands, and he was nothing but a malleable lump, completely at Mom's mercy. Through the sweltering forest between her legs, he felt the wet fire of her

slit, and he traced his fingers over the lips. "That's as far as you go for now," she said.

"Please, Mom," the nipple popped out of Quinn's mouth, red and sensitive.

"It's ok, Sugar Lump. You're going to get to fuck Momma's kitty as much a you want while we're here. I want your handsome cock inside me so bad right now. But you need to treat a lady right first. You just listen to me and you'll get what you want," she said.

"Yes, Mom," Quinn muttered.

"Good boy," Mom rolled over off of Quinn, and then got on all fours. Her big, soft ass, spreading open in front of him made Quinn feel weak. In the dark her pussy glistened with her arousal and her butthole puckered in time with her breathing. Having been on the plane for so long and sweating, she smelled exquisite. Quinn thought he would die.

"What do you want me to do, Mom?" He said, trying to sound as mature and responsible and attentive as he could.

"You're gonna lick Momma's kitty and make her get her cookie. Have you ever licked a girl's kitty before?"

"Yes, Mom," he said. It had felt degrading and he didn't like the smell. But that had been with ordinary girls. He was ready to worship Mom's ass, to lick and finger and fuck anything she asked him to. And he would love every minute.

"Good boy. You found Momma's special parts before, do you remember?" Although he did, it felt like a thousand years ago. He was a new Quinn, heedless of any rules or moral or guilt and ready to belong to Mom.

"Your clit and g-spot," he made a face. "But I need help. I don't remember where." His heart sank and he held his breath, hoping he hadn't disappointed Mom.

"It's ok Babe. You're going to play with Momma's clit. Come here and spread Momma's kitty open. Get your face in there too," she said, like it was the most natural thing in the world for a son to eat his mom's pussy. As he got closer her scent got stronger and stronger. He felt as if his heart would explode from his chest. It was like a holy shrine in front of him. So few men had been allowed inside, and now he was the only one forever who would.

Trembling, his fingers moved forward and he placed them astride her lips, applying soft pressure to spread her open. It was vital that he did this with utmost care. Nothing had ever been this important. Not work, not school, not his woodworking. Nothing nothing nothing. "It's just a little button at the top of Momma's kitty, Sweetie. You've got me so hot it should be nice and hard. It's one of the most sensitive parts of a girl's body. Use your tongue."

Mom certainly could feel Quinn's breath against her pussy. He was close enough now that he felt her warmth on his face. He slid his tongue along her slit, not minding at all that he was getting hair in his mouth. It was her hair. As soon as he got a taste, she let out a little shuddering moan. She tasted salty and sweet, and if it was the only taste Quinn ever had for the rest of his life he wouldn't mind. Like a snake, his tongue twisted and turned. It wasn't hard to find, a hard little bump. Mom's moan was all he needed to hear. "Oh fuck, Baby. That's it right there. Good boy!"

Probing inside her, he pressed down on the little button. With each little movement came a twitch and a new sound from Mom. That pleasure came from Quinn, from his tongue. Absolute heaven. He tried slow licks and fast ones, and Mom groaned, "Good boy." He twirled his tongue and flipped her

button back and forth and she mewled. He tried everything, vertical strokes back and forth, circular motions, quick flicks. As he licked, Mom got more and more elevated. Her moans got louder and the muscles in her body tensed.

Was she going to cum? Quinn had made her cum before, but somehow this was different. He was a true believer now, initiated and ready to worship. He pushed his face forward, holding onto the cheeks of Mom's fat ass. Pushing forward, he kept licking over a chorus of "Yes, Baby," and "Good boy."

The first place he felt it was when Mom's thighs squeezed his face. He soldiered on, pushing his face in. He knew what was happening, and both dreaded and anticipated the next moment. He didn't know what it would do to him, making Mom cum now. Every emotion in his head had been stirred up like a hornet's nest, and he felt them tearing at his heart.

But it was happening. Mom's moan this time was strangled and low, and there were no words, just raw emotion. Her back bowed, spreading her ass even more. There was a drip, then a splash, then a spray as Mom anointed him with her passion. Her hips dipped, rubbing her pussy against Quinn's face and forcing him even deeper inside. "Fuck! Oh God, Sugar Lump." Her body shook and her thighs clenched even more around his head. There was nothing that could stop him, though, and he

maneuvered his tongue to just the right spot with every lick, making Mom cum harder and harder.

Mom's words faded into incoherent moans. Quinn thought he heard his name in there somewhere. Even if he didn't he knew it was in Mom's mind and that was all he needed. After Mom's wet, writhing orgasm, her body relaxed, then sagged. For a few seconds, the only sound was her haggard breath. Quinn didn't dare make a sound. Her hips moved and she turned to face him, sitting cross-legged on the bed.

