

# MOM IS MINE

[mt44](#)

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## **Chapter 1 -- Establishing a New Set of Rules**

*June 6. Thursday. 10:15 PM.*

"Will you get your fat ass out of the way?"

Beth ignored her husband's enraging comment. What she really wanted to do was cut his throat with the sharpest knife that she could find, but she'd worked hard on turning the other cheek lately. Maintaining her composure wasn't exactly easy though.

He turned up the volume as his wife continued to dust in front of their bedroom television. "I can't see the game!"

Heaven forbid that he couldn't see some stupid football game! She'd just about had it with Andy. Had she officially reached her breaking point after twenty years of marriage? It certainly felt like it.

Lazy, condescending, nasty, fat, and downright mean at times: those were just a few adjectives that she would use to describe her not so lovely husband. Each and every turn of the calendar resulted in him turning into a bigger asshole. She would kill for the return of the fairly lazy man who she fell in love with a lifetime ago.

The present-day version of her spouse was vile to her. The comments about her weight were endless. Was she a little more plump than she was back in her twenties? Sure, but who wasn't? And she'd tried so hard to lose weight lately! And she'd lost some! Countless numbers of her excess pounds had been trimmed courtesy of her new diet and gym-going habits.

Beth had always considered herself to be a curvy five-foot-five. Her D-cup breasts and sizable backside complemented her brown eyes and shoulder-length brunette hair perfectly—at least that's how she felt a decade ago. Years of verbal abuse had completely crushed her self-esteem, and she could pinpoint the exact moment when things really took a turn for the worst.

It was when Tom went off to college.

The majority of her husband's previous negativity was reserved for when they were in private. Andy's true colors only showed when their son wasn't around, but with Tom off at college for the past eight months—with the exception of him returning home for winter break—the nasty remarks soon became commonplace everywhere. If she overcooked something, she was an idiot; if she bought the wrong item at the grocery store, she was stupid; and no matter how much she exercised, she was always fat.

Being the house's primary breadwinner only emphasized the irony of her situation. She made a living in real estate while her husband worked in warehousing, and her salary almost doubled what he brought home. Their vast differences in financial contributions had never been an issue, however. It was the burden of having to run the house all by herself that drove her mad.

How did Tom turn out so sweet? She liked to think that she had something to do with her son developing into the amazing nineteen-year-old man who she adored; and to be completely honest, Tom was the only thing keeping her married to Andy. Her baby needed to grow up in a stable environment. She couldn't just rip him away from his father.

"Can you move any fuckin' slower?" he huffed. "Jesus Christ, Beth."

She finished wiping off the dresser before turning back to glare at him. The casualness of her pink sweatpants and black t-shirt didn't reflect her anger whatsoever. She couldn't possibly despise him more at the moment.

"Move!" he ordered loudly.

She placed her hands on her hips defiantly and stared at him. His big beer belly and thinning brown hair only angered her further. A guy like him should be over the moon to have a woman like herself in his life!

"It's third down!" he shouted. "Get the fuck out of the way!"

Did part of her actually prefer that he be such an outright jerk? She certainly didn't love him anymore, and his reprehensible personality caused her to experience significantly less guilt regarding her own feelings. How many times had she dreamed of leaving him? Hundreds? The urge to cheat consumed her every time a nice, respectful, good-looking man showed her even the slightest bit of attention. All she desired was to feel loved and respected. Was that really too much to ask for?

What did she wait for? Sure, Tom had returned home for summer break, but he spent most of the year living in the dorms at his university. He also wasn't a little boy anymore. He could handle his parents going through a divorce, couldn't he? She just never expected her marriage to come to this.

She'd always looked at herself as a supermom. She was the one who worked full-time, ran school fundraisers, drove Tom to practices, and kept their household in check. Filing for divorce would be an admission of failure. It would display a crack in the pristine life that she portrayed to everyone around her. No one in her social circle had any idea that she couldn't stand the man she was married to.

The dating market wasn't exactly welcoming to women on the wrong side of forty, let alone to those with a few extra pounds to boot. Yes, she was kind, friendly, and loved to have fun, but who would pick her over some twenty-two-year-old cutie?

Perhaps it would be best to just accept the life she had? The man lying in bed was her husband, and the only thing she had to look forward to was forty more years of negativity.

*"Over the middle...what a catch! Thomas reels it in with one-hand! Oh my goodness!"*

He was fuming now, and his intense look of anger from missing a spectacular play in his precious football game brought her joy. Part of her was happy with her decision to block his view by refusing to move. Ruining her asshole husband's night brought her happiness. It was refreshing to make him experience a hint of the misery that he brought to her life on a daily basis.

"Move!" Andy demanded, enraged. "Now!"

She didn't have anything to show for her effort to be the better person for all these years either. Turning the other cheek was bullshit. All it did was allow the other side of her face to be slapped. Her days of being a pushover were behind her, because she was ready to finally stand her ground.

"You're an asshole."

His eyebrows perked up at the sound of her strong tone. "Excuse me?"

"I said that you're an asshole," she repeated calmly, still blocking his view.

"Is that right?" he asked with an arrogant chuckle. "Well, do you want to know something, Beth? I may be an asshole, but you're a fat, old, unappreciative bitch, and the last thing I need is for some cunt to intentionally block my view when I want to watch a football game after a long day at work. Now, get your fat fucking ass out of the way before I snap."

Tears poured from her eyes as she scurried out of the room, slamming the door shut behind her.

"Oh my God, are you kidding me?" he remarked under his breath. "Fuckin' crybaby."

She couldn't stand her ground. She wasn't strong enough! Years of being called fat and old took its toll on her. Her life had turned into a nightmare, and there wasn't any escape.

What if she wasn't the nice, kind, lovable person that she always thought of herself as? Maybe she was delusional? Perhaps Andy hated her because she was unlikable?

"Are you crying?"

She stopped in her tracks. Standing in the middle of the hallway—pausing from his trek back to his bedroom with a glass of water in his hand—was Tom.

"No," she answered, doing her best to hide her red eyes from her son.

"What's wrong?" he asked, concerned.

She turned and looked away. She didn't want him to see her like this. The last thing her nineteen-year-old son needed was to be burdened by her problems.

"Mom," he said, his tone reflecting a man who wanted an answer.

And what would he do if she told him anyway? Tom was her little angel; not her problem solver. Maybe he would mention something to his father the next time he saw him, but Andy would eventually return to his degrading ways—especially once their son went back to school.

But how good would it feel to get it off her chest? She needed someone to vent to. It felt like a godsend to simply have someone in her life who was willing to listen to her problems.

"Mom!" he said louder, demanding to be informed of the situation.

Forty-two-year-old women shouldn't turn to nineteen-year-old college kids for advice. Shouldn't it be the other way around? Was this really where her life was at? Had she merely become a helpless old lady who couldn't even stick up for herself?

Messy, thick brown hair; a dark shade of stubble on his handsome face; striking brown eyes; and a body that show just how much time he spent in the gym: her son should be busy chasing girls on this Thursday night, but he wasn't seducing some lucky nineteen-year-old knockout, was he? No, he was about to be weighed down by her headache instead.

"Your-your-your father," she stammered. "He is-is-is so-so..."

Tom waited for her to finish patiently. He would stand here all night if need be. He couldn't just move on from seeing his amazing mom cry.

"He's-he's-he's so-so mean to me!" she finally managed to spit out.

Relief flooded her body. Her confession was over a decade in the making, and now she wondered why she never acted on her instincts sooner? She no longer carried the weight of the world on her shoulders.

Everyone in her life thought of Andy as a good guy. He always put on such a fake persona at all their family events. Her own mother still talked about how lucky she was to be married to such a charming man, for God's sake! Charming? He wasn't charming! He was an asshole, but no one knew it!

Well, someone else did now, and he just so happened to stand in front of her with a baffled expression all over his face.

"What?" he asked.

"Dad is so mean to me!" she repeated, still flustered but significantly relieved. "He always calls me names, makes fun of me, and treats me like shit!"

His confused look grew. Was Mom messing with him? Since when was Dad nasty to her? He'd never heard negative or nasty comments from his father, and while his parents didn't exactly seem lovestruck with each other, things weren't horrible either.

"He's mean to you?" he questioned. "When?"

"When you're not around," she answered. "He always waits until we're alone. Everyone thinks that he's this great guy, but he isn't. He's a total jerk!"

His brown eyes squinted slightly as he continued to stare at her, dressed in black basketball shorts and a red tank top. His big biceps and muscular shoulders showed just how much he'd grown since leaving for college. Her little angel had left for school as a boy, and returned as a man.

"I'm being serious!" she raised her voice. "I'm not lying!"

"I never said that you were lying," he told her, surprised by her revelation. "I've just never heard any of these comments before. What does Dad say?"

Why should she hold back now? She already admitted to Tom that his father wasn't the man that he thought he knew. She may as well tell him everything.

"He calls me stupid, old, and he always tells me I'm fat," she admitted. "Constantly."

His blood began to boil. "He says those things to you?"

"Every day!" she continued to vent. "I'm so sick of it! I do so much around here and he doesn't appreciate any of it. Like, I was trying to dust our bedroom a few minutes ago, and told me to get my fat ass out of the way because I was blocking the TV."

His hand balled into a fist instinctively. He didn't realize it, but his water almost spilled from the manner in which his arms shook with rage. He was furious.

"And then he called me a fat, old, unappreciative bitch," she told him.

His left eye twitched.

"And a cunt too!" she shouted, her anger beginning to rise as she replayed Andy's conceited tone in her head.

"Hold this," he said, handing her his glass of water. He stormed past her and made a beeline straight for his parents' closed bedroom door at the end of the upstairs hallway.

"Where are you going?" she asked.

He didn't answer. He was far too preoccupied with what he'd heard to find the words to respond. So, this was his father? It was no secret that Dad was on the lazy side, but this version of him sounded like hell to live with. How long had this been going on for? Had his amazing mother actually been miserable for years?

He burst into his parents' bedroom to find his dad lounging in bed.

"Back already?" Andy asked, his eyes yet to leave the television.

*Stomp! Stomp! Stomp!*

"Jesus, it sounds like you're going to fall through the floor," Andy snickered. "Maybe you—whoa!"

Tom grabbed a big handful of his father's t-shirt and slammed him back against the wooden headboard of the bed. Dad's eyes finally left from the TV and stared at his face, confused and maybe even a little fearful. If what his mother had told him was indeed true—and she'd never lied to him before—then he wanted Dad to be terrified.

"What did you say to Mom?" Tom growled.

"What did I say to Mom?" Andy asked after taking a deep gulp. He'd never seen his son so enraged. "What?"

Tom's fingers dug deeper into the cotton fabric in his grasp. "What did you say to her before she came out into the hallway?"

"I-I-I did-didn't say anything," Andy sputtered, attempting to conceal his lie.

He roughly pushed his father again, causing the back of his head to thud against the wood behind him. "Don't lie to me!"

"I-I-I don't know what you're talking about," Andy said.

He stared deeply into his father's frightened brown eyes. "Did you call Mom a fat, old, unappreciative bitch?"

"I—"

"And did you call her a cunt?" he cut off his father.

"We—"

"It's a yes or no question," Tom interrupted.

Andy would never admit it, but he was scared. Tom had always been a strong kid who excelled in sports throughout his years of school, and the muscular frame he possessed reflected the past decade of year-round physical competition. The fifteen pounds of

muscles that he'd put on since going off to college only enhanced his already impressive body.

He couldn't help but be intimidated by the way his son effortlessly jolted him back against the headboard. Tom was taller—at an imposing six-foot-one compared to Andy's five-foot-seven stature—significantly fitter, and undeniably stronger. The vein which bulged in his bicep as he continued to squeeze his shirt was scary. For the first time in his life, Andy found himself legitimately worried for his safety inside his own house.

"I may have-have-have sa-said some things," he stuttered, glancing at his son's powerful forearm which held him in place.

"Did you call her a cunt?" Tom asked again. "And did you tell her she's fat?"

His father nodded meekly.

"Sweetheart, relax!"

