

Mom's Home Movies

Cockhole

Erotica

Complete



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Description:

Son tries to bring his mom into his video recording scheme.

Mom's Home Movies

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Tiffany was twenty years old when she married “Famous Larry,” a self-made millionaire whose chain of used car dealerships had made him a minor celebrity in several Southwestern cities. They met on the beach near Panama City, Florida where Tiffany was waiting in line to get a snow cone with a friend. Larry walked up to her and offered to buy her a car if she would go on a date with him. As outrageous as his offer was, it was just crazy enough to get Tiffany’s attention.

Larry showered Tiffany with gifts, money, and affection, and it didn’t hurt that he was not hard to look at and pretty good in bed as well. After six months of dating, Larry proposed to her with a three-carat emerald-cut diamond engagement ring. They flew to Las Vegas and were married within forty-eight hours of his proposal. The newly-wed couple were happy, in love, and very sexually active.

Larry was forty at the time and already had ten used car dealerships spread out from Houston to Phoenix. He specialized in higher-end used cars, however, he never used the words “used cars” in any capacity at all. His dealerships only sold “Pre-Owned Sports and Luxury Vehicles” and he sold a lot of them. BMW, Mercedes, Jaguar, Lexus, Range Rover, Maserati, Cadillac, you name the car and he had it, or would get it for you, if the price was right. Tiffany quickly became accustomed to the luxurious lifestyle that Larry’s business afforded her.

Tiffany had an extraordinary body. At five-foot-eight, one-hundred forty pounds, and with dark red hair, green eyes; huge, natural, 38E breasts; thin waist and round ass, she had been stopping men in their tracks for years. Some years later, her friends told her she could pass for a slightly thinner double for the actress, Christina Hendricks from the series Mad Men. Tiffany and Larry were quick to have their only son, Ben who arrived a year after they were married.

After having Ben, the couple decided not to have any more children; mostly because Tiffany felt that one was almost too much for her to handle as it was. Larry had a vasectomy after Ben was born, putting the matter to rest for all time. Tiffany and Larry’s

sex life began to wane around the time Ben entered high school. Larry was in his late fifties and was preoccupied most of the time with his ever-expanding car business, and a twenty-four-year old mistress. Sex with Tiffany became less of a priority for him, and Tiffany began to retreat to romance novels, erotica, and masturbation using a vibrator.

Ben got into trouble in high school, smoking weed, drinking, skipping class, and graduating with a 2.8 GPA, despite the fact that he was very smart, and was capable of earning much higher marks. It was pure luck that he was able to attend a major university in California. His sketchy high school performance aside, Larry and Tiffany were proud of their son and made sure that his first year in college was as stress-free as possible. Ben's father not only paid for his college, but he also gave him a forty-thousand-dollar expense account for clothes, football games, and other social and miscellaneous expenses. Ben was all set.

Ben's parents sent him off to school with high hopes. He had all the resources he needed to be successful his freshman year. Everyone had high expectations for the handsome son of "Famous Larry."

One year later, Larry and Tiffany flew their son back home, disgraced, and dejected; his freshman year was a total disaster.

Ben had burned-through the forty thousand buying weed, alcohol, road trips, and taking his friends out to eat in fine restaurants. His father was able to access his grades online and was shocked to discover that his son had earned three “D’s,” two ‘F’s,’ and an “Incomplete” due to absences. Larry felt ashamed of his son. The money wouldn’t have been an issue had his grades been good. He had envisioned Ben becoming a lawyer, or getting his MBA and helping with the business. Not only were his grades bad, but he had wasted tens of thousands of dollars of his father’s money and had nothing to show for it.

Now, recently back from his failed freshman year, Ben was back at home and living in his spacious bedroom. He was unemployed, without any plans for his future, and without many friends. Thankfully for him, he still had his friend, Alex. Ben had been talking with Alex on a regular basis since returning home from school. Alex had chosen to take a year off before going to college and had discovered a way to make good money in the interim.

“Let me understand this, Alex, you and Taylor have been making videos and selling them on this site?”

The two friends were looking at an amateur porn website on Alex’s laptop called “Hot Amateurs”. It was a site that specialized in high quality, homemade porn videos that customers buy via a one-time download to their computer. Alex and his girlfriend, Taylor, had been selling videos on the site and making quite a bit of money.

“How much for one of your videos?” Ben’s interest was piqued; this sounded like easy money to the nineteen-year-old.

“That depends. They take around fifty percent from each sale because they handle the website, the payment processing, the advertising, and nearly all the other logistics.”

“So, you just handle the recording end?” Ben confirmed.

“Yep. Sometimes we take turns holding the camera so it’s like point of view perspective, but there are also times when we use a tripod, and there was one time when we had someone video us; that was our best video.”

“Who held the camera?” Ben was completely enthralled by his friend’s new occupation.

“A woman who answered an ad we placed online.”

Alex continued, “Taylor and I have over thirty videos. Some are long, like thirty-minute sex sessions, some are short solos of Taylor, or me masturbating, or quickies with the two of us. We price the short videos at twenty bucks. The longer ones are thirty to fifty depending on what we do.”

“For each video?” Ben inquired.

“Yes, but once they download it, it’s theirs to keep,” Alex confirmed.

“How many have you sold?”

“As of a couple of days ago, seven thousand four hundred and something.”

Ben paused to calculate, “you’ve made about one hundred and fifty thousand dollars in eight months?” Ben could not believe what he was hearing.

“No, it took us about six months... and the money keeps coming in because the videos are still for sale and being downloaded all the time.”

Alex had his laptop out and showed him his personal account with the website that gave the information about video statistics, income earned, and other, similar data. He played a video of Taylor masturbating that was for sale for \$22.00.

“She’s hot, bro.” Ben fist-bumped Alex.

“Thanks.”

Ben watched as Taylor, walked into a purple-colored room with a black and white bean-bag chair in the center. She plopped down on the chair, lifted up her skirt and revealed a cleanly shaved pussy. She spread her legs wide and began rubbing her clit as the camera very slowly zoomed in on her pussy. She was talking as if it was her brother holding the camera in some sort of role-play scenario. The clip only lasted for about fifteen minutes and ended with her squirting onto the floor as she came.

“Wow! So, if I wanted that video, I would just download it to my computer?” Ben asked.

“Yeah, well, after you use a credit card or an online payment service to buy it.”

“Twenty-two bucks for that... and you made eleven dollars?”

“Off of each sale, Ben.” Alex scrolled over a link and looked at the list of videos he had.

“We have sold one hundred and thirty-three downloads of that video alone, and it cost us about thirty minutes of our time. That’s over a thousand dollars for less than thirty minutes of work.”

Ben was floored. The money was just too good to be true. He looked over the rest of their videos while Alex visited. Ben thought Taylor had an amazing body, and could do mainstream porn if she wanted to. Alex was muscular and had a big dick. Probably eight inches and it was thick, like a log. It was no accident that their videos were selling well.

Ben noted that his own dick was longer, and looked bigger than Alex’s. He also had a skinny body and was even slightly taller than Alex. Ben thought about the possibilities.

“I could do this, Alex.” He closed Alex’s computer.

“Hell yes, you could do this, but before you do, you had better be clear about the fact that your naked body will pop-up all over the Internet on free porn sites. You have to be sure you’re okay with

having millions of people see you naked before you post whatever type of video you decide to make.”

Ben took a moment to consider what his friend was saying.

“Why would it show up on free porn sites?”

“A lot of people upload the videos to free sites after they buy them. You can contact these free sites and they’ll take them down, but it still happens.”

“What if I hide my face in my videos so no one will recognize me?”

“They probably won’t sell as well. It might work if you had a gimmick like wear a mask because your fucking someone else’s wife, or if there was some other hook. Most of the videos I have seen where people wear masks or blur-out their faces are from the Cheating Wives and Incest Role Play categories.”

“Incest? Seriously?” Ben didn’t believe his friend.

“Yeah, there are a lot of couples who pretend they’re related and make fantasy, role-playing videos. Some show their faces, but some don’t.

They're the top sellers according to the data on the website."

"But, people can go to hundreds, even thousands of membership porn sites and pay twenty bucks to join, then download dozens, even hundreds of videos for that one price. Why should someone go to" Hot Amateurs?"

"Because of the content. There's a huge market for what the site offers: private shows, unique amateurs, viewer requested content and fantasies, and especially, incest role-play. Most membership sites, and even free porn sites won't allow even incest role-play videos to be uploaded. They allow step-family fantasies, but not biological family fantasies. It's stupid, but true." Alex explained the entire situation regarding content and the membership sites.

"How do you know all this? I mean, you and Taylor are doing boyfriend-girlfriend videos."

"No, Ben, we do brother/sister, father/daughter, and mother/son fantasy videos. Mainstream sex videos wouldn't pay nearly as much."

"But you two aren't old enough to pose as a mother or father."

“There are ways around that, and you’re right, it would be better to have more of an age difference. Still, our mother/son videos sell the best. It’s POV with me holding the camera. You only see my dick, so you can’t tell how old I am. It’s just fantasy anyway.”

Ben watched a couple of Alex and Taylor’s videos and understood the attraction. They really played-up the role play aspect of the experience. The two friends discussed the business end of recording videos for another hour before Alex left for home.

After Alex left, Ben lay on his bed and thought about Alex and Taylor’s video business. It was just the sort of easy-money venture that appealed to him. He could be his own boss, have sex for a living, and earn pretty good money while doing it. He would need several things: a camera, a female model or girlfriend willing to pose, and a setting. He knew that he could do this.

“Ben? Come down for dinner please!” Ben’s mom, Tiffany, was calling him down stairs.

Tiffany had remained loyal to her son in the face of his father’s ridicule and utter disappointment; always defending him when his father wanted him out of the house. She felt sorry for Ben and actually

enjoyed having him around. She was also a little pissed at Ben for having taken for granted all that he had been freely given in his life. Tiffany was a lonely woman, mostly because of her husband's lifestyle, but also due to her introverted nature.

Ben was researching digital video cameras and closed his computer after hearing his mother's call. He scrambled down the stairs and into the kitchen.

"Hey, Mom." Ben sat at the large, white, marble island in the kitchen.

His mother was dressed in white shorts, white pump sandals, and a navy-blue top that showed a little cleavage. She wore her hair up in a sort of bun that accentuated the contrast of the ivory skin of her neck with her dark, red hair. Ben loved to watch his mom work in the kitchen. She liked to wear shorts, short skirts, and dresses that showed-off her sexy legs and her curvaceous ass. Her huge, voluminous, tits were out of this world; they dropped down just enough to reveal that they were natural, yet firm enough to stick out away from her body. He had cum many, many times to the thought of her huge breasts. Ben still actively fantasized about his mom.

"Where's Dad?" Ben looked around for signs of his father.

“He’s visiting the Dallas stores. They had another record month so he’s looking into buying bigger lots and moving to a larger building. He should be gone for a few weeks. You should call him and see how it’s going.”

“He doesn’t want to hear from me. He’s ignored me the entire two weeks I’ve been back. He even cut me off! I have no money, Mom!”

“He’s pretty upset, Ben. He told me not to give you a cent. He said you need to get a job and begin saving money. We’re both pretty disappointed, Ben.”

“I know. I blew it.” Ben looked down at the marble counter.

“I’m glad you realize that. Let’s spend this week trying to get you into a good job. And please, reach out to your father. You should try to get in his good graces again.”

“Okay. When he gets back, I’ll talk to him.”

Tiffany served her son quesadillas and salsa and began cleaning up the countertop near the stove.

Ben watched his mother bend down and put dishes into the dishwasher. He looked down her top

as she bent over in front of him to put away a bowl. Her tits moved from side-to-side as she worked.

‘She’s so fucking hot.’ Ben was reminded just how sexy his mom was when he returned home after not seeing her for almost a year. She was the hottest, sexiest woman he had ever seen.

After dinner, Ben returned to his room and found a local store that had one of the cameras he was interested in buying. Alex gave him a few models that were good for HD recording, but they weren’t cheap. The model he wanted cost about two-thousand dollars. It would be an excellent camera for what he wanted to do. Now, all he needed was to get the money.

Ben’s bedroom was upstairs at the opposite end of the house from his mom and dad’s master bedroom. He walked down to ask his mom if there was anything he could do to either get the two thousand from her, or have her buy the camera outright. If he couldn’t get the money from his mom, he would have to get a job to save for the camera.

Larry and Tiffany’s home was just over eight thousand square feet, and called the “mini-mansion” by Ben’s high school friends. As he walked down the hallway to the staircase and finally down to his

mother's master bedroom, he noted several spots where he could record, if he only had a camera. Ben walked into the master suite to find his mom, wrapped in a towel coming into the bedroom from taking a shower.

“Ben! Oh my God! Knock, please!” She recoiled, then dashed across the room to her closet on her tip-toes to retrieve her robe. Ben watched her almost bounce out of the towel, but to his disappointment, managed to keep her body from being exposed. She came out from the closet wearing her robe, cinched tightly around her curvy body.

“Sorry, Mom.” Ben pretended to shield his eyes.

Throughout his life, he had come close to seeing his mom naked a few times, but never actually saw more than what she was willing to reveal in her normal, day-to-day dress. Two years ago, he used to spy on her when his dad was out of town. She liked to wear clothes that highlighted her figure around the house, which provided Ben with a wealth of images to masturbate to, but he wanted to see her without any clothes on, which never actually happened. Ben stopped spying when he was caught peeking around the corner to her room and was told

that if he did it again, he would be sent to a military boarding school.

“What do you want!” Tiffany snapped.

It wasn't the best time to ask for money, but Ben needed to start recording right away if he was going to start making big money. Not only did he want money to live on, he also wanted to pay his dad back the money he blew and ultimately pay for his own college with the money he was going to make. It was a very ambitious idea.

“Mom, I have an opportunity to make some good money, but I need a little to get started.”

“No. Ben, your father said no money. You'll need to get a job, or use the last of the money in your account. Just out of curiosity, what do you need the money for?”

“I need a camera to make videos for a project that's going to make me a lot of money.”

“I can't give you any money, nor would I if I could. Your dad said under no circumstances are you to get a dime.” Tiffany was in no mood to play games, especially after Ben's intrusion.

Ben knew that, where money was concerned, his mom never made any major purchases without his dad's okay.

“Wait, I still have money in my account? I thought dad closed it?”

“No, he just won't give you any more. You still have the account.”

Ben quickly ran upstairs to check his bank account online.

“Fuck, yes, \$2,675.66. More than enough!”

Ben quickly drove to the electronics store before it closed and came back with the camera. He spent the remainder of the evening watching online videos on how to operate it. The next day, Ben was scouting amateur porn sites for ideas for videos. He made several visits to the “Hot Amateurs” site and got a much better idea about what they offered. They sold every kind of adult content you could think of, and a lot of content that Ben had never realized even existed.

Ben noticed that the most popular categories in terms of the number of videos offered were MILF and Incest Role Play. He wondered how he could go about entering videos in those categories and

maximize his potential for sales. He immediately thought of his mom. He would love to take video of his mom.

‘She would be fucking perfect,’ he thought. But he knew his mom. She was pretty bitter both about his dad and about Ben’s entire past year in college. Even under ideal circumstances, there would be no way she would allow her picture to be taken, let alone videos of her body. She may dress in sexy clothes around the house, but she was always careful about how much of her body was displayed when venturing out in public.

Ben set up an account with the website and entered his bank information for the direct deposit feature. It took him two hours to finally get everything squared away to the point where he could even think about recording.

Now that he was more familiar with the camera, he wanted to experiment and upload a video to see if he could sell it. He thought he would try a candid video, spying on his mom. Unfortunately, she was in her room with the door closed and he wanted to film something immediately. Instead, he thought he would just do a solo, jack-off video of him masturbating. He remembers Alex saying he had a

few videos of just himself jacking off. Ben figured he too could sell at least a few videos like that since he had a big dick and toned body.

He set up the camera on a tripod that he found in a hall closet and pointed it toward the brown, leather love seat that was against the wall in his room, just across from his door. He made sure the camera was focused and on the correct setting for the available light in the scene. He had to bring in more lights, a floor lamp from the hall and his desk lamp, just to be sure his first recording wasn't too dark.

Ben went to the bathroom and greased-up his cock with Vaseline. He wanted to look good, so he brushed his short, auburn hair and used some gel to make it look just right.

Ben set the camera to record from behind and entered the scene from the side totally naked. He sat with his long, tanned legs spread wide apart. His cock was about half erect, so he tugged on it to get it to its full length and width, which was straight, long, and quite thick.

He looked directly into the camera and began stroking his now engorged cock. He was thinking about how many people would watch his video, and how much money it would make. He was getting off

on the fantasy that other people would be watching him masturbate. After a few minutes of stroking himself in front of the camera, he was about ready to cum.

Ben slid onto the floor on his knees, hovering above the towel he intended to splatter with his load. He wanted to put on a good show and shoot a lot of cum. He was thinking that he'd need to orgasm slowly for the camera.

His breathing became faster, his strokes were more rapid and slightly shorter... he grabbed the base of his dick near his scrotum and squeezed firmly while pumping the top half of his cock. His dick head grew a darker shade of red. Precum began flowing freely, then he felt cum rocket through his shaft. This was it. He felt a huge load pulse out of his tight ball sack and aimed his cock slightly up for the greatest trajectory.

“Fuuuuuh—”

Just then, his door flew open, “Ben, I made some lunch, come and... oh my God, Ben!”

His mother had come barging in, and their eyes met as she dropped the basket of dirty clothes she was carrying.

Ben crouched there, frozen. Tiffany's eyes were wide in surprise as she stood staring at him just to the right of the camera.

“Ben! Jesus! Put that away right now!” Tiffany stood about ten feet in front of her son with her hands on her hips. She was wearing a short, red skirt that rose up about four inches above her knees, with matching, open-toed heels, red toe nail polish and a white T-shirt that accentuated her fantastic tits. She looked insanely hot... just what Ben needed at that very moment.

His mouth dropped open and he pumped his cock, staring at his mom.

“Oooohhh fuuuuckkk MOMMM!”

Ben's cock erupted, spraying a thick stream across the towel and onto the carpet, landing just short of his mother's open-toed heels. Tiffany gasped in response, covering her mouth and watching in horror.

Ben stared right back, deliberately stroking his jetting cock. He grunted and fired a second pale burst.

“You stop that right now, young man,” Tiffany put a hand on her hip and scolded her son, shaking

her index finger at him.

“...Fffuuuuuuck...” was Ben’s only response as he went right on pumping his cock through his orgasm. Ben’s mom coming into the room had an interesting effect on him. The fact that he was jacking off, and that she saw his big dick, really turned him on. He didn’t pull back and cover up, like he would have done if this had happened a year ago. Instead, he kept boldly stroking his cock in front of her, looking at her up and down as if she was the sole object of his attention.

Tiffany stood right in front of her son and watched as he didn’t even attempt to hide his giant penis from her. He seemed to be jacking off while intentionally looking at her body. Her eyes went straight for his crotch and her pussy tingled instinctively as she saw it.

Finally, after blowing his tremendous load openly for his mother, Ben fell back against the love seat, totally spent; his cock still leaking and throbbing in his grip.

“Darn it, Ben! How could you masturbate in front of me like that! What’s wrong with you?” Tiffany stood with both hands on her hips, surveying the scene below her. As her eyes travelled up the soiled

towel, she couldn't help but marvel at the volume of sperm her son had released.

'Were Larry's loads that big?' She couldn't remember.

Her eyes moved to her son. He lay there panting in a post-orgasmic bliss. His dick was still in hand, but didn't look to have lost much stiffness. Come to think of it, he had a nice-sized penis. It may even be the biggest she'd seen if she took a good look at it.

"I... I..." Ben was stammering, his eyes half-closed.

"Look at this mess. I suppose I'm going to have to clean this up, right?!"

Tiffany turned and stormed out of his room, not wanting to see any more of her son in that state. Ben sat back in his original position and caught his breath. Then he got up and shut the camera off.

'There will be hell to pay for that.' He warned himself as he slipped into his shorts. He left the towel on the floor for his mother to clean up.

Tiffany was sitting in the living area that was just off of the kitchen downstairs. She was angry. It was a disturbing scene to witness her son's penis so big,

hard, and ejaculating as it was. It reminded her of Larry's, only considerably larger. It also reminded her of how little attention she had been getting from her husband, and how long it had been since he had shown any interest in her at all. She knew about Jamie, his new, young girlfriend, but wasn't about to divorce him over his cheating and give up her lavish lifestyle, so she suffered through his infidelities.

Thinking about how her marriage once was, she was reminded how she loved it when Larry paid her compliments. There was a time when he couldn't stand to be away from her for more than a day at a time. There was also a period in their relationship where he would, every so often, stay home and make love to her for the entire day. They would take breaks and lay out naked by the pool, then have sex again. She missed that terribly. Tiffany felt as though she was in her prime and she wanted to be the hot wife again. Catching her son masturbating reminded her of how boring her life had become, and how pissed off she was at her husband.

“Ben? I'm in here,” she bellowed.

‘Shit. Here we go.’ Ben dreaded the conversation he was about to have. He lingered in the doorway to the living room, watching her, seated on the couch,

from behind and slightly above. He couldn't help but stare at her deep, soft cleavage, accentuated by his angle above her. His cock stiffened against his shorts, despite his recent orgasm.

Tiffany felt him looming behind her and turned slightly back to him. "Come on Ben, sit down," she instructed, patting the couch next to her.

Ben sat down next to his mom and turned sideways. As she sat waiting for him to settle in, he noticed she glanced at his crotch.

Tiffany folded her hands in her lap. "First of all, I want to apologize for walking in on you like that. I should have knocked. I'm sure you've gotten used to your privacy while you were away at school and you never had to worry about your mom catching you while you were jerk-...er... in your private moments."

There was a brief pause as she composed her thoughts.

In the momentary quiet, Ben awkwardly blurted out, "It's okay, Mom. I should have locked my door. It's pretty embarrassing, for me too. I'm sorry."

Tiffany held her hand up gently, stopping his words. She wasn't sure if she believed that her son

was embarrassed at all. He hadn't tried to control himself. In fact, he seemed to deliberately finish in front of her. He had even ejaculated without so much as trying to cover himself.

Tiffany continued softly, "Let me finish. Second, I'm upset and disturbed that when you saw me, you continued to masturbate and not only did you not try to cover up, but looked at me as if I was what you were masturbating about! What the heck was all that, Ben?"

Now, she wanted answers from her son.

"Why did you have that new camera on the stand set up in your room? Were you filming yourself?"

"It's a tripod, Mom, and no. It was on the tripod to see if it would work with the camera." Ben lied. He had to. He wasn't prepared to let his mom in on his scheme. He knew she wouldn't approve, especially if she figured out he wanted to record her and her sexy body.

Tiffany sat quietly next to her son for a few moments staring straight ahead. She had to remind herself that he was, after all, nineteen years old, and he was in the privacy of his room. She felt she had said all there was to say about the incident.

“Well, you need to be more discreet from now on. Let’s just put this behind us and go have lunch.” Tiffany leaned over to kiss her son and noticed a bulge in his shorts. She thought he still looked as though he was hard. Her face became flush as her eyes lingered on the distinct tent.

‘Is Ben attracted to me?’ She wondered. She put the thought aside and pulled her gaze from his crotch. Tiffany leaned in and gave him a small kiss on the cheek.

Ben wiped the wet peck off of his cheek and remained on the couch, enjoying his mom’s perfume after she left. He loved how she smelled, and when she leaned in close like that, he inhaled her distinct and very feminine scent.

After their talk, Tiffany and Ben sat down to eat their sandwiches in the kitchen dining area.

“What was this project that you’re using the camera for?” Ben’s mom was curious. The camera she saw looked expensive.

“Selling videos and taking stock footage for commercials for a video production company.” Ben lied again.

“Why would anyone buy stock videos from you? I mean, no offense, Ben, but you just bought the camera last night and you’ve never shown any interest in this before.”

Tiffany had serious doubts about her son’s new venture. She thought it more likely that he’d make some gimmicky YouTube video or something like that. She collected their dishes and placed them in the sink.

“You’d be surprised, Mom. You’ll see.” Ben said as he chewed his last mouthful. He watched his mom saunter over to the sink, admiring her sexy legs and narrow waist as she was moving about in the kitchen. He reached down and gave his cock a firm pinch.

“Thanks for lunch, Mom. I’m going to go upstairs and learn more about the camera.” Ben stood, openly rubbing his dick over his shorts, watching his mom bend over as she began loading the dishwasher.

He had missed staring at her full, round ass while away at college. It always made him envision what her pussy looked like.

“Ok, Ben. I’m going to be out by the pool in case you need me.”

As Ben stared at her ass, he remembered his mother’s favorite swim suit: her bright red bikini. He longed for this view of her in that outfit.

Tiffany’s signature suit was also Ben’s favorite. The color of the bikini really made her pale, lightly-freckled skin and bright green eyes pop. It also, of course, accentuated her large, hanging breasts and firm, yet voluptuous body.

Hearing that his mom was going to be laying out by the pool, Ben dashed to his room. He worked quickly to change into his own bathing suit and prepare the camera. If he was lucky, he’d catch some good shots of her by the pool.

Tiffany finished tidying up the kitchen and made her way to her bedroom to change. She slipped into the red bikini, then smoothed sunscreen onto her long, white legs, kept muscular by her daily use of her treadmill. She spread the creamy balm onto her torso and up to her large breasts routinely. After sufficiently covering her body and face, she entered the pool area from her master bedroom door.

Ben moved to the other side of the house, eager to record some footage of his curvy mom in her skimpy suit. He fiddled with his camera, and sat waiting for his mom to lay on her usual chaise. He was excited at having his first good idea for a video. He planned to use his mom as the subject for an incest role-play scene.

Tiffany spread her blue and white striped towel across the padded lounge chair. She adjusted the position to face the sun, then slid her sunglasses on, laid down, and inserted her headphones into her ears. She was finally ready to enjoy the warmth of the sun and the little color that the SPF 50 would allow.

Positioned inside the house, Ben used the lightly tinted windows that faced the pool to his advantage. He knew from experience that during the day, the glare from the sun was very strong. Anyone outside by the pool would not be able to see what those inside were doing very well, yet those inside had a clear view to the activities going on outside.

He set up his camera so that it was about three feet above the ground and focused on his mom, laying outside the window. He stood next to the window, only a few feet from where his mom lay

outside. He retrieved his dick and balls from inside his suit, pulling them out over his waistband. He squeezed his fat shaft, watching his mom. He was mostly erect. His mother lay stretched out and covered the entire view of the camera. He pushed the power, then the record button, framing his prone mother in the lens. Confident with the set up, Ben gripped his dick and entered the frame. He began jacking off in front of the camera, slightly to the side, keeping his mom as the central subject.

Ben focused on his mom's body. She lay virtually motionless save for her chest rising and falling slightly with her relaxed breaths. Her huge tits looked supple and inviting in the bright sun. Ben gazed over her beautiful face and her plump, thick lips, painted a glossy red which matched her red suit. Tiffany fidgeted slightly and adjusted her top. Ben watched as she lifted the shoulder straps, causing her breasts to rise and press together. He imagined the exposed tops of her tits streaked with his cum.

That was all it took. After only a few minutes, Ben arched his back, moving his entire body out of the frame except for his stiff erection. He aimed at her image on the other side of the window and fired.

“Nnnn... Uhhh!” he grunted briefly, splattering the window with his first cum volley. He pumped himself a few times and grunted again, firing a second stream onto the glass surface. He watched the image of his mother become smeared and blurry as he finished shooting his cum against the window.

He walked back over to the camera and checked the frame, then stopped recording. Ben cleaned up, and went upstairs to begin the long task of figuring out the editing and uploading process that was necessary to his goal.

Sitting down at his desk, he put the memory card into his laptop and opened the file. It showed excellent clarity; his mom on her back, her huge tits parted and slightly settling to her sides within the cups of her bikini top, her beautiful, white legs shining in the afternoon sun; she was perfect.

Ben’s role in the video was far less impressive. The camera did not focus on him very clearly so his jacking off and his orgasm, were somewhat blurry and in the foreground. In fact, it was difficult to determine if he had cum or not. This didn’t upset him too much as he produced much less semen since it had only been about ninety minutes since his last orgasm. There was good audio to the clip of him

talking to himself about how hot his mom was, which brought him some degree of satisfaction. After reviewing the recording, he saved it and then opened the masturbation video from earlier that morning.

It seemed he had some luck recording his initial scene from his bedroom. ‘Excellent clarity. Perfect distance from the camera. I look big in this!’ Ben was very pleased.

He watched himself masturbate. He saw himself slide off the love seat and square up to the towel, preparing to cum. Suddenly, the in-video Ben looks up at something off camera. Tiffany enters the frame, dropping the laundry and audibly gasping. The audio of Tiffany admonishing her son as he erupted was perfectly clear.

‘Damn! Did I really just keep jerking off as Mom came into the room?’ Ben was impressed with how genuine the video appeared, probably because it was a very genuine experience that happened to be caught on camera. He was also rather impressed by the amount of semen that shot out of him. Maybe it was the angle or the contrast to the dark towel he came on, but it was a huge, almost fake-looking, amount.

After an hour of experimenting, Ben figured out how to join the two video files using software that he found online. He decided to combine the two, placing the footage by the pool first, then the other, where she caught him in the act, second in the order. He uploaded both recordings as a single, twenty-minute video that he titled, “Mom Drives Me Crazy.” While editing it, he was very pleased that the video shows a son lusting after his hot mother by the pool, jacking off secretly. He transitioned the two clips in the video by recording a shot of him in his suit walking up his stairs to his room and then the clip shows the scene on his couch that he recorded earlier that day. It didn’t take him very long to jack-off in that part of the video, so when his mom came in, it was as if she had come in from the pool. She may not have been in her red bikini, but he didn’t think the detail was too important. It turned out much better than he could have ever hoped for, having just thrown it together on his first try.

He uploaded the video and saw that it was marked “Pending Review”. He filled out the pricing and then uploaded a fifteen second trailer for previews. The uploading process was easy enough, but the editing was the most difficult to figure out.

He decided he would get better at it as he became more familiar with the process.

After posting the video, Ben didn't know how long the website review would take, so he put the video out of mind for the moment, instead concentrating on his next scene and how he could get more footage of his mom. Unfortunately, he didn't see much of her for the rest of the day.

The next day, Ben was hopeful he'd have an opportunity to acquire more footage. He dressed in a pair of seersucker shorts and a white T-shirt. He was naked under his shorts, in the event he'd have a chance to record himself jacking off to his mom. Hopefully she'd be dressed in something sexy. He was on the prowl for footage, any footage, that he could upload and sell. His new theme was going to be a son jacking off to his sexy mom as she went about her routine around the house. He brought his camera downstairs in the hope of secretly recording his mom in some sort of hot outfit. He wasn't disappointed.

Ben descended the stairs and entered the kitchen, where Tiffany was putting away dishes. She was about to run on the treadmill and go through her yoga routine, and had already dressed for her

workout. Her outfit immediately caused Ben to set the camera on the counter and press record.

Tiffany was placing clean glasses on a high shelf. Ben made sure the camera caught her round ass in the tight black yoga pants as she reached up. She turned to face Ben and, without looking up, leaned forward to extract more clean dishes from the dishwasher.

“Good morning, sweetie,” she greeted her son, retrieving a heavy pot. “Your father called last night and he wanted me to...”

Ben tuned his mother’s voice out and checked the scene through the viewfinder. “Damn,” he murmured.

Tiffany was wearing a black and yellow sports tank top. The top fit her trim torso and tummy snugly, but was obviously not sized for her enormous breasts. Ben stared down the neck opening through the camera, marveling at the deep cleavage the angle gave him. Her breasts were pushed together and up, accentuating the broad tops of her creamy-white tits as they spilled out invitingly. Ben watched her hanging breasts sway with her movements, fighting the strong desire to plant his face directly in the crack between them.

His mom had the hottest tits he'd ever seen, and his teenage cock grew rapidly as a reaction to the sexy sight.

“...remind you to clean out the shed. Are you busy?”

Ben didn't hear her question.

At that moment, she looked up at him looking through the camera right at her. Tiffany frowned.

“Hey, were you even listening to me?”

“I... I...” Ben was caught, trying to act casual as he adjusted his straining erection, hiding from his mother's view below the counter.

“Okay. What are you doing?” Tiffany gave a deep, loud sigh and rose to face Ben and his camera. “Let me have the camera, young man,” she said sternly, holding out an open hand.

“It's not on, Mom, it's just sitting on the counter.”

Before he could grab the camera and retreat to his room, Tiffany plucked the camera from the countertop.

“Mom. Don't...!”

Tiffany stopped the recording camera and ran the footage back a few seconds. She was shocked to see the clip focusing on her exposed cleavage.

Ben's mind reeled as he waited for her reaction.

“You're recording me in my workout clothes to get shots of my breasts? Oh my God! Ben, that's so inappropriate! What the heck?!”

“It's for a project, Mom.” Ben did his best to sound convincing. He wasn't exactly lying.

Tiffany looked at her son and pulled her top up instinctively, still holding the camera. ‘Typical perverted man,’ she thought, feeling disgusted by her son's violation of her privacy.

Luckily for Ben, she didn't delete anything.

Tiffany didn't know where to start. “A project? What kind of project requires you to secretly record your mother in positions that show her breasts?”

“It's a long story.” Ben looked down, dejectedly.

Taking the camera in her hand and walking back to her bedroom she grumbled, “I'm going to keep the camera until I decide what to do about you. You can't be trusted, Ben.”

“Mom! You can’t do that! I need that camera!”
He rushed after her.

It was too late. Tiffany closed the door in his face and locked it behind her. She leaned back against the door, overcome by feelings of anger and outrage. In that moment, she felt something else, a spare thought. It materialized in her mind as a mental image of her son stroking that big penis of his. The way his eyes lit up as she walked in on him, the way he deliberately finished right in front of her, shooting his semen everywhere. And his penis... his big hard...

‘What has gotten into me?’ Tiffany shook her head to somehow remove the unwanted image of her son masturbating. She was only somewhat successful.

On the other side of the door, Ben had leaned back against it, mirroring his mother. His head was throbbing. Anger, fear, and desperation set in. He needed that camera and wondered how could he possibly get out of the situation he was in.

After wracking his brain, he couldn’t come up with any excuse, or plea that would get his camera back. He went up to his room to check the status of the videos he posted online.

Tiffany suspected that Ben had taken other pictures and video of her, so she accessed the files on the camera's memory card and watched all that he had recorded on the small display screen. She found a total of three videos, the one from today and two recorded yesterday. She selected the oldest one.

It was the scene in Ben's bedroom. She watched her son enter the frame naked and immediately moved her hand to stop, but had second thoughts and continued watching. Her mind was muddled with a confusing mix of intrigue, rage, and disappointment. She watched Ben sit and eagerly begin masturbating. She became outraged at the realization that he'd lied to her about the camera being off. Even though she knew how the clip ended, she watched anyway, her heart fluttering excitedly as she saw herself enter the frame, then watched herself watching Ben ejaculate. There was his big penis again, launching thick spunk at her from across the room.

The clip ended and she selected the second one. To her surprise, this one featured her on her back in her bikini. She again fought the urge to stop the show. A blurry figure entered the foreground, separated from her by a window. Though the image was not completely clear, she could still see that it

was Ben masturbating while looking at her. She continued watching as Ben came again, then the recording stopped.

She sat there, contemplating what her choices were. She felt intense anger, but also felt strangely aroused. Her young son obviously lusted after her and being the object of male affection was always a turn on for Tiffany. She resolved to blow off steam through sweat.

Tiffany left her room for the spare bedroom they converted to a work out room and began her workout regimen: forty minutes on the treadmill and twenty minutes of yoga stretches. Ben was on her mind the entire time. ‘What “project” could he possibly be referring to?’ She put extra effort into the tail end of her run, sweating copiously. Her curiosity was becoming too strong to simply let this slide. She decided to speak to her son after her workout.

Ben logged on to his account on Hot Amateurs and was shocked to see that not only was his video up, but that he had eight requests for specific future scenes, twelve comments from viewers of the trailer, and one-hundred and ten downloads. After the website takes their fifty percent, he will have made

over a thousand dollars in just the few hours it had been posted! He was thrilled, but also very nervous about his mom taking his camera. Without the camera, the only revenue he will have would be from the one video he had uploaded. He would have to somehow convince her to return his camera.

Tiffany showered and dressed. She had been thinking about her son filming himself masturbating. This thought was met with revulsion, but to her frustration, she simply couldn't get the images that she saw on video out of her mind.

With her thoughts focused on the situation with her son, Tiffany selected a white, long-sleeved beach shirt that had a deep "V" neck to it. The light top meant she could only wear a lighter-colored bra so the bra wouldn't be visible through the shirt. She found the one, lacey, white bra she owned, and slipped it on. She knew it was too small for her massive breasts, but it was the only light-colored one she had that went with the shirt. Tiffany pulled the beach shirt on and regarded herself in the mirror.

Despite being furious with her son for sexualizing her and filming her without her permission, she chose to wear very provocative clothing. The small bra created a huge bulge of tit

flesh that could be seen toward the bottom of the V-neck. She also wore white shorts that were too short to be worn in public. The contradiction between her stern attitude and the sexy clothing that she was wearing did not register with her.

‘Now I’m going to get to the bottom of this.’ She proceeded to her son’s bedroom and knocked on the door loudly. She didn’t want to surprise him this time.

“Come in, Mom.” Ben minimized the screen on his laptop.

Tiffany barged in, full of ire. “Ben, I want you to explain exactly what this project is you’ve been working on and why it involves taking video of me,” she laid into him. “I want answers and I want them now!” she barked.

Ben watched his mom enter and his jaw almost dropped as she strutted in angrily. Even more of her huge tits were on display in this outfit, not to mention her bare thighs. He took a moment to look at her from head to toe and shook his head. ‘Damn she’s hot,’ he thought, then answered, meeting her stern gaze.

“Well, see, it... it doesn’t necessarily have to involve you specifically, Mom, it’s just that I... there has to be another person besides myself, and you’re —” He hesitated, not wanting to give his mom too much information.

“I’m what?” Tiffany challenged her son. “Spit it out, Ben,” she added impatiently.

“You’re...” Ben paused, his eyes breaking her enraged glare and dropping down to roam her body. “You’re...hot. You know that. You have to know that, Mom.” Ben looked at what his mom was wearing and wanted to whip out his dick and jack off right in front of her all over again. Her body was absolutely incredible.

Tiffany held back her temper with a sigh. She shifted her position and was now standing with her arms crossed, looking as sexy as ever with plenty of cleavage showing above her crossed arms, tapping one foot angrily. Even this movement caused her soft cleavage to jiggle obscenely. Ben was to the point where he didn’t think she owned any clothes that didn’t make her look sexy. His cock was expanding in his shorts.

“Well, what’s the project?” she asked, impatiently.

“It’s just selling videos to people that want to see them.” Ben was now sitting on the love seat in his room looking up at his mom. His cock was nearly fully erect and sticking straight up under his shorts. He shifted very slightly to raise his hips and present his erection to her. It was impossible to miss. In that moment, Ben thought what it would be like to fuck his mom.

“What kind of videos?” Tiffany was growing annoyed with Ben’s vague answers. She was also having a very difficult time not looking down at the growing rise in his shorts.

“They could be anything, I guess...” Ben was staring right at his mother’s tits now.

“Bullshit. Okay... see this camera?” She produced the hand-held. “It’s gone. I’m not even going to get the money back for it, I’m going to smash it to bits. You want to play more games? I’ll take your car too.” Tiffany was holding the expensive camera menacingly, as if to let it drop to the ground.

Ben waved his hands in front of him. “Mom, Mom, Mom. Wait! Okay, I’ll tell you. But please listen to me before you react.” Ben sat up. He knew

when his mom meant business and this was one of those times.

Ben needed to get honest with his mom. It was clear he couldn't do what he was trying to do without her knowledge of what was going on. He just hoped she wouldn't keep his camera, or tell his dad.

“You know Alex Morgan?” he began.

Tiffany nodded impatiently, gesturing as if to say “get on with it”.

“Well, he and his girlfriend, Taylor, told me about how much money they're making selling videos of themselves online.” Ben was sitting up on the love seat leaning forward toward his mom.

Tiffany could guess where this was going. She pulled up the chair behind the desk in the corner and sat listening intently.

“Their videos started out simple,” Ben explained, “...naked, kissing and that sort of thing, and now they do a lot more, but they've made thousands and thousands of dollars, Mom. Enough that this has become a high-paying job for both of them, and they only have to deal with each other; no producers, no sleazy people of any kind.”

Ben paused to gauge his mother's reaction.

“Well, that's their choice, Ben,” she replied, her tone flat. “I have slightly higher expectations for you.” Tiffany wasn't impressed.

“Mom, I can potentially earn all the college tuition and the forty grand I spent in no time. I want to pay you and Dad back. I want to make this right.” Ben was being sincere. What he didn't tell his mom was that he wanted to get her involved, both on and off the camera.

Tiffany was upset by what her son was saying. She was expecting him to say that he was just recording her for his own, personal reasons, instead of some sort of developing enterprise. She had not quite expected this, but decided to reason with him rather than show her disappointment.

“Ben, you are a smart young man with lots of potential. I know you just need to find motivation,” she started warmly. Tiffany walked over and sat next to her son. “This... this video thing... I don't understand it, Ben. You're going to sell these videos of you masturbating for money? Only gay men will watch something like that.” She felt she had a good point.

“That’s not my plan, Mom, it’s just all I have to work with right now.”

“Well, I don’t think you will sell ten dollars’ worth of videos, let alone tens of thousands,” she said dismissively. Tiffany was trying to discourage him, but she noticed a sly smile suddenly appear on his face.

“Too late, I’ve already made two thousand dollars with just that crappy little video I made.”

Tiffany scoffed, “Impossible.”

“You don’t believe me? Okay, Mom. I’ll show you, but you have to promise not to freak out.” Ben opened his laptop. He maximized the personal account page and turned the computer toward her, but then quickly turned it back.

“You promise? Don’t freak out?”

Tiffany bit her lip, not liking where this was going. She reluctantly shook her head.

“Ok, I won’t freak out. But you better show me and this had better be good.”

Ben tilted the computer so she could see it clearly.

“See this? This is the title.” He pointed to the top corner. “Here’s the number of downloads. Here’s the price per download, and these are the requests and comments.”

Tiffany reached across her son’s lap and took the computer from him. She spent several moments orienting herself and examining the webpage carefully.

“‘Mom Drives Me Crazy’?! That’s the title?! Ben, what the heck kind of video is this?”

She placed the cursor over the thumbnail and several preview images flashed in the small box, showing her in the bikini by the pool.

“Is that... You uploaded the recording of me by the pool?!” She felt her face flush red.

Tiffany’s anger was growing, not subsiding. Not only did he video record her in a very revealing swim suit, but he uploaded it to the Internet where it would, at least theoretically, never go away.

“I can explain, but it might be embarrassing.” Ben warned.

“More embarrassing than this!?” Tiffany wanted more information. She couldn’t believe her son had

the sort of mind that would even think of such a thing. She wanted more answers.

“Just relax, Mom. You promised.” Ben put his hand over his mom’s hand as it rested on the touchpad and took over. He wanted to show her just so he could get his camera back. There may still be a chance to upload more videos if he only had his camera.

“Ok. Here. See these categories? Scroll down and see how many videos there are for each.”

Tiffany withdrew her hand and let Ben do the clicking. He showed his mom all the categories of downloads available. Anal, BBW, Big cock, Big tits... he showed her all the categories.

“Now, if we sort by popularity...” Ben clicked and filtered. The two most popular by far rose to the top.

“MILF and Incest Role-Play,” Ben said, satisfied.

Tiffany hadn’t planned on being exposed to any of this sort of thing when she came up to his room. Her mind was spinning from all the sordid images flashing on the screen. Nude women on webcams, graphic sexual positions, even pornographic advertisements flooded the monitor.

“White MILFs stuffed with big black—...Ben, this is sick.” Tiffany shook her head slowly.

“See, I targeted the ones that are most popular. In this case, MILF and incest. You just happened to be around... and you fit the bill for both... so...” he said suggestively.

“So, you just thought it would be okay to sneak around, record me without my consent, and post it for any stranger to see?” She paused for emphasis, then shook her head. “Ben, I don’t know what to do with you. I appreciate the fact that you’re doing this to pay us back, but you won’t be able to tell your father how you got the money, so what’s the point?”

Regardless of his motives, Tiffany could not condone her son’s involvement with such an activity.

“Oh, come on, Mom! I’ll just tell him I’m working with digital cameras. He hates computers and tech stuff, he won’t even question me.”

Tiffany paused. He had a point. Larry even hated using the text feature on his cell phone.

“Well... Ok... So, that may be true, but you’ll have to find another subject for your videos. If I catch you recording me again without my permission, I will smash the camera with a hammer

and tell your father exactly what you've been doing."

Ben had not expected this reaction and realized that he'd need to tread carefully.

"Can I keep the footage I've used so far?" Ben was really pushing his luck, but he needed to keep that video up. It was already making money.

Tiffany considered this. As mad as she was, the damage had already been done. So they might as well get paid for it. She hated the situation her son had put her in. She was beginning to think that he was incapable of normal behavior and that he would always be a trouble maker.

She sighed. "You can keep it up only because it's already out there and it's selling..." Tiffany rose and turned back to her seated son, shaking an index finger at him, "...but if you record me without my permission again, it's gone."

Ben's eyes were glued to his mother's shaking cleavage hanging in front of his face. He nodded dumbly, then rose his stare to meet her eyes.

"I'm sorry, Mom. I won't record you again without your permission," he said with genuine sincerity. He wanted his mom to feel better.

She turned to go downstairs and start lunch. Ben watched her ass in the short shorts. He could see the seam disappear into her crotch and part of her butt sticking out.

Tiffany paused at the door of Ben's room. "Just ask next, time, okay, Ben?" She said sweetly, then left.

Ben watched his mom sway her hips as she left the room. He took a deep breath and sighed. 'If she would only pose for my videos, this would be a piece of cake.'

Ben was relieved he had come out of that crisis with his camera... and his videos. He felt better knowing that his mom had an honest understanding of what he was doing, although he was more than a little surprised that she seemed to be accepting of the fact that he was going to make homemade adult videos.

But something else stuck in his mind. Something she'd said. The phrase 'Just ask me next time'. Why would she offer that? To Ben's mind, the phrase left the door open to having her play some sort of role in his recording her for future videos. He hoped his hunch was right.

Ben spent the next thirty minutes responding to messages from the site. Not wanting to cause any more trouble, he stayed out of his mother's way for the rest of the day. Later in the afternoon, he called Alex.

"How did you like the video?" Ben emailed the video for Alex to look at.

"It looks really good, Ben, at least for a jack-off video. I'm actually surprised it's doing so well." Alex was being honest with his friend. The video was soft compared to everything else on the site.

"Wait, why are you surprised it's doing well?" Ben asked.

"Maybe 'surprised' is too strong. I guess I underestimated the popularity of incest role-play videos." Alex was now being nice to Ben. He actually thought the video belonged in the "Solo" category.

"Actually, I'm surprised too, but some of the commenters complained about not having enough footage with the mom in it. They're expecting more." Ben admitted.

"Makes sense, she's hot," Alex commented. "But if she's out, you'll need to find someone to play your

mom. And don't even think about asking Taylor. We don't do other people." Alex wasn't about to let Ben fuck his girlfriend.

"I have a couple of people in mind." Ben lied, he had no one in mind, but he knew that Alex wouldn't know this.

"Okay, good." Alex ended the call.

After his rather discouraging conversation with Alex, Ben went online to research escorts in an effort to solve his problem of not having a female model. He messaged a few women asking about making a video. He would have to pay them, but it would solve his problem.

The next morning, Ben woke to find three messages from the several escorts he contacted. He approached the subject as a fee for video modeling rather than having sex in an adult movie. He was smart enough to know they wouldn't agree to discuss money for sex with a stranger online. One of the women didn't do videos. One wanted a percentage of revenue from any movie she modelled in, but was very interested in the prospect, and the last, wanted one thousand dollars for every video.

Ben found this very reassuring, but he would need to work out the financial details before he committed to any, one escort. He would need the model for several videos, so at the least, he would need a few thousand in cash before he would be able to pay for the one. He wasn't interested in giving a percentage of earnings to a model only because it sounded messy and most likely required a contract of some kind.

In the meantime, he needed to think about another video to earn more cash for the escort he planned to work with. Ben put on a pair of thin running shorts and a T-shirt, grabbed his camera, and went downstairs to have some breakfast.

Tiffany had spent all night thinking about her son and his situation. She thought about what he was about to do and how this could potentially ruin his life. If it weren't for the fact that he had been such a difficult teenager, and a problem as a young man, she may not have agreed to be complicit in this adult film venture. As unsettling as it was, it was a plan and from what she has seen, there was potential for him to make good money. She calmed herself with the thought that this will most likely be a passing phase and after he posts a couple of videos, he will abandon this and move on to something else.

Tiffany decided to buy the video from the website and download it to her laptop without telling Ben. She did this without giving the matter much thought.

‘I suppose I should have a copy of the video, just in case,’ she told herself. After putting in the payment information, she’d set the video to download and then went off to bed.

The next morning in the kitchen, she was standing at the stove, making oatmeal for herself and Ben. She looked down at the stove, stirring the oatmeal and checking its consistency. At that moment, she noticed her nipples were hard, creating two pronounced bumps atop her large breasts in her thin T-shirt.

‘Why didn’t I put a bra on this morning? This is ridiculous,’ she thought to herself, wondering how she could have forgotten such a regular part of her dress. She never went braless in front of anyone but Larry.

Ben barged in, plopping down on a stool at the counter. “Good morning, Mom.” He set his camera on the counter with the lens pointing away from his mom, just to set her more at ease.

“Good morning, Ben. How did you sleep?” Tiffany was absently stirring the oatmeal and looking like she just stepped out of some X-rated photo shoot.

Ben resisted the urge to capture her stunning outfit by recording another video, but mentally documented every detail. His mom wore a pair of tan, tight-fitting shorts and a sky-blue cotton T-shirt that hugged her immense breasts. He could immediately tell that she wasn't wearing a bra as her pendulous tits were swinging heavily as she busied herself in the kitchen. Her nipples created two large protrusions, rising about a quarter inch from her shirt. Blue canvas pumps with open-toes and pink toe nail polish completed her outfit.

Ben responded, “Great! I've been talking to Alex about the site.” Ben was stroking his cock over the thin material of his shorts under the counter. He had anticipated his mom dressing more conservatively now that she knew he was eyeing her sexually. She appeared to be doing the exact opposite, but he couldn't figure out why. After all, she seemed pissed off at him almost all of the time.

“What did he have to say?” She didn't like Alex and her tone reflected it.

“He said I need to hire a model for work on future videos. I already knew that, but he reminded me.”

Tiffany did not like the idea of bringing someone else into this “project” of her son’s. She could foresee legal problems, and other complications with having more people involved.

“Do you think that’s such a good idea?” Tiffany was spooning the oatmeal into two bowls for herself and Ben.

He ogled his mother, still playing with his hidden cock. “Unless I find a girlfriend soon, I don’t have much choice.”

Ben thought about his next video and what he was going to do. He wouldn’t have to do much to outdo his first one. His plan was to start slow and if possible, introduce more nudity and sex with each new clip. He wanted to create a number of related recordings, like a series, not just a bunch of stand-alone videos. He knew the key to success in the niche he was in was a strong plot and familiar characters. Of course, none of this would be possible if he didn’t find a willing, female co-star for his videos.

As he watched his sexy mom move around in the kitchen, it occurred to him that she could play a role in his videos that might be acceptable to her, at least in the next few, where the content would be milder. The idea made him even harder than he already was. He sat in his chair watching the sexiest MILF he had ever seen bounce and jiggle her way around the kitchen. He couldn't help but to keep stroking his cock under the overhang of the island, bringing himself to a full-blown erection.

Tiffany had been thinking too. This whole business was getting out of hand faster than she had imagined. Now he was talking about hiring prostitutes to star with him in his video. She needed a way to turn this around.

“Can't you just keep doing your... the... you know, the...” She became flush from the memory of watching her son masturbate, then managed to blurt out, “...what you did in your first one?”

“I was thinking about something like that.” Ben knew he needed her help or he would have to change his video category to ‘Solo/Masturbation’ or “Gay” and those were among the poorest performers on the site.

He tentatively continued “But, what makes the current video I have for sale successful is that it plays to a very popular niche...”

“Yes, I noticed,” she interrupted sharply. “So, your plan is to continue that theme in your future videos?” This conversation was making her very uncomfortable.

“Yes, like an evolving story, or maybe a couple of videos with the same theme and characters, then move onto something else.”

Tiffany couldn’t see her son hiring some whore to work with him, and she absolutely wouldn’t allow such trash into her home or on her property. She had no solution to his problem, and was glad to see that his video career was coming to a screeching stop.

“There won’t be anyone coming to this house to make a video, especially an escort or someone you pay. I just want to be clear about that.”

“Then I’ll have to just video myself, alone. It’s going to suck, but it’s the only choice I have.” Ben was discouraged, but still determined.

The two added toppings to their oatmeal and began eating breakfast. Ben was feeling nonplussed,

and this was reflected in his uncharacteristic quietness.

Finally an idea occurred to him. It was a long shot, but worth a try.

“I think the solo videos will probably suck, but maybe I can spice them up with a change of scenery. I’d like to at least try to shoot somewhere more exciting than my bedroom. It’s just so boring. What do you think of me filming in other places around the house?”

“That depends. Where do you have in mind?” Tiffany didn’t want him masturbating in the middle of the house when she was trying to get things done. It was perverted, not to mention inappropriate.

Ben sensed his mother’s reticence. “I don’t know, but I’ll stay out of your way.”

Tiffany didn’t respond.

He considered his options as he ate his oatmeal. While fiddling with the settings on his camera, it occurred to him that the pool area may be an option. After all, it was mid-morning and the last time he’d recorded his mother sunbathing, it had been this time of day. The lighting would be perfect.

Excited by his new idea, Ben rushed off, thanking his mom for breakfast, his mind moving faster than his body.

Tiffany was a bit put off by Ben's hasty exit. "Well, don't... just be careful!" she called after him, not sure what to say.

Left alone in the kitchen, Tiffany was finishing her coffee, thinking about how all this would sound to Larry. He would most likely have a fit and confiscate the camera immediately. Tiffany was in a difficult spot as his mother. On one hand, she didn't want to have a camera trained on her body or a son that ran around beating off all over the place. On the other hand, she didn't want to sabotage Ben's efforts to repair his relationship with his father. Paying his dad back would pretty much make things right with Larry, she knew that. Ultimately, her decision to allow her son to continue was based upon how much money he had already made with his video.

The pool's patio area in the back yard was a perfect location to record. It was designed for entertaining so there were a lot of picturesque spots where Ben could film. The pool area had a variety of natural foliage around the deep end and a rather large fountain feature that cascaded water over

stones into their pool. It was a beautiful, natural stone construct that circulated water and provided a nice sound. Off to the side was a large arbor with outdoor furniture under it. Ben chose to set up here.

After cleaning up the breakfast dishes, Tiffany was looking through catalogues and sorting through the mail at her kitchen table when through the window she saw movement around the pool. It was Ben setting up the tripod and looking at the sky and the surrounding patio. He had the camera pointing toward the pool fountain about fifty feet from the kitchen windows. Tiffany watched as he adjusted the camera, sat on the rock ledge, then returned to the camera. At that point, Ben was apparently satisfied with the setting. He abruptly dropped his bathrobe and sat on the rock ledge, naked. She watched in shock as her son began masturbating right then and there. The camera was apparently recording.

‘You’ve got to be kidding me! This is ridiculous!’ Tiffany shook her head. She resolved to continue to peruse the catalog, but her mind kept thinking about her son and his perverted new enterprise. She did her best to fight the distraction.

Ben had found the perfect spot to jack off. It was sexy, beautiful, and looked like he was at an exotic

location. He settled onto his rock perch naked, and began stroking himself.

‘So what if a bunch of gay, dirty old men are my fans, as long as they buy the download, who cares?’ He rationalized as he continued to work his cock into a turgid erection.

Thinking about that demographic as his customer base did not expedite his arousal.

Instead, he focused on his mom. He thought more about how much better it would be if she were somehow a part of his videos. His dick quickly thickened in his grip. Just thinking about his mom helped him become erect.

Ben felt the urge to close his eyes and fully fantasize about Tiffany. On second thought, closing his eyes in the video would look weird. Deciding to keep his eyes open, but unfocused, he began thinking of his mom’s luscious, plump tits, recalling the fact that she wasn’t wearing a bra today. He continued to stroke his long, slick, white shaft and was getting pretty turned on.

Tiffany caught a glimpse of her masturbating son over the top of her catalogue. It was an extremely distracting sight. She couldn’t make up her mind

whether or not to go out to confront him. Watching her son grab his penis and run it through his hand as he slowly achieved an erection was not something that she was used to seeing around her house.

Yet there he was, out in the open, and sure enough, he seemed to have achieved a full, rock-hard erection from where she sat watching. In a huff, she discarded the catalogue.

‘No, this won’t do at all.’ Tiffany decided to go out and tell her son he had to record in a room somewhere inside the house.

Although the backyard was a very private space, his masturbating was unsettling to her. She didn’t know how to handle the situation that she felt at least partially responsible for. Tiffany opened the door to the pool area and squinted over at Ben. She had to shade her eyes with her hands in the brilliant sun.

Ben saw his mom at the door from his poolside perch easily, as the sun was behind him. ‘Yes! This will definitely help,’ he thought. He turned his body toward her, smiling slightly. His bloated cock swelled pleasantly in his grip.

Ben's shift in focus was caught on camera as he changed the direction to which he was staring to where his mom had entered the back yard. He was staring right at her as he stroked his huge cock; glistening from lubricant and as hard as it could possible get.

"Ben! You put that thing away right now!" Tiffany called over to him.

From his seat next to the fountain, he could barely hear her words, let alone distinguish them. He continued gazing at Tiffany, now pointing his dick at her and stroking intently.

'What's wrong with him?' Tiffany wondered, again squinting at Ben.

"Do you hear me?" she yelled, trying to project her voice over the splashing fountain.

"HUH?!" Ben yelled back, continuing to jerk-off.

'Darn him,' she swore mentally. She had to get closer.

Tiffany's heavy breasts bounced as if in slow motion as she approached. In the outdoor light, Ben could see her nipples under the light blue shirt quite clearly. Her sexy, seductive sway was mesmerizing.

She just couldn't help the fact that she was so sexy and desirable. She exuded sexuality in everything she did, except for her bitchy attitude, which he didn't find very sexy at all, especially since he had come home from college.

'That body, though!' He thought.

Tiffany walked around the far side of the pool opposite of where the waterfall was located and approached her son from straight on. He was staring right at her, still brazenly stroking himself. She felt some nagging trepidation, some semblance of self-consciousness, as she stepped around the camera to address her son. In that moment, with him staring and her watching, she wondered whether confronting him was such a good idea after all.

She stood resolute, hands on her hips, legs slightly parted. "Ben, why are you doing this out here? You need to go inside to your room, or somewhere more private." His mom had unwittingly stood in partial view of the camera and was quite close to her son.

Ben didn't miss a beat, continuing to stroke himself. "Mom, I told you I need to record in other places. This is perfect."

Tiffany noticed that he not only continued beating off, his hand seemed to jerk faster and grip tighter. He was gazing over his mom's perfect breasts and narrow waist, acting like this was all completely normal.

From behind, the camera continued running. As Tiffany stood talking to Ben, with her legs still apart, she was sporting a defined thigh gap. The bright sunlight reflected off of the surface of the pool and, at that angle, it twinkled between her legs, accentuating the gap. Tiffany's ass was perfectly captured by the camera, peeking out as her tight, tan shorts had ridden up during her walk out to the pool. Ben was still in full view, just to the left of the camera's frame.

The sound of his eager strokes were drowned out by the cascading waterfall.

"Ben?" She wondered how long she should stand in front of her naked and erect nineteen-year-old son before he began to wonder why she was even outside watching him in the first place. The mysterious reality was that Tiffany was drawn like a magnet to her son and his hard cock.

Even as his mom stood there brooding over him, he could not stop jacking off. His strokes became

long and harder as he stared at his mom's bulbous, hanging tits and long, luscious legs. Tiffany just stood there frozen, not sure why she was standing so close to her vulgar son as he continued to masturbate in front of her, realizing just then that it was inappropriate and awkward for her to be there at all.

"You listen to me, Benjamin," she said in the harshest tone she could muster, her eyes dropping to his bouncing hand as it glided on his slick, girthy shaft. "You put that thing away right now, do you hear me?" Her eyes were glued right to his cock. She noticed the fat head puffed out more and grew redder. Precum appeared to ooze from his tip in a steady, clear flow.

She could walk away at any time. She could physically smack him or make a serious threat that would cause him to stop. Ben realized this and noticed that she seemed to be having a difficult time diverting her eyes from his cock.

Tiffany continued nagging. "Are you trying to have an orgasm? It looks like you're trying to orgasm. Don't you dare, young man. You stop jerking your penis and put it away right now!"

She seemed to be deliberately teasing him now. This idea sent Ben over the edge. He felt the familiar

eruption begin in his balls and barrel up his shaft. He dragged his hand to the base of his cock, feeling it throb as his orgasm loomed. He brandished his swollen member at his mother like a sword and began a low moan.

“Uuuuuhhhh...”

“Don’t you dare!” she repeated.

“...UuuuuAAAAAHHHH!” Ben shamelessly spat a fountain of semen up into the air.

Tiffany gasped dramatically, unable to look away from her son’s geyser.

Ben put his other hand on his balls, squeezing them while pumping his shaft like he was repeatedly cocking a shotgun.

“UUUUHHH!” he grunted, thrusting his hips into the air as a second stream erupted. This volley sprayed higher and wider than his first stream, splattering the ground in front of him with thick spunk as it fell back to the earth.

“Stop that right now!” Tiffany commanded uselessly. “You stop cumming right this minute, Ben!”

Ben and his mother locked eyes as he ignored her, pumping several more spurts from his cock. All while his mom stood about five feet away watching every move he made, every stroke, and every shot of cum that blasted out of his engorged dick.

“Ben! What the heck! Again?!” Tiffany’s protest was superficial. She knew he was going to cum, that’s why he was there, but she felt the need to say something. She couldn’t just stand there silently witnessing his defiance; his outright disobedience. As Ben came, she cringed slightly not expecting him to produce such quantities of semen as he climaxed. She had never seen anything so crude, yet so strangely captivating.

“Ahhh... Damn, mom...” he sighed, returning his bare ass to his rocky perch.

“Alright. That’s enough. I’ve told you to get inside and go to a more private space. This is getting out of control and I’m beginning to think that your father needs to know about this.”

As Ben sat, huffing and panting recovering from his mind-blowing orgasm, Tiffany walked away in disgust.

She yelled from the door to the house, “I want to talk to you about this when you get cleaned up and into some clothes.” She closed the door behind her, conflicted about how she felt about Ben jacking off all over the place. She feared she had made a terrible mistake giving him permission to continue this new “hobby”.

Tiffany had forgotten that the camera had caught the entire exchange. She was still not used to there being a camera around and carried on as she would normally. Ben wanted to get to his room and upload the memory card to his laptop as quickly as possible before his mom objected to being in part of the video. He was both surprised and thrilled she came out and accidentally got into the shot.

Now in his room, Ben uploaded the scene to his computer and began editing it. What the fifteen-minute video showed was Ben sitting naked on the beautiful water element, stroking his cock, softly. The recording displayed crystal-clear, high-definition footage of his flaccid cock growing stiffer as he jerked it, looking at the camera.

The camera recorded several minutes of him stroking. Then suddenly, his attention was diverted and his cock grew noticeably stiffer. A moment later,

a shadow appears. The soundtrack needed some work due to the sound of the water, but the climax to the scene was when his mom walked directly into the right of the frame and stood as if posing. Her ass was sublime. The image was clear. Ben saw her ass cheeks peeking from the bottoms of her shorts and the reflected sunlight through the gap in her thighs was exquisite. He paused the video and zoomed in. The camera had even managed to capture the shape of her mound, illuminated through the gap. This was more than he could have hoped for and he took a few screen captures of his mother's camel toe for his personal collection before continuing the clip. He watched the brief exchange between them and then the part where he exploded in orgasm. His load looked copious and messy. It was perfect. Finally, Tiffany walked off and he approached the camera, with cum dripping from his hanging cock, to shut it off.

“Wow! Fuck yes!” Ben was delighted with the result. He continued to work on it; toning down the background noise and muting the part where she said his name. He uploaded the video to the site and laid down to take a nap.

After an hour-long nap, Ben awoke and checked the status of his new video which he titled “Mom

Catches Me by the Pool.” It had sold sixty-two copies in less than an hour. Ben couldn’t believe it. He refreshed the screen to be sure the information was accurate. It reloaded, then the site issued a ringing chime, indicating another sale. The number ticked up to sixty-three. His incest role-play theme was paying off big-time. The comments were pouring in as well, all wanting more footage involving his mom. Ben sat and thought about how to get his mom more involved.

After confronting her son, Tiffany went to her room to lie down for a few minutes. She was frustrated, pissed off, and to her dismay, her body was aching to be touched. This was one of those moments where she sorely missed the physical contact she once had with her husband. Her mind was consumed with the obscene image of her son sitting on the stone fountain, staring at her and masturbating. She was shocked to discover her hand was rubbing over the stitching of the crotch her shorts, seemingly of its own accord. She struggled trying to ignore the memory of Ben’s long, thick cock, slick with lubricant. Her hand pressed hard between her legs. She decided she needed to slip her shorts off, just for a moment.

She tried to think about her husband, Larry, and the love they once made in the very bed she now lay in, alone. How passionate they were for each other, how many orgasms she would have. The more she tried to recall her pleasurable moments with her husband, the angrier she became that he had betrayed her with his young lovers. Her anger redirected her thoughts back to her son and the grotesque display of his genitals that she was forced to witness only a few minutes ago. She tried to block the image of his thick, white penis as he squeezed it, stroked it, and goaded it to its full measure. She noticed her son was becoming a man, and a very attractive, well-endowed man at that. She had never masturbated to thoughts of Ben, or even considered doing so and she would never in a million years imagine she would ever be playing with herself as she thought of his naked body. Her fingers froze at this realization.

‘I can’t do this.’ She was too upset to continue. Her anger and disappointment with Ben had caused her to wake herself up out of fantasy and back to her world. Tiffany got up and took a hot shower, turning the faucet to the coldest setting for the last few minutes.

She decided to lay back down in bed, now that her arousal had subsided, thanks in part to the cold shower, and to take a nap before making lunch. She ended up waiting until the next day before talking with her son about his recording around the house and pool.

Before breakfast the next day, Tiffany showered, fixed her hair, and slipped into a pastel green summer dress that rose about five inches above her knees. The cups of the dress cradled her breasts and hugged her curves around the sides tightly. She was barefoot and feeling full of energy. She decided to have that talk with her son before she did anything else that morning. Walking up to his room, she knocked on his door.

Ben was sleeping in the nude, awoken by the knocking.

“Just a minute,” he said groggily.

Ben fumbled around the side of his bed, feeling for a pair of boxers or shorts. He grabbed the first thing he felt, a pair of boxer briefs, and sat up, clumsily slipping the underwear on. As usual when he woke up, he had an erection that could cut glass. In his groggy state, he had carelessly donned the boxer briefs that pinned his jutting hard-on against

his body. The large head of his stiff dick stuck out a few inches over the waistband, against his stomach.

“Come in.” He got up and stumbled over to his desk chair.

“We need to talk.” His mom walked over and sat on the sofa as he sat on his chair.

“Of course, Mom.”

“Um, honey?” she said tentatively, raising an eyebrow and nodding toward his crotch. She could clearly see his dick head.

Ben yawned lazily. “Huh?” he said, confused.

Tiffany nodded again toward his crotch and Ben looked down.

“Oh geeze, sorry Mom.” He tucked his hard on away as best he could.

Tiffany cleared her throat.

“Ben, yesterday, when you said you would find other places to record, it didn’t even occur to me that you would be doing that in broad daylight by the pool while I was home. I’m confused as to why you think it’s okay to all of a sudden expose yourself to

me around the house.” Tiffany was about to pull the plug on Ben’s video recording altogether.

“I guess I should have been more specific about my plans. I’m sorry, Mom.”

“Remember I said that you may tape in a room, with the door closed, or in a different place with my permission?”

“Mom, the whole point of this is to make money in order to pay you and Dad back. I don’t know of a job that pays anywhere near as much as this does, do you?”

Tiffany wasn’t expecting her son’s apologetic position. She suddenly pitied him.

“Well...” she trailed off, now wanting to go easier on him. “No, I guess I don’t. But that doesn’t change the fact that you can’t just strip your clothes off and start masturbating anywhere you like! What if a friend had stopped by?”

Ben began his video recording to make money, but after masturbating in front of his insanely hot mom twice now, his motives became less clear. Having his cock exposed to his mom created a new kind of fantasy, one that he saw could actually play out in reality: having sex, or at least, becoming

sexual with her. Ben began working toward this goal even as he tried to get video recorded for uploading purposes.

In this situation, he wasn't sure how to respond to his mother. She was right, but he didn't want to admit that. Instead, he scratched his chin absently and fidgeted in his desk chair. His elbow inadvertently bumped his computer desk, jostling the laptop enough to wake his sleeping computer.

The screen flashed on, displaying the page he'd left the computer on last night. It was on his Hot Amateurs profile/video homepage. His mom saw the site on his computer and stood, crossing the room to get a closer look. She could see his list of uploads.

Her eyes grew wide. “Mom Catches Me by the Pool?!” Tiffany looked at Ben incredulously. “You already put that up on the site?”

“Yes.” Ben looked at the screen and smiled, “and it looks like it has already been downloaded over one hundred times in less than twenty-four hours. I've already made over a thousand dollars for that little video by the pool.” Ben was beaming.

“You've made over a thousand dollars for THAT?!” Tiffany couldn't believe it. She thought at

that moment that perhaps she should be more relaxed with her rules about his recording.

Tiffany considered things for a moment. “Can I see it?” Her anger quickly subsided when she learned how popular his recording of that little incident was out by the pool yesterday morning.

“Uh, yeah, sure.” Ben opened the edited video and clicked play.

The two watched the scene, mother and son. Ben found it was a surreal experience to watch his hot mom, whom he had always wanted to have sex with, watching a video of him jacking off and cumming looking right at her.

Tiffany sat in a trance as she watched her son’s hand push and pull his penis into an impressive erection right before her eyes. This was exactly the scene that came to mind last night that she had such a difficult time with. She became flush and was getting physically hot.

She was surprised to see how clearly and prominently displayed her own butt and legs were before the camera. She noticed her son staring right at her when he climaxed. The scene was much better than the first video. She could see why it was

popular. It looked exactly like it was: a young man getting caught jerking off by his hot mom, then openly cumming as she looked on.

“Do you think the fact that you’re selling this as a ‘mom and son’ video is why it’s so popular?” Tiffany already knew the answer to this, but wanted to discuss the implications of his current, chosen niche.

The conversation was interrupted momentarily as the computer chimed, indicating another sale of the video. Ben continued, replying to his mom’s question.

“Well, Incest Role-Play is the most downloaded category... by quite a bit. Probably because other websites don’t allow direct reference to blood relatives; they only allow material for ‘step’ relatives. Apparently, it’s a popular fantasy.”

“But, Ben, the direction you seem to be heading is more mother-son type of videos. What are your intentions here?” The computer chimed again, then again. Seven more copies were sold while she was speaking to her son. Tiffany was looking at the still shot for the clip. It was of her legs with Ben’s erection off to the left. She winced.

“I have no intentions, Mom. I was outside recording and you came out to question me, I didn’t sneak any footage of you. I didn’t even know you were going to do what you did.” Ben was being totally honest.

“It’s turning out to be a pretty successful video for being unintentional. Your first one was like that too.” Tiffany recognized the pattern about the same time as Ben presented his proposition.

“Mom, you have seen me in a very embarrassing situation twice now. There is nothing more of me that you can see that you haven’t already seen.” Ben was still sitting in his chair, now leaning forward resting his hands on his knees.

“True, so what’s your point?”

Ben was trembling anxiously as he continued, “Why don’t you pose in my videos and help me earn some money to pay you and Dad back?” Ben opened his arms in a persuasive gesture.

Tiffany felt like her head nearly exploded with a rush of unexpected excitement, just before her sensibilities returned.

“My goodness, Ben! Are you serious? There’s no way. I am not posing for your videos. There at least

a dozen good reasons not to. In fact, until you reminded me of your wanting to pay your dad and I back, I was about to confiscate the camera.” Tiffany was about to get up and go back downstairs to avoid the topic altogether. She was already in two of his videos, which she found to be beyond belief.

“You’re lucky I’m allowing you to record at all, even by yourself, so don’t push it.”

“You don’t have to pose nude.” Ben stood up, pleading. “You have plenty of clothes that are sexy enough to pull this off. All I need is a few more videos to make a series and then I can move on to something else.”

“Ben, I can’t have people see who I am, and besides that, I’m your mother for gosh sake.” Tiffany was shaking her head, but inside she was strangely excited at the prospect of being a sexy female star of his movies.

“Then I won’t show your face. Mom, it will be a great way for me to make money, and after I pay you and dad back, I might even be able to use the money to invest, or open another business, that sort of thing. This is an opportunity for me.”

Tiffany knew he was right. He had been such a screw-up lately, she hated to be a stumbling block in his way to become successful, even in such a sordid venture as this. His video recording was already proving to be semi-successful, almost accidentally, and it seemed to ignite a passion in her son, something she'd never seen and always hoped would happen for him. She weighed the idea in her mind. The proposition he was presenting wasn't just that he continue his recording, but that she play a role, a major role. As flattering as it may be, this was completely out of the question.

“The whole idea disgusts me. I will need some time to think about it more, but for now, the answer is absolutely no.”

Ben's shoulders slumped. He couldn't hide his disappointment. He decided he would do more videos without his mom, but his new plan was to also do “dry-runs” where he would rehearse in the location where he was about to record. This way he could have a legitimate reason to be naked for longer periods of time. Hopefully this might break down his mom's resistance and make his nudity around the house more normal, and even possibly serve to motivate her to participate. It was a long shot, but he thought he would give it a try.

With this new mindset, he asked, “In the meantime, can I do a video in the living room? It has excellent lighting.”

“The living room? That seems a little unusual, don’t you think?”

“Actually, the furniture and lighting make it a perfect spot.” The real reason Ben wanted to record in the living room was its proximity to the kitchen, where his mom spent a good deal of her time. She was more likely to see him in the living room than most other locations around the house. Regardless of his recording, Ben was getting turned on by his mom seeing him masturbate and wanted to give her opportunities to see more. He was hoping that this could possibly lead to some sort of sexual experience between he and his mom.

“Okay, Ben. Just no video of me, understood?” Tiffany made a mental note to stay away from his video “set” this time.

“You got it, Mom.”

Ben showered and dressed in athletic shorts and a T-shirt. He grabbed a towel, his baby oil, and his camera and headed downstairs to “rehearse” his scene. After a quick breakfast, he was ready.

The living room connected to the kitchen by a small hallway and allowed a partial view between each room, so there were plenty of opportunities for Ben's mom to see what he was doing from her usual place in the kitchen; which is exactly why he wanted to record at that location.

Ben placed one of the leather chairs near one of the leaded glass windows which would serve as the center for his shot. He stripped off his shorts and T-shirt and was now naked in his living room. He rubbed the baby oil onto his cock and torso to give him a well-oiled sheen. As he prepared himself, he continuously looked to the kitchen to see what his mom was doing.

Tiffany was cleaning up after breakfast and had her back turned to Ben in the living room so she couldn't see that he was already naked and preparing for his video shoot. Ben walked back and forth in front of his mom's field of view hoping she would turn around and see him. Tiffany turned sideways to return the milk to the refrigerator and saw Ben moving around in her peripheral vision. She sensed that he didn't have any clothes on and turned her head to see him walking about with his penis in his hand. Tiffany furrowed her brow and walked over to

the living room and closed the French doors, then returned to the kitchen to finish cleaning.

Ben remained in the room for another ten minutes before giving up on his idea and returned to his bedroom. His plan had failed. Although she could still see most of what he was doing in the living room, the act of closing the doors was a turn off, and a sign that she truly wasn't interested. He vowed to try the same thing the next day.

Once upstairs, he dressed and decided to get out of the house for a while. He felt his project was going nowhere. Tiffany was relieved her son had left the living room and slipped her one-piece swimsuit on to spend some time swimming and laying out.