"Babe," she said. "Wow, you did great. No one could ever make Momma cum like you do, and I love you for it." She tilted forward and gave Quinn a tender kiss, him still on all fours. "Well, I love you for a lot of other reasons, but that's one of them. You smell just like Momma's kitty."

"I just want to please you, Mom," Quinn said as if it were the most basic fact of his existence. And he had done it. He would always do it.

"Now, I want you to get your cookie too. Do you think you could cum inside Momma, good boy?" Quinn nodded dumbly. Anything she wanted, but especially that. "Good boy, get up and let's see that handsome cock." He stood up on his knees

and made his dick visible. It was at full mast, how could it not be for her? "Wow, look how hard you are for Momma. I'm going to put this inside and ride it. No need to ask, I know you would like that."

Mom sat up on her knees too, letting Quinn get a good look at her. She was like before except her body had come alive. Certain as he was of her blushing skin, especially her nipples, Quinn couldn't see it in the dark. What he could see was her hard nipple, her skin shining with sweat, and her smile. That damned smile. Both of them were damned, and he was happy with that as long as he was damned with her. Mom brought her hand up and idly pinched her nipple.

"Get on your back so Momma can ride you, Sugar Lump. When Momma's on top of you, you can touch any part of her. That's your special treat."

Quinn gasped, and struggled not to let emotion overtake him. "Mom, you're so beautiful. I love you so much. Thank you thank you thank you thank you..." His voice trailed off.

She giggled. "I love you too, Babe. And thank you for the orgasm." She leaned forward again and their kiss was ravenous and obscene. Sin didn't matter to Quinn now, all that did was

what Mom wanted. He was her guardian, her lover, her gleeful slave. Their tongues met again, and Mom pushed herself into him. "Keep it hard for me, Sweetie," she whispered.

"Yes, Mom."

Quinn rolled over onto his back and scooted until his head was on the pillow at the head of the bed. Mom hovered over him, his cock pointing to her like north on a compass. She crawled like a wildcat stalking her prey. And truly, if she were going to eat him, Quinn would happily let her devour him, his last act being one of devotion. Her dark body moved over him, her swinging tits brushing against his chest. "How did I end up with such a sweet boy? Who else's boy would love his Momma the way you do, Quinn?' He had no answer.

She moved steadily over him, and her delightful bush tickled the tip of his cock. "Mom... please," Quinn whimpered.

Even in the dark her smile radiated. "Anything for my good boy." She maneuvered herself over his cock, grasping it in her hand. The seconds stretched like days as he waited for her to let him inside. She gyrated and steadied herself, looking for the perfect angle to let him into her most holy place. Quinn held

his breath. Finally she drew herself up, and with the gentlest of descents, she came down on him.

She went slowly, so slowly. Quinn should have known that she would know exactly what to do. Mom always did. From the way she made his PB and Js (with the crusts on) to the way she knew exactly what to do to him to drive him wild. Her wet fire slid down on him. First his head was consumed inside her, and heaven shot through his body. Drips of her ran down the sides of his cock, like melting wax, then onto his crotch. If Mom would have let him, he never would have cleaned any of her off him.

Inch by inch, she impaled herself on Quinn's cock. He had been running so hot that there was no telling how long he might last. There was no choice but to completely let go, to surrender. Mom's mouth opened more and more as he penetrated her until it seemed she would unhinge her jaw like a snake when he was fully inside. His cock thumped the end inside her, bottoming her out. "It's so fucking deep, Babe," she moaned. "The best cock on the best boy." Mom's words felt almost as good as her pussy.

Her hips rotated, moving his member slowly inside her. With her weight on top of him he really was deep. Quinn could see her whole body while she fucked him. Her heavy thighs and

hips flared out from her body, wide in their full glory as she sat. Her tits jiggled and swayed as she thrusted, soft and low in their mature glory. Her face was that look of complete ecstasy that Quinn lived for. It was better now than when he had his face buried in her pussy. He could see how pleased she was with him.

The thrusts turned into bounces, and Mom's tits bounced even more, beautiful in a way impossible by mere girls his age. This was no girl, not even a woman, but an otherworldly creature, whose womanly disguise couldn't completely hide her nature. His hands grasped her thighs, feeling the sharp, subtle hairs there. Slick with sweat, his hands slid up to her belly, then her tits. Awkwardly fumbling, he tried to catch them, prompting a giggle from Mom. "Catch them if you can, Babe. I swear, I used to be nervous about men seeing them."

With his overloaded brain, Quinn was struck mute, and could only smile at her. But she knew. She always knew. Mom sped up on top of him, her friction pushing him higher and higher. "Rub Momma's clit," she said. Quinn moved his hand down and stroked her with his thumb, proud that he had found her pearl so quickly. "God damn," she moaned. God's name in vain. A sliver of fear shot through Quinn. Who was more important? He was afraid to answer either way.