Tom's head snapped around to find his mother now in the room with them. She kept her distance cautiously, just inside the entryway. Her look of concern was impossible to miss.

"It's fine," he told his mom. "You shouldn't be here for this."

She'd never seen anything like Andy's look of panic. He appeared so weak—like a younger sibling being bullied by his big brother—but her husband couldn't be further from a little kid, and the guy with a handful of his shirt certainly wasn't his older brother. Andy was a forty-five-year-old man being dominated by his own son!

She never could've imagined watching something like this unfold after informing Tom about her personal life. The optimistic part of her had hoped for her sweetheart of a son to sit down and have a mature discussion with his father regarding his behavior, but he clearly decided to handle the situation differently—much differently.

And even more unexpected was how much she found herself enjoying it.

Tom moved his mouth next to his father's ear to keep his voice hidden from Mom. "I'm going to say this extremely slowly and clearly so there isn't any confusion. Mom and I talk every day, and once I go back to school, we'll text every day as well. She's going to keep me updated on what's going on around here. Now, if I find out that you even utter a disrespectful word to her—let alone call her something like a cunt again—I'll fuckin' kill you."

Andy's heart stopped beating.

"And I'm not trying to sound like a tough guy either," Tom went on, still forcibly pressing the back of Dad's head against the wood to his rear. "I'm simply telling you how things

are going to work from now on. You either treat Mom like the amazing woman she is, or you shut your fuckin' mouth. Understood?"

Andy nodded gingerly, terrified.

Tom released his hold on his father's shirt before turning to look at his mother, and he couldn't help but be caught off guard from what he saw. She didn't appear stunned, confused, or even scared. Instead, she looked pleased.

"You can sleep in my room tonight."

Beth's focus left her shocked husband and shifted to her son. "What?"

"You shouldn't have to sleep in the same bed as someone who talks down to you," Tom told her. "You can sleep in my room."

"Thanks, honey," she said with a smile.

"No problem," he smiled back. "Is there anything you need to get?"

She walked over to her nightstand, her eyes locked on the dispirited asshole who'd acted so cocky mere minutes ago. Andy was a tough guy when it came to mocking her, but he crumbled the moment a real man stepped up to him. His recent behavior reaffirmed everything she already knew about him.

She grabbed her Kindle and followed her son into the hallway.

"You didn't need to do that," she said, thrilled to finally have someone stick up for her, but slightly troubled from what she witnessed.

"No, I did," Tom said as he shut his parents' bedroom door. "Has this been going on for a long time?"

She nodded.

"I wish you would've told me about this earlier," he said. "You don't deserve to be talked to like that."

She wrapped her arms around him and gave him the biggest hug of her life. Everything about him was perfect. As if he wasn't smart, funny, athletic, and handsome enough to begin with, now he was a total gentleman on top of all his other amazing traits? Those college girls were probably fighting each other for the privilege of getting his time.

"I put your water on your nightstand if you want to grab it," she told him after breaking off their embrace. The two headed into his room where Beth slid into his bed. "Thanks again, honey. I really appreciate it."

He swiftly joined her under the covers. "No problem, Mom."



Watching her son slam his father against their bed headboard took a back seat to her current moment of confusion. She couldn't have been more baffled. "Um...what are you doing?"

He reached out to retrieve his water from the nightstand. "Huh?"

"I thought you said that I could have your bedroom tonight," she reminded him.

"I did," he answered nonchalantly before helping himself to a sip.

She continued to stare at him.

"What's wrong?" he asked.

Did she really need to answer that? She was comfortably under the covers in bed, all ready to read a few chapters on her Kindle before calling it a night, except she wasn't alone. A certain nineteen-year-old had decided to join her, but he wasn't some hunk from her latest romance novel. No, the guy a few feet to her left just so happened to be her son.

"I wasn't expecting you to be here too," she said awkwardly. Nothing about this felt right.

His curious look had yet to alter. "It's a queen size bed. There's plenty of room."

Spacing wasn't her problem. It was who she shared the bed with. "Honey—"

"Is this weird for you?" he interrupted.

"It's not weird for you?" she asked.

"Why would it be weird for me?" he questioned, casual as ever.

"Because I'm your mother," she answered, flabbergasted that she needed to explain the situation. "I assumed that you would sleep downstairs on the couch."

He took another sip of his water before setting the glass back down on his nightstand. "I can leave if you want."

"No, I don't want to kick you out. I just wasn't expecting this. You know what? It's fine."

"Are you sure?" he asked.

"Totally sure," she said with a warm smile. "You're right. It's a big bed. There's plenty of room."

He shot her a smile of his own before turning on the TV and finding the football game that was still underway. She powered on her Kindle and the mother and son went about their night, disregarding any of the awkwardness that came along from sharing the same bed with each other.

## **Chapter 2 -- A New Man of the House**

### ***Twenty Minutes Later.***

Beth decided to call it a night after the football game ended. It was funny in a way. She never had any interest in watching sports with Andy, but it was fun to cheer on her son's fantasy football running back. He just made everything so enjoyable!

Heavy clouds covered the moon on this cool June night, preventing any hint of light to seep in through the bedroom windows. She didn't like her chances of being able to sleep anytime soon either. Her mind raced with the thought of who she was in bed with, but even more disconcerting was a certain question that she'd wanted to ask for the past twenty minutes. She couldn't keep quiet any longer.

"Do you think I'm fat?"

Tom turned on his nightstand light before rolling over onto his back. A quick peek to the right revealed his mother in the same position. "What?"

"Do you think I'm fat?" she repeated, still under the covers.

"Of course not," he answered without a moment of hesitation.

"Be honest with me. Don't just say no because I'm your mom."

"I'm being honest," he told her. "Fat? Are you crazy?"

"I—"

"You need to forget everything that Dad has said to you," he jumped in. "First off, you're not fat. You're curvy. You're thick. You have some meat on your bones but that doesn't make you anything close to fat. Second, there's something that I've waited to say since I got home last week. I didn't think it was my place to comment on something like this, but I don't care any longer. You need to hear it."

She waited anxiously.

"I've noticed that you've lost weight."

Her face lit up with excitement. "You can tell!?"

"Absolutely, I can tell," he nodded, smiling as a result of her excitement. "I don't want you to think that I thought differently before either. You've always looked great, but you just look extra amazing now. Your new body is ridiculous."

Her excitement turned to shock at what she just heard. "Ri-ri-ridiculous?"

"You're a smokeshow now," he said.

She stared up at the white bedroom ceiling, confused. "What's a smokeshow?"

"A dime-piece," he explained.

"Sweetheart, I have no idea what any of these things mean," she laughed nervously. While she desperately wanted to believe that he called her attractive, she couldn't fool herself into pretending to know his college boy lingo.

"You're really hot," he admitted brazenly.

Well, she certainly understood that. His Generation Z jargon may have confused her, but even Generation X'ers were familiar with what that meant. Her son just called her hot! And while in bed with her!

"You-you-you think I'm hot?" she asked, flattered but beyond baffled from hearing that come from the last guy she ever would've expected.

"Absolutely," he confirmed his words.

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"You don't think you're hot?" he questioned, interrupting the silence.

"I...um..."

"Come on, Mom," he laughed almost arrogantly. His voice dripped with confidence. "Are you serious?"

She didn't know what to say.

"You kept all of your amazing curves even after losing some weight," he filled her in on what his father should've already done. How in the world could Dad call her fat? Was he crazy? "Mom, you have an insane body now. You have a great butt, sexy hips, and that unbelievable bust, but you slimmed down too. It's crazy."

She'd never been more speechless. Years of being called fat and old crippled her self-esteem. This was her dream, wasn't it? To be fawned over by someone she loved? She definitely received her wish tonight—even if it came from the last guy she ever expected.

"You're hot as fuck," he announced bravely. "Not that you weren't hot before. You're just extra hot now."

She was still in bed with her son, right? Someone else hadn't slipped under the sheets instead? Tom had never talked this way to her. He was always respectful and polite—like a good son should be—but this side of him was unlike anything she'd seen before. He just called her "hot as fuck!" What in the world?

"Baby, I don't know what to say," she told him, blushing and struggling to conceal her smile. It'd been a long time since someone complimented her appearance. "I—oh my God, what are you doing!?"

Tom rolled over and kissed her. It wasn't a smooch on the cheek, the forehead, or any of the already inappropriate places to embrace your own mother. No, he kissed her on the lips.

It was a bold move from a bold guy, but he'd decided to change his life for the better after he went off to college. His days of waiting around for what he wanted were in the past.

If he liked a girl, then he asked her out; if the way someone behaved annoyed him, then he told them to stop; and if his sexy mother didn't receive the proper love and attention that she deserved, then he would personally attend to her needs.

Beth quickly pushed him off of her. What the hell was that!? Not only did he kiss her, but he kissed her on the mouth! But what caught her most by surprise was the sight of him coming in for round two.

"No, sweetheart, we—"

Her protests were cut short by a shock wave that electrified her lips. What happened to her protests? Had she given up that easily?

Not only had she accepted her son's daring move, but her hand squeezed his bulging bicep as he became acquainted with her mouth. As impressive as her own weight loss was, Tom's decision to hit the gym at college was even more amazing. He was ripped now!

She did it again. She drifted up into a world where Tom was a cute guy from the gym. This was her son, and she needed to snap back to reality!

She finally managed to push him off, only for him to move his affection to her neck instead.

"We really shouldn't do this," she opposed, making little progress with her attempt to push him off. His vast muscles resembled a brick wall. He was so strong!

Gentle kisses moved along her skin until he found her ear. "You deserve someone who cares about you."

She really did, didn't she? All she truly yearned for was a guy who treated her like a queen. Actually, she didn't even need that! She just wanted to be loved!

She desired to remember the feeling of being respected, cherished, and thought about. What was it like to come home to flowers and chocolate? Who was president the last time she went out to dinner and a movie? It couldn't have been more obvious that Andy

didn't care about her, but the hunk worshiping her neck certainly seemed to hold her in high regard.

"This isn't right," she told him, her hand moving up to his wide shoulder. "We really can't do this."

He brushed several strands of stray hairs out her eyes as he gazed at her and said, "I love you."

"I love you too, but—"

"No, I really love you," he interjected. "More than you can possibly imagine. The idea of you being miserable makes my blood boil. Even the thought of Dad treating you poorly makes me want to snap. Mom, you're the most amazing woman I've ever met, and I can't let you be anything other than happy."

Her face softened courtesy of his touching words. She was the most amazing woman that he'd ever met? How could she possibly resist his advances now? And as his mouth moved back to her neck, she decided to let him do whatever he wanted. Tonight, whether it was right or wrong, she would allow herself to be appreciated.

"I can't get over how sexy you are now," he told her.

His deep purr in her ear caused the hairs on the back of her neck to stand up straight. He lusted after her! He told her she was sexy more times in the past five minutes than Andy had in the last five years. What was she supposed to do? Pretend that his unbelievable compliments didn't mean anything? But they did! They meant the world to her!

"Thank you," she said quietly, his lips continuing their amazing trek of worship along the soft skin of her neck. "That's very sweet of you."

"Well, you taste sweet," he whispered before planting a kiss on her lips. And just like that, he was back in her ear again. "There's something I've wanted for a long time."

Her heart beat out of her chest. The intensity of the moment kicked into overdrive. He wanted something more than a kiss?

"What's that?" she asked timidly.

"Take a guess," he whispered, his voice barely audible despite speaking directly into her ear."

His hand crawled slowly along her stomach, the cotton of her black t-shirt providing the only barrier between his fingers and her skin. The heat which radiated off his body comforted her. It calmed her worries. Somehow, his touch made everything right.

Tom was propped up on his right side with his mouth next to her ear, but he may as well have held her in his grasp. Being this close to a big, strong, muscular guy was foreign territory for her. It felt like a lifetime since she was intimate with a man who carried himself with confidence and power, and she swiftly found herself seduced by his charm.

But what could her son want from her?

"In fact, it's been my biggest fantasy for quite some time," he revealed before planting a loving kiss on her outer earlobe.