Ben visited Alex for the rest of the day while Tiffany laid out by the pool. She discovered that listening to music didn't improve her mood. Tiffany had been having a difficult time being alone. The sight of her son naked, his prodigious penis, and her husband's neglect, were all taking a toll on her. She wanted companionship, and when she didn't have it, she was short-tempered and intolerant. Ben's naked body reminded her exactly how uneventful and dull her life had become. She recalled the times when she and Larry would stay naked most of the day while

Ben was in school. She longed for that sexually exciting lifestyle again, but felt those days were long gone.

She felt she had an itch that she just couldn't scratch.

Tiffany wasn't completely honest with Ben when she said his father was on a business trip in Texas. Larry had another young girlfriend and was now keeping an apartment with her in California, not Texas. Larry knew Tiffany was aware of the situation, but he also knew she would do nothing about it. Now, Tiffany found herself feeling lonely and aching for physical contact most of the time. She dared not try to date as she didn't trust most men as they all seemed to be interested only in her body. She felt stuck. Now that Ben was strutting his giant penis around along with his beautiful, young body, she was being bombarded with sexual reminders of how her life used to be. The end result was that Tiffany was pissed off most of the time.

After an hour, she was too restless to relax, so she decided to try to masturbate again. She closed her eyes and massaged one of her large breasts with one hand. The other slipped down her tummy and moved the part of her suit covering her pussy to one side.

As Tiffany began gently stroking herself with her legs spread open, she tried to think of Larry on top of her, licking her pussy. She pictured his head between her thighs and sighed, feeling her pussy grow wetter.

In her fantasy, she imagined his tongue firmly lapping at her wet pussy. The head between her legs lifted and turned up to her. It was Ben's face.

'Damn it!' she thought, trying to will the fantasy man back into Larry, but it was no use.

Instead, in her daydream, Ben stood between her parted legs. Her son smiled at her, naked, and took ahold of his stiff cock. She squirmed on the chair, unaware that she was still pumping her soaked cunt. Ben's cock was huge and aimed right at her. It was shining and oil-covered as she had seen it yesterday by the pool. In the fantasy, Ben lined his cock up with her aching pussy then moved a hand to each of her breasts as he prepared to penetrate her.

Her eyes flew open. 'Stop it! My God!' She told herself. She hated the fact that her son and his immense penis kept creeping into her thoughts. She despised the situation she was in.

She tried adjusting her position and starting over. Again, she drew from her memories of her husband and recalled a day where they had sex at least four times. She remembered a few of the positions and where they had been. He fucked her doggy-style by the pool that day, not far from the spot she was in, and maybe on this exact chair, she couldn't remember.

Larry liked to talk during sex. In her fantasy, he was fucking her from behind.

“Oh fuck. Your pussy is really wet today,” he had said.

On that day, he continued to plow into her from behind with his stiff cock. She pushed right back, deepening his thrusts. She moaned as she maintained the fantasy, approaching orgasm. In the fantasy, he leaned forward to grab her tits. His mouth was right by her ear, his breath hot on her cheek.

“That's it, push into me. I'm about to cum. Can you feel me about to cum inside you, Mom?”

Her eyes flew open and she removed her hand.

“FUCK!” she said out loud, surprised by her own vulgarity.

‘I can’t do this,’ she thought, stopping her masturbation session short. She gave up and dove into the pool for a swim. Hopefully that would clear her thoughts.

After breakfast the next day, Tiffany noticed Ben was setting up the living room again. She called him to the kitchen to see what was going on. Ben, smiling to himself and feeling particularly bold, slipped out of the robe he was wearing and walked in, delighted that his mother actually called him into the kitchen.

“Jesus, Ben why are you naked?!” Tiffany’s eyes went right to his dangling cock. She took a good look at her son’s semi-erect penis as it drooped down between his legs like a thick meaty hose before forcing herself to look up.

“I have to re-take the recording from yesterday. It didn’t turn out.” Ben grabbed his cock and began stroking it as he turned and walked back to the living room. Tiffany followed, trying to keep her eyes from looking at his butt.

“Please finish quickly,” she commanded as she turned and walked away, leaving the French doors open behind her.

Ben situated himself so that he was near the entrance to the living room, just in front of the open French doors. He flexed his abs and stuck his hard cock out in front of him. From his position, he couldn't see if his mom was watching him or not, so he just stood in place jacking off very slowly hoping she would wander into sight of him as she worked in the kitchen.

Tiffany was wiping the counter that ran parallel to the hallway, giving her a clear view into the living room and saw Ben stroking his cock. As soon as she noticed, she set her towel down and was about to confront him, but found herself standing, watching her son from the kitchen instead.

“What the hell has gotten into me?” she wondered aloud. She decided to just let it go after watching the unusual sight for a few more minutes and walked across the kitchen and the large, sitting area to her master suite.

Tiffany became suddenly hot and felt the need to change into something more comfortable. Whether she admitted it or not, Ben's nudity was causing her to think sexual thoughts about her son, and with an increasing frequency each day. This reaction was

about to become immediately apparent in her choice of clothing.

Tiffany put on a black yoga top with long, thin, spaghetti-style elastic straps that struggled to keep her tits from hanging down to their natural state. She only wore it to bed, and never around the house. Her hard nipples and her white globes were essentially visible through the thinly stretched elastic fabric. Tiffany slipped into a tight pair of red shorts that revealed quite a bit of her butt. Had she looked at herself in the mirror, she may have had second thoughts about what she was about to wear in front of her naked, masturbating son.

Ben hadn't seen his mom in the kitchen for a good while and assumed she had left to another part of the house. He slumped into the chair with the camera off, discouraged. He hadn't even achieved a proper erection. Feeling melancholy, he sat there letting his cock hang down to one side. He was trying to determine what he should do for his next video, and how to get his mom motivated. At least he'd managed to be out in the living room, completely naked. If nothing else, he created a precedent that could allow him to record in other common rooms around the house.

He heard his mom's shoes click softly as she approached the room.

“Are you done?” she asked, just as Ben turned his head around.

“Holy shit!” Ben uttered a bit louder than he intended to. Tiffany's tits were undulating and wobbling wildly as she walked into the living room. They seemed to be moving on their own under the thin yoga top she was wearing. Ben couldn't believe his eyes. Her nipples and all their glorious detail could be seen as they pressed firmly against the shirt. He had never seen so much of her body exposed.

Without any reservation, or exercising any restraint, the naked Ben stood up and walked toward his mom. He said nothing. He simply moved to a point where he was about five feet away from her, took his dick in one hand, and started jacking off. At that point, he didn't give a damn about losing his camera, getting her pissed off, or even his father finding out. This was a once-in-a-lifetime opportunity to pleasure himself to the sexiest sight he had ever seen.

“What the heck are you doing?” Tiffany put her hands on her hips, but didn't walk away, nor did she

make any effort to cover her nearly-exposed breasts under her sexy top. Her eyes locked on his growing penis. It had stiffened significantly in the seconds she had been standing there.

‘Damn, he’s big,’ she thought, staring openly at his cock. Tiffany fought the urge to leave the room. She wanted her son to stop and leave the living room, but her choice of clothing and her body language were serving to encourage him to continue his inappropriate behavior.

Ben stared back at his mom and felt his balls tighten. ‘She really gets me off,’ he thought, bringing himself to the edge of orgasm with only a few deliberate strokes. He felt the need to cum and smacked his rock-hard cock against his palm in an effort to delay the inevitable. It didn’t help.

“Ben?!” Tiffany only realized she had been staring at his cock when he smacked it against his palm. The fleshy sound snapped her out of her trance. She realized that Ben was looking at her with the exact expression he’d had in her fantasy, as he prepared to enter her pussy.

Ben paused momentarily as his cum barreled through his cock.

“Fffffuuuccckkk! Mom!” he cried, shoving his cock out and launching three rapid-fire bursts of cum toward her.

“Jesus, Ben, already?!” Tiffany said, her mouth falling open. She backed up a few steps, although his ejaculate would have fallen short from where she was standing anyway.

His cum landed in wet streaks on the hardwood floor between them, splattering as they fell. Tiffany stood looking at her son’s pulsing cock, gaping. Ben panted as he streamed several more wet stripes onto the floor. Tiffany gasped in shock with each one.

When he’d finished, Tiffany observed the mess he had made. Ben gave his dick a shake, sending errant cum drops flying.

“What the heck, Ben? Now I’ve got to clean all this up!” She pointed at the thick trails of cum.

Ben simply shrugged, responding with a half-hearted, “Sorry, Mom.”

Tiffany, at a loss for words, turned and walked away. Her hips moving sideways, her slightly pigeon-toed instep caused her ass to move in a sexy pendulum motion.

Ben knew at that moment that he had pushed the envelope a bit too far and quickly dashed upstairs.

Tiffany returned to the living room, sponge in hand. She investigated her son's cooling cum, streaked in wet lines on the floor. It was an impressive load. She knelt and began wiping it up, her mind replaying the scene of his spitting cock. Tiffany looked up to where Ben had just stood and in her mind's eye, her son was still there, looking at her with that horny look that he has. She imagined herself, kneeling on the floor in front of him, as his penis exploded. She would have been soaked in cum if she'd been kneeling right here, where she was cleaning up, when he ejaculated.

Her heart was pounding in her chest. She felt her pussy throb between her thighs and was overcome in that moment, kneeling in her son's cum puddle.

In a panicked rush, Tiffany dropped the sponge and darted across the house to her room. Closing the door, she yanked her shorts off and stuck three fingers deep into her hot, slippery pussy. She was overwhelmed with thoughts of her son's giant dick being stroked as he looked at her body. Her efforts to limit her son's sexual behavior by allowing him to record in select parts of the house had utterly failed.

Now her situation was even worse than it was before. She was unable to put off her urges this time and succumbed to her deep desire to have an orgasm.

“Aaaahhhhhh!” she cried, her pussy making wet sloshing sounds as she stood, using her extended fingers to fuck herself fast and frantically. Her legs began shaking as pent-up pleasure devastated her. She came in a matter of seconds.

“Ohhh fuck... ohhh fuck...!” Days of holding off had produced one of the best orgasms she could remember. Huffing and out of breath from her fast, yet exhausting masturbation session, she collapsed on the bed. Filled with guilt and remorse for having given in to the fantasy of sex with her son.

Unable to control her thoughts about her Ben, Tiffany rolled over and masturbated two more times to the scene that she witnessed in the living room, but she still wasn't sated. She went to her computer and accessed Ben's video that she'd downloaded the other night. She came two more times over the course of the short movie. When it was over, she flopped back onto her bed, finally satisfied.

She was surprised that her orgasms had been as fast and as powerful as they were. She realized with

a feeling of shame that she was already hooked on this incestuous fantasy. She knew that part of the intensity she experienced was due to her reluctantly giving in to the taboo desire for her son. She had crossed a line and she had serious doubts she could ever go back to the time before she had cum to the thoughts of having sex with her very own son. It was a very powerful fantasy that produced intense results.

Tiffany was angry with herself for giving in to such depraved cravings. She was deep in thought as she rose, returning to the living room to finish cleaning up her son's spilt semen. She then reluctantly went out to the kitchen to see what she could prepare for lunch. She kept her sexy outfit on without thinking about how she looked. Her inhibitions were wearing down with Ben's over-sexed behavior on display around the house, just as Ben had hoped.

Upstairs, Ben lay on his bed wishing he had been filming and that he had a video of his mom in that insanely revealing outfit. After returning several emails and messages from the website, he went downstairs to see if she was about. He needed to apologize.

Ben entered the kitchen to find lunch waiting for him. He took a seat at the counter while Tiffany was wiping down the island. She had hoped to avoid him and return to her room without having to say something about his overtly sexual behavior he displayed in the living room.

“Mom, listen, I... I’m really sorry. It’s just... You looked so sexy, I... I don’t know what happened...” Ben noticed she was wearing the same outfit and began rubbing his cock discretely. She looked more relaxed than she was earlier.

‘What’s gotten into Mom? She’s still wearing those clothes, damn. This is crazy!’ He knew he could probably cum again in a few minutes if he started jacking off.

Tiffany thought it might be a good idea to try to control the situation rather than deny her son his decision to make videos. The thought of being around such a virile, well-hung young man also began to pop into her mind uncontrollably. She was becoming sexual again, and it made her feel both excited and angry. Excited that she was having these feelings at all; angry that this was happening as a result of her son.

Tiffany decided that at this point, it was easier to give in. She may be able to have more control over the situation if she played a bigger role in what he did.

“Ben... about the video recording... I’ve made up my mind.” She paused from wiping the counter.

Ben put his fork down and examined his mother’s demeanor. All he could see was her tits.

“So, will you pose in my videos?” Ben gripped his cock firmly, hoping she had changed her mind.

Tiffany crossed her arms causing most of her breasts to spill out of her top.

“Well, I’ve been thinking about this and I’ll tell you what, as long as you don’t show my face, and I’m not naked in any way, I’ll see what I can do to help you out.” Tiffany nearly had a heart attack speaking those words. To her embarrassment, her pussy instantly became soaking wet.

Until a couple of days ago, she didn’t have any secret incest fantasies, nor did she entertain any fantasies about her son prior to that time. Now everything was changing. The extraordinary orgasms she just enjoyed told her that she couldn’t

control how aroused she was becoming as a result of her son's antics.

Ben couldn't believe his ears; he smiled wide. "Mom, that's great! I know we'll sell thousands of dollars of downloads with you helping out!"

"Well, I hope so, Ben." She walked around the counter and gave her son a hug.

As she pulled back, she couldn't help but notice the erection stretching the crotch of his shorts. In that moment, she wondered if she could actually do this.

"Now, finish your lunch before it gets cold."

The next day, Ben came down for breakfast and discovered his mom dressed in a short, black skirt and a tight, white T-shirt. Once again, it was immediately obvious that she wasn't wearing a bra. The shape of her tits under the light fabric was obvious, as was the dark pinkish color of her nipples underneath. Ben always thought his mom was hot, but this was something else entirely. She had the type of body you would see in a porn video, only better because his mom didn't look cheap and overly made-up like so many porn actresses. He thought

about what it would be like to have access to her entire body.

“Good morning, Mom. You look amazing today!” Ben smiled crookedly and was scanning his mother’s body as she prepared their meal.

“Good morning, Ben. Oh,” she said glancing down, “thank you.” She observed the broad swell of her tits, topped by her visible nipples in the translucent shirt. She was a little embarrassed to note that her nipples were showing more prominently than they were in her bedroom mirror.

“Oh, Mom. I have an idea for my next video!” Ben’s voice was filled with excitement.

“My goodness,” Tiffany sighed, “already? What is it?” Tiffany was nervous about the entire idea. She was still having second thoughts, but after masturbating two more times this morning when she awoke to the thought of modelling for her son’s videos, she found herself uncontrollably aroused.

Ben continued, “You will be in a bathing suit laying out by the pool. You can wear sunglasses and a hat, just to be sure your face isn’t captured.”

“No face, no nudity.” Tiffany reinforced her boundary.

“Right. Anyway, I’ll have the camera near you. The view will be your body as I sneak up close without you knowing I’m there. I take off my swimming suit and start masturbating. Then I climax and you get mad at me and I run off.”

“Why do you run off?” Tiffany thought the idea was reasonable.

“I’m not supposed to be sneaking around jacking off in front of my mom, so I run away. The series I’m trying to create is about a pervy teenager who has a thing for his mom. This is the content that I’m selling.”

“I understand. What do I wear? It should be on the sexy side, right?”

Ben loved how willing his mom had become. He was relieved beyond words that she had agreed to at least do something to help him out. Just her being present in the video is helpful, but he planned to escalate her degree of undress as much as possible, and not necessarily just to sell more videos. He wanted her.

“A bathing suit; a bikini would be best.”

“Which one?” Tiffany was now preoccupied with how she presented herself as the mother in this

video.

“Mom, I don’t know which ones you have that would work. Why don’t you try on a couple tomorrow? We will plan to shoot the video around noon. The lighting will be awesome then.”

Tiffany looked out through the kitchen window to the back yard, deep in thought. “Okay. That’s a good idea, that way I will know for sure which one will work. After breakfast, I have to run some errands. I’ll be back in a couple of hours.”

After their conversation, Tiffany became preoccupied with the scene that they would shoot tomorrow. Ben had no idea how serious she would take this commitment to be in his videos. He decided to go outside and work on the setting for the next day’s recording. He had a lot of work to do writing out sketches for the other videos he planned to do too. At that particular point, the only thought he had was to keep this “Mom Catches Me” series going for as long as possible.

The next day, Ben awoke just before eight o’clock in the morning. He had a huge, throbbing erection that would not go away on its own. Sitting down behind his computer, he began to masturbate to his latest video. His mom’s ass was so hot in her

shorts... he knew this wouldn't take long. Then, he caught himself, realizing that he was an adult video performer now and he needed a big "money shot" for his video that day. He couldn't just jack off whenever he wanted any more. This thought turned him on even more, which unfortunately, prolonged his agony.

He reluctantly stuffed his straining erection into his shorts.

Tiffany was downstairs making Ben's breakfast. She had on a short robe with the first swim suit she wanted to show him under it. The previous afternoon she had shopped for bathing suits and a few other outfits that she thought might look good in a video. She was a good deal more excited about this than she thought she would be.

"Good morning, Mom," Ben took his place at the counter.

"Good morning, Ben... Oh! I went shopping yesterday for a couple of outfits for the videos. I bought bathing suits and a couple of other things."

Ben's eyes lit up. "That's awesome, Mom! I can't wait to see them!" Ben looked at his mom's robe and determined she must be wearing one of them. He

stared at her with anticipation, gripping his cock through his shorts out of her line of sight.

Tiffany smiled. “Ah, ah, I’ll show you after breakfast.”

Ben finished his bacon and eggs and went upstairs to shower. He made sure to shave, put on cologne, and use hair gel in his hair so he would look his best. He dressed in his bathing trunks and a T-shirt, then grabbed his fully-charged camera and tripod, and went downstairs to the sitting area just outside his mom and dad’s room. His dick had been in a semi-erect state all morning. He seriously did not know how he was going to last more than five strokes in a shoot with his mom.

After waiting a few minutes, Tiffany appeared, still in her robe.

“So, would you like to see my new outfits, Mr. Movie Director?” she teased.

“I’m ready when you are, Mom.” Ben was in no rush. He was enjoying every second of this.

She smiled and walked past him, standing in the sunlight streaming through a nearby window. She dropped her robe.

Ben's jaw dropped and his eyes grew wide.

Tiffany stood, letting her son appraise her, turning back and forth so he had a nice view. She was wearing shiny white, four-inch heels with a matching white bikini. The bottoms were thin and hugged her butt nicely. Her top had one string that connected each cup at the top and tied around her neck. The other two strings connected at the sides and tied at the center of her back. There was a thin white cord with gold detail that barely kept the cups together in the front. Ben stared at her sublime body. Her top simply could not hold her breasts. Supple, freckled flesh spilled out everywhere. Ben noticed her breasts coming out of the sides, deep cleavage, and even some skin coming out underneath. Her tits were exposed wherever the fabric ended. Since this top was considerably smaller than her regular suits, Ben could see her obvious tan lines.

He noticed her nipples were hard and created bumps through the fabric near the top of her cups.

Ben's mom had large, round, very full breasts that hung down and were a little loose around her body so they moved when she walked or, for that matter, did anything else. Ben loved how they looked on her since they were so big and natural

looking. Any time he could see her in an outfit like this was a special event.

“Well, what do you think?” she asked Ben. Her pussy was throbbing and felt scorching hot in the thin bottoms.

“Wow! That’s just... wow. Mom.” Ben was shaking his head. His now, full-blown erection was sticking up and noticeable. He’d unknowingly grabbed it and was squeezing it over his shorts absentmindedly.

She smiled anxiously, turning for him, then said, “They are all a little small in the top. It’s really hard to get my size up there, unless I custom order.” She felt a bit self-conscious.

Tiffany was a combination of nervous and aroused. Speaking so frankly to her son about her breasts and body was something that she was unfamiliar with. She turned back around and noticed her son gripping his hard penis under his shorts, which encouraged her. She had to admit, she loved having this effect on her son.

“Yeah, that’s a shame, Mom.” Ben smiled and, realized he was holding his dick. He didn’t want to cum prematurely, so he let it go.

“Ok, ready for the next one?”

“Let’s do it!” Ben said excitedly.

Tiffany walked past him, back into her room. She felt her pussy leaking through her suit as she walked.

Ben watched his mom disappear into her room. He had to get up and pace to avoid jacking off before his shoot. He was now concerned that he would not be able to last long enough to get a usable length of video.

Tiffany soon emerged sporting a salmon-colored bikini that had a push-up style bra for a top and bottoms that were high at the hips, which made her legs look long and sexy. The top made her tits shake due to the fact that they only supported the lower half of her breasts. It was a ridiculous looking top for a woman with her cup size to wear.

“Damn, Mom! Did you try these on before you bought them?” Ben only asked because they looked scandalous on her, and not something that he thought she would ever buy for herself.

Tiffany blushed, then modeled for her son, again turning in place to give him a good look.

“Yes, but these tops were the largest they had, and these are for a special occasion anyway, not for public.”

As she walked back into her room, Ben wondered if his mom actually realized that she was about to make a video wearing these very suits and that potentially tens of thousands of people will see her in them.

Tiffany wiped herself in her bathroom after changing out of her last bikini. She was dripping wet and was afraid her son might notice, or worse yet, she'd be visibly wet on camera later on.

She came out about five minutes later with a skin-tight, ultra-thin, pull-over blouse. No bra. Her tits shook and jiggled obscenely when she walked. Although it wasn't see-through, it was without a doubt the hottest thing Ben had ever seen in his life. It clung to every curve of her breasts, every bump on her hard nipples. It was as though her top was spray-painted on her chest. Seeing her as she shook and wiggled across the room made Ben want to tear the clothes off of her and fuck her thoroughly right then and there.

“Mom, you look hot in anything you wear, but these new outfits will make you an Internet

sensation!” Ben’s cock throbbed powerfully in his shorts. He was now afraid he’d ejaculate without even touching himself. He couldn’t wait to jack off in front of his mom later.

“Why don’t you wear the salmon-colored bathing suit and meet me outside.”

“Okay, Ben. I’ll be right out.”

Ben set the camera on the tripod just under the patio veranda. He angled it toward the chaise his mom will be laying on, about eight feet away. The camera was about three feet off the ground, enough to catch his torso down to his feet and the perfect height to video his mom’s perfect body. Having an idea of how he should place the camera, he waited to record his mom as she walked out to the pool.

Ben trained the camera on his mom as she sauntered toward him from the house. She was swaying and wiggling the entire walk out. In reality, there were few women on the Web, or in public for that matter, that could match her body. Long legs, narrow waist, rounded hips, perfect ass, flat stomach, and tits so big and perfect that they could stop traffic.

“Okay, Ben. Where do you want me?” She stood with one hand on her hip.

“Here, let’s try this.”

Ben guided his mom down on the pool recliner and adjusted the back so her breasts would hang just right as she lay in the chair. He looked down at her, pausing for a moment. She looked up at him intently. He felt the urge to grab her huge tits and fondle them roughly. He fought it, resigned to stare at them up close. He had to marvel at his unbelievable fortune.

“You lay there with your eyes closed. I’m going to record for about one minute in this position, then, I’m going to pause the camera and shoot myself as I see you from over there near the house. After that, I’m going to come back over here and film myself approaching you. By that time, I will have stripped my shorts off and I’ll be masturbating. The camera will be on the tripod so I’ll be standing right here.”

Ben pointed to a spot that was literally two feet away from his mom, near her left thigh.

“Do you want me to wear my sunglasses?” In all her excitement, Tiffany forgot one of her boundaries: not to show her face.

“No Mom. Remember, you don’t want your face recorded. The way I have the camera focused, your head is out of the frame.

“Oh, right. So, then I don’t actually have to close my eyes either. Okay. I’m ready when you are!”

“When I’m about to cum, you pretend to wake up and yell at me... like you would if it were really happening. Something like, ‘Oh my God, Son! What’s wrong with you?’ or whatever.”

“Okay. I can do that. When do I stop yelling?”

“Yell until I turn the camera off.”

Ben began recording. He took the solo shots of his mom lying in the chair from inside the house. In first-person point of view, he recorded his walking through the door, behind a bush, around the pool and finally behind his mom to her left. He took his time and moved the camera so it looked as though he was spying on her. He was particularly focused on her tits that looked so amazing he could sell videos of them alone. His first shots told the story of a horny son creeping up on his mom while she was sunbathing. He felt his direction and camera work were solid. He had all the filming done that he would later edit as needed. Now he carefully secured

the camera on the tripod and stripped off his shorts. His cock had been hard the whole time.

Ben quickly checked the framing in the viewfinder. The camera showed his mom from her chin down to her toes. He observed her heavenly body while simultaneously, pulling out and stroked his big, fat cock right in front of her. Her tits looked like they were inviting him for a soft, but furious tit-fuck, her legs begged to be caressed, her pussy was meant to be stuffed full with his dick.

He stroked his cock slowly as he prepared for the scene, then looked up and saw that his mom was staring straight at his cock.

“Are you set up yet?” She asked, speaking for the first time since he began recording. It looked like she was addressing his stiff dick, just over a foot from her face. Ben wanted to spray her with cum right there, but he fought the urge.

“I’m ready.” Ben walked past his mom as he stroked his cock slowly. The camera was facing Tiffany from the direction of her feet.

Tiffany was going crazy. She needed to cum badly. Her mouth was now watering whenever she saw his enormous tool. And her tingling pussy was

so wet, she had saturated her suit. She could feel her moisture leak out and run down the inside of her ass cheeks, forming a small, moist spot on the chair below her butt. This was far more difficult than she imagined, but not for the reasons she thought it would be. She was too aroused, too into the recording, too hot for her son. She felt like she needed a good fucking.

‘How did I get myself into this crazy mess?’ She wondered.

Ben situated himself next to the chair, positioning himself behind her and to her left and looking down at her body. The camera faced them several feet away from the foot of the chair. The shot would show him jacking off as she lay in the lounge chair. He got into position and gripped his cock. He was already at the edge of an orgasm, knowing he’d only be able to manage a few strokes before cumming.

He slowly started jerking off, looking at his mother’s glorious tits. She had her face positioned straight ahead but her eyes were looking sideways to watch.

‘Fuck she looks good...’ he thought, stopping his stroking hand, not wanting the scene to be too short. Precum began dripping from the tip of his cock.

The scene was too sexy, his mom was too irresistible. As he held his engorged cock, so close to cumming, he saw his mom turn her head, she apparently thought it was her cue. Her face was no more than two feet from his cock as he held the swollen monster.

Ben was taken by surprise. He didn't realize that when she would turn to see him that she would be so close to his dick. The fact he was now, jacking off two feet from his mom's face, as she lay in the most revealing bikini he had ever seen her wear, caused an immediate explosion.

“FFFffuuuuuuckkkkk!! He yelled, thrusting his dick out, nearly touching her chin. He moved the head quickly away from her face.

The first, thick rope of semen traveled across her torso, to her legs and landed heavily on both thighs with a wet splatter.

“Aaaahhh!” Tiffany squealed in shock, waving her hands. But she remained in position as his hot cum coated her thighs.

Ben turned his cock slightly as the second rope burst forcefully from his head, wanting to cum on as much of his mom's body as possible. His aim was

true. The second volley splattered powerfully against her round tits barely covered by the bikini top.

“EEEEHHH!” she squealed again daintily as her son doused her tits with a steady, thick stream.

Without even pumping himself, he angled his cock further and jetted again, spurting onto her bare stomach and creating a small puddle in her belly button.

Tiffany yelled, on cue, but not as part of her script. Her yelling was in her surprise that Ben came all over her, and that he came so quickly.

Ben’s knees buckled as he splattered his mom’s body with his hot, sticky semen. His saving himself this morning paid off in the outrageous amount of cum he deposited on her body. After the initial surprise, Tiffany lay still, letting her son ejaculate all over her. She felt the hot, thick streams of cum speckle and splatter all over her exposed skin. She could have cum in an instant had she so much as touched her pussy with her finger. As he collapsed to his knees, his cock dragged down her thigh, leaving a fresh, wet trail. He held his spurting cock firmly through his orgasm, even carelessly slapping his

dick against her bare leg, until the rush finally subsided.

It was done.

“Was that ok?” Tiffany asked tentatively.

“Oh, man...” Ben moaned. His head swam. It was a huge orgasm. As Ben recovered, the realization that he had cum much too soon became apparent.

“That was unbelievably okay!” Ben laughed.

Ben looked down at his mom, he needed a new plan. There was no way he could sell such a short video, no matter how hot it was...

(Continued in “Mom’s Home Movies Chapter 2”)

Mom's Home Movies Ch. 02

Thanks to Literotica member, Smoothed, for his invaluable help with editing and creative ideas.

As Ben was trying to figure out what he would do to save such a hot scene that was clearly too short to sell on the website, Tiffany sat there, in a sort of sexual shock, feeling Ben's cum slowly oozing over her skin, still holding her hands up like she was being robbed.

“Damn it!” Ben was angry with himself, but not for accidentally cumming on his mom. He was upset because there was only about three minutes of actual masturbation footage, and only a total of about six minutes to the entire video.

Although Tiffany screamed when her son ejaculated all over her, it was curious that she didn't move off the lounge, or start to clean the semen off of her body. She remained seated as if she'd been glued in place.

“Wow, that was really something. You ejaculated a lot!” She looked down over her body. “And so fast, too! Um, how many minutes was that?”

Ben sighed, looking over at his mom. “Something like six.” Ben watched the cum run down her breast onto her top saturating the fabric at the edges of her new suit.

“Is that enough?” Tiffany looked concerned. Ben was wondering when she was going to get up and wash his sticky cum off of her body.

“Not even close. Sorry.” Ben couldn’t pry his eyes away from the sight of his mom’s breasts.

“What does this mean?” Tiffany had expected the shoot to last more like thirty minutes, not six.

“It means that I couldn’t hold back my orgasm. I lost control.”

Tiffany reflected on what her son was saying, ‘He couldn’t hold back his orgasm because he was masturbating while looking at me. That is just so naughty! But how is he going to record videos if this keeps happening?’

She discovered that, despite how inappropriate the entire event was, she liked being an active part

of the video shoot. She didn't like the fact that she found it to be the most exciting thing she had ever done, sexually, and she was surprised by the effect it was having on her. She was ashamed that she found herself wanting to do more scenes with her son. She had never been masturbated on like this and she found it incredibly arousing.

“What are we going to do? You can't charge very much for a six-minute video, can you?” Tiffany wasn't sure what the minimum was for the site, but she was certain it would be more than six minutes.

“I could masturbate ahead of time so it makes it more difficult for me to have an orgasm, but that would make me ejaculate less, and people like to see a lot of that.” Ben nodded toward the semen on her body.

“Well you certainly checked that box,” she joked, tentatively dipping a finger into the cum that pooled in her belly button. She pinched a thick strand and drew it up into a long, sticky line, fascinated. “Why don't we just wait until you feel more in the mood and try again in a little while?” Tiffany cringed after her suggestion, embarrassed that she suggested another recording session so soon.

Ben liked that idea. He also liked that it was her idea. He would be able to jack off in front of his mom again. He could still use all the filler shots and hopefully, it won't take too long for him to rejuvenate so he could at least achieve another erection.

“Okay. Good idea, Mom. I'll take a swim and try again.”

Ben jumped in the pool, naked, and swam around, trying to exert himself in an effort to take his mind off of his hotter-than-hot mom. He did a lap and turned to repeat the process.

Tiffany followed him into the pool, though she waded in using the stairs instead of jumping in. As her thighs entered the water, Ben's cum rinsed off in wispy white trails. She waded in the waist-deep water over to the waterfall and leaned her semen-covered breasts into the cascading falls. She proceeded to shake her tits and rub her body to rinse off his spunk.

Ben watched from across the pool as his mom shook her body and enjoyed the refreshing water. He was hard again in no time.

As Ben was casually stroking himself below the water, he began to think of his situation much differently. He realized that this entire time he had been mostly looking at this “project” as a way to make money, rather than a way for him to be sexual with his mom. Tiffany’s resistance was noticeably wearing down, albeit slowly, and Ben wanted to take advantage of this in as many ways as possible. Previous thoughts of finding a girlfriend, now that he was back at home from college, had been pushed to the back of his mind. Thoughts of developing a sexual relationship with his mom were now at the forefront.

‘Fuck! I’m an ass. I can record video any time. I should be trying to get closer to Mom.’ He thought about what was happening sexually right before his eyes and decided to change his approach to his video making efforts.

Ben lifted himself out of the pool and sat on its edge, bare-assed on the rough deck surface. His cock towered stiffly from his waist, but wasn’t quite fully hard. Tiffany was still splashing under the waterfall looking in his direction.

“Hey Mom?” Ben waved her over, wondering if she would come toward him with his cock exposed

as it was.

She didn't even hesitate.

Tiffany was hoping to steal a moment away from Ben to touch herself and get some sexual relief, but it didn't look like that was going to happen. She waded slowly through the water toward her virile, young son. Although hidden by her sun glasses, she never took her eyes off of his cock. He was seated on the edge near the deeper end and the water level rose on her body as she approached him.

Tiffany stopped a few feet away from her son and stood on the floor of the pool with half her body sticking out of the water. Her tits were bulging out of her revealing top. She seemed unaware that her nipples were nearly visible at the edge of the garment. Ben slowly grabbed his cock in his hand and began stroking himself right in front of her. His seated position brought his crotch to about neck level relative to his mom, standing in the water. She turned her head to pretend she was looking away while watching him jack off out of the corner of her eye.

After a few seconds, she gathered the courage to face him.

“It looks like you’re... you’ve got an erection again,” she observed.

“Not quite, Mom. It needs to be a little harder. I was really hard for the first part.”

“Am I helping?” Tiffany felt a little embarrassed, but wanted him to say ‘yes’ so she wouldn’t have to turn away. She swished her hands around in the water.

“Of course, Mom. Your body is so sexy!” Ben was already feeling his erection turn completely hard in his hand.

It only took a few more strokes for his cock to become fully engorged. In no time, he was ready again. As he sat handling his big dick, he was aware that an awkward silence had come over his mom. Not wanting to scare his mother off just when things were getting interesting, Ben decided it would be safer to try to record again.

Ben’s overt sexual behavior was becoming normalized to the point where he could now just stroke his cock in front of his mom. He also saw that she was following his directions. He could do a lot with this information.

“Let’s try again, Mom.”

“Ok, sure.”

Ben got out and grabbed a towel from the outdoor chest near the veranda. He tossed one to his mom as she rose out of the pool. They both took care to completely dry off and resumed the same position they were in prior to his ejaculation.

All Ben had to do was start the camera from where his lower body was near his mom's. He needed about ten minutes of jacking-off to save the video.

Tiffany settled onto her spot on the chaise lounge. “Is it going to be recording sound, too?”

“Yes, so remember, when you notice that I am coming, sit up, and yell, like you did before. Try to react naturally, oh, and don't use my real name, use, um, Bobby.”

“Bobby? Why Bobby?” Tiffany asked.

“It sounds like a horny son's name, I don't know. It's not important.”

After they dried, Ben took his place and began slowly stroking his dick. It was still very hard. He found it absolutely fantastic to be able to jack off while looking at his mom's body while she was

watching him. His balls churned in that familiar feeling and he actually feared he would cum too quickly again.

He stopped masturbating, went behind the camera and shot some footage of Tiffany's tits as she lay in the chair for additional footage.

Back in the scene again, Ben pushed his cock out so the camera would see it posed just in front of his mom, who laid perfectly still, as if she were sleeping. He grabbed his cock with both hands and stroked it for a few moments, then switched to one hand, to reveal more of his penis to the camera. He moved to where he was in more of a profile position, standing parallel to her breasts. Ben looked over to his mom's face and she was, once again, watching him jack off. She gave him an awkward smile. A bird chirped pleasantly over the faint sounds of the fountain in the distance. Ben found the entire experience to be sexually surreal.

After several minutes of pumping his long, thick tool, he was ready. He estimated that his timing would now be closer to what it should be. He adjusted his feet slightly and slowed his strokes, aiming at his mom's tits again.

He sighed deeply as he came. A burst of cum shot across both of her tits as she lay there, “Aaah!”

“What? What is that?” She sat up dramatically and turned her chest toward Ben, lifting her chin up to keep her face out of the frame.

Ben grunted and added a second, smaller rope to the top of her cleavage.

“Oh my God! What the hell! Benny!”

He squirted a small, final line of semen on the top curves of her tits before he ran out of cum.

“I can’t believe you would ejaculate all over your mom! Get in the house right now. You’re in big trouble!”

Ben ran off in front of the camera and out of view as Tiffany sat up, sticking her chest out toward the camera.

“That son of mine,” she commented, trailing her manicured nails through the streaks of hot, pale cum.

She pushed her tits together by pulling her elbows in. She turned slightly back and forth wanting to be sure the camera got a good view of the cum on her boobs as Ben silently returned to the scene watching her. The salmon-colored bikini top

made a nice background color for the chunky white lines of cum oozing down her breasts.

“How was that?” she asked after waiting what felt like an appropriate amount of time.

“That was good, Mom. We should have a great video. When I edit, I’ll have to see which climax scene is best, the first or second. What do you think?” Ben looked at Tiffany who was looking down at her son’s cum on her body.

“I think the first one. You had a lot more semen the first time.” As Tiffany watched her son’s cum slowly run down her chest she was again reminded how deviant and sordid her situation had become with her son.

Ben added, “I like the ‘Benny,’ by the way. It makes more sense than Bobby and is just as effective.”

It was still surreal, talking to his mother casually, naked, as she sat with his cum on her tits.

“Oh, good. So, I was alright?”

“Alright?” Mom, I could sell pictures of you in that bathing suit and make a fortune. You are one-of-a-kind hot.”

“Oh, please! Let’s have some lunch.” Tiffany used her towel to soak up the cum on her chest and the two went inside.

Ben brought the camera and tripod in while Tiffany started lunch. He smiled, then shook his head realizing that he had just cum all over his mom’s hot body twice and she was now making him lunch.

‘A week ago, I would have never believed it,’ he thought.

Tiffany was beginning to feel like she was wanted again. She missed feeling sexual and she now realized, without any doubt in her mind, that her son desired her sexually. It was an amazing feeling and she wanted more of it. As shameful and inappropriate as it was, it was gratifying to be lusted after; and because it was Ben, she felt it was somehow more acceptable to her than if it were another man. The reservations she had of helping him with his videos, while still very much on her mind, were slowly fading.

After lunch, Ben loaded the video and edited it. Tiffany’s direct participation made it his best yet. He was able to edit the first, larger cumshot onto the longer footage of the second jack off scene.

Although the sun was in a slightly different position in the sky on the footage he shot later, he decided it wasn't a big deal. The results weren't perfect, but it was a hot scene, nonetheless. It took him most of the night to get the recording to the point where it could be uploaded.

The next morning, Ben came downstairs wearing black soccer shorts and a white T-shirt. He brought his laptop to check the response from yesterday's video, "Mom Gets Sprayed." He was surprised to see his mom in her short robe with what appeared to be another bathing suit on under it.

"Good morning, Mom."

"Good morning, Benny!" She smiled at her son. Ben's dick twitched.

"What's the plan for today?" Tiffany was curious what her son was going to video.

Ben was delighted that his mom was thinking about recording today. He hadn't thought about what to do next.

"Right now, I want to see what sort of response we got from the shoot we did yesterday." Ben opened his laptop and logged on to the Hot

Amateurs site. His mom sat next to him at the bar looking at the screen.

Ben gaped for a moment. “Ninety-two downloads, thirty messages. I charged thirty dollars for that too.”

“That’s great, right?” Tiffany looked at Ben.

Ben laughed. “After the website’s cut, I will have made a grand total of five thousand dollars on all the videos combined. That’s in about three days. Yeah, I would say that’s great!”

“Oh, Ben! I’m so impressed!” Tiffany tried to be encouraging toward her son; however, she had an uneasy appreciation for her son’s prosperity. After all, he was making money by selling pornographic videos, a fact that continued to make her uncomfortable. ‘At least it’s just the two of us.’ She reassured herself.

“Thanks, Mom. You make it easy.”

“What’s that name in the upper right corner of the screen?” Tiffany pointed to the login information.

“That’s my username: MOMCAUGHTME. Every member has to have one to join. All our videos are under that name.”

Tiffany took delight in the fact he called them “our” videos.

“Well?” Tiffany was picking up the kitchen after breakfast.

“Well, what?”

“What’s the plan today?”

Ben wanted to get closer to his mom with each video. What he really wanted to do was to have physical access to her tits, but he knew she wasn’t ready for that yet.

“I want to do something different today. I am going to sit next to you on the couch while we pretend to watch TV. I’ll be holding onto a pillow at my left side.” Ben walked into the living room and sat on the couch in front of the TV. He modeled what he was saying as Tiffany looked on intently.

“I’ll be in shorts, but will have my penis out masturbating. You will be sitting next to me in a revealing top and I’ll video from a stationary position up and to my right side.”

“Okay.” Tiffany thought it was a good idea. It was the same “mom caught me” theme that seemed to be selling so well.

“The scene will start with me looking at your breasts in first-person perspective, then I’ll join you on the couch. While you watch TV, I’ll slowly and carefully take my penis out from the leg of my shorts. I start masturbating and you just sit there, unaware of what’s going on. Act casual, you know?”

Tiffany nodded.

“Just before I’m about to have an orgasm, I will sort of shake the couch to give you a heads-up. You turn toward me and say, ‘You’ve got to be kidding me,’ something like that. I’ll cum and you yell, or scream, or whatever and walk off toward your left. That ends the scene.”

“What top should I wear?” Tiffany was standing up now looking down at her seated son. She observed his erection swelling in his shorts, a sight she was now accustomed to, but never seemed to tire of.

“Wear something you don’t mind getting semen on.” Do you have any tops that are very low-cut, but not lingerie or bras?”

“I think so.” Tiffany left to search her closet.

While Tiffany was off to change, Ben brought his camera down, opened the shades, and turned on the

lights.

He changed into a different, looser pair of shorts and a black T-shirt.

After a few minutes, Tiffany walked into the room. “How’s this?”

Her huge, tits were pressed together and pushed up in a purple-colored, lacey, bustier top. It looked like lingerie to Ben.

“That’s really hot, Mom, but we need something a little more realistic. Do you have a thin jacket, or an open-front sweater you can wear to partially conceal what you’re wearing? Just so it looks like you’re trying to be a little more modest?”

Tiffany returned in a thin, white cardigan with only the lower two buttons holding it together. Her large breasts spilled out of the top, plainly on display.

“Better.” He rubbed himself over his shorts.

After stroking his dick in front of his mom while he was swimming in the pool yesterday, Ben decided he was going to make an effort to be more forward around her, just to see what she would do. She walked around and took her seat on the couch.

Ben regarded his mom, his hand overtly squeezing his cock over his shorts.

“The top looks great, Mom,” he casually stood and pulled his shirt off, then stepped out of his shorts. To distract Tiffany, he kept talking, acting like this was perfectly normal.

“I think it might be a better view if you had your hair up,” Ben gazed down at her and took his dick in hand. “Can you put your hair up, just to see what it looks like?”

Tiffany had her mind on the scene as Ben suddenly stripped. She watched him grip his penis and begin stroking himself proudly, his focus entirely on her. She found herself automatically complying with his request; her hands moving to hold her hair up as her eyes locked upon his thick tool.

Something didn't seem quite right about Ben getting naked. They weren't filming. Tiffany was about to object, but Ben looked like he was getting ready for the scene so she held back. She didn't want her lustful desires that had been steadily growing for her son to cause her to go too far with this recording commitment she made to him. She secretly delighted in his being naked and enjoyed

seeing his beautiful cock in the flesh, but she wasn't prepared to admit this to herself.

Ben was nervous taking his clothes off when the camera wasn't running. He was both relieved and surprised when he noticed his mom seemed to be okay with his being naked. His cock swelled. He continued directing his mother.

“The curve of your neck looks amazing with your red hair and the purple top. Yes, let's have you wear it up,” Ben stroked himself slowly.

Tiffany fetched a clip from her bathroom and returned to the couch. She fashioned her hair, suspending it with the clip as Ben looked on. After getting himself fully erect, he put his shorts and T-shirt back on, getting himself ready for the shoot.

“Okay, let me take the close-up footage. You just relax and I'll record the POV stuff from back here. It will look like I'm peeping on you.”

Tiffany got into position on the couch. Ben moved behind her and pulled his cock out from the leg of his shorts so he could stroke it more. He thought it would add to the perverted nature of the shot if the camera was a little jerky. Ben looked

down over his mom, slowly tugging his dick and holding the camera in the other hand.

Tiffany looked down at her cleavage, adjusted her breasts, then separated the sides of her sweater to expose another few inches of supple tit-flesh, busting out of her bustier.

“Perfect. Now, let me get a nice shot of your breasts.” He stepped up behind his mom, holding the camera with both hands. Tiffany felt his presence behind her.

She could feel him hovering, zooming right down to her partially exposed breasts. It made her feel slightly embarrassed, but also excited her to be the focus of the camera’s attention.

“Should I do something?” she asked uneasily.

Ben inched slightly closer. His jutting hard-on was right behind her head.

“No, not yet. Just sit there and pretend I’m not here.”

Ben shuffled forward a bit, holding the camera and looking directly down on his mom’s heaving tits. He got very close and zoomed in even closer to her slightly-freckled, supple cleavage, recalling how

it was streaked with his cum the day before. His cock throbbed. He wasn't paying attention to where it was, just focusing on her glorious tits.

Tiffany saw a fleshy blur enter her peripheral vision and, without turning her head around, glanced over her shoulder.

It was Ben's big hard-on looming right next to her ear. She smelled the distinct scent of his cologne and became even more excited as she realized how close it was to her face. She didn't want to ruin the shot, so she had to be very still, but she found herself wanting to grab it and feel its weight and hardness in her hands. She pretended to watch TV and nervously fidgeted her hands in her lap. She felt herself growing wet again.

"Great, that's great, Mom," Ben said, now moving around from behind to beside her.

His cock moved dangerously close to her to her neck.

"Can you just like, shake them a little?"

Tiffany turned her shoulders slightly, the motion causing the side of her neck to graze the tip of his dick.

“Um, like this?” She twitched gently from side-to-side causing her breasts to jiggle.

“A little harder.” Ben said, smiling as his dick touched his mom’s soft neck and hair, enjoying the show she put on for him.

“Yes, just like that. Perfect, Mom!”

Her breasts wobbled pleasantly with minimal effort. Ben captured the jiggling flesh then moved away, satisfied. He tucked his cock back inside his shorts awkwardly. He was fully erect.

“Ok, Mom, stay right there,” Ben instructed, placing the camera on the tripod.

He walked around the end of the couch to join his mom, taking his place for the recording.

“Now, just act natural, like we’re routinely watching TV,” Ben instructed, pausing so he could later edit the transition out.

The camera was recording as they sat silently watching TV together. The laugh track on the sitcom could be heard in the background.

Tiffany sat with her hands in her lap, keeping her back arched so her breasts were pushing out nicely. Ben was happy to see his mom do this without his

instruction. He nonchalantly positioned a pillow between the two of them, as a low-rising barrier. He looked over at his mom. She was staring straight ahead at the TV.

Ben leaned back on the couch and quietly eased his rigid cock out of the leg of his shorts, then stopped and waited. He looked at his mom. Tiffany sat frozen, ignoring him. His full hard-on stood, thick and proud, easily visible over the small, tube-shaped pillow. Ben angled his body slightly to make sure he presented himself fully to the recording camera.

He again checked his mom. She remained seated, her demeanor was stoic.

He moved as slowly as he could, taking ahold of his shaft and stroking it, trying to appear as though he was being sneaky. He turned his head a few inches to look over at Tiffany's tits. His cock growing harder in hand. Tiffany could feel his eyes on her, and did what came naturally to her. She looked over at her son, pretending not to notice what he was doing. She gave him a matronly smile and turned her attention back to the TV.

Ben sighed and felt he could cum already, but didn't want to cut the scene too short again. He liked

how his mom seemed to fall right into her role. He wanted to force her to look at his dick.

He stopped stroking and broke character.

“Ok, we got the point-of-view shot of your breasts, Mom. I think it would be good for the video if we got the same kind of shot of me masturbating. Do you know how to use the camera?”

“Well, I played around with it a little, but no.”

“There’s nothing to it. Actually, it’s already recording. Just pick the camera up and get some footage from behind me, like over my shoulder.”

Tiffany got up and removed the camera from the tripod. She looked at Ben, then at his dick in his hand, holding the camera. Her mouth grew wet at the sight of his impressive penis.

“Mom, you have to record from behind me.”

“Oh, right.” Tiffany moved behind her son as he sat on the couch.

“It’s ok, I’ll edit the sound later,” Ben said as he resumed slowly stroking his shaft. “Can you see my dick, Mom?”

“Um, yes, honey.”

“Are you zoomed in on it?”

“Is that this little button-thing by the thumb.”

“You got it.”

“Ok, OK, WOAHA! That zoomed in quickly. Ok, yes. I’m zoomed in on your penis.”

“Can you see the head?” Ben was really laying it on thick, wanting to make sure his mom studied his cock in every detail.

“Y-yes, Ben.” Tiffany was trying to keep the camera steady.

Ben smiled, knowing his mom was over his shoulder, staring at his dick. He felt the urge to cum, but knew he couldn’t yet, so he stopped stroking and squeezed his shaft at the base, halting the progression to an orgasm. A clear rush of fluid began to stream from his tip, dripping down to the base.

“Oh! Are you about to...?”

“Don’t worry Mom, it’s just precum,” he assured her, feeling the thin, warm liquid ooze down his shaft and onto his hand. “That should do it. Put the camera back and take your seat again. I’m ready to cum.”

“Oh, ok.” Tiffany said, with just a hint of disappointment in her tone.

Tiffany set the camera back on the tripod and secured it. Ben watched her every move, holding his throbbing cock. He never grew tired of looking at her luscious, curvy body. He could cum at any moment now so he had to completely let go of his dick. It throbbed and pulsed without him so much as touching it.

Tiffany made her way back to the couch and sat, resuming her position with her hands in her lap.

After a few moments, Ben resumed touching himself and slowly dragged his hand down his shaft, then back up. He pumped it again and again. His shaft throbbed powerfully and his orgasm began deep in his core. He started deliberately shaking the couch. His mom played the role perfectly.

Tiffany turned toward him and raised her voice, “What’s going on, Benny?!” She crossed her arms on her chest to show disapproval.

“You’ve got to be kidding me! Not again, Benny!”

Ben stood up from his seated position, angled himself to show a profile of his cock to the camera,

and pointed his dick at his mom's bosom. His tip leaked precum in wet drops. Tiffany turned toward her son as he squared up to her, uncrossed her arms and stuck her tits out toward Ben.

“Uuunngh, Mom!” he groaned. A thick spurt of cum spouted up into the air, arching toward Tiffany's breasts.

With a dramatic huff, Tiffany watched the approaching streams, looking down in time to see the thick spunk nestle between her tits.

She waved her hands. “Benny! UGGH!” She acted disgusted as he pumped himself, now standing directly in front of her as he stroked the cum out of his cock.

“Ahhh!” Ben moaned as he came.

More sticky streams shot onto her broad chest, soiling her sweater. and part of the purple bustier. Ben turned his hips, aiming himself like a hose, making sure to hit his target. Tiffany squealed, watching the wads heap upon her chest.

Tiffany waited for him to finish, then rose. “You are grounded, young man!” she commanded, then stormed off.

Tiffany only walked to the entrance to the kitchen to get out of the frame, then came back over to where Ben was looking into the preview window of the camera.

“Well?” She was smiling, looking down at the long, deflating, appendage hanging between his legs. She took off her sweater and draped it carefully at the end of the couch.

“This one will be tricky, but I know it will be a popular video.” Ben reassured her.

Ben noticed that his mom had moved rather close to him, he looked down to her nearly exposed breasts wondering how she managed to fit herself into the thing and still manage to hide her nipples.

He also noticed she hadn't wiped the cum off of her tits yet.

“That was fun!” She offered out of the blue.

Ben smiled. “That was fun, wasn't it?”

Tiffany looked down to her chest and smeared a line of partially dry cum with her finger.

“I guess I should clean this off.”

Ben looked over at her chest, then back up to find she was staring at him. He was discovering his mom was far more arousing than he could have ever imagined. There was something about her that he hadn't noticed before, an intoxicating, overwhelming sexuality that seemed to possess him like nothing else he had ever experienced. At that moment, he realized that she must go to great lengths to conceal this part of herself from him and others.

After the second video recording involving his mother, Ben felt on top of the world. The sexual energy he possessed seemed to know no end. He felt the entire house was beginning to feel sexually charged.

Tiffany rinsed off in the shower and dressed in a light blue and white summer dress that clung to her figure, hugging her hips and bra-less breasts especially. She tidied up the couch and living room area, then began making lunch.

As Ben's mom began laying out the items for their meal, the house phone rang.

Ben grabbed the cordless phone from its cradle on the wall and answered, "Hello?"

Ben's dad, Larry, was on the other line.

"Ben? Hey, buddy. It's been a while!" Larry didn't sound mad at all. Ben felt relieved.

"Hey, Dad. It has been a while, I guess. Sorry I haven't called."

"Have you been busy? Are you working, or what" Larry trailed off.

"Yes, actually, I am working, I'm doing some work with my friend, Alex. We're working on some code for a website. I'm making good money!" Ben wasn't about to tell his dad that he was making videos with his mom, and he knew his father had no interest in computers, so the issue wasn't likely to arouse suspicion.

"That's great, Ben. Good to hear you're being productive." Ben's father sounded relieved.

"My goal is to pay you back, Dad." Ben added sincerely.

"Ben, I think that's a great goal. It's not so much about the amount of money, Ben, it's more about being responsible, being accountable. We can talk about it later. Is your mom around?"

“Yeah, here she is. Bye, Dad.” Ben handed the phone over to his mom.

“Larry.” Tiffany’s voice sounded flat. Her expression was sullen.

Ben could only hear her end of the discussion.

“Of course not. Why would you need to come home?” Ben detected sarcasm in her voice.

He also picked up on an unfamiliar, jealous feeling he was experiencing. ‘Am I jealous of my dad?’ He shook his head thinking how weird this thought was.

“Larry, you don’t need to lie. Fine. I don’t care one way or the other.”

Tiffany looked straight at Ben and smiled wide. “He’s doing great! Yes. Don’t worry, he’s grown up considerably.” Ben’s mom winked at him.

“I don’t want that, Larry. We’re fine. I’m not going to discuss that. Fine. Ok, fine, Good bye.” Tiffany pushed the button ending the call and looked at the handset as it lay on the counter.

Ben noticed her mood had changed considerably. It was obvious her relationship with his father had become strained for some reason.

“Dad seemed in good spirits.” Ben offered, hoping his mom would reveal some of what was going on in the conversation.

“No offense, Ben, but your dad is an ass.” Tiffany returned to her duties making lunch.

“He’s always been strict with me, Mom. Nothing new there.”

“It’s not that, it’s just, never mind.”

Tiffany thought better of telling her son about his father’s indiscretions.

“He won’t be coming home anytime soon. Let’s just leave it at that.”

Ben decided not to press the issue. The phone call cast a pall on the fun the two had had that morning.

After a relatively quiet lunch, Tiffany excused herself and went into her room, closing the door. The call from her husband had brought up a lot for her and she found she needed to rest.

Ben went up to his room and began the process of editing. Since his latest recording gave him a lot of work to do, he was not able to post the most recent video “Mom Catches Me While Watching TV” until late that night.

Tiffany didn't come out of her room the rest of the day. Ben made a sandwich for dinner and was beginning to fear his mom had lost interest in their project after talking with his dad.

When Ben woke up the next day and checked the status of the latest video, he discovered that it had only been downloaded thirty-eight times. This slow start to what he thought was a pretty strong video concerned him, but not as much as his mom escaping to her room the night before. He cautiously took his laptop downstairs, not knowing what to expect.

To his relief, he smelled sausages cooking and his mom smiling and moving about energetically in the kitchen.

“Good morning, Ben!” Tiffany was in a short, black skirt with a low-cut, white tank top. She was braless and her tits strained against the thin material, leaving little to Ben's imagination. Relieved that yesterday's phone call didn't cause her to dress more conservatively, he was now able to focus on why his latest video performed so poorly on the website.

“Good morning, Mom.” Ben sat at his usual place at the kitchen island watching his mom make coffee.

“What’s wrong?” Tiffany could tell something was bothering him.

“Nothing. I’m good.” Ben smiled.

“So, what’s the plan today, director?” Tiffany was in a playful mood, seemingly unaffected by her conversation with Ben’s dad the day before.

“I have a plan. It’s a message video. I’ll tell you more later, but for now, we need to re-think the theme of our videos in general. Yesterday’s video only sold thirty-eight downloads, and the other sales seem to be leveling-off.”

“You’ve still made well over six thousand dollars, total, Ben. That’s a lot of money for a few hour’s work!”

“I know, Mom, but I think the sales are leveling off because they’re just masturbation videos. Not as many people will download my new videos if they think they are all about me just jacking off. I’m getting comments about it on the site.”

Tiffany realized the pattern they were caught in shortly after she agreed to help him. She actually thought this was intentional. She was surprised to find Ben was oblivious to this fact.

“Well, let’s have some breakfast and work on your idea for today.”

“Okay, Mom, sounds like a plan.”

Tiffany served up breakfast and the two brainstormed about the massage scene, discussing outfits and location. They settled on another outside shoot. Ben told Tiffany to wear her new white bikini and meet him on the patio outside the kitchen door.

When Tiffany was finally ready for the video shoot, she wandered outside and helped Ben assemble the props for the scene. When they finished they had managed to make the setting look almost like something you might find at a resort. There was a light blue beach towel spread on the wooden, outdoor dining table in the center of the patio. The chairs that were normally surrounding it were neatly lined up against the wall of the house. Next to it were two matching towels folded up on either side. There was a basket with some smaller towels, a bottle of body oil, and some smaller bottles of various aromatherapy oils. The camera was already set up, leveled at the towel-covered table.

Tiffany felt strange about the prospect of her son giving her a massage on camera. She had questions: How would he hide her face? With access to her

body in the skimpy bikini, would he be able to resist the temptation to squeeze and grope her? She concluded that she was not comfortable with her son touching her body.

To further add to her anxiety, Ben emerged from the house, completely naked. Tiffany hadn't expected that and was caught off guard. Ben's big dick dangled and bounced against his upper thigh, making soft, slapping sounds as he walked. Tiffany's eyes locked on the extended beast immediately and she felt her heart race. She was reminded that she enjoyed looking at her son's immense penis. Her pussy grew wet as she watched it swaying right in front of her.

"Ben, do you have to be..." Ben cut her off, unaware that she was about to say something.

"Okay, Mom, here's the plot. I'm going to receive a massage from you so we can showcase your body for the next video."

Relieved, this was the opposite of what Tiffany had expected. Then it occurred to her, "How is that even going to work as a video?" She crossed her arms, puzzled.

Ben was flustered. “I’m sorry, I’m out of ideas, Mom. I can’t do another masturbation video. I will lose what followers I have. I just finished reading the comments from my last two videos, and they are all expecting an evolution or an escalation of graphic content. They want more. At least they will see your hot body. So there isn’t an ejaculation scene? They will love looking at you in that suit.”

Ben was trying to get his mom to suggest something more sexual, so he wouldn’t have to. He wasn’t exactly being honest with his mom. He had plenty of ideas for videos with her, but due to their sexual nature, he didn’t dare share them. She would have to make the suggestions for new video ideas, or they would have to keep doing what they were doing.

“And again, thank you so much for your help, Mom. I really mean it,” he smiled at her. “But we either have to grow as a team, you and I, or I need to find someone else who can make videos with me.” Ben was delivering an ultimatum, but his mom didn’t seem to catch on.

“Oh, Ben. We can still do the same kind of videos. It doesn’t really matter if it takes longer to

make the money. I'm okay with that. I do think that we should—”

“Do what?” he cut her off. “Mom, I can't sell a few videos here and there and make any money.” Ben said definitively. He was hoping to lead his mom into a situation where she would suggest a blow job, or something other than having him jack off on her.

“I guess I do see your point. I wasn't sure where you were going with this anyway. I mean, who buys videos of a guy masturbating all the time?”

“Thanks for seeing my point. At least I got my money back for the camera and a little to spare.”

Tiffany tried to cheer her son up. “Ben, I liked what you said about ‘growing as a team’. We are a team, and making the videos that we made, even the ones I didn't agree to, wasn't all that bad.” Tiffany was understating how much she had been enjoying making videos with Ben.

“That's great to know, Mom.” Ben said, downtrodden.

He wasn't sure what to do. He would experience diminishing returns if he kept making jerk-off videos. On the other hand, he could try the escorts,

but he knew they would be less than ideal. Even if he found a good one, he was going to lose money every time he had to pay someone to act with him, but it didn't look like his mom was going to go to the next level.

Tiffany sensed her son's concern.

“Listen to what I'm saying, Ben. Let's try to look at this professionally. You're my son, and I care deeply for you, but I can approach this like a professional. I can work with you like a business partner. We can work on routines, new scenes, new outfits, there's all kinds of work we could do.”

Tiffany felt alive and sexy these past few days and it was because she and her son were slowly bonding. As crazy as the thought seemed to her, she didn't want Ben to give up.

“Are you serious? You think we should keep our project going? Keep making videos?”

“Yes, I do! Can you imagine how much we could make if we planned this out and released one really good video every two or three days? You could make a lot of money and you could invest that money to build a future for yourself.”

Tiffany was getting to the point of no return in their relationship and her boundaries had eroded to the point where, admit it or not, she was hot for her son nearly all the time. She was willing to advance the content of the videos to gradually include touching, but this was more of a feeling, not something she could give words to.

Ben thought about what his mom was suggesting. He was sure she didn't know what she was saying, or at least hadn't thought it through. Working together like "business partners," at least in Ben's eyes, meant she would be more helpful with his projects and that she would increase her sexual activity in the videos. He knew that her entire outlook about the videos was changing and her considering being sexual with him, if indeed that was she was doing, was an unbelievable turn of events.

Ben was willing to be patient, just to see how far his mom would go. One thing was certain, he didn't want her identity to be revealed to those who saw their videos, and for them to make more money meant more people watching their videos and more people who would see her face. She had to stay anonymous, which limited what they could do.

He thought he should give it a try and see if he couldn't continue without revealing his mom's identity. That would be paramount. His secondary goal became to continue getting his mom to be more sexual with him.

“Okay, Mom, let's give it a shot!”

“That's the spirit, Benny!”

They both laughed.

“Well, we already have our set ready for the first new video.” Ben looked over at the towel and body oil.

“Yes, we do! How do you want to do this?” Tiffany was ready.

“Well, it's a massage video so I will be the client, and you will be the masseuse. When I lay down, you wait five seconds, then walk up to me from the patio door. Introduce yourself, and at that point, the shot will only catch your torso, legs, and feet. Make sure you keep your shoulders square to the camera and lean over me so the shot will consist mostly of your breasts. Use the oil and do a top-down approach on my body. Don't be afraid to use lots of oil, even spilling it on yourself. This won't be a masturbation

video. I plan to list it in another category that emphasizes your breasts. You got it?”

Tiffany’s eyes were on the heavy cock swaying between her son’s legs. “I think so.”

“This is mainly just to show off your body. I’m going to have a towel around my waist and we won’t play mother and son in this one. Remember, you’re the masseuse, and I’m the client.”

“Okay, that sounds like a plan,” Tiffany agreed as she went back into the house.

Ben hauled himself onto the table. He wasn’t sure what to do. He really wanted to pressure his mom to be more sexual toward him, that was now his primary objective. He knew, however, that the most effective way to do this would be for her to move in that direction of her own accord. He wasn’t sure how to embolden her to try.

His other objective was to create a lucrative video. Ideally, the scene would involve sex. Selfishly, he wanted to have an orgasm, but he considered placing more focus on his mom’s hot body as an experiment. He was worried about how well a video without a cumshot would sell. He decided to just wing it this time.

He reclined on the table, letting his semi-flaccid cock flop over onto his stomach. Ben settled himself, propping up his head with a folded towel and as a final touch, he draped one of the smaller towels over his thick member. He placed it so that it wouldn't take more than a stiff breeze to have the towel slide off. After seeing the way his mom eyed his large tool, he thought giving her an accidental peek, up close, might inspire the direction of the scene today.

He got into position and called over to her.

“Okay, Mom, you'll be facing the camera and rubbing oil into my arms, chest, and legs. The top of the frame is just above the camera, so don't get your face too close to the camera or it will be in the shot.”

With that, he laid waiting.

Tiffany emerged from the patio door wearing her robe, barefooted.

She approached Ben slowly as he lay, careful to keep her face out of the frame.

“Hi. I'm Tiffany, your masseuse,” she said, wincing as she realized she should have used a fake name. She hoped that maybe Ben could edit that out.

She had no idea what she was doing. “Are you my three-o’clock?”

Ben cleared his throat, squinting at her. “Uh, yeah, that’s me,” he managed.

Tiffany padded around him to stand by the camera. Ben remained lying flat, but continued watching her. She casually untied her robe and let it slip from her shoulders.

Ben bit his lip and felt his cock surge against the rough cotton towel. Tiffany looked like a wet dream. She smiled at him as the robe fell away, revealing her far-too-skimpy bikini.

Her new white suit accentuated her oversized tits, which could not be restrained by the meager top. The triangles cupped the lower half of her breasts snugly, but were so low-cut on her body that they just barely covered her nipples at the top of the material. Her dark, pink nipples were already protruding visibly under the thin, white fabric. Her huge boobs looked incredibly soft and inviting.

She left the robe on the stone floor and walked toward Ben, away from the camera.

“Just do your best to relax, Mr...” Tiffany looked around, trying to find something, anything, for

inspiration for Ben's video pseudonym.

The first thing she saw was his cock sticking up under his towel.

“Mr. Johnson,” she finished confidently.

With her back to the camera, she bent at the hips to retrieve one of the small towels from the basket. Ben couldn't wait to see the footage of her ass in that position when he reviewed the recording later.

Tiffany took one of the towels and sorted through the aromatherapy bottles, in no hurry whatsoever. She jiggled her butt a little, knowing she'd be giving the camera a good show. Finally, she selected the lavender bottle. She rose and sprayed three pumps onto the towel, then folded it and stepped toward Ben.

“Just relax, Mr. Johnson. You're in good hands.” Tiffany smoothed Ben's hair away from his forehead and placed the folded, scented towel over his eyes.

‘Woah, Mom's pretty good at this,’ he thought as she masked him.

But a small part of him was frustrated that he wouldn't be able to watch her huge tits wobble as it was happening.

Being mindful to keep her face out of view, Tiffany bent again to retrieve the baby oil bottle from the basket. She circled Ben's prone body to where she was standing over his head. For effect, she lifted her top, hefting her heavy breasts with it, and adjusted the strings. There was no doubt that she was the focus of the scene. This thought made Tiffany's skin erupt in goosebumps and her pussy feel like it was on fire.

She leaned forward over her son and drizzled a measure of the oil over his chest, then turned the bottle at her open palm and filled that with oil too. Setting the bottle aside, she rubbed her hands together, making sure they were coated.

"Now, deep, relaxing breaths," she commanded in a sultry voice. Starting at Ben's shoulders, she began her massage.

Ben felt his pulse pounding in his temples as his mother's soft hands began working over his shoulders. He caught a heavy waft of her scent which caused him to conclude that her dangling breasts must be mere inches from his face. Beneath the towel at his waist, Ben's cock twitched powerfully.

He settled on following his masseuse's instructions and took a deep breath. His nostrils filled with a mixture of the scent of his mom's perfume and the lavender. The aroma of the fragrance on the towel over his eyes reminded him of how his mother's panty drawer smelled. He concluded that she must use a lavender sachet to scent her panties. He began to imagine the scent of her pussy when combined with such a heady aroma.

All these fantasy thoughts about his mom, especially the added sensory stimulation from the lavender, created a powerful pulse that surged through Ben's cock, lifting it fully off of his stomach. Somehow, the towel remained perched on top, but at this point, he was fully erect. The thick tube of his wide, fleshy shaft angled up, off of his body, still obscured from the camera.

Above him, Tiffany moved from her son's shoulders, to his chest. She noticed movement near his waist, drawing her eye instinctively. As she watched, Ben's erection lifted the towel from his torso and created a long, thick, low-lying tent.

'Wow!' She thought immediately, unable to hide her reaction as her eyes focused on her son's penis. Her hands paused only briefly, but she was unable to

avoid breaking character in that moment. She had just made her son hard. This fact made her shudder, almost to the point of orgasm, right there, and she braced herself on her son's chest for a brief instant as the rush passed.

Ben's cock twitched and jumped under the towel. Even the camera couldn't miss the movement taking place at his groin. He felt a pause in the massage.

"Ma'am, could you rub a little harder," he said, somewhat annoyed at his mom's tortuously slow progress. Tiffany seemed inattentive and moved too inconsistently to keep him satisfied. He really needed this to be a good video, and knowing it was not going to culminate in an orgasm became unnerving.

"Ah... Of course," she said, obviously distracted.

Tiffany regained her composure, taking a deep breath, her eyes never leaving her view of Ben's cock.

She rubbed slow and deep and worked her way to his arms, spreading the oil around as she went. Her breasts hung down creating the shots that Ben had hoped for: huge, full, drooping tits threatening to tumble out of the small, white bikini top. They

wobbled and bumped into each other as she worked on her son's arms and chest. After working over his entire upper body, she moved to his side, re-oiled her hands, and began massaging his feet.

Ben's penis was so hard it felt as though it was going to burst out of his skin.

'I need to get her to touch me,' he thought.

Tiffany made her way up his legs, starting with his calf, but she still found it impossible to keep her eyes off of the enormous penis lifting the towel.

She wanted to whisk the towel off his lean body and touch his penis so badly that she was fantasizing about doing it while she continued rubbing his legs. In her state of distraction, she failed to notice her breasts were undulating steadily as she worked. The inside cup of her top shifted and suddenly, one of her nipples popped out, almost completely exposed. This was obvious to the camera, as she was facing it directly.

Tiffany didn't notice the recent development since her nipples were so hard that she couldn't tell the difference between them dragging against the fabric or against the seam. But she continued working, trying to keep her focus.

Ben wanted to stroke his cock badly. He noticed his mother had gone quiet, figuring she was concentrating on the massage. He wondered what would happen if he pushed the envelope a bit.

“Ma’am, could you please massage my inner thigh more, my muscles are particularly tight there.”

Tiffany was taken aback by this request. She hesitated a moment, then realized an answer would be appropriate.

“Yes, sir,” was all she could say. Part of her felt that there was nothing she could do about the request since the camera was recording.

Tiffany doubled her efforts, moving up his thigh and massaging the inner part firmly. She was running out of room to work as her hands approached his crotch. She felt her pussy throb and knew her own inner thighs were coated with her arousal.

Ben felt her comply and it clicked with him; despite her being strict with him from time to time, his mom had a submissive nature.

Tiffany kneaded Ben’s right thigh, closest to her, then moved to his far one, her eyes never leaving the towel tented up from his waist. Her movement

caused the towel to start to slowly shift. It slid a few inches down, then stopped. She cautiously eased the pressure of her massage.

“Harder.” Ben said flatly.

She hesitated, then obeyed, moving further up his thigh. Her knuckles brushed something between his legs. It was warm. She realized she’d made contact with his scrotum.

Feeling his mom gently brush against his aching balls, Ben’s cock pulsed powerfully. The small towel finally slid away, falling off the side of the table completely.

Tiffany froze, staring at Ben’s leaping, throbbing, enormous cock. It was now completely exposed to her. She felt nervous, which turned to anxiety, then excitement, all in the course of a few seconds. It was long and thick; it looked like a big, sexy piece of meat. It had perfect, smooth skin and a couple of blue-tinted veins that ran up and around the center. There was a string of clear precum falling upside-down from the tip, dangling down onto his stomach. His penis was moving completely of its own accord.

To her, it looked like the most inviting thing in the world. It was magnificent. She examined his stiff

cock and his large balls while her hands massaged his thighs. Her eyes locked onto her son's prodigious testicles. She wanted to touch them. She recalled being struck by how big they were when she was watching the video of him masturbating. Her fantasies and recent preoccupation with her son's penis were getting to her. She began thinking of the consequences of touching it.

"Higher, ma'am," Ben instructed, sounding impatient.

"Um," Tiffany stammered, then cleared her throat.

She moved her massaging hands slightly higher. Again, her knuckles brushed his scrotum and caused his balls to twitch. She rubbed higher on his legs and repeated the same movement. She silently gasped.

"Higher." he commanded coolly.

'If I touch Ben's penis, would that be incest? Does it even matter at this point? It will really help sales if we had a video of me touching his penis. We could put that part of the video in the trailer and it would help his sales.' Tiffany began to rationalize her want to feel her son's cock and balls.

Tiffany decided it was something she could no longer think clearly about. She had to touch it. Regardless of video sales, or any other reason. It was time she touched her son's cock.

"I need more oil, sir," she replied.

Tiffany took a moment to apply extra oil to her hands. She rubbed them, eyeing her son's swollen phallus.

'Oh, man, here I go!' Her heart raced and her pussy became soaking wet thinking about what she was about to do.

She rubbed her palms together, then, taking a deep breath, applied them both to his shaft, taking hold of it like a pole. Her fingers didn't touch as she gripped his fully erect penis.

Ben swallowed hard, feeling his mom take hold of his huge cock. 'Finally! Jesus, that feels good.' He was so excited he wanted to grab her tits and go crazy on her.

Prior to this past week, he had never had to exercise so much restraint, endure so much teasing, and delay gratification the way he now did. Normally, if a girl he was dating wanted to have sex, they would just have sex. What he was doing with

his mom was not anything he was used to and it was driving him crazy.

“Right there, Mom—” Ben’s voice cracked. “-Er, ma’am. That’s perfect,” Ben managed, adding, “it’s very sore there.”

‘Oh goodness!’ Tiffany thought as she felt a very strong electric-like shock flow through her body. She’d finally grabbed it. She simply held him at first without repeatedly squeezing or stroking it, relishing the feel of the powerful tool. She found herself strangely and unexpectedly turned on by the taboo aspect of the act.

It wasn’t just a big dick, it was her son’s big dick and she was grabbing it tightly with both of her hands. She didn’t want to let it go, even for a second.

Ben sighed, his eyes obscured under the towel, he squirmed his legs slightly, wanting to move his cock into his mom’s hands. He wanted badly to wrench the towel away from his eyes and watch his mom grab his dick for the first time, but he knew it would ruin the shot. He did his best to be still.

Tiffany held his cock with both hands, gripping it like a baseball bat. She gave it a tentative squeeze

and it throbbed in response. She squeezed again and the entire length sticking out from her hands darkened in color. As more blood rushed through the shaft, she watched the glans at the top turn a reddish purple. Tiffany closed her eyes and felt as though she were satisfying some sort of deep need. She couldn't recall being as enthralled by Larry's penis. There was something about Ben's that made it extra special.

In her grip, his thick pipe felt slippery and hot. Tiffany blinked her eyes open again. She had jacked her husband off a few times over the course of their twenty years together, so she knew the basic idea. The big difference here was the fact that this was her son's dick she was holding, and it was larger and more perfect in its shape than his father's.

The camera was perfectly centered on the big penis and caught every movement Tiffany made. At times her chin came into view, but for the most part the scene was just huge tits, a big cock, and willing hands.

Tiffany could feel every pulse of Ben's heartbeat through the base of his cock. She tightened her grip and watched as the familiar, clear fluid trickled out. She looked down at Ben's balls and was surprised

how loose they were within his scrotum, and how little hair he had between his legs.

Since this was supposed to be a massage video, she figured she'd rub his balls too. She released one hand from his shaft and took a moment to play with his large balls with her oily, right hand. She gave each testicle even attention, then played with both of them together, always keeping one hand on his shaft.

There was the constant feeling of having butterflies in her stomach and it wasn't going away. What she was doing, handling her nineteen-year-old son's cock with her hands, had a thrilling and illicit feel to it. She was totally consumed with the experience and wanted to do more than just handle him. Her thoughts and feelings were irrational, she was not used to thinking of Ben in this sexual way, at least not until this past week, and now that she was touching him, she realized that she had crossed the line.

'He is magnificent! This is so exciting!' She decided she loved giving her son a hand job. His penis was larger than any she had ever had in her hands, so it was fun to feel.

Tiffany released her son's balls and returned to her two-handed grip on his shaft, near the base. His

jutting cock strained into a slightly more pronounced curve and his head appeared to swell. She wondered if the rigid flesh in her hands could grow any stiffer.

She leaned forward, bringing her bulging mounds closer to her hands. She held her breasts just over her wrists and began moving her torso up and down slightly. This effectively caused her soft, luscious tits to stroke Ben's cock as it towered out from his torso. Ben felt her warm, smooth breast flesh brush against his straining shaft and the ridge behind his head.