By now he was mewling and moaning and gasping. Nothing but primal sounds, and ruled by his primal instincts. Everything was peeled away and they were together and raw, spirit to spirit. Mom sped up, and the heat rose inside him. It would come soon. The only way he could justify defiling Mom this way was that she had told him to. Nothing mattered next to her word. Mom's body undulated and twitched now too, thanks to his diligent hand. Am I doing good, Mom? He couldn't form the words, but they were there in his mind.

The heat came upon him like a strike of lightning. His cock was immediately on fire, and he let out a death rattle just like Mom had. "Good boy!" Mom said. "Cum in Momma's kitty!" There was nothing he wanted more than to cum in Momma's kitty. His dick bucked inside her like a bolt of lightning tearing through his body. She was like nothing else, and he felt like nothing else when he was with her. The orgasm tore him apart, every muscle trying to go every which way they could. His member ached, and he was afraid when he pulled it out of Mom it would be like the shredded barrel of a gun fired with too much powder.

And fire he did, over and over inside Mom. He felt like he would shoot his entire body inside of her and be back where he had started as a zygote. Wave after wave washed over him and he felt like he would die. But she pulled him back from the brink. The old Quinn was dead, cooling in a pool of his own

misery like shed blood. Where he had been born the first time coming out, he was born again going in. The new Quinn belonged completely to his Mom. There was no doubt, there was no confusion, there was no question.

Mom rolled her sweaty, exhausted body off and lay next to him. "My God, Sugar Lump. I just don't have the words."

Quinn did. "Mom, I love you and I'm ready. This is what we're meant for. We just have each other and we have to..." He gulped, "Love each other in every way we can."

"Goodness, Quinn. I guess there's no saying it any better than that. This trip is going to be so fun for you now that you've come around." She put her arm around him and he rested his head on her. "You wore me out," she giggled.

He felt more peace that night than he could ever remember. "It's just you and me now, Quinn. I love you."

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Letting go can be a liberating feeling. Life is so full of hard choices, temptations, and responsibility. When you're a child

it's just assumed that there's someone who will guide you and not let you stray too far. But when you get older, it's not there.

The sky had just started to brighten over the ocean out their window. Quinn stared at Mom's bare back turned to him. She rose and fell with her deep breaths. Even just her back was beautiful. The subtle curves of muscles under her skin, the occasional freckle on her sea of pale, her short hair exposing her supple neck. She was all he needed, he knew that now.

What had changed? A cynical part might say that she wore him down, that she poked the beast of his lust too many times and it was finally loose and doing as it pleased. That he was in the depth of sin now, and Mom was there with him. Somehow the thought didn't bother him anymore. What else was there but to make Mom happy? She was frustrated with dating and had lost Dad, and so what else was a loyal son to do?

Ismail was right. He was there for her. Though they hadn't declared their union in front of God, God had put them together anyway. They would be together here and together in the hereafter. Whether it was heaven or hell, they would be there together.

Quinn put his head under the sheets, and took a greedy whiff of Mom's aroma. She still hadn't showered. He assumed she would this morning. Under the sheets she had nothing at all on. Even though it was too dark to see, Quinn put his hand on Mom's hip and then moved it in, running his finger the length of her crack. Now that he had surrendered to her, all his desires could be fulfilled.

He scooted over in bed, and planted a kiss on the back of Mom's neck. Again the scent of her sweat reached his nose. Exquisite. He kissed Mom's shoulders and back, the blood rushing to his cock again. That she found him worthy to cum inside her, even to just sleep in the same bed, was mind-boggling to him. She could have so many men, but she chose him.

His kisses didn't wake Mom. Feeling emboldened, he licked up the back of her neck. She was still salty there. Quinn's body trembled with excitement and his cock was fully erect now. That got her attention. She breathed in sharply. "Sugar Lump? What time is it? It's still dark."

"I don't know," Quinn said. He felt so free, like he had been catapulted back in time and didn't have to worry about how he thought about Mom anymore. "I just saw you there and wanted a taste."

She turned and faced him, her face sleepy. "That's sweet, Babe. Momma needs to sleep though. Can you be a good boy and let her sleep?"

"I can't stop thinking about you," he said, kissing her on the lips.

"I need to sleep," she said, her eyelids heavy.

Quinn kissed her again and again, but she was dead asleep after a few kisses. "Mom?" Quinn whispered. She didn't hear him. "Hey, Mom," he said a little louder. Still nothing. Grasping her shoulder, he shook her.

Opening her eyes, her face was irritated. "Quinn, let me sleep."

Heedless of her words, he asked, "Mom, can I fuck you?" That those words could come out of his mouth now were a testament to the born again Quinn. His stomach quivered and his dick thumped under the covers.

"Not now, Sweetie," she said. "It's so early."