Her body quivered. She didn't just feel it in her chest, stomach, or her feet either. Her entire body shuddered from the immense amount of love wrapped up in a single smooch. She'd never felt so cherished.

But she still couldn't get the mystery of her son's biggest fantasy out of her mind. Who knew how deep his lust ran? For how many years had he held her in such high regard? What if instead of dreaming about dating cheerleaders and cute blondes at school, her little angel actually fantasized about her?

"What's your biggest fantasy?" she asked.

His lips couldn't possibly be closer to her ear. "For you to suck my cock."

She stopped breathing. The revelation of his true feelings flattered her, but she couldn't deny how inappropriate her night had turned. She wasn't one of his cute classmates. She was his mother!

She had almost four billion men to choose from. The world was full of guys who would be up for fulfilling her sexual needs, and she could most likely find at least a few willing suitors to provide her with the emotional support that she so desperately craved as well. Why couldn't she go land one of them? Why didn't she download some dating app to find a fling?

Her problem was that she didn't want some regular guy.

Was it wrong to admit that her son was a hunk? His thick head of messy brown hair was the envy of every man who crossed his path, and his handsome face caused her to question his relation to his father. They barely looked alike at all!

His brown eyes were sharp but soft. His warm smile caused her heart to melt. His muscular body reminded her of the studs from her dirty novels, and his aggressive behavior from tonight washed away any doubts that he hadn't fully grown up. Just look at how he defended her from his father!

But a brief moment of unbridled lust couldn't compare to his request. They could move on from twenty seconds of kissing. Heck, she could forget all about the incredible—but monumentally inappropriate—compliments he gave her too. She could put it all behind her!

What she couldn't leave behind was her love.

Tom was her perfect angel, and he was also the only thing keeping her with Andy. She spent all of these years dreaming about a perfect man who would love her for who she was. She craved a partner who admired and respected her. She just wanted someone who valued her as a person.

It wasn't until this very second when she realized that her ideal match had been in her life all along.

But his request was a drastic step up from a simple kiss. She couldn't actually mess around with her own son. Even considering such an act of degeneracy caused her to question what kind of person she really was, and that only made her following words so much more confusing.

"Okay," she said with a shy smile.

Tom didn't celebrate, scream for joy, or even return her rather uncomfortable smile. He simply positioned his pillow against the headboard as he sat up in bed. Suddenly, the blankets were on the floor and his t-shirt followed, and it was in that moment when she came to a sudden conclusion while propped up on her side.

She made the right decision.

Tom was a man. Andy didn't behave like a man, but he didn't look like one either. Her husband was a slob. Tom, on the other hand, was anything but.

Her son was lean and muscular, but it were his shoulders that caused her body to go limp. They were so strong and wide. His powerful physique reflected a man who could pick her up and throw her around in the bedroom. He was a man who could have her way with her whether she wanted it or not.

Not that she was worried about unsolicited advances. She knew that her son would never hurt or take advantage of her, but she couldn't pretend that she wasn't turned on by the idea of submitting to a stud who could dominate her physically.

His calm demeanor captivated her. His refusal to ask or beg for what he wanted didn't even remotely resemble his father. Andy would order her around, but in a condescending fashion; meanwhile, Tom possessed an effortless confidence that his dad couldn't dream of owning.

His basketball shorts were next to fly off the bed as his boxers swiftly followed. And there he was—her son in all his naked glory—and boy, was he something.

"That's—"

"I know," he interrupted his mother boldly. "You don't have to tell me. I'm way bigger than Dad."

Now, *this* was a man. You aren't cocky if you have the ability to back up your claims, and her eyes gazed at a certain something which was more than capable of doing just that. His handsome face, big muscles, chiseled abs, and towering cock caused her to instinctively wet her lips. She'd never shared a bed with a guy like this.

"How did you know?" she asked, still staring at his erect manhood.

"That I'm bigger than Dad?" he questioned while gazing at her. "I just do. There's no way that asshole doesn't have a little dick—especially with the way he talks to you."

Tom's size fourteen feet were a recurring joke in their household for as long as she could remember. The sight of Andy's size eight shoes next to her son's sneakers sometimes caused her to do a double take as to who was the adult in her life. It turned out her husband's quips about their son's rather large features weren't far off. In fact, his remarks were right on the money.

She looked at the biggest cock that she'd ever seen.

His manhood was big, thick, and veiny. It was the polar opposite of Andy's below-average and usually half-hard penis. Physically, there wasn't anything soft about her stud son, and his impressive size would appear intimidating if she wasn't deeply in love with the angel who it was attached to.

And then she got an up close and personal look at it.

A strong hand reached out and gripped the back of her neck, and she didn't put up a hint of a fight as she allowed herself to be pulled toward his groin. She found her purpose. She finally understood her meaning. Her key to eternal happiness involved the stud sitting against the bed headboard with his long legs running the length of his soft mattress, and she was done fighting what she truly craved.

"Fuck yeah, Mom..." he moaned as her lips wrapped around the swollen head of his throbbing meat.

Of course, his precum tasted sweet—unlike his father. And why wouldn't his cock have felt right at home inside her mouth? The boy she once drove to football and basketball practice on a daily basis had turned into a man who college girls fought over the chance to date, but she had no intention of sharing him. Nope, this hunk was all hers.

How long had it been since she bobbed up and down on a rock-hard cock of a man she loved and desired? Fifteen years? Maybe longer? Hearing him groan with pleasure as she serviced his member gave her chills. She could stay curled up in his bed forever. She just wanted to make him happy.

"Deeper," he demanded.

She officially found her happy place. A cool wind shot down her spine as a result of his strict order. Her perfect son treated her like one of his college girlfriends, but she



couldn't be further from some cutie who he attended school with. She was a forty-two-year-old woman! And she was his mother!

She found herself in such a trance that she never noticed his hand slide along her back—over her shoulder—and latched onto her right breast. His touch calmly rested on her boob, over the outside of her shirt. His simple action was more than enough confirmation of how sexy she was in his eyes, and she would soak in every second of his validation.

Those girls at school were just that: girls. They weren't women. They didn't know about the time he cut his foot from stepping on broken glass as a kid. They weren't there for the energetic Christmas mornings, the heart-wrenching high school football defeats, or the time he called her for a ride home because he got drunk at a party with his friends in tenth grade.

But she was there for every single one of those moments.

A man like him required a woman. Some ditzy nineteen-year-old college girl couldn't cook him her homemade lasagna that he loved so much, and she certainly wouldn't be able to attend to all of his needs. Her baby deserved the royal treatment, and she planned to give him exactly that.

She expanded her throat as far as possible in an attempt to swallow him whole. Even with her impressive oral ability, her gag reflex kicked in halfway down his thick, slippery shaft. His big feet may have made Andy look like a child, but his perfect cock reduced her husband to a distant memory.

"That feels so fuckin' good," he moaned, holding her hair after he moved it out of her eyes.

She tried her best to deepthroat him again, but came up well short. She wanted nothing more than to take every inch of thick cock. He deserved it! But he was just too big!

"Remember when we ran into each other downstairs the other night?" he asked.

How could she forget? Their encounter qualified as slightly awkward to say the least. Well, it was before tonight. Now, it was small potatoes compared to what they'd done.

She underwent a bit of a change in wardrobe after losing twenty pounds over the past three months. A handful of sexy outfits—at least by her standards—made their way into her closet. Perhaps the most risqué being the black satin nightie that she started to wear to bed. It may not have displayed any cleavage, but the sleeveless gown certainly showed her arms and quite a bit of her thighs.

She bumped into Tom earlier in the week downstairs at midnight. They'd both stumbled into the kitchen for a glass of water, and he seemed more than surprised by her choice of clothing. He never said anything to her about her nightie, but she had a feeling that she would discover his true thoughts on her latest purchase now.

"Mm-hmm," she answered, her mouth rather full at the moment.

"Where's that sexy nightie you had on?" he asked.

Her head almost exploded! Sexy nightie! She knew it! Andy never even commented about her sultry gown, but Tom thought it was sexy!

Her lips left his manhood as she gazed into his eyes. "You think it's sexy?"

"The girl wearing it made it look sexy," he told her with a grin.

She wanted to scream. She was done with her husband. There wouldn't be any more hugs, kisses, or attempts at sex. She no longer desired to rekindle the special bond that they once shared. This was the guy she wanted now. This was her new man.

"That's so nice of you," she said with a smile.

"How about you go put it on for me?"

"Now?" she asked.

"Yeah, now," he nodded.

She scurried up to his face and planted a big kiss on his cheek before hopping off the bed and hustling for the door. Her hunky son wanted to see her in a nightie. How sexy was that? And she found more than enough confirmation of how he viewed her when she took a quick peek back at the bed. Whose eyes were locked on her every step while he stroked his big dick? None other than the love of her life.

She hurried down the hallway and burst into her bedroom.

"Look who decided to come back," Andy snickered.

She ran over to her dresser, her eager hands hurrying to rifle through her underwear drawer.

"We need to talk about what happened," he said.

Why wasn't her nightie in her drawer? She couldn't keep Tom waiting!

"Hey, Beth!" he raised his voice, not appreciating being ignored. "Our son was completely out of line earlier!"

She dug through the rest of her dresser drawers feverishly, desperate to find the one thing that her baby wanted.

"He made me bleed!" Andy shouted. "The back of my head slammed against the headboard when he pushed me!"

She dropped the pair of sweatpants in her grasp abruptly. Tom made Andy bleed? Not only had her son stormed into her bedroom and put his father in his place, but he made him bleed on top of it? She couldn't believe it, but she'd never been more turned on in her life.

"Good," she remarked under her breath.

"Excuse me?" Andy asked, stunned. "What did you just say?"

She ignored his question and instead moved to her walk-in closet where a particular piece of clothing hung from a hanger in plain sight. A light may as well have shone upon the sexy attire. She yanked the nightie off the hanger and dashed back through the bedroom.

"Beth," her husband attempted to get her attention. "Beth!"

She slammed the door shut behind her as she made her way through the hallway and inside the upstairs bathroom. Damn it! She forgot new panties! It looked like she would just have to deal with how wet her underwear was, because there was no way she would go back to deal with Andy again.

She checked her hair, opted for a little eyeliner, and pulled down on her nightie to show a hint of cleavage. Moments later, she was on her way back to her son's room.

A loud whistle immediately rang out after she opened his bedroom door, causing her to giggle as she closed it behind her. Of course, he was still rock-hard, and obviously he stroked his big dick at the sight of her. Was there any question that he wouldn't have playfully whistled after seeing her in her nightwear too? Why wouldn't the compliments continue to pour in?

"Jesus Christ, you're so fuckin' hot," he grunted, his hand wrapped around his thick cock.

She felt like a model. A simple step toward the bed caused Tom to lick his lips. A flirtatious spin culminated in his eyes worshipping her body. Every single one of his reactions made her feel like a queen. She was a goddess in his eyes, and he reminded her of that—constantly.

He coaxed her in his direction with an inviting finger. "Get your sexy ass back up here."

She scrambled onto the bed and curled up next to him again, her mouth wasting little time finding the piece of meat that her lips so desperately missed. She was on a mission to take him to cloud nine. Her son deserved to be treated like a king, and no one could be his queen better than her.

The sudden sensation of his big, strong hand massaging her breast under her silk nightie caused her to force her throat as far down on his dick as possible. She'd never

been so turned on. Even the masculine odor which gushed from his pores didn't resemble any prior scent in her life. He was the first real man that she'd ever been with.

He possessed the ability to make her feel so warm and protected, yet simultaneously vulnerable. Could she possibly say no to him? Her baby would be able to get her to do anything he wanted, but without any concern for her safety. There was an immense sense of trust in the man she shared the bed with.

"Good girl," he moaned. His clutch on her soft right breast grew stronger as her blowjob turned deep and sloppy.

Could she debate it? Why would she even bother to question herself? It couldn't have been more obvious.

She was madly in love.

His hand reluctantly slipped away from her breast and found the back of her nightie. He gave it a soft tug upward, exposing her black panties as his cock continued to bath in the blissful waters that were his mom's mouth.

"I think I know why Dad talks shit about you," he said.