He squirmed his hips in reaction to the pleasurable torture he was forced to endure.

Tiffany used his oily cock, and leaking precum, to spread a slick sheen over her tits, essentially ignoring her skimpy bikini top. Ben did his best to stay still, but he knew he'd be cumming soon, just from her erotic manipulation and the feeling of his straining dick dragging over her smooth, soft, warm, glorious breasts.

Tiffany bounced her torso in a shallow stroke as Ben's cock surged, drooling more precum into her cleavage. She looked down and noticed that both nipples were exposed. She smeared his cock head over each of them as he continued to issue his

slippery, natural lubricant. Her hands pumped the base of his cock while his head brushed across, then wedged between her broad tits.

“Oh, shit! Fuck! I’m coming!” Ben yelled loudly. His orgasm began so powerfully that he completely broke character, lost in the moment. His entire body began to spasm. His head swam with the intense pleasure of his mother’s touch. The incestuous scene seemed to open a new, sensual experience to him that heightened the intensity of his orgasm. It was easily the best orgasm of his life.

Ben lifted his butt off the table and met her downward stroking hands and smooth cleavage with his upward thrusting hips. His initial burst of cum fired out powerfully, missing them both completely and splattering over to the side on the patio behind them.

“Mmm... Mmm-Hmm.” Tiffany made sexy sounds while she watched the cum shoot from Ben’s loins.

She tightened her grip and Ben continued to pump his hips. His next blast fired as she smeared his head over her nipples. It shot up against her chin and landed in a mess on her neck and at the top of her breasts.

She felt the warm coating over her chest. “Yes, that’s it. Shoot it out.” Tiffany cooed in shock of the powerful shots exploding from her son’s cock.

Ben continued to erupt in his most effusive orgasm yet. His cock spat thick wads of cum onto Tiffany’s neck, chest, shoulders, arms, and all over her pendulous tits, smearing into the fabric of her white bikini. She arched her back to provide a broader target. At this point, she let his bare cock push the rest of her bikini top right out of the way and drag across her exposed nipples and breasts.

She loved feeling his hot, slick, semen against her tingling skin.

As Ben began to relax, Tiffany eased her grip. She looked toward his eyes, still covered by the towel, his mouth gaped open in pleasure. She drew the remaining semen from his shaft softly and felt the strength drain out of him. She slowed to a stop, looking down at her hands and chest.

Semen coated part of her hands, neck, and chest. Some even smeared onto Ben’s thighs. Cum had splattered over parts of the towel and up Tiffany’s forearms and biceps. The front of her bikini was smeared with cum and oil, probably permanently stained.

At that point, both mother and son were hit by the stark realization that they had entirely forgotten about the camera.

Ben was too drained to move. Tiffany slowly peeled her sticky hands from his hot shaft, letting it fall heavily against his stomach with a thud.

“Oh, my...” she said, her face became flush as she broke contact with the penis she’d been thinking of entirely too much.

“I—” she fought the urge to look at the camera, remembering the scene. “I spilled lotion everywhere. Here, let me clean it up.”

She completely fell out of character, but it didn’t matter. It would be imperceptible to the camera. She grabbed a towel and, reverting to complete mom mode, cleaned all of the cum from her son. She wiped enough of his spunk from her hands to clean him thoroughly, but didn’t bother to try to clean her chest, arms, or neck.

Ben was in a catatonic state. He felt his mother’s hands gently handle him and clean him up, but he could barely move and was resigned to an occasional twitch or moan as she worked.

She discarded the towel and placed a fresh one over his spent cock as it stretched over his belly. She noticed the towel was too small to cover the length of his extended penis and his balls, so she reached down and scooped his balls together, then tucked them under the towel neatly.

“You’re all set there, Mr. Johnson,” Tiffany said cheerfully, patting Ben’s balls. She retrieved her robe and exited the scene.

For an extended moment, Ben didn’t move a muscle. His whole body was relaxed, especially his spent cock and his recently-evacuated testicles. He felt something jiggle his thigh and he finally began to stir, sitting up and letting the towel fall from his eyes.

He was greeted with the sight of his smiling mother, standing over him and squeezing his thigh gently.

“Wow.” Was all he could muster, looking up at her.

“Were you okay with the scene? I mean, did you like it?” Tiffany asked hopefully. She hadn’t performed a hand-job in quite a while and needed reassurance that her performance was up to par.

She still had his huge, messy load all over her chest. Ben couldn't suppress a chuckle.

“Did I like it?” Ben repeated her question. ‘Mom, just look down. You are wearing proof that I enjoyed the scene.’ He joked, pointing at the mess of semen on her breasts. “Thoroughly,” he added, dramatically.

“Ben! Stop being so crude!” Tiffany gave her son a loving slap on the shoulder.

He got up and checked the camera. Tiffany watched her naked son and his drooping monster. Ben noticed she was watching and picked up the camera to shoot one last shot for the scene. He focused the camera on his mom's enormous breasts as she stood where she was when jacking him off. He wanted some footage of the cum that was dripping down her breast and her stained, white bikini top.

“Okay, got it. Let me go edit this and see what we have. Since I was facing the other way, I'm not sure what the video will look like. No matter what, it will be a big improvement over yet another video where I masturbated myself.”

Tiffany went inside to clean off and decided to take a shower while Ben edited the work. She let the hot water relax her as she replayed the entire, sexy scene in her mind.

Under the warm water she began touching herself, remembering how it felt to shed the robe and be the focus of the video. She kneaded her fleshy, soft breasts and pinched her own nipples as they grew harder. She remembered the feeling of the oil on her son's skin. One hand lingered on her nipple as the other slipped between her legs. She recalled the image of Ben's penis leaping to full hardness, lifting the towel. She remembered how thrilling it was that she had inspired that reaction.

Suddenly, she was cumming in the shower. Tiffany moaned loudly and had to brace herself against the wall as she shook through her orgasm. The image of Ben's thick erection, surging to full hardness, and pulsing in her hands was burned into her mind. She had to finally admit to herself that she loved thinking about her son's cock.

Tiffany absently rubbed her pussy as she recovered. Her skin felt tingly as she began to recall grabbing her son's exposed penis. The memory was so powerful it gave her the chills. That feeling was

like nothing she'd ever experienced. Her fingers slipped inside her pussy again as her thumb stroked against her clit.

Before she knew it, Tiffany was climaxing again, now with her back against the wall. She slid down the tiles in the shower, spreading her legs in the hot spray and letting her knees buckle in pleasure.

Tiffany had made it through her first sexual contact with her son and didn't feel any overwhelming conscientious objection. Actually, the opposite was true. She was growing used to seeing his penis and speaking sexually with him and she now realized that she liked it.

After two powerful orgasms, she finished her shower. Feeling sexually alive again, and with a renewed energy, she went through her beauty routine. The whole time, she thought about her son and the evolving sexual relationship they were experiencing together. Though she'd been "out of the game" for quite a while now, she'd not only been the motivation of several carnal releases from her son, she had actually made him climax on her very first try that afternoon. She felt a distinct sense of pride and accomplishment as she applied various lotions to her body and got dressed.

After about an hour, Ben hollered out to his mom, “Mom, check this out!”

Ben called for his mom to come join him in the living room, where he’d queued up his first edit of the video they had just recorded. He had the camera connected to the big screen and toyed with it as he waited.

“So, how did it turn out?” she asked upon entering the room.

Ben looked up from the camera to see his mom looking fresh and amazingly hot. Her soft red hair was down in beautiful waves hanging on her shoulders and down her back. She was smiling with an ease he hadn’t seen from her in years. Her ivory nape was visible in the parted robe, as was her deep, obviously braless, cleavage. The robe was cinched just below where her breasts separated naturally, giving him a nice view of the lower curve of each hanging E-cup breast. The robe extended down only a few inches below her butt, displaying the soft skin of her thighs invitingly. Her legs were bare, save for some fluffy, comfy socks that covered her feet and some of her calves.

Ben stared in awe.

“Should I pop some popcorn?” Tiffany joked, laughing amiably at herself.

“Um, great, mom. It turned out great. Is that a new robe?”

“It’s a kimono. Your father got it for me when he went to Tokyo. I’d forgotten I had it.”

Ben was staring at her body shamelessly. “You look really sexy mom.”

He used to describe her outfits in innocent terms, saying she looked good, pretty, or nice. Lately, he’s been referring to her as hot or sexy. She passed him, smiling, ruffling his hair before sitting on the couch.

Ben started the video, then relaxed on the couch, sitting to his mom’s left.

The video began with Ben looking very relaxed on the table, naked. Tiffany entered the scene. The camera angle was perfect, showing her body, but not her face. As Tiffany watched herself, from her place on the couch, she grew nervous, remembering how she had accidentally introduced herself by her real name.

On screen, she turned toward Ben, away from the camera, and said, “Hi, I’m—” then the soundtrack

paused for a moment in a noticeable, but fairly seamless edit, then continuing, “-your masseuse.”

Tiffany turned to her son on the couch. “Nice job, Mr. Editor,” she joked, squeezing his thigh. Ben smiled back.

They looked on as the scene continued. The on-screen Tiffany disrobes, facing the camera, with her body in the forefront, providing a nice shot of her tits in the bikini. Ben fidgeted anxiously beside his mom on the couch. He really wanted to masturbate; and why shouldn't he? He'd done it around his mom before, normally in the context of the video. He stole a quick glance at her. From his angle to her side, he could see even more of her breast through her parted robe. His cock lurched under his loose shorts. He looked back at the screen, feeling suddenly brave.

On screen, Tiffany was bent over, rifling through the basket. Her long legs were bare, extending up to her plump, round ass in the small bikini bottoms. Just below her supple ass cheeks, Tiffany's puffy camel toe bulged noticeably between her thighs.

“My goodness, you can see my—” Tiffany paused, flipping her hair over one shoulder. “-Um, you can really see my body in that bikini, huh?” she asked rhetorically.

“Yeah, mom, you look stunning. I think I like the white one the best,” he said beaming. He loved how obvious her pussy’s shape was. He yearned to see it in its fully glory, uncovered. He rubbed his cock over his shorts.

There was a brief silence with the two of them watching the scene intently. Tiffany began her massage in earnest, managing to keep her face off camera. On the couch, she shifted in her seat as she watched her on-screen self work her son’s shoulders and chest.

She cleared her throat restlessly.

The scene focused on Tiffany’s undulating breasts on screen. Ben saw his mom fidgeting on the couch and knew she was growing more excited.

He casually extracted his long, rigid dick from one of the baggy leg holes of his shorts.

“Mom, your tits look fantastic in this shot. You don’t mind if I, you know,” he implied her consent as he began stroking himself.

Tiffany looked over at her son as he pulled out his enormous erection. He began stroking it boldly. She stared at it, thick and veiny in his grip.

‘He needs to jerk off again?!’ She was a little surprised, considering he had just ejaculated only a few hours ago.

They made eye contact and Tiffany responded, “Um, no, I suppose that would be fine, Benny.”

He looked at her and smiled, then turned back to the TV, masturbating eagerly. Tiffany knew she should break her gaze from his crotch, and stop him from masturbating, but she found it difficult to do so. His huge cock drew her attention like a magnet. She badly wanted to replace his hands with hers, remembering the electricity she’d felt touching him earlier. She wanted to grab it and jerk him up and down as hard as she could, but she knew that would be crossing another line. Their recording project was a professional arrangement. Touching Ben off-camera would be unprofessional. Regardless of what professional boundaries she had established, she felt her pussy throb and realized that she’d completely saturated her panties.

Ben watched the screen, happy to be openly masturbating in front of his mom, completely out of context of their videos. On the TV, Tiffany was massaging her son’s legs and they came to the part where the towel fell off, exposing Ben’s large, hard

erection to his mother on-screen. The look on his mom's face as she sat next to him in the living room made his balls move; he wanted to cum already. He had to stop jerking himself to hold off, instead squeezing his shaft just under his head.

Tiffany had her eyes glued to her son on the couch and saw him pause, then leak from the tip.

“Are you going to have an orgasm, Ben?” she asked frankly, still enthralled by the graphic, live scene playing out right next to her.

“Not yet, Mom. I want to wait for the part where you make me cum on your tits.”

His scheme was working. She was focusing all her attention on his cock.

Ben was overwhelmed with sexual stimulation. Watching the massage video play in high definition on the large, flat-screen TV in front of him, while jacking off right in front of his sparsely clothed mother, was causing him to cum after only a few minutes of jacking off.

“I see,” Tiffany bustled. She wanted to touch herself, too. She thought fast.

“Well, I don’t want you to make a mess. Let me fetch you a towel,” she said, hurrying off to the kitchen.

She passed through the threshold of the living room and leaned back against the wall, out of sight. On screen, she heard her son say, “Right there, ma’am, that’s perfect... it’s very sore there.” She knew that she was holding his cock at that point. Tiffany threw her robe open in a fit of sexual impatience and immediately began grabbing her tits with one hand and tweaking her clit under her panties with the other.

“Mmm. Ooooh” she sighed quietly, leaning back against the wall to the living room behind her as she whimpered through her secret orgasm.

“Mom! Hurry up. I’m about to cum everywhere!” Ben said in a whiny voice, bringing Tiffany out of her sexual rapture.

When she came back into the living room, Ben had paused the movie, looking annoyed. His throbbing dick was still protruding from his grip, his head was shiny.

“I had to pause it. You took forever!”

“Oh, there were no clean ones in the kitchen. I had to go all the way to the laundry room. I’m sorry, but let’s watch the finale together,” Tiffany said excitedly. Now that she had cum herself, she was in a much better state to watch the proceedings sitting next to her masturbating son.

The screen was frozen on a shot where Tiffany was standing next to her son, gripping the base of his dick with both hands, and holding it against her bulging cleavage. Her nipple had already popped out. Her hair hung down, soft and red, but her face was not visible.

Ben hit play.

Tiffany watched herself slowly stroke her son, using her entire upper torso. At this point, she was swiping his cock head over her tits and arching her back. His dick was carelessly pushing the bikini top off of her breasts and dragging across her nipples. She grew nervous when her chin popped into the frame, but then slipped off screen just as quickly.

“Can I have that towel?” Ben asked.

“Here, I’ll hold it, you just aim,” Tiffany said, sinking to kneel in front of her seated son.

Tiffany knelt and held the towel out with both hands, she draped the excess back across her forearms to give Ben a large target. She'd seen the size of his ejaculations and wanted to be sure to catch it all.

Ben stood, his head buzzing with his approaching climax, watching on-screen as he thrust his hips up toward his mom and began launching cum everywhere.

He looked down. Below him, Tiffany was kneeling, smiling slightly and offering him the surface of the towel, flat and wide in her hands. Her robe was now open and her hanging tits were visible in the gap. Even more, he could see both areolas and even the fat nipple of her right breast hanging out.

Ben smiled and began stroking his cock violently. He sighed.

“SPLAT!” His cock spit a thick white burst into the towel with a dull, wet sound.

“Oh, yes, Ben!” Tiffany said looking on, forgetting her professional boundary as she cheered.

Ben took a shaky breath and continued pumping rapidly. Cum fired out in quick successive jets.

“Shoot it all, right in the towel, Benny!” she encouraged.

He lined several strands onto the towel stretched over her forearms.

“Fuck!” he said finally, his hand slowing.

Tiffany watched his cum spread over the towel, smiling with her eyes glued to his spitting cock. She loved seeing him unload from this angle, where she could see everything up close.

She looked up at him as he finished. “Mmmm, I bet that feels better!”

Ben breathed a gratified sigh above her. “Oh man, I needed that!” He wiped his cock on a clean spot on the towel, feeling his mom’s hands below. She closed one over his dick head through the towel, then released.

Tiffany neatly folded the soiled towel and they both took their seats on the couch. On screen, Tiffany was cleaning the cum from her son’s legs and stomach. Seated on the couch, she could feel his warm load in the towel on her lap.

“Wow. The clip looks great, Ben,” she said, genuinely impressed by their production.

“I think so too, Mom. You’re a star! I’m so happy you’re helping me.”

“I really like how we both participated. It wasn’t just you jacking off,” Tiffany smiled.

They agreed it was their best video yet. Tiffany really liked the way the two of them looked, although she was relieved that the video did not show her face. After turning the TV off, and disconnecting the camera, they had a quick dinner and parted ways for the night.

In his room, Ben set the video to upload, and titled it, “The Massage.” He entered it under the Big Tits category. He was very interested to see the difference in downloads in this new category versus Incest Role Play.

The next morning, Ben came downstairs in his usual shorts and T-shirt.

“Good morning, Mom.”

“Good morning, Ben!” His mom greeted him cheerfully.

She was strutting around the kitchen in a white, stretchy tube-top that strained to cover about half of her breasts, leaving the other halves bulging out of

the top. Her nipples created obvious bumps just below the seam of the neckline. She also wore boy-shorts that were meant to be underwear, but she wore them as a bottom. Her mid-riff was completely bare.

His mom had been dressing as if there was going to be a scene every morning. Ben loved looking at her in what he thought of as her “slut clothes,” and loved that she assumed they would be shooting every day.

“Love the outfit, Mom,” Ben said, holding his cock over his shorts.

Tiffany paused to smile in response, then went about her business.

After breakfast, Ben wanted to have his first “business meeting” with his mom. He beckoned her to join him as he sat on the couch in the living room. Tiffany sauntered into the room and Ben regarded her in the slutty outfit. He never questioned her about her clothes when she dressed sexy. He only complimented her in an effort to encourage her to keep wearing the same sort of clothes. The effect it had on him was to keep him perpetually semi-erect. He adjusted himself openly as she took a seat next to him.

“You look great today, Mom, and you looked amazing in the video yesterday.”

“Thank you, Ben! I like wearing clothes like these, they make me feel... freer somehow.” Tiffany looked down at her revealing top, and then back up at Ben who had a wide smile on his face.

“Mom, we need to brainstorm ideas about future scenes. I’m not comfortable making it up as we go along.”

Ben wasn’t being entirely honest, but there was a purpose in his deception. Yesterday, his plan was to make an R-rated scene highlighting his mom’s tits. She’d upped the ante, going with the flow as the action turned X-rated. She apparently felt the need to do more when the camera was recording. He was hoping that if he set the scene and the mood, that she would do the same thing again, only next time she might take the action to another level.

Tiffany nodded, encouraged. “That’s a great idea, Ben. I have a few ideas.”

Ben had out a spiral notebook and a pen.

“Yesterday we had a massage with a happy-ending video, and that’s great, but what other action are we planning for future videos?”

There it was, he was finally able to, at least in a general way, open the conversation up for future opportunities for he and his mom's sexual activity. The downside of this would be that she would be given the chance to clearly articulate what she was unwilling to do; however, Ben kept in mind that if she was put on the spot, she might do more than what they had planned.

"I don't know, what do you think?" Tiffany was having a hard time being open-minded about this. She was hot for Ben, but still conflicted when it came down to talking about the content of their videos.

"I like what you said about how we should treat this like a professional partnership. If that is what we truly are, then we need to be competitive. We should be out-doing the other videos that are out there."

"I agree, in theory, Ben, but we aren't a married couple, or boyfriend and girlfriend. We are a mother and son, so we have more boundaries, more restrictions; we have limitations." What she said was true. They were talking about making actual incest videos, not incest role-play videos. Ben needed to think about this.

None of this changed the fact that he could still become increasingly sexual with his mom under the guise of recording for financial gain.

“Okay, I understand that, so what do you think we should do?”

“We discuss the scene and we play our professional roles. We are acting on video so we can make money to be used to invest and grow your future... and pay back your dad.”

Ben again adjusted his cock in his shorts. He was hard, and turned-on, and insanely attracted to his mom, especially at that moment.

She continued, “What happens while we are filming is for professional purposes only and does not carry over to our family lives. Agreed?”

“Agreed.” Ben chimed, enthusiastically.

Ben’s mind was scheming. Her new attitude changed everything.

Continued in “Mom’s Home Movies Chapter 3”

Mom's Home Movies Ch. 03

Thanks to Literotica member, Smoothed, for his help with editing and creative detail.

“What did you have in mind for today?” Tiffany was happy the technical conversation was over. She wanted to get busy making a video.

Ben swallowed hard. “I think we need to be progressive in our approach. We need to do something different.”

Tiffany crossed her legs. She was becoming moist and her nipples hardened. The gradual escalation in the complexity of their scenes and the increase in sexual contact was making her more aroused than she had been in many years. She found Ben’s video projects to be exciting, scary, and fun all at the same time.

“Okay, what does that mean, Ben?”

Ben realized that his mom liked to know what was going to happen in a scene. He decided his best course of action would be to subject his mom to his

previous idea of a “dry run”. He’d lay out his plan and then they’d physically walk through it so she could know what to expect, and in the process, give him more access to her body.

Walking his mom through rehearsals for scenes would allow him to double the opportunity for sexual contact, and possibly make her more comfortable with what they would be doing on camera. Looking down at his mom’s amazing breasts confirmed his idea for the next video.

For as long as he could remember, Ben always had a thing for his mom’s epic tits. He vividly recalled going through puberty and fantasizing about them. He’d actually experienced his first climax in their pool, with the jet aimed at his dick, staring at his mom’s bikini-clad breasts as she sunbathed. He had fantasized about them more times than he could remember and most of the time his fantasies had her on her knees in front of him sliding his cock between her bare breasts. Tit-fucking her was his oldest and favorite fantasy.

Sitting there, looking at the thin fabric of the tube-top that barely concealed his mom’s bulging, mammoth tits, he again slipped into his old fantasy. He could envision his cock being surrounded with

her massive, pure white breasts as she moved them up and around his shaft. He pictured his bulbous cock head perched atop her cleavage like a pendant in that moment.

It was time to take a shot. He decided to introduce her to his idea.

Ben stood up resolutely and hooked his fingers into the waistband of his shorts. He pulled it over his already stiff cock and let them fall to the floor.

He resumed his seat on the cream-colored leather couch in their living room and began explaining, his erect dick sticking in the air like an empty flagpole.

“Here, I will sit on the couch, and you kneel right in front of me.”

Tiffany stared at the thick tool and noticed she was finding it very difficult to refrain from reaching out and grabbing it. A clear pearl formed at the tip of his head.

“Mom?” Ben said, realizing her inaction.

“Oh, now? Ok. What about the camera?” Tiffany noted that it was not turned on.

“We’re just rehearsing the scene. Is that okay? You know, doing a dry-run.”

“Oh, yes, yes, The dry-run, right. Got it.”

She did as she was instructed, rising from the couch, then kneeling in front of her seated son with his hard penis standing up and ready for action. As she got into place, she felt her pussy respond. She was beginning to soak the cotton fabric of the boy-shorts she was wearing. Tiffany knelt. Her tits wobbled, threatening to fall out of her white tube—top as she leaned over to get comfortable. Ben could see the slight curve of the top of her areolas peeking out, causing his cock to become even harder.

“Scoot closer to me, in between my legs.” Ben spread and parted his knees wide, giving her more space. Tiffany complied.

She inched closer, her body now squarely between his legs. Tiffany observed her son as he sat comfortably, naked, holding his towering cock in one hand. It loomed before her, thick and stout. Below the fat base of his penis, Ben’s heavy balls rested on the couch cushion. Tiffany moved her gaze to meet his eyes, then at his dick, then back to his eyes again. Switching back-and-forth as if caught in some inner quandary. Tiffany’s mouth was watering. She wanted his penis in her mouth. Part of her was hoping that was the idea he had in mind.

Ben continued to explain the scene, wielding his monumental erection. He was strained to full hardness.

“Okay, Mom, my plan is to have the camera real close, on the end table,” he nodded toward it, “and angled straight at your breasts. You’ll be kneeling here and will slowly wrap them around my penis. At that point, you’ll use your breasts, and only your breasts, to stroke it.”

Ben held his breath in, hoping she would go along with it.

Tiffany looked again from his cock to his eyes. She was thinking deeply about the scene, running the idea through her mind. Then, without hesitating, she grabbed the front of her top and drew it down over her colossal tits.

Ben sat mesmerized by the sudden revealing of his mom’s heavenly breasts. He had never seen them completely naked before, and they were absolutely perfect.

As she yanked her tube-top down, her tits flopped out, shaking as a result of the quick release from the tight garment. Ben closed his eyes tightly then blinked them open again in disbelief as he absorbed

the raw image of his mother's bare tits for the first time in his life.

'How could they be so fucking perfect?' he marveled.

Their smooth, white skin, with just a light dusting of freckles, was bulging out and away from her body and forming perfect, full, tear-drop shapes. Her quarter-sized areolas, bumpy and tight, surrounded her pink, erect nipples, which were positioned perfectly on each breast just where the curve reached its apex.

"Damn, Mom. You are so beautiful." Ben's mouth was open and his eyes wide. There was no hiding his total appreciation for the breasts that were now but two feet away from him.

Tiffany sat up, arched her back, and took a breast in each hand, each one spilling over her grip. Looking at her son's dick, she leaned in and slapped her breasts around it, taking it from Ben's hand.

Ben exhaled excitedly.

All of those years of trying catch a glimpse of his mom's tits; sneaking peeks at her cleavage while she was bent over, staring at her under the cover of his sunglasses, ogling her when she wore tight T-shirts,

all came to an amazing head in that moment. Even this past week, watching her shake them around the house without a bra, all those countless masturbation sessions where he climaxed just thinking about them, and now, here they were, exposed and wrapped around his cock, so quickly, enthusiastically, and immediately presented, that he could hardly believe what was happening.

“Like this?” she asked, blinking her bright green eyes up at him.

Ben swallowed hard. “Uh, yeah, Mom, exactly like that,” he said dumfounded, still trying to regain his composure.

Tiffany pushed her tits together firmly and felt Ben’s cock throb in her warm cleavage. She felt a pulse of balmy liquid gush against her skin. She lifted her heavy tits up and let them fall while maintaining her hold of them, keeping Ben’s cock enveloped the whole time in her soft, squishy flesh. Her tits slapped with a skin-on-skin sound making loud contact with Ben’s thighs. Her hard, pointed nipples were aimed right at him. She began tit fucking his big dick, essentially using only her tits to stroke him.

He took a moment to enjoy his new-found freedom with his mom. He wasn't going to miss the opportunity presented before him. Ben held out his hands, open, and pressed his palms against her stiff nipples. He continued pressing his hands forward as Tiffany pumped her tits up and down. Her warm skin filled Ben's palms. He was in heaven, having fantasized about this exact moment so many times. He felt her hard nipples drag up and down against his open hands.

'Oh, my God!'

Not believing his eyes or his hands, he firmly closed his grip, his fingers digging into the skin of his mom's supple breasts. Ben squeezed and mashed her huge, bounding orbs, groping and fondling them. His hands powerfully gripped her tits over her own smaller hands, then released them and pinched her thick nipples, which grew even stiffer as Ben trapped each one between his thumb and forefinger. He tugged them roughly, eliciting a sigh from his mother. He lifted her tits by her nipples in time with her pumping movements.

"Jesus." Was all he could say.

Tiffany loved the attention Ben was giving her breasts. It felt so nasty and inappropriate. It had been

so long since they had been touched.

“This is going to be a best-selling video!” She remarked excitedly.

Ben extracted his raging-hard cock and brandished it by its base. Tiffany paused, confused, still holding her bosom up for him, not knowing what he was about to do.

Ben roughly slapped his fat dick against the top half of each breast, sending ripples over her supple mounds, before he continued his narration of the scene.

“Then we’ll do this for a little bit, and go back to you stroking me with your breasts.” Ben was dragging his hard dick over the top of her cleavage.

“You can say ‘tit-fucking’ Ben, I know what it is. You don’t have breasts like mine and not know what tit-fucking is,” she said knowingly.

Ben laughed. “Yeah, I guess you’re right, Mom.”

Tiffany re-wrapped his shaft with her breasts and resumed tit-fucking him, looking at her son in the eyes. Ben noticed she wasn’t smiling but rather had a lustful, sensuous look to her. His cock was very stiff, but since the only lubricant was the small

amount of precum he was producing, their thrusts were generating a fair amount of friction. Their skin was getting hot and not gliding very smoothly.

They both seemed to notice this at the same time, making eye contact as Tiffany paused.

Ben looked at her beautiful face and her thick ruby lips. They were shiny. He couldn't tell if it was from her lipstick or if they were actually wet.

“How does the scene end?”

Her mouth looked very wet as she spoke, which it was. She had her warm breasts spread across her son's bare thighs with his cock jutting out of her cleavage. Ben shuddered as he imagined how warm her wet tongue would feel on his dick head. He swallowed hard.

“I'll have an orgasm on your breasts.” Ben said simply.

Tiffany felt her pussy throb at that thought, her breasts providing enough stimulation to help her son achieve an orgasm by themselves. She squirmed slightly, feeling uncomfortably dank between her thighs in the boy shorts.

Ben noticed that when she touched his cock, she looked into his eyes, and when she wasn't touching his cock, she was looking at it.

“What do you think of that scene?” Ben asked.

“I think it's definitely a sexy idea that will sell lots of downloads. The only thing I don't like is that it's just a random scene. Why are we starting the video like this? Shouldn't there be a lead-in, some sort of back story to provide context?”

Ben thought for a moment. His mom was right. It would be better if they had some scenario that brought them together. His masturbation videos and the massage video at least had a reason for the interaction. This was just a tit-fucking scene.

“But don't you think it will be difficult to have a plot with dialog when we can't show your face?” Ben was trying desperately to think of something that would add to the setting that the tit-fuck would take place in.

“Maybe. Let's have lunch and see if anything comes to mind.” Tiffany pulled her top back up and re-arranged her breasts under the stretchy fabric, then left the room for the kitchen.

Ben was a little disappointed the dry-run ended so soon, but his mom seemed to be thinking about something and had obviously become distracted. He reluctantly dressed and helped her make grilled salmon salads with garlic toast, one of her favorite meals. Tiffany had a large glass of white wine poured sitting next to her plate.

As they began eating, Tiffany asked, “Hey, how’s ‘The Massage’ video doing?”

“Yes! ‘The Massage!’ It has sold almost one hundred downloads, and I categorized it under a different category too. I didn’t know what to expect posting something in the Big Tits section, but we’re making money on that one.” Ben was relieved that the video was performing well after all the time he put into editing it.

“That’s fantastic, Ben!” Tiffany smiled.

“I’ve been thinking, maybe you should consider sending your dad five thousand dollars as a first payment. I’m not telling you what to do, but you might as well start paying him back, don’t you think?”

“Yeah, that’s not a bad idea. It may keep him off our backs in the process.” Ben took a bite of salad.

To Tiffany, Ben's casual comment suggested that both she and her son wanted Larry to leave them alone. She stared out the window thinking about what would happen if he came home for any length of time. She didn't want him to come back. She knew what that was like. He would try to pretend like he wasn't in love with another woman, lying and creating reasons why he needed to leave town so soon after returning home. He wasn't the same man she married. He seemed to be attracted to much younger women now, and never seemed to stay with any one of them for more than a few months.

"You're probably right about that, Ben, but whether you make a payment to him or not, I don't think he'll be coming back to stay." Tiffany took another sip of wine.

"Why not? What's up, Mom?" Ben put his fork down and waited for an answer.

"He's been seeing other women. Younger women, like in their mid-twenties." Tiffany ran her tongue over her teeth under her lips, something Ben knew she did when she was angry.

"Oh. Wow. Mom, I'm sorry. I had no idea." Ben reached over and rubbed her shoulder briefly.

“That’s okay, Ben. If he wants a divorce, that’s fine. I should stand to make about ten million when we divide our assets.” Tiffany turned her head quickly in a wide smile.

Ben and his mom laughed together.

“Hey!” Tiffany’s eyes lit up. “I have an idea for the next scene!”

“Okay, what is it?” Ben began eating his salad again.

“It’s a mom and son video where the son’s hands are bandaged because they were somehow burned. He can’t masturbate and he eventually convinces his mom, who already feels pity for him, to masturbate him.”

Tiffany was noticeably excited with her idea.

Ben wasn’t so thrilled by it. He felt he had just made a huge breakthrough by getting his mom to agree to a tit-fuck scene. This was going in the wrong direction, back to jacking off. He vowed to dissuade her.

“Well, that’s great, mom, it’s really a good idea, but there are a couple of problems with it. First, there are already at least a few videos out there

similar to what you're describing, and second, how does your idea set us up for what we just rehearsed for? We were going to do a tit-fuck scene, remember?"

"No, I didn't forget. Remember I said we should focus on more quality videos, even if it takes a little longer? Here's what we do. We shoot a video that sets up a series. I already have four videos in mind, just off the top of my head. The first two will be about the mom masturbating the son, then for the third video, the son gets sore from his mom's hand, and they have to... tit-fuck to avoid his getting abrasions."

Ben thought back to the two videos he had seen about the mom having to help her son because of a hand injury. Both were bad. They didn't have his mom and her hot body, they were poorly executed, and they didn't include tit-fucking. Besides, there was no rule that said he couldn't redo a theme from someone else's video.

After giving the matter some thought, Ben shared his approval with Tiffany.

"I think you're right. It may work. Let's plot it out!" Ben was now as excited as Tiffany, but a thought lingered in his mind.

His mom clearly said that she already had four videos in mind, and that the tit-fuck scene would be the third. Did his mom have something else in mind for the fourth? Or had she misspoken? He decided he wouldn't bring it up.

After lunch, Ben and Tiffany sat at the kitchen table with a spiral notebook and planned the set-up, basic dialog, and pacing for all three videos. They decided to do the first that afternoon, at Ben's insistence, since they were both excited about it and Ben was already worked up and ready for a scene. He was delighted that his mom's interest in recording videos was growing. She seemed to want to play a larger role in the project.

For the first video, Ben would have to hold the camera in point of view perspective some of the time, and have it stationary for the other parts.

They decided to do the first scene in the garden area of their backyard where there was a wrought-iron table with chairs and a beautiful backdrop of perennial flowers.

Tiffany would start the shoot inside, holding the camera over Ben's shoulder so he could present his injured hands, thoroughly bandaged in medical gauze. He would be talking to himself to explain

what was going on, introducing the plot and holding up both hands for the camera.

They began the recording.

“Damn, my hands. I can’t do shit with them like this.” Ben spoke with Tiffany over his shoulder as if the camera was seeing through Ben’s eyes.

To get the angle right, she had to be very close to Ben, behind him. Her large breasts would occasionally smooch against Ben’s bare back as they filmed.

Ben could smell his mother’s irresistible scent and occasionally feel her soft hair brush against his back, not to mention her heavenly breasts. His dick filled the empty space in his shorts almost immediately.

Ben held his gauze-wrapped hands up and feebly tried to somehow get under his waistband. Tiffany shot the scene, but she struggled to hold the camera steady, focused on her son’s bulge. It looked enormous.

“Fuck! I— I need to jack off, what the hell?” Ben huffed in frustration.

Tiffany paused the camera, lowering it, but continuing to stare at her son's obscene lump.

“Right, okay, that's good. I'll take my place.” She looked at her son, handing him the camera. Her nipples grew stiff in her tight shirt as they shared an excited smile.

Tiffany went outside where she would be sitting at the table in the garden area reading a book dressed in a white, V-neck T-shirt and a red skirt with sandals.

Ben continued the recording from indoors.

Ben filmed one of his bandaged hands opening the glass door and walking outside. He sees his mom from across the patio about twenty yards away.

As he approaches, he pans the camera down to his crotch, his obvious tent jutting out before him. He crosses the patio and stands near Tiffany's chair, immediately focusing on her breasts. On cue, she shakes them slightly to show off their size.

“Hey Mom.” The camera stays trained on Tiffany's tits.

“Hi, Benny. How are your hands?”

“Awful. They ache, and I can’t, you know, perform certain bodily functions.” Ben moved the camera to his bandaged left hand, then back at Tiffany’s chest.

“I thought you were able to go to the bathroom, but it just takes you longer?” Tiffany used a sweet, motherly voice.

“It’s not that. It’s, you know, Mom. I’m nineteen. Guys my age, we need to relieve ourselves. Gosh mom, it’s embarrassing!”

“Benny, I don’t understand.” The camera showed Tiffany closing the book and placing it on the table.

“Mom, I can’t do what I normally do.” Ben moved the camera to his left hand again and made a jack-off motion in front of his crotch.

Tiffany gasped. “Oh, dear! I see. Yes, I guess you wouldn’t be able to do that, would you?” The camera shot Tiffany’s hands pointed upwards in a puzzled gesture.

She cleared her throat, playing up her discomfort, and continued. “What about your girlfriend, Monica?”

“We broke up like two weeks ago, mom. I don’t know what to do.” Ben made his voice sound hopeless.

“Can’t you wait? The doctor said the bandages can come off in a couple of weeks.”

“A couple of weeks? No way! Look at me!”

Ben pointed the camera back down at his tented crotch. Then back at Tiffany’s bosom.

“That is— uh, wow. That’s a big...” she babbled. Her nipples stiffened under her shirt, becoming visible as he filmed.

“It looks very swollen, Benny. You poor thing! I just wish there was something I could do.”

Ben zoomed in on Tiffany’s hard nipples showing clearly under her shirt. There was a silence as the camera continued to record.

“Do you think you could somehow help me?” The camera moved slowly from Tiffany’s hands to Ben’s erection, straining the material of his shorts.

He moved closer so his bulging shorts were in the frame with his mother’s breasts and hands as they rested atop the folded book.

“Isn’t there something that you can do?” His voice rose suggestively at the end.

She dramatically flattened her hands on the book. “Benny! I’m your mother!”

“It would just be for, you know, medical reasons, Mom. If my hands weren’t hurt,” he held up his bandaged left hand, “I would do it myself. Just like normal. This is a unique circumstance. I promise not to tell anyone.”

“Benny, that’s ridiculous. How could you even suggest such a thing? Just wait till your hands are healed.”

“Mom, I have been waiting. It’s been ten days since I’ve been able to do anything.”

The camera filmed Tiffany as she went through several movements to convey the thought process of the mother. She crossed her arms briefly, then she returned to her book for a moment, then put the book down and fidgeted with her hands as if she were thinking about her son’s predicament.

“Well, only my hands, right? Nothing else?”

“Yes, Mom. It won’t take very long, I’m all backed up!”

The camera recorded Tiffany's arms crossed again. "Okay, let me see what I can do." Ben followed Tiffany as she got up, scooting her chair out of the way. She walked over toward Ben, the camera stayed focused on her tits as they jiggled under the tight T-shirt.

Ben paused the camera while they quickly set up the tripod to get the jack off scene.

"How did I do?" She asked as Ben looked through the view finder at the shot.

"You did great, Mom! I never knew you could act so well!"

Ben set the tripod near its tallest setting so it could record the two of them from over his shoulder.

Tiffany placed the cushion from the chair on the ground and knelt on it. She pulled her T-shirt down, pressing her ample breast up and exposing a good amount of cleavage. The angle overhead would optimize the focus on the deep cleft between her soft mounds. She knelt patiently.

Ben stood in front of his mom. Tiffany's head was looking slightly down so that the camera only captured footage of the top of her head and her breasts that stuck out away from her body. She

would have to remember to keep her head in that lowered position so her face wouldn't be in the shot while she masturbated her son.

Ben carefully reached his right arm up and felt for the record button. He pressed it slowly so as not to jiggle the camera.

They were now back in character.

“Poor, poor, Benny. Let me see what I can do.”

Tiffany brought her hands onto Ben's waistband and slowly dragged his shorts down his body. His erect cock strained against the elastic until his head popped free. The fat head sprang out and up, knocking Tiffany on the chin.

“Oh!” She moved back a few inches, hoping it wouldn't put her out of the center of the camera's view.

“It hurts, Mom.” Benny whined.

“Okay, baby. Let mommy take care of it.”

Tiffany paused for a second, staring at her son's impressive, twitching member. It occurred to her that, after how aroused her son had appeared before his lunch, he probably was indeed “backed up” and needed release.

This was the first of what she considered HER movies, being that the bandaged hand storyline was her idea. She wanted the scenes to be long and Ben had a history of premature ejaculations. She knew he'd have no problem providing a big finish, but decided to do her best to prolong each scene.

“I had no idea you were suffering so much, Benny.” Tiffany kept her eyes down, on her son's dick, fighting the urge to make eye contact with him to watch his reaction to her grabbing his cock.

Her mouth grew wet and she swallowed.

“I'm glad you came to me for help.” She closed her hands around his fat shaft. “That's what I'm here for.”

His thick snake throbbed and felt familiarly electric in her grip. She beamed, enjoying its unbelievable stiffness, then began stroking it slowly. She felt a deep satisfaction at having access to Ben's perfect penis again.

“You just let this be our secret. It's for medical reasons, anyway, right?”

Tiffany was stroking Ben in a slow rhythm. He leaned his hips closer so she could stroke him

deeper, over his full length. She responded by increasing her speed.

“Oh, yes, Mom. It is for medical reasons. I won’t tell anyone. Oh, Mom, that feels so good!”

“You have a nice penis, Benny. Monica was crazy to break up with you! So long, and fat, and hard. You’re nothing like your father.”

Ben couldn’t help but think how much better his mom had become at recording videos in just a few days. She remembered everything they had plotted out just a short time earlier, and even ad-libbing. She was really into this!

Benny responded, “Thanks Mom, your hands feel amazing!”

“You just relax and let it go. Let Mommy do all the work.”

Tiffany was stroking faster now, and kept the same pace through more dialog.

“I don’t want you to hold back, Benny, don’t be shy.”

Ben was so turned on in reality that he could barely contain himself. He began to think how this sort of video could lead to countless others where

she would be willing to get into her “professional” mindset and be sexual with him for the camera.

Tiffany couldn't believe how turned on she had become by touching her son's cock again. She felt free to really grip it without any fear, it was, after all, for the video, which would help her son achieve more financial independence. To her way of thinking, it was as close as she was going to get to guilt-free sexual contact with Ben, at least for now.

She took pride in her idea for the concept. She felt this approach was far better than just shooting random, scenes like they had been doing up until now. She stroked him enthusiastically, pumping hard enough that Ben's dangling balls began bumping her lower forearms as she worked.

Ben began panting.

“I know you are backed up, honey. If you feel like you are ready, just let go.”

Ben's head rushed and he looked down at the top of his mom's head. He couldn't really see what she was doing, but was so turned on by the role she was playing that he couldn't hold back.

“You can cum, Benny-OH!!”

Tiffany jolted in surprise as Ben blasted several strong streams of semen rapidly against her nose, lips, chin, and neck. She had expected his hot cum to cover the front of her shirt, but had misjudged the force of his spurts as he continued splattering her face.

“Mommm! Ohhh, Gggoddd! Yes!” he bellowed above her.

“Pfff—” Tiffany felt cum raining against her features, closing her eyes. “Gah!”

She held his cock, dutifully taking each splashing stream.

Being very conscious of the scene they were concluding, she knew she had to get the cum-shot right. She opened her mouth to say a line, “That’s it Benn—” Only to have a thick stream of semen travel directly into her mouth and plop down on the back of her tongue. Her first instinct was to spit it out and make a fuss, as she never swallowed Larry’s semen when she used to give him blow jobs.

Instead, she took an open-mouthed breath, Ben shot another line of cum on her tongue, and she swallowed definitively, her head dipping slightly.

‘I can’t believe I tasted my son’s cum,’ she thought.

She found herself smacking her lips and rolling her tongue against the roof of her mouth, in an effort to see what it tasted like. The idea of swallowing Ben’s semen didn’t repulse her. In fact, she was embarrassed to discover that she liked it. She hoped that Ben hadn’t seen her swallow it.

Ben finished his orgasm and took his cock from his mother. He shook his cock down to remove the last of the cum from his shaft.

“Oh, God, Mom. That was so good! Thank you!”

Tiffany’s face was covered in lines and dots of gooey cum. She rested her hands on her knees and said, “I’m glad I could help you, son. Let Mommy know if there is anything else I can help you with, okay?”

Ben reached around and paused the video for the last time. The recording was done.

“Oh my God, Mom. That was so hot! I just can’t believe how good you were with everything!” Ben was genuinely impressed.

Tiffany stood up and stretched, only then did Ben see her cum-covered face.

“Jesus, Mom! You’re a mess!”

She looked up at him, smiling weakly, her eyes still shut.

“I know I say this a lot, but I think that was my biggest cumshot yet.”

“I think you are right, Benny. That was more like two loads.” Tiffany rolled her eyes open, surprised to find they hadn’t been sealed shut.

“Oh, dang it. Sorry, Mom! I had no idea!”

Tiffany turned, walking back to the house.

“It’s okay, it will only take a moment to clean off.”

“Sorry!” Ben yelled as she entered her door to the master bedroom from the outside.

She waved her hand in the air indicating all was well.

Tiffany ran her tongue along her the outermost rim of her lips, licking up more of Ben’s cum. She discovered she not only enjoyed the taste, but the

fact that it felt so perverted and wrong to have her son's semen in her mouth.

After Tiffany had washed up, she met Ben upstairs in his room. He was busy reviewing the unedited footage from their recording.

“Hey, feel better?” He stopped working his track pad and gave his mom his full attention.

“Why? Oh that? That was nothing. Don't worry about it.” Tiffany smiled and rubbed her son's arm as he sat behind his desk.

Ben looked at his mom and thought back to the sight that he missed due to his perspective above his mom's head when he came. He had tried to remain as steady as he could during the recording so he wouldn't move out of the camera's eye. How he wished he could have watched his load cover his mom's face as she knelt in front of him!

His hand trembled excitedly as he moved the cursor. He'd be reviewing the cumshot finale footage soon enough and would probably masturbate as he did so, but for now, he focused on the initial dialogue.

He hoped he'd get some view of his cum splattering Tiffany's face after he'd seen the

aftermath in person.

“How does it look?” Tiffany now drew her attention intently on the video on the computer screen.

“It’s amazing. The dialog is perfect for what these types of movies are like. You were phenomenal, Mom, really.” Ben looked over his shoulder and smiled.

“Thanks! I really enjoyed that! It felt like we were actually making a movie.” Tiffany had a more serious expression on her face.

“I think having a script and at least somewhat of a plot helps. I felt like we both knew what we were doing.” Ben turned his attention back to the video.

Tiffany watched the video and remarked, “The picture is really sharp! The soundtrack is clear too!”

“It’s a great video, and the best part is that you can’t see your face at any time.” Ben was very pleased with the result.

“I can finish this later. We don’t need to reshoot anything.” Ben got up from his desk and high-fived his mom.

“Go team!” Tiffany raised her arms in the air enthusiastically.

“I’m hungry. Why don’t we go out for sushi?” Tiffany had a look of pure joy on her face that Ben had never seen before.

“Sounds great! Let me change.”

Tiffany and Ben had a wonderful time at their favorite Japanese restaurant as mother and son. Ben found it a nice change of pace to go out in public with his beautiful mom.

After dinner, the two said goodnight and Ben retired to his room to finish the edit. The only part left was the end. He eagerly accessed the raw footage.

The scene began with Tiffany jerking Ben’s meaty cock, aimed at her chest in the V-neck shirt. She had two hands on it, encouraging him to ejaculate. Her voice was clear and level.

Just then, Ben’s cock began spitting in her face. Tiffany was visibly caught off guard by the powerful blasts and tilted her downward-pointing face as cum coated it. There was a flash of her entire face on the screen, partially glazed over with a thick spurt gushing over her nose and lips.

Ben gripped his cock as he sat watching. He began editing, careful to save the raw footage and the removed frames for his personal collection, which was growing now. He fondly reviewed the shots of his mother's camel toe from the massage video before continuing his work.

Tiffany tilted her head only briefly in shock, recovering almost immediately as she soldiered through Ben's hosing cumshot. He was happily shocked to notice something in the next few frames.

A pale burst of cum disappeared through her open mouth. With her hair dangling down, obscuring most of her face, the angle shows Tiffany pausing to accept a second sperm stream, then her mouth closes and she swallows clearly.

Ben couldn't believe how she casually just gulped it down. The corners of her lips curved in a slight smile. She liked the taste.

At that moment, Ben let the raw footage run, grabbing a towel and freeing his stiff cock. After a few strokes, he blasted his load into the towel. It was a fairly small amount given the enormous facial he'd expelled earlier.

"Fuck, that's hot," he sighed as he finished.

Turning back to his work after cleaning up, he made the finishing touches. He was delighted at the result. The footage had been relatively smooth and he'd edited out a few of the seconds Tiffany's face popped into the frame. He uploaded the finished product and submitted it for review on the Hot Amateurs site. He and Tiffany planned to record the second video tomorrow before lunch.

Ben woke to find his video, "A Loving Mom Helps Her son," still pending. It was by far, the longest video he had posted to date. He was charging \$35.00 for it and he fully expected it to do well.

Downstairs, Tiffany had made pancakes and bacon and was in her workout leotard only without her usual sports bra, just as they had planned.

"Good morning, Mom. Damn, you look stunning," Ben said incredulously, still amazed by his sexy mom. He took his place at the island, setting his camera down on the side table next to the back door.

"Good morning, Ben. Are you ready?" Tiffany walked around to the side of the bar and looked at Ben's clothes: sweatpants, running shoes, and a T-

shirt. “Perfect!” She smiled, then bent over and kissed him on the cheek.

Ben started his pancakes while Tiffany reminded him of the plot.

“We need to put the camera at the front of the treadmill, pointing toward the side, about waist level, and remember, once I start masturbating you, you have to pretend like you need more stimulation, that’s when you suggest I show you my breasts. So, you can’t have an orgasm too soon.”

“I remember, Mom.” Ben finished the last piece of bacon.

“But once I get them out, you can shoot right away.”

Ben was amazed at how he and his mom’s roles were changing. She was taking more ownership of the videos, especially in the production and direction. He loved where she was taking their video recording partnership.

“I’m sure that won’t be a problem,” he said chuckling. “I’ll set up the tripod after I brush my teeth.”

The two met in his room, where the scene would begin.

“Same deal as yesterday,” Ben said, offering his hands to Tiffany.

She set the camera down and wrapped his hands with gauze. Ben watched her work, feeling his cock lifting as he gazed down at her braless breasts, straining against the tight, plunging top of her leotard.

Ben saw the two, stiff, dull points appear in the center of each bulging mound. The two shared a moment, enjoying the fact that they didn't have to worry about Tiffany's face being visible for the time being.

“Ok, all set,” Tiffany patted her son's bandaged hands, then retrieved the camera.

She got into place behind him and began recording.

The scene started over the shoulder, again, on Ben's hands.

He sighed, lowering them to bring his shorts, which were again tented.

“Damn, not again.”

He lifted his gaze and Tiffany moved the camera accordingly.

“Where’s mom?” he asked, turning back and forth.

Tiffany mimicked him, scanning with the camera.

“Mom?!” he called out.

A few seconds ticked by and Tiffany stopped. Ben heard the beep and turned back to her, rubbing his straining cock over his shorts. He was aching to cum already.

“Ok, so I’ll head down to the treadmill. Give me a few minutes to warm up and get a little sweaty,” Tiffany directed.

Ben’s gaze travelled down to her cleavage as she spoke.

“Then come on in and we’ll do the scene.” She handed him the camera.

“Can’t wait, mom.”

Tiffany popped out of the room, leaving Ben.

The large master suite had a sleeping area with her bed; a large bathroom with a shower, and a

separate, Jacuzzi bath tub; a huge walk-in closet, and a small room off the closet that she had set up her treadmill, yoga mat, and dumbbell rack. It even had a tall window. They had set up the tripod looking down the length of the treadmill from the front, with the window providing light from behind.

Tiffany mounted the treadmill and began an intense pace to get sweaty quickly.

Back in his room, Ben mentally recapped the plan.

The scene was mostly recorded from a fixed position. “Benny” would walk in recording with an erection protruding from his sweatpants. He would show his mom who was on the treadmill, and the scene would progress according to their script that they wrote yesterday.

He knew he was supposed to wait, to give her time to get worked up, but he also knew he’d be looking at her bare tits very soon. His heart raced as he tried to be patient. He was childishly reminded of waiting on for Santa Claus on Christmas morning.

Ben couldn’t wait any longer.

He hit record and shot his steps out of his bedroom, down the staircase, past the living room

and sitting area, through his mom's bedroom, bathroom, and closet hallway to the workout room. He could hear the electric whoosh and the taps of Tiffany's steps as he approached.

Ben recorded his mom on the treadmill, he was gawking at the sight. His mom's mammoth, full tits were bouncing heavily under her black workout leotard.

Tiffany was only barely sweating, so Ben recorded a bit longer than they had planned just to get a record of the rare event. He nearly forgot he was playing the role of the injured Benny.

Once her top showed a little sweat, Ben snapped back into character.

"Mom, it won't go away. Could you help me again?" He rotated the view down, then back up to his mom.

She mashed a button on the console and slowed to a walk, a look of concern spreading on her face. Her walk came to a halt.

The camera captured her amazing tits as they stretched the leotard tight. The curve of each breast and her nipples could be seen clearly, her white skin made the black fabric lighter in the front.

“Oh, poor Benny. Here, come over by me.”

Tiffany got down on her knees on the treadmill platform and Ben carefully lowered the frame to keep her face out as he approached. The camera dipped down over her kneeling, supple body and Ben’s bouncing erection under his shorts. Ben hit the pause button once they got into place. He placed the camera onto the tripod so it was about four feet off the ground. He secured it and looked through the preview screen.

The camera had Tiffany’s bust just to the right of the center of the picture. Ben would stand in front of her, his cock at the level of her breasts. They agreed that Tiffany would use her right hand when jacking him off so her left hand wouldn’t obstruct the view of her tits, or his cock, another one of Tiffany’s suggestions.

Ben hit the record button, walked behind the camera, and entered the scene as if he was walking from his original place from across the room. He held his hands in the air just above his waist.

“Come here baby. Let mommy take care of you.”

Once Ben was in place, Tiffany dutifully pulled his shorts and underwear down together. His

erection popped out, long and stiff. She gripped it with her right hand and began stroking it, keeping her head still to keep her face out of frame.

Ben sighed. Every time he watched his mother grip and begin stroking his cock, he felt a strong urge to immediately spray her with cum. He had to force himself to think about something else, in this case, repaying his dad five thousand dollars to begin a payment schedule.

‘2,000 to start, per week, for 2 months,’ he mentally ticked off, sighing.

“Nice and hard. You sure are excited, Benny.” Tiffany forced Ben’s attention back to his delightful reality.

Tiffany settled in, dragging her tight grip back and forth along her son’s swollen phallus. She let her mouth fall open, panting, and brought her left hand up to play with his dangling nuts. She jerked and jiggled his balls.

Ben felt that rush deep in his core and tightened, holding back. He felt his cock head stretch and his cum hole gaped.

He gulped loudly and had to focus again, calming himself down before he lost control. He watched his

mom's hand lap back and forth on his shaft, framed by her deep cleavage below.

'Then, after 8 weeks, I'll have, what?' he did some mental math to distract himself again.

Tiffany jacked off her son while talking to him as the sympathetic mother she was playing on the video.

"These balls feel really full. You must be all back up again."

"Uh huh," Ben replied shakily.

Back and forth she stroked, moving her hand gently but deliberately.

"Poor thing, after that freak incident in chemistry class," she improvised, sitting up and pushing out her chest.

Ben's cock throbbed and leapt in her grip. She looked up and recognized the strained look on her son's face. Despite the planned direction of the scene, with Ben's character needing more encouragement to climax, the real-life Ben was ready to explode at any moment, Tiffany knew she needed to start the conversation that would begin his build-up to orgasm.

She was reminded of the taste of her son's cum as she began to smell that distinct scent. Her thoughts were consumed with the inevitable cum shot and how that would feel.

“Hmmm. You're not cumming. Is Mommy doing something wrong?” She wobbled her chest suggestively below his towering cock.

“I just need something to help me. Something to watch or see while you do it.” Ben tried to sound pathetic.

“Do you want to turn on the TV and for us to go in the other room?”

“No that won't help. Could you, maybe, show me your boobs?”

“Oh! I, well, Benny, I don't know about that. My breasts are private.”

Tiffany was playing her part perfectly.

“Just this one time, Mom. Please?”

“Well, you have to promise not to ever tell anyone, okay?”

“Okay, Mom. I'll never tell a soul.”

Tiffany removed her hand from Ben's cock and pulled the elastic material of her leotard top down, scooping out one breast, then another, leaving both out of the top with the neck line stretched down and under both of her tits. The effect was unbelievable. The elastic properties of the outfit lifted her breasts, causing them to rise up and stick out even more prominently than they would otherwise. She angled her body subtly so that her chest was facing more toward the camera to enhance the view of her incredible tits. She would continue using her right hand to pump her son.

“How's that, Benny?” She asked in a sexy, higher-pitched voice.

“That's amazing, Mom. Your boobs are incredible!”

Tiffany continued to stroke her son as the recording picked up every shake, tremble, and jiggle of her enormous breasts. Ben stood frozen in place, his balls churning, his cock, hot and as hard as it could possibly get. He could no longer hold back, not with his mom's tits looking so fucking spectacular.

“That did it, Mom—” he grunted in a low, strained voice.

Tiffany held her chin level, but glanced up at her son.

“That’s my big boy. Give it to Mommy, Benny. You know what to do.”

Tiffany kept stroking the hot cock burning in her hand waiting for her treasured prize. Ben was soaring to an overwhelming climax as he stared at Tiffany’s tits. Her stroking made them move just enough to show off their perfect mass and oversized proportion in relation to her body.

Part of Ben still held onto his faculties, as he consciously tried to point his cock being held by Tiffany’s hand down, but strangely, his mom wouldn’t let him break free from her firm grasp. Tiffany was pumping deep thrusts into his body and pulling his member tight on the upstroke.

She blinked, expecting the cum to flow any second.

“Aaaa! Oooh, shhhiiittt!”

His first volley shot out in a long stream, like water through a hose. He felt himself expel a large lump of thick liquid. As it jetted out, he could barely make out his mom pointing the head of his cock upward toward her face, well above her tits.

‘Did she want me to cum on her face again?’ Ben’s eyes opened wider to better witness the bizarre scene for himself.

Tiffany was indeed aiming his cock at her face, and with her lips parted enough to take the first powerful shot straight into her awaiting, eager mouth. Any doubt that she fully intended to receive his load in her mouth was put to rest on the second and third streams, because for these, she opened her mouth wide, even sticking out her tongue.

Her mouth was stretched as wide as she could open it. Bolts of cum jetted past her gaping lips.

“Nnnn hnnn, nnnn hnnnn,” she nodded, accepting stream after stream.

Since his cock was only about four inches from her face, she caught nearly all of what he ejaculated directly into her mouth. This was no accident, and certainly nothing that required a future apology. Tiffany wanted her son’s cum in her mouth.

And she was mostly successful, save a few errant clumps.

Tiffany nodded as her mouth filled. To Ben, the sight was so hot that his initial orgasm was prolonged due to his mother’s unpredictable, almost

needy response to his orgasm. Neither Ben nor his mom had mentioned his cumming in her mouth when they planned the scene.

He witnessed her growing cum-hunger first hand, a prospect he found unbelievably exciting.

She finally felt the pulses slow and tapered the pace of her stroking pumps.

“Aaaaannghhh,” she said, her lips trembling and Ben’s thick load pooling in her open mouth, threatening to spill out.

“MMMMMM!” She closed her lips tightly and began nodding enthusiastically.

“Mom! Oh my God! That was so fucking good!” Ben held up his bandaged hands for reference, then drew back, letting his spent cock retreat from the frame.

Tiffany carefully parted her lips and moved toward the camera, angling her face out of the frame. Ben’s abundant load filled her mouth practically to the brim.

Her lips closed, her throat clenched visibly, and she issued a loud gulp. She patiently inhaled, then exhaled slowly and opened her lips again.

‘The taste is so thrilling!’ She smiled a wicked grin.

The recording ended.

“Thank you, Ben! I think that went extremely well.” Tiffany sat at Ben’s side unwrapping his hands and rolling up the gauze for the next time. Her tits were still pulled out and were swinging as she unwrapped her son.

“Hey, Mom? ‘A Loving Mom Helps Her Son Part 1’ is up.” Ben yelled down to his mom who was cleaning up after their lunch.

Ben could hear his mom approaching quickly from downstairs.

Her smiling face burst into view as she held the side of the doorway.

“Awesome! How is it doing?”

“One hundred and twenty-one downloads at \$35.00 each. That’s about two thousand dollars already, just for that video alone!” Ben sat back and put his hands behind his head.

“Here, move over, let me see.” Tiffany rushed into the room and sidled past Ben.

He pushed his wheeled computer chair back slightly to let her take control. She began scrolling and clicking, slightly bent over.

“Why don’t you answer your emails and messages?” She wagged her hips slightly as she clicked. “You have dozens!”

Ben smiled, staring at his mom’s round ass, positioned just between him and the desk. She still had her workout leotard on and the thin crotch had worked its way slightly up into Tiffany’s pussy. She seemed to be aroused, but was oblivious to the lewd view she was providing her son.

“Look at all these,” she said, distracted.

A reply window opened and Tiffany began typing rapidly.

“We are the hottest producer on the site right now,” Tiffany commented after quickly orienting herself and busily issuing responses.

“Our content draws a popular, but distinct demographic.”

“There are so many unanswered emails! Here,” she began reading aloud, “I love your videos. The amateur camera work and the effort you go through

to keep the mother's face hidden gives it that realistic element. Keep up the good work!”

She turned back to her son, who brought his eyes from her butt to her turned face.

“Yeah, but I don't respond much. I don't want to attract too much attention since we're actually related, you know? Incest being illegal and all.” Ben watched his mom turn back to the computer. He could tell she had something on her mind.

“Here's another, ‘Your video, ‘A Loving Mom Helps Her Son,’ is awesome! Can't wait for Part 2!’ They're almost all like this. Everyone loves our recording style. We have to be careful not to change too much about what we do. I think—”

Ben listened intently to his mom. He thoroughly enjoyed having her as an active partner.

“Yes, you think? What? What do you think, Mom?” Ben watched Tiffany turn around again.

“I think we need to do a better job with the content of our movies, and that we should be careful not to make them look too professional. Most viewers are complimenting you on making your videos appear more like homemade movies.”

“Well, that’s partly because there are amateur adult studios that operate on the site. People making professional-quality porn movies but aren’t big enough to branch out on their own. We aren’t really competing with them. Ours are actually homemade, it’s just that no women on the site can match your body.”

Ben raised his eyebrow suggestively, pinching his thick shaft in his sweats. He considered getting himself out and jacking off.

“Don’t sell yourself short there, buddy!” Ben saw Tiffany look down to his crotch as it grew into a more pronounced shape.

I think we always need to plan our stories ahead of time so that we are creating interesting videos and attract the kind of customer that will download everything we have. Don’t you?”

“Yes, I have to agree, taking time to lay out a scene with dialog, setting, and clothes, is a much better idea than just winging it.”

Ben shamelessly reclined in his chair, pushing his hips up and displaying his growing bulge.

“You see? This is why I wanted your help. You are making this happen, Mom!”

“Oh, I don’t know about that.” Tiffany blushed and waved back at him playfully. “Let’s see about dinner.”

Ben and Tiffany used the spiral notebook to brainstorm a few more ideas after dinner before calling it quits and going to bed.

Tiffany broke out her vibrators after Ben went upstairs.

‘Time for mommy to have some relief.’ She smiled and spread herself on the bed.

She settled in against her soft pillows and clicked on her favorite ‘rabbit style’ vibrator, placing it against her bare, aching mound. It hummed powerfully.

Tiffany gasped and felt her body jolt. Her knees straightened. She sighed as pleasure coursed through her body. Her mind conceptualized a view of Tiffany, kneeling on the treadmill. She squirmed, her climax approaching. In her mind, she pictured a view of the inside of her mouth as she received her son’s load.

Her orgasms came quickly and powerfully. She coasted through one after another, recalling the taste of his young cum and how it felt splattering against

her body and face. There was something about it that drove her crazy with lust. She guessed his semen was physical evidence of the taboo act.

She came especially hard when she repeated a thought that she had earlier, ‘Mom’s shouldn’t ever have any sort of contact with their son’s sperm.’

The next day, Ben didn’t come down for breakfast to talk with his mom about that day’s shoot. He didn’t have to. Tiffany, who has always been an early riser, made Ben an egg sandwich and coffee and brought it upstairs. Setting his breakfast on his dresser, she was reading more emails and messages on the website.

When Ben finally woke, she was already busy typing responses to messages. She was in his chair, corresponding quietly in a large button-up, her legs bare. They had lots of messages, too. Something she didn’t discover until that morning.

“Ben, there are messages that request specific scenarios. We could use these, Benny!”

“I’ve read some of them, but I never thought of using their ideas.” Ben rubbed his eyes and sat up. He was naked under the sheets and sporting a full-on erection.

“Look, here’s one. ‘Have Mom and Benny get caught in a blizzard and lose electricity. They have to keep each other warm in bed. Show how they start spooning. Benny’s poor huge dick is cold and no matter what, they can’t keep it warm. Finally, they resolve to put it in the hottest place Tiffany can think of.’”

They made eye contact as an unspoken boundary was flirted with. The look in Ben’s eye made Tiffany’s pussy flutter and she blushed.

Regaining her composure, she cleared her throat.

“There are a lot more, Ben.”

Ben thought it interesting that his mom chose to read one that was about actual fucking, a subject his mom had never discussed before. He thought back to when her enthusiasm began, when she had the idea to include more of a storyline to their videos, that day, just two days ago, marked a point of more willingness to participate. It seemed as though Tiffany felt better about her sexual relationship with her son as long as they were recording.

“That sounds interesting, Mom,” Ben espoused thoughtfully, careful to make himself sound neutral.

“Well, I’m not saying we have to do that one, but you see my point.”

Ben recognized when his mom became awkwardly aroused and wanted to push her to explore those feelings, so he said nothing, pausing to see where she’d take the discussion.

“Why don’t you get up and get ready for our shoot. Don’t forget to go over your lines!” Tiffany leaned over and kissed Ben on the forehead then went downstairs to get ready.

After Ben’s shower, he dried, put on lots of cologne, and wrapped his lower body in a towel. This was his wardrobe for the shoot.

He met his mom downstairs and set the camera up in the living room near the leaded glass windows where he had tried to get his mom to look at his dick, just one week ago. Walking into the room with his camera and tripod, he thought, ‘Man, things have really changed since then.’

“Ready?” Tiffany walked into the living room wearing a short, blue and white striped skirt and the tube top from two days ago, when they had done the ‘dry-run tit-fuck’. Her hair was up, as he’d

suggested, and Ben thought she looked absolutely radiant.

“I see you’re in your towel, that’s perfect.” Tiffany smiled. Ben could smell she was freshly showered and seemed to be in a particularly good mood.

Tiffany sat on the couch with the rolled medical gauze waiting to wrap Ben’s hands for the scene. In this video, the two would be sitting on the couch with the camera alternating from two, fixed positions. Due to the fact that they would only have one camera, it will take a lot of pausing the video and editing. Ben discovered that the more he edited, the worse the video was. His ability to record scenes had grown beyond his ability to edit the scenes, especially when they were becoming more and more complicated.

Tiffany finished wrapping his hands.

“All set.” She picked up the camera from the table and took her place over Ben’s shoulder.

Ben stood in the middle of the living room. The blinds were open and they moved all the floor lamps closer to the camera for additional lighting. Tiffany was behind him angling the camera down from over

his right side. She had to restart the video after Ben's towel fell off his body.

“Whoops!” Tiffany waited while Ben fixed the towel around his waist. She noticed he was semi-erect, his cock looked thick and meaty.

“Looks like you're almost ready to go!” she observed, smiling.

“Ready? Start whenever you're ready. The camera's on.”

Tiffany held the camera from behind and recorded.

The scene started like the other two. This became a trademark beginning for the series: every movie began with Ben's wrapped hands.

Ben began his dialog as Benny.

“One more week to go, but I'm hard again. Mom?!”

The camera moved to the entrance of the living room and paused.

Ben adjusted his hold of the camera and had his mom test the angle by walking into the room.

“Walk to the coffee table and stop. This is where we’ll start our dialog.” Ben looked up from the camera.

“I think I’ve got this.” Tiffany nodded and hurried around the corner to walk into the scene. Ben thought it was cute that she hurried into position when the camera was paused, like it was on a timer or something.

“Okay, I’m ready!” She hollered from around the corner.

“Come on in!” Ben pressed record and waited. He had the camera pointed down, toward the lower half of his focus point near the French doors. Tiffany came sauntering in.

“Is everything okay, Benny?”

The camera recorded Tiffany’s legs and waist when she first entered the room, then moved up to her bouncing breasts that seemed to want to want to come out of the tube-top. As she got closer, her obviously hard nipples became apparent to the camera.

She walked up to the coffee table as planned.

“Oh, Mom. It’s the same thing. I’m all backed-up and need your help again. I know you probably don’t want—”

Tiffany interrupted, “Nonsense, Benny. I can help you again.”

She stood in place.

“There’s a huge problem, Mom. I’m sore.” Ben pointed the camera down to his towel-covered waist, hiding his obvious erection.

“Sore? What do you mean?” Tiffany put her arms on her hips, now back in the camera’s lens.

“From the other times you helped me. You were a little rough. My penis is sore.”

“Oh, no! Benny! I’m so sorry! What can I do?”

Ben moved behind the camera and took it in hand. He zoomed tightly into her breasts that were moving up and down with Tiffany’s increased heart rate and heightened level of excitement. Her tits looked sublime.

She arched her back proudly, knowing the planned focus.

“Can you think of any other way to help me relieve myself?” Ben asked innocently from behind the camera.

“I think I have an idea, why don’t you sit down on the couch. I need to get something from the bathroom.” Tiffany suggested.

Ben paused the camera, then set it up as he had rehearsed when they did the dry-run a few days ago. The camera was looking down from his right side so it would catch his cock in between his mom’s breasts.

He gave directions to his mom.

“Okay, Mom. You’re going to come into the scene with the oil and kneel down on the cushion.” He set a cushion on the ground in front of the couch at the center. “I’ll already be sitting down toward the edge. I’m going to start the camera, so slide out of the picture until I’ve sat down.”

“Ok. I will wait a few seconds before I come in as if I’m returning from the bathroom with the oil.” Tiffany stepped out.

“Okay, great.” Ben hit the record button and sat down on the couch.

After a few seconds, Tiffany came into the picture. She approached him directly and smiled before setting the bottle down and kneeling into position. Tiffany straightened up tall and seemed to offer her tits up to her son and the camera's view, still technically clothed in the revealing tube top.

“You're still in your towel, Benny! We're going to have to get you out of that.”

“Okay, Mom.” Ben relaxed as his mom loosened and unwrapped the towel.

His thick cock sprang up like a time-lapse tree. It rose stoutly, completely hard.

Tiffany let the towel fall aside and took a moment to gaze at her son's big, fat cock. Ben saw that she licked her lips.

“My goodness, Benny! You do need some help!”

She tentatively pinched at his wide shaft gently, inspecting it.

“I can see what you mean. It's strained, but is on the verge of becoming irritated,” she reported.

Using her pinched grip, she turned and examined Ben's enormous erection. Her thin forefinger and

thumb made his thick tool look even bigger by contrast.

Tiffany squared her shoulders to the camera.

“Let’s see if we can try using something softer than my hands,” she suggested, putting her broad tits in the center of the frame.

She smashed her breasts together and slowly peeled the tube-top away from them, pushing it down to her hips so it would be out of the way. Her massive tits now fully exposed, Tiffany could feel her nipples twinge with anticipation. They seemed to hum with a sensitivity she’d never felt. She loved baring her breasts to her son, and the way his facial expression changed when he looked at them. They wiggled ponderously as she adjusted her seating waiting to begin her work on Ben’s cock.

Ben felt his heart beat thunderously beneath his chest. He felt he could stare at his mom’s chest all day and never become tired of the sight.

“Oh, God, Mom. Your body is so beautiful!” His comment was completely natural. In that moment, he wasn’t acting one bit.

“Thank you, Benny! Now, sit yourself a bit closer.” She patiently placed her hands on the

outside curves of her breasts, waiting while Ben moved himself into the ideal position. “There, perfect.”

Now ready for serious action, Tiffany grabbed the bottle of oil leaned forward, bringing her dangling tits into proximity with Ben’s bare dick. She held the bottle above them and drizzled the oil down, allowing it to run and drip across her smooth skin first. She turned the bottle and dripped a line over her son’s penis and balls.

She righted the bottled and set it aside. Ben felt his cock throb for attention, jutting out from his lap. Tiffany looked at him as she used her hands to spread the oil over her tits. She rubbed across, then under each one, her fingers digging into the supple flesh suggestively.

Tiffany moaned before turning her oily hands on her son. She rubbed her hands together and casually grabbed her son’s stiff penis.

“You have a remarkable penis, Benny.” She stated clinically. “It’s so hard and thick.”

Tiffany’s eyes were locked onto her son’s as she clutched his cock with both hands. She could feel it pulsing, the heat emanating from it was remarkable.

She estimated that she was at least as hot for her son as his penis revealed him to be for her. She stuck to her dialog as she continued to lock eyes with Ben.

“Ooh... Benny. You’re ready to explode, you poor thing!”

“I am, Mom.” He said haltingly, sounding strained. “Thank you—” he practically grunted, adding, “-for helping me.”

Tiffany slowly spread the oil evenly, probing and feeling the giant cock, eventually working her two-handed grip to a stroking motion over his bloated member. At some point, Ben thought she was stroking it for much longer than necessary to the scene. Given the fact that “Benny’s” cock was supposed to be sore, and she was going to use her breasts to make him cum, he felt he would need to edit some out to keep to the plot. He and his mom were staring at each other as she slowly, yet forcefully, stroked his dick, making it impossible for him to encourage her to start the tit-fucking action.

Then, in a total deviation from the script, Ben saw his mom’s right hand reach down and disappear between her legs. He could see her forearm rotate, oscillating in a circular motion.

‘She’s playing with herself!’

Her breasts completely naked to Ben, Tiffany could not contain her lust for her son as she sat gripping his penis. She needed relief and felt that rubbing herself would most likely benefit the scene they were recording. Without breaking her stare, she started rubbing her enlarged clit while stroking her son’s cock. She was not prepared for the effect it had upon her. This marked the first time Tiffany had touched herself while she was with her son.

All those several times when she had masturbated, thinking of him; his naked body, his enormous cock, paled in comparison to the intensely sexual feelings she was experiencing touching herself while handling him. She was thinking, ‘I need to make my own orgasm more of a part of our videos!’ and vowed to plan more opportunities for her to cum in future recordings. Still rubbing her soaking-wet sex, she stroked Ben for her own stimulation now.

Her response was as intense as it was immediate. Her orgasm was close, her sloppy sex itching with desire. She rose up just a little and sunk two fingers into her saturated pussy.

“Ahhh!” Her cry slipped out. “Ohhhh!” Unable to control her vocal expressions, she let go of her efforts to control her on-screen presence. She did not let go of her son’s thick shaft, instead tightening her grip as she began coming on her fingers.

“UUuunngh!” She clenched, bucking her hips.

Ben watched his mom writhing between his legs, amazed at her powerfully sexuality in that moment. As her body shook, her bare tits moved in an arc and her straining, stiff nipples dragged across the insides of Ben’s thighs, feeling hard enough to cut him, though they just swept over, leaving an oily trail.

Her pussy went from a steady wet flow to a powerful gush, soaking the cushion she knelt on. Her eye lids now only halfway opened, her body rose and fell as she pumped up and down through her orgasm, panting. She clenched up fully, reacting physically in ways she never had before.

“GAAHHH!” she grunted, like a dam burst inside her.

Her trembling body shook and she released suddenly. Her head slumped against Ben’s thigh, her posture relaxed.

Ben sat transfixed, watching his mom cum right before his eyes for the first time. The temptation to grab his cock and jack himself off to his own orgasm was only staved off by his desire to feel her tits around his cock. He would wait quietly until she regained her composure and resumed the dialog for the video.

Somehow, through her earth-shattering climax, she'd managed to hang onto her grip around Ben's shaft. She lifted her head, blinking at Ben and bringing her breasts up before him.

"Hmmm, that was nice." Tiffany took a deep breath and rose up straight, presenting her bare, oily breasts again for her son and the camera.

"Now, where were we?" she asked rhetorically.

Ben simply smiled and observed his mom's enormous tits intently.

Tiffany sat up, gripped her immense breasts with her small hands, and slapped the oily orbs around her son's thick base, also covering most of his thighs and his large balls. Her flesh touched around his straining shaft, his circumference threaded with blue veins. Ben's dick head rose up through her cleavage, arching toward her face and lips.

Ben sighed. ‘Finally,’ he thought.

Tiffany stared at his tip and licked her lips with her dripping tongue. She began slowly bouncing her breasts in his lap, her dormant tit-fucking skills returning to her. Tiffany was making quiet humming noises as she surrounded her son’s cock, squirming and bouncing her body as she moved on the long shaft. Ben pushed his cock up and through her cleavage, making sure his knobby head pistoned up against her soft chin every so often. The tight gash between his mother’s tits felt soft, slippery, and the sight was more than he was prepared for.