"Mom, please." He took her hand and kissed her again, this time sticking his tongue in her mouth. Rather than rejecting him, she opened her mouth wide too and danced with him in the perverted way they did. Quinn moved his hand up her side and palmed her breast.

"Babe..." She protested, but he kept kissing. "I'm glad you're past your hangups on this, but I'm really tired. We have a whole week. Just let me sleep a little more. I promise you can fuck Momma today. More than once. But you have to be a good boy."

The kisses continued, even after Mom turned her head. "Quinn. Damnit, I need to sleep. You need to find something to distract you." Her voice was hard this time.

If Mom told him to stop, he supposed that was the way it would have to be. Besides, he could wait. He was a good responsible boy. He hoped Mom could tell.

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Even with the towel wrapped around her butt, Mom's hips looked amazing. "Come on, Quinn. Keep up." The view was too nice behind Mom, he didn't want to. He was barefoot and Mom had on flip flops and her blue bikini. They were right on the beach, the surf rolling and the breeze blowing, and Mom wanted to have a couple of drinks before they went swimming. It was cloudy and the air was thick, threatening a storm. There had been thunder and lightning the night before.

Just like she had asked him to, Quinn had been good and let her sleep. She got up and showered the next morning, eating what was left of her salad. When Quinn came in to watch her in the shower, she had an awkward grin. But she wouldn't let him in. "No, I can tell you're a horny boy this morning. You'll get some of me later." She winked. Quinn still watched.

He followed her, catching up as he took her hand. His feet were unsteady in the sand, while Mom approached the thatch roofed bar. The same bartender as before, Ismail, was there, and his eyes lit up as he saw them approach. "Hello again, sir. You look like you're having a good time. Is this your wife?"

"Umm, yeah." Quinn pulled up a bar stool and pulled one out for Mom. Something passed over Isamil's face, for a hot a second, as they approached. "Ismail, this is my... wife Sofie."

Calling Mom by her first name felt all kinds of awful. "M- uhh Honey, this is Ismail."

"Nice to meet you," she held out her hand in flawless charm. She could see it too in Ismail's face. Maybe he was thrown by their age difference.

They ordered and Ismail set down Quinn's beer and Mom's white russian. "I was talking to your husband out here last night, ma'am." It was alarming that he was talking about this, but if Quinn stopped him he knew it would look suspicious. "He thinks about you a lot and we were talking about how to make the trip better for you and him."

"Aww, how sweet," Mom said, imperturbable. "He's a good boy. Umm man." Quinn felt simultaneously embarrassed and proud that Mom was talking about him like this in front of Ismail. The feeling of being embarrassed and gratified at her public praise was a new one. "Well you certainly gave him some good advice, because he's been nothing but attentive and lovey since."

The smile on Ismail's face was clearly covering up his true feelings. Apparently when they played husband and wife the

dynamic put some off. "Happy to be of service, ma'am." He left to help another customer.

"When you were feeling bad I came and had some drinks here," Quinn said once the bartender was out of earshot. "He said... I just..." he shrugged. "I think I just figured out what was important."

"Now this I want to hear," Mom said, sipping her drink.

To mask his nervousness, Quinn made a show of looking around. "You," he said. "You've always been there for me, you're the one who cares more than anyone. That's it Mom. I'm here for you."

"Ohh... Baby," Mom's eyes were glassy. She took his hand and his heart thumped. "It must be embarrassing for you to say something so vulnerable."

"Mom," he grumbled.

"I know, I know. But I appreciate it. I like this new Quinn, he's more honest. I knew you had a kind, caring boy in you if you just learned to let go."

Now his face burned, and he smiled in spite of himself. It was nice of Mom to notice, but God, did it leave butterflies in his stomach. It was like it had been years before, when Mom was larger than life, and he was there just for her. Belonging to her was natural, but that didn't mean that it didn't give him some strange feelings. Mom continued, "It's nothing to be embarrassed about, Sugar Lump. You've always been a momma's boy, but now you're at peace with it."

Calling him a Momma's boy was like calling the Pacific a puddle. "Mom, please," he muttered, trying to stop smiling.

"Anyway, I need to hit the restroom. Be good," she stood and kissed him on the head. Quinn watched her butt wiggle as she walked away.

Ismail was there as soon as Mom left. "It's nice to meet your wife, sir," he said. "She's a beautiful lady." Of course she was, and the understatement irritated Quinn.

"Thanks, Ismail," Quinn said.

He had a thousand questions, most of which he couldn't ask. "How did the two of you meet?"

As clueless as Quinn was, he knew that Ismail was beating around the bush, hoping for more information. Still his mind scrambled to answer. "Umm... family. Family introduced us."

"How long have you known each other?" His questions were like water circling a drain, getting closer and closer to what he really wanted to know.

"A few years, I guess." He gulped, "She was a friend of my Mom's."

"And your family... how were they about you marrying?" For God's sake.