His comment caused her head to pop up, her hand stroking her favorite new toy. "What?"

"I said that I know why Dad talks shit about you," he repeated. "Do you want to know why?"

She gulped nervously before immediately relaxing. Her days of being mocked and talked down to were well in the past. Now, she had a man who would never hurt her.

"Why's that?" she asked.

"Because his little dick can't handle an ass like this," he grinned, leaning forward and grabbing a big handful of her plump backside. He gave it a shake before checking off another box on his list of fantasies.

He spanked her.

His powerful smack caught her by surprise. "Oh!"

"You need a real man for this body," he told her as he gave her ass another rough crack.

She locked eyes with him, their seductive grins fueling each other's naughty sides. "I think I have a real man now."

"You do have a real man now," he corrected her firmly.

"I do, don't I?" she giggled, visually worshipping the towering dick that her slick hand continued to slide along. "I have a big, thick, fat cock to keep me nice and happy now, isn't that right?"

"Fuckin' right you do," he confirmed, his voice oozing of confidence.

"And it's my job to make sure that my man is taken care of," she said with a playful smirk. "Now, how do I go about doing that?"

"Well, for starters, you can keep sucking my cock," he told her while slapping away her hand that played with her pussy. "That's my job now, by the way."

Who knew that it could feel so good to be helpless? She had no idea how much she craved to be at the complete mercy of a man whom she couldn't get enough of. Experiencing his touch slip inside her underwear and graze over her little landing strip changed her life, and it was about time that she finally allowed herself to be loved the way that she so rightfully deserved.

"You're so fuckin' wet," he noted.

Her soaked pussy dripped on his fingers as he gently touched her vulva. He wasn't even inside her. A simple rub along her vaginal lips could make her squirm. His touch was electric. His movements enraptured her. Her incredible son had her in a trance.

But nothing compared to what happened next.

Her head rocketed off his dick as she gasped for breath. "Oh my God, baby!"

He rubbed her clit.

She was on the verge of exploding already? Really? It certainly didn't take long for her impending orgasm to bubble deep inside her stomach—not that she expected anything different. Everything about her angel was magical.

The big head of Tom's cock pressed against the side of her face as she hung on for dear life. It'd been so long since she experienced an orgasm with another person that she almost forgot how unbelievable the build-up could be—or how fast.

"Put that cock back in your mouth," he ordered. "I want you gagging on me when you cum."

Another order! No please, no begging, and no whining like a little boy. Her son knew what was best for her, and if that meant choking on his big dick, then she would be a good girl and do whatever he said.

His right hand rubbed her pussy while his left hand tangled in her hair. Could life possibly get better than this? She couldn't believe how much she missed slurping and slobbering all over the cock of a man she loved.

"This is something I could get used to," he told her with a chuckle.

She wanted nothing more than to tell him that she felt the same way, but the big dick currently stuffed in her mouth didn't allow her to speak. Besides, she was moments away from cumming harder than she had in years. Could she even form a coherent sentence at the moment? God, she could barely think straight!

His fingers electrified her skin. Every rub of his increasingly faster-moving fingers sent her body into a frenzy; and now, curled up on her angel's bed with his big dick in her mouth, she was about to experience the most forbidden pleasure possible. She was about to be a very bad mother.

Her mouth went limp around his manhood as her body shook and twitched courtesy of his touch. The pleasure center of her brain went haywire. The big dick between her lips was all that prevented her from screaming, and you better believe that she would make a racket if her son's thick cock didn't reduce her passionate cries to moans of bliss.

A deep fire exploded in her stomach, shooting the length of her body as her eyes rolled back in her head. Her world turned white as her surroundings temporarily ceased to exist. Forget about Andy. None of her boyfriends before her husband had ever made her feel anything like the heat which consumed her soul either.

She'd allowed herself into the hands of the one person she loved more than anyone in the world, and the rewards were endless. She was a satisfied mess curled up next to her man. Tonight, she was her son's little slut.

He raised his hand to his mouth, the wetness from her pussy lips clearly visible to her eyes. She watched his fingers slip between his lips with a devilish grin in his eyes. Oh my God, he tasted her! Her own son tasted her!

"You taste so good," he told her as he licked his fingers clean.

She bobbed up and down on his hard member frantically. He loved her taste? How unbelievable was that?

She now had two goals for her baby. One, he would cum harder than he ever had before. Two, she would swallow every drop.

"Just like that," he moaned. "Good girl."

His dominant demeanor drove her crazy. His powerful cadence caused her to desire him further. The same guy who'd called her Mom for the entirety of his life, now ordered her around like one of his college girlfriends, and she couldn't get enough of it.

His powerful hand yanked her head back by her hair, causing the left side of her face to press against his chiseled abs. What was going on? Why was his cock out of her reach as he stroked himself? But she wanted to make him cum!

"I'm gonna cum all over your pretty face," he grunted, his strokes turning short and rapid.

Well, question answered. Andy always begged to give her facials but she never allowed him to do it. Why would she have? Her husband disgusted her. She couldn't imagine submitting to a man who didn't show her an ounce of respect.

Once again, Tom didn't ask or beg for what he wanted. He simply told her how things would work. He wanted to cum all over her face, and she would be a good girl and take it. She finally found a man who she would do anything for.

She closed her eyes and extended her tongue as far as possible. She would be a dirty, filthy, slutty mess in a matter of seconds, and she planned to receive a mouthful of her son at the same time. He'd turned all of her fantasies to reality without even discussing her desires. He somehow already knew what she craved!

He moaned passionately as the first explosion of cum burst from his cock. Shot after shot slammed into her face as he firmly held her in place by her hair. She couldn't see the damage that he did, but she absolutely felt it, and she could more than hear it. His intense grunts sent a chill down her spine.

Seven thick, powerful blasts of cum left his signature all over her face. His warm semen dripped down her skin, coating her pouty lips as she soaked in his essence. Even the intensity of Tom's orgasm put his dad to shame. Andy only ejaculated a few drops, but her son fired ropes.

She lunged at his cock, wrapping her lips around the throbbing head of his manhood eagerly. She'd never found herself in a situation like this before. The right side of her face dripped with his fluids, and her tongue had the good fortune of receiving a direct blast of cum which she swiftly gulped down.

Why wouldn't he have tasted better than Andy? Her angel's cum was sweet! He was so yummy that she wanted more!

She thoroughly cleaned him off, extracting every drop of his precious seed. She couldn't believe how bad he made her want to be. She wanted to be dirty. She wanted to be slutty. She wanted to be his fantasy girl.

"You got me all messy," she giggled after pulling her mouth off his cock and turning to look at him.

"Get used to it," he said, lowering her mouth back to his dick. "You're my dirty girl now."

She could live in her nightie, and she never wanted to leave his bed. She belonged curled up next to her hunky son. Everything felt right with the world while his cock was between her lips.

She pulled her mouth off his dick and used her finger to slide a wad of cum toward her mouth; but suddenly, a loud yell caused her to freeze.

"No!" he shouted.

She looked at him, her face still dripping with his fluids.

"Where's your phone?" he asked.

A quick glance at her side of the bed revealed that she'd forgotten her phone. "Crap, I left it in my room."

"How were you planning to wake up tomorrow without an alarm?" he asked, his cock still hard as a rock.

"I totally forgot," she told him. "It slipped my mind between how upset your father made me, and then you sticking up for me, and everything else that happened. It's a good thing that you noticed."

"Yeah, it's a good thing I did," he said with a smirk. "Go get it."

"My phone?"

He nodded.

"Now?" she asked.

He nodded once again.

She hopped off his bed before the sound of him clearing his throat caused her to look back. "Don't get cleaned up first either. Go straight to your bedroom."

She returned his smirk with a wicked grin of her own. "You're so bad!"

"You bring it out in me," he smiled, soaking in every inch of her sexy body. "Bedroom first."

She hustled out of his room and skipped down the hallway. She was seriously about to do this? Shouldn't she stop to reconsider her plan first?

Sucking her own son's cock was one thing, but showing her husband the results of her incestuous fun was an entirely different story. And Tom wanted this! He demanded that his father saw what he did to her!

How sexy was that? Her baby claimed her, and it was time for Andy to be informed of the changes that were made while he watched TV obliviously. Her husband was about to be in for one hell of a surprise.

She opened her bedroom door and strolled over to her nightstand.



"Back again?" Andy asked harshly, his eyes never leaving the television. "I was serious earlier too. We need to talk about that kid's behavior. Beth, he can't disrespect me like that in my own house."

She tried her hardest not to laugh. "Oh, I agree."

"Someone needs to smack some sense into him," he said. "My father would've killed me if I pulled something like that."

"It was completely uncalled for," she told him, grinning as she retrieved her phone and charger. "We all know that you're the real man of the house. Maybe you should go show Tom that?"

"Well, he's grown a lot over the past few years," he said, finally turning to her. "It isn't so easy to—"

She never felt more alive than when she watched his jaw drop as he cut himself off mid-sentence. He couldn't have been more stunned. Why wouldn't her rude, obnoxious, and annoying husband be at a complete loss for words? She didn't exactly expect a different reaction.

"Wha-wha-wha what's on your face?" he stammered.

He knew the answer to his question, didn't he? And even if he honestly couldn't tell what was on her face, then she would fill him in real fast. Standing next to their marital bed—in a cute nightie—her index finger slid a big wad of her son's cum into her mouth where she swallowed.

"Yummy," she giggled.

"That-that-that can't be wha-wha-what I think it is," he stuttered again, baffled by what he just saw.

"Oh, you better believe it," she laughed. "Our son made quite the mess."

His already bulging eyes grew bigger with each passing second. "Beth..."

"He's such a stud, but I think the evidence of that is crystal clear," she told him, helping herself to another serving of her son's sweet seed. "I mean, just look at the size of his load! He just kept cumming, and cumming, and cumming..."

"You let our son—"

"Cum all over my face?" she finished his sentence. "I sure did. Not before I gave him a well-deserved blowjob though. He earned it, don't you think? No one has ever stood up for me like he did."

It didn't happen often, but Andy was speechless.

"He didn't even ask for a blowjob," she revealed. "He told me to do it, just like he ordered me to go change into my nightie because he thinks it's sexy. God, that kid drives me crazy, but he isn't a kid anymore, is he? No, my little angel is all man now. He's big, strong, and aggressive, and he made you look like a little kid earlier. Watching him pin you against the headboard made my body do a million different things, but do you want to know what caught me the most by surprise? Andy, it got me wet."

He didn't have a clue what to say.

"You were so helpless," she went on. "You're so mean and condescending to me, but I saw fear in your eyes when he talked to you, and I know that he'll always protect me no matter what. So, go ahead and keep making your nasty remarks and treat me like garbage, and I'll just tell Tom. We both know what he'll do if that happens, don't we? He'll kick the shit out of you."

"What the fuck is wrong with you!?" he shouted, finally snapping out of his haze. "He's our son!"

She turned and headed for the door, but not before treating herself to another helping of cum. "God, does he taste good. Sure, he's our son, but he's more than that. Will he always be my little angel? Absolutely. Part of me will always see the child in him, but he's also a man—my man. He's my baby, my best friend, and now he's my man too. So, I'm going to get cleaned up and then head into his bedroom so I can snuggle with him. Sleep tight, asshole."

And with that, she strutted out the door and headed into the bathroom, more confident than ever. She was invincible, because at the end of the day, she was protected. Andy wouldn't dare step up to Tom.

She washed her face and hair before strolling back into her son's bedroom, where a strong arm swiftly wrapped around her after she slid under the covers. And what was waiting for her when she wiggled into him? A big kiss on the neck, of course.

"Good night, sexy," he whispered in her ear.

"Good night, baby," she smiled, feeling his drained cock rub against her butt as she savored his hold. She instantly drifted to sleep.

### **Chapter 3 - You Snooze, You Lose**

***The Following Day. June 7<sup>th</sup>. Friday. 6:19 PM.***

"Where are you going?"

Beth continued to apply her eyeliner in the bathroom mirror while she completely disregarded her husband's question.

"Beth, where are you going?" Andy tried again.