“That’s it, Benny. Just keep it there. Mommy will make you feel better in no time.”

“God, Mom, it feels so incredible!”

Tiffany created a perfect fucking environment by smashing her full breasts around Ben’s cock. She marveled at how he was reacting to her moving her tits all around, up and down his shaft. She increased her tempo and her heavy tits made loud slapping noises as they smacked his thighs. She moved her torso in combination with her breasts that were fucking her son’s cock. Ben had to do very little other than move his dick in an upward motion whenever she slammed her tits down onto him.

“Mmmm, good, Benny. Good job, you are so nice and hard for Mommy. Ooooooh,” she cooed.

As Ben watched his mom work, he mentally cursed the bandages on his hands. Her breasts bounced in his lap looking supple and soft. He badly wanted to feel the luxuriously smooth skin of her breasts. The fact that he could not, would make for a longer scene, sure, but he adored her enormous tits and watched sadly as they bounced out of his reach. Ben had to rely only on his mom’s breasts and her rhythm to achieve climax.

Tiffany altered her technique to give herself a rest. She sat down, with her breasts still in her hands and used only her massive tits to stroke Ben’s cock. Gripping them at the point where they met her body, she scooped them and lifted them up and down rhythmically to continue the fucking motion. Her breasts were large enough to be able to do this without moving her body up and down.

“How’s that, honey? It’s nice and slick, right? Not too rough?” She pouted at her son, pressing her tits together tightly.

Ben shook his head.

“Oh, Mom. Yes, so nice and slick and warm. Please don’t stop. Keep doing that.” Benny encouraged.

She could feel her son was close. His breathing, his engorged penis, the thrusting of his hips, it wouldn’t be long.

“That’s it. Nice and hard,” she reported with each pump of her round breasts.

“Mommm, I—” Ben tensed suddenly.

“Go ahead, Benny. You can climax. Cum for Mommy.” She continued steadily bouncing in his lap, repeating the steady strokes with her tits.

Ben threw his head back. His entire body was rigid and his hands shook encased in gauze.

“FUUUUH—”

He suddenly gripped Tiffany’s wrists, despite the bandaging. He used his grip to move her hands faster, causing her breasts to pump more rapidly along his shaft.

“HHHUCK!” Through clenched teeth, he grunted, “Cuuuh-!” pulling her wrists down firmly. His dick head emerged from the top of Tiffany’s cleavage.

“—Uuuuhmmingh!”

His cock throbbed, rippling the surrounding tit-flesh. A blob of cum erupted and stretched into the air in a rope. It arched down, striping a thick line from her clavicle down to her left nipple.

They both worked in unison to pump her tits up, surrounding Ben’s head.

“Wow, yes! Cum on my tits!” Tiffany cheered.

“—GUH!” he spasmed as Tiffany felt her cleavage fill with creamy, hot cum.

They pumped her tits down and Ben’s cock head popped out again.

“Ah!” Ben exclaimed and fired another shot. This one mirrored his first, only over her right breast, landing on the top of her pale skin and falling in a string settling on her right nipple.

Ben had used his grip on his mom’s wrists to intensify the force of her pumping movements. In the throes of pleasure, he released his grip on her.

She continued pumping her tits up and down, stroking Ben and drawing his cum out under her own volition.

“That’s it, shoot it out!” she yelled.

Ben’s flowing ejaculate only served to further lubricate Tiffany’s eager actions. Seeing his mom take over, pleasuring him through his orgasm with only her breasts, he felt a new wave of pleasure surge through him.

“Gaaaaah! FUCK!”

His spurts fired out wildly now, one billowing in a warm gush between her pumping tits, and another leaping out from her cleavage in a spout, falling onto Tiffany’s body as she worked him over.

“Oh, right there! My gosh, hahahaha! Mmmm, that was a thick one! Wow, keep shooting, Benny!” She seemed to comment on each glob of cum that Ben expelled. “Oooh, it’s so warm, Benny!”

Tiffany never seemed to lose her gusto, pumping the extended orgasm out of her son. Ben relished the feeling of her soft, supple tits and let the cum flow, relaxing as his mom did her thing.

She slowed finally, feeling the spurts taper, then stop. Ben was lethargic in front of her, feebly watching her move about as he sat still. There was a lot of cum. Tiffany surveilled the mess, slowly

peeling her iced-over tits from her son's weakening shaft.

"You did such a good job, Benny!" Tiffany was right back with her dialog.

"Thanks, Mom. You are really helping me."

"Bandages come off next week!"

Tiffany rose, and stretched her legs, "Wow! That was a long scene!" She had her hands on her hips with her breasts still exposed. Ben's semen dripped down her curvaceous tits.

"That's going to be a top-seller, don't you think?" She was looking down at the cum on her chest, wanting to taste it again.

"Absolutely, Mom!"

After cleaning up, Ben and Tiffany were in the kitchen, together, making lunch before going grocery shopping and running some other errands. Tiffany had changed out of her tube-top and skirt and was now donning a more conservative outfit for the afternoon outing. Ben had been so used to his mother wearing her "slut clothes" that he found it unusual to see her in her more appropriate clothing. She looked more like a mom to him again.

As she was driving, Tiffany began discussing some of her thoughts about their most recent scene.

“When we get back, let’s edit the video together. I’d like to see how to do it.” She glanced over at her son looking out the window in the passenger’s seat.

“That would be great, Mom. I can show you how I merge footage.”

“Well, I think it would be better if we had more eyes on the video before it was released, don’t you?”

“Absolutely.” Ben was wondering whether she would keep the part that showed her masturbating.

“I also want to learn how to blur-out my face. It might come in handy in future scenes.”

“Yeah, I agree. I don’t know how to do that yet.”

Tiffany was also thinking about future projects.

“Ben, you know when we did that video in my workout room yesterday?”

“Of course, that was great! I don’t know how many it sold yet. I haven’t looked online since I posted it.”

“Well, it got me thinking about an idea for a video. What do you think about a story where you are a personal trainer? You come to my house as a substitute for my regular, female trainer. I would be hesitant to have you work with me, because you’re a guy, but after several exercises, I would see a bulge in your shorts the scene could progress from there.”

“Or, you could be a tennis pro helping me with an injury and—”

Tiffany stopped describing the scene as she pulled into the parking lot of the grocery store.

“Those are some hot ideas, Mom. Let’s write them down when we get home.”

Inside the grocery store, Tiffany shared a few more story ideas as they worked on gathering all the items on their list.

After putting away the groceries in the kitchen, Tiffany went into her room to change and Ben went upstairs to get his computer to load the video.

Ben was at the kitchen table, with the camera and his laptop when Tiffany walked in wearing an outfit he had never seen her wear before. She had on a white, short-sleeved blouse with a plunging neckline, textured in small, horizontal ribs. It clung

to her hanging, breasts and accentuate her obviously hard nipples. A short, red, pleated skirt that came up to her mid thighs matched the blouse perfectly. She had a pair of red, suede pumps that complimented her white legs. Ben had observed that his mom never wore bras around him anymore.

“Mom, wow! You look amazing!” Ben reached for his crotch as he watched her breasts bounce under the tight, elastic fabric.

“Thank you, Ben! I haven’t worn this outfit before. It’s very comfortable.” Tiffany pulled up a chair and sat close enough to touch her son’s leg.

“What do we have?” She gave her full attention to the video paused on the screen.

“Let’s watch it, I haven’t seen it before.” Ben pressed the play button.

The two watched the video together.

The angle successfully cut Tiffany’s head out of the picture, leaving only the bottom of her chin in the frame.

Her face briefly flashed as she moved her body closer to Ben on screen. “I’ll show you how to delete that part,” he said before she could object.

The two watched with interest as the video showed Tiffany reach down and touch herself.

Ben noticed his mom become tense as she watched herself masturbate.

“I don’t you think—” She stopped talking and continued watching. Ben guessed she was conflicted over whether to keep that part in the video.

Ben was painfully hard watching his mom jack him off with one hand while masturbating with the other. The camera angle was above and to the side and captured all the action taking place between the two.

“The shot is perfect!” Ben tried to get his mom’s focus off her playing with herself while she stroked his cock in the video. He felt they should keep it in, but knew he would have to delete it if she wanted it out.

The scene progressed to the part where she began using her tits on his cock.

“That’s so sexy! The video is so clear!” Tiffany looked down at Ben’s crotch. She was thinking about doing a dry-run for her last idea, but set the thought aside as she watched the movie.

Ben agreed, “It’s the best that we’ve done, by far, Mom.”

The two watched the scene through to its conclusion. Then they sat back silently.

Tiffany was first to break the silence. “We need to include more mutual climaxes, don’t you think? I mean, all of our videos basically only show you having orgasms. This is the first one where it shows mine. And even then, it’s only suggested because my hand is under my skirt.”

Ben feared she would insist on removing the footage where she masturbated. He was more than just a little surprised that she was suggesting more scenes where she was shown having an orgasm.

“Mom, that will mean that you will have to be a lot more exposed. Have you thought about this?”

“We can try and see how it feels. I really think that we need to include more in our videos than just me servicing you, don’t you think? I think we need more variety.”

“Yes, I agree, we do, but all this depends upon what you’re comfortable with.”

“Okay, let’s edit this first, then we’ll write the fourth scene.” Tiffany adjusted her seating, preparing for Ben to take her through the editing process.

Tiffany and Ben took an hour to edit the video, then posted it to Hot Amateurs. Tiffany noted that their last video had sold over one hundred downloads.

“We’re pretty much on our way, Ben. I think we’ve established ourselves as a serious team.”

“You’re right, Mom. What’s this fourth scene you were talking about?” Ben was dying to find out why she had avoided the planning of the last video in their four-part series.

“Okay, well, I was thinking that we can’t keep up the injured hand routine for very much longer, but I think we can get another scene out of it.”

The mother and son wrote the narrative for the new video, then after dinner wrote the dialog. Ben was having a difficult time imagining his mother would actually carry out what they had just planned, but now that it was done, and it was mostly her ideas that they would use, he realized that she would be more likely to follow through.

He couldn't wait for the next day's shoot.

Ben nearly ran downstairs that morning dressed in shorts and a T-shirt. His hair wet and combed back after taking a shower. He was eagerly anticipating today's action.

“Good morning, Ben, I have yogurt and granola on the table for you.” Tiffany was wiping the counters down as she spoke.

She was wearing a pink yoga-style top, much like the one she had on last week when she came into the living room, and a very short, white skirt. She was barefoot had had painted her toe nails pink to match her shirt.

Ben watched her wipe the counter for a moment from behind her. She leaned away from him, sponging wide arcs over the counter. Her skirt lifted and her thin, matching pink thong peeked into view covering her pussy mound.

“Fuck!” Ben sighed.

Tiffany turned to the next expanse of counter, now facing him, but focused on her job. She wiped across the marble counter, her tits wobbling with her strokes.

Ben enjoyed the show as he began his meal.

“Thanks, Mom.”

She smiled in response and continued scrubbing.

With breakfast eaten and cleared, they were setting up the scene that would be recorded in the kitchen. Ben had set up a ladder and was placing a silver flower vase on a display shelf that was located on top of the center cabinet. He climbed down when he heard his mom talking.

“Ah, ah, back up the ladder. Remember your position?” Tiffany had the camera in hand and was dialing in the settings.

“Right.” Ben stepped a few rungs up, bringing his crotch level with his mom’s face.

Tiffany lifted the camera and aimed it right at her son’s groin.

Ben stared down his mom’s inviting cleavage, feeling his dick swell in his shorts, watching her zoom in on it. He still couldn’t believe what they had planned.

“Well?” Tiffany raised an apprehensive eyebrow.

Now Ben found himself getting distracted.

“Oh, uh, right.” He shuffled his baggy short leg up, awkwardly drawing his stiff erection out of the leg hole.

He sighed, stroking himself as his mom looked on through the camera viewfinder.

“Perfect. Jerk it right there...” she held the camera out and moved to the tripod, where it was set up next to the ladder.

Ben perched in position on the ladder, slowly pumping his swollen cock as he looked down over Tiffany. As usual, he immediately wanted to shower her with cum, but he knew what they had planned was worth waiting for.

Tiffany finished adjusting the camera.

“It will point straight, showing your penis, some of your thighs and your torso.”

She stepped up to Ben, looking up at him. His dick was at her eye level, almost above her.

“I should be able to have my mouth in the frame without really showing my face.”

She casually reached up and angled Ben’s stiff, aching cock down, pointing it toward her lips. She looked up at Ben.

He hadn't really expected her to grab him like that. He swallowed hard, looking at her thick, shiny, lips. They were the most inviting, glossy pink color. It reminded him of the glimpse he'd just gotten of her pussy, in her pink thong.

“Yeah, I... You should be just out of frame, Mom.”

Tiffany smiled slightly every time she held her son's dick. This was no different. When she'd grabbed it, she was in director mode. But when her hand closed over it, that familiar, yet still exciting electricity jolted from his shaft, coursing through her whole body and making her smile.

She wanted to squeeze it. She wanted to pump it furiously. It felt heavy and was as stiff as ever as it throbbed in her grip. It was all Tiffany could do not to stuff it into her mouth as she looked up at him.

“Mom, let's start the shoot. I don't want to cum too quickly.”

Tiffany shook her head, releasing her son's dick. It sprung up out of her grip stiffly.

“Oh, gosh, right! Here, let me do your hands.”

Tiffany quickly wrapped Ben's hands again. She was getting pretty good at bandaging at that point.

"I'll start the shot," Tiffany said, moving toward the mounted camera.

"Uh, mom?"

She turned back.

"What is it, Ben? Are you ready?"

"Mom, you have to put my dick away. It's supposed to start inside my shorts."

She felt silly seeing her son standing on the ladder with his huge dick out. A sight she had grown completely comfortable with by now.

"Darn it, right!" She quickly moved back to him.

"Here, I'll just..." Tiffany awkwardly tried to pull the baggy fabric of Ben's short leg down over his jutting erection.

His cock simply sprung back out, drawing the fabric back up his thigh.

"Jeeze, how do you walk around with this thing?!" Tiffany said incredulously up at her son.

Ben shrugged comically.

Tiffany obviously had no experience hiding inappropriate boners, something teenage boys have to learn early. She grabbed him by the base and tried turning his dick in several angles before giving up that approach.

“Mom, every time you touch it feels good. As much as I’m enjoying this, I don’t want to mess up the shot. First pull my shorts down.”

Tiffany pulled them down completely over his erect pole.

“Now, tilt it down.”

She gripped his stout shaft and tried angling it down.

“It’s so stiff, doesn’t that hurt, Benny?”

“It’s a little uncomfortable, but I think will enhance the scene.”

“Oh, yes. Ok.”

Tiffany pulled until his thick erection threatened to flop stiffly back up, then drew his waistband over the whole thing carefully. Somehow, his rigid cock remained aimed down, though several inches of shaft and the entirety of Ben’s wide dick head jutted out from the bottom of the short leg fabric.

Tiffany cautiously withdrew her hands. Ben's cock shuddered, threatening to burst loose, but held, stiff and visible, but mostly obscured. She stepped back, feeling like she had just set a delicate mousetrap.

She removed the camera from the tripod.

“Ok, ready?”

Ben nodded.

Tiffany walked back to the living room and began recording.

The camera captured Tiffany straightening pillows on the couch with one hand while she held the camera with the other. She was filming footage of a mom picking up around the house. She walked down the hallway, then rounded the corner to the kitchen.

The camera scanned the ladder Ben was standing on as he looked to be putting the vase on the high display shelf.

“Benny! Your hands aren't healed yet! What are you doing on that ladder for goodness sakes!” She rushed toward him, recording the shaky footage.

Ben carefully turned around on the ladder so that he was facing Tiffany standing backward on the rung. He was looking down at his mom from across the kitchen.

“I was frustrated and kicked my hacky sack across the room, it landed up here so I’m getting it.”

The camera panned to the small bean-filled bag, just behind the vase and out of Ben’s reach.

Tiffany approached the ladder, recording Ben standing in his shorts. His thick, pale cock jutted out of the bottom partially visible.

“Sweetheart, you should have just asked me and I would have gotten it for you.”

“I know you would have, Mom, but I... That last orgasm, with your breasts... it’s all I can think about and I’m afraid it only made matters worse.”

Ben looked down with a shameful expression.

“Look how hard I am,” Ben said pitifully.

Tiffany naturally moved her gaze from his face to his crotch. This happened to be exactly the shot they had discussed too, and she brought his partially restrained cock into view as she realized she just wanted to see it as her normal reaction.

“Woah, yeah. It looks very hard.”

Ben swallowed and Tiffany panned the camera to his strained, frustrated visage.

“Oh sweetie. It’s okay to ask. If I don’t feel like helping you I would say so,” she offered sweetly.

“Well, I’m still sore, and it seemed like you went to so much trouble the other day. I would hate to bother you again.”

“You’re still sore? Oh, poor Benny! Maybe mommy can think of some way to help you.”

Tiffany zoomed-in on Ben’s groin, revealing his hard on as it was sticking out the leg of his shorts. She let the camera stay fixed on the head and part of his shaft as it continued to record.

She paused the camera.

“Okay, Ben. Make sure you’re stable up there. You may be up there for a little while. I’ll put the camera on the tripod.”

“Are you sure you don’t want me to do it, just to make sure the angle is right?”

Tiffany looked up at Ben, then over to the tripod. “No, I think I can handle it.”

She mounted the camera on its stand at the preset height and looked through the preview screen.

“Looks good, Ben. Are you ready?”

“Mom, I’m very ready.” Ben looked down at his cock, which was still held back in his shorts, but threatened to burst out at the smallest movement.

She regarded his huge erection, begging for attention. “I’ll say you are!” Tiffany blushed a little.

Tiffany pushed the record button and the recording began again.

“Oh, just look at you!”

Ben’s waist was just right of the center of the screen. Tiffany was out of the shot, but then walked to where she was standing on the floor, her face at the level of Ben’s waist in the center of the screen. The way she angled the camera, the video should only catch the lower part of her face from the side. The profile shot was risky, but the angle should still keep her face from most of the camera’s focus.

“Oh, my. You are all worked up, Son!”

Tiffany was standing in front of Ben. Her face about a foot away from his crotch. She approached slowly, licking her pink lips.

This was it. They'd planned this. She stared across at Ben's platinum-hard cock. Her mouth swam with drool. She'd longed to have him in her mouth for nearly two weeks.

She flicked her gaze up to Ben's face. He was raptly staring back, hands gripping the ladder rung he sat on.

Tiffany wanted the angle to be perfect. She put her hands on Ben's knees and drew her face toward the mammoth dick aimed at her poking out from the leg of his shorts. It throbbed, somehow swelling into a longer, thicker curve, stretching toward her.

In perfect profile from the camera angle, Tiffany stretched her lips wide and drove them over Ben's swollen cock head, into her watering mouth.

"Mmm." Tiffany moaned loudly out of her pure desire for Ben's cock.

She accepted his wide, bulbous knob onto her tongue. Slippery saliva immediately filled her mouth and threatened to spill out. Tiffany let go of any self-consciousness, feeling the spit slip out through the marriage of her lips and his shaft. It drew down her chin into a long line, dripping out of the camera's view.

Tiffany didn't care. She had wanted this for so long and also wanted the scene to represent her wanton desires. She knew the size of Ben's member would require a lot of lubrication anyway. Tiffany indulged, slurping wildly on Ben's fat cock head.

Ben had never seen such a sexually graphic and stimulating sight as his mom walking up to him as he stood on the ladder and wrapping her lips around the head of his cock. Due to the fact that he needed his hands to stabilize himself on the ladder, he was unable to do anything other than feel the sensations of her hot mouth as she worked on his dick. The sounds alone were driving him crazy. He did his best to stay still, fighting the urge to squirm as his mother's mouth assaulted him with pleasure.

“You are delicious, Benny!”

“Oh, my God, Mom, keep going, that feels so incredible!”

“Mmm!” Tiffany moved her head back again, opening her mouth wide, sucking his head and a few inches of his cock into her hungry mouth.

She slid back off of it again and repeated the same movement several times, sucking her son's cock as he stood aligned with her face.

She started working faster, rising on her tiptoes, then falling back down to her heels, over and again. Sucking loudly on Ben's cock.

She worked more of his broad shaft into her mouth. In a strange moment, she tasted the alcohol-based cologne he'd obviously rubbed onto his penis and had an intense flashback. Her head swam as the taste invoked memories of her early blowjobs and how she loved the reaction of her young boyfriends. She became high on the reminiscent experience and moaned loudly, feeling her scorching pussy screaming for attention.

'I want more.' She concluded.

"I like that Mom, keep going." Ben looked down on his mom as she looked up at him, her mouth open to accommodate the first four inches of his now rock-hard penis.

Tiffany pushed her face down and stopped. Ben's cock throbbed powerfully between her lips. She blinked up at him before drawing her mouth back, completely off of his cock.

It slowly waved in the air stiffly, the first few inches wet with Tiffany's spit. His dick skin was even tinged slightly pink from Tiffany's lipstick.

“We can’t do this Benny.”

“Mom, I... You can’t stop now!” Ben pleaded.

“Honey, I can barely reach the base, let alone your balls. We’re going to have to take these shorts off.”

Tiffany looked up at Ben and winked, knowing her eyes were out of frame.

‘Jesus. She’s too good at this,’ he thought.

Tiffany slowly helped Ben out of his shorts, leaving him naked from the waist down. Ben’s cock hung heavily, bouncing from it being caught in the waistband of his shorts as they were removed.

Tiffany reached out and moved her lips against his wide shaft.

She spoke as her wet lips dragged on the warm skin of his dick.

“That’s better. Isn’t that better, Benny?”

Without waiting for an answer, she pushed warm drool out of her lips and drew them back and forth along the side of his shaft. This coated the part of Ben’s cock that hadn’t yet been inside his mom’s mouth.

Tiffany moved her head back to be in profile view of the camera. She gripped the ladder with both hands on the rung Ben rested his hips on and stepped onto the first rung, bringing her lips up to his head. In an impressive move, she thrust her face forward and down, accepting first Ben's cock head, then inch after inch of his shaft as she steadily drove her face forward.

Breathing through her nose, she carefully inched her mouth down his long member until she could feel its heat and girth at the back of her throat. It pulsed powerfully between her stretched lips.

She reminded herself, 'I need to relax my throat so I don't gag on camera. It's been a while!'

Tiffany had four more inches before she would have the entire beast of a cock in her mouth and down her gaping throat, but she knew better than to try to deep-throat such a large penis. Instead, she reversed her movement until she had his head at the entrance of her mouth again. Excess saliva poured out as she withdrew, cascading down Ben's shaft, and onto his dangling balls before stretching down onto the ladder.

She swallowed and popped her wet lips from his dick head.

“Ahhh!” She exhaled loudly. “Hold on, Benny. Mommy’s going to make you feel so good!”

Tiffany used the opportunity to run her closed, slippery lips up and down Ben’s thick shaft, from head to base, then back again. She did this impulsively, wanting to feel every part of his cock against her mouth. She had been craving this exact movement in a bad way ever since she had the idea for the four-part video series.

Tiffany jacked Ben’s dick a few times, then gobbled it up again, all the way to the point just before she would be forced to gag. She repeated her movement slowly, driving Ben wild as he looked on in true appreciation of his mom’s carnal skills. He had received several blow jobs in his short life, but none matched this; in fact, none came even close. At that moment, he thought how lucky he was that it took him a while to have an orgasm from a blowjob.

Tiffany was very gradually increasing her tempo as she now bobbed on her son’s cock while using her hands on either side of the ladder as leverage. She worked happily, filling the kitchen with echoes of slurping and smacking.

“Mmm... Hmm!” Tiffany hummed, working faster on Ben’s dick. Slobber was flying off her lips

onto the ladder and out of the camera's view. Her drool made it sloppier than it normally would be, but her hunger for Ben's cock made her mouth water naturally.

Ben pushed his hips out allowing more access to his dick as Tiffany sucked at a moderately fast pace. He wanted to touch her hair, but dared not, or he may fall off the ladder. Tiffany pushed her face down, turning it from side to side, impaling her wet mouth on his thickness. She held it.

Ben's cock throbbed against her tight throat.

"Fuck, mom."

"Guuaa... Aah," she sighed, moving back and expelling his wet tool.

Tiffany panted, eyeing his huge cock hungrily. She dipped her head down and latched her parted lips onto Ben's large right nut. Her tongue drew his firm, smooth testicle into her mouth. She opened wide and sucked on his right ball, pushing it around with her tongue. Ben's cock hung heavy over her head. She turned her face up and moved her mouth to his left nut, letting his wet, wide shaft smear over her nose, eyes, and forehead. She dramatically

sucked on his left ball, getting it just as wet and sloppy as she had his right.

She serviced his balls, smiling and moaning up at him, then returned to her fervent sucking, this time her pace was fast.

The sloppy, wet noises and moaning coming from Tiffany's blowjob caused Ben to groan loudly. Tiffany's head began moving faster on her son. Then faster still. The ladder began creaking with each frenzied movement; the back legs of the ladder came an inch off the ground as she pulled on it with every in-stroke of her mouth. Tiffany was crazy with desire for Ben's cock, she wanted more, she needed more.

As her head bobbed frantically, she thought, 'I want to do this every day!'

She went at her son with gusto. The ladder's back legs made scraping sounds each time she lifted them and drove them back down with the force of her blowjob. Tiffany felt she was in an altered state, making endless laps up and down her son's fat shaft with her mouth. His head plunged against the back of her throat and made a wet squishing sound. She felt Ben push his hips into her and saw the muscles

tighten in his forearms as he braced himself on the ladder.

“Mom! I’m cumming, Mom!”

“Mmm!” she encouraged.

In her passion for sucking Ben’s cock, she had forgotten how much she adored his semen. How she relished the taste and feel. She now wanted that more than anything else. It became her new objective to hold his entire load in her mouth just to savor it.

“FUCK, MOM!” Ben yelled at the start of his orgasm. “AH! GOD!” He thrust deeply into Tiffany’s mouth, uncontrollably.

Ben’s cock surged and Tiffany tasted precum. Wanting it in her mouth, and not down her throat where she would be forced to swallow, Tiffany moved her lips back and sealed them tightly behind the ridge of Ben’s head.

“MMM,” she moaned on his head.

Ben shuddered and began pulsing into Tiffany’s now stationary mouth.

“Fuck.” Ben had to jut his hips out since his mom’s head had stopped bobbing. He pumped into

her mouth with jerky, shallow strokes, making the poor ladder jump again. This time, under Ben's efforts.

Tiffany breathed slowly through her nose and brought a hand up to hold Ben's thick shaft as it throbbed.

"Mmm" Ben's cock beat and pulsed stream after thick stream of cum into his mom.

"OH, YES!" He stuck his hips out further as he watched his mom's lips, tightly pressed around his cockhead, seal-in the semen within. The ladder jumped loudly, beating with his thrusts.

Tiffany absorbed all his erratic movement and had to move about through his orgasmic tremors to keep her mouth on his cock as she sucked the cum out of him. Ben was breathing quick, deep breaths through each firing of cum.

After Ben stopped shaking, she swirled her tongue on his head and tilted her head up. She moved both hands to his shaft and pressed her thumbs together on the bottom. She felt his wide, pulsing tube inside the bottom of his fat dick and felt a thick lump inside. She used her thumbs to work

the lump up the length of his shaft, toward her mouth.

Tiffany carefully opened her cum-filled mouth, her lips trembling. She lowered her lips enough for the camera to see, then brought her hands up to his dick head, pushing with her thumbs.

A thick wad of cum spewed from Ben's tip, falling into Tiffany's open mouth where it collected with the rest of his load.

"Nnnnnnhhh," Tiffany moaned happily up at Ben.

He could only gape down at her, stunned in orgasmic afterglow, watching his clumpy cum teeming in his mom's mouth; it was a surreal moment.

Tiffany closed her mouth and turned to face the camera. She leaned into the ladder and was able to rest one butt cheek on a rung, while trying to keep her face out of frame above her mouth. Nestling between Ben's legs, she let his long, flagging cock hang over one shoulder.

She spread her legs and flashed her bare pussy to the camera under her skirt. Her hands parted her creamy thighs. They were visibly shiny from her

streaming pussy. She began rubbing herself, pressing against her stiff clit and penetrating herself with two fingers.

“Mmm,” she moaned on his cum, relishing the unique flavor. She marveled at how thick it was, closer in texture to syrup than to milk.

Pleasure erupted from her core and she felt her pussy gush. She was afraid she'd tilt her head too far and lose the prize in her mouth, so she sealed her lips.

“Nnnnggg!” Tiffany loudly swallowed before panting, then crying out. “Ahhnnn!” she babbled, shaking and wobbling as she came.

Ben brandished his semi-flaccid tube, watching his mother climax below him. He tapped his dick on the side of her face and neck. Tiffany continued swiping her hand over her wet pussy, but somehow had the presence of mind to reach her other hand up and hold his dick. She didn't stroke it, but just held it like a handle, as she rubbed her pussy frantically through two back-to-back orgasms. Her head swam with the flavor of Ben's spunk.

Tiffany grunted and clenched, then finally released. She lay panting back against the ladder, her

tongue extended.

With shaking legs, she reached out and pressed the stop button. The final part of their series had concluded.

Continued in Chapter 4

Mom's Home Movies Ch. 04

My deepest gratitude goes to Literotica member, Smoothed for his help with editing and creative input.

Tiffany half leaned, half stood on the ladder, her son perched above her. She panted, recovering from back to back orgasms, after swallowing her son's thick load of cum. The camera was still perched on the tripod a few feet away, the recording light dutifully blinking.

She held her son's drooping cock as it dangled over her shoulder, spent.

Tiffany turned her face up to her son, looking past his dangling member.

“Ben, are you okay?”

Ben lethargically focused his half-lidded eyes on his mother below him. She seemed to be resting comfortably after giving him the best blowjob he'd ever had. She still wore her pink yoga top, which had become streaked with all of the saliva Tiffany

had produced to lubricate her son's massive dick as she fellated him. From above, he could see the bumps where her nipples showed, still stiff. Further down, he saw her soft thighs parted, and her hand resting over her pussy.

He smiled weakly at her.

“Oh God. Yes, Mom, I'm ok. Just a little, literally, blown away right now. That was best orgasm of my life! Are you ok?”

She laughed slightly. “Yeah, I'm good.” Tiffany was embarrassed by her powerful orgasm. It made her feel vulnerable. She would have to get used to that.

Tiffany turned her head and put her pink lips against Ben's soft, thick cock shaft, planting a slow, wet kiss.

“Thank you,” she added, then let go of his cock and pushed herself off of the ladder.

She straightened her top and turned off the camera.

Tiffany crossed the kitchen, rubbing her neck, and got herself a glass of water. She needed to cool

down her throat and mouth after that intensive blowjob.

Ben made his way off of the ladder, watching his mom.

“God, Mom. That was great!” His feet hit the floor and he made no move to put his shorts back on, shamelessly bearing his flaccid meat in their kitchen.

“I can’t wait to check out the footage. I think it was a hot scene. And that blowjob. Jeeze, Mom, I was just so turned on, and my orgasm was so good, I think I blacked out for a second.”

“Oh, goodness!” Tiffany smiled. “Coffee?” she offered, working to start the brew.

“Can you bring it to me in my room? I want to get started editing right away,” Ben said excitedly, gathering the camera.

“Sure, honey. I’ll bring it right up.”

Ben dashed out of the kitchen in a blur.

Tiffany rubbed her jaw and finished her water as the coffee brewed. She thought about how she had set all her inhibitions to the side and had gone absolutely wild on her son, she smiled to herself.

‘That had to be a twenty-minute blow job scene!’ She was impressed, but had also lost herself in the action. She remembered all that she had planned to do during the video, but had forgotten about during its execution. She was so caught up in the scene that she allowed her pure lust for her son to take over.

She made a mental note: ‘I’ll need to try to be more professional during our videos so that doesn’t happen again.’

Tiffany poured two fresh cups of coffee and joined Ben in his room, carrying the two steaming mugs on a tray.

“I have no doubt that it will be our best, don’t you?” Tiffany entered Ben’s room.

“That was insane as far as amateur videos go, Mom. Don’t worry about it being OUR best. It’s going to be one of THE best.”

She placed the tray on Ben’s desk and got her cup, holding it with both hands and taking a seat next to her son on the love seat.

“I love your confidence! Let’s see how it turned out.”

Ben had the camera connected and queued up. He sipped his hot coffee as they began reviewing.

Tiffany moved forward looking intently at the screen, as Ben sat back, putting his hands behind his head.

The two watched Tiffany begin her intro to the video, walking through the living room into the kitchen.

“Very cool lead-in, Mom.”

“Thanks!” She turned her head to look at Ben. “You know, I’ve really been impressed by that camera. The picture is so vivid, it’s almost more clear than real-life.”

She could hear the dialog on screen as they set up the scene.

“Yeah, it’s a pretty good camcorder. It was in the top ten for professional quality on a camera review webpage I was reading.”

Ben’s voice trailed off as something on screen drew his attention.

“Damn,” he commented.

Tiffany immediately turned her attention back to the screen to see what Ben had seen.

In the scene, Tiffany had her mouth on her son's cock and was attempting to suck it as it stuck out of the leg of his shorts. Her mouth sunk down Ben's wide shaft and her entire face entered the frame.

"Oh my God." Tiffany put her hands anxiously on her cheeks. "My face!"

"I know, I know, hold on. Don't panic yet," Ben assured her.

He dragged his finger over the laptop trackpad and pressed the double-arrow icon. He selected the 2x speed on the player. On screen, Tiffany bobbed her head in double time. Her face plunged in and out of the frame. She took her mouth off, the two exchanged double-time dialog in comical "Alvin the Chipmunk" tones. Then Tiffany helped Ben out of his shorts and resumed her double-speed blowjob.

The scene was incredibly hot, so much so, that Ben became hard again, not but thirty minutes after his incredible orgasm. As hot as the video was, there was no way he could overlook the fact that his mom's face was exposed throughout nearly the entire duration.

Tiffany's shoulders slumped. The video clearly showed the full profile of her face, and at times, her entire face was shown.

Still in 2x speed, the on-screen Ben began swearing and filling his mom's mouth with cum. Then Tiffany quickly masturbated and had her orgasm. The footage ended in a blurry squiggle.

Tiffany sighed. "Blowjob scenes are going to be a challenge."

"Without a doubt," Ben concurred, thinking how awesome it was that she was concerned about future blowjob scenes.

He ran the video back to where Tiffany's face first became visible and resumed playing it in regular speed. The two watched in silence for a moment, obviously feeling discouraged.

"I don't know how we can use this, Mom," Ben said, watching. He was secretly hoping she'd suggest a re-shoot. He'd love another blowjob from her. "I guess we need to conclude the series."

Tiffany's eyes were locked on to the graphic blowjob video playing out before her eyes. She watched her head bob frantically in her son's lap. She marveled at how much saliva she produced.

Since her face was in the shot, she could see the look in her eyes as she serviced her son. She looked excited and content, like she had the best toy in the world and it was all hers.

She noted that it was impossible to ignore how much she enjoyed sucking Ben's cock. She had gone crazy on him, and it was all captured on the video.

Without looking away from the computer's screen, she answered her son, "We will need to come up with something else, or come back to this later when we have a better idea of what to do."

In that moment, she watched herself on-screen, then, her eyes grew wide suddenly as a thought occurred to her. She snapped her fingers.

"Hey! What about blurring part of my face, like from my nose up to my forehead? Can't we do that? Just to save the video? I think this is worth saving."

Ben considered this. He was disappointed that she didn't suggest a re-shoot, but maybe they could salvage the footage after all.

"Yes. Yes, definitely, Mom. Let's learn how to do that today."

Feeling hopeful, Ben and Tiffany ate lunch watching a how-to YouTube video on the editing software he had for his camera. As they watched, Ben stole glances at his mom, imagining his thick cock spreading her mouth wide.

By that evening, the two had successfully blurred-out Tiffany's face from the video. The result wasn't as good as watching her beautiful, un-edited face perform on Ben's colossal cock, but it was still more than good enough to post.

Tiffany raised her hand for a high-five after they uploaded it to the website, "We did it!"

"At least now we know how to better edit our work." Ben shut down his laptop.

"How about some steaks to celebrate!" Tiffany ruffled Ben's hair affectionately, then set off for the kitchen.

Ben set the formal dining room table, something they never really used any more, to celebrate the successful completion of their "Loving Mom" series.

Tiffany even poured Ben some red wine.

“I think you deserve a little wine with your steak, don’t you?”

“Sure! Sounds great!” Ben had to remind himself to sip.

“We haven’t talked about the actual content of the video we shot today, Ben. What did you think?”

Ben had been thinking about the intensely sexual scene all afternoon and how he and his mom had definitely crossed a huge line in both their video content and their relationship as mother and son. He knew that jacking off and tit-fucking videos were in a different category than blowjobs with regard to the graphic content, and he wanted to keep the momentum going.

“It was incredible, Mom. Very hot. Like I said, I think that will be, by far, a top download for the entire site.”

“I do too!” Tiffany took a sip of wine. “In fact, I’m glad I decided to take our recording to the next level. It will really boost our revenue.” Tiffany was wet just thinking about being able to suck her son’s cock again in a future video.

Ben couldn’t shake the image of his mom’s beautiful face in his crotch, her thick lips stretched

around his hard shaft. It was an image so clear and striking that he knew he would never forget it.

“What ideas do you have planned for our next video?” Ben asked.

“I’ve thought about it quite a bit and I have a few ideas. Remember the tennis pro idea? Well, the next scene will be a variation of that, but part of it will take place in my workout room. I thought we could write it tomorrow at lunch time and record right afterward. I want to shop for some clothes tomorrow morning around ten. I should be back by lunch time.”

“Ok, that sounds like a plan.” Ben began clearing their plates from dinner.

After cleaning up in the kitchen, Ben went to his room and Tiffany prepared to take a bath before bed.

As Ben was checking his messages and monitoring the progress of all their videos, he received a text message on his cell. Ben never got text messages as he and his friends, both from college and high school, never really stayed in touch.

It was from Alex’s girlfriend, Taylor.

—BEN, THIS IS TAYLOR. COULD YOU CALL ME PLEASE?—

“What the hell?” Ben couldn’t imagine why Taylor would be texting him.

He texted back, -SURE. NOW?—

She returned his text almost immediately, -YES

—
Ben sat back wondering why Alex’s girlfriend texted him and not Alex. ‘I wonder what’s wrong with Alex?’

Ben called her number.

“Hey, Taylor?”

“Hi, Ben!” Taylor sounded excited to be talking with him, which was strange because he and Taylor normally didn’t talk except for when the two of them were with Alex.

“I downloaded a few of your videos. I think we need to talk, in person.” Taylor’s voice sounded hot: higher-pitched and playful. In general, Ben always found Taylor to be attractive. She had long, straight, sandy-blonde hair, and a well-toned body, like a swimsuit model. Her big breasts always looked larger because of her trim figure.

Ben thought this was a strange request, but before he had thought to ask where Alex was, or why she was calling him rather than his friend, he blurted out, “Okay, when is a good time for you?”

There was a pause on the line. Ben had a strange feeling about this whole thing and Taylor replied as if she’d expected some resistance.

“Now is a good time.” Taylor had an insistent tone, as if there was no question that Ben would be right over.

“Hmm. Well, I guess I can swing that. I’ll see you in about twenty minutes.”

“Perfect. See you in a few.” Taylor ended the call.

Ben dressed in a pair of clean, khaki shorts, flip-flops, and a long-sleeved T-shirt and descended the stairs to let his mom know where he was going.

Tiffany was filling her tub with hot water as she heard a knock, then a voice.

“Mom?” Ben asked tentatively as he peeked through her bathroom door.

His mom was sitting on the edge of the tub, facing away from him. Her back was bare and a tiny pair of thong underwear stretched across her waist,

disappearing between her curvaceous, pale ass cheeks. She turned to her son.

Ben's cock instantly swelled to a full erection when she turned her bare tits toward him, making no effort to cover up. His eyes bulged and his jaw dropped. He'd never get used to, or tired of, seeing her luscious breasts.

"I was just about to get in the tub. What's going on?"

Ben's cock became uncomfortable as his shorts tightened from his view of his mom's tits. He adjusted himself, drawing Tiffany's gaze.

"I'm going to go over to Alex and Taylor's for a little while. Is that okay?"

"I guess that's alright. Is Taylor going to be there?"

"Yeah. In fact, she's the one who wants to talk to me."

"Oh, okay. Have a nice time!" She smiled at her son.

Tiffany disliked Alex. Back in high school, she blamed Alex for a lot of the trouble that Ben had gotten himself into and felt he was a bad influence

on her son in general. Tiffany knew that Ben liked to have a good time, but she had observed, on more than one occasion, Alex taking matters further than her son was willing to go. It seemed every time Ben was with Alex, he came home drunk or high.

Tiffany adored Taylor, however. She was two years older than the boys and took Alex under her wing when he was a senior and looked as though he wasn't going to graduate on time. Taylor helped Alex through his failing grades and turned him around. As a result, Alex was able to graduate with his class. Tiffany saw a little of herself in Alex's girlfriend. Both raised by strict parents, Taylor had the body and face of a goddess, and, at least according to Ben, didn't cave to the immature sexual demands of the high school boys who fawned over her. Tiffany always felt Taylor would be a good girlfriend for Ben.

She felt better about Ben spending time with Alex as long as Taylor was around. She remembers Taylor driving Ben home after he had gotten drunk with Alex rather than let Ben drive home drunk.

Ben stepped over to his mom and fought the urge to pull his shorts down and stuff his cock into her

mouth. Instead, he leaned over, still staring at her breasts, and kissed her on the cheek.

“Thanks, Mom,” he called back as he left.

Ben’s heart raced as he drove to Alex and Taylor’s condo. What could have prompted her cryptic text? A thought dawned on him as he wondered what ‘I think we need to talk’ meant. Ben feared blackmail and began growing fearful of the encounter as his car turned down Alex’s street.

Alex and Taylor lived in a luxury condominium that was part of a two-story unit. He knew his parents helped him pay for the place, mostly to get him out of the house. Alex’s partying had worn thin on his parents and the wealthy couple would rather pay for a place for their son than have to tolerate his lifestyle in their own home.

Ben parked his car at the curb in front of Alex and Taylor’s home. There were no cars in the driveway.

Trembling slightly, he rang the bell.

After a few moments, Taylor opened the door with a wide grin on her face. She was in a pair of tight-fitting jean shorts and a white tank-top, stretched thin across her full bosom. She radiated

with a casual, but highly attractive energy. She looked amazing.

“Hey, Taylor!” Ben stepped inside.

Taylor let him in and closed the door, locking the deadbolt after Ben was in the house.

“Benny!” Smiling broadly, she threw her arms around Ben’s neck as the two embraced.

Ben found his face in her soft, dirty blonde hair. She smelled marvelous.

Taylor always looked amazing. Long, perfectly toned legs, firm butt, big breasts, she was the kind of woman that you loved to spend time with, just so you could look at her. She was a senior when Ben was a sophomore, but he could still recall that her reputation in school was just as solid as her looks. She didn’t date other than one other boy besides Alex, and had always carried herself in a way that most high school boys found intimidating. She was confident, didn’t play games, and always seemed to have her shit together. Ben had a crush on her from the moment she began dating Alex. He found it out of character for her to be recording porn videos with Alex. He had always wondered whose idea it was to

start the business that they were now so deeply involved with.

Until two weeks ago, Ben had never seen Taylor naked. The most he had ever seen was her hot body in a bathing suit. That first scene that Alex showed him, the scene where she was masturbating, was forever imprinted on Ben's mind.

He broke the hug, looking down at her with an eyebrow raised, smiling.

"Benny? Oh, yeah. You said you downloaded some of our movies." Taylor giggled and led Ben to the living room down the tiled hallway.

"Do you want a beer?" She walked over to the kitchen. Ben looked around. No sign of Alex.

"Uh, sure! So, what's up? Where's Alex?" Ben looked around again. It was a warm room, decorated in a contemporary style with white walls, dark brown, and leather furniture accented with grey coffee and end tables. The only lights on were two floor lamps at either corner on each side of a very large, flat-screen TV.

"Alex is at a bachelor's party in Vegas. He flew out this morning. He should be back day after tomorrow."

Ben heard the hissing pop of two bottles being uncapped. Soon after, Taylor emerged from the kitchen carrying two bottles and handed one to Ben. He accepted it and she folded her legs under her as she sat next to him, on the couch, angled toward him.

“Alex never wanted me to watch your videos. I found the first one downloaded on his computer, watched it, and decided to buy a few for myself.” She tilted her head to the open laptop on the table. Ben saw it was on his homepage, showing thumbnails of the movies she’d downloaded.

Ben was trying to prepare for this, thinking, ‘Here it comes. She’s going to ask for money in exchange for her silence.’ He was sure Alex was somehow behind this. He was up to no good. He decided to play along and let her reveal her hand.

He sipped the cold beer. “Well, what did you think?”

He eyed her cautiously and suddenly noticed two distinct bumps appear on her chest. Her nipples had apparently just stiffened. He found himself distracted, wondering, ‘Is this outfit part of her plan?’

She smiled, then put her hands on her face, covering it in what appeared to be a show of embarrassment. She peeked an eye out of her hands at him, then removed her hands completely. She was flushed and smiling.

“I... Well, I’m just going to come out and say it: HOT. I found them incredibly hot.”

Taylor noticeably looked at Ben’s crotch.

“You have... I mean you are perfect for these videos.” Taylor now had her hands on her smooth, tanned legs.

“What?” Ben wasn’t sure he heard her correctly.

Taylor’s eyes met his. “Alex never wanted me to see your videos. As soon as I saw the first one, I knew why. He’s jealous.” Her eyes dropped to his crotch again.

“You have an amazing dick, Ben, not to mention a great body.” Taylor smiled and brought her gaze to Ben’s face. “You’re perfect for this!”

Ben wasn’t sure exactly what to say to that. He settled on, “Oh, uh, Ok. Thanks.”

He watched Taylor fidget and felt his bulge growing as she eyed it. ‘Is she blushing?’ Ben

thought he could see her face turn slightly red.

Taylor continued. “You’re also constantly hard, and you have a sort of innocence that is unusual for porn, amateur or pro. I hope you don’t quit making videos any time soon.” Apparently, this had been on her mind quite a bit.

Ben beamed, “I wasn’t planning on it.”

“Good! Now, I also want to share some constructive criticism with you, from one amateur pornographer to another.”

This was not the conversation Ben was anticipating. ‘She wants to critique my videos?’ Taylor seemed sincere so he sat up.

Ben shrugged. “Ok, sure.”

Taylor took a swig of beer and set the bottle down.

“Ok, so we make porn movies. We hope people are turned on by them. Most of our audience is guys, but regardless of what sex we cater to, we are delivering one thing: visual stimulation.”

This all seemed incredibly obvious to Ben, but Taylor seemed to have good intentions. She also had a great rack and Ben appreciated the opportunity to

imagine what her tits looked like under that tank top. Her hard nipples gave him a good point of reference. The protuberances were wide. Ben figured she must have fat nipples.

He tipped his beer up and took a gulp. Taylor continued.

“We want our viewers to masturbate. Some people take longer than others to get off. If your videos are too short, it will turn people off. Too long is ok, they can just click to the end if they’re ready, but too short is a problem.”

Taylor leaned over the laptop and Ben listened patiently.

She hovered on a thumbnail of the first video.

“Run time: 8 minutes, 20 seconds. Too short.”

She moved to the next one.

“Run time: 9 minutes, 16 seconds.” She looked at Ben, then moved to the next video. “6 minutes, 47 seconds. Who can cum that fast?”

Ben was getting annoyed.

“Ok, ok, I see your point,” he huffed.

“You don’t seem very experienced. As I recall, you haven’t had a lot of sexual experience, have you? Be honest.”

‘Was it that obvious?!’ Ben wondered, growing self-conscious.

“Uh, yeah, of course. I had lots of sex before I quit out of college.”

Taylor eyed him suspiciously, tilting her head.

“Well, maybe not ‘lots’. I mean...” he paused. “Well, I... no, not really.” Ben confessed.

The reality was that he’d had exactly four sexual partners and a handful of oral sex encounters. He knew that wasn’t a lot.

“I think I can help you with that,” Taylor replied, scooting closer and looking at Ben’s crotch wide-eyed, adding, “if you’d like.”

“Um, sure, I guess.” He nervously swigged his beer, wondering what Taylor had in mind.

“Take your shorts down, Ben. In fact, take your clothes off.”

Ben nearly spit up the beer that was in his mouth.

He swallowed, wiping his lips.

“What?! Right here? Right now?”

“Sure,” she said confidently. “We are two filmmakers, discussing tricks of the trade.”

Taylor took his hand and stood, bringing Ben to rise with her. She casually grabbed the bottom of his shirt and drew it over his head.

She continued, “It will be much easier just to show you what I mean.”

Ben let her remove his shirt and stood looking at her.

“Shorts too,” she said, staring at his crotch. “And boxers,” she reminded.

Ben hesitated, then figured he had nothing to lose. He drew his shorts and boxers off in one swift movement, he was standing before Taylor naked, his cock jutting out between them. He stood next to her erect, waiting to see what she’d do. This was definitely not what he had expected when she asked him to come over.

Taylor stared at Ben’s stiff cock. She wasn’t exactly prepared to see his monster up close and in the flesh. It was bigger in the flesh than it appeared

in his videos. She took a moment to regain her composure.

Ben flexed his cock proudly for the hot blonde.

Taylor observed his enormous, monster cock. It was the biggest thing she'd seen in person and found herself wondering if it was at its full hardness. She seemed to be struggling to maintain her professional tone.

“I... fuck, Benny. I just have to say it. It's... Your cock is huge.” She brought her eyes to meet his. “Its fucking perfect.”

They shared a smile and Taylor went on.

“Okay, just try to do what I tell you to do and keep an open mind. Now, grab ahold of your dick and stroke it like you're on camera.”

Ben complied, wrapping his hand around his cock and rapidly stroked it. His other hand cradled his dangling, balls. He eagerly began jerking, like he'd do at home when masturbating.

She watched him, eyeing his cock appreciatively.

“As a performer, we're being physically stimulated in the movies,” Taylor went on. “We provide visual stimulation to our audience, but we

have to remember to actually show how much pleasure we are experiencing. You know, give them a show.”

Taylor spoke, but Ben found himself tuning her out. He pictured her cute face, speaking to him matter-of-factly, as he speckled it with cum.

“...and then, before you know it,” Taylor was droning on.

Ben felt his cock stream precum and was ready to finish, so he cut her off.

“Uh, can I get a towel?” Ben said, his cock throbbing in hand. He wanted to show Taylor his money shot up close.

“A towel?” she said, holding back her laughter. “What, you want to cum already?”

“Well, maybe.”

“This is what I’m talking about, Ben. Stop jerking it! Take your hand off of your cock.”

Ben did as he was told. His cock lurched and he wanted to finish it off with the final few pumps but he held back. He leaked a strand of precum.

“Ok, so in the movies, you have to last longer than the audience. They don’t want a quickie, they need you to set a pace in your videos. Start again and go slower.”

Ben considered her advice and thought there might be merit to it. He slowly, but deliberately took hold of his dick and began jerking, this time using much slower strokes.

Taylor smiled. “Better. Keep it slow.” She turned more toward him, now seated on the couch below and watching from about three feet away. She took a drink.

“Ok, remember, we are providing visual stimulation. What do you think I can see? Me, your audience. What do I see?”

Ben considered her perspective.

“Uh, well, me jerking off.”

Taylor shook her head.

“Nope. Look at you. You are all hunched over. Yes, you have a huge dick, but you also have big hands. One hand jerking off blocks the view of most of your cock. You should be more conscious of how you look to your audience.”

Ben looked down, “Okay.”

Taylor continued. “When you grip your cock, try to present the inside grip, not the outside of your hand. When you present the outside of your hand, your audience sees several inches of the back of your hand. The inside grip, shows several inches of dick between your clenched fingers. And look, your other hand is on your balls with your arm blocking a good part of your crotch. I can barely see anything!”

Ben looked down, realizing she was right.

“Now, spread your legs out,” she instructed.

Ben widened his stance.

“Further.”

Ben’s stance expanded another inch or so.

“Further,” she huffed. Taylor reached over and pushed his leg away from the other, her face coming within inches of his cock. She looked up at him.

“Here,” she said, putting both hands on his hips and pushing him back a step. Taylor stood from the couch, then sunk to her knees before him, her hands on her thighs. Taylor’s jean shorts were gathered all the way up to her hips. Watching her long, perfect legs was helping Ben stay rock-hard.

“Lean back a little and push your dick out.” Taylor grabbed his hips and pushed him back another step, then pulled them forward so he was leaning back, but extending his hips out. She settled back, kneeling with her hands on her tanned thighs and looking right at his cock.

“Remember, you’re putting on a show. Forget about regular one-on-one sex. This is for the audience, so you are going to have to act differently than when you’re in private.”

Ben watched Taylor eye his huge, swaying cock. She looked hypnotized, kneeling before him. She appeared spirited, fresh, and vital. He thought she looked horny.

Ben closed his eyes tightly, then opened them. ‘Does she have to be so fucking hot?’ Not wanting to cum, he resisted touching himself, letting his hands dangle at his sides.

Taylor eyed his dick and rubbed her hands up and down on her thighs as if she were anxious. Her eyes rose.

“Well, keep going. Sloooooowly.” She looked up at Ben.

Sticking his hips out, and trying to cover his dick as little as possible, he took hold of his shaft and pumped it.

“I...” Ben stammered.

“That’s it, nice and slow,” she encouraged.

Ben felt his balls clench as his orgasm approached. He had to let go of his cock entirely.

“I don’t want to cum.” Ben confessed.

Taylor tilted her head, looking at him with an older-sister look.

“Wow, ok, it’s worse than I thought.” Taylor reached behind her, still kneeling in front of Ben. She took her beer and held the base of the bottle with one hand. She wrapped the other around the bottle neck.

“Watch my pace and match it,” she instructed, beginning to slowly stroke the beer bottle.

Ben saw how slowly her hand was moving and mimicked her pace, gripping his cock powerfully.

“There you go. Good, stick it out for me, Benny.” Taylor was proving to be a capable instructor.

Ben watched her strokes, matching her motion. He breathed deeply, doing his best to focus.

“Did you know that the longer you stay stimulated, the longer you stay hard and that allows you to ‘edge’? You know what to ‘edge’ means, don’t you?” Taylor asked, cocking her head slightly. Her thin fingers continued their slow dance on the bottle, up and down.

“Well, I... no, I guess I don’t.” Ben had to continuously slow himself down to match her pace.

“It means to continue to stay hard and to come close to cumming, but to not actually finish. It’s like you’re on-the-EDGE of having an orgasm. Edging allows you to stay ready for the cum shot, while keeping your dick as hard as ever.”

Ben again observed her fat, stiff nipples under her shirt. Hearing her talk about cumming so much, he wanted to blast her with his load. He was so close and he figured he’d be able to shoot a big one.

Taylor looked up at him with an open mouthed smile, moving her hand glacially slow.

“You want to cum, don’t you?” she smiled up at him.

Ben nodded dumbly, dragging his hand as slowly as she did.

“Ok, let’s try something else.” She set the bottle aside.

“You have to know when to let go of your dick and calm yourself down. It takes practice. Keep in mind that you can do this off-camera. It’s the beauty of film. Just let go of your cock for now.”

Ben released his throbbing, reddish-purple dick. ‘Jesus help me,’ he thought.

“This isn’t just about you cumming, Benny, it’s about having sex on camera, for your audience. If all you did was beat-off like some horny teenager, you won’t do shit in your videos, especially once they start getting more interesting.”

Taylor rose to stand. She slowly removed her shirt, her large, perfect tits jiggled for a moment, then settled back into their place. Her nipples were indeed fat and a little puffy. The light-brown areolas were fairly wide and covered with bumps, her nipples rose high in the center. They also looked hard enough to cut glass.

“Do you find me attractive, Ben?”

He regarded her, swallowing hard as he looked at her divine tits. Sure, they were smaller than his mom's, but still big. He estimated they were D-cups.

“Yes, I do.”

“Ok, good. Imagine I will let you fuck me, but not for thirty minutes. If you cum before then, you have just jacked off, and won't be able to have sex for another, who knows how long? You would have missed your opportunity. Think about that the next time you want to cum right away.”

She smiled, knowing her point was hitting home. Ben now hung on her every word.

“So we sell visual stimulation and the key is not to succumb to the physical stimulation we experience in the process.”

Ben nodded, watching her.

Taylor's voice became softer, slower in her delivery, and sexier.

“When you get super turned on, you start to progress to an orgasm, that starts your ‘timer’. You are then forced to cum in a matter of what, five or six minutes tops, am I right?”

“Yeah, I guess.” Ben said, embarrassed.

“Hey! I’ve seen your videos, remember?”

Ben felt silly and just nodded. Being sex-coached by Taylor had to be one of the strangest experiences of his life. Well, other than the amateur porn videos with his mom.

“Ok, let’s go slow. Touch my breast with one hand and slowly, SLOWLY, stroke yourself with the other.” She commanded.

Ben gripped her left breast with his left hand, and jacked himself off with his right.

“Are you right-handed?”

“Yes.”

“Switch to your left and grab me with your right. It will help keep you from starting your timer.”

Ben saw what she was doing. Taylor was actually helping him perform better. In that moment, in the simple act of switching his hands, he became aware that his videos were falling short of what they could and should do.

‘Longer videos that cater to my audience. That should be more of my focus. It’s all about the visuals,’ her point was sinking in.

He groped her marvelous tits, but felt guilty and wanted to play it off. “I think I get what you’re trying to say, Taylor.”

‘Damn, her breasts feel amazing.’ Ben realized that Taylor was the hottest woman, besides his mom, who he had ever touched. He also realized that, left hand or right, he could easily cum at any moment.

“Do you?” Taylor stepped away from him, flopping onto the couch and removing her shorts and panties.

She spread her legs, opening her bare pussy. Her labia parted and Ben saw she was wet. She smiled up at him. Her body looked amazing. Ben was momentarily shocked by her graphic pose.

Ben figured he’d said the right thing to unlock the “fucking” part of their lesson. Finally!

He took hold of his stiff, thick cock, and sunk to kneel on the floor in front of the couch between her legs. Ben roughly gripped one of Taylors tits and placed his dickhead against her perfectly shaved cunt. He smiled at her and started pushing his hips forward to penetrate her.

Taylor halted him with a hand on his chest.

“Woah, there cowboy! What do you think you’re doing?”

Ben paused, his right hand latched powerfully over her left breast. He screwed up his face, confused, still holding his dick at her threshold. He could feel her wetness on his cockhead.

“This isn’t about fucking. This is about you learning how to make better videos. We’re not on some date where you fuck me for five minutes then apologize afterward.”

Ben was at a loss. “What do I do?”

“Stand there and talk to me while you stroke your cock.”

“What?”

“Do it! And try not to cum.” Taylor wasn’t smiling now.

Ben rose away from her, cock in hand, and began talking. “So, what should I do now? Just stand here and talk?”

Taylor blinked her eyes slowly, “God, you’re clueless. No! You have to develop a swagger, a sexy style. You’re sexy, but it’s a physical thing, Ben. You aren’t working it. You have to say, ‘I’ve been

wanting this ever since I first set eyes on you, Taylor. God, you're hot. I can't wait to fill you up,' that sort of thing."

Ben was embarrassed yet again. 'Of course, I knew that.' He shook his head.

"You stroke that beautiful, thick cock of yours, then after you prolong the intrigue, you bend down and rub my pussy."

Ben began his sexy talk.

"Jesus, Taylor. I never knew how attracted to you I was until now. You are so sexy and beautiful, and so... sexy. I've been wanting to fuck you for a long, very long time." Ben got on his knees and reached for her pussy with his hand.

"Stop. Okay, that was a little awkward, but better than I expected. Not bad. You'll need to practice that until it comes more naturally for you."

"Okay, thanks."

Taylor continued, "Do you have a problem staying hard?"

As she looked up at him, her chest rose and fell. She was obviously excited. Taylor had the sexiest

look about her, like she was as turned on as Ben was at that moment.

“‘Staying hard’?” Ben chuckled. “No, not even close.”

“Okay, then you shouldn’t have to stroke your cock unless the camera is on you, you know? Not unless you’re keeping yourself hard, staying edged.”

She was actually presenting Ben with constructive ideas, despite the fact that he badly wanted to spear her with his cock and she seemed ready for him to do just that.

“That’s a good idea,” Ben agreed.

“And a personal word of advice, you should always kiss a woman before you touch her pussy for the first time. Kissing is a huge turn on and can get the woman prepared for what’s to come. It can also make a scene look more realistic. The kind of porn we do needs to be better than what the pros do.”

Taylor was looking at Ben with a sultry expression on her face. She was biting her lower lip. Ben could see a droplet of wetness leak from her pussy and disappear, running down between her cheeks.

“God, you’re beautiful, Taylor. I could get lost in you.” Ben moved his body toward her and kissed Taylor’s soft, full lips. His right hand softly made contact with her hot pussy. He moaned through closed lips as their tongues twirled together. He could tell Taylor was enjoying the kiss as much as he was.

Taylor moaned, her breath was sweet with a hint of alcohol lingering from the beer.

Ben teased the outside of her wet lips for a few seconds, then penetrated her with his extended middle finger as they continued kissing.

Taylor quickly pulled his finger out and moved his hand away from her pussy. She broke off their kiss.

“You can’t just stick your fingers in me like that! Try to get a feel for whether I even like that or not. You need to spend more time working the woman up, Ben. Personally, rubbing me feels good, but poking me with fingers doesn’t. Every woman is different.”

“Sorry.” Ben didn’t want to dwell on his failed attempt to finger-fuck Taylor, so he immediately returned to kissing her and rubbing with his

fingertips. His other hand was off his cock, playing with her breasts and exploring her tight, smooth body.

He and Taylor kissed passionately for several minutes until Ben felt he'd been patient enough. They continued kissing and he again put his fat cock head against the entrance of her pussy.

Taylor felt him again prepare to penetrate her and again put her hand on his chest, stopping him again.

Ben sighed in frustration.

She pushed his chest away from her, his knees on the ground as she lay back on the couch. "Having sex doesn't mean you just fuck the woman. Let's see how evolved your oral skills are."

Taylor pushed him down by his shoulders to where his head was between her legs. "With your limited experience, I'm not expecting you to be very good down there, so pay attention to my body... and listen."

Taylor gazed at his body as he knelt between her open legs. The top of his big cock stuck up from his waist obviously still very erect. She noticed.

"You're still hard?"

“Yes, it hurts it’s so hard.”

“Alex would be soft already, anyway, that’s good. The longer it stays hard, and the more you edge, the bigger and more powerful your cum shot will be.”

“Really?” Ben hadn’t heard this before.

“Usually, yes.”

Ben filed this away as an advantage he had over most guys and Taylor continued her tutorial.

“Now, you’re going to lick me. Start by slowly kissing my breasts, then my tummy, working your way down to my crotch. Then lick my clit and my lips. Do what you would normally do after that. Let me see what you can do.”

Ben eagerly did as he was instructed. He licked and kissed Taylor’s firm, heavy breasts, sucking her thick nipples in, one after the other.

Taylor cooed and sighed, wriggling her slim body in Ben’s embrace.

“Let’s focus on oral skills for now and forget about the visual thing,” she whispered, closing her eyes.

Ben kissed his way down and slowed as his lips travelled down her soft, flat tummy. His chin bumped her shaved pubic mound. He kissed his way lower and heard Taylor's breathing change. It was faster, shallower. He could feel her excitement as she writhed below him.

Ben moved his head lower, his face finally at her hairless snatch.

By this time, he couldn't wait to get his mouth on her exquisite pussy.

Ben lowered his head and pressed his lips against her labia, coating it with her wetness. He let out a moan. He extended his tongue and held it rigid as he flicked it over her clit.

Taylor arched her back and threw her head back, moving her body against Ben's mouth. He found his tongue at the threshold of her pussy and slowly inserted it into her as far as it would go.

Taylor's chest was heaving and panting in a sexual rhythm. She felt his restraint as he eased his tongue inside her. He made her shudder.

“Ooh, good start, Benny!”

Feeling encouraged, he licked her clit again, then twirled his tongue around it.

She pushed his head back. “Let me show you what your tongue should be doing. Give me your finger.”

Ben’s face pulled up, wet from the mouth down. He produced his finger.

“Take the clit between your lips and flick it, rub it, make slow and fast circles with your tongue while you pinch it between your lips.”

Taylor took the very tip of his index finger and put her lips around it, then demonstrated what she had instructed. He could feel precisely the technique she was trying to convey.

“See? When you...” Taylor was cut-short when Ben immediately dropped his head down to her crotch and latched onto her swollen clit.

Ben’s lips trapped Taylor’s hard, velvety-smooth clitoris between them. His tongue flicked it up and down in a fast and even motion. He embellished this with a few hard presses with his tongue spread flat, then returned to flicking.

“Oh... ohhh!” Taylor felt her body releasing, her skin becoming warmer and flush. Her hands traced down her thighs.

Ben could feel that he had successfully replicated her example. He wiggled his tongue all around her nub, then went back to flicking.

“There, right theeeere.” Taylor’s hands moved down her thighs to the inside of her knees. Her body started shaking and she felt the urge to flex into Ben’s probing mouth.

Taylor’s hips began to move on their own and Ben brought his hands under her ass, rotating her pelvis toward his mouth. He drove his tongue against her clit.

Taylor clenched as her body flexed, gripping her own legs and spreading them wide as she drove her hips up into Ben’s face.

“YES! YES! YES!” she screamed, bucking her hips.

Ben pressed right back into her.

“YEEESSSS! FUhhhh Uuuuuahahahaha,” Taylor’s body went from flexed and strained to

releasing and shaking uncontrollably, her eyes rolling back.

She gasped dramatically as her feet pointed stiffly, then relaxed.

Ben wasn't sure if she was in pleasure or pain, but went on flicking and circling as she grunted. Taylor shook and clenched up again. Her pussy swelled and expelled warmth onto Ben's face.

She suddenly went from moaning and grunting to acting like she was being tickled. Taylor grabbed his shoulders and her legs crossed over his back. Ben softened his strokes against her, reacting to her body language as best he could.

“MY GOD!” Taylor held his head in her thighs as he tilted his face upward.

She ruffled his hair, her mouth gaping. His chin was against her warm, wet pussy and he smiled.

“I guess you don't need coaching there,” she said, shock turning to a smile on her face.

Ben smiled proudly, “Thanks, Taylor. I loved that!”

“It showed!” She laughed, then turned her head thoughtfully. “After all the crap I just gave you, I

can't believe I came so quickly!"

"You did say to forget about the visual thing," Ben reminded her humorously.

She cocked her head and let her body fall back, releasing Ben's head from her thighs. She let her knees fall away, parting her legs for him and looking him directly in the eye.

"Put your cock in me."

"What? Now? Really?" Ben was expecting more instruction.

"Give me that big, fat dick, Benny."

Ben enthusiastically raised his hips and grabbed one of Taylor's thighs. She put a hand to his chest.

"Start with the head. I'm really wet, but still, go easy," she said lustily, her gaze like a laser.

Ben nodded and looked down. His cock was at her entrance for the third time now and it lined up without either one of them using their hands.

They both watched as Ben's cock head drove against Taylor's swollen cunt. It disappeared easily in her hot opening.

“Mmmnnhhh,” Taylor sigh.

“Fuck.” Ben felt warmth engulf his head. She was wet and tight.

“Don’t cum,” Taylor snapped, putting her hand in Ben’s hair.

They shared an intense look.

Taylor brought her other hand around her stretched pussy lips in a V-shape, her pussy between her middle and ring fingers. She dropped her gaze to her spread pussy.

“Damn, you’re thick.” She swallowed hard.

“Ok, now, remember visuals. Keep your body straight. Imagine the camera is to the side, pointed down. You have to let your cock be seen to show that it is actually penetrating. Your audience wants to see penetration, not just two people bumping hips together.”

Ben stuck his hips out giving more of a visual for the imaginary camera while staying inside Taylor. For her part, Taylor rubbed her pussy absently, preparing herself.

“Grab me by the hips and slide it in all the way.”

Ben firmly gripped Taylor where her legs met her waist, and drove his hips into her.

“Annnnghhh!” Taylor blinked her eyes wide, accepting him in one stroke.

Ben held her and let his cock probe her depths.

Taylor rocked her head back and forth and she did her best to take his width.

“Oh fuck!” She blinked rapidly and drew several deep breaths.

She focused back on his eyes.

“Now, SLOWLY move your cock in and out of me, be sure to pull it out to the point where your head is almost showing. Show the camera your entire length.”

Ben pulled his body back, holding her only by the hips, as instructed. He looked down, watching his thick shaft slide out of Taylor’s stretched pussy lips. His fat shaft gleamed with her wetness. He brought his gaze back up to Taylor.

“Keep it slow and steady, Benny. Remember, you’re not trying to cum, you’re trying to make me cum, and hopefully more than once.”

“And showing what I’m doing to the camera, right?” Ben held his body back and sawed into her.

Taylor took each thick inch, her eyes fluttering.

“Y-yes, that too,” she stuttered, rubbing her clit again.

He drew in and out of Taylor at a deliberate, snail’s pace. His cock felt like it was humming with pleasure. Ben was learning.

Taylor’s head lulled back and forth with each pump, as if she was accepting his thick cock only with a great deal of effort. He couldn’t tell if she was acting or not, but for all he knew, there was no camera to act for. Her mouth fell open.

“Are you okay?” Ben asked sympathetically, but continued pumping his thick cock in and out of her slowly.

Taylor panted, wordlessly nodding as her mouth gaped.

“Mmm. Good,” Ben smiled.

Something had changed. Taylor had started by instructing Ben and helping him hold back from cumming too soon. Now, as Ben fucked the apprehensive Taylor, he seemed to have convinced

her of something deep and unspoken. She seemed to be on the verge of another orgasm and Ben, surprisingly, found himself in complete control.

“God, it’s so fucking big,” Taylor had a look of concern on her face and moved her arms to Ben’s chest.

Taylor gently slapped his chest. She was becoming too aroused to stop him. He took liberty with his pace, picking up steadily. His thrusts rapidly quickened as he pumped her with hard, forceful strokes.

“God. Ugh. Yes. Fuck,” she grunted with each push, her hands moving from Ben’s chest to his shoulders.

Taylor loosely wrapped her legs around his waist. Ben could tell she was in a different mood now. She had lost control.

Ben suddenly felt he had to prove something to Taylor. Her body had accepted his girth willfully at first, but she was streaming wetness back against him and even meeting his thrusts as best she could now with her own effort. This wasn’t about her showing Ben something. It was Ben’s chance to show Taylor.

“Yes, Ben, give me that cock!” she demanded, sensing that she was losing some sort of sexual footing with Ben.

He gritted his teeth, smiling and speeding up a notch. Their bodies drove together violently now, and Taylor’s took each powerful thrust, her breasts and body rippling. Ben built up to fast tempo, thrusting into her hard and deep. He didn’t care if she needed to go slow to adjust.

Just as an experiment, he reached his hand down and gently used his thumb to rub her clit.

Taylor immediately reacted, her grip tightened on Ben’s shoulders. She threw her head back and wailed.

“AAAAANNNGGGH FUCK! Jesus! FUCK! YESSS!” Taylor looked shocked as she rocked her body against Ben’s driving thrusts.

Ben felt like he was trying to control a bucking horse between his legs. Taylor was thrusting her hips up and down, yelling and moaning. He found it difficult to keep his thumb against her through her erratic movement. He held her small, straining body down with his strength.

Taylor seemed as if she didn't know what to say or do, shaking her head back and forth.

“Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me, FUCK!” she screamed.

Her hands flipped back behind her to grip the back of the couch. She pushed right back against Ben as hard as she could. Her breasts were pushed together, bouncing and jiggling on her chest. She was looking up at him with a look of concerned shock.

For a second, Ben felt a loss of control and had that old feeling of wanting to splatter everything with his semen. He knew Taylor was beyond reason and would not stop him from pumping her with cum, but he mentally paused, feeling his new-found control and reveling in it.

Taylor continued to buck upwards desperately toward his cock. Their pelvises drove together. Ben felt he was as deep as he could be inside the bucking young blonde.

“AAAAH!” She came again. He increased his pace and just pressed firmly against her clit. Ben refused to relent after her two orgasms. He wanted to give her something to remember him by.

“SSHHHHIIITTTT!” She screamed as she came again. She clawed at the back of the couch, pumping her hips against Ben.

Ben had gotten the hang of it. He slowed his speed.

Her body soon became calm, her eyes opened wide. “Oh, God, that was off-the-charts good! You definitely have some kind of natural ability, Benny.”

Taylor laughed then covered her face with her hands. “Damn. You are a fast learner, aren’t you? You haven’t even cum yet! THAT, little Benny, is the secret to pleasing a woman: always cum last. Keep that as your mantra and women won’t ever want to let go of you. Well, that and be nice to them.”

Ben smiled proudly. In that strange moment, he felt as if Taylor had taught him something vital about respecting women and the responsibility of men. Something deep and hard to put into words. Even as his stiff cock filled her and she reveled in its ability to please her, she was fully open to him.

Taylor resumed her role as instructor and advisor.

“So, the money shot,” Taylor smiled.

She wanted to see Ben cum in person. She loved the expression he had when he climaxed in his videos.

Ben began fucking Taylor at an easy, yet rapid pace.

“Oh, so I can cum now?” Ben chided.

“Ungh,” Taylor rocked with his thrust, “yes, fuck. You can cum.”

Taylor pulled his hair playfully as she held on, taking his eager pounding.

Ben fucked Taylor selfishly now. Grabbing her tits and rocking her into the back of the couch. He squeezed and fondled her amazing rack.

Taylor looked him right in the eye.

“Ugh,” she jostled with each powerful thrust. “It’s all about the visuals. Mmm. Damn. So, are you ready?”

Ben paused, nodding. He felt he could control himself around Taylor. He held his throbbing cock deep inside and felt himself leaking into her.

Taylor blinked, feeling his cock pulsing against her. She wanted his cum in her after all of this, but

continued on in her role of instructor. She felt she wanted to somehow save face after shamelessly cumming all over Ben's ridiculous dick, over and over again.

"In porn, I always love the visual when a guy pulls out. I picture the cumshot as if he were still inside her. He pulls out and sprays his load across her body and I just imagine how powerful it would feel inside. And that gets me off," she said, matter-of-factly.

Ben pumped Taylor, one hand filled with her soft breast.

"Cum for me. Show me, Benny."

Through clenched teeth, Ben swore with a sigh as he slowly extracted his thick cock from Taylor's pussy.

"Fuck."

Taylor had expected Ben to cum over her belly and chest, maybe spraying high enough to hit her breasts. She blinked up at him and prepared for his money shot.

A powerful splatter hit the couch cushion next to Taylor's face. She blinked. Was that cum? Did she

imagine it? A sharp, heavy splatter hit Taylor's forehead and drops landed over her eyes. She didn't imagine it, he was just cumming really hard.

Ben was shooting semen powerfully all the way up against the back of the couch, where her head was. She blinked through the spray.

"That's it big boy. Cover me." Taylor looked on as her torso was being lined and dotted with Ben's semen. She gripped the sides of her breasts and pushed them up, hoping he would hit them.

"Fuck!" Ben sighed, content to hold his cock and release.

Without even pumping, Ben erupted pulse after pulse of spunk onto Taylor's face. After the initial four spurts, he jacked his cock powerfully and re-aimed. More spurts lined Taylor's tits and neck.

Ben stroked and painted one string after another onto her breasts, surprising himself with the amount he was able to expel. 'She was right. Holding back builds it up.'

Ben roughly slapped his heavy dick against Taylor's stomach, rippling her skin. He wiped his cock back and forth over her tummy, spreading thick spunk everywhere.

Finally, he pulled back and stuffed his cock back inside Taylor's steaming hot pussy. She hadn't expected this and gasped, shuddering with an after-shock orgasm from Ben's thick, tacky cock.

He collapsed to her side, his chest heaving from the fucking he just gave Taylor.

"Whew! You're good, Taylor. I really learned a lot."

"I would like to think I just made having sex with you better for your future lovers." She chided.

"You're definitely right. Thanks!"

The two took a moment to rest, then Ben helped Taylor clean up. They sat, now back in their clothes, facing each other on the couch.

"I have to tell you, Ben, the videos with you and your mom, are just too hot for words. I've been so turned on by the first few, that I've had to take my laptop into the bathroom with me to masturbate while Alex is in bed. And the last two were crazy!"

"Really? That's fantastic, Taylor! I was worried you were going to... never mind." Ben didn't want to use the word, blackmail. He just let the thought go.