"They were happy for us," he couldn't put quite the edge in his voice he wanted to.

"You need your family supporting you, sir. That's good." He let that hang. Would it always be like this? They had no choice but the charade of husband and wife. Even if no one knew the truth, they would always look sideways at a guy with a woman

more than twice his age. Not like any girl his age could hope to compete. But what would they do with Mom's friends, his friends? It gave him a scrap of comfort that Mom was as intelligent and charismatic as she was, and could no doubt figure out a solution to this.

"Another beer, sir?" Ismail asked, obviously frustrated.

Quinn answered in the affirmative and the bartender left. It wasn't like he had anything to be ashamed of. Ismail must be jealous as all get out that Quinn got to belong to this smoking goddess. Plenty of men would be too obnoxious and willful to be with her.

He looked around the beach. It wasn't empty, but also wasn't crowded. Once he and Mom were out there, he didn't know how he could keep his hands off her. All he wanted to be was inside her, or to completely occupy her attention. The whole time they had been out walking to the beach he had been halfway erect, and now he was getting all the way there. The image of Mom riding him like a bull was stuck in his head.

Ismail brought Quinn's beer. "Have fun, sir. She seems like a fine lady." She sure as fuck was.

Quinn stared at Mom as she came back. Every sway of her body, the turn of her hips, her tits oscillating with her steps, her eyes locked on his, made his cock feel like it would burst. He wanted to give Mom all of him. He had to.

She took his hand and drained her drink, moving down to the surf. His eyes begged her to call him a good boy or to praise him in some way. He wanted to be a good boy for her more than anything. There was no higher aspiration he could think of that to be owned by her, to be her loyal thrall. He trembled in awe of her.

Mom's hand led him. There was no asking where they were going, or why, there was just following. "Ready to swim, Sugar Lump?" she asked.

Nodding dumbly, he kept his eyes on hers. He would swim with her or whenever she wanted. She would keep her promise and let him fuck her, he knew she would. It was the ultimate reward, to let him fill his hands with her body and fill her holy pussy with his cum. He was a wretched fool that Mom had somehow decided to let in, to take as her own.

Mom giggled. "My goodness, Babe, the way you're looking at me."

After a couple of deep breaths, he said, "I can't help it, Mom."

She stopped and turned to face him. The heat inside him was just as strong as the tropical air. Stronger. "Such a sweet boy." She palmed the side of his face, and Quinn felt like he would melt. "Momma couldn't ask for a better boy. So loyal and attentive." She lowered her voice, "And with such a handsome cock that feels so good inside Momma's kitty."

Frozen with lust, love, pride, and a thousand other emotions, all Quinn could do was stare and breathe. He would melt and seep into the sand, he was sure of it. His mind was a blur. One second Mom was dropping the towel off her magnificent ass, every curve of her body exposed. He thought he would cry from the beauty.

Before he knew it they were in the water with the other shouting swimmers. He watched her body slip through the waves with the grace of a dolphin. Her legs and back and butt shined under the surface of the water, holding him transfixed. Mom popped up out of the water. "Babe, what are you doing? Momma wants you out here with her." It wasn't even a command. She only had to make her desires known.

Further out the water was a little deeper, and Mom swam to meet him face to face. "This is just where I want to be, Sweetie. I had hoped it would be like this, that you would just let go." Her eyes were red, from what was unclear. Her arms wrapped around Quinn's neck. "I love you so much, Quinn." He nearly swooned and drowned. Mom's eyes met his, then went down to his lips. His heart pounded with the inevitable.

Their lips met, and Quinn exploded inside. He opened for her, and tasted the remnants of her drink. He wanted to devour her, to bring her inside him and make the two of them into one. His cock was fully hard now, and he wanted to put it in any hole Mom would let him. Anything that would please her. His hands moved up and down her body, filling them with the thick flesh of her thighs. Just like his kiss, he wanted every square inch of her body in his hands. Time lost its meaning as he rubbed her back, ran the length of her arms, and squished the soft flesh of her luscious tits.

"I want you, Mom," he managed to whisper between kisses.

"Sweetie," she couldn't continue, cut off as their mouths engulfed each other. Even over the waves their kisses smacked. Quinn was oblivious to anyone staring. "God damn, Sweetie."

"Let's go back Mom," his words were punctuated by their passion. "Come back and let me fuck you, please."

"No, Babe..." Mom said. Thrusting his hips, Quinn poked her with his hardon. "My goodness, Sugar Lump."

"I'm so hard for you now, Mom."

"Babe..." their words were lost in kisses and gropes again, this time with Mom palming his iron cock.

"Please, Mom. Let's go back. We have all week to swim. I just want to fuck you, I want your body so bad. You're so beautiful and hot."

Mom grinned under his kisses. "So charming. I love the new Quinn."

"Mom, there's no one else like you," their lips smacked.