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"Beth!" he yelled as a result of her ignoring him. "Answer me!"

"Out," she finally answered.

"Out where?" he asked.

She let out an annoyed huff before leaning in closer to check that her makeup was perfect. "That's none of your business."

"None of my business?" Andy questioned as he leaned against the bathroom countertop in disbelief. "Of course, it's my business. I deserve to know where my wife is going on a Friday night dressed up like this, and we still haven't discussed that shit from last night either. Whatever it was. Your idea of a fucked up prank or something."

"Oh, that was no prank," she laughed. "Believe me. It was very, very, *very* real."

Andy still struggled to believe that. Everything from the way that Tom slammed him against the headboard, to how he declared that he would kill him if he disrespected his mother was surreal. And what about when Beth returned to the bedroom with what appeared to be cum on her face? No, it couldn't have actually been cum. It just couldn't! This was all some kind of sadistic joke. His family was simply messing with him.

"We need to sit down and—" Andy's train of thought was derailed by heavy footsteps trotting down the upstairs hallway. It was no secret who it was, and if he couldn't get an answer from his wife, then perhaps he could get one from his son?

"Holy fuckin' shit!" Tom exclaimed as he brushed past his father. "This is the dress you bought?"

A surprise text from Tom during her lunch break notified her that he planned to take her out for dinner and a movie tonight. Her first real date night in close to fifteen years didn't come courtesy of her husband, boyfriend, or even a friend. No, it was her son who decided to take her out.

She spent the rest of the workday giddy before sneaking out early to do a little shopping. It definitely qualified as her first time ever participating in something so promiscuous, but she snapped a picture of her cleavage in the changing room and sent it to Tom. And when he responded with a drooling face emoji? Well, she just about lost her mind. Her perfect son had easily trimmed twenty years off her life.

She spun to show Tom all of her black spaghetti strap dress. Not only was it sleeveless, but it was backless. Two straps ran over her shoulder blades and showed off her toned back; and God, did it hug her butt perfectly. The very ass that her idiot husband talked down about, was what her hunky son couldn't take his eyes off of.

The picture that she texted him earlier didn't do her gown justice. The v-neck dipped well into her bust, displaying plenty of her creamy cleavage. And what about her sexy black heels? She felt like a movie star!

She couldn't remember the last time that she put so much effort into her hair and makeup. Tonight felt like a first date! She'd never been so desperate to impress someone before. Her baby possessed the ability to make her feel like she was twenty-two all over again, and she needed to show just how much she appreciated him.

"Do you like it?" she asked while spinning once again.

He approached her methodically, his lustful eyes refusing to leave her body. She soon found herself with her butt pressed against the bathroom countertop, and her imposing son standing mere inches in front of her. His hand reached out and found her hip.

"Sexiest woman alive," he whispered as he leaned in and planted a big kiss on her ear.

She didn't look nice, pretty, or even amazing to him. In her son's eyes, she was the sexiest woman alive, and his opinion was all that mattered. She lived for his feedback.

Andy had some serious doubts about this still being a prank. Since when do sons kiss their mothers on the ear? They certainly don't call them sexy either. This started to feel very real.

She smiled as she took in her baby from head to toe. A white long-sleeve dress shirt, a navy blue tie, gray dress pants with a brown belt, and sharp brown dress shoes. His big frame and strong muscles accented his stylish outfit to a tee. Not to mention that his always messy thick hair was slickly combed and styled! He even shaved his stubble! When was the last time that she saw him with a clean-shaven face?

She finally had a man who she wouldn't feel embarrassed to be seen with in public. In fact, she was eager to show him off. There wasn't a girl alive who wouldn't kill to date a guy like Tom.

"Well, aren't you quite the stud?" she asked with a big smile. "But I already know that, don't I?"

Any remaining possibility of this being a joke swiftly went out the window after Andy watched his wife and son kiss. They didn't exchange a quick peck, a hug, or even a warm embrace. No, Beth and Tom passionately made out while her butt continued to press against the bathroom vanity.

Suddenly, he felt like the kid in the household. What was he doing? How could he stand here and watch his son take his wife from him? He needed to grow a set of balls and act like a man.

"We—"

"We're going out," Tom interrupted, breaking off his deep kiss just in time to cut off his father. "Not like that concerns you anyway. Let's go, gorgeous."

Beth strutted out into the hallway, glaring at her husband the entire time. He was cowering again! She could smell his fear, and watching his eyes hit the floor timidly when Tom passed by gave her chills. God, her son's dominance drove her crazy!

Andy finally spit out, "We need to talk," but it was far too late. The sound of high heels and dress shoes clacking down the hardwood stairs was a slap of reality across the face.

He was scared.

He was scared, and deep down, he wouldn't do anything about it. It was time to admit that he was outmatched by his own son.

## **Chapter 4 -- Date Night**

***Four Hours Later. 10:27 PM.***

"Oh my God, that was so much fun!"

Tom trailed his mother up the stairs as she headed for her bedroom.

"I haven't had a night out like that in forever!" she continued to bask in excitement. "Seriously, in forever!"

The past four hours wouldn't have set the world on fire for most people, but Beth wasn't most people. She was a simple girl who craved having a guy in her life who showed interest in hearing about her day. She dreamed about going out to a nice dinner with a man who actually cared about her thoughts and opinions. She just wanted someone who appreciated her.

They both enjoyed their own big plate of pasta, she treated herself to a few glasses of wine, and then they went out to a movie together. And who got to pick the flick? You guessed it. The entire evening was about her!

Doors were opened, chairs were pulled out, and her son acted like a perfect gentleman throughout the course of the night. They even held hands during the movie! Had she suddenly turned into the luckiest nineteen-year-old girl in the world? His youthful energy made her feel alive. Every part of her was sexier, flirtier, and up for anything.

She was transformed into an entirely different woman.

"We should do this every week," she told him. "I loved—"

Tom wrapped his hand around her arm and pulled her into his bedroom, closing the door behind him. Mom would have to wait to further reminisce about her awesome

night. Did he love anything more than seeing her happy? Absolutely not, but there were far greater issues at hand. Primarily, something that he fantasized about for the past four hours.

She was pushed against his bedroom wall roughly. Just like last night, there wasn't any asking, begging, or any behavior that resembled a child. There was only a firm hand and a strong push.

The deafening silence in the bedroom built her anticipation. What did her son have planned for her? While she expected a little post-movie fun, this ultra-aggressive side of him made her feel jumpy. It was a tension that she wasn't exactly familiar with.

And just like that, the quietness was broken.

By the sound of a belt.

Millions of fantasies consumed her mind. A lifetime of sexual bliss awaited her thanks to the last person she ever expected, and she still struggled to grasp her hold on reality. What if this wasn't real? What if she was caught up in the most realistic erotic novel ever? What if she would wake up back in bed with Andy?

And then it hit her. No amount of daydreaming could prevent her from understanding her situation either. Their night had turned very real.

Her son's big cock rubbed against her moist pussy lips.

"Stop!" she demanded firmly.

Tom froze. Were the past twenty-four hours just an illusion? What if nothing actually happened between them? Had he lost himself in a dream?

Mom was just Mom. She certainly wasn't his girlfriend or his wife. How had she ended up pressed against his bedroom wall? Had he snapped? What if he'd lost his mind? How could he treat his own mother this way?

But he instantly realized that the past twenty-four hours was very real when her gentle eyes locked onto his. They enjoyed an amazing dinner together, he laughed throughout a romantic comedy while holding his amazing mother's hand; and yeah, she sucked his dick last night too.

Mom didn't belong to Dad anymore. She was his. All the confirmation he needed was found in her loving eyes, and he'd never been more sure about anything in his life. He knew exactly what she wanted.

He grabbed a big handful of her hair and pulled her off the wall, allowing her to sink to her knees as he dragged her toward his bedroom door. She crawled while he pulled. An unannounced urgency from both parties swept through the room, reinforcing that they

were indeed on the same page. Neither of them could reach their destination fast enough.

They hurried out of the room and down the hallway. There, they came to a stop just outside of a closed bedroom door. Once again, no words were exchanged. Verbal communication was for people who didn't exist on the same wavelength. They both knew exactly what they wanted, and they were seconds away from getting it.

He opened the door and dragged his mother into the bedroom—pushing her over the edge of the mattress roughly—so that she could stare straight-ahead into his father's eyes.

"Wh-wha-wha-what?" a stunned Andy finally got out, his back resting against the wooden headboard behind him.

"Hey, Dad," Tom greeted his father with a big smile. "We decided to come by and say hi."

Beth's grin couldn't be bigger.

"She's so sexy, isn't she?" he asked while soaking in the view of his mother's big backside. "I mean, just look at this fuckin' ass."

Reality officially set in for Andy, and he finally realized that he wasn't caught up in some sick practical joke. Beth was bent over the end of his bed, and his son stood behind her, naked. Well, he appeared to be naked. Everything below his chiseled abs was blocked from his view.

"I was telling Mom that last night felt right to me," Tom said. "Did it feel right for you? Watching her walk into your bedroom with my cum all over her face?"

Andy didn't know what to say.

"But your opinion doesn't really matter, does it?" Tom snickered. "The only person I care about is Mom, and she certainly seemed to enjoy herself."

"Last night was amazing," Beth chimed in.

"And what about tonight?"

"Tonight was even more unbelievable," she answered her son. "The past twenty-four hours have been the best of my life."

His attention moved to his still shocked father. "You're a fuckin' idiot, you know that?"

"I—"

Andy's words were immediately cut off by his son. "This woman is an angel, and she's had to put up with your bullshit for all these years. I wish that she would've told me about her problems a long time ago. I would've straightened you out real fast."

As stunning as his son's statement was, his wife's glare unsettled him even more. He could feel her aggression through her eyes. She didn't resemble the gentle, fairly-timid woman who he'd spent the past twenty years with. No, she was someone else.

A loud slap suddenly captured everyone's attention. Andy's eyebrows perked up, Tom grinned, and Beth may as well have been drooling. An electricity shot through her body from the feel of her son's powerful hand smacking her bare butt-cheek. Not only did she just experience the roughest spanking of her life, but it happened mere feet from her spouse.

It was time to let Andy know how she really felt. Frustration from years of mental and verbal abuse were ready to come to a head. Her husband was about to know what it was like when the shoe was on the other foot, and last night wouldn't compare to what she planned to admit.

"I hate you."

The look on Andy's face was magnificent. While she confessed to messing around with their son last night, she avoided unloading on Andy. Not tonight though. Tonight, with her new man's hands all over her butt, she finally had the support to be herself. Her days of putting on a fake smile and accepting her situation were behind her. She was on top of the world when her baby had her back.

"I hate everything about you," she continued, scowling at her husband. "Every single little thing. I hate the way that you act like you do so much around here, how condescending you are toward me, and the phony facade you put on when we're around other people. I despise how you call me fat when you're so out of shape yourself, and I can't stand how the TV takes priority to helping me with anything."

She felt her tension slowly seep away. It took a decade, but she finally got the monkey off her back. "My friend from work had her husband come and pick her up a few weeks ago. He was nice, polite, and very handsome. Andy, it just about blew my mind. You can be married to a man in his forties who's actually a gentleman? I thought guys like that were mythical, but it turns out that I've been with such a jerk for so long that I forgot men like him even existed. And—oh!"

Andy didn't need ears to know what had just happened. Once again, the satisfied expression on his son's face told him everything. It was yet another crack of his wife's ass, and just like before, Beth couldn't appear more in love.

"Who's this handsome guy?" Tom asked with a sarcastic smirk.

"He's a poor man's version of you, baby," Beth answered her son, refusing to look anywhere other than her despicable husband. "Andy, I did some thinking, and it really



hit home for me during my date tonight. Our son is perfect, and I'm not referring to the way that most mothers love to talk about their sons. Am I guilty of gushing over my little angel? Sure. I mean, he's the smartest, handsomest, most perfect person to ever exist, but he's everything I've ever wanted in a man as well."

Andy continued to observe the most bizarre scene of his life, stunned and at a loss for words.