“I’ve always known your mom to be so, appropriate. She’s always been hot, but I never thought of her like the person I see in the videos.”

“And don’t worry about it. Only Alex and I know, that is, we haven’t told anyone, and we never will. Alex’s parents would disown him and take away all their financial support if they discovered we were making porn. Mine would probably just kill me outright.”

Ben felt a tremendous sense of relief.

“If I were you though, I would vary your stories so you weren’t always portraying a mother and son. And, also, both of you should start using porn names in your videos, you know, like, ‘starring Jack Hammer and Jane Goodlay’ something like that. It’s okay if the names are a bit corny.”

“That’s good.” Ben picked up his phone and was taking notes.

“You have a lot of followers, considering your videos are so short. Be aware though, that they are most likely going to be posted on free sites.”

“Yeah, Alex told me about that.” Ben was reminded of the conversation he had with Alex that

began his interest in amateur videos. “I’ll have to check them out,”

“What else?” Ben looked up at Taylor.

“Try to warm up your mom to the idea of getting someone to video tape you for a couple of videos. I want to be that person, but it may take me a while to get Alex feeling comfortable with the idea.”

Ben could imagine Taylor recording he and his mom. The idea appealed to him.

“It looks like you have a good camera. You may want to get another and keep it on the tripod or get a smaller one for hand-held POV. We experimented with a sports camera, but mounting it on our heads looked too weird for us to take it seriously.”

“Good idea. Another camera.” Ben noted her suggestion.

“Alex was an awkward, fumbling, jack off before I decided enough was enough and taught him about how to have sex with a woman. With a little more convincing, I think he may warm up to the idea of combining our efforts into a production company. The four of us could do better work than we could in just pairs, like we’re doing. Something to think about.”

“I don’t know, Taylor. We’re just getting started. I’ll have to see how it goes. I love the idea, though.”

“Yeah, just something to think about.”

Taylor and Ben continued their discussion for another thirty minutes before Ben decided he needed to get home. He had been at Alex and Taylor’s for two hours and didn’t want to worry his mom.

“Well, Taylor, thanks for reaching out. You’ve helped me a lot.”

“I’ll let you know when we can have another instructional session.” Taylor winked, then kissed him good night.

Ben reviewed all that he learned in the two hours with Taylor. Although he found her irresistible, his interest in his mom and their own video productions was even stronger than before. The visit did him a world of good, although he suspected that Taylor’s motives for asking him over were partly selfish.

When he was back home, Ben headed right to bed, exhausted.

—Home, mom. Love you, sweet dreams—

Ben hit send and was asleep as soon as his head hit the pillow.

Tiffany had fallen into a restless sleep the night before, not getting Ben's text until she woke, earlier than usual, the next day. Her heart eased slightly knowing Ben hadn't spent all night with his friend, Alex. The whole thing made her nervous.

Tiffany had been deep in thought that morning. 'Ben somehow got the idea for the movies from Alex. Alex obviously knew Ben is my son. Had he seen our movies? Would he perhaps get jealous that Ben's popularity was drawing customers away from Alex? Who had Alex told?'

These thoughts swam in Tiffany's head as she threw her comforter off of her body, unable to rest. She decided she'd get an early workout in before breakfast.

An hour later, she was finishing her first coffee and furiously scribbling in her purple, "movie ideas" notebook. The scene she was working on had her growing more turned on as she worked out the details. She couldn't help herself from absently tracing the back of her pen over her mouth and lips. Her imagination was running wild.

This was how Ben found her as he entered the kitchen, stumbling-in groggily in his boxers and T-shirt. Tiffany's red hair was up in a bun. She was

running the pen over her lips with her bare legs folded, looking down at the notebook. Her large breasts were pressed together and jiggled slightly as she shook one foot in a nervous fidget.

“Morning, mom.”

Tiffany jumped, startled. “Benny! I didn’t hear you get up.”

He yawned, stretching.

“I made you bacon and pancakes. They’re warming in the oven.” Tiffany went back to her notebook, smiling salaciously.

Ben noticed her nipples perked up under the white, V-neck top. He wondered if there was any outfit that she didn’t look porn-star hot in. He shook his head and joined her at the table, shoveling food from his full plate of bacon and pancakes. Tiffany let him eat as she patiently added notes and comments to her pad until he was finished.

“How did it go with Alex last night?” She tried to sound as neutral as possible, but Ben could sense her anxious tone behind the question.

Ben gulped his coffee.

“Alex and Taylor actually had some really good advice. I took notes. Let’s see.”

“Oh? What kind of advice?”

He ran through them with her, omitting the fact that Alex was out of town, and anything of a sexual nature that happened between him and Taylor.

Tiffany considered his points.

“I’d like to talk to you about Alex.” Tiffany wore a serious expression.

“Ben, I’m not comfortable with anyone from our lives knowing about what we are doing. We’re taking a big risk as it is by posting our videos, I don’t think we should push the envelope.”

“Mom, you’ve got nothing to worry about. Alex and Taylor feel the same way. Alex’s parents would write him out of their life if they found out. His father pays the mortgage payments for their condo and would end all of his support if he found out he was making porn videos.”

Ben was making sense. “I could see him doing that. He would probably write him out of his will too.” That seemed to put Tiffany more at ease.

Tiffany added, “His father is wealthy, I remember reading about an endowment he started at your school.” Tiffany was deep in thought.

“Good. That makes me feel better.” She looked at Ben and smiled.

Ben went on. “Actually, they offered the idea that we create some kind of partnership, you know, pool our resources with production equipment, software, branding.”

“I don’t know about that. I like Taylor, but I don’t want to work with Alex.” She frowned.

“It’s just a thought.” Ben shrugged his shoulders.

With her concerns assuaged, Tiffany became more open to Ben’s suggestions. She was impressed by his dedication to their project. She wanted to see about a second camera, in particular, and she agreed about varying their roles so they weren’t always doing mom and son themes.

Tiffany cleaned up the kitchen as Ben offered her suggestions to the scene in her book. They worked out the next movie and Tiffany headed out to pick up some outfits. Ben answered emails and messages at Tiffany’s insistence. After he finished, he put on

his swimsuit and laid out by the pool, falling into a light sleep under the late morning sun.

After his nap, Ben stirred, feeling frisky and energetic. He wondered why he'd bother with his bathing suit and took it off. He dove into the pool and enjoyed the unencumbered feeling that skinny-dipping gave him.

“Hey, Benny!” Tiffany came out to the pool. She must have been home for a little while as she was dressed in a new outfit.

It was a yellow tennis skirt short enough that it could pass for lingerie, with a white and yellow, sleeveless tennis top that was primarily white with a two-inch, yellow stripe running down each side and accentuating the V-neck. Tiffany's breasts were forming huge bulges under the fabric. Without a bra, he could see the bumps created by her nipples and mounds of cleavage pushing up into view above the V-neck.

Ben swam over to her. “Damn, Mom! You look incredible!”

Tiffany stood at the edge of the pool, above Ben, and spun around to model her new outfit. She'd bought it specifically for their next video shoot.

“Thank you! I have a few other outfits too. I decided I wanted to buy specific outfits that could be used in our shoots, rather than try to use clothes that I already had.”

As Tiffany spun, from Ben’s perspective below her, he could see everything under the short pleated skirt. They had planned on Tiffany being “commando” under her skirt for the purposes of the scene. Ben watched her sexy, round ass as she spun. His heart skipped a beat when her neat little pussy came into view. He knew she’d be panty-less for the scene, but was still shocked to observe his mother’s bare cunt. It felt exhilarating and naughty.

Ben’s cock surged underwater. He wanted to stand up and fuck his mom right there, but he stayed in the water, for now.

“I can’t wait to see more!”

“I’ll get to that later. Are you hungry now, or would you like to record?”

Ben wanted to cum, no, after yesterday’s blowjob scene, he needed to cum. Even after his evening with Taylor, he was hot for his mom. It was all he could think of since then. His mom’s skills were off the charts. Seeing his mom’s enthusiasm reflected in

her recent outfit, and having Taylor to compare her to, caused Ben to appreciate how sexy his mom actually was. Taylor was incredibly hot, but she simply did not have the same natural allure that his mom possessed. He also felt he could trust his mom with anything and everything. She was the whole package.

“I think we should eat first, then record.”

He blatantly stared at Tiffany’s pussy, thinking about using some of the control strategies that Taylor had suggested last night, which should lengthen his performance in any video he made from that point on.

“You’re probably right. Let’s make some sandwiches then.” Tiffany turned and walked back into the house.

‘She even bought real tennis shoes.’ Ben smiled, shaking his head. ‘She’s something else.’

Ben dried off and put his suit back on. He didn’t like the idea of eating naked.

Tiffany was finishing making their turkey sandwiches in the kitchen. On the table was her purple covered, spiral notebook. Ben noticed it was different from the one they normally used. He sat

and opened the cover. In it, he saw his mom's perfect handwriting. Several titles were underlined with what appeared to be summaries under them. She had at least ten outlines. As he was about to read the first, the notebook was quickly snatched from his hands and carried to the other side of the table.

“What's up?” Ben looked up at his mom.

“These are my private ideas. I would prefer that you didn't read them. If I knew you would be reading them, I might not be as free to explore the scenes I have in my head. Does that make sense?”

“Absolutely. I totally get it. That's exciting!”

“Why is that exciting?”

“Just that you're thinking about ideas for our recordings.”

“Oh, well, I'm glad you like!”

Tiffany sat their plates of food down on the table.

“So, what's the plan for today?” Ben couldn't wait to hear what his mom had planned after yesterday's video.

They discussed how they would shoot today's scene. After about an hour of planning, Ben got up

from the table.

“Mom, I have to be honest, I’m a little nervous about the scene. It’s nothing like we’ve done before. I like it, and I’m looking forward to it, but I have to ask, are you okay with it?”

“I’m looking forward to it too! No, it’s nothing like we’ve done before, but neither was yesterday’s video. I think it’s important that we progress, don’t you? I think this video is a step in that direction.”

Ben knew his mom was right. What really concerned him was his own skill level.

“Mom and the Tennis Pro.”

“That’s a great title, Mom. We aren’t a mother and son in this one. I like that.”

“My original plan called for us to be mother and son, but after you shared your discussion with Alex and Taylor with me, I changed it up a bit.”

“Let’s get ready.” Tiffany was eager to get started.

Ben was packing the car with the camera, tripod, a tennis racket, and tennis balls for the shoot.

“We’re all set for our first on-location video recording!” Ben called out as his mother walked to the car.

Tiffany got in the passenger seat, raised her hand in the air, then yelled, “Mom and the tennis pro!”

The courts were only a five-minute drive from their house and luckily were empty so they could proceed without any interference. The on-location shots were simple. Ben set up the camera at their tennis and golf club’s court and recorded several shots of his mom’s torso and legs returning “serves” that were balls thrown at her by Ben from an off-camera position. She was perfect, her tits wobbled and shook under her new shirt, and her legs looked sexy as hell.

As he recorded the shots, they came to the part where Tiffany needed to act as though she had become injured. They tried a few takes where she pretended to hurt her hamstring, but decided to go with her just grabbing the back of her leg after returning a serve. Ben had his own tennis shorts and shirt on from when he played on the tennis team his junior year in high school and came to her rescue as she stood propped up against the net. Keeping her face off camera was difficult, but they did it. Ben

felt it wouldn't look right if he blurred her face for this video, so he made the extra effort to leave it out.

To get the audio, he had to carry the camera in POV perspective and get closer to his mom.

The dialog began.

“What happened, Charlene? It looks like your hamstring tightened up on you.”

“My leg hurts up here, Benny.” Ben recorded his mom's smooth, white leg and her hand rubbing the back of it. They looked soft and amazing under her short skirt.

“Let's get you off your feet.”

Ben stopped the recording and set the camera on his tripod, quickly looking around to be sure no one was watching.

He pressed record and filmed him helping his mom off the court from behind to the wooden bench at the side. Tiffany sat on the bench. Ben moved the tripod so it was looking over his shoulder, down at his mom from his perspective. Ben stood and placed the camera on the tripod, checking the angle looking straight down at her deep cleavage.

He hit record and kneeled in front of Tiffany.

“Let me have your leg so I can see where it hurts.”

Tiffany put her hands on Ben’s shoulders and lifted her leg into his grasp. He wasted no time, firmly placing his hands high up on her thigh. He felt heat coming from between her legs.

“How does this feel? He caressed, rather than rubbed, her left thigh.

‘He’s enjoying this,’ she thought.

“It’s behind, up high... Ow!” Tiffany slowly turned around so the camera could see the back of her legs and butt, then lifted the left side of her skirt up, showing her bare leg all the way up to her hip.

Ben felt a very soft, very feint wet brush against the top of his inside hand. He bit his lip, realizing his mother’s pussy just grazed his hand.

He cleared his throat. “I can’t reach the sore spot from this angle, Charlene.” He rose. “Let’s have you bend over the bench here.” Ben patted the bench.

Tiffany put her hands on the bench, then bent over. From behind, the camera caught her short skirt ride up, exposing just enough of her bare ass to reveal that she wasn’t wearing panties. Ben took a

moment to get behind the camera and check the shot of her bending over. ‘Perfect.’ He thought.

Ben entered the camera’s view.

“Let me massage it for you to see how tender it is. It didn’t look like you did anything to seriously injure yourself.”

Ben unceremoniously placed his hands on his mom’s ass and knelt behind her, bringing his face just inches from her pussy. From his angle, behind Tiffany, he could see everything up close. The camera was more to the side, so it only showed the arching curve of her bare ass in profile. From that angle, you could see she wasn’t wearing panties, but you couldn’t see her pussy.

From Ben’s angle, he stared at his mother’s bare pussy lips and tight anus. He licked his lips and brought his hands up onto the back of her thigh, somewhat roughly. He focuses his attention on the part of her leg just below her butt. He enjoyed feeling his mom’s flawless legs.

“Ow! Right there. It’s tender there.” She complained.

In an authoritative voice, Benny said, “That’s a tough spot to get to. We will need to get you in to

see a physical therapist and have him work on that.”

He watched his mom sway her hips at him. Her pussy looked amazing and he stared right down into her enticing wet folds.

“I don’t think it’s that bad. Can’t you do anything?” Tiffany shifted her full, round ass barely covered by the tennis skirt.

“I could help you stretch,” Benny looked around, “but this isn’t the best place for that.”

“Let’s go back to my home gym, we can stretch there.” Tiffany looked back at him.

Ben stood behind her. His waist rose into the frame in profile. Below his waistband, an obvious tent poked out at his mom. He callously brought it up right between her legs, imagining the visual and trying to accentuate the sight of his bulge pressing against her flawless ass.

“Ok, Charlene. That might be a good idea.”

“I’ll need your help getting back in the car,” she said lustily.

The tension and energy between them was palpable. He had to resist the temptation to grind into her so he could stop the scene.

“That went extremely well,” he commented.

“Do you think so? Are you sure the action will be look okay?” Tiffany was so aroused she was practically shaking. She was worried she’d have to jump her son in public if they didn’t finish up soon.

“We already did a few takes. I checked the last one. It looks believable enough for an amateur porn movie, Mom.”

Tiffany and Ben gathered all their props and drove the short distance home. They were both strangely silent, but kept sharing glances and laughing. It was a mixed atmosphere, both nervous and excited in anticipation of what was to come.

In the house, Tiffany needed to refresh herself for the scene, so Ben got the workout room ready.

It would be another combination approach, some shots would be hand-held, some stationary. Ben continued to think about how a second camera would help their recording process.

After waiting a good while, Ben asked, “Mom, are you okay?” He was standing outside her bathroom door. It had been at least thirty minutes since he had been set up and waiting for her to ready herself for the scene.

“I took a shower. Now, I’m finishing my make up.” She yelled from behind the door.

After a few more minutes, Tiffany finally appeared in her tennis outfit. Her tits seemed to want to pop out of the top and the skirt was shorter than he remembered it being just an hour earlier.

“Ready?”

“Ready.”

Ben and Tiffany walked back to the front door with the camera. Ben began filming the limping Tiffany from the back as she closed the door of her car. From behind, the camera slowly scanned down her body. Starting from her bouncing pony tail, it panned down her back, capturing the side-to-side sweep of her skirt. Below the hem, her smooth ass cheeks stuck out. He kept the camera trained on her ass as she limped to the door and unlocked the deadbolt.

Tiffany turned back to Ben as he held the camera. He kept the angle low, with just her chin down in the frame.

“It’s really starting to hurt. I think I pulled a muscle.”

“That’s very possible, Charlene. Let’s get inside and see.”

Tiffany opened the door and held it open for Ben to record. He took the time to pause at her breasts as he passed through the threshold.

“Come in, Benny. Let’s go to the workout room. There’s plenty of space there.”

Ben recorded from behind Tiffany again. He shot the walk into the foyer and down the hallway with the camera centered on Tiffany’s ass.

‘She’s really working it. Look at her sway those hips, Jesus.’ Ben had to adjust his awkward hard-on while watching his mom walk into their home.

Ben paused the camera, not wanting to record the walk through his mom’s bedroom, and resumed recording as she entered the workout room.

“Nice! You have everything you need.” Benny said as he held the camera.

“This is where I work out most days,” Tiffany said.

“Why don’t you lie down on the yoga mat in the center of the room, Charlene.”

Tiffany took her place, lying flat on her back with her legs straight out, together.

Ben paused the camera and set up the tripod, angling down to her upper thighs and waist. He also made sure her huge breasts were in-frame.

“Okay, Mom, rock your hips back with your knees together. I need to check the angle.” Ben watched through the camera.

Tiffany smoothed her skirt, then slowly lifted her legs up to her chest. Ben watched her short skirt flip over and she revealed herself to him. Under the pretense of getting the shot right, he zoomed in.

‘Fuck, her tight pussy looks so good. I can see her nice little asshole, too. I can’t believe I’m staring at my mom like this!’ Ben reveled.

Tiffany lay there, knowing her son was staring at her bare crotch. She had nothing to hide at this point and was becoming increasingly aroused. It was a tease of the best kind.

Finally, Ben piped up.

“Perfect! Ok, legs back down and we’ll start.”

Tiffany straightened her legs and smoothed her skirt down again.

Ben hit record and began the scene.

“Okay, I want you to stay on your back so we can stretch your hamstrings.”

Ben entered the frame and knelt at Tiffany’s feet.

“Let’s get these shoes off.” Ben began untying them, then removed them both, leaving Tiffany’s feet encased in her new, white ankle socks. Her thighs were completely bare.

“We need to stretch you out. I’m going to lift your legs up and back.” He grabbed each foot by her ankles and bent her knees, legs together, up and toward her chest.

“Mmmm, that’s tight,” Tiffany commented as Ben pressed her knees up against her breasts.

Ben looked down to see the skirt ride up, then flip over completely. Tiffany’s wet pussy became revealed and Ben’s covered erection pressed below it, between her ass cheeks.

His cock ached. He had been hard for the past hour. He was so close to her that he could smell her perfume; a clean, youthful scent.

“Uh... ma’am, your... uh—” Benny delivered the line, trying to sound nervous as the camera

caught her exposed pussy.

He cleared his throat.

“It looks like your skirt has ridden up,” he stared straight at her pussy as he said this.

“Oh? I suppose it is on the shorter side. I hope you don’t mind.” Tiffany delivered her lines with a suggestive tone.

“Not at all, Charlene. Now, you’re going to need to hold your legs up and together just as they are. Grab them behind your knees, that’s it. Good.”

Tiffany held her legs together and back to her chest. She was nervous, but her overwhelming emotion was arousal. She stared up at the ceiling and tried to relax.

“I’m going to press on your hamstrings with a good deal of pressure to get the knots out of the muscles.”

Ben scooted back slightly and brought his mom’s bare groin into his lap. Starting where she was holding her legs, behind her knees, Ben used his thumbs with an open hand and pressed firmly into the soft flesh of her legs, working his way, inch-by-inch down to her ass.

“Oh, that’s good, Benny,” she cooed.

“It’s your left hamstring that’s bothering you, isn’t it?” He rubbed her left hamstring.

“Ouch! Yes, that’s the one.”

Ben moved his hands down to the broadest part of her inner thigh. He put both hands on that part of her leg, where it transitioned to her butt. He worked her leg like a pro, squeezing, rubbing, and smoothing out her muscles. As he moved, he tried not to obviously touch her pussy, but it happened anyway over the course of his massage.

Tiffany could feel her son’s thumb and fingers brush against her wet pussy when he massaged the inside of her thigh. She tried to be still, but the anticipation was driving her wild. They were supposed to draw this part of the scene out with improvised banter, but Tiffany began squirming. She couldn’t take it any longer, so she jumped ahead to the line that would have been Ben’s queue.

She sat up slightly, onto her elbows. Hopefully Ben had angled it so her face would still be out of frame.

“That feels SO good! Are you as good with your mouth as you are with your hands?”

At that moment, staring at her son, Tiffany parted her knees and spread her legs open slowly, still holding them behind her knees. She revealed more of her puffy mound accentuated with neatly trimmed hair, just at the top of her pubis.

Ben couldn't pull his eyes away and stared right down at her crotch.

“I don't know, I thought...”

Tiffany followed the plot and let her legs part fully. Her labia were now spread open invitingly, glistening and pink, her clit protruding out conspicuously. Ben was immediately drawn to her large clitoris. It was about as big as the first knuckle at the top of his own pinky finger; at least twice as big as Taylor's. He thought back to the practice Taylor had given him on her finger.

‘Shit. She's really doing this!’ He tried to stay calm as he witnessed his mom spread her legs wide, enticing him.

“I have an ache between my legs, too. Can you do anything about that, Benny?” Tiffany teased.

Benny cleared his throat, “I think I can help you out with that, Charlene.”

He felt confident remembering his time giving Taylor oral and how good she thought he was. He thought about how Taylor had recommended a kiss before physically contacting her pussy, but it would be awkward in this particular scene.

Instead, Ben slowly lowered his face down toward his mom's crotch. He had to remind himself to try to let the camera see his every move, so he adjusted his body slightly to better show his face as it approached Tiffany's wet pussy.

Ben wanted to enjoy the experience as much as possible. Taking his time with the scene helped him do just that.

He puckered his lips and planted a very wet kiss directly against the spot he estimated to be her opening. Her lips were velvety and wet. After dramatically pushing his lips against her swollen pussy, he extended his tongue and gave his mom a long, flat lap from the bottom to the top.

'She tastes sweet, like Taylor. Very clean,' he thought.

Tiffany threw her head back as his mouth made contact with her aching, sopping slit. She felt it

throb in the moment of contact and had to fight the urge to thrust her hips up into her son's face.

“Oh, my goodness, yes, Benny,” she spoke in a lower, sultry voice.

Her grip tightened on the underside of her knees and she let her legs part wider. Her feet loomed above her, toes pointed toward the ceiling.

Ben dove in, lapping up wetness from Tiffany. He felt her smooth lips swell and part around his probing mouth, lips, and tongue. He loved it: she felt sleek and hot. He rubbed his face all over her, enjoying the slippery sensations against his skin.

Repeating his lapping motion several more times, he felt Tiffany's body respond to him.

“Ooh, Benny, please, don't stop!” she cried out. Ben heard a hint of desperation in her voice.

He flexed his tongue muscle causing it to become rigid and nodded his head up and down over her large clit.

Tiffany had to remind herself about the scene.

“Yes,” she panted, holding her legs and blinking up at the ceiling. “Work it out for me, right there,” she sighed.

Tiffany was rocking her hips into her son's face trying to get Ben to pick up the pace as he licked her. Ben's actions were purposely slow to achieve just that reaction. She began trembling below him.

"You're really starting to loosen up," Ben commented before diving back in.

For some reason, Taylor's reminder about visuals popped into his head. He had a mental image of the action and became worried his head would be blocking any view of his mother's pussy and his mouth.

Ben had to scoot back and adjust his shorts to reposition his painfully hard cock. He stuck his wide tongue out as far as he could and slowly moved his face down to the center of Tiffany's pussy. Ben's tongue penetrated her and he squirmed it as deep as he could, her taste on his tongue intensified. Ben darted his tongue into her multiple times, fucking his mom with his tongue, just to test her reaction.

Tiffany could not believe how good it felt. She tilted her head up a bit more to watch her son's face buried in her crotch.

'He's fucking me with his tongue. Oh, God, that's so wrong!' Tiffany wanted his tongue to grow

longer as it teased the inside of her. She considered how much fuller she'd be if it were her son's cock instead. She shuddered at the thought.

“Ooohhh! YES!” she cried.

Ben's face was dripping wet from a combination of saliva and Tiffany's wetness. He dragged his face up hard against her and grasped her enlarged clitoris between his pursed lips.

“Mmmm, right there!” Tiffany clenched and her body flushed. She watched her son feast, and while still holding her spread legs, she tried to hump his face with the tip of her clit.

“Suck it, Benny!” she cried.

Ben circled his tongue around the swollen nub, sucking it, flicking it, grinding it against his tongue. He returned to the bottom of her opening and lapped her pussy again, then again, causing her to screech in a mix of pleasure and frustration.

“My clit, Ben, my clit, baby!” Tiffany forgot to call him by his screen name. She was beyond the script at that point.

Ben smashed his face against her on his way back up to her clit. He sucked it in again, hard, this time

flicking it rhythmically using a fast tempo. Before any words came out of her mouth, Tiffany let loose a gush of wetness, flooding his chin and neck.

They had talked about how she should keep her arms down to not block the camera on her crotch. They had specifically agreed that Tiffany shouldn't grab Ben's head as he gave her oral sex.

“Ohhhhh! My Goddd, Ben! Stay on my clit! Ahhhh!” Tiffany screamed, her body rigid. She was essentially doing an open-air split on her son's face and her hands instinctively grabbed Ben's auburn hair as she smashed her crotch into him.

“Fuck, honey!” she screamed. Ben's tongue couldn't move any faster so he held it out, as stiff as he could make it and moved his head in accordance with her hands upon his head.

“Bennnn!” Tiffany came powerfully, her words melting into a jumbled mumble.

“NNNNNNNMMMMHHHHH!” Her body flushed and flexed. It was finally her time to cum before the camera.

He went back to penetrating her pussy with his tongue, fucking her as if it were a small dick. When she seemed to calm down a bit, he dragged his

flattened tongue slowly between her lips, up to the apex of her soaking wet cunt. He quickly sucked her clit into his mouth, pinched it tightly between his lips, and began rhythmically flicking it again.

“Oooh! Ohhh! Unnng!” She squirmed.

Ben didn't let up on her until she began to cum again.

“Aaahh, God, BENNNNNYYYY!” She grunted his name almost as if she was blaming him for something. More warm fluid rushed out of her pussy. Tiffany's chest was huffing and heaving trying to catch her breath.

Ben noticed his mom was twitching in what he estimated was evidence of her becoming over stimulated. He decided to pull away.

Tiffany felt Ben lift his face from her and suddenly found herself overwhelmed by the need to kiss him. As he moved away, she pulled his head toward her as she leaned back, wanting to keep her face out of the frame.

Ben shuddered, their bodies drawing together as she pulled him onto her.

“...wait,” Ben whispered sounding strained. Tiffany brought his lips down onto hers.

Simultaneously, Ben’s hips met his mother’s. His enormous erection wedged between her swollen, wet labia. She was so wet and aroused, and Ben was so hard that his head actually pressed into her, stretching his thin shorts, the only barrier between them.

He pulled his lips back off of Tiffany.

“Oh, God.”

Ben’s body trembled. He felt his cock head become slick inside his shorts as his mother’s wetness rubbed over it. He began cumming powerfully against Tiffany’s pussy.

Tiffany looked concerned at her son’s strained face.

“Benny, what is it?”

She felt his thick head probe her entrance and blinked, wanting badly to feel it deep inside her. Suddenly, she felt a warmth blanket her pussy. She looked down to see Ben pumping his cloth-covered cock head up against her bare clit, thick blobs of cum seeping out of the fabric.

Ben trembled and grunted, barely able to hold himself up as he emptied his balls in his shorts, against Tiffany's pussy.

Ben's orgasm was not in the plot. He was supposed to say, "Now let's work on that hamstring," and end the scene. He instead, lifted his head and leaned back.

"Now let's work on that hamstring, Charlene."

That was the end of the scene. Ben's cock had barely softened and he continued to smear his mom's pussy lips with his sticky load.

"My gosh, Benny! That wasn't—"

"Mom, I know, I..." he pulled back.

"No, no, honey, it's totally fine," Tiffany laughed casually at the situation. She nonchalantly started playing with her soaked pussy.

His mother's easy demeanor erased his embarrassment. He felt silly, considering his lessons with Taylor and his new-found sense of control. Maybe it was just impossible to control himself around his angelic mother.

Tiffany sat up, as Ben walked to the tripod and stopped the camera.

“That was intense!” she absently traced her labia and shuddered. “I can’t wait to do another scene like that one soon!” Tiffany laughed, not wanting to have said that aloud.

Ben was quietly fiddling with the camera, still stunned and excited.

“I loved doing that, Mom. You are so beautiful, so feminine!”

Tiffany loved the compliments that Ben showered her with every day. She had a difficult time thinking back to what her life was like before they began doing their now daily video recordings. She couldn’t imagine going back to her former dull routine of being a housewife with no real husband to make her feel wanted. As she looked at the ceiling and traced her fingers over her tingling, soaked pussy, she seriously entertained the thought of divorcing Larry and what that would entail.

“Well, I suppose I better get cleaned up, but I’d love to see how our footage turned out.” Tiffany made her way to her feet slowly, smiling weakly at Ben.

“Sounds great, Mom. I’ll get started editing in the kitchen.” Ben smiled right back and collected the

camera.

After several minutes loading the software and initializing the editing process, Tiffany joined Ben at the table editing the footage of “Mom and the Tennis Pro.” She had tied her hair in a bun and slipped into a soft robe after removing her tennis outfit.

The two reviewed the footage, making copious notes.

The setup and intro were great. The natural sunlight brightened the scene and it had a realistic tone, given they shot it on their club courts and not in some movie studio.

Tiffany checked her notes.

“It looks like we completely forgot to have me remove my top. Do you think the scene will suffer?” she asked Ben.

He couldn’t help but drop his eyes to her cleavage peeking out of her soft robe.

“I think it’s okay. We changed the focus. It may have made the movie better, but we never figured out how to get you topless into the plot. Let’s check the next scene.”

Ben played back the footage of himself following Tiffany into the house and they came to the “workout room” scene.

The angle on Tiffany’s body was good. The sound of the dialogue and the lighting were good. Unfortunately, due to the nature of oral sex with women, the actual action was hard to see from the fixed camera position.

Ben frowned as he watched his face dip between his mom’s thighs on screen.

“Well, we should have anticipated this, mom. You can only really see the back of my head here.”

Tiffany found the image to be one of the sexiest sights she had ever seen in her entire life: her son’s head between her thighs, as he serviced her. She knew, however, that it was the thought that aroused her, not the visual imagery. She doubted others would find it as enticing, given the audience are strangers.

She watched her son’s tongue slip inside her repeatedly for the part of the video where Ben’s head wasn’t completely in the way.

“It’s an arousing video, no doubt about it, but I don’t think there’s enough graphic action in it.” She

could see his tongue and her pussy in parts, but half of the time the camera shot was of his head.

“Yeah, true, but we can’t really get the angle we need with a stationary camera position, even if we could, there’s not much to see with my face between your legs like that.”

Ben’s comment made Tiffany shudder as she visualized his head between her legs again. He was right. There’s only so much you can do with a female oral scene. There was something missing from their videos, and Tiffany was only now ready to admit to herself what that was.

“Mom, what do you think about having someone record for us, like a camera-person?”

“We can’t let anyone know about this, Ben. We’ve already discussed this. Wait a minute, you mean Alex or Taylor? No. Absolutely not. Alex is not trustworthy. I have never felt comfortable around him.”

“I wouldn’t want Alex to video us either, I was thinking more along the lines of Taylor.”

“Ben, I don’t really know Taylor, but I may be open to that. It just depends on how discrete she would be, I guess. That, and whether I felt

comfortable with her in the room with us.” Tiffany crossed her arms in her chair.

“She has seen most of our videos, and she said she wants to help out.” Ben was careful to omit any mention of the sexual “tutoring” that she gave him the night before.

“Let me think about it. Maybe as we get further down the road, we might require a videographer, but for now, I think we can manage.”

Tiffany’s thought process was side-tracked by Ben’s suggestion. She returned to her thoughts about what was missing from their videos: sexual intercourse.

Ben posted their latest video and checked the status of their blowjob video.

“Mom, two hundred and forty downloads for the ‘Loving Mom Goes Crazy on Her Son’ video at \$35.00 each. That’s over four-grand!”

“Wow! Although I must say that I’m not surprised. That was a hot video.” Tiffany looked pleased.

Ben smiled. “How should I send Dad his money?”

“Cashier’s check? I don’t know. Let me think about it.”

Ben took his computer up to his room and flopped on his bed when he heard a text come through on his phone.

—SHIT, BEN! THAT BLOWJOB VIDEO IS INSANE! I SHOULD TAKE LESSONS FROM YOUR MOM!—

Ben smiled. It was Taylor. He responded,

—THANKS! SHE’S PRETTY MOTIVATED—

—YOUR DICK LOOKS HOT!—

—THNX—

Ben wasn’t quite sure what to say to Taylor, his mom wasn’t ready for a someone else to become involved with their videos yet and he didn’t want to push the matter with her so soon after introducing her to the idea.

—LET’S GET TOGETHER AGAIN SOON—

Ben’s dick twitched.

—I DON’T KNOW—

Ben hated to deny such a beautiful, sexy woman like Taylor, but it felt like he was cheating on his mom just by texting her, not to mention the fact that he actually had sex with his friend's girlfriend.

—OOH! PLAYING HARD TO GET. I LIKE IT!
ONE DAY I HOPE TO GET YOU HARD AGAIN!
—

Ben ignored the last text and drifted to sleep for the night.

The next morning, Tiffany was stirring Ben's scrambled eggs, explaining how she thought they should proceed.

“A dry-run? For what scene?” Ben was trying to understand his mom's request.

Tiffany stood at the stove in a pair of thin, sky-blue panties and a small, white tank top over her obviously bra-less breasts.

Ben watched her large orbs sway, topped by her pointy nipples. ‘She might as well be naked,’ he thought.

His mom shook the pan and turned the eggs over, making chopping and scraping motions. Her tits

were crashing about sideways as she worked the spatula.

“I thought we could do another blowjob video.” She turned to smile at Ben.

“That sounds great, Mom, but we just did one two days ago. Don’t you think we should try something else?”

Ben wasn’t sure what he wanted, two weeks ago he knew he wanted to fuck his mom, but now the thought made him nervous.

Tiffany and Ben sat at the kitchen table and ate as they discussed the future of their project.

Tiffany had Ben’s laptop out and was reading the more recent comments aloud.

“CAN’T WAIT TILL THEY FUCK!”

“Wow! That’s pretty direct.” Tiffany looked over to Ben.

“I guess that’s to be expected,” Ben said.

She read another,

“FUCK HER ALREADY, BENNY!”

The last comment made Ben laugh.

She continued,

“NEXT VIDEO: ‘MOMMY FUCKS HER SON.’”

Ben looked over at the computer screen and noticed that there were a lot of comments that his mom was skipping. Comments that said things like, ‘Hot video, thanks!’ and ‘She’s so hot! I wish she was my mom!’ He wondered why she was passing over such great comments and only reading the ones that talked about fucking.

Tiffany had intercourse on her mind, but how she was going to go about bringing it up to Ben was the issue. She didn’t want the project to end, and she associated having intercourse as being the end of the project.

As she was thinking, an idea came to her mind for another series. An idea that would alleviate her fears of their project concluding after they crossed the final line of having sex together. She would introduce it after they discussed having actual intercourse on camera.

“Mom, we’ve done solo videos, jack-off videos, multiple handjob videos, a titjob video, a male oral, and a female oral video. There’s really only one

direction left to go, don't you think? It also seems to be what our fans are anticipating.”

Tiffany tried to cover her hardening nipples on her chest by crossing her arms again. Just hearing Ben suggest that they are progressing toward a full-on sex video gave her chills.

“I know. We probably need to plan it out, then talk a little about it.” Tiffany felt extremely nervous discussing the matter with Ben. “Why don't we write down our ideas, then come back to the table and talk about what we've written at lunch?”

“Sounds good, Mom.”

It took Ben all of five minutes to finish his list of ideas.

Tiffany finished early and decided to go up to Ben's room to see how he was coming along. She pushed his closed door open to find him on the computer, watching pornography.

“Oh!” She forgot to knock.

Ben swiveled his chair to her. His bare dick towered out of his boxers, hard and leaking. His hand brandished his cock at the base.

“Come on in, nothing you haven’t seen before,” Ben chuckled. “Besides, I have to save all my ‘money shots’ for our films, so I was mostly just practicing edging.”

“Edging?” Tiffany asked, pulling up a chair.

Ben didn’t want to get into his lessons with Taylor, so he brushed it off.

“Never mind, it’s not important. Anyway, this is one of Alex and Taylor’s videos. I thought I would watch it to see how they did it.”

Tiffany stopped, her eyes glued to the 15-inch computer screen. Taylor was wearing one of their costume play outfits. She was dressed as a comic book character, Harley Quinn, as she rode Alex, who was below her, on the bed, practically motionless. His dick looked only about three-quarters erect.

“She’s doing all the work, isn’t she?”

‘That doesn’t surprise me.’ Ben thought. ‘Now, I see why Taylor was so taken by my constant erection. Maybe things aren’t going too well with Alex these days.’ Ben made a mental note to give Alex a call later.

“It sure does look that way,” Ben replied to his mother.

“Are you done with your list?” Tiffany clutched her notebook excitedly.

“Yes. I guess you are too?” Ben looked down to his Mom’s hand to see her holding her purple book.

She waved the book in the air.

“Ben, before we start to plan, or even talk about the next step, I think we need to be sure we’re okay with being intimate with each other.”

“What do you have in mind?”

Tiffany sat on his bed. “I don’t know how I’m going to feel being close to you naked like that.”

Ben learned to trust that his mom had already thought about any given situation prior to her bringing the topic up for conversation.

“What’s the plan then, Mom?”

“I thought maybe we could get naked and do a rehearsal. A dry-run, you know, without actually going all the way.”

Tiffany cringed after saying that. ‘I sound like a high school student.’ She ogled her son’s bare cock. He looked like he was ready to explode.

Ben felt his cock surge even harder as it jutted out of his boxers. ‘Damn, I must be dreaming.’

In a flash, Ben was standing and peeling off his shirt. “That’s a great idea, Mom.” He quickly slid his boxers off and kicked them out of the way.

Tiffany took a moment to admire his abdomen muscles.

Ben looked down at his seated, barely clothed mother and smiled, hands on his hips with his cock towering out at her.

“Ok, your turn!”

“Okay, but could you do something to help me? I would be more comfortable if the camera was on the tripod as if we were shooting a scene. You don’t have to record anything. I just... I don’t know...”

The camera request struck Ben as a little odd. “Oh, uh, sure. Whatever helps.”

“I’ll do it,” Tiffany offered.

Tiffany was trembling as she attached the camera to the tripod. Although she knew that she was probably just as nervous as her son.

“Okay. Done.”

It was Tiffany’s turn. As she removed her tank-top, the bottom became caught on her breasts so she yanked it up and over. Ben watched as if in a wide-eyed trance as his mom’s breasts skipped and jumped on her chest from the motion. As they fell back into position, he swore he could see her nipples rise and push into points before his very eyes. Each time he gazed upon her breasts, he was reminded that they were the most amazing tits he had ever seen. Smooth, white, and heavy with just a hint of freckles. He noticed that she had faint tan lines that made the hidden parts look shapelier in contrast to the slightly tanner portions. Her nipples were symmetrical to one another and stood out just above the middle of the outward curve. They looked massive, even knowing how heavy they were, he thought they looked extra heavy just then.

‘Holy shit. I am a lucky man,’ was all he could think at that moment.

Tiffany let her son drink in the sight of her huge tits, smiling patiently at him.

“Panties?” Ben asked hopefully.

Tiffany slid her panties off and cast them to the side with her shirt.

Ben could see her chest billowing heavy, yet short breaths of air. She was excited.

Ben crossed the room to her and they stood, naked, a bit awkwardly. He turned and pushed his chair in, then looked around and saw his unmade bed. He anxiously pulled the top sheets all the way down and fluffed up the pillows, then shrugged his shoulders realizing the unnecessary nature of his actions.

Tiffany broke the silence. “I saw a movie a long time ago where two lovers played a game. They tried to get as close as they could to each other without touching, one step at a time. Let’s try that.”

“Okay.”

Tiffany took a step with Ben following almost immediately, then paused. Another step, then another pause and finally, another. The mother and son were now about a foot apart with Ben’s turgid cock looming very close to Tiffany’s flat tummy.

“I guess that’s as far as I can go.” Ben said looking down.

“Looks that way.” Tiffany said quietly. Her eyes were filled with desire. Her heart beat loudly.

Ben took the next step, his aching cock pressed into his mom’s abdomen about a half inch. It throbbed and left a wet spot on her skin.

“Ooops. What happens now?” Ben’s eyes grew wider, but never broke from his mom’s gaze.

“You lose. I get to touch you first.”

“Sounds like a win-win situation to me.” Ben felt like his entire body was palpitating.

Tiffany stood back so she could more freely move her arms.

She used both her hands to caress her son’s handsome face, then felt his shoulders, and lean torso, spending extra time on his muscular stomach. She grabbed his cock and clenched it tightly with both hands. Jerking it, then feeling its entirety, hefting it as if for the first time.

She bent down on her knees and cradled his balls in front of her face. She wanted to use her mouth on him, but felt that she needed to keep to the task at

hand. She placed his stiff cock on her shoulder and reached around him to grab his firm butt, marveling at how baby-soft his skin was, then down his strong legs. Tiffany had literally put her hands on every inch of Ben's body. Her pussy was throbbing and aching wet at the end of her touching.

“My turn.” Ben said.

Ben lightly grazed his mom's face with the backs of his hands, admiring her youthful glow and pristine complexion. Traveling down, his hands lifted each of her breasts up and kneaded them thoroughly. He pulled his hands away and pinched her hard nipples softly.

An accidental moan escaped Tiffany's mouth. She was using all her willpower to stop herself from writhing from the tortuous touching.

Ben continued down, feeling over her perfect skin until he came to her pussy. Looking his mother in the eye, he covered her entire mound with his upturned hand. His middle finger pressed up, spreading her labia apart slightly. She dripped all over his finger.

Tiffany and Ben couldn't break eye contact due to the intense energy. She felt Ben partially penetrate

her with his finger and was immediately aware of how much more intimate it was having him face-to-face as he touched her, as opposed to before, when his head was between her thighs. She felt him probe the opening of her soaked pussy.

Ben watched his mom close her eyes, then flutter them open slowly. She took a few deliberate breaths.

‘I can do this,’ Tiffany repeated mentally. She resolved that having sex with Ben WAS something she’d go through with. She smiled slightly realizing that she would probably enjoy the experience immensely.

Ben didn’t want to take advantage of the situation and continued down and around to her buttocks, squeezing them firmly with both hands separating her cheeks, then pushing them together. It was the first time he had ever really felt her ass and it was almost as pleasurable as feeling her breasts. Down her thighs, calves and then, rising up, he leaned in closer and kissed her softly on her full, red lips.

Ben tried to pull away but found his mom was leaning toward him, her wet, yearning mouth opened, her tongue sought his as she latched onto his enraged cock, yanking it toward her. He could

feel her hot, sweet breath rushing out of her nostrils, she moaned passionately.

Ben's hands cradled the back sides of her head and returned her kiss. His tongue twirling and swiping her own, their hot saliva mingled.

Ben lowered his hands to her waist and held it firmly in his grip, pushing her back toward his bed. Tiffany eagerly stepped back and set herself down with her butt on the side edge of the high mattress.

She spread her legs for him and lay back with her pussy flush with the edge of the bed.

Ben took a step forward, and while still standing, held his thick, rigid cock at the base and slid the shaft against her saturated lips. He pushed it between them and drove the bottom of his shaft past her clit to her neatly trimmed, dark-red pubic hair, then slowly repeated the action down. Ben ran his entire length up and down the outside of her fiery pussy, spreading her wetness over the entire underside of his cock.

This caused Tiffany to tremble uncontrollably.

“Oh, God, Ben. I adore your penis.” She was looking deep into his eyes, unable to hide the longing she felt for her son.

Ben struggled with the choice he had: to take his time and possibly allow for his mom to back out, making this truly a dry-run, or fucking her fast and furiously, for good and all, in that moment. He drove his thick flesh tube between her sloppy wet lips, teasing both of them. He struggled on how to proceed.

Ben circled his throbbing head around the entrance to her opening, enjoying the feel of her soft, wetness. “You are absolutely irresistible, Mom. You keep me turned on from the moment I wake, to when I lie down to sleep.”

“Mmmmm, oh, Benny,” Tiffany sighed.

Ben felt his mother shift slightly below him as he drew his slick shaft back. She changed the angle of her hips slightly and Ben felt her piping hot opening line up with his cock head. He dipped it inside.

Tiffany shook and her breath caught. She blinked up at Ben, then nodded.

He inched about a third of his cock into her body. They both sighed deeply.

“You feel so hot, Mom.”

Sliding it back out, he rubbed her clit with the underside of his cock head. She shivered as his tip bumped her clit. He then re-entered her.

“God, its thick. Easy, honey,” Tiffany said, her brow furrowed.

Ben eased in, this time to his halfway point. Her tightness gave way to a more cushioned, comfortable feel as his mom relaxed her pelvic muscles. He held it there.

Tiffany brought her hands to his chest. Her mouth fell open. It looked very wet inside her gaping lips. His hands closed under her supple ass and brought her hips up slightly. He looked down at her wet, gaping mouth, and her enormous tits perched high on her chest, squeezed up between her arms.

Ben pulled back, then sawed his thickness into her warm, wet socket. Tiffany blinked and her mouth opened wider. She huffed out a breath as he sunk in until he reached her limit.

“Ohhh, God, baby!”

Tiffany’s legs flexed and both of her heels instinctively drew in, hitting the back of Ben’s flexed ass cheeks. This tapped his dick another few inches deeper, stretching Tiffany beyond her limit.

Her head fell back. Ben let his cock rest deep within her, enjoying the feeling of his mom being full of his dick and allowing her to maintain her relaxed state.

“God, Ben. You fill me up so completely.” Tiffany was indeed feeling very full, and now that she knew she was comfortable being so intimate with her son, she was more than ready.

She swallowed hard, blinking her big green eyes up at her son. Her hands were clenching against his pecks and abdomen as she held him close with her legs.

“It’s okay, baby. You don’t have to go easy on me. I’m ready. Fuck me, Ben. Fuck mommy good.”

‘Jesus, you’ve got to be kidding me!’ Ben looked on, holding himself still.

Tiffany perched herself on her elbows and gathered her cushiony breasts and forced them together to create an image that caused a purely lustful reaction in Ben. She held them up for him.

Ben reached forward and closed his large hands atop the bulging flesh she offered. She shook them in his grip and he clamped down with strength. Tiffany’s body was at her limit, gripped tightly and

stuffed full. He flexed slightly deeper, then drew back out.

“Gaaaah,” Tiffany sucked in a breath as if his evacuating cock had opened up space for her to breathe.

Ben slowly pulled back until the ridge of his head popped out of his mom. His gaze rose from his mother’s impaled pussy to her face. She nodded.

Ben dropped his hips, forcefully lunging into her hungry, gaping pussy.

“Oh, oh, oh, oh, Ben,” she said quickly as he installed as many inches of thick cock as he could before bottoming out.

“OH! FUCK! BEN!” the volume of her voice elevated as she accepted his thick tool.

She was impaled. Her feet kicked against Ben’s flexed ass cheeks. She threw her head around frantically.

“FUUUUUUUUCK OH FUCK!”

Ben let his mom cum on his dick as he held it in her. She writhed and clawed at him, her pussy quivering and pushing back against him. He grunted and held himself deep. He felt his balls tingle and

felt precum surge out, but was able to control his climax.

“Bbb, Bbb, BENNN! FUCK ME BEN!” Tiffany cried out loudly.

He pulled his thickness back and drove in repeatedly.

“Yesss.” Tiffany squirmed below him.

Ben pulled back and pumped his mom twice.

“I can take it,” she huffed as he began steadily pumping.

Ben switched gears from low to high instantaneously, thrusting and driving his cock deep into his mom. Pound after merciless pound, Ben penetrated his sexy mother, the teasing and hesitation gone, the romance giving way to heated, lustful craving.

In his mind, he vowed to fuck her silly. He’d be her ultimate fantasy.

Ben pummeled his mom with his engorged cock, utilizing his entire shaft on the in and out stroke. He brought his hands from atop her tits to the sides, where her hands had been. He squeezed her supple, bulging flesh as hard as he could and her huge tits

spilled out of the top of his hands. Tiffany now placed her hands on his shoulders.

Ben bore down upon her, his eyes staring intently at her shaking tits, her hard nipples balanced at the top and center of the mounds of flesh undulating underneath.

He fucked her with all the vigor that his nineteen years could muster, reaming her pussy over and again.

Ben felt no physical fatigue as he gave his mom what he knew she had been missing for so long. Her pussy was well-lubricated and allowed him to slide into her effortlessly.

Their bodies slapped together making the unmistakable sound of two lovers having sex. Tiffany was enjoying her son's efforts even more than he was. It had been so long since Larry had sex with her, and he never fucked her like this. She watched Ben work on her standing above her at her waist, from the edge of the bed, reaching down and handling her sensitive breasts as he penetrated her in a way that could only be described as fast and forceful.

“AAAAH! Oh, Benny, yes, baby! Cumming!” Tiffany felt the high of her orgasm flood her brain. The waves of pleasure overwhelmed her. Ben never let up, maintaining his athletic pace as her pussy gushed around his driving dick.

Ben felt her hot essence surge around his girth and then rush out as he pulled out and drove in again.

“OHHH! OHHH! OHHH! Keep going BENNN!” Another surge of heat covered his cock as he maintained his fast tempo.

Tiffany’s pussy made an obscene squelching sound as he plugged into her wet depths.

‘Taylor would like this.’ He thought as he continued his steady rhythm.

Ben released her tits and grabbed onto her hips, pulling her onto his long, hard stake. He planted his cock harder, rocking his bed off its frame as he pounded his mom. The mattress now pointed in an angle down to the floor causing Tiffany to scream with delight.

After fifteen additional minutes of animal-like fucking, sweat dripped down in steady drops from Ben’s brow to Tiffany’s stomach, Ben had never had

sex with this much intensity before and loved every second of it.

His penis, now overstimulated, became a little numb from the friction and fullness of his erection. ‘The longer I fuck, the easier it is to control my orgasm.’ Ben noted this as he slowed his pace and gave his effort more focus. He looked down to see his mom’s pussy engulf his cock with each new stroke.

Tiffany had cum four times and her stretched pussy felt hot and worked over. She wanted to feel Ben’s huge cock as it expelled his load inside her. She struggled, knowing the last barrier of intimacy would be to let her son fill her with cum. She decided, for now, to leave that barrier up.

“Cum for me Ben. Cum on my pussy,” she huffed lustily at her son.

Ben mentally gave himself permission to have an orgasm, he slowed his thrusts down and focused. He gave his mom’s hot, tight pussy a few strokes, then pushed in as deep as he could. He felt his balls tighten as they dangled over his mother’s ass.

“I’m ready, Mom,” Ben said, beaming.

“Give it to me honey, cum for mommy.”

Ben pulled his twitching, thick shaft out of Tiffany's wet, stretched pussy. He placed his dick head between her lips, but out of her opening.

"Uuuhh," Ben uttered flatly. His body shuddered.

A white surge pumped in a slick layer between Tiffany's cunt lips.

"Mmmm, yes!" Tiffany leaned forward onto her elbows to get a better view.

Ben's cock twitched and his head rose slightly. He expelled a thick string up onto her clit and over it, trailing up her stomach.

Tiffany swallowed and trembled as the hot sperm splattered her.

"Yes, ooooh, yes, honey." She watched the expression on her son's face as he let his body expel his semen onto her.

He straightened his dick and burst over her sloppy pussy again. Holding his cock toward the root, he let his body empty onto her labia without stroking at all. In thick, heavy pulses, his cum collected and coated her pussy. It was a slow, heavy orgasm that caused Ben to tremble in pleasure.

Having finally finished, Ben stood up and walked to the couch in his room staggering as if he were drunk.

“Damn! Are you alright?” Ben asked only because he had never fucked that hard before.

“Oh, I’m a little better than alright, Benny!” Tiffany laughed. She combed over her messed hair, still barely wrapped in a bun, with her hands briefly, then wiped Ben’s sweat off her stomach with his bed sheet. “You are definitely in your prime, young man!” She said.

“I had imagined that I would love having sex with you, but I wasn’t prepared for how I reacted once we started. I’m sorry if I was a little too rough.” Ben confessed.

“Ben, you have nothing at all to apologize for. You were amazing!”

Being nineteen and fairly inexperienced, Ben was a little embarrassed that he needed so much reassurance.

“I was alright then?” He looked over to his mom who was now sitting up, fingering the semen that was dripping off her crotch onto the bottom sheet of Ben’s bed.

“Whew! Yes, sweetie, you were an animal. So much energy! My goodness!”

Ben found that he was wanting more of a critique, but felt awkward asking.

“I have an idea of how we can stage our sex scenes now,” Tiffany said proudly. “But we can talk about that later. Right now, I need a nap. You really worked me out, honey.”

Tiffany rose then walked over to the love seat where Ben was sitting and gave him a kiss on the mouth.

“We can talk about it when I get up.” She collected her clothes and left the room to take her nap.

After setting his bed back up to its normal position, Ben picked up his room, changed the sheets on his bed, and then grabbed his phone.

He decided he would text Taylor.

—HOW’S ALEX?—

He set his phone down and started to nod off, exhausted from the work out he just had with his mom. It was several minutes later when he heard the chime of his phone.

—DRUNK—

Ben thought it strange that Alex would be drunk already.

—DRUNK? IT’S NOT EVEN NOON YET—

Taylor responded back immediately.

—I KNOW— CAN I CALL YOU?—

Ben’s phone rang before he could text Taylor “yes.”

“Hey, Taylor. So what’s up?”

Her voice wasn’t as sexy as it was two nights ago. She sounded troubled.

“Oh my God, Ben. You know that bachelor party he went to in Las Vegas? He came back wreaking of alcohol, so I put him to bed and unpacked his carry on for him. Guess what I found? A small box of condoms.”

“Oh, Taylor, I’m sorry to hear that.”

“No, that’s not even all, there were three missing from a box of six!”

“Shit.” Ben was sounding disappointed, but for some reason, was excited by the news.

“So, what now?”

“I don’t even know. Ben, except for the other night, I’ve been faithful to Alex. I know, that sounds weird, and hypocritical, but I don’t sleep around.”

“I get that, Taylor.” Ben believed her.

“I don’t know what to do about our future. Today I’m going to take out a little more than half of the money we made from Hot Amateurs and open a private bank account. That will be enough to get me by for a while in case I decide to leave him.”

“Is that what you’re thinking about doing?” Ben asked.

“I don’t have to put up with cheating. Right now, I want nothing to do with him.”

Ben found it a little curious that she was able to put aside her having sex with him and abandon Alex for doing the same thing. He began to suspect she wanted out of the relationship.

“What about your videos?”

“I can do a few solo videos. Most of our followers watch our videos to see me anyway.”

Ben knew she was right. Alex was good, but Taylor was in another category altogether.

There was a pause on the phone, “Did you happen to bring up our working together with your mom? You know, my recording for you?”

“I did, actually. My mom’s not comfortable with Alex filming us, but she seemed open to the idea of you helping out. I’m going to ask her again this afternoon.”

“That’s great! Maybe it would be a good idea just to have me stop by to visit a few times before you make your pitch?” Taylor seemed more enthusiastic about the prospect than Ben had expected.

“Yeah, I think that’s a great idea. Let me get back to you in a few hours.”

“Sounds great! Bye, Ben.”

“Bye, Taylor.”

(Continued in “Mom’s Home Movies Chapter 5”)

Mom's Home Movies Ch. 05

Thanks to Literotica member, Smoothed for his help with editing and creative detail.

After Ben's nap, he thought deeply about Taylor's proposal. He couldn't help but consider the possibility that she was interested in much more than just helping him to record. He fantasized about how hot it would be if Taylor and his mom took turns doing movies with him as the male actor. The thought made him hard immediately.

He needed to talk to his mom about Taylor visiting. He decided he should try to make the first couple of visits friendly, with no mention of any video ideas, just to break his mom in to the idea.

He knocked on his mom's bedroom door.

"Come in, sweetie." He heard from the other side.

"Did you have a nice nap?" Ben watched his mom lying on her bed in a T-shirt. She stretched her arms above her head and yawned.

“Oh, my goodness. That was wonderful!” She looked over at her phone to see what time it was.

“I feel so relaxed. Thank you for today.” She looked up to him with a smiling face. “I was going to make chili tonight, how does that sound?” Tiffany rose and began making her bed.

Ben observed the bottom curves of her plump ass as the shirt rode up in the back. He continued to stare at her shamelessly.

“That sounds delicious. It’s been a while since you made chili.”

“Great! I’ll get it started then.” She turned and smiled at Ben, touching his chest as she slipped past him.

Tiffany stepped into her walk-in closet and lifted her shirt off over her head, making no attempt at modesty. Ben watched intently. She rummaged through some hanging clothes and selected a yellow, summer skirt and a tight, white blouse from her closet then walked back out to her room.

She passed him, completely naked, to stand before her bureau and mirror. “Was there something else?”

Ben was staring at her enormous, bare breasts. He shook his head as they made eye contact.

“Actually, yes. Taylor is having some trouble with Alex and doesn’t want to be around him tonight. Do you mind if she eats with us?”

Tiffany stepped into her skirt and pulled it up, checking herself in the mirror. She looked back at Ben over her shoulder. He had no trouble appreciating his mother’s exposed tits in the mirror.

“What kind of trouble?” Tiffany asked casually, then pulled her tight blouse over her head.

“He’s been getting drunk quite a bit and she called me about it. She can’t stand to be with him right now. We could just go out and get something, but I thought you might be able to offer her some advice.”

Ben knew his mom wouldn’t be able to resist such an opportunity to help. Her father, Ben’s grandfather, was an alcoholic, so she had plenty of experience with that topic, not to mention a soft spot for women having to deal with drunken men. This happened most recently with his cousin and her husband a few years ago. His mom took her under

her wing and helped her get through the rough patch while he entered a recovery program.

Tiffany stretched the shirt over her broad tits and let the tight fabric snug to her skin. She turned to Ben, who could clearly see her firm, pink nipples through the stretched white blouse.

“Oh, poor Taylor!” She turned from the mirror and moved to her neatly made bed. Taking a seat, she continued, “See, I told you. I don’t trust Alex. I want you to stay away from him too. You tell Taylor to come over for dinner, and if she needs to, she can stay the night in one of the guest rooms.”

“Okay, I’ll ask her. Thanks, Mom.”

“Well, if you need me, I’ll be in the kitchen fixing the chili,” Tiffany said amiably, rising and kissing Ben on the cheek before exiting her room.

Ben wasn’t anticipating his mom’s encouraging invitation. He would have to be sure Taylor plays up Alex’s drinking as part of her complaints about him.

Ben bounded up the stairs to his room to text Taylor.

—CAN YOU CALL ME?—

She responded a minute later.

—IN A SEC.—

Ben pressed the accept button when Taylor called.

“Hey, Taylor.”

“Shit, Alex is a total ass. He got up and immediately started drinking again. Now he’s lying in bed drunk out of his mind.”

“Damn, Taylor, that sucks. Do you want me to talk to him?”

“No way. He’s on his way out. He’ll be asleep in no time.”

There was a pause. When Taylor continued, the tone of her voice had changed completely.

“So, anyway, what’s up, stud?” She had a playful sound to her voice again.

“I spoke to my mom.”

Taylor was silent on the other end.

“I told her that Alex was drinking quite a lot. She said you should come over for dinner and if you needed to spend the night, you could sleep in a guest room.”

“Woah! That conversation went pretty well, I’d say!”

Ben thought she sounded delighted. “I know, right?”

Ben wanted to officially invite her over, but wasn’t sure what to say. After a brief pause, he awkwardly asked,

“So, would you like to come over for dinner and spend the night?”

“What, are we in high school? Just kidding. Yes! You tell your mom I’d like a cheese omelet for breakfast.” Taylor laughed.

Ben felt his cock harden.

“Great! I’ll text you my address.”

“I’ll be there in about an hour. Is that okay?”

“Perfect. I’ll let her know you’re coming.”

Tiffany already had the chili working on the stove when Ben came downstairs.

“Okay, Mom. She’ll be over within the hour. She really appreciates the gesture.”

Ben’s mom sighed and returned to her bedroom.

“Where are you going?” Ben stood in the kitchen as his mom walked passed.

“I can’t have Taylor see me like this! I’ll be right back.”

Tiffany had changed out of her sexy clothes and was now wearing a white, button-down, blouse and a bra. She replaced her sexy skirt with a pair of beige Capri pants. Brown, sandal pumps completed her outfit. She entered the kitchen.

Ben sighed. One of the drawbacks to having a guest over is his mom’s return to wearing appropriate clothing.

“You like nice, Mom.” She had a classic look to her that he liked.

She turned to Ben, put a hand on one hip, and aimed her chili spoon at him.

“Nice, huh? I know, it’s more...” she looked down, over her outfit. “Conservative. I thought I would be a mom for Taylor since it sounds like she needs some support.”

“That’s okay, I understand.” Ben sat at the kitchen table.

Tiffany joined him with two glasses of red wine, setting one down in front of him.

“Wow! Thanks!” Ben sipped the wine.

“It will be nice having company.” She smiled at Ben. “Will recording one of our videos be a topic we discuss this evening, or should that wait?” Tiffany drank from her glass looking at Ben.

“I don’t know, Mom. We can talk about whatever comes to mind, I guess. Taylor probably won’t want to talk about Alex all night, you know?”

Tiffany nodded her head in agreement, then took her wine to the stove and stirred the chili.

Ben helped his mom for a bit, then went to his room to check on the website. After an hour, the doorbell rang.

Ben went to answer the door while Tiffany stirred the pot. He opened it for Taylor, who stood with a purse slung over one shoulder and a large overnight bag on the ground next to her. The outfit, a short red skirt and white, spandex-style shirt, immediately caught Ben’s eye.

‘Well, at least Taylor didn’t dress more appropriately, thank God,’ he thought.

Taylor's tits were shaking with every small motion she made as she stepped into Ben's home.

"Hey!" She quickly moved forward for an open-mouth kiss and the two locked onto each other, breaking off only after they heard Tiffany's heels click from down the hall.

Ben cleared his throat, "Mom? Taylor's here." He hefted her large bag inside and closed the door.

Tiffany was closer than Ben realized, appearing around the corner a second after he called to her.

"Hi, Taylor. I'm Tiffany, Ben's mom."

Taylor and Tiffany embraced. Ben couldn't control his imagination and watched excitedly as the two women hugged, their chests pressing together in an unexpectedly sexual, yet subtle display. Tiffany rubbed her hands up and down Taylor's back as they briefly held each other.

Tiffany broke the embrace and held Taylor at arms-length by her shoulders, looking her over.

"Nice to finally meet you in person, Tiffany. I feel like I already know you." Taylor smiled a sexy grin.

Tiffany looked over to Ben and raised an eyebrow. Ben thought she expected him to say something, but in that moment, he wasn't sure what to say.

After a slightly awkward pause, Tiffany said, "Let's go out to the patio." She turned to Taylor. "Would you like some wine?" she offered.

"That sounds great! Yes, please."

Tiffany began walking down the hall with Taylor following, then Ben. Taylor looked playfully over her shoulder back at Ben.

Ben's heart was racing. Two women whom he had fucked within twenty-four hours of each other, two of the best sexual experiences of his entire life, were now in his house, together.

The three sat around the table under the veranda as the sun set. Taylor took a sip of wine, looking around.

"I feel like I know this place." She grinned.

"Really? Why is that, I wonder?" Tiffany gave a sly look at Ben. "Honey, why don't you go stir the chili while Taylor and I talk?"

Ben reluctantly left the two outside and went into the kitchen to stir the chili.

From the kitchen windows, he could see Taylor wipe her eyes and Tiffany reach over and rub her arm. They were obviously talking about Alex. He chose to stay in the house and peek at them, rather than go outside and interrupt. Ben knew how his mom prepared the chili, so he decided to finish it for her to give them time to talk. He took out some shredded cheddar cheese, and sour cream and placed each into its own small bowl, then he set the table and finished his glass of wine, quickly pouring himself another.

After about twenty minutes, Taylor and Tiffany came back into the kitchen.

Tiffany left the two and went upstairs.

Taylor used the opportunity to talk to Ben about the conversation she had with his mom.

“Your mom said I should tell Alex’s parents about his drinking so they can get him help.”

“That sounds like a good idea.”

“She also said to break up with him.”

“Really? Are you going to?”

“I don’t know yet. I’ll see whether he sobers up in the next couple of days. It’s not just the drinking, Ben. It has been hell just to get him going at all. We should be working on a video every day, but it’s like pulling teeth to get him to do anything. He doesn’t seem interested in me.”

“That’s not exactly how it works around here,” Ben said trying to hold back his smile.

“You’ve made more than ten videos in two weeks. No, you two do things a little differently.” Taylor teased.

Ben’s eyes moved down to her tits.

Tiffany returned with the camera, then went to her room and came back with her purple book. When Ben saw the book, he felt his arousal level increase. That purple book meant exciting, forbidden pleasures were surely in store. He adjusted his growing cock, curious about what his mom had in mind.

“Ben, we’re going to eat in the living room. I want to show Taylor the video we recorded today.”

He paused, looking at Tiffany dumbfounded.

‘Today?’ Ben mentally reviewed the past few days. The last video he remembered recording was “Mom and the Tennis Pro”.

“Mom, we already posted the Tennis Pro video.”

“No, silly the one from TODAY,” she replied, adding emphasis to the last word with a head nod and widened eyes.

Ben soon realized what she was implying. It hadn’t even occurred to him that Tiffany had recorded their first, real sexual experience when she had set the camera up in his bedroom earlier. He thought she did it just to make herself feel more comfortable. His mind raced thinking back to his performance, now that Taylor was about to watch what happened.

“Oh? I didn’t notice that you had recorded the scene.” Ben realized that his mom must have pressed record when she set the camera on the tripod. Come to think of it, he didn’t remember her turning it off, either.

Taylor leaned into Ben and whispered, “This is going to be good!” She laughed, watching for his reaction.

The three sat on the ground in the living room, eating chili from bowls set upon the large coffee table as Ben, who still wore a somewhat worried expression on his face, hit play.

Ben had to fast-forward to the part where he backed his mom onto the bed as the camera wasn't pointing in the direction where they had played the little "no-touch" game.

"God, that's sexy." Taylor moved herself so that she was closer to Ben.

Tiffany was watching Taylor as she viewed the scene play out. When the video ended, Ben paused the camera.

"Well, what do you think?" Tiffany was all business at that point.

Taylor moved from the floor to the couch.

"Wow! Best parts first, there's a lot of passion. It's obvious there isn't any acting going on. It's different from your other videos mostly because there's no role play, and it looks like the camera caught an encounter almost incidentally."

"I have to confess, Ben didn't know I pressed the record button." Tiffany cracked a bashful grin,

looking at Taylor, then Ben.

“That would explain it then!” Taylor nudged Ben.

“Ben looks great in the video. He has stamina, and a good overall presence.”

“Okay, now, how about areas we could improve?” Tiffany opened her purple binder and held her pencil at the ready.

“Well, first and foremost, you can’t do a scene like that from a fixed position and not have it look like a beginner’s effort. Having an amateur feel is a good thing. A lot of people go to Hot Amateurs just for that reason. There’s something genuine and real about a video that looks like people are recording because they just love to have sex, but it also has to be high quality. This looks like someone secretly turned on a camera.”

Tiffany was writing furiously in her book.

“Where would you have placed the camera?” Ben asked.

“It’s not a video where you could set a single vantage point. There’s just too much going on. You would probably need to record from one place, then move to another, and still another, then combine the

shots when you edited them. A handheld perspective would improve the look of the entire scene. Some of your other videos are like that too. They could all benefit from two camera positions, and, ideally, a person not directly involved that could film the scenes: a third person.”

Tiffany made a quick note to watch some of Taylor’s videos.

Ben was carefully monitoring his mom’s reactions to what Taylor was saying, hoping to glean some insight about her willingness to use Taylor to help record.

“Taylor, can I ask you a personal question?”

“Of course.”

“Why are you making adult movies. You’re beautiful, smart, charming...” Tiffany trailed off.

“There’s a lot of money to be made for one thing. I never thought about being a model, or doing anything even close to making videos, but one day about a year ago, I saw an independent porn video online and checked on the name of the production company. The movies only had two people acting, the same two people, in every video. I discovered that I could make videos with Alex and never have

to worry about having to perform in the industry and the mess that came with it.”

“Interesting,” Tiffany said.

“I wouldn’t be making these if I didn’t have complete control over every aspect of the process.” Taylor shrugged her shoulders.

“Very interesting. I’d like to talk more about it, and more about how to improve our videos sometime.” Tiffany closed her book and stood up.

“Anytime, Tiffany. And thanks for the advice about Alex. He hasn’t always been like this, but it doesn’t look like he’s going to return to who I fell in love with a year and a half ago.”

Taylor rose to hug Tiffany.

“Good night you two. I’m off to bed.” Tiffany kissed Ben good night and disappeared down the hallway to her room.

Ben was about to show Taylor to the guest room where she would be spending the night, when she whispered in his ear.

“I want to fuck you while watching you fuck your mom.” She pulled herself back and smiled as

she reached down to throttle his semi-erect cock over his shorts.

Ben didn't understand what she meant. "Well, there might be an opportunity to do that someday, but I don't think my mom would be up for that yet."

Ben went quiet when he saw Taylor hold the camera up and playfully turn it from side-to-side in her hand.

"Hello? The video your mom shot today?"

Ben suddenly understood what she was getting at and felt like a fool for not following what she was saying the first time.

"Oh, of course. Yes," he whispered back.

"Now that I think of it, your idea is hotter, but this will have to do." Taylor nibbled on his ear as she whispered. "So, where's your room?"

Ben and Taylor eagerly ascended to Ben's room, hand in hand, where they loaded the video onto Ben's computer.

"Will your mom come up here?"

"No. She's done for the night."

“That’s too bad,” Taylor teased.

Ben set the laptop up on his desk, turned off all his lights except for the one on his bedside table, then he sat at his chair and hit the play button.

The video showed the camera angle was from Ben’s right side and slightly back. The shot showed a clear picture of Tiffany lying on her back. Ben’s lower body entered the frame, including his enormous cock. The scene clearly shows his bare cock penetrating Tiffany. Taylor watched her struggle to accept her son’s thick member. Seeing the strained, but determined look on Tiffany’s face reminded Taylor of how it felt to be stretched by Ben’s cock. His face wasn’t even in the frame.

“Fuck, that’s hot,” she said, a menacing smile spreading over her lips.

Taylor kneeled in front of Ben and spun him around so that she was facing the screen while Ben was facing the side as the video played.

“Are you watching it? I have to turn my head to see it,” he complained.

“Exactly.” Taylor lifted her shirt off and rubbed her big, perky tits briefly before unbuttoning Ben’s

shorts and sliding them off his body. Ben took his shirt off and was now naked sitting in his chair.

“So you really were paying attention during our tutoring session the other night, weren’t you? Slow approach, completely hard... look at how hot for you your mom is!” Taylor ducked down and wrapped her wet lips around his cock, her eyes peering up to watch the video.

Ben didn’t even try to turn his head and look at what Taylor was commenting on about the scene. Her full, pouty lips were demanding all of his attention.

She lifted her head up and continued to comment. “Look at her face! She’s so turned on! Oh, my God!” Taylor seemed to be talking to herself. Ben could see that she found his incestuous relationship with his mom particularly arousing.

Her hand reached between her legs as she sucked the thick cock into her mouth, wetting it and sliding her mouth over it until she was down to the middle of the shaft. She sucked noisily on half of Ben’s cock, getting it slippery as she shoved more and more into her mouth and throat. She broke away.

“Mmm!” She took a deep breath, then went down again, and again. She saw something on the video and pulled back up.

“Jesus, Ben! Look how hard you’re fucking her!” Taylor jacked Ben’s cock with her gaze fixed on the video. “Her tits are about to jump off her chest entirely. Did you fuck me that hard?” she mused rhetorically.

Ben just watched Taylor work, reveling in her skillful handling of his cock. She stroked him and played with his balls, then put her mouth back on his dick and resumed eagerly bobbing her head, her eyes glued to the computer screen.

Ben noticed that she seemed to be growing more and more anxious as a result of watching the video. She was intently sucking his dick, but she began pumping her hips and increasing the pace of her blowjob. Ben sighed.

Suddenly, Taylor was lifting her mouth from his dick.

“I want to fuck,” she stated, unbuttoning her skirt. Ben reached up to help her.

She brushed his hands away. “I’m going to ride your dick, just stay in your seat,” she instructed,

letting her skirt fall to the floor.

She carefully stepped out of it and stepped up so she was straddling Ben, facing him with her thighs outside of his. Ben's hands latched on to her breasts as soon as she brought them within his reach.

Ben held and squeezed her soft tits while Taylor reached between her legs and aligned his aching cock to her hungry, sopping-wet pussy. She sunk her hips and felt his cock head wedge into her opening. She wanted to throw her body down on him, but when she felt his wide head stretch her labia just to get inside of her, she reminded herself to go slow. She did her best to relax and accept his girth.

“Just stay like you are,” Taylor said in a wobbly voice.

She used her legs to push her body down upon his wide shaft. Her hands braced on Ben's shoulders and her head up, watching the video as Ben continued to fuck his mom.

She got to the bottom and felt Ben's sparse pubes tickle her bare pubic mound. At full impalement, she paused, never breaking her gaze from the screen.

“God, I can't believe how hot this,” she commented.

Taylor slowly ground her hips against Ben's. He felt her wetness increase on his dick as it spread down onto him.

Ben didn't realize how turned on Taylor became when watching his videos. Even one that his mom had secretly recorded; which he really had no part in other than as an unknowing participant, seemed to arouse Taylor into a frenzy. He was content to feel her slippery hot pussy wrapped around his embedded dick as he played with her heavy, young tits. He roughly pinched each nipple between his thumb and forefinger and pulled them, testing the elasticity of Taylor's breast.

Above him, Taylor suddenly shivered and he felt a marked increase in wetness. She pulled up and let her body sink back down, trembling as she drove down upon him.

“Uhhh! Godddd Damnnn itttt, FUCK!” she screamed as she bottomed out again. Her body tensed in an explosive orgasm.

Taylor was overwhelmed and had to rest her head on Ben's shoulder, breaking her sight of the movie. She panted there for a moment, before her body released.

Ben let her recover, enjoying the sweet, floral scent of her hair as it surrounded the two of them. Taylor moved above him and suddenly, her sweet, wet lips were on his. She kissed him for a couple of minutes before she started watching again.

“God, you’re really fucking her. Fuck yeah, Ben,” she whispered to him in a soft, sexy voice.

Taylor resumed grinding down against his hardness, looking over his shoulder at the video. She reached over him and rewound a part, then hit play again.

Taylor continued grinding for several minutes until she held Ben tightly around his shoulders and started shaking.

“Fffuuuccckkk!” she pushed the word out, almost angrily, as she came again. Ben felt fresh warmth surround his shaft.

Panting, she said, “I can’t get enough of this. I could cum all night watching this while I fuck you. Nnnnggnahhh!” Taylor grunted passionately.

The grinding fuck went on for another ten minutes and a few more orgasms. She began the video several times during her time riding Ben. Their current cowboy position seemed to be her

favorite. After a straight twenty minutes of non-stop fucking, Ben decided he wanted to switch it up.

“Get up. You can pause it.” Taylor scrolled to the beginning of the penetration scene and lifted herself off the hard cock.

Ben turned her around and guided her so that her knees were together on the chair. She looked back at him with a sultry expression. He stepped up and groped her ass for a few minutes while jacking himself off. His cock was well lubricated from Taylor’s gushing pussy.

“I want you to pace yourself, I’ve cum like, what? Six or seven times? I want to get to at least ten. Got it?” Taylor was coaching him again.

In a moment of bravado, Ben responded, “It’ll be more like twelve, Taylor.”

As she held onto the back of the chair, Ben impaled her with as much cock as she could take.

“SHIT!” Her head went down against the short back of the office chair as she adjusted herself to his fullness.