Quinn's hand reached down the front of her bikini bottom. "Sugar Lump, fuck. You really want Momma, don't you?"

"Yes, Mom," he tried to find her clit. "Don't you want me too?"

"Let's do it here, Babe," she whispered.

"Mom, what?" Despite his trepidation, his hands and kisses didn't slow down.

Her eyes shifted to the pier behind him. "Let's get under the pier, Babe. You can fuck Momma out of sight. Momma wants your handsome cock inside her."

Fuck Mom out here in public? Quinn didn't know if he could. "Umm... Mom..."

"Shh, Quinn. Just come with me, you'll see." And once again Quinn found himself pulled behind this incredible heavenly creature, his lust and fear colliding inside him.

Mom pulled him under the pier. The bottom was covered in barnacles and dripped with wetness, just like Quinn hoped Mom did. Sunlight reflected off the shifting water, casting patterns on the bottom of the pier. "People will see us, Mom." Being seen in public with Mom was a thrill, even kissing. The water had hidden the most salacious of their groping, but if

anyone saw Quinn pounding his dick into Mom here, there would be no doubt what was happening.

"No they won't, Sweetie," Mom said. Quinn had his doubts, seeing all the frollicking swimmers out on the water.

"All they have to do is look right over at us, Mom."

"Babe, the sunlight is too bright, it looks really dark under the pier to anyone out there. Come on, don't you want to be a good boy and give Momma what she needs?" She grinned at Quinn's discomfort.

"Mom, no. Do you want people to see us? I think they still can."

"Well, I'm your mother and you need to listen. You're going to fuck me under this pier, young man. And you better do your best and make me orgasm or you're going to be in hot water."

Quinn stared at her, stunned. He tried to speak, but his mouth wouldn't obey. She had struck him in the heart. It was impossible to refuse her command, not if he wanted to be a good boy. He would have to shove down his objections, and if

anyone saw them, he could only take pride in belonging to this queen among women. "Yes, Mom," he whispered.

Her smile, her damned smile was all it took for him to let go. "You're a good boy, Sugar Lump. Momma is proud of you." Not having to decide was liberating, and if it was letting Mom take over, there was no shame in it. He poked his member into her again. "I guess Momma is going to have to wait until tonight to see that handsome cock, but at least I can feel it." Her hand curled around it. "And have it inside me. You have the best dick, Sweetie. Momma has never cum as hard as she has on that dick."

All Quinn could do was take ragged breaths, but his hands didn't stop groping every part of Mom's body. "Momma is going to have to keep her swimsuit on, but I can pull it aside so you can fuck my kitty." She kissed him, and they were lost in each other's lips for a moment. Quinn thought the water around him would boil. It had never felt like this. Compared to his sweet Mom, sex with other girls felt like a chore. He would never need anyone else. It was like comparing a black and white photo of the beach to being there with the sand between his toes.

"How do you want me to fuck you, Mom?" his voice quavered.

"Aww, are you ready to listen to Momma?" Mom asked. Quinn nodded feverishly. "Good boy. I'm gonna turn around and push my butt into you-"

"Mom, I love your butt so much. It's so beautiful."

"I know Sweetie. You're gonna pull my swimsuit to the side and put your hard handsome dick in my kitty. Now while you fuck me I also want you to stroke my clit and play with my boobies. You need to kiss and bite my shoulders and neck too. Can you do that for Momma like a good boy?" Mom's magic brown eyes bored into mine. Her words had sharpened my focus. This was the real thing, another chance to prove to Mom how well he could listen and how he could please her better than any other man. No one else deserved her.

"Yes, Mom. I promise I won't disappoint you."

"I know, Baby. You're the best boy in the world at fucking Momma and making her cum." She turned and pushed her pillowy ass into Quinn. "I'm ready for your cock, Sugar Lump. Now fuck Momma good."

For a second time stopped and Quinn heard the splashing of the water under the peer and the din of swimmers not far enough away from them. It didn't matter how much he would be embarrassed if it was what she wanted. Nothing was too embarrassing or difficult. He moved his hips, rubbing his cock against her. "I want it inside of me, Sugar lump. I want your hot cum up in where you came out."

It was time. Quinn pulled his swimming trunks down and wiggled, letting them drop. His bare member was out, and the feeling of Mom's soft ass flesh was heavenly. He reached down and pulled Mom's bikini bottom to the side. She sighed as his finger traced her crack, looking for the port for his ship so he could guide it in. With his other hand he squished the rich flesh of her belly and tits. There was too much. He wanted all of it all at once.

And in seconds there it was. Mom's most sacred of places, the place where neither he, nor anyone else deserved to be. The place that Mom magnanimously allowed him to touch and enter. Mom's body undulated with his touch. "Yes, Babe," she whispered. "Put it in Momma."