"He's so different from you," she went on. "He's sexy, funny, and I can't get enough of being around him. Our conversation at dinner was so effortless. We can talk about everything and nothing ever feels forced. We really are soulmates. Now, it pales in comparison to his personality, but I haven't even gotten to his body yet."

Andy's focus moved to his son who calmly stood behind his mother with a big grin. Suddenly, Tom didn't seem like his kid anymore. Forty-three years old, and Andy felt like the little boy of the household.

"Have you ever seen anything like him?" Beth asked, her question a rather rhetorical one. "Just look at how muscular his arms are; and God, those shoulders make me melt. They're the polar opposite of yours, aren't they? And that stomach? When was the last time that you could even see your own dick, let alone had abs? He's so tall, strong, and handsome. You know, I felt something today for the first time in my life. Guess what it was?"

Her husband remained silent.

"Answer her question," Tom demanded calmly.

"Um...I-I don-don-don't know," Andy stammered, growing nervous again from his son's authoritative tone.

She wanted this to hurt. She needed him to experience all of the pain that she was exposed to over the years. For the first time in their relationship, she planned to be the vicious one.

"I've been craving to suck his cock," she admitted. "I've never felt that feeling before either. Sure, I've desired sex and love, but I've never lusted after anyone to this extent. I could barely focus at work because all I wanted to do was crawl into bed with my man and take care of him. I've never experienced that with you—even when we dated. Look at Tom."

His eyes didn't leave her.

"Look at him!" she yelled.

His attention turned to his one and only child.

"That's what a real man looks like," she informed him. "Did you get a look at his cock when he dragged me in here?"

He shook his head timidly.

She inched to the side, revealing her new man in all of his naked glory. Watching her husband's eyebrows instantly perk up as a result of what he saw fed her libido. Witnessing him gulp sent a chill down her spine. Andy knew that he was outmatched in every facet of masculinity, and she couldn't get enough of it.

"You're pathetic compared to him," she growled.

Tom never had a problem with his father until last night, but he'd been rendered worthless from the revelation of the way that he treated his mother behind his back. Dad went from a good guy, to complete shit in the blink of an eye. He deserved to suffer. He needed to feel what he caused Mom to experience over the years. He never wanted to hurt someone more.

Tom grabbed a handful of his mother's hair and pulled her off the bed, allowing her to squat in front of him so that she would still be in Dad's view. It was time to establish a new order in the household.

"Suck my balls, Mom."

She accepted his testicles inside her mouth feverishly, watching as he moved his big cock over her head. Before she knew it, he pressed his thick manhood down against her face. She never knew that lust and passion could be so intense. It was dominance. It was order. It showed who called the shots around here from now on.

Down in front of her son while he covered her face with his cock felt like home. Andy's dick wouldn't reach her eyes, but the head of Tom's manhood ended up in her hair. Every part of her big, strong, aggressive son was grandiose.

She knew how guys thought. So many of them defined their manliness by their penis size. Andy didn't have much else going for him as is, so it brought her nothing but joy yesterday when she discovered that he was inferior to their son in yet another category.

Tom began to move his hips slowly. He didn't realize it, but he grinded his cock along his mother's face while she continued to suck his balls. It was the most natural of primal instincts. She was his woman, so he decided to rub his dick against her. He needed to absorb every inch of her skin. He wanted to worship her feet, legs, stomach, and her pretty face. Every little part of her belonged to him.

Tom shifted his attention to the defeated guy up on the bed and grunted deeply, "Mine."

The kissing, dragging his wife into their room by her hair, and even watching her suck his balls couldn't compare to Tom's most recent declaration. His son had just scowled "Mine" at him. He'd verbalized his intention with his mother.

Andy would be lying if he didn't admit to being outmatched when it came to his son's manhood. Not only was Tom longer, but he was significantly thicker, and seeing his cock run the length of Beth's face while she passionately sucked his balls startled him. But his "Mine" comment was what he still couldn't shake. Beth was still his wife, but she didn't necessarily feel like it anymore.

She allowed his balls to escape from her mouth before sliding her tongue along the underside of his thick cock. She gave the glistening head a big kiss before peering back at her husband.

"Tom would do anything for me."

"Anything," Tom confirmed.

"Do you have any idea what that's like for a woman?" she asked Andy, stroking Tom's dick with her hand. "To know that a man has your back? I never knew if I could trust you, but I know that I can count on my baby for anything. He would kill for me."

"I would absolutely kill for her," Tom echoed.

Andy lost his breath. His son's particularly disturbing comment had been made while he glared at him. It couldn't have been more obvious who he referred to when he mentioned killing for his mother.

Tom talked about him.

"I know—"

Beth was interrupted by a strong hand gripping her arm. Suddenly, she was bent back over the bed again, her mouth just inches from her husband's foot. She'd been snapped back to reality by the sensation of Tom's fat cockhead rubbing against her moist pussy lips. They were finally going to do it!

Tom turned his attention to his father, still unfortunately on the outside of Mom.

"Remember what I told you yesterday?"

Andy nodded hesitantly.

"What did I say?" Tom asked.

"To not disrespect your mother anymore," his father answered quietly.

"Or what?" Tom inquired.

Andy's eyes shifted to the wall. "Or you would kill me."

Beth reached behind her and grabbed at her son's cock desperately. He wouldn't just kill for her, but he would kill his father? He needed to be inside her!

Tom slapped her hand away. A very important discussion took priority to the intensity of their undeniable lust. "The rules have changed around here, Dad. You see, I'll still kill you if you hurt or disrespect Mom, but now I'll also kill you if you touch her. Hell, I'll kill you if you look at her the wrong way. You're to have absolutely no involvement in her life from this moment forward. Understood?"

"I need you inside me," Beth begged, her stomach and chest buried into the bed sheets while she waited impatiently. "Please!"

"One second, Mom," he told her before looking back at his father. "Are we clear?"

"She's my wife," Andy reminded him, his voice sheepish.

"No, she isn't. She's nothing to you now," Tom said as he took control of Mom's hand which had yet to stop attempting to move him inside her. "On three, Mom."

Actions speak louder than words, and that expression certainly rang true in their particular situation. Giving Tom a blowjob in front of Andy was nothing compared to what her son truly desired. They were about to change everything.

She felt Tom tug at her wedding ring.

There wasn't a moment of hesitation on Beth's end. "On three, baby."

He gripped her ring and counted, "One...two...three."

Twenty years were ripped away in a single yank. The final symbol of her marriage was officially removed. Her ownership had been transferred with one swift tug, and there was no more confusion over who she belonged to.

Tom tossed his mother's wedding ring at Dad, eager to get it out of his sight. He didn't even want to think about what that gold band had felt like around her finger for all these years. It served as a constant reminder of the worthless man she was married to, but her problems were in the past now. He would make sure of it.

"Lose the dress, Mom."

Beth shot off the bed and hurried to wiggle out of her dinner dress. If her baby wanted her naked, then she would get naked for him. Watching him stroke his big cock to the sight of her disrobing certainly didn't discourage her either.

"You're a fuckin' idiot, you know that?" Tom said.

Beth tracked her son's eyes as her hands dashed behind her back to unhook her bra. Nothing did it for her like listening to him scold his father. She didn't know what he referred to for sure, but the idea of Andy being put in his place turned her on beyond words.

"Just look at this fuckin' body," Tom grunted as he soaked in his mother's endless curves. "Keep the heels on, Mom."

She tossed her dress and bra out of the way, smiling as she reflected on the absurdity of the past twenty-four hours of her life. Here she was—nude with the exception of a sexy pair of four-inch black pump heels—standing in front of her husband, while she watched her naked son stroke his perfect dick as he mocked his idiot father. Not to mention that she'd never been more wet in her life.

She observed Tom take a step in her direction, his eyes locked on her like a hawk. The way that he towered over her caused her to feel warm and protected. His big muscles reminded her that her little boy was all grown up, and his throbbing manhood represented a limitless number of fantasies. She could live out each and every one of her dreams with a stud like him.

"How in the world could anyone talk poorly about you?" Tom asked as he moved directly in front of her. He raised the tone of his voice so that his father couldn't misunderstand his following words. "What is it about Mom that you hate so much? Is it her flawless personality? Or maybe it's how sweet and kind she is? But then again, perhaps it annoys you how she puts literally everyone else's needs ahead of her own?"

She gazed lovingly up at her son's masculine face. She couldn't recall the last time that Andy complimented her. Actually, come to think of it, she wasn't sure if he'd praised her a single time over the past decade; but here was her incredible son, raving about all of her qualities that he loved so much. It was as good as life could get.

"Or is it her amazing cooking that you hate?" Tom questioned as he pressed the tip of his index finger against his mother's mouth. She immediately parted her lips to accept it inside. "Mom deserves to be treated like a queen, and you're lucky that I don't kill you for the misery that you've brought to her life for all these years."

Her heart skipped a beat as she sucked his finger harder. How had she missed it all this time? Andy never loved her the way that Tom did, and she refused to make the mistake of failing to realize that again.

"It's probably her insane body that deep down, you know you don't deserve," Tom spoke harshly at his father while never breaking eye contact with Mom. "That big, perfect ass is too much for him, isn't it?"

She giggled before making the finger in her mouth disappear. Everything about her spectacular son caused her to misbehave. She wanted to be his bad girl.

"Dad might be gay," Tom said.

She burst into laughter while turning to look at her husband. "And why do you think that, baby?"

A firm push sent her over the edge of the bed once more, and Tom had some rather choice words for her after his aggressive actions as well. "Let's see here. Well, we could start with your fat ass," he said before giving her a firm spank which caused her to yelp out in surprise. "Or maybe your sexy hips, or your big tits, or that gorgeous face?"

She glared straight-ahead at Andy while the love of her life continued to gush over her traits. She could feel her husband's pain. Despite the horrible manner in which he treated her, Andy still viewed her as his, and it killed him to see Tom take her as his own.

"What do you want, Mom?" he asked, admiring the view of his mother wiggling her ass at him as her chest and stomach remained buried in the bed sheets.

"Your big cock," she responded immediately. "I need it."

"How much bigger am I than Dad?"

"Sooooooooooooooooo much bigger," she answered her son with a lustful grin. "That didn't exactly surprise me though. Everything about you is significantly better than your father. You—"

She cut herself short as her eyes rolled back in her head. The feel of Tom's cock probing at the entrance of her pussy sent her into a frenzy. She needed this, but it was more than just the physical side of things.

She yearned to be claimed.

Andy wouldn't completely understand the situation until he watched their son bury his fat cock inside her. They could continue to talk dirty to each other, she would gladly drop to her knees if Tom demanded that she suck his balls again, and nothing made her wetter than when her little angel put his father in his place, but they wouldn't officially reach that point without taking the next step.

And fortunately for her, Tom did just that.

A blissful smile washed across her face from the sensation of her son's throbbing cockhead pushing inside her. The vast difference from his father was undeniable. Nothing in her life compared to her current sensation of euphoria, and her mind was opened to a world of potential.

She felt so full. Each additional inch that journeyed further into her pussy stretched her in previously unimaginable ways. The stud behind her made her feel like a real woman for the first time in her life, and he'd yet to even take a single thrust.

"You're so fuckin' tight," Tom moaned as more and more manhood disappeared inside his mother.

"It's because you're so big," Beth panted, temporarily forgetting where she was. It only made everything so much sweeter when she remembered that her husband was still in bed. "Your father's never made me feel anything like this."

He pushed in further, causing her outstretched hands to squeeze the blankets in disbelief. It was like her first time all over again. Her son's ample size restored her virginity, and it only felt right to be broken in by the one man she loved more than anyone in the world.

"I need to apologize to you, Dad," Tom said.

Beth snapped back to reality. Did Tom just experience a change of heart? He needed to apologize to Andy? For what?

"That little dick of yours kept this pussy nice and tight, didn't it?" Tom laughed while exploring his mother cautiously. "Shit, I've never had pussy this good."

It didn't take much to bring her right back to the moment at hand. Not only did her baby not regret his decision, but he continued to taunt his father! And he said that he'd never felt anything as good as her! Did that mean what she thought it did? Did her son just admit that those cute college girls couldn't compete with her? She felt on top of the world!