“Damn, Ben. Your cock is a force to be reckoned with!” She spread her legs wide, adjusting to him

again. Her knees were at the far edges of the seat, as wide as she could manage.

Ben slammed into Taylor forcefully using a moderate speed. After about five minutes of fucking her from behind, he discovered the exact scene she continued to come back to, it was the part where Tiffany came twice, back-to-back, squirting all over his cock.

Taking his cue from the video, Ben started fucking Taylor using the same speed as he used with his mom.

“Yes! Just like that, Ben. Fuck me like you did your mmmomm!” Taylor was pushing herself back into Ben as he plunged forward deep into Taylor’s body.

Just then, something caught the corner of Ben’s eye to his right. It was the smallest change in the shade of the shadow coming from the darkest corner of his room. Now looking to his far right, he saw the door to his room move a few inches. He distinctly remembered closing it shut thinking about whether his mom was asleep or not. It now appeared that she was not. For a split second, he considered stopping, but this thought was instantly replaced by the intensely arousing thought of his hot, buxom mom

peeking on him as he fucked Taylor while watching the video showing her son fucking her. He began to imagine her playing with herself as she watched.

Tiffany had a feeling that Ben and Taylor would be having sex in one of the rooms. She first looked into the guest room on the first floor, but it was dark and empty, the bed still made. The sounds coming from Ben's room left nothing to her imagination. Taylor was loud. They were having sex in Ben's bedroom.

As she snuck up the stairs, she hoped she wasn't too late. She had no idea when they started having sex and didn't want to miss seeing the beautiful Taylor with her virile son.

At the door, she listened. Taylor was commenting about the video, but the sounds she heard were coming from the room itself, not the fainter sound of Ben's computer. 'Are they having sex while watching the video?' Her crotch became moist as she stood with her ear on the door.

She had to see what was happening for herself. As quietly as she could, she opened the door just a crack. Taylor was naked, in Ben's lap, panting. Tiffany's view was obscured, but she could still tell

that they were clearly fucking. She watched on as the two talked briefly, then began moving.

Taylor rose from Ben's lap and let Ben put her into a kneeling position on the chair. Tiffany remembered how Ben liked to handle her. She loved how forceful and direct Ben could be. Tiffany absolutely loved when her son guided her like that.

As Ben and Taylor had a quiet exchange, Tiffany quickly removed her underwear and began masturbating. She was wearing one of Larry's button-down, oxford shirts to sleep in and had easy access to her slit once her underwear was off.

Ben stepped forward and speared the blonde from behind. Taylor held on as best she could, taking Ben deep. She looked like she was experiencing a mix of pleasure and pain. Tiffany saw that she was focused on the computer screen. As Ben pulled back and thrust forward, Tiffany could see speckles and foamy streaks coating his shaft in the glow of the computer.

'Wow, Taylor looks like she's really wet for Ben. She must be enjoying our video,' Tiffany thought.

It was impossible for her not to feel at least a little jealousy toward Taylor, but strangely, this

thought was soon replaced by her admiration of the young, curvy body being penetrated by her son. She became transfixed upon the way Taylor's large breasts rocked under her in response to Ben's thrusts. She admired her tan body, free of any tan lines. She liked Taylor, especially her gregarious nature that exuded confidence and sexuality. She was a perfect physical match for her son.

Tiffany's body tingled with a mixture of sexual arousal and fear as she continued to watch her son fuck Taylor. In a matter of only a few minutes, she fell quietly to her knees in her orgasm, covering her mouth with her arm to stifle any sound that might emanate from her during her climax.

She quietly made her way downstairs and back to bed. 'I want to fuck Ben again,' was the last thought she had before she fell asleep.

Ben had a difficult time holding back his orgasm to deliver on his promise about making Taylor cum twelve times. The closing of the door, quietly and stealthily, confirmed that they had been watched. This knowledge was what was causing Ben to have a difficult time postponing his climax.

Refocusing his efforts to give Taylor enough time to cum, he grabbed her waist and pulled her in, then

stopped and reached his right hand under her body, feeling for her hard, little clit.

“AAAHHH, OHHH GODDD BEN!” He knew he found it when Taylor began squirming her sexy ass back into him, waving it from side-to-side.

“Cumming!”

Ben resumed his fucking as soon as she shook through her orgasm.

“Ben... Ben?” Taylor huffed urgently. “I’m done, Ben. I cccann’ttt ttakkee annnymmmore! FUCK!” Ben watched as she pushed herself back into him one last time then nearly jumped over, away from him, rolling on his bed, trying to catch her breath.

Ben wasn’t done, however. He climbed on her heaving chest and stroked his cock a few times before setting it in between her perfect breasts.

“I don’t know if you could tell, but I’ve been ‘edging’ all night,” Ben said proudly. “You’re so sexy it made it almost impossible to hold back.”

Taylor smiled up at Ben weakly, reaching up to press the outsides of her breasts in, around Ben’s pumping shaft.

“Give it to me, Ben. On my tits.” Her voice was soft and sounded tired.

Ben’s mind swam with outrageously sexy images: His mom peering through the crack in the door, Taylor getting turned-on by the video, Taylor’s body, her incredible attitude. He felt his balls tighten.

“Nnnaahh!” he sighed, thrusting forward.

Ben’s cock head nudged Taylor’s chin as it emerged from the top of her cleavage. A powerful burst sprayed against her neck and jaw line.

“Oh, that’s it.” Taylor shook her tits and continued looking up at Ben. “Mmmm,” she cooed.

Ben pulled back and thrust forward again. His cock arched up over Taylor’s chin and he delivered a stripe of cum across her lips, nose, and right eye. He sighed, pulling back.

Taylor opened her mouth and stuck out her tongue.

Ben held himself back and unloaded his balls, trembling with each spurt. His cock spat threads of hot cum onto her tongue, chin, and quickly created a thick pool between her clavicles on her neck.

“GAH!” Ben gasped as Taylor took each warm jet, humming and smiling.

The streams weakened, then stopped. Taylor blinked cautiously up at Ben. He lifted his weight from her, breathing deeply. Ben held his cock by the base and swiped his head over Taylor’s nipples, smearing them with semen.

Ben flopped onto the bed next to her.

“Damn, I needed that,” he sighed. “Whew! Life is good, Taylor.”

She laughed, “I’m glad you can appreciate how good you have it!”

Taylor slid to the edge of the bed and sat up, then moved to carefully stand, trying to keep Ben’s load from spilling. She tottered over to his bathroom and turned on the light.

“How many was that?” Ben sat up on his elbow, looking toward the bathroom. He heard the water turn on, then off.

“Who knows, ten, eleven?” Taylor exited the bathroom, wiping her face with a towel. She was still completely naked and flopped on the bed next to Ben.

“Whatever the number, my record was six before tonight.”

“What? You had a record night?” Ben smiled, proud to have been a part of a record.

“It’s not only you, Ben, I mean, don’t take this the wrong way, but it’s the whole... thing. How genuine you are, your body, the fact that the incest is real, not just role-playing. Do you realize how rare it is to be a part of something like this?”

“I can imagine. I wouldn’t think you would ever know if two family members were having sex unless they told you, or you caught them.”

Ben was well aware of just how stimulating the situation was. He was living it.

“So, what did you think about my mom?” Ben was dying to get Taylor’s insight.

“She’s wise and wonderful, and so voluptuous and sexy. Voluptuous as in big tits, narrow waist, and round butt, not voluptuous-fat, you know what I mean?”

“Yeah, I get it. I agree. She’s hot.”

“I think she’s going to let me record for the two of you.”

“I hope so.” Ben’s eyes were heavy and he drifted off.

Taylor curled up in his bed and fell asleep. She awoke later in the night and moved to the nearest guest room, next door to Ben’s room, where she stayed until she woke the next morning.

When Ben and Taylor came down for breakfast, Tiffany was dressed in a tight, white crew-neck blouse with a short, black skirt and black sandals. Her toenails looked freshly painted in a dark purple, almost charcoal color. Her shirt revealed she was wearing a bra, but it was a platform bra and her tits bubbled out from the cups, creating two, huge, curved, semi-spherical shapes on the outside of her shirt. It almost looked as sexy as if she had no bra on at all.

“Good morning, guys. Hungry?” Ben searched his mom’s facial expression and tone of voice for any signs of her being pissed off. There was nothing. She seemed like she was in her normal, good mood.

“I could go for a cheese omelet.” Taylor winked at Ben. “But whatever you’re cooking will be perfect, Tiffany.”

“How about sunny-side up with toast and fruit?” Tiffany looked up at the two sitting at the island.

“Sounds awesome!” Taylor confirmed.

“Oh, Ben. We need to do a dry-run for an idea I got last night. Will you have time later?” Ben’s dick was hard since he woke up. It somehow just got harder.

“Of course!” Ben and his mom shared a smile.

Turning to Taylor, he asked, “What’s on your agenda today?”

“I have to talk to Alex’s parents and see if we can’t get him to rehab. Not fun.”

“Yeah, that sucks, but it needs to be done.” Ben said.

“Taylor, I want you to know that you’re welcome here whenever you need a place to stay. Don’t put yourself at risk by being alone with a drunk like that. Who knows what could happen.” Tiffany wore a look of concern on her face, but she also had selfish reasons for her invitation: She wanted to see more of Ben and Taylor together.

“Oh my gosh, thank you, Tiffany! I may take you up on that offer.” Taylor rubbed Ben’s thigh under

the marble counter top. She felt his rising cock and gave it a playful squeeze through Ben's shorts.

After breakfast, Ben walked Taylor out to her car and gave her a kiss good bye. "Let me know what happens, and don't forget, you've got a place to stay if you need it."

"Oh God, Ben. Thank you! Bye!"

Ben watched her pull out and drive out the circular driveway before going inside.

"Ben? I'm in the kitchen."

Ben walked into the kitchen. His mom was at the table with her purple book open.

'Damn, Mom's all ready to go.' He sat next to her.

"What's up?" He tried not to sound too eager.

"Okay, I have the theme for our next series. It will be called 'My Annoying Neighbor'. I got the idea from Mr. Northgate. Remember him? That older man who lived next door to us when you were in middle school?"

"I remember him. He was creepy. He used to knock on our door all the time. Asking stupid

questions about our landscaping and pool.”

“That’s him. He had a thing for me. I caught him trying to spy on me from over the fence a couple of times. I told your dad about it, as well as his coming to the door when he wasn’t home. So, your dad went over there one day and scared the heck out of him. He told him about our security cameras and something else that must have really frightened him, although your dad never said what it was. Mr. Northgate put his house on the market not too long after your dad started taking an interest in him.”

“So that’s what happened to him. That’s an interesting story. Anyway, about the plot, go on.” Ben reached into his shorts to reposition his erection. He immediately noticed the smell of sex all over him from last night.

“We will showcase three or four positions, one for every video. We should be able to make 20 to 30 minute recordings and charge \$30.00 for each,” Tiffany explained.

Ben lifted his hand slightly and tried to be discreet as he sniffed his fingers. He reeked of Taylor.

Tiffany continued, “I anticipate the series, once it’s done, will net us about sixteen to twenty thousand by the end of the first week. Later, we can sell them as a package for \$80.00.”

Ben was impressed at his mom’s level of thoroughness regarding their project.

“Wow, Mom, that’s great. You did all the projections and everything. Good job!”

“I also want to talk to you about Taylor.” Her voice took on a serious tone.

‘Oh shit. Here it comes.’ Ben released his cock and sat perfectly still.

“I know Taylor is attracted to you, so as far as her being a cameraperson for our videos...”

Ben interrupted her, “Mom, look, she isn’t just some girlfriend, or one-night-stand, Taylor knows her stuff. I mean really knows her stuff.”

Tiffany blinked at Ben patiently.

“Just let me finish. She’s perfect. I think that after spending a little more time with her that I’ll be comfortable enough to have her record us. Maybe for the third video and some of the others that we

may do. I just need a little more time, but so far, so good.”

Ben was expecting his mom to object out of jealousy or breaking her rules of having no girls in his bedroom or something. He wasn't prepared for her accepting Taylor.

“Should I tell her?” Ben wanted to give Taylor the good news.

“Not yet, let's wait for her to clear up this mess with Alex. I don't want a drunk boyfriend knocking on our door.”

“Good call, Mom. You're right.”

“Thank you, Benny. Now, the dry-run. Let's walk through it,” she said, sounding hopeful.

Ben grabbed his camera from upstairs and met his mom outside, forgetting to wash himself in all the excitement.

Tiffany narrated the set-up as Ben looked through the preview screen trying to visualize her idea.

“The scene starts at the side gate. The perspective is POV through the eyes of our nosey, perverted neighbor, Ned. The shot shows him open the gate and snooping around, then he slowly walks to the

back by the patio and peeks into the window. He sees me in kitchen doing whatever.”

Ben used the camera as if he was filming to follow what his mom was saying.

“He checks the kitchen door and it’s locked.”

Ben looked up. “Why is it locked?”

“Because we have to make it look like he’s being sneaky. He’s going to take her by surprise.”

“Okay.”

Tiffany continued, “Then he walks to the bedroom door to the pool area and finds it open.” Tiffany had already unlocked the door from the inside so it was open for them to enter.

“He carefully makes his way to the kitchen and ogles me from behind for a few minutes as I wipe the counters. He has his penis out, maybe from his robe or a pair of shorts? He is jacking off as he watches, unknown to me.”

“Good.” Ben liked it. So far it was all hand-held with no complicated, stationary angles.

“I turn to wipe the side counters and notice him. I act surprised, we enter into dialog, and he

approaches.” Tiffany was at the stove now. “You can set the camera there,” she ordered.

Ben put the camera on the island to the side, then watched his mom. Tiffany was positioned near the stove and she adjusted her skirt. She rolled the waistband over twice and pulled the skirt up. It was now almost high enough to see the bottom curves of her ass. Her white legs contrasted well against the black skirt.

She bent over as if she was cleaning the back of the stove. Her skirt rode up, revealing most of her supple ass. Her puffy pussy was visible between her thighs. She flipped her hair over her shoulder and looked back at Ben.

“He comes up behind and squeezes me,” she suggested.

Ben could take the hint. She wanted him to rehearse this part too.

He approached her and brought his hands onto her soft ass. He squeezed each round cheek, then lifted her skirt further, fully exposing her ass and pussy. Tucking the skirt into her rolled-over waistband, he started fondling her ample and firm butt cheeks, first one at a time, then both together,

smashing them into ass-cleavage, then separating them. Tiffany supported her upper body with her arms on the stove, letting her son play with her booty.

“After a little of this, I try to appease him by getting him off with my mouth.”

Ben continued to play with Tiffany’s ass. He asked, “Where is the camera during all this?”

“To the side and back— like in your room two days ago.”

Ben still had his hands on his mom’s ample ass. “Ok, that sounds like it will work,” he commented.

Tiffany suddenly turned out of his grip and dropped to her knees. Ben had a moment of panic as he remembered he hadn’t washed after fucking Taylor last night. He looked on as Tiffany yanked his shorts down, freeing his bouncing cock. Before Ben could voice an objection, Tiffany was licking his dick up and down.

“Mmmmm,” she moaned, gripping it as she licked.

Tiffany made a funny face and looked up at Ben. She deliberately sniffed his cock, then made a show

of licking it from base to tip. When her tongue reached the head, she let her mouth fall open and wrapped her lips down over his shaft. She pushed him as deep into her throat as could. She tried to tongue the bottom of his shaft, but felt his thick head hit the limit of her throat. Tiffany lurched slightly and had to pull back.

“Gah,” she held her mouth open as she backed off the tip. “You taste delicious. What have you been up to?” She winked up at him with a very naughty smile on her face.

‘Shit.’ Ben was frozen, embarrassed by his lack of hygiene in that moment.

The fact that he still wore a mixture of his and Taylor’s cum all over his cock, didn’t seem to stop Tiffany from thoroughly sucking and licking him to her heart’s content. In fact, Ben thought she was enjoying the scent and flavor of his sex with Taylor from the night before.

Tiffany’s intention wasn’t to get Ben off. She was anxious to record the scene, but she knew he didn’t have a shower that morning and wanted to, even if indirectly, experience some of what had happened in his room the night before.

She fellated him briefly, then rose to stand.

“After about five minutes of this, you’ll warn me that you are about to cum. You request to shoot it on my butt. I stand and bend, obliging you with unfettered access. You surprise me and stick your penis in me. I feebly protest, at first...”

Tiffany turned and shook her ass for Ben. “...At first...” she repeated suggestively.

“Oh, right. You mean, like this?” Ben parted her cheeks and slid his thick cock deep into his mom using a single thrust.

“Ooooooh,” she sighed as he entered her, “FUCK!” she exclaimed as he bottomed out in one stroke.

She tilted her head down, still not used to his size. “Yessss,” Tiffany hissed, “Just like that.” It was exactly what she wanted.

Ben held himself deep. He wanted to pound his mom roughly, as he had done to Taylor.

‘This isn’t for a movie,’ he told himself. ‘She wants this. I need to give it to her.’

With a slight smile, Ben resolved to fuck Tiffany to orgasm right then and there. He firmly grabbed

her by the hips and started thrusting into her with abandon, reveling in the sensation of her unbelievable soft, supple ass as his hips slammed up against it over and over.

Tiffany began to pant and twisted her hips in response. She turned to Ben over her shoulder.

“Just like that, honey. Yes! Nice and hard. Give it to me just like that old man would!” she encouraged, her grip tightening on the oven handle.

Ben felt his mom respond and bore down on her. He reached his arm around to her front, just as he did to Taylor last night and smashed his first three fingers against her large clit, rubbing them in a fast, circular pattern. He could feel it spring back up every time he passed over it.

‘It feels like she is close,’ Ben thought.

“Ooohh, OOooh, OOOOH!” Tiffany’s pitch increased until she unleashed. “AAAHH!” she groaned.

Ben felt her body tense and slammed into her deeply. Suddenly, Tiffany’s pussy clamped onto his cock so tight, he had to struggle to keep it inside her. Tiffany silently slapped her open palm against the stovetop, overwhelmed by pleasure.

She squirted her orgasm leaking down onto the floor. He held her shaking body until he felt her release.

“Wow, I didn’t think I’d cum so quickly,” she said, somewhat embarrassed.

“That was hot as hell, Mom.” Ben held her by her hips, feeling his cock throb inside her.

After her tremendous orgasm, Ben needed his own release. He decided that they should shoot the video or he would have to cum before they recorded anything at all.

Tiffany was also tempted to continue the off-camera sex session. Her pussy felt tingly and ready for more, but she decided it would be best if she saved it for the actual scene. She knew Ben’s thick, relentless cock would tire her out eventually, and Ben liked to fuck hard. She resolved to give herself a break, for now.

She straightened herself up and turned around to Ben, surprised at his seemingly new-found ability to postpone his own orgasm. She quickly collected herself and proceeded with the dry-run.

“So you hold the camera and finish. Maybe ejaculate on me and record that. The scene ends with

you hurrying out of the house. What do you think?”

Ben’s cock stuck out like a hard, thick stick, waving in the air as if moved by a strong wind, up and down and from side-to-side. She wanted to put it in her mouth. Instead she just gripped it, marveling at its weight.

Ben was eager to film the scene, even as his mom fondled his still-hard dick. “It’s a hot idea. Let’s get started on the dialog.”

Back at the table, Ben and Tiffany quickly wrote out their lines. Ben absently stroked himself throughout the process, occasionally catching Tiffany steeling a glance and blushing sheepishly. He loved how his hard dick distracted her. He wanted to fuck her in the worst way, but knew he needed to be patient until the scene began.

They wrapped up the dialogue and blocking for the scene and Ben dashed upstairs to don his “old-man outfit”, an old pair of boxers, slippers, and his bathrobe. Tiffany cleaned up the messy area by the stove from her earlier orgasm, then freshened up in her bathroom, touching up her makeup and outfit for the scene.

The two reconvened in the kitchen.

“I’m ready,” Ben said excitedly.

“Me too. I’ll start cleaning the kitchen and you head outside to start the scene.”

Ben went to his designated spot outside and began filming.

“Okay, here we go, ‘My Annoying Neighbor Part 1’,” he said to himself.

He started at the side gate and walked into the back yard. Creeping over to the window, he did his best to keep the camera steady. He didn’t want to look too jerky or too amateur. Inside the house, Tiffany was wiping down the counters.

Through the lens he could see his mom’s short skirt brush the back of her legs as he recorded from outside the kitchen window looking in. As they had planned, Tiffany went over and over the countertops, making a point to show off her body as she worked. They needed plenty of footage like this.

Ben began the dialogue, trying to make his voice sound old and a little quirky.

“Holy hell, will you look at her? I think she needs a friendly, neighborly visit!”

He lowered the camera to his boxer-covered bulge, jutting out between the part in his robe. He panned back up to Tiffany's ass as she bent forward wiping the stove and counters.

Ben tried the side door.

"Darn, locked. I bet I can find another way though," he said using his best shady voice.

He crossed the yard to the other door and opened it.

"Eureka!" He entered the house, keeping the camera trained on his bobbing tent and his feet as he made his way to the kitchen.

Ben slowly snuck around the kitchen table to the point where he was now behind his mom.

The camera focused on her ass under the short skirt. He zoomed in. Tiffany went up on her tip-toes. The backs of her long bare legs were visible all the way up to where they met her groin. Her ass hung out visibly, and the camera picked up her jiggling butt nicely as she pretended to clean.

He approached, breathing loudly. Tiffany could obviously hear and sense him behind her, but she

ignored him. Ben filmed his left hand reaching out and lifting the hem of her skirt.

Tiffany reeled on cue and screamed, “Oh my God, Ned! What are you doing?”

Ned responded with a scratchy, “Heh, heh...” He continued to grope her bare ass, slowly panning between the view of his squeezing hand and Tiffany’s shocked face.

“You old creep, get out of my house!” she said, making no move to stop his groping as she stood at the stove.

Ben drew his hand back from Tiffany’s butt. He opened the fold of his boxers and drew his stiff, thick erection out, then began stroking it.

Tiffany turned toward him.

“Now, you know I’m all alone at home. You really shouldn’t be over here,” she said innocently, hands on her hips.

Ben slowly stroked himself, adding his old man chuckle.

“Heh, heh, heh. But here I am!”

He watched Tiffany as he continued jerking himself. Her nipples became stiff and visible. Ben realized that she must have removed her sexy bra when she cleaned herself up. She must have wanted her big tits to be visible as they heaved under the tight, slightly stretchy white blouse. His mom continued to surprise him.

Ned pushed her shoulder toward the stove and forced her back around facing away from him so he could access her ass. He kept the camera back as it recorded him fondling her butt with one hand.

Tiffany turned around again and scolded him.

“Ned, I’m warning you!” she wagged a finger at him.

Ben recorded her tits as they shook while expressing her disapproval.

He forcefully grabbed her by the shoulders and turned her around again. Tiffany let him position her before Ben hit the pause button.

“Okay, that was good.” He mounted the camera to the tripod, anxious to get the sex scene started.

“Now remember, nothing too heavy-handed or sinister. I’m going to resist, but there is also

something about the situation that turns me on.” Tiffany was reminding him before he began the scene again.

“Got it.”

The camera now at an angle, was pointed down, looking over Ben and Tiffany, he checked the view. “Good. Let’s go.” He pressed record and started.

Tiffany stood, feigning indignation, fidgeting as if she was agitated. “Ned! You go on home now and leave me alone. You’re not supposed to be here!” She yelled over her shoulder facing the stove.

“You want it sweetheart, I can tell. Heh, heh.”

Ned reached down and lifted the back of Tiffany’s skirt, revealing both plump cheeks fully. He tucked the tail of her skirt into her waistband and smoothed his hands over her ass cheeks. She wasn’t wearing panties and he squeezed her bare ass, revealing her swollen pussy to the camera.

“Mmmm, going commando, I see. Nice,” he said, squaring his hips to hers.

“What are you...” Tiffany acted flustered. “Don’t you dare! You stay away from me, you old perv!” Tiffany warned.

Ned instead brought his erect flesh tower up onto her ass and laid it down in her ass cleavage.

Tiffany pretended not to know what he was up to, even though she felt the unmistakable warmth and hardness of his dick against her butt. She could even feel his balls draw up against her soaking wet pussy lips.

“What... what is that?”

“Just hold still, sweetheart,” Ben said, holding her cheeks. He pushed them together and slid his cock between her round, white cheeks.

Tiffany huffed and squirmed in fake protest. Her hips gyrated, betraying her and revealing her true arousal.

“Heh, heh, heh, I think she likes it,” Ben said in his creepy ‘Ned’ voice.

He drew back slightly and brandished his dick by the base, his other hand pinning Tiffany in place by her hips. Ben slapped his dick down onto his mom’s ass several times with force. His heavy cock made smacking sounds against her flesh, sending ripples over her cheeks and leaving splotchy red spots behind.

“No you don’t! You stay away from me!” Tiffany protested, but remained in place.

The struggle ensued for several seconds, with Tiffany complaining and Ned smacking and fondling her ass. Finally, she huffed and turned to face him.

“Ned, I’ll tell you what. I’ll take care of you, but you have to leave this house and never come back into it unless you’re invited. Okay?”

Ned said nothing and just continued to stroke his cock.

Tiffany got into place on her knees. Ben paused the camera to adjust the angle, then hit the record button again.

Kneeling in front of Ned, with both hands on his cock, she re-set the scene. “If I do this, you have to leave, ok?”

Tiffany’s mouth watered in the anticipation of having Ben’s long, thick cock in her mouth again.

Ben said nothing in response.

“Just remember that this is a one-time thing,” she reiterated.

Without further ado, Tiffany placed her mouth on his dick. She loved the feel of it on her tongue and down her throat.

“That’s it, sweetheart suck on that.”

Tiffany sucked half of his cock into her before coughing and coming back up to swallow, taking a deep breath in the process. She worked on the pulsing cock in her mouth for several minutes, sucking, licking, pressing her lips against it, moaning the entire time. ‘God, I love his penis,’ she thought.

Ben leaned back and tried to keep as much of his body out of the frame as possible. He wanted the scene to focus on his dick, her mouth, and as many errant shots of her tits and body as possible. He let Tiffany have her way with his cock, utilizing his improved ability to control himself.

She slurped away happily, making sexy, sloppy sounds, and providing lots of saliva. Her technique alternated between long, dramatic bobs back and forth on his shaft, then sucking and tonguing his head as she played with his balls. She hummed almost constantly, and occasionally gagged herself.

Ben had to practice his edging during Tiffany's blowjob. He felt himself approach climax several times, but was able to hold back. He felt a huge load of cum boiling in his core. Tiffany throated him deeply and he felt his orgasm threaten again.

It had been long enough. The scene should have plenty of blowjob footage. He decided to advance and proceeded with the agreed-upon dialogue. This was where Ned would 'trick' Tiffany by telling her he was ready to cum, when his real intention was to penetrate her.

Ned smoothed his hands over Tiffany's russet hair, drawing her attention up to him.

"That'll do, sweetheart. Ole Ned is ready. Now stand on up here so I can cum on that nice sweet ass of yours," Ben said in his best old man voice.

Tiffany popped her mouth off and stood, turning and bending over. She wiggled her exposed ass to him, her skirt still tucked away in the waistband.

"Hurry up, Ned. I have to pick up my son from school," she said impatiently.

Ben hit pause and readjusted the camera. He took his boxers and robe off. He wanted free access to his

mom. Naked, he checked the frame again, then hit record.

“Just hurry up and try not to get any cum on my skirt.” Tiffany arched her back and stuck her ass out.

She braced herself, knowing this part of the scene would involve a rapid, surprise penetration. She hoped her pussy had stretched enough from the earlier sex session to accept Ben’s large erection.

“Mmmm, look at that body,” Ned commented creepily, holding his deep-red dick. “Are you ready, Mrs. Johnson? Here I come.”

Ben separated Tiffany’s fat ass cheeks and thrust sharply into her. His cock plowed into her hot pussy, disappearing fully inside her.

“OOOOOH, FUCK, NED!” Tiffany yelled, only partially ad-libbing her struggle to accept the enormous cock stuck into her.

“Aaaah, heh, heh, heh. ’Atta girl,” he chuckled.

“Oh my God, Ned! Oh, God!” Ben began pumping her with fairly fast strokes, their bodies slapping together, while Tiffany rocked back on his cock, moaning.

Ben moved his hands from her ass and clamped them around her waist, pulling her onto his steel-hard shaft. Their bodies clapped together in a doggy-style position. He fucked his mom lustfully, grunting here and there as Ned might do. He had arched his back away from the camera, always maintaining as much of their intercourse centered in the frame as was possible.

As his pace increased, he was suddenly faced with the fact that the angle of his body wasn't what he wanted.

“Get on the ground, pretty lady!” Ben ad-libbed.

“Wh... what?” Tiffany looked around and felt her son pull his cock out of her.

Ben pressed the pause.

“Let me adjust the camera mom. Get on the floor.” Ben quickly lowered the tripod moving it for a full-back shot that included all of Tiffany's body, from her butt to her head as she positioned herself on all fours.

She was rocking backward and forward wanting Ben's cock back in her as soon as possible.

Ben pressed record again. “Okay.”

Tiffany hiked her ass up in the air, causing a sexy curve in her lower back.

Ben's head was out of the frame as he pulled her back onto his slick tool.

“Oh, yeah!” he crooned in Ned's voice.

Tiffany was so anxious to have her son's cock that she found herself climaxing unexpectedly as he stuffed it back inside her.

“Mmmmm, Ned. Oh god, Ned, FUCK!”

A flood of wetness engulfed the enormous cock filling Tiffany's pussy. Ben held on, watching her ass clench and release as she came. He felt an immense, warm wetness spreading on his balls, then down his thighs. He didn't realize his mom was capable of squirting as much as she did when she came. It was a great deal more than two days ago in his room.

Ben fucked her through her climax, with each of his thrusts punctuated by a fresh stream from Tiffany's gushing pussy. Her orgasm tapered and she lowered her head to the floor to rest. Her body continued to jolt and ripple in response to Ben's forceful thrusts into her. The brown runner on the

ground below them grew shiny with wetness as Tiffany dripped onto it.

Ben fucked her from behind, slamming into her with a fast tempo. He wanted her to be the focus, so he stayed silent as he pounded into her, letting the fleshy slaps of their bodies do the talking.

Tiffany lifted her head and Ben felt her tremble again.

“Ned, please. Please. Ohhhhh fuuuuhhhhck,” she sighed, her body shaking.

Another large, hot gush flooded out of Tiffany’s pussy. She threw her head back and forth, whipping her hair about. She issued another sharp splash of fluid, then another. Ben pulled out to see his mom gape and a spritz of cum came spurting out onto his groin. The runner below them was completely saturated.

He shoved his cock back into her sloppy-wet gash and continued his brisk pounding pace. Tiffany recovered, panting and taking Ben’s eager thrusts.

“Damn you, Ned!” she yelled. Her body was tingling all over and she was quickly losing any sense of composure she had.

“Mmmm, you have a nice, tight pussy, young lady,” Ben improvised. They were completely off-script at this point.

Tiffany let out a strained grunt. She took his relentless assault and her body responded with another gushing orgasm.

“UNNNNGH, FUCK!”

“There ya go, little lady,” Ben/Ned said calmly. “Cum on Ole Ned’s cock for him.”

“Aannnngh!” Tiffany cried out as she came, her voice rising into a whiny tone. She wasn’t sure how much more she could take as her body trembled through her climax.

Ben knew he could unleash his load at any time now. He saw his mom shudder on his cock and could sense that she had taken all she could of his power-fucking. He let Tiffany come, slowing his thrusts until she stopped shaking.

It was time for the big finish.

Ned slapped Tiffany’s ass, which was already peppered with bright-red splotches from his slapping hands and cock. He jammed deep into her warm cunt, flexing his swollen cock and stretching Tiffany

even further. His dick began throbbing and pulsing inside her.

Ben wanted to fill his mom with cum, but this wasn't the time or the place for that.

“Uhhh!” Ben pulled out and held his dick steady, aimed at Tiffany's ass.

“Ah,” Tiffany exclaimed as Ben vacated her stretched pussy.

His straining, red cock jumped in his hand. A rich, ivory stream spewed from his tip, jetting over Tiffany and splattering against the oven door near her head.

Without stroking, Ben's dick surged in his grip as another lump of cum rocketed up his shaft.

“Aaah!” Ben's aim was true this time. An extended surge fired out and he doused his mom's cheeks, both left, then right with his steamy semen.

“Fuuuuuuuuck,” he sighed as his orgasm flowed out, this time in one long, continuous stream, like a garden hose. He moved his cock back and forth, cascading thick cum over her curvy ass cheeks, her pussy, and her thighs.

As much as Ben wanted to revel in his pleasure, he jumped up and detached the camera from the tripod. He got right behind Tiffany and shot a close-up of her white-washed ass, pussy mound, and the backs of her thighs. He panned down to capture her knees resting on the runner, which was still puddled from Tiffany's effusive orgasms.

"Now, get out!" Tiffany yelled. Ben walked the camera back the way he came, out the door, around the back and out the gate. The final shot was of his left hand latching gate shut from the outside. He looked around quickly to make sure no one was near the bushes that hid the side gate from the street.

Ben turned the camera off and walked back inside. He found his mom still on her hands and knees, only now she was cleaning the floor with a spray cleaner and paper towels. Her ass and back still covered in Ben's cum.

She turned her head to address Ben. "Could you wipe off my back, please?"

"Sure, Mom."

She finished her job and now waited patiently while he wiped her back clean with a wet washcloth.

“What did you think?” She cocked her head slightly, now sitting on her knees.

“It’s an awesome scene. Our first, real sex scene that we can upload. It’s going to take a while to edit it though. Your face was in the shot when you were giving me head.”

“Oh, that’s right, of course.” Tiffany turned now and stood, pulling her skirt down. “Well?”

Ben looked around, not knowing what she was referring to. “Well, what?”

“Let’s get editing!”

Ben smiled as he went upstairs to fetch his laptop.

It took Tiffany and Ben over an hour to get the video where they were ready to upload it. Tiffany uploaded and was answering emails when Ben heard his phone sound off from upstairs in his room.

“Hey, Taylor! How’s going?”

“Alex is gone.” There was stress in Taylor’s voice.

“Gone? Where? Why?”

“When I came back home this morning, he was all hung-over and wondered where I was last night. I told him I was at a friend’s house because I didn’t feel safe being alone with him when he was drunk. He got pissed off and started throwing things, then packed a big suitcase and left. He said he would call me.

“Ben, I know that if his dad finds out he left that he will kick me out right away. His dad didn’t like the idea of us living together. Can I come over and talk to your mom?”

“My mom? Why my mom? Never mind. Yes, come over. I’ll tell her you’re coming over. She’d be happy to talk to you.”

Ben ended the call, went downstairs, and told his mom what was happening between Taylor and Alex.

“That poor thing! Did you tell her to come right over?” Tiffany was in the living room, reading, and put her book down on the coffee table.

“Yes, she’ll be over in a few minutes.”

Ben watched his mom hurry into the bedroom. Walking slowly behind her, he heard the shower start. ‘She’s taking a shower?’

He walked back to his bedroom to get his phone.

—I’M HERE!—

Ben went to open the door for Taylor.

“What’s up, Taylor?”

Taylor walked inside and reached for Ben. “I don’t want to talk about Alex. The whole situation makes me sick to my stomach.” She squeezed Ben tightly.

“Okay, you can talk to my mom about it when she comes out.”

“Oh, my God, Ben! That was so satisfying yesterday! It’s made my crappy day a lot better thinking about your big dick in me, Ben. You were amazing!”

“It’s all you, Taylor. You’ve really helped me a lot, you know that?”

“Well, just doing my part! I’ve been the one benefitting from that, by the way.” Taylor smiled and set her purse down on the table next to the wall in the foyer. “Well, me and your mom.”

“Did you two record a video today?” Taylor’s eyes lit up as she grabbed Ben by his shirt collar,

apparently very excited.

“Yes.”

“A fucking video?”

“Yes. We started another series,” Ben said.

“Oh my God! I want to see it later. When we’re alone.”

“Definitely. Can’t wait for that!” They kissed for a few moments before Ben led her back into the house.

Ben and Taylor were drinking coffee when Tiffany came out, dressed in a yellow, short-sleeve, cotton dress. The top came down low and was cut straight across the front. Ben estimated about three inches of cleavage could be seen from her top.

‘She’s dressed pretty sexy for Taylor. I wonder if Mom feels she is competing with her?’

“Oh, Taylor!” Tiffany approached with her arms open and gave her a long, firm hug. She stepped back, looking at the sexy blonde. “Are you okay?”

“I’m fine. The situation is screwed up, but I’m fine.”

“Good.” Tiffany took a moment to look at Taylor’s outfit. “You look cute! You probably look cute in everything you wear.”

“Thanks, Tiffany! I love that dress! It fits your figure so well!” Taylor walked around Ben’s mom admiring her taste in clothes. “The white heels are a nice touch.” Taylor smiled and looked back at Ben.

‘Jesus, what’s with these two?’ Ben wondered.

Tiffany took Taylor out to the patio again to talk. “Ben, would you mind going out to the refrigerator in the laundry room and bringing a bottle that white Pinot Grigio and two glasses.”

‘Two glasses? What the fuck?’

“Oh, and please open it, will you, Ben?” Tiffany asked over her shoulder as the two gorgeous women proceeded to the table outside under the veranda.

Taylor added, “Thanks, Benny!” They both were laughing as they closed the door behind them.

Ben opened the cold bottle of wine and took out two glasses, then served his two lovers at the table.

“Thank you, sweetie! I’m going to talk to Taylor privately for a bit, I hope that’s alright.”

“Sure, Mom.”

Taylor chimed in, “Thanks, Ben!”

Ben went inside and was reading some of the messages on Hot Amateurs. Most wanted more videos, and most wanted to see fucking videos. He also noted the blowjob video had sold nearly four hundred downloads. ‘Damn! That’s almost seven thousand dollars!’

He looked out to the pool and saw Taylor and Tiffany laughing.

‘I guess Taylor’s feeling better.’

Ben took a shower, then came back downstairs to find his mom and Taylor looking through the purple spiral notebook, sitting next to each other at the kitchen table.

“Consider yourself a member of the inner circle, Taylor. My mom hasn’t even let me see that notebook yet,” he said as he walked in.

“Well, I’m not quite there yet. She’s only showing me parts. Some stories are apparently too hot for us, Ben.” She laughed and nudged Tiffany.

Tiffany blushed.

“Your mom said I can watch how you two make a video tomorrow!” Taylor looked like she had just won the lottery.

“Really?” Ben’s cock crushed against the inside of his jeans. “That’s great!”

“Well, I thought it better that she just observes before she records, just to see if we’re all comfortable with it. What do you think?”

“Um, yeah, that’s a great idea. Are we still doing the ‘Annoying Neighbor Part 2’?”

“Yes, everything should be just as we had planned,” Tiffany confirmed. “Taylor’s going to watch us record and give us any pointers she may have afterward.”

“That sounds great!” Ben walked behind Taylor and rubbed her shoulder.

“Your mom really helped me, Ben. I feel much better now.” Taylor smiled at Tiffany, then leaned toward her and gave her a hug.

Taylor looked at her phone. “Oh, damn. I need to go. Alex’s mom and dad are coming over later and I need to be there.”

Ben walked Taylor to the door after she said good bye to Tiffany. They stopped outside by her car.

“You’ll have to show me the video when I have more time. I don’t want the edited version, I want to see the raw version.” Taylor put her arms around Ben and pressed her forehead against his.

“Your mom said I could stay with you two if I needed to, you know when Alex’s parents kick me out. Just until I find a place of my own.”

“Wow! Taylor! That’s really... amazing.”

“I didn’t say yes. I told her I needed to talk to you about it.”

“Have they told you to get out yet?”

“No, but I know Alex’s mom and dad well enough to know that they don’t like me all that much. I’m sure they’ll let me stay until the end of the month, maybe a few weeks after that. They’re not mean people, they’re just tired of Alex’s bullshit.”

“I get it. You know, my mom’s a bit of a recluse. The fact she offered you a place to stay is huge.”

“Don’t worry, I thanked her profusely. Besides, I’m a pretty good cook too, I’m sure I can make

myself useful around the house.” Taylor smiled.

Ben kissed Taylor good-bye and went inside.

“So, Mom? Taylor told me the big news. That’s pretty, I don’t know, unusual. I remember growing up, you rarely let me have any friends over let alone an attractive woman sleeping in the guest room for who knows how long.”

“Taylor is in need of support and she’s your friend. I thought it was the least we could do. Besides, she is one of the few who knows about our secret project. It pays to be nice sometimes.”

“Yeah, I thought about that. When I first went over to see her and Alex, it turned out to be only Taylor. Alex was in Vegas. I was afraid she would blackmail us.”

“That’s an understandable fear, Ben. But, Taylor also has a lot to lose. She wants to be as discreet as possible too. She has a big family and it would kill her if they knew.

“Besides, I think she has a thing for you.” Tiffany winked.

“I got news for you mom, I think she has a thing for both of us.” Ben winked back.

The next morning, Ben was up an hour early. He showered and dressed and was downstairs as his mom was just coming out from her room, ready for the day.

“Well, look at you! What has got you up so early?” Tiffany teased.

“Very funny, Mom.” Ben was a little embarrassed that his enthusiasm was so easily spotted.

Tiffany made waffles in her new waffle press and served herself and Ben at the kitchen table.

“Let’s talk about the scene.” Tiffany had her notebook out.

“This one will be a scene where the nosy neighbor comes into the yard to peek on me again. I’ll be cutting flowers in my bikini. The creepy neighbor, you, will be watching and masturbating. I get hot and get into the pool. I strip naked in the water and go skinny-dipping while you continue to peep. After a few minutes of swimming, I lie down and fall asleep on the lounge chair. You will get closer and closer, masturbating the whole time, until I wake up. I see you beating off in front of me and tell you to go away. You keep masturbating and I

start to get turned on. Eventually, I show you that I'm wanting sex again and then it happens."

"What position?" Ben was visualizing what his mom was describing.

"This video shows us in missionary style so the camera will be to my left side, looking down at the side of your torso and hips, down to your knees and all the way up to my breasts." Tiffany said. "The scene ends with your orgasm and you scurrying off."

"Okay, sounds great! Do you want to rehearse now and write later?"

"No dry-run this time, Sport. I want to try to keep our contact limited to when we're recording."

Despite the success of their dry-run contact yesterday, Ben already knew that's what she preferred anyway, but wanted to get his hands on her before then.

'I guess I'll have to save it for the actual scenes. I wonder if Taylor had anything to do with this. Maybe she's jealous of mom. Maybe they're jealous of each other.' Ben was deep in thought.

"Ben?"

He refocused his attention. "Sorry, what Mom?"

“Let’s write the dialog.”

Tiffany went in her room to get into her outfit after they finished the script. She returned in her salmon-colored bikini that she purchased for her first video with Ben. As Tiffany joined Ben, he couldn’t help but visualize the last time he’d seen her in the bikini, when her top and her cleavage were lined with his pale cum.

“Wow, Mom. You look better in that suit now than you did when I first saw you in it!”

“Thank you, Benny! I won’t be in it for very long!” she teased.

Tiffany went out by the pool to get the basket and pruning shears together for the scene. She began cutting flowers to put in the basket so it wouldn’t be empty when they shot. Ben admired her body from afar. His dick was already showing signs that he was ready for the scene.

Taylor rang the bell.

Ben walked quickly to let her in.

“Hey!”

“Hey, Ben! Ready for the scene? I know I am!”

Taylor was dressed in a white thigh-high skirt and an orange bikini top with a thin, white cotton cover-up over it. Her breasts were stretching the bikini top out to the sides. Ben looked intently at them trying to see signs of her nipples peeking out at the inside edge of the cups.

Taylor immediately noticed what he was looking at. “Hey, my eyes are up here! Just kidding! Do you like my suit?”

Ben laughed, he loved how comfortable he felt around Taylor.

“I love your suit. That’s why I stare!”

“You’re too cute. Where’s mommy?” she chided.

“Out back getting ready. I take it you know the plot already?” Ben guessed that since she showed up in her bathing suit, she had a clue what the scene involved.

“Yep. Read her summary last night, everything except the dialog.”

Ben grabbed his fully-charged camera and the tripod and headed for the back with Taylor right behind him.

“Okay, Mom. We’re all set.”

Tiffany waved to Taylor.

Ben laid the tripod out of sight by the lounge chair that Tiffany had set up near the pool.

“I’m not going to ask you any questions about what you would do or anything. I’m just going to do what I would normally do as if you weren’t here,” Ben told Taylor.

“Right. That’s the idea. Just here to observe. I’ll try to stay out of the way, but I will want to be close, is that okay?”

“Of course!”

Taylor slipped out of her skirt and cover up. Ben watched intently as she stepped out of the skirt, revealing her long legs. The bottoms were a thong and Ben’s gaze was immediately drawn to her bare, tan ass.

Tiffany noticed the suit, too.

“I love that bikini, Taylor! You are so beautiful!” Tiffany walked up to Taylor and gave her a big hug. Ben savored the moment as he watched Taylor and his mom embrace, their bikini-clad tits smashing into each other creating an image he wouldn’t likely ever forget.

'Holy Jesus...'

"That bikini looks like it should be illegal it's so hot, Tiffany!" Ben noticed Taylor admiring his mom. There was something about the attention she was giving her that gave him a vibe; one that suggested Taylor might be a little more interested in his mom than he had once thought. Ben's cock was now ready to go.

"Okay, ready, Mom?"

"Ready. I'll be working my way around the rose bushes so feel free to record me bending down and everything. I'll work according to the script."

Taylor stood off to the side watching the two exchange instructions. 'They're a real team. Always talking about what they're about to do. All Alex ever wanted to do was have sex. He had no clue about the importance of plot and setting.'

"Ben? Is it okay to stand here?" Taylor pointed to the ground near the hot tub that was part of the pool where she stood.

"Yeah. That's good."

Ben walked to the side of the yard where he began yesterday's scene. He suddenly felt a bit self-

conscious having Taylor watching his every move.

He began recording.

The camera showed Ben unlatch the gate as his character, Ned, and slowly walk into the back yard. Ben overemphasized his heavy breathing to further add to the perverted old man character.

The camera recorded the path along the side of the yard to where it opened up to the area with the wrought-iron table and perennial garden.

The camera scanned the garden area and the side of the pool with the fountain and rocks. He pointed the camera down to detail his movement. Ben panned the camera across the garden area until Tiffany came into the frame, blurry at first.

“There she is.” He made a grunting noise and used his scratchy, awkward voice.

He zoomed in and focused. The shot was Tiffany bent over at her hips, from behind. As he recorded, she even seemed to wag her ass for the camera. The shot was perfect, showing the back of her legs and her round, supple ass, barely concealed in the bikini bottom; just her backside with no view of her face at all. The light was awesome and you could see the pale skin of her butt and legs clearly.

Off to Ben's left, Taylor stood watching, well out of the shot. Ben made his way as Ned, creeping behind a bush, then darting to hide behind a chair, all while peeping on the unaware housewife going about her pruning duties.

Tiffany saw Ben scampering about in her peripheral vision, but continued to trim the flowers, making a point to face away from him and bend at the hips to give the best views of her body. The warm sun felt amazing on her skin and it was easy to forget they were filming a video at all.

Ben crept closer, now circling around to a landscaped copse of trees in front of Tiffany, ostensibly hiding behind their thin trunks, which was ridiculously impractical, but they ignored this for the purposes of the scene.

"Mmmm, that's it sweetie," Ben said creepily. "Give Ole Ned a show."

Tiffany was actually close enough to hear and see Ben fully, but pretended to be oblivious. She bent over, facing Ben, and reached down to the prized yellow and red roses in their raised bed. Ben zoomed right in on her dangling tits.

"Look at those titties, damn!" he grunted.

Tiffany snipped a few stems and added the roses to her collection in the basket. She set the basket down and adjusted her breasts in her top by grabbing the fabric and shaking them into a more comfortable position.

Taylor stood watching, back and forth, delighted to be observing them record first-hand. She admired their attention to the roles they played, and she couldn't ignore that Tiffany's body looked even more sexy in person than in high-definition.

Ben held the camera steady in the zoom setting filling the entire preview screen with her delicious-looking breasts. He moved positions one last time to get closer to the lounge chair where Tiffany would ultimately end up.

Tiffany walked slowly to a shorter table near some outdoor chairs by the side of the pool and placed the basket of flowers, pruning shears, and her gloves upon it. There was a hanky and a perspiring glass of ice water on the table. She took the handkerchief and wiped her brow, then fanned it over her face. She picked up the glass and took a long sip. Beads of water fell from the wet glass onto the top of her cleavage. Ben made sure to record this detail as he focused the camera on her chest. The

cold water made her nipples stiffen, which was captured nicely.

“What a piece of ass,” Ned commented.

Tiffany kicked off her flip-flops at the pool’s edge and jumped in, careful to keep her head out of the water. She wanted her hair dry and kept it in a bun at the top of her head.

The camera moved closer and observed her swimming a lap. Ben focused in on her as she swam to the side by where the chair was set up. He made sure he was behind her so only the back of her head was in the shot. With her body submerged, she removed her suit. Ben filmed her hands emerging from the water, holding her wet bikini and placing it on the ground at the pool’s edge. She slipped back into the water, naked now, and swam to the part of the pool where the waterfall and rocks were located.

She reached the place under the falling water and slowly stood, rising out of the water completely naked, facing away from Ben. Her ass looked wet and inviting.

“Mmmm, I can’t wait to grab that butt,” he said.

As they had planned, Tiffany took her time, turning slowly in the warm water. She rotated until

she faced Ben, giving him a good shot of her voluptuous body from her neck down. She brought her hands over her head to adjust her top-knot, knowing that this was Ben's favorite position to see her heavy tits. He captured the falling water cascading down his mom's curvaceous body.

Soon, she slipped back into the pool and swam back to the other side. She lifted herself out and got into her place, lying down on the light blue towel spread out onto the chair.

Ben waited for her to adjust the back of the chaise so that it was lower, then paused the camera. Suddenly, he realized Taylor had snuck up to watch. When he lowered the camera, she smiled and reached for his cock. She rubbed it over his shorts, speaking casually as she caressed and squeezed.

"There are some good shots there. I assume you're going to edit her face out later?"

"Her face isn't in many of the shots because I was zooming, but, yes, there are a few that may need work."

She squeezed his thick cock hard, then leaned in putting her face near his ear. "Looks like someone has performance anxiety." Her comment made

reference to the fact that he wasn't but maybe halfway erect.

Ben gave a nervous laugh. He found he was distracted in the most pleasant way possible to have both his mom and Taylor in the same setting, but it was making him self-conscious and a little intimidated to have Taylor watching every move he made as he recorded. He also felt that he was going to get Taylor upset when he had sex with his mom, which had a negative effect on his erection.

Tiffany sat up on her elbows as she lie naked on the chair about twenty feet from Taylor and Ben.

“How was that?”

“Looks really good mom. It's a beautiful day and I was able to get clear shots of everything.”

“Great! When you start recording again, walk over very slowly and stand at my feet. I'm going to pretend to be sleeping. Remember your lines?”

“Yeah. I got it.”

Taylor continued groping him and added in a whisper to his ear, “This is so sexy.”

Ben started recording and slowly crept up to the naked Tiffany.

“Mmmm, looks like she fell asleep. Perfect!”

He filmed mostly her legs and feet as he approached being mindful to continue to keep her face out of the shot. Once he was at her feet, he slowly panned up to get a close-up shot of her body. She truly was gorgeous, naked before him. He filmed her long legs, her thighs, and her pussy mound, topped by her fiery tuft. Continuing up, her bare, E-cup tits came into the frame. Her pink nipples were hard and he could see the beads of pool water glistening on her skin. She was purposely breathing deeply to indicate that she was asleep.

Ben felt hands reach around from behind him, but managed to keep the camera steady. It was Taylor and she brought her hands to his waist. Her fingers began unbuttoning and unzipping him. Ben tried to steady the camera as Taylor worked his pants off.

Ben was still not erect. Surprising both Ben and his mom, Taylor spoke loudly, “Pause the camera, Ben.”

Tiffany sat back up on her elbows. “What happened?”

“Ben isn’t hard.” Taylor wrenched Ben’s shorts down to his thighs and pointed at his dangling penis.

It hung thick and heavy, but still mostly flaccid.

“What? Benny, you’re always hard, what happened?” Tiffany shaded her eyes with her hand like a visor as she looked at Ben’s groin.

“It’s just having both you and Taylor here at the same time. I guess I’m just nervous.” Ben hung his head down, looking at his drooping penis. He smacked it with his open hand out of frustration.

“Taylor, can I talk with you for a second?” Tiffany waved her over.

Ben turned away slightly, assuming that his mom wanted to speak privately.

Taylor walked over to Tiffany and leaned over. Ben saw Tiffany whisper into Taylor’s ear. She was nodding in response.

‘What the hell do they have to whisper about? This isn’t helping.’ Ben stepped out of his shorts and scooted them away from his bare feet. He cradled his limp dick and started pulling and pinching it, trying to get it where he could even stroke it would be an effort.

“Okay, let’s go Benny!” Taylor waved him to return from his place where he was now standing

under the veranda to where she and his mom were talking.

“Taylor is going to help with the scene.” His mom stated in a matter-of-fact way.

“Where should I go?” Ben asked.

“Take your place at the foot of the chair,” she answered.

Ben walked up as Taylor left his mom’s side and squatted in front of him.

“Ben, let Taylor help get you ready for the scene.”

He looked up at his sexy mom lying on her towel, still glistening from the water. She was holding her breasts in each hand making them touch together. She seemed to be offering them to him. She looked sexy as hell.

Taylor unceremoniously lifted Ben’s heavy, deflated cock and crammed the meaty limb into her mouth, where she began twirling her tongue around it. She clamped her lips around the lower part and pulled on it, stretching it all the way out to the tip. It fell out of her mouth so she began the process over again.

Ben looked on in amazement. His Mom lying naked on the pool chair in front of him, her breasts offered to him, tempting him, as Taylor coaxed his cock to life with her sexy mouth.

He looked down to Taylor's beautiful face and sexy lips as they started to expand with the increasing blood flow to his dick. She looked up at him, as her mouth grew wider with his swelling cock and pulled her large breasts out of the confining bikini. As she sucked his cock hands-free, he felt the skin of his penis growing tighter. He was getting hard.

He watched her work his withered penis into a stiff, throbbing erection, then he looked to his mom, who was slowly rubbing her pussy as she watched with a heated and lustful expression. She apparently liked to watch Ben and Taylor together.

Once Taylor was fully bobbing her head back and forth, it was clear she had fully prepped Ben for the scene, so Tiffany spoke up.

“He looks ready to me! Thanks, Taylor!”

Taylor found it difficult to pull herself away from Ben once he was hard again, but did so after Tiffany spoke. She pulled her mouth back, held his stiff cock

with both hands, and gently smacked it on her tongue as she looked up at Ben.

With a triumphant smile, she announced, “He’s back!” She added a kiss to his shaft before rising and stepping away with a wink.

Ben picked up the camera and Taylor backed away to the veranda and put her sunglasses on.

The recording resumed.

“Heh, heh.” Ben was looking down at the sleeping Tiffany. The camera followed her body from her breasts down to her small, white feet, then up to his hard cock. His left hand stroking it steadily. He noticed some of Taylor’s lipstick smeared on his shaft, but ignored it.

“Mmmm, a sleeping beauty, eh? You need a little Ned,” he whispered, shuffling closer and stroking himself. “Maybe a little cream all over those tits, too.”

Ben alternated the camera focus from his dick to her tits, then her pussy, then back to his dick. He moved the camera back to her inviting, swollen pussy again.

‘Did Mom trim more hair from her pussy? It looks like she has less than she had a few days ago.’ He wondered.

He zoomed in close on her crotch. Tiffany’s tight pussy looked perfect: symmetrical lips; protruding and engorged clit, pink and visible, pointing up, and away from the sheath, all coated with a visible sheen of wetness. He moved the shot up to her chest.

“Look at those fucking tits. They belong in a magazine. Good God, what a beauty,” he said in character.

Tiffany slowly turned her head from side to side pretending to wake from her nap. She shook her head and sat up on her elbows.

“Who, what...” she said groggily, stirring and rubbing her eyes. She blinked them open, “Oh my God! You again? Ned!”

“Heh heh.”

“Get out! I’ll call the police if you don’t leave this instant!”

Ben stood his ground, the camera pointed down to his giant cock, his hand stroking it slowly. He moved closer to Tiffany, wanting to show how close

she was to his dick, but while keeping her face out of the shot.

Tiffany loved seeing Taylor suck on Ben's cock in person and that sight alone had her leaking and dripping. Now, with Ben's attention over her and his huge dick just inches away, she was downright sloppy. She wanted to cum in the worst way. Seeing Ben stand in front of her, now rock hard, made her want to get through the dialog as soon as possible.

“You're not fooling me. You're not gonna' call anybody,” Ben said in Ned's raspy voice.

Tiffany fidgeted on the chair silently, but made no move of protest or to cover up.

Ben continued in his raspy voice, “Spread those legs for me, pretty girl. Let me get a good look at you.”

Tiffany disregarded his request and looked to the side. After a few moments, she looked back at his cock. She did this for Ben's sake as her head was just out of the frame.

“Come on, sweetie. Move those gorgeous legs apart for old Ned. Let's have a little peek.”

The camera held her legs and crotch in view. Tiffany rubbed her feet together slowly, running the arch of her left foot against the top of her right. Her legs separated a few inches.

“That’s it, sweetheart. Keep going.”

Tiffany ran her right foot up to her calf, caressing it, taunting him. Her legs spread a little more.

Ben zoomed in on his mother’s bud, the sun shining on her moistened lips.

She spread her legs more, bending her knees slightly in an outward position. She was ready.

Ben paused the camera and began setting up the tripod.

As Ben toyed with the camera, Tiffany couldn’t stop her hand from slipping between her thighs to stroke her slick pussy. She was aroused past the point where she could be of any use helping with direction. She wasn’t prepared for the extreme horniness she was feeling at having Ben hard and ready to enter her pussy, standing a few feet away. Plus there was Taylor off in the back ground with her perfect breasts hanging out of her top, her youthful body squirming, looking in her direction as

she played with herself waiting for Ben to finish attaching the camera to the tripod.

Behind Ben's back, Taylor was looking directly at Tiffany's body splayed out; her hand rubbing her trimmed red, snatch. Taylor reached down and slipped her hand into her tiny thong. She rubbed her own pussy as she stood several feet away watching the incestuous scene play out before her eyes.

"Hurry Ben," his mom said quietly.

The camera now in the proper position and recording, Ben entered the scene as Ned once again, dick first. The camera angle captured his torso and lower extremities as he positioned himself between his mom's legs. Tiffany spread for him as he got into place above her.

"Now remember, you old creep: Just this once. That's it."

Ned chuckled.

"I'm serious about this," Tiffany replied sternly.

Ben shook his erection then, grabbing it at the middle, he used his fat head to swipe up and down his mom's saturated labia. He made sure to coat his head with Tiffany's viscous fluid. He placed his

arms on either edge of the lounge chair and lifted his body so the only points of contact were his feet, his hands, and the tip of his dick against his mother's awaiting sex. He looked down and slowly lowered his hips, entering Tiffany.

She brought her hands on top of his biceps in an involuntary show of submission. Ben dipped his thick cock into his mom, then inched back out slowly.

Both lovers found this sluggish pace to be excruciating, as they wanted to slam into each other as hard as they could. For the benefit of the camera, Ben continued slowly, pumping back into Tiffany's pussy.

He could see Taylor quietly moving from the corner of his eye to a position behind the camera and look through the view finder, then she slowly backed away behind him.

Taylor checked the recording screen to make sure they were centered, but secretly wanted to be closer to the action. She could now see Ben's turgid erection slowly thrusting in and out of his mom's wet pussy.

‘God, this is so incredible.’ Her hand reached back down under her suit and resumed stroking herself.

Ben’s slow start looked good. Long, even penetrations into his mom, her body rippling in response, then a pause before he reversed out and repeated his stroke in. His self-consciousness gone, he now just wanted to fuck his mom. Taylor watched Ben’s pace gradually increase.

Ben fucked Tiffany quietly and all three became aware of the unbelievable sound Tiffany’s body was making. Taylor could almost hear her pussy stretch as Ben installed each inch of his thick shaft. He’d bottom out with a faint slap of his hips into hers, then the wet sloshing sound of Tiffany’s pussy as he filled her.

‘Wow, she is soaking wet. She must really be into this,’ Taylor thought.

Taylor was so turned on that she feared her knees would buckle. She slumped onto her knees on the stone patio floor, rubbing her pussy frantically.

‘I want that. I want Ben to fuck me like that.’

Tiffany could see Taylor descend onto the patio, overcome by her arousal. Tiffany watched Taylor

masturbating and felt a wave of pleasure overwhelm her. Her grip tightened on her son's biceps.

“Fuck, Ned! Who knew you had it in you? Yes, that's it. Fuck. OH FUCK! RIGHT THERE! FUCK ME!”

Ben felt his mom squeeze his arms just as her pussy clamped down on his shaft. Then, her tight tunnel fluttered around him and his cock was flooded with the familiar feeling of hot wetness from her squirting depths. He let Tiffany's clenching pussy expel his cock with a surge of fluid. He drew back and Tiffany's body shook as she pulsed three clear streams out of her cunt onto the cushion of the chair.

This was apparently too much for Taylor as she threw her head back and joined Tiffany in orgasm. Taylor trembled on the ground. She had to bite her lip to stifle her cries of pleasure.

Ben hovered back over Tiffany and re-entered her. He resumed fucking his mom straight-legged, moving his body like a stiff board. Only his cock was touching her as she opened her legs wider. As she recovered, she moved her hands to her ankles, pulling her legs back and out to maximize the

camera's view. This also maximized the depth at which Ben could penetrate her.

“Ungh, ungh, uuuungh!” Tiffany grunted, taking each forceful thrust, her pleasure building again. “That’s it! Give it to me deep, you dirty old man!”

The loud smacking noises could be heard well above the splashing of the water feature in the pool. Ben drove in and out in brutally deep strokes. He felt Tiffany wince when his cock head slammed her cervix, but continued his assault on her tight cunt.

He felt her shift below him, lifting her hips to meet his. She began shaking again.

“Oh fuck, Ned! Aaaaahhh—AAAGAAAAINNNN! UNGH!” she grunted and issued a fresh, warm flood onto Ben’s crotch as he relentlessly pounded her into the chair. He had no problems keeping his cock hard now.

Tiffany looked over and saw Taylor, her face tightened into a strained expression. She was violently jiggling her hand between her legs, then suddenly froze-up.

‘Look at her. She’s cumming. God, that’s hot!’ she thought. The entire scene was so outside of Tiffany’s experience that she felt chills take over her

body. She flexed her legs, holding her own ankles and letting her son probe her depths.

Ben was busy fighting back his own orgasm. He knew that once his “cycle” started, that it was only a couple of minutes before he would be cumming too. He felt precum stream out of himself and into his mom, but was able to prolong the scene by pulling out and sitting back on his knees. He rested for a moment and let his stiff penis hang in the pleasant breeze.

Tiffany looked up at her son wondering what was wrong. Taylor smiled knowingly. ‘Good boy, Ben. You’re a natural.’

Ben lunged forward and drove his cock into Tiffany’s gaping hole. He’d stretched her out pretty good by this point and found his thrusts were met with less resistance.

He changed his pace so that he fucked her deeply, more of a grind than deep thrusts, as he had been.

“You’re such a fucking tease, Tiffany.” he said in Ned’s voice. “Always strutting around in short skirts or skimpy tops, showing off that hot, fucking body. Don’t think I don’t know what you’re up to. You want this just as much as I do.”

This dialogue was not from any script they had written and Tiffany looked up at her son in surprise. She wasn't used to hearing that sort of tone coming from him.

She decided to improvise right back.

“Fuck me, you old pervert. I want your hot cum all over me!”

Ben lost control seeing Tiffany's surprised expression. He felt the hot, molten, semen rise-up from his loins and rush out of the head of his cock faster than he'd anticipated. He quickly extracted his cock from his mom's pussy, issuing a rich, creamy stream inside her as he pulled out. He had to close his grip on his head to preserve the rest of his cumshot.

Tiffany lifted her tits up to him, giving him two large, round targets. He aimed directly at her bountiful orbs.

“This for you, Tiffany,” he said, again using Ned's voice. “AAHHH!”

A fat rope fired against Tiffany's plump tits then streaked down her body in a sticky stripe.

“AAAAH!” he pumped furiously, then held steady.

He again blasted directly onto the top of her tits, drew a shaky breath, then launched another spurt over her hands and nipples as she shook her breasts at him invitingly.

“Ooooh, give me that hot cum, Ned.”

Taylor watched on excitedly. She had butterflies in her stomach and had the heady sense that she was watching something magical.

The scene now complete, Ben finished shooting and wobbled to stand tall over Tiffany. Her eyes followed his cock as he rose. He actually felt a bit shaky after unloading. Tiffany thought she’d continue improvising.

“Here, Mr. Ned,” she stood, her ass rising into the frame. “Let me help you to the gate.”

Tiffany offered ‘Ole Ned’ her arm and he took it, staring unbelievably at her cum-topped tits.

Ben just grunted and moaned, trying to do his best crotchety, geezer voice.

They exited the frame together and the scene was over.

“Geez, mom, I had no idea I’d cum that much,” Ben said, returning to the camera to check the scene.

“That was a great scene, you two!” Taylor got to her feet and joined Ben.

Tiffany still stood, closer to the pool. She squinted at Taylor and Ben.

“I can’t imagine going more than just one scene at a time with you, Ben. You’re a little intense for a woman my age! It seemed to be a good video, though. We’ll have to see how much work needs to be done. What do you think, Taylor?”

“I think you two need a camera person, not just someone to hold the camera and shoot the scene, but someone who’s going to monitor the set angles, help direct you guys with blocking, and to make sure that your face isn’t shown. I also think that it’s time to think about a second camera. We can edit the footage from that camera to the hand-held and join them when we edit.”

“I like the camera we have, and I’m just getting used to it. That should be our hand-held,” Ben said, taking down the tripod.

“We’ve made more than enough money to be able to afford another camera, but that can wait until

we're done with this series tomorrow. We'll have a better idea of how the second camera will work once we try having a cameraman... er... camerawoman." Tiffany leaned forward and turned her head looking at Taylor.

As Tiffany dipped her body in the pool, Ben turned his attention to Taylor. He wanted an update on her situation with Alex.

"Hey, Taylor, how did that conversation go with Alex's parents last night?"

"They said I can stay until I find another place, or until the end of the month. That's like three weeks, about what I expected."

She continued,

"Alex apparently left them a voice message saying he was going to see some friends in Houston. They asked me all kinds of questions about how much he was drinking. I honestly didn't know what to tell them. We've had to stop recording this past week before he went to Vegas because he couldn't get it up. I think it was the alcohol, but I couldn't tell them that."

"So, three weeks. That's not too bad. We should be able to get you organized by then." Ben smiled.

Ben took his camera upstairs while Taylor and Tiffany went inside and made lunch. They were all starving after their morning of recording.

While they were eating, Taylor and Ben listened to Tiffany's plans for the next day. Taylor had some excellent suggestions about camera work, she also had to settle for one camera during her and Alex's recordings, except for the one time they hired a woman to do it, so she was excited to be behind a moving camera. She also made the point that having a camerawoman to record would pretty much eliminate the need to blur-out Tiffany's face.

After lunch, Taylor went to her house to get her camera so she and Ben could load the settings onto Ben's laptop.

When she returned, Taylor and Ben were sitting on his love seat looking at the editing screen. Ben had noted all of her comments about what to do to improve their next video. Rather than edit the video, they set their minds to loading Taylor's camera's software onto Ben's computer, and then making sure they could use his editing software for her camera. Ben would edit the footage from that day later.

“We're all set for tomorrow!” She said, smiling.

“Great! Having two high-definition cameras is better than one!” Ben laughed.

“We’re now in a situation where our equipment is better at recording than we are. We’ll need to practice a lot!”

Taylor leaned over and started to kiss on Ben. “You were so incredible today. I’m so glad you got freaked-out and needed help getting hard.”

“It turned out to be a huge turn-on having you at the filming. It felt different. In a good way. Maybe you and I should consider doing videos. What do you think?”

“I would love to, Ben. Seriously, I would, but I would like to talk with Alex first. I haven’t officially broken up with him, you know?”

“Don’t you think his walking out on you pretty much constitutes a break up? I do.”

“I know, and you’re right, but I would feel better having a conversation with him before he sees you and me together.”

“Yeah, true.”

“I have to go. I need to get my things in boxes. I want to do it a little at a time so it’s not such a big

deal when it comes time to move.”

“See you tomorrow at 10:30!” Taylor kissed Ben one last time and went downstairs to say good bye to Tiffany.

Ben took a shower and got into his warm-up pants he often wore as pajamas. He walked downstairs to see if his mom wanted to look at the scene.

“Mom?” Ben approached her bedroom door slowly. The lights were turned off, but there was a dim light coming from across the room on her bed. He peered around the threshold and saw his mom dressed in what looked like a teddy with her laptop sitting next to her. The light from the computer illuminated her body.

“Mom?” Ben knocked on the door jam.

“Come in sweetie.” She looked over at Ben.

“Would you like to see today’s video before I edit it?”

“Absolutely! Bring it in!”

Tiffany reached over and turned on her bedside lamp.

“How does it look?” She scooted herself over to the left of the bed and pat down next to her showing him where to sit.

“It’s great! I think we have another best-seller. Yesterday’s video hasn’t officially posted yet, so I don’t know for certain how that’s doing.”

“It’s doing just fine. Two-hundred and ninety downloads in just about four hours. I can see us bringing in about one hundred thousand in about three months’ time, if everything goes the way it has.” Tiffany smiled.

Ben peered around to her screen. Yesterday’s video from their homepage was loaded. It was paused on the part where they were on their hands and knees on the floor. Their headless bodies were unmistakable.

“At least you don’t have to buy them anymore!” He nodded over to the video on the screen

“Very funny, Ned.”

Ben laughed. He opened his laptop and maximized the screen that had “Annoying Neighbor Part 2” ready to play.

Tiffany had her sheets pulled down and was lying on top of them. Her nightie was high-cut and just barely covered her crotch. Ben found himself to be very curious as to whether or not she was wearing panties.

Ben hit play and Tiffany snuggled closer, against his side. The two watched the long lead-in to the point where Tiffany was on her chair and Ben was standing at the foot of it. As Ben was stroking his cock on screen, he held his dick under his warm-up pants. He never wore underwear with his pajamas.

“You can take those off if you’d like.” Ben looked over at his mom who was staring directly at the bulge in his pants and pointing.

“I’m not wearing underwear, so…”

“I know.” She looked up at him, then looked down at her own crotch and lifted her nightie up quickly, flashing him her bare pussy. “I was touching myself before you walked in. I don’t mind if you do too.”

Ben didn’t question why it was okay for him to get naked in bed with her now, after she had rejected his idea for a dry-run earlier in the day when they

were discussing the shoot. He was willing to take as much of his mom as she was willing to give.

He slid his warm-up pants down and bent his knees to take them completely off.

Tiffany started the video again showing Ben jerking off on screen. He could see the remnants of Taylor's lipstick smeared on his shaft. It also looked wet, which was from Taylor's mouth. He wanted to push things with Tiffany, so he sat still, his eager cock leaking and throbbing, towering up from his waist.

“Ugh, I...” he turned to Tiffany. “Sorry, Mom. Do you happen to have any lubricant I can use?”

“Yes.”

With her eyes on the screen, Tiffany licked her right hand as Ben lie frozen. Her hand wrapped around his shaft and he about had a heart attack. She squeezed him, then began stroking, matching his exact pace in the movie.

“Or that. That will work too,” he added coarsely.

She then broke into her character's voice from their first series. “I don't want Benny to get chafed,

so I had better find another way to help you get some relief!”

Tiffany removed her hand from Ben and put one arm over his body, facing away from him. Her upper body was between his face and his dick, over his stomach, leaning on her right elbow. She slid the computer so that it was facing her as she watched with the back of her head toward Ben. Then she settled down facing the screen. Ben could no longer see his cock as her head was blocking it. He closed his eyes.

‘Oh, fuck yeah,’ he thought.

Ben looked over his mom’s head to the screen. He felt something wet at the base of his dick and noticed Tiffany’s head was rising.

Tiffany had wet her puckered lips and pushed them against the skin of Ben’s dick, where it met his pubic hair. She dragged her wet lips up his shaft, then back down. She ran her kissing lips up and down the top of his cock.

Ben sighed, feeling his cock swell and strain, growing harder. It towered before Tiffany as she smeared her wet lips up and down the top of his shaft. His cock dripped precum that mixed with her

spit as she carelessly let his slippery, sloppy dick rub over the side of her face and across her lips.

Ben had never felt anything quite like this before. He found his hands gathering her hair and gripping it tightly as her head twisted and bounced in his lap.

“Mmmmm, nnnmmm, mmm, nummmm,” Tiffany moaned.

She lifted her head up and opened her lips, dropping her mouth over his dickhead and began what Ben could only describe as a reverse blowjob. The sensitive, underside of his cock was rubbing against the roof of her mouth rather than her tongue. He could feel her licking his cock head with her firm, hot tongue and spreading saliva around the top of his knob.

She continued watching their video as her head moved up and down. She breathed through her nose and bobbed happily, her right hand scooping up Ben’s balls. They were soaking wet from her spit. She realized she’d drooled all the way down his huge cock and balls, and onto her bed. After several minutes, she stopped the recording at a part where Ben was fucking her.

“It will be a lot easier when Taylor starts holding the camera.” She resumed sucking and clicked the track pad to start the video playing again.

Ben could hear his mom’s sloppy mouth have his way with his cock. The slurping and soft swallowing noises were driving him crazy. Every now and then she would take her mouth off it completely and kiss it, and rub it against her lips as though she enjoyed the feeling of it against her skin, then pop it back in her mouth again.

He pat and played with her hair as she watched and sucked. Soon the video was over.

“That’s a hot video, Ben. I like it. I liked the one we did yesterday better, though.” She was turning her head back toward him, but due to her position, they couldn’t see each other’s face.

“Yeah, I know what you mean. It was an awkward position for a fixed camera on today’s shoot.”

She stroked his wet cock as she selected Ben’s first video in his “Mom Catches Me” series. It was the one where she catches him masturbating for the first time. She pressed play.

Tiffany resumed sucking Ben's dick as she watched the video.

To Ben, it seemed like a year had passed since she walked in on him on that momentous day. That event triggered a thought process that has led them to where they were at that moment; his mom sucking his cock in her bed watching videos of their recording project. He shook his head in disbelief.

Ben enjoyed Tiffany's slow, interrupted pace. It felt as though she was sucking on him out of pure enjoyment and not just to get him off. She worked her mouth and hands alternately as she stopped the video to make comments. She made sure to give his wet balls plenty of attention too.

"You were so hard! Look at how much you came!"

"I know. That was crazy. You know, I never planned on you walking in." he confessed.

She went back to sucking his cock, this time only stopping to change the video playing on her laptop screen.

By the time Tiffany and Ben were onto the first video of the "A Loving Mom Helps Her Son," her pace had become more consistent and she began

humming softly. Ben guessed that she wasn't watching as intently.

In response to her enthusiasm, Ben lifted her nightie, exposing her ass and lower back. He started playing with her supple ass cheeks. Her skin felt luxuriously soft. He let his hands glide up and down her perfect curves down to the outside of her thighs. Her legs were separated and slightly apart as she continued to suck on his dick, laying on her side.

Ben moaned and Tiffany responded by spreading her legs a few more inches apart. Ben continued his caress, moving down, over her ass to the backs of her parted thighs. He squeezed her left cheek, letting his fingers get close enough to part her pussy lips as he squeezed her.

Tiffany moaned loudly on his dick and wiggled her feet happily. Ben squeezed harder and felt a warm wetness against his fingers. Tiffany squirmed in his lap.

“Mmm, Ohhh.” She moaned.

As her sucking became more focused, Ben took greater liberties with her. Grabbing her ass more energetically, allowing his fingers to rub into her wet, swollen labia as he touched her inner thigh.

Each time he came near her pussy she moaned softly as if giving him permission to touch her.

Ben noticed a definite change in the speed that she was bobbing her head upon his cock. She stopped to select their blowjob video that was shot in the kitchen then continued sucking. Her moaning had grown louder and more constant. She was beginning to sound desperate.

Ben used her obvious enthusiasm to begin rubbing her deliberately. Tiffany responded with louder moans, even breaking away from his cock to give an encouraging, “Yes!” after which he rolled her clit between his fingers, pulling on it gently and letting it settle back into place before doing it again.

“Uhh, Ohh, God!” She moaned. Ben could see his mom push the video further down the bed and used her arms to set her torso straight. Observing what she was trying to do, Ben moved his body so that he was also further down the bed, his cock aligned with her salivating mouth.