Doing his best to move slowly, Quinn guided his diamond hard throbbing cock to Mom's pussy. His ram touched her gate, then he eased himself inside. The tropical seawater was

dry and freezing next to Mom's sweatlering insides. Even with only his tip inside her, Quinn felt the tremors inside Mom. She could say whatever she wanted, but her body didn't lie. His lowly member was the best thing she had ever had inside her. His head on her shoulder, Mom's breath fluttered in his ear. His tongue lashed out and licked up the length of her neck, tasting her own sweat spiked with the salt of the ocean. "God damn, Sweetie." She used God's name in vain, but it didn't matter. A tremor rattled through his body. Mom sat side by side with God on the throne of his heart.

His guiding hand came around to the front of her body, and brushed against her soft bush. Gently, his fingers traced her lips, spread open by his dick entering her. With her insides turned out, her little button was right there and she squealed when Quinn touched it. He pushed and his cock sank another inch into her. Mom cried out, her hands moving back to hold Quinn's hips.

He squeezed her with her other arm to keep her pressed into him so he could fuck her as hard as she wanted. Slipping under the bikini top, he seized her liquid breast, the nipple rock hard even in the warm water. As he loved to do, he let her luscious meat flow between his fingers. Mom's guts parted just a bit more to let his cock in another inch. "Fuck Momma, Baby. Fuck Momma's kitty." She muttered.

Mopping up her personal juice along with the seawater, Quinn's tongue played over her skin. She had the mature skin of a woman her age. Mere girls like he had been with were completely smooth and without character. Its texture under his tongue was almost as exhilarating as her pendulous boob in his hand. Almost.

Like strumming a guitar, his finger picked at her clit. It had inflated since he had been teasing it, and it felt like a hard little pearl in her pussy. Mom's body shuddered against his, her heart thumping against his arm that had seized her breast. Both their hearts felt like they would explode out of their chests. Tentatively, he pressed his teeth against her neck. Mom held her breath.

With one last push, Quinn sheathed his cock fully inside his quaking mom. She cried with pleasure as he bottomed out inside her, thumping against the back of her pussy. "Fuck, Baby, you feel so good." Quinn pressed down on her clit, moving his finger ever so slowly across it. "God, how am I this close to cumming?" Mom wheezed.

There was no restraint, as Quinn's cock pistoned inside her. His wild hand moved down to her belly, and with some effort he was able to get a little bit of pudge. Pumping in and out of her,

his cock stroked the wet, hot inside of her pussy. Quinn crushed his mother against him, as if he could push his whole body inside her. It took all the coordination he had to flick and tease her clit while he skewered her with his cock. He bit her harder this time, and Mom squealed with delight.

"Baby..." Mom's voice was distorted by her ecstasy into a strangled moan. "You're gonna make Momma cum. Uhhnnnggg, what a good boy. Shit, Baby, fuck Momma hard." Her voice was cut off by a low groan. She tried her best to stifle her groan, and it sounded more like she was dying than cumming. Someone had to have heard her, and Quinn prayed that it was too dark under the pier and too bright on the cloudy beach for anyone to see them. Mom squeezed him, not with her hands, but with her pussy. It strangled his dick, and her back arched, pressing her head over his shoulder.

With her neck right there, he bit, and the same instinct controlling his cock took over. He sank his teeth into her. Twitching, Mom struggled to keep her mouth closed. The groan was deep inside her, and her whole body vibrated with her voice, her tensing muscles. With her son. Air hissed in and out of her nose. "I love it when you cum, Mom," Quinn hissed in her ear. "Am I making you happy?"

Mom huffed, and let a little whimper escape from her mouth. The whole time Quinn hadn't slacked, strumming away at her clit and pushing her orgasm higher. Her body was his instrument and her voice his music. Her nails dug into his thighs and she clamped her teeth down. He bit and licked her, hoping against hope that he would consume her and she would live inside him.

Just as quickly as it came, Mom's muscles started to relax, and her tired body slacked in Quinn's grasp. It didn't slow him at all. "Sugar Lump," Mom muttered. "God, you make me feel so good. I'm so proud of how you make Momma cum. You're making me so happy."

"I love you, Mom," Quinn growled.

"Love you too, Baby. Keep going and you're gonna make Momma cum again."

And keep going he did. His cock pounded her with industrial zeal, her body jerking with each thrust. His own looming climax had taken him over, and it took effort to give Mom's pearl artful strokes rather than just mashing it. Her body was in the post-orgasm trough, and she sagged in his arms. Her

moans and whimpers were little this time, seasoned with barely-conscious words of encouragement.

But his attention pushed her forward. Her pussy felt heavenly, like everything else unique among women. He stroked back and forth, her trembling guts further tightening around him until she reached a second wind. Mom's body perked up from its sagging posture, and Quinn could feel the orgasmic energy building inside her.