"You like that big dick, Mom?" he asked as he increased his tempo. He gave her plump ass a firm crack while he waited for a response.

"Oh!" she yelped as a result of his big hand smacking her butt. A sharp but satisfying pain shot down her legs as she locked eyes with Andy. "I love his big dick so much."

Tom's hands locked on her hips as lust swiftly overtook his formerly tender ways. She soon found herself being driven into like one of the women in her erotic novels. What if she felt so good that her son couldn't control himself? What if her curves caused him to lose his mind? What if he forgot all about his many girlfriends at college, and instead focused solely on her?

"Who's pussy is this?" Tom asked as he attempted to impale his perfect mom.

She couldn't respond. Her body wouldn't allow her lips to part. She struggled to understand how the stud behind her could possess so much power, and her fury with Andy only grew as she finally realized what she'd missed out on for the past twenty years. Her husband subjected her to two decades of mediocre sex!

"Hey, I asked you a question, shithead!" Tom growled, raising his voice.

Shithead? Why would her baby call her a shithead? He never swore at her or treated her with an ounce of disrespect, so where did this unfamiliar side of him come from all of a sudden?

And then she realized who Tom spoke to, and it certainly wasn't her.

Andy's disheveled look sent a tingle through her body, only aided by the heatwave that could be credited to Tom's flawless cock. Her perfect angel refused to slow down while he waited for an answer from his father. He appeared hellbent to make her cum in the most primal way possible, and it wouldn't be much longer until she achieved a much-desired climax.

"Um...it-it-it's...uh..." Andy stammered.

His defeatist attitude propelled Tom into overdrive. Could it have been more obvious that he got off on cuckolding his dad? Tom didn't just want her, but he needed Andy to know it, and that made everything so much hotter.

Tom slowed the pace of his movements, unknowingly halting his mother's impending orgasm. "Do you want to help Dad out, Mom? I know it's a tough question, and Dad isn't exactly the smartest guy in the world."

She giggled while bathing in her new heaven. Slow, fast, rough, tender: it didn't matter. Everything her son did was magical.

His slow pumps allowed her foggy mind to clear. He still touched parts of her for the first time, but she could process her surroundings now that she wasn't on the verge of being broken in half. It also gave her a chance to join in on the fun verbally.

"He definitely isn't the smartest," she laughed, opening herself to the idea of being able to orgasm courtesy of Tom's delicate side. His cock may as well have been electric. "I know whose pussy this isn't."

"And why don't you fill us in on that?" Tom said, taking a deep, long stroke inside her.

She lost her breath as the entirety of his thick cock filled her tight hole. What would happen if she had sex with Andy after this? Obviously, she would never even entertain the idea of such an act happening, but part of her was curious as to how it would unfold. Would she be able to feel him? Had her son ruined her for any other man who may enter her life?

The good news was that she had a man. In fact, the only guy she would ever be intimate with again had his fingers clenched into the skin of her naked hips, and every inch of his gorgeous dick buried in her wet pussy. He rearranged her to his liking.

"I don't think it belongs to your dad anymore," she said. "Actually, I don't think that anything around here belongs to him."

"Is that right?" Tom asked, glaring at his motionless father.

Beth had some very important plans to inform both Tom and Andy of. "We're moving your stuff in here, baby. This is our bedroom now."



Tom liked the sound of that, and he decided to start throwing his weight around a bit. "Get the fuck off my bed."

Andy's eyes peered curiously.

"Get the fuck off my bed," Tom repeated, pointing at the floor to the side of the mattress. "Go stand there."

"I wouldn't make him ask you again," Beth chimed in, grinning at Andy. "It won't turn out well for you if he has to do that."

"Listen, we need to talk," Andy said, finally finding the courage to speak up. "This has gone way too far. It—"

The look on his wife's face caused him to think better of his protests. He couldn't miss her smile as she visualized the scene of Tom beating him to a pulp, and it was time for him to stop ignoring the obvious. What would he do if Tom attacked him? He definitely wouldn't stand much of a chance of fighting back. Unfortunately, he needed to swallow his manhood and protect himself, no matter how humiliating it may be.

He slid off the bed—dejectedly—and stood on the floor where he'd been instructed. How could he compete with the guy positioned behind his wife? His son owned a body that he desperately desired to have, and he possessed a cock that he could only dream of. His impressive combination of traits were more than enough to fill him with jealousy.

And now that Andy thought about it, Beth had always favored Tom. When didn't she put their son first? She would drop everything and immediately prioritize Tom's needs over his own, and the focus of her affection truly hit home now that he watched Tom give her another stiff crack on the ass.

"You have five seconds to answer my question," Tom said while looking at his father. "Who's pussy is this?"

"Don't answer him!" Beth rushed to speak up. Her son's long, deep strokes had her on the cusp of orgasmic euphoria. "I want to watch him put your head through the wall."

The brutality of her statement cut through Andy like a knife. She didn't just want to hurt him emotionally, but physically as well. Would Tom actually harm him if Beth requested it? It was like his son had turned into a completely different person after the revelation of how he treated Beth, and his newly acquired menacing demeanor caused him to rethink everything.

"It-it-it's your-your..." Andy stuttered nervously as Tom's tempo picked up once again. "It's your...um...your..."

"It's my what?" Tom asked, grabbing a handful of his mother's hair and snapping her head back.

Andy looked on in a daze at the sight of both his wife and son grinning at him as Tom continued to hammer away. Should he actually answer his son's question? And what if he didn't? Beth just said that she wanted to see him get his head put through the wall, for God's sake! And sadly, that's most likely how things would play out based on Tom's muscular body.

Andy took a deep breath and conceded to what the rest of the room already knew. He couldn't deny the obvious. "It's your pussy."

A wave of intense pleasure burst through Beth's body. Everything came together in a moment of complete clarity. The world made perfect sense while the love of her life drove into her from behind, and her explosion grew more profound as she watched her poor excuse for a husband look on helplessly.

She wasn't just her son's new girlfriend. She was so much more than that now. In a way, their rather coarse dirty talk couldn't be more true. Her body belonged to Tom, and nothing did it for her like listening to him announce just that.

"My fuckin' pussy," Tom echoed his father's words with a masculine grunt. A rough slap on her ass while he continued to hold her head back by her hair further emphasized his demands. "Who do you belong to, slut?"

Her limbs went numb as her orgasm turned more powerful. Tom's impressive length and girth filled her in ways never deemed possible, and his love transferred through his touch. She didn't care if it was merely an incredibly sexy attempt to act raunchy, because at this very moment, she wanted to be his slut.

She would be the woman who made him feel things that those college girls couldn't, she would be the one who received all of his love and affection, and she would get dirty for him in ways that he couldn't even comprehend. She would be his slut, alright. She would be anything her baby wanted.

"I be-be-belong to-to your fa-father," she announced with a wicked grin, stuttering from a mixture of his rough pounding and her own intense orgasmic explosion.

He yanked her neck back further as the loud ring from his most recent harsh slap on her plump ass bounced off the bedroom walls. The warm, wet, tight pussy which engulfed his dick belonged to him. So did the amazing personality inside the body that he constantly craved. He owned the woman being mercilessly fucked in front of the man she once viewed as her husband, and he wasn't interested in entertaining any other possibilities.

"What was that?" Tom asked.

"I said that-that-that I-I belong to-to the real man of-of the house," she giggled, finally regaining the feeling in her hands and feet once again. It'd been a long time since she last orgasmed with a man, and she never experienced anything like what her body just went through. "I belong to your father."

Tom's muscular arm slammed down, driving her face into the bed sheets below. With her bent over the mattress and her playful taunts now muted thanks to his decision to press down on the back of her head, he decided to give her the one thing that all the girls at school loved so much. It'd become his mission to bring one thing to his incredible mother's world.

He fucked her senseless.

"Your amazing smile," Tom said as every inch of his manhood made itself at home inside her snug hole. His right hand pushed down harder on the back of her neck, reflecting the force with which his hips rocketed forward and back. "Your flawless body, your incredible mind, and how soft and caring you are. Who does it really belong to?"

Her muffled reply didn't answer his question—not that he actually needed a response.

"I didn't hear you, slut," he chuckled, turning his attention to his stunned father who'd certainly never fucked Mom properly. "Maybe I should let Dad have another shot at you? You know, now that he's seen how a real man fucks."

Andy's lips parted but only air escaped. He couldn't find the words to describe what he witnessed.

"I think I'm going to let him fuck you one last time," Tom said. "And do you know why I'm going to do that, Mom? I'm going to do that so the moment that Dad's finger touches your perfect skin, I have permission to slam him against the wall, wrap my hands around his stupid throat, and watch the life fade in his eyes as I choke him to death."

Her outstretched hands squeezed the blankets as she felt a deep warmth rumble around in the pit of her stomach once more. It was about to happen again. She was moments away from cumming all over her son's perfect dick, and his wildly-inappropriate words took her to the gates of heaven that much faster.

Tom had some very choice words for her as his strong arm attempted to drive her face through the mattress. "No one looks at you, no one touches you, and no one gets a minute of your time except me. You're mine. All mine."

Someone shot her, except the bullet she was struck by consisted of every orgasm that she ever experienced in her forty-two years on the planet. Every moment of happiness, every minute of joy, and every sense of pride and accomplishment during her life circulated throughout her body, but with the added bonus of a nineteen-year-old stud fucking her within an inch of her life.

Her already hectic world turned completely white as her second orgasm hit her like a freight train. Nothing existed except for the unparalleled sense of pleasure that flooded her being, and her violently shaking legs showed just how foreign this pleasure was to her underappreciated body. She'd gone a lifetime without a man who cared if she orgasmed or not, but her happiness was the only thing that the hunk behind her concerned himself with.

Her quivering body continued to shake as her pussy gripped his pumping cock. The idea of her current situation becoming commonplace in her life was almost too much for her to handle. Sure, there would be plenty of nights consisting of romantic dinners and sensual lovemaking, but more times than not, she wanted to find herself in this very position.

Her baby couldn't get enough of her. Her nineteen-year-old son could barely control himself at the sight of her body, but he adored everything inside her equally as much. He truly loved her for her.

Her world filled with color. Her head was snapped back by her hair, allowing her eyes to soak in every inch of her surroundings. The white bedroom walls, the wooden nightstand that Andy's smartphone sat on, and her disheveled husband who looked on in a state of incredulity: her observant eyes didn't miss a thing. She was brought out of the depths of the bed sheets for a reason, and Tom didn't make her wait long to inform her of his plans.

"You're gonna make me cum," he announced.

Her snug pussy instinctively squeezed tighter around his thick cock as she glared at Andy. "Are you going to cum all over my face again, baby?"

"That's awfully tempting," he said as his thrusts turned short and rapid. He fast-approached the end of the road. "Or I could cum all over your perfect ass?"

She couldn't get enough of the way that he admired her body. "Are you going to put your big load all over my ass?"

"All over your fat ass," he corrected her with a grunt, savoring every remaining second that he had left inside of her. "Or maybe I'll cover those big tits?"

Her little angel could cum wherever he wanted as far as she was concerned.

"But I'm not going to do any of that," Tom told her, placing her head on the mattress gently. Instead, his hands locked around her hips as his tempo increased. "It's hard not to cum all over you since you're so fuckin' sexy, but fortunately, I have just enough discipline to resist that temptation."

She basked in the bliss which were his compliments. Her hunky son could have any girl in the world, but he only wanted her. And he referred to her as sexy! But that wasn't a big deal anymore, was it? No, admiration would be her new routine.

But where did he want to cum? She would be willing to let him finish anywhere—her face included—because nothing did it for her like making him happy. It also didn't hurt matters that he brought out her wild side either. She craved to get dirty for him.

"You see, Mom, I'm going to cum in the one place that makes sense," he said, savoring his final few moments inside her. "Because as much as I loved blowing my nut all over

your face last night, it still didn't feel right. Something about that moment was off to me. It didn't quite make sense."

She didn't follow. Her son displaying his love and dominance made perfect sense. In fact, it made more sense than anything!