As if on cue, Tiffany lifted her right leg over his head and placed it on the bed to his right side. She shimmied herself back. Her waiting pussy loomed just over Ben’s mouth.

Ben could feel a strong surge in his erection as he watched his mom arrange herself into a sixty-nine position. He had no real experience with the position and set out to make his mom cum.

Grabbing a pillow, Ben lifted his head. He felt his forehead press against Tiffany's wet pussy. He loved it. He wedged the pillow behind his head to have direct access to his mom's sex with his mouth. Ben was ready. He pressed his face into her pussy and sucked her swollen clit into his mouth.

"MMMM!" Tiffany's body jolted and she lifted her mouth up. "Fuck Bennnnn, that feels so good."

"Anngggh, annngggh, mmmm," Ben vocalized, twirling his stiff, wide tongue into his mom.

Tiffany had never given such a long blowjob, but after seeing Taylor suck on her son's soft penis and bring it to life this morning, she had been thinking about having the meaty monster in her mouth all day. She was about to resign herself to the fact that it just wouldn't happen, that is, until Ben knocked on her door. From the moment she set eyes on him, she knew what she wanted.

In her lustful state, she now wanted more from him than just his cock in her mouth. She wanted his

young tongue on her aching clit. She decided to temporarily set aside her earlier commitment to herself to maintain boundaries with her son by only having contact with him during the actual recording of videos, just for tonight.

Mother and son were both moaning as they alternated their hips up and down onto each other's face. Tiffany let the video stop and the screen went dark. She wanted to focus fully on the profoundly stimulating feeling of her son working on her pussy as she sucked his cock passionately.

Ben enjoyed the clean, yet feminine smell and taste of his mom as he sucked on her stiff clitoris. He loved its size and how hard it felt in his mouth. Her pussy was trickling wetness over his cheeks and chin as he relentlessly attacked her sex.

After what must have been ten minutes, he noticed she had stopped sucking. Resting her head to the side atop of his right thigh, he realized she was getting close. Ben used the opportunity to wrap his arms inside each of her hips and moved her crotch against him, sucking, licking, smashing and rubbing his chin, nose, and mouth against her with a firm pressure.

“AAHH, BENNN!”

He felt a hot wash of cum squirt against his chin, not quite as much as when he fucked her the last two times, but enough to indicate a powerful orgasm.

Tiffany trembled in waves of pleasure.

Ben used her pause to latch onto her clit again, flicking his tongue rapidly against it as he trapped it between his lips. ‘She likes this move.’ He assured himself. Again, he heard her cry out in a loud voice,

“GGGODDD!” followed by another flood against his face.

She rotated her head gently against his leg. Then climbed off his face and turned around so that she was facing him, her head between his legs. She inhaled his cock deep and began a pace that she knew would result in a quick orgasm.

Ben spread his legs wider and gathered Tiffany’s soft hair in his grip behind her bobbing head. He watched his mom push her mouth down upon his member. She took most of his long, fat cock into her mouth and down her throat, blinking up at him.

“Suck my cock, Mom. You’re mouth feels fucking amazing.”

Tiffany gave an excited moan at hearing her son's dirty language. She removed her mouth and replaced it with her hand, stroking him instead.

“Give it to me, Ben.” She lowered her mouth to his balls and sucked on each one.

She sat back up and put Ben's cockhead against her tongue. She jerked with both hands and said, “I want to you to cum in Mommy's mouth,” with her tongue on the underside of his tip.

Ben closed his eyes tightly. “Good God.” He didn't mean to say it out loud, but there it was. His mom was driving him crazy.

She felt Ben's shaft swell.

“Give it to Mommy, baby!” She shoved her son's cock in her mouth and did her best to push it deep into her throat in a steady stroke. She only partially gagged.

Her mouth filled with the familiar taste of precum. She strained as she throated him.

“Mmm!” she encouraged, her eyes watering.

Ben trembled, lifting his hips up from the bed. His cock mashed against Tiffany's uvula and she was forced to lift her mouth up to keep from gagging

and possibly retching violently. She brought both hands to grip his dick and held it halfway in her mouth, his wide dickhead on her tongue.

“FUCK! MOM! SUCK IT!” he cried as the first pent-up flood of hot cum exploded from his cock into her waiting mouth.

Tiffany was now familiar enough with Ben’s ejaculations to know his first shot was usually very forceful. She wanted to capture the whole thing in her mouth, so she had taken his first volley with her mouth closed. She was confident she could control the rest of his stream, so she let her mouth gape open and showed Ben her tongue, bobbing her gaping mouth slightly.

“Nnnnngh,” she smiled, nodding, “Nnnn hnnng,” she moaned. Tiffany could feel her son’s seed coat her tongue and throat as she moved her tongue around dispersing her well-earned reward.

Ben watched as she took stream after rich stream. He watched each thick spurt launch from his cock only to stripe over Tiffany’s tongue or to disappear completely into her open mouth and throat.

“NNNNYAHHH!” Her mouth caught the full measure of his discharge, as he emptied himself into

her. She used her hands to milk the thick, pulsing shaft of the last of his semen swallowing a little at a time until there was no more to enjoy.

She rose up and wiped her eyes and nose on the loose bed sheet next to her. “Ahh, God, Ben!” She shook her head and rested sitting on her legs. ‘I’ve never done that for so long! I needed that!’ Tiffany massaged her jaw briefly then laughed, “My God!”

Tiffany had also never been as turned by receiving oral from another man either. There was something about her son going down on her that drove her absolutely wild.

“Anytime you want to do that, Mom, just let me know!” Ben pushed himself up and rested on the pillows to the back of the bed.

“I don’t want to give you the impression that’s this is how it’s going to be, Benny. We have a professional relationship, and outside of that, we are mother and son, don’t you forget it. This was just a one-time thing. Got it?”

Ben nodded, smiling smugly. He thought it was a bit ironic that she was using this “one-time thing” phrase, the same from the movies, with old man Ned. Ben was beginning to understand his mom’s

objective in maintaining her boundaries, and her weakness where those very boundaries were concerned.

“What?” She asked as if objecting to his smile.

“Nothing, Mom.” Ben gathered his laptop and his warm-up pants and headed out the door stopping only to say, “I can’t wait to fuck you again tomorrow, Mom!” he quickly left the room. Closing the door behind him.

(Continued in “Mom’s Home Movies Chapter 6”)

Mom's Home Movies Ch. 06

Thanks to Literotica member, Smoothed for his help with editing.

Ben and Tiffany were eating their breakfast at the table thinking about the shoot that day. Tiffany spooned yogurt into her mouth, holding it there, her mind was still preoccupied with the words Ben said the night before: “I can’t wait to fuck you tomorrow, Mom.”

She swallowed the cold, thick mouthful of yogurt. ‘Ben’s cum was tastier,’ she thought absently. Her face turned red and she made eye contact with Ben. As if he could read her thoughts, he quickly looked down. The mother and son were unusually silent this morning. A quiet excitement filled the air.

Tiffany refocused on their video project; a hobby that she now realized was rapidly becoming less of a project and more of a profession. She thought of Taylor’s role in not just the recording process, but in scenes involving Ben. She decided having her as a

part of their team was necessary. Although she was a little jealous of her and the relationship she had with Ben, Tiffany realized that having regular sex with her son would be taxing on her forty-two-year-old body, and she wanted more for him than to be sexually dependent on his mother. She envisioned a plan that would take some of the pressure off of her role as the exclusive female in his videos. This would free her up to write, direct, and publish more of their work from behind the scenes, at least part of the time. Not to mention giving her body a break, which she would definitely need, given the size of Ben's endowment and his sexual energy.

After cleaning up from breakfast, the two went to their respective rooms to get ready for the scene they would shoot that day.

Taylor was fifteen minutes early when she rang the doorbell.

Ben was already showered and ready for the scene when he answered the door. He greeted Taylor who was standing with her legs together, her arms clutching her white, leather bag in front of her causing her large breasts to push out away from her chest. She was smiling.

“Hey, stud! Are you ready?” Taylor was vibrating enthusiasm for the work she would be doing with the mother and son.

“I am. Are you?” Ben opened the door wide.

“You know it!” Taylor grinned.

Ben gave the beautiful blonde a big hug as she stepped into the foyer, then took a moment to scan her gorgeous body. She was wearing a thin, red summer dress that rose to her mid-thighs with tan, leather sandals. Her toenails were a vibrant, deep-crimson color. She wasn't wearing a bra which gave Ben a clear view of the shape of her breasts as they seemed to burst out from her chest. She also sported prominent, hard nipples that poked out the fabric of her dress, which Ben appreciated greatly.

“How's mommy?” She smiled.

Ben blinked, looking at Taylor, “She's great! We were waiting until you came over to write the dialog.”

“Sounds fun! Thanks for waiting.”

Tiffany came out from her room and greeted Taylor with a hug, looking her over as she stood talking with the buxom twenty-two-year-old.

“Would you like some coffee, or something to eat, Taylor?”

“Coffee would be great!”

Tiffany poured coffee for them then sat down, anxious to get started.

The three sat at the kitchen table, drank coffee, and wrote the dialog for “Annoying Neighbor Part 3.” Soon after, they began getting the set ready. Most of the video would take place in the living room so Taylor and Ben were busy rearranging the furniture, checking the lighting, and getting the camera ready.

“Where’s the tripod?” Ben looked around the room.

“It’s in the kitchen, but we won’t need it. I’m the camera guy, remember?” Taylor held up the camera, smiling. “Let’s see what having one hand-held camera can do on its own, what do you say?”

“Okay by me.” Ben was excited. He realized what a luxury it will be to focus only on the acting in this first video where he wouldn’t be constantly wondering about camera angle and keeping his mom’s face out of the shot.

“It will be a huge improvement not to have to worry about starting and stopping when we record won’t it Ben?”

Ben looked over at his mom. She was smiling as she watched Taylor walk around the leather chaise lounge they were going to film on.

“God, yes,” he agreed.

The three walked through the scene before Tiffany disappeared to her bathroom to get in place for her first shot.

“Is everyone ready?” Taylor was also the director for this scene, something else Ben had to get used to.

“Here we go!” Tiffany entered the large, tiled shower and let the warm water pour over her naked body. Her excitement was building to a fever pitch as she imagined having her son’s thick cock buried deep inside her again. Ben and Taylor walked outside. The scene would begin at the usual location, at the side gate of the house.

Ben held the camera for the first setting as Taylor followed behind.

He began to record.

“Wonder what that hot bitch is doing today?” Ned’s scratchy voice started the dialog.

His hand opened the latch, then the camera recorded his feet. Ben was wearing a white T-shirt, an old pair of khaki pants, and some worn-out sneakers; clothes that his mom had thought would be appropriate for the old man’s character.

The camera recorded Ned going through the patio door that entered into the master bedroom.

Ned’s voice became slightly softer as if trying to keep quiet. “Ah, shower time for my sweet, big-tit vixen. How lovely.”

The camera recorded footage of the hardwood floor and decorative rug in front of the bed. Ben intentionally made the camera a little jerky and unfocused. He centered the camera’s blurry view to something that looked like a pink blob on screen, then slowly adjusted the focus.

He was perfectly zoomed in on Tiffany’s soapy breasts. Her hands glided over them, spreading the bubbles all over. Her bare skin looked porcelain and wet. She turned from side to side, swiping her pointy nipples back and forth. She hefted her weighty tits up into her slippery hands and let each drop down

with a jiggle. The see-through glass door provided a perfect view of Tiffany's voluptuous body.

"Damn, look at that," Ned whispered.

He zoomed out, careful to keep her face out of frame as he shot several minutes of her naked, soapy body. Tiffany made a show of getting her tits all slippery, then doing the same to her sexy, round ass. She made sure to bend and give the camera a good view of her pussy between her thighs.

Ben and Taylor looked on. Taylor reached for Ben's crotch as he filmed his mom showering, playing with his growing erection over his pants as she stood next to him.

Taylor stepped away from Ben, as they needed the scene to continue.

"Shit. I've got to hide." Ned whispered, then turned around, causing the recording to jiggle, the focus returning to the floor as it filmed the hasty retreat. Rather than go outside, the camera showed Ned's feet and his bobbing erection as he walked quickly to the other side of the house, approaching the living room.

As Ned entered the living room, the camera showed the edge of one of the French doors that was

open about halfway. Ben was still operating the camera, when Taylor, following close behind, slammed her hand on the wall behind him making a loud -BANG-.

Ben grunted as Ned. He spun the camera around then rocked it from the floor to the ceiling, suggesting that Ned had knocked himself unconscious by slamming his head into the edge of the door.

Ben paused the camera and handed it to Taylor. He stepped back through the French doors and Taylor filmed him from his chest down as he fell backward onto the chaise lounge.

As he flopped into place, his hard-on could be seen poking up beneath his khakis.

Taylor left Ben on the chaise and returned to the bathroom to record Tiffany's part.

Tiffany had resumed her place in the shower, naked.

"Is he 'out cold'?" Tiffany made air quotes with her fingers.

"Yep, now don't forget your pauses," Taylor reminded her, taking a spot in the corner of the

bathroom.

From the new angle, Taylor shot Tiffany, repeating her actions. She hummed softly as she rinsed herself, then toweled herself dry. Taylor held the camera steady and reached back to replicate the thud of Ned running into the door.

Tiffany was showing off her body as she put her red hair up into a bun when the sudden -BANG— of Ned hitting his head on the door in the other room surprised her. She grabbed a towel and held it to her chest.

“Heeelllooo? Is someone there?” she called out.

Clutching the towel, Tiffany cautiously tip-toed from the bathroom into the living room, followed closely by Taylor as she recorded Tiffany’s bare ass from behind.

“Oh my God. You’ve got to be kidding me!” she spoke with a loud voice. She wrapped her towel loosely around her torso.

“Ned, you need to leave immediately or I’m calling the police.” Her hands were resting on her hips in an expression of disappointment.

Taylor was able to film Ben as he reclined on the chaise, focusing on the deep, restful breaths that he was creating to give the impression that Ned was asleep.

She panned the camera over to Tiffany's bosom as she moved closer to the unconscious man.

"Ned?" As Tiffany moved closer, the towel slipped off her body leaving her naked. She left it on the floor as she moved to get a look at the unconscious old man.

"Hmm." Tiffany bent over as Taylor recorded her dangling breasts. She shook his arms as they lay sprawled out to his side, off the wide, flat chair.

"He's out cold," she said softly.

Tiffany's hand reached out to touch the prodigious bulge that had formed under Ned's khakis, then paused just before she made contact with it.

"I'd better not." She pulled her hand back. "Ned? NED!" She shook him by the arms again, no response.

"I wonder if he can feel this?" She reached her hand out cautiously, this time pressing and rubbing

his bulge with minimal force.

“Ned, wake up!” she yelled. She slapped his erection trying to get his attention. Still, nothing from Ned.

She gripped his stiff pole with both hands through the fabric, this time forcefully. She continued to squeeze, rub, and shake him as if testing his hardness.

“God, he’s so thick.” Tiffany held his cloth-covered cock with her hands, staring as if in awe.

Taylor wasn’t sure that Tiffany was acting at all in that moment. She recorded Tiffany playing with Ben from an angle that gave the viewer an excellent shot of both her swaying tits and her hand fondling Ben’s appendage. She was easily able to keep each of their faces out of view of the camera.

Tiffany moved her hands to the waistband of the khakis, unbuttoned and unzipped them, then started to ease them down Ned’s body. She paused, clenching her hands together anxiously as if in fear she would wake him, then resumed her work until the top half of his cock was revealed. His shaft strained, thick and rigid in his shorts.

“Why is such an obnoxious man blessed with such a gift?” she pondered aloud.

Her grip tightened on the waistband as she continued to pull the trousers down, followed by his boxer shorts. Taylor recorded her tits shaking and rippling with her effort. Finally, Ben’s heavy cock swung free of the waistband and arched to stand at an angle, throbbing a few inches off his stomach.

Tiffany finally got his pants down his legs, then carefully removed the old shoes off of his feet until his shoes and clothes were laying on the floor.

“I’m sure he won’t mind if I...”

Taylor moved the camera from the side view to an angle looking down Ben’s body from his head. Tiffany moved her body up the chaise so that her knees were to the sides of Ben’s outstretched legs, facing him. Her throbbing wet pussy was pressed against her son at the meeting of his cock and his balls. She placed both hands around his thick shaft.

Tiffany settled her curvaceous, smooth, white body, now naked, above Ned’s. Her spread pussy sat just behind the erect pole, gripped in her hands. She pulled the heavy beast up to where its base stood erect against her crotch and tummy. The top of his

cock was situated just below the bottom of her hanging breasts.

Holding him there, she felt her wetness spread over the bottom part of his dick and down his balls. She realized how deep his long member would poke inside her. Tiffany slapped his hard cock against her body a few times for effect. Taylor captured this erotic image from above Ben's shoulder.

Ben looked up to his mom who was making loud slapping noises using his cock to whack her stomach. She was looking at him with heavy, sexy eyes. Ben's cock throbbed and shiny precum spilled out slowly from his tip. He wanted to be deep inside her at that moment.

Taylor loved how Tiffany moved on her son. There was a natural progression to her actions, as if she wasn't acting at all. She always seemed to know what she was going to do next, as if she had been thinking about her actions well before she executed them. Taylor realized that her arousal was becoming a serious distraction as she filmed the mother and son on the flat, leather chaise.

Tiffany lifted her body over her son's cock holding the shaft at the center as she ran its head back and forth against her engorged lips. She

moaned as she combined her wetness with the precum that was trickling out.

Taylor zoomed-in to Ben's thick, slightly pointed head as it separated his mother's labia. The reddish-pink glans now shiny and wet looking, quickly disappeared as Tiffany sat upon the staff. The camera recorded Ben's wide cock as it slowly penetrated his mother's body. 'My God, that's so sexy!' Taylor thought as she steadied the camera.

“Ooohhh!” Tiffany cooed. “So good!”

Inch, by hard, thick inch, she lowered herself onto Ben.

Once she had settled herself down near the base of her son's cock, Tiffany began to focus, thinking, 'I'm fucking Ben again. I love fucking my son.' Her thoughts were out of character now, as she consciously used the pretense of making a movie as an excuse to give her son a good fucking.

Tiffany's naked body eased down, then back up on her son's dick, in awe of how full it made her feel. Since his head was off camera for the duration of the video, he was able to make eye contact with his mother. Tiffany met his stare and never looked

away. ‘I’m fucking you, Ben. I love fucking you.’ At that moment, she wished he could read her thoughts.

Ben quickly discovered that the anticipation of having his cock planted deeply into his mom was making it difficult for him to hold back his orgasm. Her tight, but welcoming pussy was enveloping his dick in a way that gripped his shaft and intensified each penetration. She had him pinned down under the weight of her body and began fucking him on top for the first time. Now he was finally able to feel what it was like for her to be on top. He was getting fucked by his sexy mom.

“Oh, God. So deep,” Tiffany sighed.

In that moment, Ben was reminded of the image, moments before, when his mom held his hard cock against her tummy. He imagined his cock, imbedded deep within her. The idea was so erotic for him that he almost came right then, deep inside his mother.

Luckily for Ben, movement from behind distracted him.

Taylor was gradually making her way around to Tiffany’s back. As she moved, she paused to record extensive footage of her breasts as they swung away from her body in Tiffany’s slow, but deliberate

grinding rhythm. ‘This is making me insanely horny!’ Taylor thought as she captured every movement of Tiffany’s sexy body.

Finally, at the back, Tiffany remembered the plot and leaned toward Ben’s head, lifting her hips for a better camera angle. This was Taylor’s idea to get a more graphic visual of Ben’s cock penetrating his mom in long, full strokes.

This striking image is exactly what Taylor caught on film. Tiffany’s usually thick labia were stretch thin around her son’s, wide shaft. Her strokes were slow and shallow with Ben’s cock visibly churning in and out of her strained pussy. His length was streaked with Tiffany’s shiny wetness.

Still pumping Ben slowly, Tiffany became wetter in the realization that her expanded pussy was surrounding her son’s wide cock in high-definition detail for the camera. A wet, squelching noise squished out of her with each down-stroke.

Knowing the camera would be focused on his dick as he fucked his mom, Ben lifted his head up as Tiffany moved toward him, his face coming into contact with her soft, heavenly tits. Tiffany hadn’t anticipated the position allowing for this exchange and enthusiastically swung her breasts into her son’s

face, lifting her body up and forward just enough for Ben's hungry mouth to suckle on one of her sensitive, extended nipples.

Tiffany's body jolted with Ben's aggressive mouth on her nipple. She was approaching climax faster than she'd expected and her mind wandered from the bounds of her character.

Forgetting the scene, and the recording, Ben lifted his hands up and grabbed his mom's tits, smashing them together in his face to enjoy the feeling of her abundant, soft cleavage. He moved his head back and returned to her nipples sucking on her left, then her right, with the force of a powerful vacuum. Pulling and coaxing each nipple from the areola, Ben ran his tongue around the tight flesh enjoying the way they felt. Sucking and smacking sounds came from his ravenous mouth as his tongue and lips surrounded the hard protuberances.

"OH, FUCK! BEN!" Tiffany was instantly gushing wetness all over her son's cock. Her sensitive nipples seemed to connect directly to the sensations she felt in her pussy.

"Suck Mommy's tits, Benny!" she yelled.

Taylor looked up from the camera in utter shock as she heard Tiffany's dialog depart dramatically from the script. 'Oh. Oh! They're off the script... and the plot! What happened to Ned?'

"MmmmmnnnnnMMMnnnmmmm," Ben moaned, his mouth full, as he happily complied with Tiffany's demands.

Taylor watched Ben's head and arms come to life and maul his mom's heaving breasts. Tiffany was looking down, watching as she offered herself to her son.

'That's not the unconscious Ned,' Taylor thought with a smile.

Rather than stop the scene, Taylor chose to take advantage of the opportunity. 'I'm getting this on video.'

Taylor noticed a change in Tiffany's pace and posture. She was leaning into Ben and letting him suck her tits, humming and moaning at the treatment she was receiving. Her body was moving fluently, in erotic waves of pleasure.

Ignoring the positioning of the camera, Taylor shot close-up footage of Ben's hungry, drooling

mouth latching on to his mother's tits, noticing that her own were aching for attention as well.

“AHH!” Tiffany sat up straight to give her breasts some relief from Ben's sucking.

She rolled her hips forward then back grinding her pelvis against the bottom her son's wide shaft. Ben's hands gripped her hips and encouraged her rhythmic grinding. Taylor slowly moved the camera's attention to their hips as Tiffany gyrated on her son's cock.

“Oh, yessss. Yes, baby. YES!” Tiffany's rhythmic grinding became faster. Her body's movement concentrated on a forward spot where her clit made contact with his skin.

“YES! BEN! OH FUCK!” Tiffany screamed as her pussy let loose a flood of wetness that poured down the length of Ben's shaft embedded in her hotness.

Taylor circled back behind to record Tiffany's quivering cunt as she climaxed on Ben's cock again. Tiffany's ass flexed and relaxed repeatedly, as her pussy throbbed on Ben's shaft. Her cum ran continuously down his dick to a thin puddle forming between Ben's legs.

Tiffany wasn't done.

Ben's hands lifted her tits up on her chest and squeezed them rigorously as Tiffany moaned and began rising up and down onto his thick rod.

"Oh, Yes." Her voice lower and preoccupied, as if she was concentrating on the new movement. She was using her thighs to lift her body up as her weight remained on her knees straddling her son.

Tiffany fucked Ben, rising and falling on about half his length for a good while, looking down into her son's eyes the entire time. Her eyes then closed, and her brow furrowed through another wet orgasm followed by a faster pounding.

Tiffany's body slowed and was now sliding up and down nearly the full length of her son's cock. She was really working it. Loud, skin-on-skin slapping sounds filled the room; like someone clapping very slowly.

"UNG! UNN! AHH!" She was riding the entire length of Ben's cock now as she gushed her hot cum onto his hard tool.

"OHH, GODDD! OHH, SHIT!" Tiffany closed her eyes, paused, then increased the pace again.

Ben held his mom's breasts as her upward motion lifted her body higher up his shaft. Tiffany had her arms on the outside of her tits, straight down, with her hands planted on Ben's chest, bracing herself so she could drive her hips with her legs.

Taylor couldn't believe the scene. Tiffany was fucking Ben hard and without reservation. There were times when she felt as though she were intruding in a private event, as if she wasn't supposed to be there at all.

She alternated shots of Tiffany's front as his thick cock disappeared, then reappeared into Tiffany's pussy, then moved around back to watch her ass bear-down on him from behind.

After several minutes of fucking, and growing increasingly tired, Tiffany leaned forward with Ben's cock still embedded deep within her and kissed her son passionately.

Taylor went back to record her ass as her cheeks separated and exposed her tight sphincter, Ben's cock was angled forward, trapped as if in a vise inside his mom. Her round cheeks visibly flexed and released as she moved.

Taylor was waiting for the scene to wind down, moving back to catch the two lovers in their embrace, but was surprised to see Tiffany get up and flip a leg over into a reverse cowgirl position while keeping Ben buried inside.

Tiffany crouched over Ben, facing away from him, her hands now on his knees for support. She began rising and lowering her hips again while Ben's hands clamped onto her ass. Taylor moved beside the two for an optimal view of the new position. She loved how Ben's thick shaft connected their two bodies as Tiffany pumped up and down.

“FUCK ME NED!” Tiffany yelled.

‘Ned? Is she trying to get back into character?’ Taylor's thoughts reeled as she tried to imagine what Tiffany must be thinking and feeling.

“Take that dick, sweetheart!” Ben used Ned's voice in reaction to his mom returning to character.

Taylor continued to film thinking about how difficult this will be to edit later.

Ben thrust his hips upward, synchronized with his mom's hopping body— his hands on her ass, then on the flat of her lower back as he pulled her down with each of his upward heaves.

“Keep that up young lady!” Ned’s scratchy voice rose above the din of Tiffany’s slapping body.

Despite her tired thighs and sore pussy, Tiffany increased her pace, slapping against her son’s hips.

“OH LORD! HERE IT IS!” Ned announced.

Tiffany could feel Ben was ready. She lifted her body from his cock and pushed her ass cheeks back so that his dick wedged between them, right down the middle.

Ben put his hands on the outside of Tiffany’s cheeks and pressed them in around his thick shaft. He used his thumbs to press his cock further into her ass cleavage. This money-shot was Taylor’s idea, as she knew from her angle beside them, she’d be able maximize the camera’s exposure to Ben’s cock.

“GAH!” Ned grunted and trembled.

His arched cock stiffened and issued a thick cum-blast up the left side of Tiffany’s back. The rich stream striped up to her shoulder blade, landing in a line, like a thin, white suspender.

“Ooooh, Ned!” Tiffany cried out, feeling the warm cum on her back.

Ben pumped his hips and fired again, spurting semen up into the air. It landed in a thick splotch on her ass cheek, only to be joined by his next stream, then the next. He ground the base of his dick against his mom's body as cum continued to jet out of him. The thick liquid launched in arcs from Ben's tip, splattering onto Tiffany's back and coating her crack between her cheeks and both sides of her round ass. A miniature river of cum ran down her crack, smeared between Ben's throbbing shaft and her tight, pink asshole.

Tiffany wiggled her butt all around the spurting cock creating a sexy scene for the camera.

“MMMmmm, so warm,” she cooed.

Tiffany leaned forward on all fours and Ned sat up, slapping her ass with his cock. He took the liberty of sliding his thick tool up and down her tight asshole wondering what it would feel like to penetrate her anally. He slapped her ass again and splashed the cum that had collected between her cheeks in a graphic, final shot.

“You're a naughty girl, Tiffany!” He collected his clothes and the camera shows him quickly scurrying away.

Tiffany huffed in faux-irritation. “Aren’t you going to at least clean me off?” She was standing with cum running down the length of her back and down her legs. “You better hope my husband doesn’t catch me like this!” she yelled after Ned.

With that, Taylor stopped the recording and lowered the camera in both hands down at her waist.

“That was... just... wow. I’ve never seen anything like that before.” Taylor’s eyes were wide as she looked at Ben, who had just returned from exiting the scene from around the corner.

Tiffany was reaching around wiping the cum off of her butt. She arched her back and moved the towel as far up as she could to be sure she swabbed it all.

She looked over to Taylor, “How do you think it turned out?”

“How hard was it to keep her face out of the shot?” Ben followed immediately before Taylor could speak. He grabbed the towel from his mom and finished wiping his cum off her back.

Taylor blinked wide at the two, both standing naked and still breathing fairly heavily before her.

“Seriously? You don’t remember totally breaking away from the script? You guys were all over the place, like you were just making it up as you went along.”

Tiffany looked at the ground, her face red with embarrassment. “Yes, come to think of it, there were a couple of times when I think I was saying Ben’s name.”

“That’s not like you, Tiffany! You’re normally so professional. I mean, don’t get me wrong, the scene was ridiculously hot. Everything about it, but whatever it was, the dialog wasn’t part of the ‘Annoying Neighbor’ series.”

Tiffany looked over at Ben. “Ben, would you mind giving us a moment?”

Ben looked at Taylor, then his mom and shrugged his shoulders. “Sure.” He had a difficult time understanding exactly what Taylor was saying, his head was still spinning from the orgasm he had just moments before.

Ben took the camera and his clothes and went up to his room. ‘I might as well start editing.’

“Let’s sit down on the couch, Taylor.” Tiffany wrapped herself in the towel that was now spotted

and blotched with her son's cum.

The two women sat and turned to face each other.

“Taylor, I think you know enough about Ben and my situation to understand the uniqueness of the circumstances we are now in.”

Taylor tried her best to listen attentively, her pussy was gushing wetness, causing her to squirm.

“Absolutely, Tiffany. I've never seen anything so erotic and taboo as watching the two of you have sex... it's just so... hot!” Taylor had a difficult time focusing on what the sexy woman was saying. She felt deprived after the graphic scene. Her body was aching for an orgasm.

“Well, it's a little difficult for me to control my impulses once the scene starts. What initially began as a way to help Ben out by being a part-time participant in his movies has now turned into something I can't control. I think we definitely need your help.”

“What do you want me to do?” Taylor separated her legs a little in an effort to calm her quivering pussy.

“Maybe, sometime in the future, you could begin recording a few scenes with Ben while I hold the camera? I have a few ideas in mind. This would help to keep things more professional and give me a chance to contribute to the project without acting in every video.”

Taylor held back a smirk, ‘I don’t think there’s too much acting going on, sweetie!’ She kept that thought to herself.

Taylor reached out to Tiffany and placed her hand on Tiffany’s smooth thigh in a sort of reassuring way. She felt a strange tingling in her stomach upon touching her skin and wanted to run her palm against the soft flesh all the way up to her crotch. This reaction caught Taylor off guard as she had never really had any sexual experiences with a woman before— but Tiffany wasn’t your average woman and Taylor found her almost irresistible at that point.

Tiffany looked down at Taylor’s hand and smiled awkwardly.

“Sorry.” Taylor blushed, then reluctantly removed her hand. “Tiffany, I would love to record some scenes with Ben, but I wanted to talk to Alex before

I made any new videos. I just feel Alex needs to hear it from me and not see it on the website.”

“Alex? You mean the one who cheated on you in Las Vegas? The one who took advantage of your skills and professional talent and drank himself into a stupor every day... the one who abandoned you?” Tiffany cut herself short. “I’m sorry. I have seen Alex’s influence on Ben and I know what he’s like.”

Taylor looked away. She knew that everything Tiffany was saying was true.

“Regardless, I would feel better if I spoke to him first.” Taylor knew Tiffany had a point. Alex was a leech, but it didn’t change the fact that she needed to talk to him, if for no other reason than to ease her own conscience.

Tiffany regretting saying what she did about Alex after seeing Taylor’s reaction. She decided to change the subject.

“Why don’t we see how Ben is coming along with the editing?” Tiffany got up and re-wrapped the towel around her torso. “I’ll be up right after I rinse off and change clothes.”

Taylor was anxious to see the video. She knew she was good with a camera, that part didn’t worry

her so much, but she was concerned whether there was enough of the recording to salvage after the edits. She had never experienced a thrill quite so intense as to see Ben and his mom having sex. She wondered if there was a way to have her own collection of the pre-edited footage from their videos, so she would be able to see Tiffany's face.

Taylor knocked on Ben's open door and entered his room. "How does it look?"

Ben gave Taylor a wide-eyed, shocked look. "Jesus."

"What?" Taylor plopped down next to Ben on the love seat and looked at the screen.

"It's just... I don't know. It's good. It's really good." Ben was reviewing the movie in 2x speed as he continued.

"I thought it would have to be scrapped. That there would be too much out of character dialog, accidental footage of mom's face, you know, that sort of thing. But this is incredible, Taylor." Ben looked at her with a new sense of awe. "You're an excellent camerawoman!"

"Oh good!" Taylor was delighted, "Thank you! So, you think we'll be able to edit without hurting

the scene too much?”

“There are a few parts where my mom goes off script and calls me by my name. I can just mute the audio here and there without much problem. You did such a great job with the camera work that mom’s face is out of nearly every shot. There’s not all that much editing to do, really.”

Tiffany had walked in the room listening to the conversation. “How wonderful! Good job, Taylor! I thought we would have to re-shoot that video.” Tiffany held up both hands for a high-five. “Go team!” They all laughed.

Ben finished preparing the video and uploaded it to Hot Amateurs. While on the site, he saw that their videos had made them a little over thirty thousand dollars. He would wait until he was alone with his mom before announcing the good news.

“Okay, you two. I’m going downstairs and lay down for a bit. Feel free to fix yourself something to eat when you get hungry.” Tiffany smiled and ruffled Ben’s hair, then leaned down and kissed Taylor on the cheek and whispered, “Don’t do anything I wouldn’t do.”

Taylor laughed and was immediately reminded how horny she was after filming the hot scene. “Okay, Tiffany, I won’t!” She winked.

The moment Tiffany was downstairs, Taylor moved on Ben.

“I’m so horny,” she whispered. She took Ben’s hand and guided it between her legs. Ben became excited when he discovered that she was panty-less.

“Wow! You’re wet!” Ben rubbed the first three fingers of his hand over Taylor’s mound causing her to chirp with excitement.

“Of course, I am! I just watched your mom give you the fucking of a lifetime right before my eyes.” Taylor giggled, thinking back to the hot scene.

She shook her head as if to refocus on Ben.

“I need you inside of me.” Taylor got up and pulled her dress over her head. The look on her face made it clear to Ben that he had little choice in the matter. “It won’t take long. Just take your pants off and sit back.”

He quickly complied and sat bare-assed on the love seat. Taylor wasted no time moving to straddle

him. She reached her hand under her body and lined his cock up to her wet pussy.

“God, I need this, Ben,” she whispered.

Taylor let out a gasp, then a moan as she slotted Ben inside her and lowered herself down onto his long, wide shaft. She felt her pussy stretch wide to accommodate him.

“Ohhh. Mmmm. Yessss.” She closed her eyes as she filled herself with Ben’s cock. “You’re hard as a rock!”

“I’m ready again. It was hot having you film Mom and me, Taylor.” Ben surrounded the outside of her breasts with his large hands and pressed them together causing her hard nipples to pop out and point forward.

Taylor pulled Ben’s head in to her neck and began grinding on his erection. She closed her eyes and thought, ‘Tiffany had this cock in her just thirty minutes ago.’

Ben was surprised at how wet she was. He realized how difficult it must have been for Taylor to have watched the scene without being able to satisfy herself.

Taylor was smashing herself onto Ben's cock in a hard, grinding motion. She knew he had already had more than enough stimulation earlier, so she focused on satisfying her own needs.

“Nnnnn! Oh, Bennnn!” Taylor's voice was high-pitched and needy, a sign to Ben that she was already getting close.

As if on cue, a warm gush flooded Ben's groin, the evidence of Taylor's climax.

Ben tried to lean back and penetrate her with more control, but Taylor pulled his face back into her bosom.

“Just... wait, Ben.” Taylor slammed her pussy down onto Ben's stiff rod repeatedly

Taylor's sex pulsed around Ben as she trembled through another orgasm.

When Taylor relaxed slightly, Ben took the opportunity to thrust himself upward causing Taylor's body to shake. He gave her several, deep, spearing thrusts, and pulled her down to get himself deeper.

“AAAAHHH!” Taylor's body tensed, and she slapped her hands weakly against his chest, unable

to speak for a few moments.

Then her body went limp as she panted into his ear, resting her arms on his shoulders.

“Oh God. Thank you! There’s no way I could go home without having an orgasm after that shoot.”

“I’m glad. There’s no way I can cum yet, so...” Ben made a straight-lipped pout.

“Yeah, well, I don’t exactly feel sorry for you!” Taylor teased. ‘You completely covered your mom’s ass with that huge load,’ she tickled his ribs, “you little motherfucker!”

Ben laughed thinking how accurate the crude nickname actually was.

Taylor dismounted Ben and dressed. “I’ll just keep my camera here. No use bringing it back with me. I have more to pack back at the condo. Alex’s mom is going to call later, and I should probably be home for that.”

Ben and Taylor said their good-byes and Ben returned to his room and jacked off to the video that they had recorded that day. He noted the small amount of ejaculate that he produced after his epic orgasm earlier. Looking down at his leg where he

deposited his trickle of semen he said aloud, “This is why I need to rest between scenes.” He wiped the semen with a tissue and tumbled onto his bed for a short nap.

The mother and son spent the rest of the day by the pool, Tiffany writing in her purple notebook, and Ben listening to music and responding to messages and emails from the website on his laptop. He looked up from his screen.

“Hey, Mom? How should we pay Taylor? I was thinking that you and I have too many videos online to just do a three-way split. What do you think we should do?”

“Maybe pay her per movie? Or split the revenue from the movies she’s in?” Tiffany looked up from her notebook and paused. “I don’t know, Ben. Now that I think about it, it sounds like it could get complicated.”

“We may be better off paying her a one-time fee. Having a different fee for camera work than for acting.” Ben decided he needed to speak with Taylor before giving the matter any more serious thought.

Ben watched his mom write in her notebook. “Any new ideas?”

Tiffany smiled an impish smile. The expression on her face was something Ben was only now getting used to. Growing up as Tiffany's son, he never saw the expression she now wore. It was the sexy, naughty smile reserved for a lover.

“Maybe.” She giggled.

Ben was relieved his mom had taken over so much of the conceptual part of their videos. It was a relief not to have to think of ways to get his mom naked or persuade her to participate. The opposite was now true. Tiffany seemed to truly enjoy the entire process: developing the story, writing the dialog, thinking of the camera angles, participating. It was more than he could have ever hoped for.

“Well?” Ben wanted to know what she had in mind. He noticed a pattern in his mom's sexual arousal. She was rarely ready for recording twice in one day where intercourse was concerned, so he knew that whatever idea she had would most likely be reserved for another day.

“I do have something in mind.” She looked up, her eyes scanning her son as he sat under the veranda.

“Hmmm. You look like you have a good one. What is it?” Ben walked over to the pool chair his mom was reclining upon and sat on the edge.

“It’s not a series, but it is more of a full-length video; a lot longer than the others. Want to hear it?”

Ben pretended to grab her notebook. “Give me that thing!” he teased.

“Okay, but wait until I tell you the entire plot before you say anything. Agreed?”

“You got it. Go ahead, Mom.”

“Before we talk about the plot, I wanted to explain the process. Instead of shooting three videos with three intercourse scenes, we shoot all the scenes as part of a single movie. We can shoot one part with you having an orgasm, then the next day, shoot another part, and so on until all the scenes have been shot. In some cases, we will record at the same time each day wearing the same clothes to make it look like a real-time sequence.”

“That sounds interesting, but do you think we’ll get more money from the single, longer video rather than releasing it as separate parts?” Ben was thinking that it would be easier to sell three, twenty-minute videos for twenty dollars each than a one-

hour video for sixty dollars. He also knew there was definitely a limit to what people would spend on a single video.

“That’s not why we’re doing it this way, Ben. I want to try this new approach as an experiment. It’s not all about money, you know.”

Tiffany looked up from her book to gauge Ben’s reaction. His comment made her realize that this was not about selling videos for her. This was Tiffany’s sex life. This was where her sexuality had taken her. Her train of thought wandered further to the realization that her writing the plot and script, her visualizing the scenes, then watching her fantasies come to life before the camera was driving her desire to make more movies. Tiffany became excited in the knowledge that any sexual thought she found arousing could make its way into her notebook and eventually take to life with her son. No, this wasn’t about money. This was far more complex than just selling videos. This was who she was now.

Tiffany forced herself back from her thoughts to listen to her son’s reaction.

“...Experiment. Okay. Sure, Mom. That sounds good. So, what’s it about? Will we need Taylor?”

“Yes, and it’s a bit complicated. Ready to hear the idea?”

“Yeah! Go ahead. I won’t interrupt.” Ben moved, sitting in the chair next to his mom to get more comfortable. He wanted to take his bathing suit off but decided against it. In fact, he chose to look away from his sexy mom in her miniscule white bikini, so he could better concentrate on her idea.

“It’s a mother and son video called ‘The Jealous Mother’. The story is about a mother who hasn’t had a romantic relationship with another man in years and becomes overly protective and subconsciously attracted to her son.”

Ben listened carefully. “Okay.”

“It’s a different sort of story that progresses slowly. The camera briefly shows the mom catching glimpses of her son as a man, she notices bulges and new muscles, that sort of thing. Anyway, one day, she catches him making out with his girlfriend...”

“Taylor?” Ben asked.

“Right,” Tiffany continued, “and she confronts him that night claiming that a nineteen-year-old girl doesn’t know how to kiss properly and that she doubts his girlfriend knew what she was doing. So,

she convinces her son to let her teach him how to kiss.”

Ben liked the idea. He didn’t feel like he could ever kiss his mom as often, or as passionately as he wanted to. This would be the perfect opportunity for more kissing.

“Interesting. So, what do we do about hiding your face, Mom? You can’t have a blurred-out face on a make-out scene like that. It would look…”

“I know, I know, it would look weird. And I’m proud to say that I think I have a solution to the whole blurred-out face problem.”

Ben was completely enthralled by his mom’s claim. Not being able to show her face was becoming a real pain in the ass.

She continued. “I was thinking a high-quality blonde wig and a pair of designer glasses with clear lenses. I could also wear my makeup differently.”

Ben thought about the idea. He liked it. In fact, it was brilliant, but he needed to see his mom in her costume before he would feel comfortable about recording scenes that showed her face.

“Do you even have a wig or glasses for that matter?”

“Not yet, but we can research them online and order a couple of wigs to be delivered. We can go to the eyewear store and pick out a pair of glasses.”

“Okay. So far so good. Continue.” Ben leaned back in his chair and crossed his hands over his stomach.

“A couple of days later, she comes home from work and catches the girlfriend giving her son a blowjob. Again, she watches from the safety of the other room and later confronts her son. This time she claims that a girl that young doesn’t have enough experience to perform fellatio properly on a man so well endowed.”

“Okay. I see where this is going. I like it.” Ben smiled, getting excited at the thought of being serviced by both Taylor and his mom in the same video.

“We will need to space-out the scenes to allow for your semen to build-up for the...” Tiffany’s eyes moved to Ben’s crotch.

Ben couldn’t help but smile. His cock throbbed in his shorts.

“...you know,” Tiffany continued, “the ‘money shot’.” She moved her eyes back to meet Ben’s, reluctantly.

“So, the recording will take several days.” Ben observed.

“Yes. It will have to. I think maybe four days.”

“Okay, keep going.”

“She gives her son a very enthusiastic and verbally narrative blowjob. The son begins to see his mom has a point but is feeling torn because he loves being with his girlfriend too. The jealous mother is trying to split the two up in order to have him all to herself, but the son won’t go for it. So, she has to try harder.”

“Like a sexual competition?” Ben asked.

“Exactly. A couple of days pass, and she hears them having sex in his room.”

Ben could see where his mom got the idea for the story from. He surmised it was the product of her own first-hand experience watching he and Taylor the other night in his bedroom. ‘Could mom be jealous of Taylor?’ he wondered.

“The next night, she wears some incredibly sexy clothes after dinner...”

Tiffany paused as Ben interjected, “She should probably increase the sexy clothes as the video goes on, don’t you think? Starting off conservative and gradually revealing more skin, and tighter clothing day-by-day?” Ben could see how this could be a full-length porn movie. In fact, it would have to be for the idea to work at all.

Tiffany scribbled in her notebook, then looked up and off into the distance.

“Great idea! The story could track the mother’s transformation from a stuffy, sexual conservative to a total slut for her son.”

A twinge of arousal swelled inside Tiffany in that moment. The words, “total slut for her son”, echoed in her mind. Even if her story idea was an embellishment, her real-life sexual situation with her son was running on the same course. Was she becoming a total slut for her son? She didn’t let herself answer that question. So, she thought it best to stop with her description of the rest of the video for the time being.

“That’s, um... that’s all for now. Let’s research wigs when we get inside.”

Ben sensed Tiffany’s reluctance to continue with her description of the story. Their own very recent personal story was wrapped up in this new video idea in a huge way. He could only hope she wouldn’t back out of this new project as he thought it was an excellent idea.

Ben and Tiffany looked together at several websites that sold wigs while at the kitchen table.

“I think blonde, don’t you?” Tiffany looked over at Ben.

“Yes, blonde. That’s more like your personality than black or brunette. But I think it should be a style that is different from how you normally wear your hair,” Ben offered.

They finally agreed on two wigs. One was a short, blonde bob style with light brown accents. The other was lighter blonde, longer, and layered in a style that looked very natural.

“Those are expensive! Over two-grand for a couple of wigs?” Ben had never given a thought as to the cost of a wig.

“They’re natural, human hair, so actually these are a pretty good deal. And if they work out, we can use these for all our future scenes and eliminate the need to blur or crop-out my face. We’ll just need to be careful. You can make quite a mess and they are hard to clean, Tiffany half-kid her son, her eyes drawing down to his crotch once again.

“I’m messy? Did you see what you did to the chaise lounge this morning?” Ben joked right back.

“Fair enough,” Tiffany conceded.

Tiffany retrieved her pocket book then returned to purchase the wigs.

“Scheduled delivery is in two days. That should give Taylor enough time to talk to Alex about recording in our video. Why don’t we go out for tacos at the taco stand? We can stop by the eyeglass store and see about frames.”

Tiffany and Ben dressed and left for the evening. She let Ben drive. It was a beautiful night. A cooler breeze had moved through the area and Tiffany was reminded of a time when she and his father would take long drives in one of his sports cars from his dealership. She didn’t miss Larry, but she missed the

companionship they once shared. She looked over at Ben wondering if he could fill that role someday.

As they neared the store, Tiffany forced herself out of her reminiscing.

“I thought I would get more prominent frames, like dark black plastic or tortoise shell. What do you think?”

Ben nodded. “Yes. That would be a good way to disguise your face a bit. Good idea.”

In the eyeglass store, Tiffany noticed that they had non-prescription, colored contact lenses.

“Hey, Benny. What do you think of these?” She pointed to the case.

“Wow! Awesome idea! Get the brown ones.”

Tiffany picked out some dark brown contacts and two eyeglass frames, one pair was black and rectangular shaped and the other was a tortoise shell color that were in a horn-rim style.

The technician would fit the non-prescription lenses into the frames while Ben and his mom went to get something to eat.

After dinner, Tiffany was trying on the new glasses in the store's mirror.

“Wow!” Ben looked carefully at his mother's face. “I'm surprised how drastically they change your appearance. You've got a hot librarian thing going on.” Ben could feel blood flowing into his penis and wondered if there would be a way to have sex with his mom later in the night.

“I do look different, don't I? We should have thought of this before.” Tiffany turned her head from side-to-side trying to look at every angle of her face.

“I like the black frames better,” Ben added.

“Me too, but the tortoise shell frames give a totally different shape to my face. I want those as well.” Tiffany smiled.

Later that night, Ben stretched out on his bed, tossing from one side to the other. He fantasized about going into his mom's room naked and getting into bed with her but decided she would probably refuse him.

Tiffany sat up writing in her purple notebook, laying out the scenes for the second half of the video. She desperately wanted to feel her son's cock deep inside her again, but felt she should hold off on

having sex with him until later. What she and Ben had was special. She couldn't stop thinking about his cock, his body, his energetic and sexual nature. She never wanted it to become routine or have the exciting feelings she carried with her all day to dull in any way.

Ben and Tiffany went to bed that night horny for each other, despite having just had sex that morning.

Ben awoke the next morning to a text from Taylor.

—HEY— IS THE VIDEO POSTED YET? —

—I HAVN'T CHECKED—

—OH—

—HEY, MOM AND I HAVE A NEW VIDEO PLANNED. WE NEED YOU IN IT—

Ben hoped Taylor was serious about acting in their videos. There was a pause in the texting for a couple of minutes.

—I TOLD ALEX LAST NIGHT. CALL ME.

Ben anxiously pressed Taylor's contact number. Hoping all was well.

“Hey, Tay. So, how did it go?”

Taylor cleared her throat, “It was, okay. He’s not wanting to be there, you know, in rehab. He thinks all he needed was to sober up and that he’s fine to come back home.”

Ben felt strangely nervous. He hadn’t thought of the possibility that Taylor would go back to Alex.

“Ben?”

In that moment he realized that he had been silently going over in his mind thoughts of Alex returning and Taylor giving him another chance.

“Yeah. I’m here.” Ben paused again, not having anything else to say.

“I told him that I’m moving out and that I don’t want to see him again. I also said I was going to keep doing videos on my own.”

Ben smiled, then let out a loud sigh as he held the phone against his chest. He felt instant relief.

“How did he take the news?”

“He didn’t seem to care. He just wanted to be sure he was going to get half of our income from the videos we already made.” Taylor sighed.

“How is that going to work exactly?”

“I told him I would keep our bank account active so that he would have access to the money, but I already changed the Hot Amateur account password so that I have control over the videos. If he empties the account or takes more than his half, I will remove our bank information from the site and he’ll get nothing.”

“Wow. That’s smart. Good thinking.” Ben was impressed with Taylor’s solution.

“I will set up a new video account if I want to do anything on my own so he gets nothing from anything I do in the future.”

Ben nodded approvingly on his end of the phone.

“It feels great to have this off my back, Ben.”

“I bet. Hey, I know this must be a lot to go through so if you want to take a break from recording videos...”

“Are you kidding? Ben, I can’t wait to move on and get started on my new life! Tell me about the new idea.”

“It would be best if you came over. Can you?”

“I can be there in about an hour.”

“Great! See you in an hour.”

Ben smiled looking at his phone. He felt this was the beginning of an exciting new chapter in his life. He couldn't wait to tell his mom.

“How about some coffee and oatmeal?” Ben was sitting in his room at his desk, about to look at the website and the status of their latest video when he turned to see his mom in her kimono robe holding a tray. She smiled, looking full of energy, with her red hair in a bun and her deep, exposed cleavage.

“Awesome! Thanks, Mom.” Ben closed his laptop and cleared a space for the tray. “I spoke to Taylor just now. She broke up with Alex and can start appearing in our videos.”

“That's great news, Ben!” Tiffany felt relieved that Taylor followed-through on her promise.

“She'll be here in an hour.” Ben began eating his oatmeal.

Tiffany sat on the love seat and watched Ben eat.

“Today, we can review the idea and if Taylor is up for it, record the first scene.” Tiffany was still

horny from the night before but decided not to act on her urges.

“Sounds good Mom.”

Tiffany waited for Ben to finish and cleared his tray. She busied herself taking a shower and getting ready for the day.

Tiffany took the full hour to make her transformation to her new identity as the jealous mother. She took her time to brush her hair under the wig and attach it to the back with bobby pins. She applied her makeup, feeling herself growing more excited with anticipation and fighting the temptation to masturbate ahead of the scene. She wanted to be fresh for the camera.

Next, she got into her outfit. The goal was to appear as a professional woman. Her top was a short-sleeved teal-colored blouse with one of her most supportive and conservative bras. She had a white skirt that came just above the knee and a pair of teal pumps that matched her top. As she adjusted her clothing in the mirror, she noticed how completely different she looked. The longer blonde wig she wore looked natural and her glasses and colored contacts gave her a completely different appearance.

“I’m unrecognizable as Tiffany,” she remarked to herself.

Tiffany rounded the corner of her bedroom and sauntered into the kitchen where Ben and Taylor were making small talk.

“Good God, Mom! You look amazing!” Ben stood up immediately and began circling his mom looking her up and down. “The wig, the glasses, your makeup— you look completely different.”

“I know! I can’t believe it myself,” Tiffany agreed.

“You nailed the conservative clothing, hell, you could go to church dressed like that,” Taylor offered.

Wanting to get on with the filming, Tiffany reached for the camera. “Are we ready?” Tiffany held the camera up. “Remember, Taylor, your name is Amanda for this movie.”

Taylor raised a thumbs-up to Tiffany.

Ben and Taylor would be in the seldom-used den sitting on the couch. Ben wore a pair of white soccer shorts and a blue V-neck T-shirt and Taylor was dressed in her red shorts and white tank top. The shot would be from Tiffany’s point of view, walking

in the house from their garage. Her dialog would provide the necessary background to the first scene.

“Ready!”

Tiffany handed the camera to Taylor who recorded Tiffany closing the door of her SUV and walked into the kitchen door from the garage. Once inside, Taylor handed the camera over to Tiffany and got into place on the couch next to Ben.

After closing the garage door, Tiffany recorded her path from the kitchen door to the garage, through the kitchen, and down the hall to where she could see the couch in the den.

She narrated the scene as she recorded. “I’m about at my wits end. No sex in three years. I can’t take it anymore. I’m wet almost all the time. It’s all I can do not to jump the plumber or the cable guy when they come to service my house. I feel like a hormone-riddled teenage boy.”

The camera recorded Tiffany placing her purse and the mail on the kitchen counter and removing her heels. She began sorting through the mail as she stood in the kitchen.

“Junk... junk... bill...” Tiffany looked up as something caught her attention, raising the camera.

On the couch in the den, Ben and Taylor were passionately kissing.

“What in the heck?” Tiffany held the camera steady as she crept across the hallway toward the den.

She zoomed-in on the couple from a distance of about twenty feet and shot. They were intertwined like familiar lovers, tongues appearing as their heads twisted alternately from side-to-side. In a sloppy, noisy kissing session.

‘No, this is no good.’ Tiffany thought.

“Cut. Stop.” Tiffany paused the camera and walked into the room.

Ben and Taylor looked up puzzled.

“What’s up, Mom?” Ben was just getting into it and was a little put off by the interruption. He was already showing a small bulge.

“I guess I didn’t convey what I had in mind very clearly. You two need to show a little less experience. You can’t be French kissing with such obvious expertise. You need to be more awkward.”

“I don’t get it.” Taylor had a difficult time understanding what Tiffany was trying to say.

Tiffany explained, “I need to approach Benny with advice and show him how much better his mom is at kissing than his girlfriend. For this to work on camera, there needs to be more of a contrast between Amanda’s kissing and Benny’s mother’s.”

Ben looked toward Taylor who was sitting with one leg straddled over his lap and arms hanging around his neck. “I think I get it. Let’s cool off on the making out a little. No tongue and try to be stiffer.”

“Okay. I’ll act like I’m not a good kisser.” Taylor winked at Ben.

Ben and Taylor sat side-by side angled awkwardly toward each other. Taylor’s hands were on her legs as if afraid to put them anywhere else.

Tiffany began recording at the point where she looked up while sorting through the mail.

She stopped suddenly, whispering, “Oh my God. Benny and Amanda are making out.” The camera focused on the couple sitting on the couch in the den.

Tiffany approached slowly as she walked down the hall to film the two. Ben had his hand on Taylor’s knee and was kissing her with pursed lips.

The two looked exactly how Tiffany had envisioned: inexperienced, awkward, experimenting nineteen-year-old teens kissing when mom was out of the house.

Taylor was having a difficult time refraining from laughing. She found it silly and fun to pretend to not know how to kiss.

It was Tiffany's cue.

"Benny and Amanda! That'll be enough of that!" she said with a booming voice.

The two lovers broke their labored embrace and Benny stood up as a reaction to being caught. Tiffany noticed Ben's small bulge had grown significantly in his pants. He didn't look fully hard, but his erection was visible.

"Mom! We were just kissing... I was..."

"Sorry, Mrs. Johnson." Amanda stood and looked down, then after a pause, looked over to Benny.

"I have to get home anyway, Benny." Amanda took a step away from Benny and walked quickly around the corner to the front door.

Tiffany followed her out to the hallway, then turned back and trained the camera on Benny.

Taylor moved behind Tiffany out of the shot. She snuck around to a position behind her back and watched the scene as Tiffany continued to film.

“So, Benny. How long have you and your little neighbor friend been together?”

Tiffany held the camera recording Benny and his reaction. She moved it down to his crotch to highlight his large tented bulge, then focused on his face after catching the erection on camera.

“Uh. Well, it just sort of happened. I don’t know, about a month?”

“A month. And how long have you been sneaking around?”

“Mom, we’re not sneaking around. We’re both over eighteen and it’s none of your business. Okay? I can have a girlfriend.”

“I’m sorry, you’re right. You can have a girlfriend, if that’s what she is. She doesn’t kiss like a girlfriend, but she seems sweet enough.”

At this point, Taylor came up behind Tiffany and carefully took control of the camera. Tiffany passed the camera off and Taylor resumed the filming.

Tiffany walked into the frame and sat where Amanda was previously kissing Benny. She sat with her legs closed together, her knees pointed to her right side where Benny would sit.

Tiffany reached up and took hold of Benny's hand, careful not to brush his jutting bulge. She guided him down to his seat on the couch.

“Come sit down, Benny.”

Seeing Tiffany in her disguise was a surreal experience for Ben. He knew it was his mom, but she didn't look like her. She was a hot, big-titted MILF, no doubt about it. No matter what get-up she wore, there was simply no hiding that body.

“A strong, young man like yourself needs a real woman, one who knows how to treat you, one who knows how to stand up for you, and one who knows how to please you.”

Tiffany sat with a straight posture, her lower back curved, her chest pushed out prominently. Even in her most appropriate clothing, she gave off a sexual energy that was hard to ignore. Her nipples felt hard enough to show right through the conservative shirt and the supportive bra she was wearing.

“I think Amanda does all those things. She’s real nice to me, Mom. You’d like her.”

Tiffany looked to the side, then right at Benny, “I’m sure I will, son. I must admit she’s cute. Even if she doesn’t know how to... well... uh, never mind.”

“Never mind what, Mom? Wait, what do you mean she doesn’t know how to...?”

“Well, Benny, I mean come on! She obviously doesn’t know how to kiss. That’s not exactly hard to see.”

“Oh.” Benny looked away from Tiffany.

“Maybe, there’s someone more experienced you can practice on, you know, so you can show Amanda how to do it?”

“Are you saying I don’t know how to kiss?”

“I’m just suggesting that from what I saw, neither one of you know how to kiss very well, but Amanda didn’t seem into it at all.”

Tiffany slowly rubbed her skirt-covered thighs as if petting her legs. She was going crazy with lust for Ben but couldn’t let this show to the camera.

But Taylor caught it all: Tiffany's nervous fidgeting and the small bumps of her stiffening nipples as they became barely visible. It was clear that Tiffany's character was caught in a bit of a conflict.

"Gosh, Mom. I have no idea who I could practice on. It wasn't easy finding a girlfriend."

"Benny. I'll tell you what. As long as you promise not to tell a soul, including Amanda, maybe I could teach you a few pointers." Tiffany smiled, her eyebrows rose enthusiastically.

"Geeze, Mom. That would be great! Would you?"

"Yes, I think that would be okay. You need to see what it's like to kiss a real woman."

"Wait, you mean actually kiss? Seriously, Mom? I thought you were just going to give me a few pointers." Benny pulled back slightly from his mom.

"How about a little of both?" Tiffany said.

Benny paused. "Okay... I guess. What do you want me to do?"

"Just sit back and try to copy what I'm doing. Match what I'm doing with my mouth."

Benny turned toward his mom and moved his head closer to hers trying to remember to act like he had no idea how to kiss. He would let his mom lead in the kiss.

Ben was very excited to be able to have a kissing session with his mom. For some reason, he never tried to kiss her like a lover would. Even though he was having regular sex with her, he still felt that would be too intimate for her.

As Tiffany moved her upper body closer to Ben's she began her instructions.

“When you kiss a woman, the first thing you need to do is lick your lips and get them moist.”

Taylor took full advantage of the new freedom she had recording Tiffany's face and zoomed in to her full, red lips. Tiffany licked the top lip slowly, leaving them wet and shiny.

“Relax them so that they are not rigid and tight. Let your mouth open just a bit like this.” She demonstrated for her son.

“Do you think you can do that? Let me see you try.”

Ben sat entranced by his mother's hypnotic, sexual voice and the sight of her soft lips. 'This is better than sex,' he thought.

As per her instructions, he ran his tongue over his lips imagining how good it will feel to kiss his mom.

"That's it Benny. Now, lean toward me and gently press your lips against mine. Move them so they are in full contact, but don't tense them up in any way."

Ben moved his mouth toward his mother's and pressed his lips softly against hers. The feeling was sublime. So passionate, yet so restrained. The energy between them developed instantaneously. He kissed his lips against hers innocently for a few minutes as she returned his soft pressure.

Tiffany backed away. "That was wonderful! Now, as we kiss, begin to move your mouth open a little more and slowly and gently search for my tongue. Your tongue shouldn't be too hard. Don't flex it. It should be wet and a little soft."

Again, Ben met his mother's lips and kissed her, open-mouthed, for a couple of minutes before gently French kissing her. The feeling of her tongue was exciting, the slower pace was building his arousal to

an intoxicating level. Tiffany and Ben tongue-kissed gently for far longer than Taylor thought was necessary. ‘We’ll have to cut some of this,’ she thought.

“Benny, you’re really catching on! Let’s increase the effort a bit. Let me show you.”

Tiffany moved in like a panther on its prey. Her lips parted— desirous of Ben’s lips and tongue. The anticipation of kissing her son without any restrictions was killing her, and her crotch was becoming hot and wet as the dialog progressed.

Ben felt his mom’s soft, full lips surround his own and was surprised by how aggressive she kissed from the very first moment their lips locked together in this new kiss.

Tiffany’s butt rose off the couch as her body surged toward Ben. She forced her tongue deep into his mouth and wrapped it around his, spiraling and twisting in a slippery grapple. The saliva was building up between them, which she swallowed as she backed off. She was breathing hard, almost panting.

“You see how my tongue was playing with yours? Did you feel my lips press a little more

tightly as I opened my mouth?”

Before Ben could deliver his lines, Tiffany was latched onto his mouth again, this time, she was moving her head and lips around frantically. She was obviously turned on. In a moment of pure lust, she lost her character completely and instinctively grabbed Ben’s pulsing cock over his shorts.

“Mmmm!” She could be heard moaning on camera.

Taylor decided to stop the recording this time as it strayed too far from the storyline.

“CUT.” Taylor lowered the camera and paused it. “Okay, Tiffany. Grabbing Ben’s dick is not in the scene. Didn’t we all agree this first scene was going to be tame?”

Taylor raised the camera and rested it on her shoulder. She stood with one leg off to the side, obviously annoyed.

Tiffany sat back onto the couch and let out a loud sigh. At that moment, she despised the fact that Taylor was in the room. ‘Damned if I wouldn’t fuck Ben right here and now if it weren’t for Taylor.’

Tiffany adjusted her wig in the back and straightened her blouse.

“No, you’re right. I was on autopilot, I guess. Sorry. Let’s continue.”

The camera recorded as Tiffany resumed kissing Ben passionately, but without any out-of-character touching. She broke away after a minute.

“I can feel you returning my kiss. Can you tell the difference between how I kiss you and how Amanda kisses?”

“Oh, yes, Mom. You’re a much better kisser. At least now I can show her a few things.” Ben was fully hard and wanted nothing more than to fuck the shit out of his mom, to unload deep inside her. He too had the thought that were it not for Taylor, the two of them would be in the middle of some of the best sex of his life.

“Great! Why don’t we get ready for dinner now?”

“CUT.” Taylor said loudly. “Okay. That was good. It was a solid start that didn’t take up too much time. Our viewers aren’t paying to see you two kiss, you know.”

The day was not over. Tiffany had two more wardrobe changes that put her into a sexier outfit for dinner, then a negligée with a plunging neckline for the final shot.

Ben held the camera part of the time for these in order to narrate his thoughts about his mom's wardrobe changes. Taylor recorded a few shots of Tiffany ogling her son's crotch and arms to show her attraction to her son.

The dinner scene had Benny at one end of the table and his mom at the other. Taylor set the table, made salads and even placed a few dinner rolls in a basket to make the scene more authentic. She was now recording.

“You know, Benny, it's been three years since your dad left us.”

“I know, Mom. Almost to the day.” Benny ate his salad, staring at his plate.

“That's right, it was in the summer, wasn't it? Anyway, I just wanted to let you know what a help you've been filling his role as man of the house. Thank you.”

“It's okay, Mom. I kind of like it just being the two of us.” Ben remembered his lines perfectly, but

it wasn't until his speaking them in front of the camera that he realized they were a reflection of his mom's thoughts, her innermost thoughts about their real-life circumstances. The story in the video was slightly different, but the meaning, the sincerity, was carried in her tone of voice in a way that simply reading lines would not have conveyed. After several more lines to set the story, they were done recording.

Tiffany went to change, and Taylor set up Ben's bedroom for the final shoot of the day.

"Help me close the blinds, will you, Ben? This room needs to be dark, like night time dark." Taylor was setting up their makeshift lights and looking into the camera to check how it looked.

Ben closed the shades. "I think it's good enough. The camera won't be focused on the windows anyway. This should do."

Tiffany came in wearing a black, full length negligée. Although it was revealing, it was nothing close to what she would normally wear. Ben could see her inviting cleavage and was reminded how horny he had been all day.

Taylor began filming once Ben and Tiffany were in place. Ben was tucked into bed, Taylor was at the foot of the bed sitting on her knees. Tiffany approached from the side.

“Would you like to practice a little more before bed, Benny?” She leaned over Ben, then took a seat on the edge of the bed.

Her blonde hair looked freshly brushed and natural. Enough of her breasts shown under the lingerie to be sexy and suggestive. By now, her stiff nipples could be seen under the lacey, black fabric. She leaned on her elbow getting close to Ben’s face.

Benny sat up eagerly, bare chested. “Yeah, sure, Mom. That would be great!”

They began kissing, tentatively at first, but with growing passion and intensity. Soon, Ben’s persistent erection bulged up from under his sheets. Tiffany struggled to keep her hands off of Ben as their make out became steamier, but this time she was able to stay in character. Taylor filmed a good five minutes of romantic kissing before Tiffany broke free.

“Whew,” she fanned her flushed face. “You’re getting good at this, Benny! If you ever need to

practice, just let me know.”

“I will, Mom. Thanks.”

With a gentle smile, Tiffany rose off the bed and the camera shot her leaving the bedroom.

“Cut. Great! That’s the first day. Three hours of work for about fifteen minutes of footage. Not exactly what we’re used to, but we’ll have to see how it plays out.”

Ben was thinking about the set up for the next scenes. ‘Why did this have to be the end of the shoot? It was only three o’clock, after all,’ he wondered. He suspected the blowjob scene would be next and badly needed to unload his heavy balls after being turned on for so long.

“Why can’t we keep filming? The only reason we have to record on more than one day is because of my being able to regenerate for big finishes and to match the same hour of day in terms of lighting, right? Or am I wrong?”

Tiffany looked at Taylor and shrugged her shoulders, “I guess we could video the next scene.”

“The awkward blowjob scene?” Taylor asked.

“Yes.” Tiffany had a hand against her chin, thinking deeply.

“Do I get to cum in that scene?” Ben was rubbing his cock over the sheets. The formality of the day’s filming made him wonder if the three of them had regressed to a less-sexual approach to their filming. At that moment, he hated the story and its slow start.

Tiffany was more than a little flustered herself knowing that Taylor was going to suck Ben’s beautiful cock while she had to film their fun. She was hoping to get Ben into bed somehow after Taylor had left, but that was far less likely if he was going to get a blowjob from Taylor within the next hour.

Tiffany responded. “Actually, no, you don’t cum. Remember, I interrupt you two.”

“Actually, I think your mom is right, Ben. She walks in and Amanda has to leave. But we don’t have to go by the script completely.”

Tiffany scowled at Taylor as she got up from the bed to put the camera down on Ben’s desk. ‘She wants to suck his cock, I know she does,’ she thought.

Taylor's eyes suddenly lit up. "I know! Let's do a dry-run and see how the entire scene is going to play out?"

Tiffany's heart raced at the idea.

"Yes. Good idea, Taylor. We can rehearse your blowjob, pretending to be inexperienced of course."

"Of course," Taylor concurred.

"Then, I can come in and rehearse a better blow job. Taylor, you can give me behind the scene tips."

Ben cast aside his reservations and threw the covers back on his bed. He peeled his underwear down to his knees and started stroking his cock. Listening to his mom and Taylor go back and forth about how they would both suck his cock, one after the other, was too much for him to take without touching himself.

"Well, looks like Benny's ready to go, Amanda!" Tiffany said, laughing.

Taylor had her eyes locked on Ben's cock as he stroked it and immediately crossed the room and sank to her knees. She was about to start on Ben right there. Tiffany felt she needed more control over the situation.

Just as Taylor's mouth was about to close over Ben's head, Tiffany blurted out, "Why don't we go down to the living room where this is going to be filmed tomorrow?"

Taylor and Ben looked over at Tiffany. Ben's hands were already on Taylor's head.

"Taylor, bring the camera just in case we need to record anything."

Taylor shrugged and got up from the floor. She collected the camera, turned the extra lights off, and led Ben downstairs. He followed, naked. His hard cock bounced with each stair as he wound his way down and around to the living room.

Tiffany came in with a large, white quilt and spread it over the couch and part of the floor as they stood awaiting her direction.

"Okay. Taylor is sitting on the couch, then Ben is next to her," Tiffany directed.

Taylor already had Ben's thick cock in her hand and was stroking it without thinking as they stood next to each other listening to Tiffany. She was ready.

Ben sat on the quilt-covered couch, followed shortly by Taylor. She never broke her stroke on Ben as they got into place.

“Okay, the scene will start with the camera slowly approaching. So as soon as you hear me in the kitchen when we shoot for real tomorrow, you can start the bad blowjob,” Tiffany explained.

Taylor lowered her head and Ben aimed his cock toward her mouth as he put a hand on her head. They were both eager for Taylor to get her lips around Ben’s dick when she paused and lifted her eyes to Tiffany.

“How does a ‘bad blowjob’ look?”

Tiffany looked over to Ben. “Well?”

“Actually, I have some experience here,” he confirmed, smiling.

Taylor lifted her head and gave a short chortle loud enough that Tiffany shot a quick glance her way.

“Okay, well?” Tiffany prodded.

Ben grabbed Taylor gently by the back of the neck and eased her face back down toward his groin. It was an awkward position. She was sitting with her

butt on the cushion, her feet together on the floor, and her torso wrenched sideways in order to access Ben's cock.

She began to move from the strange angle when Ben stopped her.

“No, don't move, that's part of it. That position you're in... it's like you don't know how to be comfortable in the situation and you have just done the bare minimum to give me head. It's perfect.”

Taylor grunted. “Ugh. Okay, now what?”

“Open your mouth just enough to get about two inches in. Wrap your lips tightly around your teeth like you're afraid they're going to scrape me.”

Taylor made an awkward face, covering her teeth with her lips, and put Ben's head in her mouth.

Tiffany started to laugh at the sight. It clearly looked like Taylor didn't have a clue as to what she was doing.

Ben continued, “Okay, now move your upper body and keep your neck straight so that you're only taking a couple of inches into your mouth. Don't try to take any more.”

Taylor practiced a bit to get the action just right. It was far from what she had in mind when she suggested a dry-run earlier. She bobbed her head shallowly and awkwardly, groaning, obviously uncomfortable.

“Great. Let’s be clear that this is not a good blowjob,” Ben clarified snidely.

Taylor popped her mouth off. “Where should I place my hands?”

“Put one at your side helping you balance yourself and use your thumb and index finger to hold my dick, as if you don’t really want to touch it, so you provide the least amount of contact that is required to steady it.”

Taylor went through the motions, performing her worst blowjob ever for a few minutes.

Both Ben and Tiffany winced at the purposely awful oral Taylor was performing on Ben.

When she began to giggle, all three started to bust out laughing.

“Okay, okay, I got it.” Taylor got up laughing. Her desire to suck Ben’s cock had somehow diminished.

Tiffany immediately sat next to Ben, where Taylor had been. Her hand instantly wrapped around Ben's shaft and she began stroking him. It felt slightly wet from Taylor's mouth.

"I'll start with the 'I caught you' dialog we wrote, then I'll change positions." Tiffany's hand continued stroking Ben as she explained the gist of the scene with the other two. The trio was becoming noticeably aroused. After the laughter subsided, they were reminded just how turned on they had become as a result of their sexless recording that day.

Ben sat, watching his mom stroke him. He wanted to cum on her face right then, but something was off. Her disguise! They weren't filming, so it served no purpose. If he was going to cum on her face, he wanted to see Tiffany, his mom, splattered with cum, not just the facsimile.

"Mom, can you take the wig and glasses off?"

Tiffany smiled and slowed her strokes. 'He wants to see his mom suck his cock,' she thought. The idea sent shivers over her whole body and she immediately became gushing-wet knowing her son was turned on by her natural appearance.

“Of course.” Tiffany carefully unfastened the wig and removed the glasses, handing them to Taylor, who placed them carefully on the end table. She shook her lustrous, red hair and gathered it behind her shoulders loosely.

“How’s that?” she asked.

“Much better, Mom, thanks.”

Tiffany knelt on the floor between her son’s legs and slowly spread them a little wider. Ben’s aching, red-hot colossus raged at her firm grasp as she wrapped her fingers as far as they could go around the monster.

“You are so fucking big, Ben.” Tiffany almost whispered as she shot a look to her son that said, ‘I need this cock.’

Ben sat back and was finally able to receive some sexual satisfaction after an entire day of being teased.

Tiffany pulled his cock toward her steamy, wet, lips and ran them closed over the glans and underside. She loved how smooth and satiny it felt against her.

“That feels great, Mom,” Ben commented, placing an encouraging hand on her shoulder.

She opened her mouth and extended her tongue, lapping at the hard meat in front of her. She kept her tongue stuck out and wet the long, wide sides, making it shiny and plastic looking.

“Mmmm, Ben.” She opened her mouth wider and engulfed the heated knob circling her tongue around its girth.

“Damn, Mom. I love that.”

Taylor was flush. She felt slighted by Tiffany’s role that she wrote for herself. ‘Tiffany’s the heroine in this story. She comes in and saves the day from the horrible teenager that doesn’t know what she’s doing. Well, I’m not getting sidelined that easily.’

Taylor got on her knees next to Tiffany and lifted Ben’s leg over her head. The lucky young man now had two hot women between his legs.

“Oh shit...” he remarked quietly.

“That’s good, Tiffany, but let me try to go deeper than the first time you put your mouth around him.” Taylor put her hand around Ben’s base and gently pulled his dick toward her.

Tiffany felt Taylor's pull and reluctantly removed her mouth. She relented to Taylor's example as the younger woman shifted the cock to her side.

In one smooth action, Taylor slid the swollen member into her mouth, tilted her head down, and put half of Ben's length down her throat. She took a deep breath through her nose, then reversed and stopped at the head and moaned, "Nnnnn".

She tilted her head and slid her throat down again expanding it for the thick tool as she took over half the cock into her. Taylor blinked up at Ben first, then angled her head toward Tiffany, looking at her as if to say, 'See, take it deep like this.'

Tiffany thought Taylor was trying to show off, even though she looked like some kind of animal with a distended jaw, taking so much of Ben's thick member down her throat.

As she watched, Tiffany was flustered at first, but became more aroused by the second. Without planning it, she and Taylor were sharing her son's massive cock between them in a sort of blowjob duel. She still wore her negligée and didn't want to get it messy, so she stood up and removed it, placing it out of the way. As she shuffled back into position next to Taylor and between Ben's legs, she felt how

sopping wet she'd become. She knelt, watching Taylor fellate her son with her right hand now rubbing her enormous and extended clit.

“Here, you try.” Taylor handed Ben’s cock to Tiffany.

Not wanting to be shown up, and feeling heady from the growing sexual energy, she eagerly stuffed as much of Ben’s thick pole as she could into her wet mouth and down her throat.

‘Taylor’s good, but I am built for Ben’s big dick,’ she thought.

She let up, coughed a little, then began seriously sucking on half of her son’s penis as Taylor took her shorts and panties off, throwing them to the other side of the couch.