Like the storm clouds outside, Quinn's own approaching climax promised sound and fury, but the kind with true rapture behind it. His body was starting to get tired, but the twins lust and love overpowered his fatigue, and he might as well have been made of steel. "I'm getting close, Mom," he said.

"Sexy boy," Mom said, "Give Momma that cum. I want it inside me, Baby. I want to be dripping with it. My boy has the best, most delicious cum."

Quinn was dizzy with Mom's words. His body was a force of nature now, just like the waves that lapped at the pier's supports. There was no stopping it, not even slowing it down. He could only surrender to it and let it carry him through. That heat was building in his loins, his cum ready to spray out and

fill his adoring mother. He bit one more time. "Oww, fuck, Baby!" Mom shouted. Like magic, her pussy tightened around him. He could feel her climax approaching too, and hope that miracle of the simultaneous climax would become reality.

He always imagined it as a glowing light, building in his balls and shooting out the tip of his member with scorching energy. The muscles in his neck tightened, pulling his head back as his climax took over his body. The sensation heightened until it was impossible to separate pain from pleasure. His body thrashed as he released his first salvo into that place where he had come out. Jerk after jerk, his cock let fly. Somewhere in the sensory overload of his orgasm he heard a voice. It was far off, but unmistakable. "Sugar Lump," Mom groaned. It was her second orgasm. Where the first was full of zeal her second one was like the last push of a marathon. Her body was knackered, but the raw force of her passion pushed her through, with the help of her most special boy.

They burst together, their bodies full of each other. Quinn's mind swam with his love. He was like a drone ant with the queen, fulfilling his only purpose in life, to please his beloved. And just like that drone, if he died now, he would die happy. Le petit mort, indeed. The rapture of his body and Mom's resonated, and just seconds later, they found themselves in each other's arms. There was no telling what was saltwater,

sweat, or their vital fluids. Quinn's cock was still stuck inside Mom, and was rapidly losing its edge.

"Babe," Mom whispered. "That was incredible." She turned to face him, putting her arms around his shoulders." She kissed the tip of his nose.

Quinn couldn't look her in the eye. A thing welled up inside him he couldn't explain. It was an emotion as far as he could tell, but it wasn't an everyday, predictable emotion. It was an ambush. He tried to speak. It wasn't that he didn't know what to say, it was as if all his words were trying to rush from him at once, and trampled each other to death in his mouth.

"What's wrong, Sugar Lump?" Mom said.

It was the same as his orgasm. His body spiraled out of his control and tears sprang into his eyes. Control deserted him. He heaved with sobs. Mom cradled his head against her shoulder. "Baby, it's ok." There was shock and concern in her voice. Quinn couldn't remember the last time he had ugly cried in front of Mom like this. But why?

For a minute they stood there in the water, his head on Mom's shoulder, shameful emotions pouring from him. "Sweetie," Mom said, "You've had a lot on your mind lately. God, it's been several months now. I know this is a big change for you and these are confusing feelings." Mom spoke to him like a child, and though he tried, he couldn't deny what she was saying. "I know all this time you've been fighting this, and it wasn't what you expected our relationship to be like."

He shook his head vigorously, but his traitor mouth said "Yes."

"I know, Baby. You just need someone to take care of you, someone to belong to again. Just let go. I thought you might be there but it looks like you have a little ways to go. Let me, Quinn. I'll always be here." There was some small comfort to Quinn, Mom saving him the anguish of saying all that himself. The tidal wave of his emotion slackened to a simple crushing breaker.

Taking a few deep breaths, he steadied himself. "Mom, it's true, but it's so hard. There's just too much and I don't know what's right anymore..."

Mom gently pushed his head off her shoulder. "Look at me, Babe," she said. She shook him. "Quinn, look at me." Fighting

the shame of his tear-streaked face, he looked. Her face was like the rising sun and he felt as if he would disintegrate with the dawn of her power. There were hot red marks along her neck where he had bitten her. "You may be a grown man, but you're still my son. My son, my lover, the sweetest boy I have ever known." There was a little quiver in Quinn's gut. "We don't have the answers to every question, but we have each other."

Quinn's grasping mind found a scrap of control and he started to come down. "Yes, Mom. I'm yours now, but I don't know how I can ever be good enough for you."

She cradled his face in her hands. "Sweetie, you already are. All you have to be is you. There's no one else like you and no one else I need."

It had never been what he believed. Who could be good enough by doing nothing? But he would try for her. He would try to believe. "I want to, Mom."

She smiled, and her smile filled Quinn with her warmth. "Just promise me you won't think about it too much too soon. I know people and I know you, Quinn."

Finally, his heart was starting to slow. Mad as it might be, maybe this would work out. "I love you, Mom!"

Mom's eyes had started looking misty, too. "I love you too, Babe. Now let's go have some fun." Like always she pulled him forward and into the light.