"Did I love seeing your gorgeous face covered in my cum?" Tom asked with a snicker, taking a moment to grin at his dad. "You better believe it."

She never wanted this paradise to perish. She didn't even need the things that most women craved. She simply desired to be showered in praise by her favorite person in the world.

"Do I want to mark your fat ass and big tits with my load?" he continued with his rhetorical questions. "Absolutely. I've been thinking about doing exactly that for as long as I can remember."

It was funny in a strange way. She found herself sickened whenever Andy referred to her ass as fat, but she couldn't get enough of it every time Tom said those very same words. Actually, it turned her on beyond reason.

"Don't get me wrong, I'm going to cum all over you for the rest of my life, but it's time to officially take what's mine," Tom informed the room on his plans. "I'm gonna cum inside you."

Beth gasped while Andy's eyes bulged; meanwhile, the stud with his cock placed comfortably inside his mother's warm hole didn't show a hint of surprise. Why would he? Everything about this situation felt right to him. He loved Mom more than anyone, and he deserved to have her. His most pressing concern regarded all the years that he wasted viewing her as only his mother.

"You can't do that!"

Everyone looked at a concerned Andy. The guy who'd stayed fairly quiet throughout the evening's stunning activities, had just protested passionately at what he heard.

"I don't recall asking for your opinion," said Tom.

"You can't cum inside her!" Andy announced, frazzled. "Absolutely not!"

"He can cum wherever he wants," Beth voiced with an ecstatic smile. She couldn't get over what she just heard. Her son wanted to mark her!

"No, he can't!" Andy raised his voice. "Are you out of your mind, Beth? You aren't on birth control!"

Tom's ears perked up at the sound of Dad's revelation. "She isn't?"

"No, it makes me nauseous," she told her son.

"What did you use when having sex with Dad?" Tom asked, disgusted by the thought of his father sticking his little dick inside his perfect mom. Unfortunately, addressing that issue would be the only way to receive an answer.

"We used condoms," she said.

A flabbergasted Tom burst into laughter. "Condoms? Holy shit, are you serious? You made Dad use condoms with you?"

She took a moment to decipher his reaction as his thrusting cock calmed, slowly exploring every inch of her tight hole. Did Tom laugh at her because he never used condoms at college? God, she hoped that wasn't the case! Her baby's health and well-being took priority to everything!

But then it hit her. She wouldn't dream of making her son use a condom, would she? In fact, it was an absolute impossibility in her mind. She wanted him to experience the best that she had to offer, and that involved feeling her in her most natural element.

"I would get on birth control for you," she said, glancing back at him. "I would never make you use a condom."

Tom's look said that she still didn't understand his mindset.

"What, baby?" she asked.

"You're not using birth control and I'm sure as hell not wearing condoms," Tom announced. "You see, Mom, I still don't think you comprehend how much I love you. You're the only woman I've ever cared about. You're the only person I truly adore. I don't know what I would do without you in my life."

This was the pinnacle of motherhood. She'd raised the world's most unbelievable son, watched him grow into the type of man that guys like Andy couldn't dream of possibly being, and now soaked in the bliss of his endless onslaught of praise. She was meant to spend the rest of her life with her little angel.

"And that's why I'm going to get you pregnant."

Everything came to an abrupt stop.

Andy's jaw dropped as Beth's eyes bulged. The two parents looked at each other while completely different thoughts raced through their heads. Tom's unexpected declaration spiked Andy's worst nightmare, while simultaneously confirming Beth's biggest fantasy.

"I'm going to cum inside you over, and over, and over again," Tom said.

"Are you out of your mind!?" Andy protested. "You can't do that!"

"Until I get you pregnant," Tom went on, not even bothering to address his father's pleas. "And do you want to know why, Mom? Because you belong to me."

His thrusts turned stronger and more aggressive as his hands locked on her curvy hips. His lust was fueled not only by his immense love for the woman bent over the bed, but from Dad's continuous protests. Mom wasn't just Mom anymore. He wanted her as a girlfriend, he still needed her as a mom, but he desperately desired for her to be even more than that.

And he planned to make that happen.

"Oh my God, cum inside me, baby!" Beth cried as the pummeling grew more intense. "Please!"

Two more rough pumps was all he had left before he lost control of himself. His throbbing cock exploded deep inside his mother as he grunted fiercely, temporarily blocking out everything with the exception of the most intense orgasm of his life. Nothing rivaled the euphoria of burst after burst of his cum marking the only woman he cared about. Nineteen years of life had all been for this one moment of heaven. He was put on this planet to take care of his mom.

He never wanted to leave. Her warm, tight, lovingly pussy not only accepted his seed, but squeezed his completely drained cock. He longed for evenings that started with fun dinner dates, continued with enjoyable movies, and ended with Mom bent over the bed in a pair of sexy high heels. Her big ass provided the ideal contrast to her tight pussy. Her breathtaking curves reflected a woman who could get any man she wanted, but he knew that he was the only guy in her heart.

He regrettably pulled out of her hold after his orgasm subsided, admiring the sight of his cum running down her toned thighs. Everything felt right in the world as he observed his work. Mom was an exhausted mess bent over the very bed that she shared with a man she hated, but everything changed. She would never go another day without feeling loved. Constant reminders of her exquisite looks were in the daily forecast, because she truly was the sexiest woman alive in his eyes. Every single day would be incredible from this moment forward.

"You might want to find some earplugs while you're sleeping on the couch," Tom said to his father, helping himself to another look at his seed dripping from his mother's pussy. "Because I'm just getting started with Mom."

Beth finally managed to look back at her son. Sweat coated his muscular body, his softening cock—which was still bigger than Andy's completely erect dick—glistened with her fluids, and an unfamiliar deviant look twinkled in his eyes. He was just getting started with her? She definitely liked the sound of that.

"What do you have planned for me, baby?" she asked.

"We're going to start with the bottle of baby oil that I have in my room, and I'm going to cover every single inch of your insane body," he told her. "Your big tits, your sexy hips and stomach, your fit legs, and that fat fuckin' ass I love so much. Well, everything's getting drenched except your feet, because those heels are staying on."

She struggled to get herself off the bed, her legs still wobbly from her two powerful orgasms courtesy of her son's perfect cock. Luckily, a certain stud was more than happy to provide some much-needed support for her shaky lower body. She wouldn't have expected anything different either.

Tom grabbed a big handful of her butt as he locked lips with her, but not before giving her a firm spank. This was her life from now on? Being groped by a young stud who was madly in love with her? The speed in which his hands moved along her body and squeezed her big breasts reaffirmed just how much he cherished every part of her. It was heaven.

She broke off their kiss to relay a very important message to her husband. "Get out of my sight, and don't bother with the earplugs either. I want you to hear everything our son does to me."

"I'm going to put about five more loads in her tonight," Tom grinned, his cock already stiffening at the thought of the endless hours of fun ahead of them.

A defeated Andy attempted to speak up one final time, only for his son to plow over him with his plans for the night.

"I want you twerking on my cock in reverse cowgirl while I'm hosing you down in oil," he said to his mother. "You're going to shake your fat ass for me like a good girl, aren't you?"

Beth immediately bit her lower lip. It drove her insane how much her son loved her body—the very body that her husband constantly criticized. "None of those girls at school have an ass like me, do they?"

"Nobody does," he grunted, staring at her intently. His cock was rock-hard once again. "I'm gonna fuckin' destroy you."

"Out!" she shouted at her husband. "Out of our room now!"

"Let's take the fun to my room," Tom spoke up. "Things are going to get awfully messy, after all. That way we'll have a nice, clean bed to sleep in after I'm done with you in about four hours."

Beth and Tom headed out of the bedroom together, following a dejected Andy as he shuffled in the direction of the stairs. He turned back just in time to see his son roughly push his wife against the wall as intense lust once again overtook them. His lips worshiped her neck as his hands soaked in everything from her large bust to her big backside.



And then he watched his son push Beth down to her knees, take control of her head with both of his hands, and fuck her face like some slut from a porn scene.

They couldn't even make it to his bedroom. Their sexual appetite for each other was far too strong for common sense. They may have had two nice beds to choose from, but they decided to go at it in the middle of the hallway like a pair of crazy teenagers.

Andy knew that he watched the rest of his life. Beth was gone as a result of the last person he ever expected to take her. Listening to his wife gag on their son's cock officially cemented what he'd lost, and he would never get it back.

## **Chapter 5 -- New Beginnings**

***Eight Days Later. Saturday. 11:21 AM.***

"You're wearing that hiking?" Tom asked with a big smile inside the bedroom that he shared with his mother.

Beth had a hard time hiding her grin. Was it too much? Perhaps, but her son requested that she start dressing sexier. She couldn't believe some of the risqué outfits that she'd worn around the house over the past week, but it was far from common to wear something this revealing in public.

"I was planning to. Unless you want me to change," she said.

"No, I definitely don't want you to change," he laughed to himself. "I just don't know how you expect me to keep my hands off of you."

"Maybe that's my plan?" she giggled before giving him a quick peck on the lips.

Black booty shorts that barely covered her butt, a pink v-neck t-shirt which showed plenty of cleavage, and a pair of big hands that decided to remind her just how much a particular man loved her body: this moment perfectly described the previous eight days of her life. It was heaven. It was paradise. It was exactly what she dreamed about.

Andy moved out last Saturday without much of a fight. What other choice did he have? He was clearly intimidated of Tom, and the six hours of non-stop sex that she had with her baby last Friday all but sealed the deal. He had to find an apartment of his own just to get some sleep. Lord knows that they spent the past week going at it like rabbits until the early hours of the morning.

It was more than just the sex though. She had no idea how much joy she could get from simply watching a movie while she cuddled on the sofa with her angel. How unbelievable was it when Tom made dinner on Tuesday night? Or how about when they went out to eat on Wednesday? But then again, merely having a man who was interested in hearing about her day at the dinner table was about as good as it could get.

But none of that compared to the sixty straight minutes of oral sex that she received on Thursday night. That's right! Sixty minutes!

She went to bed exhausted, satisfied, and overjoyed each and every night. Her son could be sweet and gentle with her one evening, and then rough and aggressive with her on other nights. The quickies in the kitchen and the laundry room made her feel nineteen again. Giving him roadhead on the way to the movies brought her back to her high school days. Not only was she happy in every part of her life for the first time in forever, but she easily felt twenty years younger than she really was.

"We actually have to make a quick stop before we go hiking," he told her. "Throw on some sweatpants and a t-shirt over your outfit."

She didn't expect to hear anything like that. "Where are we going, sweetheart?"

"I got you something."

"Really?" she asked, smiling. Presents weren't exactly commonplace throughout the course of her marriage. "What did you get?"

"It's a secret," he said.

"No, tell me!" she whined playfully while tugging at his arm.

"What kind of secret would that be then?" he asked.

"I wanna know!" she pouted, her cadence resembling that of a girl half her age. "Pleeeeeeeeeeease."

"Nope," he shook his head, getting a kick out of how lively she'd become over the past week. He felt like he was dating a college-aged girl. He loved it!

She pushed him against the wall, quickly dropping to her knees. "Is that right? Well, I bet that I can get it out of you."

"Not happening," he laughed.

She tugged his shorts and boxers down, only to have his cock rock-hard moments later. She knew the key to her angel's heart, and it involved keeping his big dick nice and happy. It was also the most sure way to reveal his secret.

"Okay, maybe I can tell you?" he smirked down at her as her mouth moved to his balls. "I'm getting you a ring."

She froze.

"I don't want you to walk around in public without one," he said. "Shit, every guy you come across probably hits on you now that you're not wearing one. I'm getting you a

ring to not only show everyone that you're taken, but as a constant reminder that you belong to me. I love you so much."

She didn't know what to say.

"You're not my girlfriend or just some girl that I'm in love with," he told her. "You're not even my mom anymore. No, you're my wife."

She wrapped her hands around his thick meat and began to suck and stroke simultaneously, fueled by his deep grunts and moans. It was the only thing that made sense to her. Her perfect son had given her the world, and she would return the favor constantly.