Slurping, sucking, gagging, and soft moans were the backdrop for the best blowjob Ben had ever had. His gaze was fixed on whomever had his cock in her mouth at the moment. He soon became overstimulated watching his mom bob on half of his meat down her throat with each penetration, then Taylor do the same, almost as if to match abilities.

On her turn, Taylor wedged Ben’s head and several inches between her teeth and the side of her

mouth. The thick cock bulged obscenely out the side of her face. Then “POP” she extracted it from the side and offered it to Tiffany, “Here, you’re turn.”

Not to be out done or interfere with the sexual rhythm the three had developed, Tiffany did the same, placing the enormous dick under her cheek only to pop it out with the sound of a small champagne bottle being uncorked.

“That sounds so nasty!” Tiffany looked at Ben smiling.

The two women worked Ben thoroughly and energetically. Gradually, the blowjob began to change from a competitive bout to more of a collaboration. Tiffany and Taylor soon had both of their mouths on Ben at the same time. One would mouth his head while the other kissed, licked, and rubbed his shaft, or sucked his balls, then they’d switch. Their mouths and tongues touched on more than a few occasions as they worked on pleasing him. Ben’s entire crotch became wet from their efforts.

This prolonged, double-sucking went on for what Ben thought was a good twenty minutes before he began to hear Taylor moaning. She had moaned as she sucked his cock before, but this was out of sync

with her movements. Tiffany was sucking on Ben using a combined mouth-throat-mouth approach on his shaft, watching Ben's reaction to her efforts. She held his cock in her right hand as Taylor was next to her on her left. Taylor's face was resting on his thigh and she was sucking loudly on his right nut as she moaned. He adjusted his view by sitting up straighter to get a better line of sight.

It was then that Ben noticed Tiffany's left hand was between Taylor's legs cupping and playing with her shaved pussy as Taylor wiggled and writhed upon it.

“Oh fuck!” Ben felt a spritz of precum slip out of his dick. He almost blasted his load down his mom's throat at the sudden realization that his mom and Taylor were playing with each other. Time seemed to slow as he looked at his mom's hand giving Taylor a ride. He had to grab his dick and squeeze it, wrenching it from Tiffany's mouth and grip.

Tiffany smiled at her sexual prowess, tasting Ben's precum and feeling Taylor's clenching pussy around her fingers. She'd almost gotten them both off simultaneously by herself.

Taylor's brow was furrowed as she looked desperately at Tiffany. Ben watched in utter disbelief

as his mom removed Taylor's shirt exposing her huge, firm tits, jiggling from the release of the tank top. Taylor moaned loudly in anticipation.

“Lie down on the floor, Ben,” his mom commanded urgently.

Ben stood up and stepped away from the women, then nearly threw himself down at the request. Taylor crouched over him, her mouth closing over his cock. She resumed her work, bobbing and sucking, drooling copiously and moaning. She got onto her elbows and knees between Ben's legs, her head bobbing on much of his full length slowly with one hand caressing his heavy balls.

Tiffany moved behind Taylor, who seemed drunk with lust as she moaned and bobbed. She positioned herself on her knees behind her. Taylor felt Tiffany's hands on her ass and shifted, spreading her legs wider and arching her back to push her butt upwards. Suddenly, her eyes flew open and she moaned loudly, looking at Ben.

Tiffany's eyes smiled at Ben, her tongue inside Taylor's tight wet pussy. Ben's mom was working on Taylor from behind.

“Jesus.” Ben exclaimed quietly. ‘This is far better than any porn I’ve ever seen,’ he thought. He was more than a little surprised by the turn of events.

Taylor could no longer suck on Ben’s cock with Tiffany’s mouth and hands working their magic. Her head spinning with pleasure and an approaching orgasm, she throated Ben to her limit one more time, gagged herself, then slowly removed her mouth from his cock.

“OOohhh Gooood!” she panted.

Taylor shook violently and grunted. All she could manage was to keep a firm grip around the base of the Ben’s towering erection, like some thick handle, as her hips thrust back and wiggled all over Tiffany’s face.

Ben could only see his mom’s face buried at the rear of the nubile blonde. From that angle, his view of the action between his mom and Taylor was terrible.

After several minutes and growing tired of his role as Taylor’s handle, Ben got up from the couch.

“Fuck it.”

He walked around to the back of his mom who had looked up at him with her face shiny from Taylor's cum, and settled down on his knees behind her round, white ass.

Taylor clutched the cushion of the couch tightly, suddenly noticing the lack of Ben's cock. She'd been cumming too hard to fully realize he had moved and finally snapped back to reality. She took the pause to flip onto her back and settled with Tiffany's face on her bare pussy mound as she watched Ben move to mount his mother from behind.

Ben stroked his cock a couple of times for good measure, then waved it between his mother's thick labia, separating the lips to clear a path. He smeared his fat cock head over her sloppy wet pussy, then placed it at her entrance.

“Get ready, Mom.”

“Ohhhh, yes!” Tiffany panted, clearly overwhelmed with arousal. She lowered her head and flicked her long tongue against Taylor's nubby clit as she spread her legs, anticipating Ben's cock easing into her.

Ben did not ‘ease’ into her. He instead drove into her in one forceful penetration.

“Ooooh... GODDD!” Tiffany’s upper body collapsed to the rug-covered floor, her tits smashed out in white, sexy bulges from the sides.

“Fuck yes!” he hollered as he grabbed the sides of her hips and held himself at full depth, flexing and enjoying the warmth of Tiffany’s snug, hot cunt.

Tiffany’s hands bunched the quilt as she endured Ben’s deep spearing. She couldn’t believe she’d taken his whole dick, even as she felt his hips meet hers. She felt like she had a silo stuffed inside her as she looked up at Taylor, her face scrunched with effort as her pussy adjusted.

“Fuck!” Ben exclaimed sharply, with a loud slap on his mother’s ass. He drew back and sawed forward again to full depth. Discarding all abandon, he began pounding into Tiffany in full, rapid strokes.

Tiffany winced and her whole body shook with each powerful thrust from her virile son. She managed to get up onto her elbows through the animal-like assault Ben was giving her pussy.

“Ggoooooddd, Ben!” she screamed. ‘Ah! Ah! Ah!’ she cried with each thrusting jolt. “Fuck, that’s

deep...” Tiffany began panting.

Ben’s hips slapped hard and loud against his mom’s ass as he pummeled her with his enormous cock. His full, heavy balls slapped her loudly, sometimes swinging fully up against Tiffany’s lower stomach. He held nothing back for the next ten minutes as he vented all the day’s frustrations out and into his mother. Taylor, now forced to play with herself, cursed aloud as she saw how far away the camera was. She urgently wanted to capture the slamming Tiffany was receiving from her son.

Ben’s cock had been hard for so long it was numb. He discovered that slowing his pace and utilizing a more steady, rhythmic tempo would be best for all. He slowed and maintained his full-penetrations in a deliberate, slower speed.

“Oh, yes, Ben. Nice and slow and deep,” Tiffany said, better able to take his cock this way. Her pussy began making sloshy sounds as Ben drew in and out.

“That’s it baby. Mommy’s going to cum.” Tiffany reported calmly. She lowered her face back between Taylor’s legs and moved her head from side-to-side as if she enjoyed feeling the soft, shaven pussy against her mouth, nose, and chin.

Taylor loved how Tiffany's soft lips and gentle tongue felt against her pussy; although she was more than a little surprised at how turned on she was to have Tiffany give her oral. Tiffany's face pressed into her more firmly with each forward stroke Ben made giving a rhythm to her sucking and licking. Taylor looked down at her face as Tiffany worked on her clit, her eyes slowly following the line of her body down her sexy, white back and round ass to where Ben was gripping and fucking her doggy style. Taylor was close to cumming again.

Ben continued his pace through the familiar yet luxurious warmth of his mom's approaching orgasm. He couldn't believe how wet she was getting. He kept his rhythm steady and prepared for another wet rush.

Tiffany's climax came over her powerfully, more like a swelling wave than a sudden shock.

"Mmmmmm... MMMMMmm... Nnnnggg! BEN!" she wailed deeply.

Her hips rolled gently back and forth with Ben's motions as her mouth fell open, overwhelmed. She squeaked and murmured unintelligibly with her face straight ahead as if addressing Taylor's pussy. Ben's cock was soothed by the warm fluids that washed

over its length as his stroke continued without pause, even as his mother's pussy tightened and pulsed around his shaft. He watched in a sexual trance as Tiffany's full, white tits swung outward from her sides, then together back and forth, slowing as her nipples dragged against the rug.

'Damn, this is good,' he thought.

Tiffany wound down from her climax and enjoyed Ben's steady pace. With his fucking toned-down to a constant deep drive in and out, Tiffany was free to explore Taylor's sex. It occurred to her that while the experience was entirely new to her, she felt as though she knew exactly what she was doing. Tiffany did to Taylor what she enjoyed having done to herself. It was quite simple to Tiffany's mind, and obviously, it was having the desired effect.

Taylor was huffing and squirming against Tiffany's face. Her thin fingers laced into the strands of Tiffany's red hair for leverage. She wanted more and ground herself against Ben's mom's face, wanting to see how far she could push herself. And how far Ben and Tiffany would go.

Tiffany adeptly brought Taylor to three back-to-back orgasms. At the end of the third, Taylor lifted

her head, her blonde hair flopping over her face in a frazzled tangle. She laughed but didn't pull back from Tiffany's continued attention. Tiffany was in awe of Taylor's stamina, as she still seemed incredibly turned on.

This filled Tiffany with a spark of sexual energy and she moved a hand under her body to her own clit. She rubbed it as Ben drove into her in his steady pace. Occasionally, his balls would nudge her fingers and she reached further down to gently grab his sack.

“Oh, fuck yes Ben!” Tiffany cried out, her body seemed to spark electrical jolts of sexual energy. Ben felt his mom close her hand over his balls, squeezing them. He also felt the backward movement of her ass toward his forward motions deep into her cunt. He briefly closed his eyes, ‘God, I love this.’

Taylor was discovering that she loved the soft, smooth feel of a woman's face between her legs very much. It was quite different from that of a man. Tiffany's firm but feminine tongue flipped and twirled against Taylor's sensitive clit as her full lips surrounded her upper labia. Taylor could make out Tiffany's moans and could distinguish the ones caused by Ben's cock and the ones she made as a

result of her sucking and licking her clit and pussy. Approaching another orgasm, Taylor grabbed the back of Tiffany's head again and forced her face against her hot snatch.

“NNNGAHHH! Oh shit! Oh God, Tiffany!” Taylor felt the room spin on her final orgasm.

She ground her sloppy pussy into Tiffany's face and felt her legs shake around Tiffany's head. She climaxed hard and the orgasm seemed to go on forever. Finally, her pussy became too sensitive for any more stimulation and she had to pull back.

“I can't... I just... I can't take anymore, Tiffany.” Taylor propped herself up onto her arms and slid her hips away from Tiffany's face.

Tiffany looked up, smiling and whispered, “I love your pussy.”

Taylor was officially done. Too many orgasms and too much stimulation caused her to feel like she was intoxicated. She sat back up on the couch and watched Ben and Tiffany go at it in a post-orgasmic bliss.

Ben's slower pace had allowed for more feeling to return to the tip of his cock. He felt he could finally cum.

He moved each of his hands from Tiffany's hip to grip her ass cheeks. He squeezed roughly, looking down and drawing his hips back. Her ass parted, and he looked down at her tight asshole. Ben bore down, tightening his grip. He began his hard-fucking pace again.

“Fuck yes, Mom. I love fucking you!” he snarled as his orgasm was building deep within his core.

“Oh, Ben I love fucking you!” Tiffany was rubbing her clit under her body as Ben continued to fuck his mom from behind.

He focused on his mom's tight little asshole. It was small, puckered, and pink, winking at him. He used his thumb to lightly feel the outer ring, knowing better than to penetrate.

“Oh God, Ben!”

She seemed to perk up when he touched her asshole, so he tapped it gently with his thumb as he plowed into her.

That was it for Tiffany. This orgasm hit her suddenly, and her body clenched as she was wracked with pleasure. Ben felt more cum envelop his cock as he felt the hot semen rise from his balls. He

gritted his teeth and continued pounding into Tiffany's gushing pussy.

“Fuck, MOM!”

Ben plunged deeply into his mom, feeling his cock throbbing and about to unload. Images of how deep inside her his cock must be filled his mind. He stared at her tight sphincter as it clenched and relaxed in time with her clenching pussy. His balls felt searing hot.

Using the technique he'd learned from Taylor, he held himself still, breathing hard, blood pumping in his temples. Tiffany's body clenched around him, but he held fast. Would he cum in his mom? One more pump, and he knew he'd spout a fountain of semen.

Hearing Ben yell, Taylor stirred. She realized what was about to happen as she sat up. Ben was holding himself at full depth inside Tiffany, panting and sweating. She recognized that look. Ben was about to explode.

Tiffany was clamping her entire body around Ben's fat shaft. She was practically pumping his cum out of him as she continued to orgasm shamelessly, clutching the quilt with both hands.

In the throes of her orgasm, Tiffany felt Ben's cock swell inside her. She knew the feeling: he was going to cum. Would he pull out? Would she make him pull out? Did she even want him to pull out? The waves of pleasure washed over her and it was all she could do to grip the quilt tightly.

Taylor had the sudden desire to taste Ben and Tiffany together. She wanted his cock in her mouth.

"Yes, Ben, YES!" she said out of nowhere, surprising both Ben and Tiffany.

In one quick bound, Taylor moved next to Tiffany as she was on all fours, impaled on Ben's cock. Taylor put her cheek against the small of Tiffany's back, just on top of her plump ass cheeks.

"I wanna taste it," Taylor said, staring intently up at Ben.

Tiffany felt Taylor sidle up to her and turned back toward Ben, her body still shaking weakly.

"Give it to her, baby," she offered. As much as she wanted to feel Ben's cum deep inside her, Tiffany's pussy was worked over and spent and needed a break.

Taylor placed her face closer to Ben's cock and looked up at him. Her face was just inches from where Ben's cock and Tiffany's pussy embraced.

In one motion, Ben flung his hips back, withdrawing from his mother. Taylor watched Ben's club-like cock spring free and opened her mouth wide, her gaze rising back to Ben as she stuck her tongue out.

Before he could align himself with Taylor's mouth, Ben began cumming. His stiff erection lurched, and he couldn't hold back his suppressed ejaculation any longer.

"Gah!" Ben shot a volley of spunk across Taylor's face and Tiffany's ass then back before he managed to dock his surging dick inside Taylor's waiting mouth.

Taylor closed her eyes as the spray hit her face. Ben pushed his hips forward and entered Taylor's gaping mouth. She felt his fat head hit her tongue and closed her lips tightly around it. She relished the distinct flavor of Tiffany's cum as she prepared to receive Ben's deluge. He brought his hands up to hold Taylor's head, letting her control the depth. His body trembled and his shaft leapt between Taylor's closed lips as they stretched around him.

Tiffany moved to crouch next to Taylor, watching Ben stuff his cock into Taylor's mouth. She wanted a front-row seat to the action.

“Ahhh,” Ben sighed, as he continued to release.

Taylor felt a steamy stream of cum splatter against the back of her throat powerfully. She swallowed, but the thick fluid clung to the back of her throat stubbornly. Before she could swallow again, Ben shook and released another sticky spurt onto the roof of her mouth.

“Godddd, Taylor,” Ben said hoarsely as he unloaded. He watched her swallow and struggle to keep up.

Taylor blinked her eyes open and wondered if she'd be able to manage the cum pouring out of Ben. She brought a hand to Ben's bucking shaft and the other to his balls. She swirled her tongue around the thick tube jammed in her mouth and did her best to gather the cum from the roof of her mouth before swallowing again, this time harder.

But Ben's rapid jets continued firing as he grunted through his pent-up orgasm. Taylor's cheeks billowed out, teeming with Ben's expelling load, but she took it, blinking briskly. A pearly strand burst

from the interface of Ben's shaft and Taylor's lips, drawing into a long drip from her chin.

"Fuck—" Ben said haltingly, watching Tiffany move next to Taylor. He unloaded a weaker stream.

As it spilled into Taylor's mouth, she paused, as if considering something. Her body lurched abruptly and she coughed, spraying a mist of cum against Ben's heavy balls.

Tiffany recognized Taylor's struggle and gently pet her hair.

She swallowed the last of it with a loud gulp.

Ben trembled violently, depositing his last few drops inside Taylor.

"Uhhh, uhhh, god," he croaked.

"All done, baby?" Tiffany asked, looking up at Ben.

He nodded dumbly, his mouth gaping open.

"Ooooh, wow, Ben!" Tiffany chirped, tingling again with sexual energy but too worn out to act on it.

Ben stepped back, physically drained, and fell onto the couch to watch Taylor and Tiffany recover from their impromptu sexual adventure. The two turned toward the couch. Taylor was panting from the ordeal.

Tiffany sat next to Taylor on her butt as they now faced Ben. Her legs spread slightly and she was absently playing with her sloppy pussy. It gaped visibly and was clearly worked-out, swollen, and red.

Tiffany slowly rose to her feet and looked at Taylor squatting on the floor. “Well, I guess we all liked that!” She smiled looking over to Taylor down at her side.

Taylor seemed to blush and broke out in a big smile. “Yeah, you could say that.” Taylor was thoroughly satisfied, but she couldn’t seem to shake her nagging curiosity about Tiffany’s pussy. She had tasted it from Ben’s cock and considered what it would feel like— wet, slippery and pressed lustfully against her own lips and tongue.

Ben shook his head, still in disbelief that his life had become a wild sexual fantasy— the envy of any straight man the world over. He sat comfortably on

the couch and rested, thinking about the blowjob scene they would shoot the very next day.

“I think we can safely call that a successful dry-run!” Tiffany declared as she stood looking back and forth between her two lovers. Taylor laughed adding, “There was nothing dry about that!”

(CONTINUED IN CHAPTER 7)

Mom's Home Movies Ch. 07

Thanks to Literotica member, Smoothed for his help with editing and creative input.

As he slept, Ben's mind was flashing back to images of the previous night's action: the cooperative blowjob from Taylor and his mom, Tiffany, which escalated to the two women exploring each other in a scene hotter than any porno he'd ever seen. The dreamy images faded as Ben was awakened by his chiming phone. It was a text from Taylor.

—CAN YOUR MOM ADOPT ME? :)—

He smiled and returned her text.

—I'M STILL SMILING FROM THAT. YOU WERE HOT—

—SO WAS MOMMY! OMG!!—

—SEE YOU AT 11. BYE! —

—BYE! —

Ben noticed it was eight o'clock and he was hungry. He went downstairs to see what, if anything, his mom had going on in the kitchen.

And, of course, Tiffany had it going on. Ben was greeted by his mother's supple ass, stretching and hanging out of her red and very short shorts. She wore a thin, white ribbed T-shirt that barely covered her breasts and was barefoot as she worked on breakfast.

"Damn, Mom. You look beautiful this morning." Ben stood with his hand gripping his dick under his workout pants.

Tiffany turned slightly back to him, giving him a great angle to observe the shape of her bulging side-boob. He loved the fact that rarely wore a bra anymore.

"Thank you, Ben! I feel amazing!" Tiffany smiled at her son, then returned to her pan on the stove. She appeared to be in a very good mood as she prepared breakfast, bouncing and jiggling all over the kitchen.

Ben crossed the room to stand directly in front of her. He ogled his mother's heaving breasts, so heavy and full as they swung under her thin shirt at the

slightest motion of her body. It didn't matter how many times he had seen them over these past two months, they always looked remarkable. He never wanted to look away.

“So, you were okay with what happened...” Ben was cut off.

“Oh my God, yes! I hope Taylor was comfortable with our little scene-after-the-scene. Do you think she was?”

Ben smiled a lascivious smile as he recalled the three of them in the living room last night.

“Yes, she enjoyed herself. She texted me as much this morning.” Ben paused briefly, then asked, “Just out of curiosity, have ever done anything like that before?”

Tiffany chuckled nostalgically.

“Once, when I was about your age. I had a girlfriend who was bi-sexual. I enjoyed it that one time, but it made me realize that I was very much a heterosexual.”

Ben tried to imagine his mother with that other woman.

Tiffany was in a light and energetic mood, but thinking about last night, and with Ben's eyes roaming her body, she could feel herself becoming aroused. It wasn't just the thrill of her experience with Taylor she was thinking about, it was the sex with her son. She recognized that her ability to keep their sex life exclusively for the camera was not going to suffice at all. She was going to need more of Ben than what their shooting schedule required, which was sex once every few days. There was also something about performing for the camera, following a script, and having to hide themselves, that made having sex with Ben a less than complete experience.

Ben and Tiffany sat at the kitchen table and ate their omelets. Tiffany had her purple book open and was narrating the events of the day.

“Well, Taylor is set to get here at eleven. Once she's here, we get situated into the bad blowjob scene. Remember— she is performing on you, I catch you, I demonstrate a good blowjob. Then we clean up and review the next scene. It's a good thing we planned all the shots inside. It's pouring out there!” Tiffany looked out the French doors to the pool area and watched the heavy, steady rain splatter into the deep-blue pool.

“Yeah. It’s really coming down. Rainy days always make me horny.” Ben looked over quickly at his mom. The last comment was more of a private thought he was having than information he wanted to share aloud.

“Isn’t that funny! Me too! I’ve always enjoyed sex in the rain.” Tiffany could feel her nipples become hard at the thought. A memory of a time when she and Larry had sex on the patio under the veranda in the rain popped into her mind. She smiled to herself.

“Wow, really? I just meant indoors on rainy days, you know, it’s cozy inside, that sort of thing?” Ben’s mother never ceased to amaze him. He recalled all those years when she was just his mom; always so appropriate, so proper. During that time, and up until only recently, he always thought her puritanical side was in strong contrast to her sexy body. Since she’s been acting in their videos, and their relationship has turned sexual, she seems more balanced, more like her true self. He would hate for her to return to the way she was.

Tiffany replied, “Oh. That’s nice too.” Ben could see a hint of disappointment on his mother’s face.

“Your idea is sexier, for sure.” Ben was leering at Tiffany now. His look was not playful or friendly but lustful and serious.

“Let’s clean up.” Tiffany closed her book and cleared their plates. Ben loaded the dishwasher and the two worked quietly in the kitchen until the mess from breakfast was cleaned and everything set back in place. They shared an energy of purpose.

As they finished, standing in the kitchen, Ben faced his mom; his prodigious erection at full length. Tiffany looked down at her son’s cock, straining under the fabric and angled off to the side.

“Something should done about that,” Tiffany said, pointing down at Ben’s crotch.

Ben could see her nipples form obvious points under her shirt. He watched as they grew and became harder right before his eyes.

Tiffany closed the distance between them, grabbing her son’s thick tool over his pants and bringing her lips to his ear.

“Why don’t we go play in the rain?” she whispered, squeezing him firmly.

It was a whimsical expression Ben had heard before, but never with the sultry tone that his mom had just used. His penis throbbed in response to her grip, leaking precum into a growing dark spot inside of his pants.

He weakly croaked, “Ggood idea, Mom...” in return.

Tiffany took her son by the hand and opened the door. The warm, humid air felt thick and close, enveloping their bodies as they stepped out into it. Outside, the heavy rain seemed warmer than the air and reminded Ben of being in a shower.

“Don’t you love a summer’s rain?” Tiffany said loudly over the splashing din of the storm, smiling as she moved closer to Ben.

“It feels awesome, Mom.” He smiled back as they shared the electricity of the moment.

Tiffany released Ben’s hand and wheeled a cushioned reclining pool chair out into the open. Ben took the opportunity to remove his wet pants and shirt, standing naked next to the lounge chair, the heavy rain soaking his hair. He watched Tiffany’s wet, white T-shirt cover her curvaceous bosom making the observation that she looked

sexier than any wet T-shirt contest winner he had ever seen. The wet garment clung to her enormous breasts like a coat of thin, white paint.

Tiffany walked around the chair and latched on to her son's engorged cock, giving it a few slow strokes.

“He's ready for action as usual!” She teased.

“I'm always ready for you, Mom.”

Tiffany moved her body close enough for her breasts to press against Ben's naked chest. He could feel the heat of her body through the thin, wet shirt. His fingers softly twisted her hard, pointy nipples causing her to gasp. Ben's hands lowered to her sides and he slipped them under the clinging shirt. Tiffany raised her arms over her head as Ben lifted her shirt up and off, watching her large tits bounce and settle in place. Ben was once again so taken by her perfectly huge breasts that he stared, frozen in place.

Tiffany recognized his dazed look as she tugged at the waistband of her shorts and started pushing them down. She wiggled her hips as she stretched them over her round ass until they fell to the ground.

She stepped out of them and toward Ben, her hand finding his rain-soaked, steel-hard shaft.

They came together, naked in the rain, forehead to forehead. Ben's arms held the top of his mom's soft, round hips. He squeezed her silky flesh and pulled her closer. Tiffany rested her arms around his neck.

The pounding rain made their embrace seem like they were the only two people in the world. Ben felt his mom's warm breath on his cheek and cherished their very intimate moment.

"Let's not tell Taylor about our private times together, okay?" she said softly.

Ben could feel his mom stroking him as his cock brushed against the velvety skin of her soft inner thighs. He felt he was in a dream.

"Okay Mom, I won't."

Mother and son joined their lips together eagerly. Tiffany softly moaning the entire time. She could feel her son's body heat on her skin; the excitement was nearly intolerable. She knew there would never be a sexual experience as exciting or as gratifying as having incestuous sex with her son. It was sordid, and wrong, but also loving and deeply satisfying. It

was like nothing she could have ever imagined, and she knew it was hers to enjoy. No matter what Ben did, or what the future had in store for them as lovers, he would always be her son, and she would always be his mother. This thought not only excited her but gave her a sense of security she never had with his father. Ben and Tiffany shared something that was specifically theirs and would only exist between the two of them.

Tiffany opened her mouth wider and let her son's tongue explore her without any obstruction. It felt luxurious as it played with hers. She could feel his soft, slippery lips move across her own. She loved kissing him.

Ben eased his mom down onto the soaking-wet lounge chair and slid to kneel on the ground between her legs. His lips moved from hers, down her neck, nibbling and sucking her skin, enjoying her taste as it mixed with the rain.

Tiffany squirmed and arched her back in an effort to push her tits closer to Ben's mouth. They needed his attention. Her hands ran over his shoulders and slick back, encouraging him to move lower.

Ben didn't make her wait much longer. He brought each hand around the outside of her

mountainous breasts and pressed them together, then planted his face between them.

He sucked on every inch of her soft, massive tits, rubbing and sliding his face between them slowly, making good use of the slippery rain that covered them completely. He sucked each of her nipples forcefully, drawing them away from her body with his lips until they snapped back, knowing that his lover enjoyed the sensation. His body eased down to where his mouth could gently kiss her stomach and his tongue could play with her belly button.

Tiffany's pussy was aching for attention, but she knew that was the target of her son's mouth, so she could only squirm and moan as he teased his way there.

She spread her legs open and felt the rain falling on her, the heavy drops of water wet her hot thighs and cooled her fiery sex. She gushed in anticipation of her son's mouth.

Ben moved his face down, just above his mother's mound. Her hips were wiggling back and forth impatiently.

“Oh Ben,” she whined.

He looked up until they made eye contact then he lowered his face with puckered lips. He placed them on her labia and gave them a kiss. His lips smacked loudly on her pussy and Tiffany's body lurched with pleasure at his touch. Ben nuzzled deeper and French-kissed her wet opening, jamming his wide, muscular tongue into her as deep as it could go.

“NAAAH!” Tiffany's moan was barely audible in the steady rain.

Ben focused intently on licking her pussy, using his hands to spread her open. His mom's swollen snatch was engorged and dark pink from her arousal. He plunged his tongue into her and began to probe it thoroughly.

“Ben! Oh, God, Ben!” Tiffany spread her legs further apart allowing her son greater access.

Ben sucked on her clit and pushed his tongue against her hard nub rhythmically. Soon, Tiffany's feet were flexing in the air above Ben's head. He felt her nails scrape his bare back. When her hands tightened in his hair, he felt the familiar tensing of her torso and legs. With a rush of wetness, Ben tasted his mother's first orgasm.

“OHHH, BENNN!” she wailed, pinning his head against her spot as she let the intense pleasure run through her body.

He wiggled his tongue inside her, then pulled it out and rubbed his face around her lips. He loved how she felt; so velvety-soft and slippery. Her hips bucked through her orgasm, driving against his face. As she came down, Ben gently lapped at her soaked cunt. He adjusted his position and began stroking his cock as he continued to service his mother.

Unable to hold back his steel-like cock any longer, Ben moved up his docile mother’s body, her chest still heaving as she panted. When she felt his body over hers, she lifted her head weakly. Her hands moved to the backs of his arms to steady herself.

Ben was over her, his erection suddenly in place. They both felt his broad cock head against her puffy, slick sex. She pushed herself onto him as he entered her.

“Ooooooh,” she gasped as he filled her completely.

Tiffany and Ben’s mouths met in the rain at the same time as their bodies met. She felt his hardness fill her in ways no other ever had. Her mouth fell

open, gaping in pleasure. He began the slow, deep tempo; the speed of intercourse he knew she loved so much.

As Ben penetrated his mom, Tiffany held his strong arms tightly as they supported his upper body on the lounge. Ben watched her supple, curvy body ripple in response to his slow, deep strokes. Tiffany's eyelids fluttered in the falling rain. She mouthed, loud enough to be heard over the clamorous downfall, "I love the way you fuck me, Ben!"

He knew the current pace he was using had previously sent his mom into a series of orgasms so he maintained it, despite it being slower than he would have preferred. Tiffany's tight pussy was yielding to each purposeful stroke, her breasts trembling and shaking at the movement. The warm rain was completely covering her body, splashing and dripping as she lie naked below him. Ben couldn't believe how sexy she looked at that moment.

Being able to openly fuck his mom was a fulfilling experience for Ben. How it happened that the two of them arrived at this state in their relationship didn't matter. Being inside Tiffany was something that he would never willfully give up. His

mind wandered to the circumstances leading up to her wanting to have sex off camera that morning. He knew it wasn't the response to any suggestion he had made. She actually wanted him, and that made Ben feel desired. He wanted more of his mom than to just record their stories on video. Keeping their "private times" a secret from Taylor was not only a wise idea as it prevented any jealousy from developing on Taylor's part, but it was an absolute turn on. To Ben, it suggested more private times were ahead.

Lowering his mouth to hers, Ben kissed his mom as the lover she had now become. Tiffany loved the way he kissed. So energetic, so bold, yet at the same time unassuming and innocent. He was the perfect man physically, and he was becoming quite an accomplished lover. He occupied more and more of her thoughts, not just his substantial manhood, for his cock was epic, but his enthusiasm, his deep passion, his love that she could now feel with every thrust of his pelvis, and with every gentle nip of her skin as he kissed and pecked upon her. She both loved her son as a mother and as a lover and she wanted more.

Breaking from their kiss, Tiffany's orgasm drew near. Ben continued his pace unwavering, filling her

up with every stroke and causing the most pleasurable sensations when he drew back.

She grabbed him tightly and hugged him, her legs closed around his lower back, encouraging him deeper.

“Yes, baby! Harder!” Tiffany’s mind seemed to explode with her body simultaneously as Ben slammed into her.

The slow smacking sound of their wet bodies grew in pace. Tiffany tightened her arms and legs around him and her body succumbed to Ben’s strength, cumming on his thick shaft.

“UUUnggh!” he withdrew with a grunt. He needed to change his position to try to hold off his inevitable orgasm.

Ben adjusted her legs, moving them from around his hips onto his shoulders. Tiffany let her son position her, feeling her hips rise as he angled her body. The two shared an intense stare as Ben was now above her again, his cock dipping into her aching pussy.

Ben’s hands found her wobbly breasts and clamped down hard, one in each hand. Using her tits

as handles, he slammed deep into his mother in the adjusted position.

“OH, FUCK BEN!” Tiffany cried.

He smiled devilishly in response, raising his hips and driving into her again and again. His hard pounding splashed rainwater between them as his tempo increased.

“AAAAHHH!” she cried into the relentless rain, throwing her head back.

Her climax came on incredibly fast. It was all Tiffany could do to thrash and squirm through her pleasure as Ben slammed into her, gripping her tits like a vise. Ben was holding nothing back and soon felt his own orgasm rapidly approaching.

‘Just a few more thrusts.’

Tiffany reached down and used her hand to rub herself to another, her eyes closed through the ecstatic rush.

‘I want to cum inside. I want to fill her with my cum.’

Tiffany arched her back, her pussy clenched around her son’s cock. He knew he could easily just hold her down and plaster her inner walls with cum,

but he worried that cumming inside her could cause her to become distressed. With teeth clenched, he reluctantly extracted his swollen cock from her pussy's tight embrace.

Even in the throes of her powerful orgasm, Tiffany could sense her son's imminent ejaculation. She knew she wouldn't stop him from cumming inside her. She wanted to have that sense of completion with her son, to feel that deep connection that only an internal orgasm could bring. She fought off the disappointment as he withdrew, wanting to encourage him in his moment of pleasure, despite her deeper desires.

She sat up on her elbows. "Give it to mommy, Ben! Cum on my tits!" Tiffany pressed her breasts together and shook them slightly, giving her son an inviting target.

Ben squeezed his cock, giving it one slow stroke back as he flexed.

"GAH!" he grunted, spurting his first thick stream powerfully. It barreled onto Tiffany's chest just above where she held her tits.

"Ooooh, Yes! Cum for me Ben!"

He sucked in a breath and pumped again. A long strand leapt from his gaping hole, shooting higher. The jet of semen hit his mother's chin and lower lip with another wet splash.

"Oh!" she cooed, only flinching slightly as he hit her face unexpectedly.

"Oh fuck, Mom," Ben sighed, stroking and more in control. He re-leveled his dick at Tiffany's tits.

Ben grunted and striped a long, pale streak across her breasts as she held them together for him. His climax was so intense he felt dizzy.

"Oh, gosh," Tiffany felt the warm semen collect on her chest.

As Ben landed the last of his emission onto her, lightning struck in the distance and thunder rumbled ominously overhead.

He collapsed next to his mother, spent and weak. Tiffany cuddled up against him, tracing her fingers through the warm spunk on her chest as the rain fell on them.

"God, it's so good with you, Mom," Ben shared this with his eyes closed, thinking how wonderful it would be to take a short nap right there in the rain.

The thunder and lightning grew in severity as the mother and son lie together on the pool chair. Tiffany knew it would be best to return to the safety of their home.

She tapped his shoulder, then whispered into his ear, “Ben, honey, let’s take a shower and get ready for the shoot.”

Taylor was late getting to the house for the bad blowjob scene. The storm made driving treacherous and she was a little shaken when she arrived.

“Whew! Not a good day for driving.” She walked in and set her umbrella to the side of the door. Taylor briefly kissed both Ben and Tiffany as they greeted her in the foyer.

“I’m glad you’re okay! Mom and I were enjoying the rain earlier, it was intense!” Ben looked over to his mom, to see if she caught his innuendo that only she would appreciate. She smiled and looked away to hide her blushing face.

“Is there any coffee?” Taylor walked down the hall to the kitchen obviously comfortable in their home.

“No, but that sounds like a good idea, I’ll make some.” Tiffany followed close behind and veered off to the coffee bar on the other side of the kitchen.

“So. Bad blowjob day. Yay.” Taylor lifted her clenched fist in the air weakly, to show her lack of enthusiasm.

Tiffany caught her sarcasm.

“Taylor, is there something about the video that you think we should change? Don’t you think it will sell?” Tiffany was waiting for the coffee maker to start brewing.

“No, I get it, and I think it will sell, without a doubt. It’s just... well, could we make a more active role for me next time? I mean, look at me? I don’t even look sexy.” Taylor looked down at the jeans and Polo shirt she was wearing with her arms spread out. “This just isn’t me!”

Ben laughed, “Even in that outfit, you’re hot, Taylor. Don’t worry, you’re sexy.”

She smiled and pushed him away playfully.

“Why don’t you write a story for next time and see if we all like it. Maybe we could record that one for the next shoot?” Tiffany suggested.

“Okay. I’ll do that!” Taylor agreed.

She turned, away from the two and stared at the floor as if she already had an idea. She immediately thought of a brother, sister, and mother idea for a future video. She made a mental note to write the idea out later. ‘At least it gives me something to think about during this current video project,’ she thought.

Tiffany disappeared to her room as Taylor and Ben finished their coffee. When she returned, several minutes later, she was wearing her wig, glasses, makeup, and the outfit for their shoot.

“Oh my God. Are those jeans you’re wearing, Mom?” Ben smiled and stood up from his seat at the kitchen island. “I can’t remember the last time I’ve seen you in jeans.”

“It’s been a few months. Do they look okay?” Tiffany wore jeans and a white button-down blouse for the recording.

“Yeah, for what we want in the scene, otherwise, not so much.” Ben smiled.

Tiffany knew she had been over the top with her clothes since she began recording with Ben. Now

that she was back in more normal clothes, she felt like she was wearing a Halloween costume.

“Are we ready?” Tiffany grabbed a cup of coffee as she repeated the plot. “I’ll be coming in from the garage door when I start my part, since it’s raining, I don’t want to start from the outside position this time.”

Taylor and Ben went back into the living room. Taylor looked around the space as if she was going to see some evidence of the threesome from last night. She didn’t.

Tiffany held the camera and turned on a few more lights as the storm made it dark in the living room. As she peered through the camera, she gave her direction.

“Ben, pull your pants and underwear down just to your mid-thighs. Taylor bend over in the awkward position we discussed yesterday. Good.”

“Okay. Recording in three... two... one...”

Taylor and Ben began the scene kissing innocently with Taylor’s hand around Ben’s cock, simply holding it as they made out. Tiffany forgot to remind them to be bad kissers as well, but could only look on as the two of them went at it.

Benny broke the kiss. “Um, can you stroke it too?”

Taylor, in the role of Amanda began to pump his large erection using unsteady, shallow strokes. She meekly asked, “Does that feel good?”

“Uh, yeah, but can you squeeze tighter? Try to slide your hand all the way up and all the way down.”

“Like that?” She adjusted her approach only slightly.

“Mmmm... better...” Benny sighed.

Tiffany recorded a few minutes of slow stroking before giving the thumbs-up signal to Ben.

“Actually, you know what would feel a lot better?”

Amanda stopped the action and kept her hand on Benny’s cock. “What?”

“Using your mouth instead of your hand. I saw it in a video one time and it looked fun!” Benny moved his hand to the back of Amanda’s head and drew her face down to his crotch.

Taylor's eyes were on Ben's cock as it throbbed in her hand. Normally, she'd gobble it right up, but she pretended, as Amanda, to be tentative.

She blinked her eyes up at him sheepishly as he guided her down. "Use my mouth? You mean like a blowjob? I've never done that before, Benny."

"That's okay, it will feel good anyway. I've never had one." Benny put on a pout.

Tiffany slowly backed the camera away to bring their entire bodies into the shot.

"Just put your mouth over it and do the same thing you were doing with your hands," Benny instructed.

Amanda slowly moved down to Benny's crotch without adjusting her position in the awkward pose. Tiffany filmed her as she stretched her mouth over his round head. Her lips tucked over her teeth, her eyes squeezed tightly closed. She repeatedly put her mouth onto his cock and then removed it.

Benny expressed his frustration in grunts and unhelpful suggestions.

"Uh... okay, try using your tongue. Well, not like that... um..."

‘God, this is awful. We shouldn’t record too much of this,’ Tiffany thought.

“CUT!” Tiffany stood from her squatted position. “That was perfect. Good acting you two!”

Ben was glad his mother stopped the scene. He felt a little ashamed, but his erection had been flagging due to Taylor’s mishandling of his cock. This was not something he was used to.

“Thanks!” Taylor chirped and kept stroking Ben with her free hand.

Tiffany observed Taylor servicing Ben and felt a hint of jealousy in the pit of her stomach. She decided to move things along.

“Um, okay. Now. I’m going to record my coming into the house in first-person perspective. It will take a bit longer to catch you, and when I do, I’ll be watching for a bit to establish that I saw how bad the blowjob was.”

“Got it.” Taylor ducked her head down and began sucking on Ben’s cock properly. She bobbed vigorously, then throatied him.

“Taylor, that’s not... that’s not a bad blowjob.” Tiffany felt this attention for Ben was an unwanted

distraction. After all, she was the star of this scene.

“GUAH, GUAH, GUAH...” Taylor gave Ben a few deep throat strokes before pulling off. She was stroking his wet cock while she wiped spit from her chin with the back of her other hand. “I know, I know, I just wanted to keep Benny hard for the scene.” Taylor winked at Tiffany as she re-stuffed her mouth full of cock.

Tiffany walked away, surprised at her jealous reaction. She figured it must be due to the fact she and Ben had passionate sex in the rain just two hours earlier. ‘That wasn’t sex as much as it was making love,’ she thought.

Tiffany began to record from her place in the garage.

“I’m exhausted! What a day.” Tiffany shot her approach to the kitchen from the garage door in the usual way.

“Let’s see, what’s for dinner?” She opened the refrigerator and scanned the contents quickly with the camera. Her hand grabs a small tray of tomatoes, then some bacon, then returning one last time, some eggs.

“A frittata sounds delicious; that and some wine.” Tiffany recorded her actions as she set out the cutting board and knife with her free hand.

“Where’s Benny? I wonder if he has that neighborhood hussy over.”

Tiffany angled the camera down to her feet and kicked off her shoes, then quietly walked down the hallway to the den. The camera panned the room.

“Not here,” she whispers.

Tiffany shot the approach to the living room. There was Benny, on the couch, with Amanda’s head bobbing in his lap. From Tiffany’s vantage point, she could tell that Taylor was actually using her skills on Ben’s cock, but she doubted the camera would pick up that much detail. Still, she was a little mad at Taylor for her carelessness.

After capturing a few moments of the bobbing head in Ben’s lap, Tiffany set her jealous pangs aside. Her perspective did not give a good angle for the action, which would play into the scene later. Tiffany continued with the narrative.

“That little skank! Corrupting my good boy.” The camera zoomed in to the back of the couch as

Taylor's head moved up and down, dipping out of sight occasionally.

“Look at that. How pathetic. She doesn't even know what she's doing.” Tiffany stated her lines emphatically, then raising the camera a little higher, she stormed into the room.

“Why you little slut!”

Amanda gasped and sat upright, then jumped to stand, her hands crossed nervously in front of her. Benny defended her.

“She's not a slut, Mom! It was my idea. We're boyfriend and girlfriend. Oh my God!” he feigned embarrassment as he awkwardly covered himself with his shirt.

The camera focused on Amanda as she stood looking down in shame. Her head slowly lifted up as she looked directly at the camera, “Please don't tell my parents, Mrs. Johnson,” she pleaded, wiping her mouth against the shoulder of her shirt.

“I can't very well tell your parents when my son was part of this lewd display,” Tiffany fired back sharply. She began tapping her foot. “I think you'd better get yourself back to your house, young lady.” Tiffany scolded.

“Benny, I want to talk to you in the den.” The camera followed Amanda as she left the room.

Tiffany paused the camera and Taylor returned. “That was perfect! No retakes or edits from what I’ve seen so far. Good job, Amanda!”

Tiffany high-fived Taylor as Ben stood, pulling up his pants.

The three went into the den for the next part of the scene. Taylor had to set up lighting as the clouds from the storm were making the room too dark for recording.

While Taylor was in the other room gathering a few extra lights, Ben shared a thought about the scene.

“Mom,” he whispered hastily, “I’m not sure how much cum I’ll be able to shoot after we had sex this morning. Do you think our audience will notice?”

Tiffany thought for a moment. This had not been an issue for some time, but Ben was right. Their audience had come to expect enormous loads of cum from Benny. For this scene, they’d planned on him ejaculating on her face, but if it were only a few spurts, it might come off as lackluster. And they

absolutely needed to show him cumming, since this was part of the story.

She considered swallowing his load, but that may be tricky to catch on film without opening her mouth to show the camera, and Tiffany disliked that idea.

“Here’s what we do. You’ll cum on my face as planned and we’ll just leave it at that. If it’s slightly less than usual, who cares?”

“Ok, sure. Maybe I’m worried about nothing and I’ll have a lot for you.”

“That’s my boy,” Tiffany encouraged.

Taylor came back dragging two floor lamps into the den.

“Can you help me, Ben?” She laid one down for Ben to position.

Ben switched on all the lights in the room including the two lights they had just set in place. Taylor picked up the camera and checked the lighting as well as Ben and Tiffany’s position on the couch.

“Looks good. Nice and bright.”

“Okay, Ben sit on the couch. I’ll walk in and we’ll start the scene.” Tiffany took her place with Taylor just behind her filming over her shoulder.

The recording began.

Tiffany strode into the room, wagging her finger at her son. “Benny, what has gotten into you? First, I catch you making out, and now this?” Tiffany moved in front of Ben with her hands on her hips. Taylor filmed Tiffany from behind with Benny sitting on the sofa with his hands wedged between his legs.

“Dang it, Mom. You said you would be late tonight. I thought I had some privacy.”

“That’s not exactly an apology, son,” Tiffany said in a disappointed tone.

“Well, I’m not going to apologize. Like I said before, we’re both adults and I have a right to some privacy.” Benny crossed his arms defiantly.

Tiffany sat next to her son on the sofa and placed a hand on his knee. Taylor centered the two straight on in the camera’s frame.

“Benny, I’m sorry I caught you and Amanda in a private moment. I’m not mad at you. You can let her

kiss you down there, or whatever it was she was doing, I don't mind."

"She was trying to give me... oh never mind." Benny kept his arms crossed, looking away dramatically.

"She was trying to give you a blow job, was she? Is that what she calls it?" Tiffany said gently, squeezing Benny's thigh.

"I definitely don't want to talk about it, Mom. Can I go up to my room now?"

"No. I'm not done talking with you yet. Benny, listen. I just want the best for you. I want you to enjoy a healthy sexual relationship. Maybe Amanda just needs some help."

Benny turned back to his Mom, waiting curiously for her to finish.

"Maybe it was difficult for her to perform on you because you're too small..." She moved her gaze to his crotch. "you know... down there?" She pointed awkwardly.

Benny looked at his mom and let his mouth gape open.

"Uh, too small?!" he said, raising his voice.

“Well, I didn’t see much, but that is one reason why having oral sex, and by the way, that’s what it’s called, could be difficult with some men.”

Benny stood up suddenly, his hands unzipping his pants.

“Okay. Okay, Mom. You think I’m too small, huh? Well...” Benny opened his pants, letting them fall to his ankles. He lowered the waistband of his boxers and produced his enormous erection.

“You think THIS is too small?” He stuck out his long hard cock proudly. It pulsed and wobbled about a foot from Tiffany’s face.

Tiffany put both her hands over her mouth in surprise, gasping loudly.

“Oh, my goodness! Benny! I had no idea you were so... gifted! That’s very impressive...”

Tiffany took her time examining Benny’s hard cock as it swayed only a few inches from her face. Taylor recorded Tiffany’s mouth opening slightly and her wet tongue licking her lips.

Tiffany’s eyes met Ben’s, then fell back to his cock as she continued, “I guess your size had nothing to do with what I saw earlier. It must be

Amanda's lack of experience." Tiffany's hands fidgeted nervously in her lap as she resisted grabbing Benny's tree trunk shaft. She looked up at her son.

"I... I guess," Benny replied.

"Why don't you slip those pants and underwear off. Here..." Tiffany reached over and pulled Benny's underwear and pants completely off his legs as he stepped out of them at the same time. His dick wavered above her and his movement made it swing down onto her head as she stooped down. Taylor captured a perfect shot of his fleshy member briefly resting on Tiffany's crown.

As Tiffany sat back up on the couch, Benny stood before her, naked from the waist down, his cock jutting out in front of her face. She adjusted the glasses on her nose with her middle finger.

"Now. I'm going to show you how Amanda can improve her ability to pleasure you. Wouldn't you like that?"

"Would you do that, Mom? Boy, that would really help!" Benny spoke using the most innocent tone he could muster. His cock flexed eagerly between them. This part of the scene wasn't acting.

“Oh, I don’t mind.” Tiffany fought back a smile, wanting to remain stoic.

“First, she’ll need to clear away all your clothes like we just did.” Tiffany moved his pants away and settled herself onto her knees in front of Benny.

“Lots of lubrication is very important.”

Tiffany cupped her hands in front of her face and rolled her tongue around, gathering saliva. She lowered her head, quietly spitting into her palms.

“Make sure she starts with lots of spit on your shaft and don’t forget the balls,” Tiffany advised, rubbing her palms together briskly.

She parted her hands, letting strands of spit connect them, then applied them to her son’s genitals, one hand gripping his shaft behind the head, the other cupping his dangling balls. She stroked and rubbed, spreading wet warmth over Benny’s groin. He flinched slightly and groaned as she handled him. His cock surging in her grip.

Taylor zoomed in on Tiffany’s mouth, just inches from her son’s reddish-purple cock head. Tiffany licked her lips and looked up at Benny.

“You see what I’m doing?” She asked, mercilessly rubbing her wet thumb over his slick, round cock head. ‘Get the top nice and wet, then spread it down the shaft.’ Tiffany sat up and spit onto the fat head. “Don’t be afraid to get it nice and slick.”

“I see, Mom. It works really good.”

“Do you feel how much harder your penis is getting, son?” Tiffany asked superfluously.

Ben nodded dumbly.

“Now, I always like to start on the balls. Yours are nice and big,” she commented, lifting his shaft and rolling his nuts in her palm. “Like this...”

Tiffany leaned forward and brought Ben’s balls to her face, kissing them. She moved closer, pressing her mouth forward, opening it then sucking one in. Ben’s left testicle popped into her mouth.

“MMMM?” she moaned, looking up at him, one hand on his shaft, the other pressing his ball into her mouth.

“Oh god, that’s great mom...” Benny croaked. It felt so good that he figured he’d have cum already if he hadn’t just gotten off a few hours ago.

Tiffany pulled back. “Mmmm, they’re pretty heavy, Benny.” She moved her mouth to his other nut, slurping on it loudly.

“Aaaah,” Ben sighed, his hands moving to his mother’s soft wig.

Tiffany bobbed her face against his balls a few times. Then she kissed her way back up to his head. Blinking up at him, she made a show of letting drool spread over her lips, chin, and hands as she sucked on his tip.

“That feels better than Amanda’s blowjob already, Mom!”

“I told you, son. Amanda just sucked on you. It’s only a blowjob if you ejaculate at the end. Watch what I’m doing and remember it for later,” she instructed.

With that, Tiffany sat up, put one hand on his shaft at the base, the other on his balls, and she took his cock into her mouth. Her lips tightened, and she began bobbing dramatically.

“Ah, god, mom,” Benny sighed, his hands on her bounding head.

Tiffany bobbed up and down on the top part of Benny's hard cock for a few moments. With a loud sucking sound, she took her mouth off her son.

“Now I'll move down further on your big dick and work more of you into me.”

“Okay, Mom. Good idea.”

Tiffany took half of Benny's dick down her throat and came back up, gasping loudly. This was more of a display for the camera than anything else, Taylor was impressed with Tiffany's showmanship. It was an important embellishment.

Tiffany began sucking her son's cock with an enthusiasm and focus that Taylor hadn't seen before. It was lustful and urgent, like someone who had a deep craving. Taylor was careful to do it justice by keeping her own focus as she filmed the scene.

‘Damn,’ she thought. Taylor did her best to control her squirming as she recorded.

Tiffany put all her effort into the blowjob. Ben held on and did his best to prolong his orgasm, knowing this would make for a better facial, but he could only handle so much. Tiffany's hand continued to massage his balls and stroke his dick. She felt a tension form behind his scrotum. He was

going to cum. She inhaled a deep breath through her nose and plunged her mouth down, throating her son.

“Oh, Mom! Something feels strange. I think I’m going to have an orgasm!” Benny gently pat her hair, trying to signal her for the facial. He tried to take his cock from his mother’s grip so he could pull out for the money shot.

In that moment, Tiffany’s plans were discarded. She had to taste his cum. She wanted to take it all. She figured she could improvise by showing his ejaculation after he finished.

“MMMMPH!” Tiffany grunted, reaching both hands around and grabbing Ben’s butt, preventing him from pulling out. She gagged hard but felt the warm burst of cum hit deep into her throat.

“Mom! AAAAAHHH!” Benny trembled as his cock pulsed in his mom’s mouth. He stopped trying to wrench his cock from her, and instead tightened his grip on her wig and thrust himself deeper.

“Mmmm!” she moaned, trying to collect all of his spunk in her mouth to show the camera.

“AH... AH... Ah...” Benny sighed and trembled, blasting more sperm into his mom with each pulse.

He let his throbbing shaft slide out a little, both to give his mom a break, in case it was more cum than they planned, and also to show the camera that his cock was indeed unloading into her closed mouth.

He'd guessed his mom had changed her mind at the last minute, since she grabbed his ass, preventing him from giving her a facial. He let her pull back as his pulsing cock slowed. Taylor quickly moved closer, standing next to Ben just in time for his hard shaft to pop from his mom's mouth.

Benny gripped his dick and stroked it over Tiffany's open mouth, her lips trembling. He issued a final trickle of semen that dripped onto her face. Tiffany briefly showed the camera her open mouth. Benny's thick cum swam around her pink tongue. She made a point to let a line of semen spill over her lips and drip down her chin, catching it in her palm. With a slurp, she sucked it up.

Taylor found the change in plans unusual but kept the camera steady for the final part of the recording.

"Oh, Mom! That was amazing. I've never felt like that before. Thank you!" Benny flopped onto the sofa, still naked from the waist down.

Tiffany blinked and swallowed, then rose to her feet.

“Now you know how Amanda should perform blow jobs for you, all the way to the end.” She patted Benny’s knee, leaning over him.

“Now, how about a frittata for dinner?”

Taylor ended the recording with the shot of Benny with his bare cock spent and flopped on his stomach and Tiffany leaning over him in her matronly way.

“That was great, guys. Very smooth, no mistakes, other than the money shot. I thought we agreed you would take it all on your face, Tiffany?”

Tiffany was using a towel to dab cum and spit from her cheeks and mouth. “Well, I didn’t want to risk getting cum in my expensive wig, so I improvised. The thought didn’t occur to me until Ben was about to orgasm.”

Ben was putting his pants back on and thought, ‘Good job, Mom!’ Holding back a smile. It was the perfect excuse.

“Oh. I guess I hadn’t thought of that. Okay. Great job!” Taylor turned the camera off.

“No use editing until we get everything recorded, right?” Taylor set the camera down on the table and began to move the lights back into place.

As Taylor was setting the room back in order, Ben noticed she seemed preoccupied.

“Is everything alright, Taylor?”

“Yes.” She cast a contemptuous look at Tiffany as she left the room for the kitchen.

Ben realized the jealousy between the women on this video project was becoming an issue.

“No, seriously, what’s wrong?” Ben placed a hand on her back.

“I should have never agreed to this video. I guess I wasn’t prepared for how it feels to be made out to be a dork.” She sat on the couch.

“Well, I don’t know about that. I mean, it is a mother and son video, after all.”

“I know. I know. It just feels weird not being treated like an equal when I’m used to being the writer, producer, director, and actor of my own movies. Everything up to this point has been great. And... well... after yesterday, being with the both of you, I felt like I was a part of it. I know you guys

were hooking up without me before, but seeing you now, as I'm filming, it's just... I dunno..." She looked away.

"What do you want to do?" Ben brushed her hair back and tried to console her.

"I guess all the changes are starting to get to me. Alex in rehab, this new relationship with you, and now the new recording. It's a lot." She paused, looking at Ben. "Maybe I need some time to myself. We can pick up the recording later. Would that be okay?" As Taylor spoke, Ben could see the conflict in her eyes.

"Of course, that's okay. Take some time and let me know how you feel, whatever makes you comfortable," he said sympathetically. "I'll tell my mom you need a little break."

"Thanks, Ben."

Ben walked Taylor out to her car and hugged. He waved to her as she left for her condo. Back inside, Tiffany had changed clothes. She had a very thin grey T-shirt with a wide neck and a mid-length skirt. She had removed the wig and fixed her makeup.

"Where's Taylor?" She turned her head around searching for a sign.

“She’s a little upset about Alex and all that was going on. A little jealous too, I think. She’s used to being more of the center of attention instead of in a support role.”

Tiffany sat at the kitchen table. ‘Taylor must be jealous. That’s understandable given the circumstances, I guess,’ she thought.

“Is this going to work out with her, Ben? I mean, will she be able to be professional about this?”

Tiffany wore a serious expression; her eyebrows were slightly furrowed, and she crossed her arms as she sat back in the chair. She had the thought that she may have to encourage Ben to be with Taylor. Maybe even suggest they make a video of their own for Taylor’s benefit. She feared that she would become the jealous one, but Taylor was a loose end. They needed to keep her in a good mood.

“You know, Ben. I was thinking. Maybe you and Taylor should do a video for her profile at Hot Amateurs. What do you think?”

Ben thought about what his mom was saying. It made sense. A lot of sense.

“It’s a good idea, but the timing is wrong. It’s not just the video, I think she’s got a lot on her mind

right now. It may be best to just let her have some time to herself.”

“Whatever you want. Just let me know. Look, the rain’s letting up!” Tiffany was standing looking out the window. “I think I’ll go shopping for a little while.” She turned around to her son and smiled.

“Okay Mom. I’m going to work on the website while you’re gone. We have a ton of email.”

While Tiffany was out, Ben deleted both the complimentary and critical emails from the Hot Amateurs site. He read each one, but only kept the one’s he thought his mom would want to see.

The last one in his mailbox looked different.

SUBJECT: A PROPOSITION

FROM: Incestluvr69@moc.com

“Hello,

I’m a big fan of your videos. I see you are somewhat new to the site and you may not be aware of how many amateur actors and actresses pose as family to cater to the needs of aficionados like myself. Most of them have nothing physically in common, unlike you and your mom. I’ve noticed that you and your mother have very similar skin tone

and hair color. This is a huge deal for me as I am a true incest enthusiast. Whether you are related or not, the fact that you actually look like a mother and son, is what interests me the most. Regardless, I have a proposition for you. If you are interested, then send me an email to confirm.

Hope to hear from you soon,

—Incestlvr69”

Ben stared at the screen. He was both frightened and curious. He responded with a short reply,

“We’re interested. What do you have in mind?”

He saved the email for his mom to read. Ben made note that the revenue from their videos was over fifty-seven thousand dollars.

“Hard to believe I get paid to have sex with a woman like my mom.” He shook his head smiling.

Sometime later, Ben was playing a computer game when he heard his mom return from her shopping trip. He went downstairs to greet her.

Ben watched as his mom entered the kitchen balancing a pizza in one hand and two large shopping bags in the other.

“Ben? I brought home a pizza.”

“Hey! Great idea.”

Ben relieved his mom of the pizza and set it on the counter. Tiffany went into her room, set her bags on her bed, and changed clothes. She wore one of her new shirts, even before it was washed. She was eager to wear some of the clothes she bought for her son.

Ben watched Tiffany walk out of her room wearing a hot pink tank top. “Jesus. Mom...” he sighed.

Tiffany smiled at his reaction, her nipples stiffening. Ben observed the growing points atop her enormous breasts through the nearly see-through garment. Her hard nipples stood out further as Ben watched her, her bra-less tits wobbling under the top.

“Do you like it?” Tiffany looked down at her chest, turning her shoulders slightly. Her tits swayed heavily, just as they had in the dressing room in the department store. The shirt was short and revealed her belly button at the bottom hem.

“Yeah! It’s hot... really grabs your attention. Your body is something else, Mom.” Ben continued

to stare.

Having received the response she had desired, she uncorked a bottle of merlot and poured two large glasses of wine while Ben plated the pizza and put the rest in the oven to keep warm.

“So?” Tiffany sat with her plate on the couch in the living room and placed her wine on the coffee table. “How’s the website coming along?”

“Over fifty-seven thousand dollars so far!”

“Really? That’s good, but I was expecting more.”

“We need to upload more videos,” Ben said. He chewed a bite of pizza, adding, “We also got a strange email. I’ll get the laptop.”

The two read, then re-read the email as they ate their pizza. Tiffany searched for the username on the site and discovered that “Incestlvr69” had a list of favorites. Each of their videos, as well as many others, were on his list.

“Wow! That is a strange email, Ben. I don’t think you should respond.”

“Actually, I already did. I just asked what he had in mind.”

Tiffany considered this. “Well, next time please ask me before you respond to something like that.”

“Ok, mom. I was just curious. He probably just wants to make a request for a future video.” But Ben was skeptical of this himself, as most of their fans who have requests just make them on the message board and do not take the time to email them.

Tiffany was looking at the email when another mail came in.

“Here’s another one.” She nodded toward the new mail from Incestlvr69.

Ben read the email aloud.

“Hello,

I’m thrilled that you returned my email! I am very interested in you and your mother/partner creating several private videos just for me. There will be no other soul on earth who will see what you send me. It will be part of my very private, very personal collection. The price I am willing to pay will range from \$200 to \$5,000 per video, but this will depend on the content and quality. There is one requirement for any video you make: both of your faces must be plainly visible and not pixilated or edited out in any way, including disguises.

Understand that you cannot upload these videos for sale after sending them to me. Once I pay for them, they are mine. I can assure you that I will not share them or upload them at any time.

You may combine activities in any video, but you will only be paid for one activity at a time. You will let me know when you have a video ready, send me a short trailer as evidence, and I will transfer money into whatever account you choose to use. You can send me the video after you have received the money in full.

I am an older man who can afford to purchase custom videos from select persons who are of interest to me. You and your “mom” are on the top of my list.

Pricing:

Mom jacks-off son to visible ejaculation— \$200

Tit fuck ending with cumming on tits— \$700

Hand-job leading to blowjob ending with cumming on face— \$1,000

Blow job with evidence of swallow— \$1,500

Sixty-nine with equal time and detail given to both mother and son, swallow— \$2,000

Intercourse— doggy style cum on ass cheeks—
\$3,000

Intercourse— missionary, heavy kissing—
\$3,000

Intercourse— mom rides on top— \$3,500

Intercourse sex with blow job in a public place—
\$5,000

Bonus— observable orgasm from mom: \$100 per climax in addition to any of the above. This is the only exception to the “only get paid for one activity at a time” rule described above.

I am leaving my phone number, so if you are interested, please text me. 555-867-5309

I am looking forward to hearing from you.

—Incestlvr69”

Tiffany took a big drink of wine. “Wow. He’s really thought about this.” Just reading the list of sex acts was making Tiffany horny. The wine didn’t hurt either.

“If we record everything on the list we will earn about \$20,000 from this guy. It’s a little hard to believe,” Ben remarked.

“I have to admit, I’m more than a little turned on,” Tiffany confessed.

“Yeah, me too. He seems legit though.”

“Do you think this could be a trap, you know, like a sting operation?” Tiffany asked.

“I doubt it, Mom. There are literally thousands of videos online that portray two people having mother and son sex. Besides, he’s not asking us to verify our relationship, or reveal our names. He doesn’t KNOW we’re related. He’s interested in us because we look alike. He even says as much.”

Ben’s point made sense to his mom. If they were being investigated, there was already enough material for any good prosecutor to move forward with a case. For Tiffany, it wasn’t about the money being offered in the email. There was something very hot about performing all the sex acts listed with her son without wearing any disguise. Knowing that someone was going to watch her and Ben have incestual sex without having to worry about covering up was exciting and very naughty.

“Why don’t we do one and see what happens?” Tiffany proposed.

Ben looked over at his mom with a shocked expression. “Seriously?” His eyes wide with disbelief.

“Why not? It will be a relief to be able to be more natural in front of the camera.” Tiffany was noticeably enthusiastic about the idea.

Ben smiled and began to feel his cock swell. He adjusted himself openly in front of his mom.

“Which one will we do first?” Ben thought it wise to do the easiest one and see how the whole process worked.

“We’ll need to set up a payment system before anything else.” Tiffany was thinking about how to arrange an anonymous transfer.

Ben and Tiffany discussed how to set up a totally anonymous system of receiving payment for the videos but couldn’t think of anything outside of a post office box address.

“If we set up a P.O. box, he will know what state and city we live in,” Ben said.

“What about that phone app that lets you give money to friends and family?” Tiffany had read about how easy it was to use.

“Yes, ‘MO-VEND’! All we need is an email address, and on his end, he’ll never know our names, where we’re from or anything. Good idea!” Ben was thrilled to have that out of the way.

Tiffany and Ben talked about what they would record for Incestlvr69 while cleaning the kitchen. That night, Tiffany set up the MO-VEND account while Ben emailed the man back giving him the necessary information. It was all set. They would record their first video the next morning.

Ben was sitting in the middle of the couch, naked, atop an unfolded towel. His legs were spread wide with his mom, wearing one of her new cream-colored tank tops, sitting on her knees in front of him. The camera was on the tripod to the side.

Tiffany decided it would be best to simply record the sex act without acting or worrying about any scenario. They pretended like the camera wasn’t there.

“It’s been a while since I just jacked you off, Ben.” Tiffany looked over her son’s towering cock and into his eyes lovingly.

“I was just thinking the same thing, Mom.” Ben was looking down at his mom as she sat, her tits pushed out. Her hard, darker nipples were visible through the lighter, sheer fabric of the shirt.

She sat up on her knees and wrapped both hands around Ben’s wide shaft. She pumped him gently, feeling the friction between them.

“You need lubrication.” Tiffany wrapped her mouth around her son’s thick cock and sucked on the head. She loosened her lips to allow her saliva to leak out and coat his prodigious member. She sucked on the head again.

“That’s it Mom, get it good and wet,” Ben encouraged.

He watched as his mom’s red lips spread around his girth. Clear spit ran onto her hands as they massaged his shaft. Her lips lifted up from his tip and a stream ran down onto his head, mixing with her lipstick on his dick. She applied her mouth to his head again. Tiffany made several trips up and down his shaft with both her hands and her mouth. When she saw his cock was covered in a slick sheen, she sat back up, arching her back and began stroking.

“You like the way mommy strokes your cock, Ben?”

“God, I love it, Mom. Your great at that, and your tits look amazing.” Ben felt the difference in the chemistry between the two of them during this video. There was a more exhibitionist feel to the scene. Definitely more genuine. He felt for the first time that he was recording a very real, sincere interaction and not a contrived scene with a script.

Tiffany was buzzing with excitement. For some reason, she felt as though she was being watched as she stroked her son’s cock before the camera. It felt like a natural performance, more so than ever before. She went at Ben’s cock with renewed gusto.

Her stroking quickly escalated to a hard, pumping motion. His throbbing cock was dragging in her hand, so she lowered her mouth over his head and repeated the drooling technique she’d used before, while pumping with two hands, making sure her saliva ran all the way down onto his balls.

“Mom?” Ben asked hoarsely.

Tiffany raised her eyes and lifted her mouth from his flared tip, pausing. “What is it, honey?”

“UNGH!” Ben grunted and his cock throbbed. A wild burst of cum fountained from his tip.

“OH!” Tiffany cried.

“Don’t stop, Mom!” Ben pleaded, a thick pool of ejaculate beading atop his head.

“Oh right!” Tiffany replied, resuming her two-handed pump.

“FUUUH”— Ben’s voice broke as the cum leapt from his tip, spewing in a high line above them. His eyes shut tight as stars of pleasure exploded in his mind.

Spurt after spurt followed, as Ben grunted and flexed his cock through his orgasm. Tiffany pumped him steadily as semen rained heavily down onto them. Jizz landed in streaks on Ben’s torso and stomach, and on Tiffany’s cleavage and chest.

“You really needed that, huh?” Tiffany joked.

“God, that was hot, Mom.” Ben huffed, opening his eyes. He looked down on Tiffany who had turned his cock toward her and tongued his head. She drew a pale blob of lingering semen from his hole with her tongue and lifted it, drawing it into a

long sticky line until it broke from his tip, dangling from her bottom lip.

Tiffany smiled toward the camera, made a kissy face, then reached to turn it off.

“What do you think? Good?”

Ben smiled, “Yeah, I think that’ll work. Let me clean up, then I’ll send him the whole clip. No sense in sending him a trailer for such a small video. You made me cum so fast!”

Tiffany smiled at him as he rushed off to clean himself. She had quite the mess on her hands herself. She laughed as she made her way to her master bathroom.

Two hours later, Tiffany and her son had just come in from the pool and were checking their anonymous email for Incestlvr69’s response. About the same time, Ben’s phone alerted him to a new MO-VEND transaction.

“\$250 was just deposited. Why that amount?” Ben wondered, “The man said \$200 even for a jack off scene to completion.”

“Here’s why.” Tiffany was reading the email from Incestlvr69.

“Greetings Tiffany and Ben,

Outstanding video! I loved it! I gave you a bonus for the oral contact and as an encouragement for future videos. Please keep them coming and keep them natural!

—IL”

“What do you think ‘keep them natural’ means?” Tiffany asked her son.

“Probably no story or script. I don’t think he wants us to act.” Ben smiled.

Tiffany and Ben decided to do another video the next day.

The next morning, after showering, Ben wandered downstairs for breakfast. Tiffany was dressed in a flowery yellow summer dress, not the sexiest choice in Ben’s mind. But since they would be recording that morning he figured he would see more of his mom’s body soon enough.

“Good morning, Lover!” Tiffany smiled, but it was more of a strained grin. Ben picked up on it immediately.

“What’s wrong?”

Tiffany paused and looked over to Ben. “Your dad called earlier.” Tiffany resumed cooking Ben’s eggs.

“Is he coming home?”

“He might be, but he won’t be staying here.”

“How do you know?”

“He won’t be staying here because he knows I know about his girlfriend and the way we ended our last call made it clear I don’t want him to stay here anymore. Ben, I’m going to suggest that he and I separate.”

Ben didn’t know how he felt about this information. He knew he didn’t want his dad around, not while the filming was going so well, but he also didn’t want his parents to get a divorce. He realized immediately how strange his predicament was.

“Let me know how that goes. I don’t want any surprises.”

“Don’t worry, neither do I. I’m most likely going to change my last name back to my maiden name. It will help us in the future if you and I don’t share the same last name.”

“I guess you and Dad are going to get a divorce...” Ben looked away.

Tiffany didn't respond and they finished their breakfast quietly. After they'd cleaned up, the two sat on the patio together. Ben could tell that his mom was restless.

“What's going on?” Ben looked over at Tiffany who was now sitting with her hands folded in her lap.

“You haven't asked me what I bought yesterday?” Tiffany put on a pout.

Ben looked down at his mom's chest and couldn't help but notice her nipples were once again erect under the sundress. His dick stirred from under his sweatpants.

“Well, let's start the fashion show then!”

Tiffany smiled and jumped up, all but running back to her bedroom to fetch the clothes, still in the bags from yesterday.

Ben took his cock out for a moment and stroked it, sensing the opportunity to have sex with his mom for the first time that day.

Ben shook his head. ‘Damn, I'm a lucky guy.’

Tiffany slipped out of her sundress and put on the thin, white V-neck T-shirt she had bought. It strained to cover the broad swells of her boobs, but that was part of why she liked it. She had a blue and white mini skirt she selected to go with it. She removed her panties.

Ben sat frozen and gawked at his mom's breasts as she walked back outside.

"Mom, that looks unbelievable." He looked down at his crotch, "Can I..."

"Of course! Take him out to play!" Tiffany laughed as she walked around the patio modeling for her son.

Ben's cock was out in a flash. He stroked it while watching her. He was thinking about grabbing her and bending her over and just fucking her right there, but he remembered his mom's sad pout and decided it would be best to see all that she bought from her shopping trip. Meanwhile, his mom had returned to the bathroom.

Minutes passed as Ben waited. He'd set his semi-hard cock down against his stomach and was perusing the internet on his laptop when he heard music start playing from the outside speakers. After

a short time, Tiffany walked out wearing a fairly conservative sky-blue, long sleeved blouse, with a pair of black, pin-striped slacks and light blue heels.

“What... what’s this? It looks like you’re ready to work at an office or something.”

“Do you like it?” Tiffany turned around, so he could get a better look at the outfit.

“I mean, yeah... it’s really nice. Not what I was expecting, but nice. Professional.”

The music was playing, and Tiffany rocked her hips slightly in time with the beat of the song as she moved toward Ben.

“What is this? I think I’ve heard it before,” Ben commented, watching her.

“It’s Bjork. ‘Venus as a Boy.’ Isn’t it sexy?”

“Yeah, I guess it is. Her voice is pretty sexy.”

“You should read the lyrics sometime, then you’ll know why I played it.”

Tiffany was swaying her body and smoothing her hands down her legs, then back up, cupping her breasts and pressing them together under the blouse. She was giving her son a strip tease.

“I never knew you could dance like this, Mom. It’s hot.”

Tiffany placed a finger over her lips to silence her son.

“...He’s Venus as a boy...” She mouthed the lyrics as she unfastened one of the buttons on her blouse, then after a few beats, another.

‘Mom’s stripping for me. Shit!’ Ben grabbed his dick again, this time taking his balls out of his sweatpants as well. He was getting harder by the second.

“...He believes in a beauty...” she sang this last line.

Tiffany’s blouse was unbuttoned, and Ben could see a white platform bra peek from behind the sides of the shirt.

Ben watched his mom wiggle in time out of her slacks as she continued to mouth the words.

“...He sets off... the beauty in her...”

She flipped her slacks over the back of the patio chair and slid back into her heels as she rolled her waist and torso to the music. Tiffany had a white garter belt with ultra-sheer silk stockings that were a

slightly lighter hue than her own skin. She wore her silk thong panties over her stockings and belt.

“...He’s Venus as a boy...”

She let her blouse slide off her shoulders revealing her white, silk bra, barely able to support the weighty, quivering flesh of her mammoth breasts. The white lingerie was nothing like he had ever seen her wear before. He felt his erection pulse and stopped jerking himself, feeling as though he could cum without so much as touching her, she was so arousing.

Ben didn’t speak a word. He was shocked and in awe of her performance.

Tiffany rhythmically squirmed her panties off her body and tossed them to her son, then sauntered over and took him by the hand and led him to her room.

Ben was so excited that he was feverish. He knew he would have to use all the restraint he could muster to not plow his big dick into her the moment they reached her bed. He knew from experience that she would want to go slower than that.

Tiffany was as aroused as her son at that point, but she knew that it would be up to her to prolong

their love-making long enough to satisfy her desire to cum, and she wanted to cum badly.

She guided her son to sit on her bed. Smiling at him, she pulled off his shirt, removed his sweatpants, and helped him out of his socks. Ben continued stroking his cock as best he could, allowing his mother to undress him and watching her tits jiggle under her bra.

As soon as he was naked, relaxing on the bed, Tiffany immediately put her mouth over his cock.

“Ahhhh, yessss, Mom,” Ben hissed.

Tiffany sucked Ben’s full-blown erection as far down as she could in one stroke. His shaft sank deep into her tight throat. Saliva ran down the few inches of shaft that she couldn’t take and she used both hands to massage his balls. Her slippery spit ran all the way down and soon, she was rubbing it into his tight scrotum as she bobbed her head.

He looked down at his mom, her red hair now pulled into a tight ponytail, he knew for his benefit. Her mouth was wrapped around his fat tube, but her smiling eyes told him that she was loving it.

“God, Mom. Your mouth feels incredible.” He gripped her ponytail in one hand, atop her head.

The shutters were open and perfectly illuminated Tiffany's slow blow job. She was working into a steady rhythm, with her mouth moving up and down as much as she could handle. Tiffany pushed herself down, turning her head back and forth slightly in an effort to bury every inch of him.

Her hands replaced her mouth on his shaft, pumping him. "It's really big and hard today, Ben," she sighed.

"You made it like that, Mom," he replied, smiling.

Tiffany got onto the bed beside him, and turned so that they were head-to-toe, never losing her grip on his cock. As Tiffany moved, onto the bed, Ben noticed the camera for the first time. It was on its tripod, pointed directly at the center of the bed, right where Tiffany's lower body hovered over her son's face. His mom was recording their love making for Incestluvr69. Ben became delirious with arousal at that point. He realized that his mom enjoyed recording their incestuous sex for the stranger.

'She had this planned all along!' he thought.

Tiffany lifted a leg and carefully swung it over Ben with one knee now resting on either side of his

head. Facing his feet, she had one hand latched onto the head of his cock and one on his leg. She was straddling him in a 69 position but sitting up as he reclined. She began gently stroking her pussy with her free hand, turning briefly to look down at him.

“This was a little sneaky, but I thought you’d enjoy it,” she said huskily.

Ben observed his mom’s swollen mound from inches below her, between her thighs. Above her wet, pink folds, her huge tits hung heavy, topped by her pinkish-red nipples peeking out over the edge of her bra.

He could only nod, with an open-mouthed smile.

As she continued to gently stroke his penis, Tiffany lowered herself onto her son’s lips, trapping his head between her thighs. She could only see his chin as she looked down and he began to work on her.

Ben stuck his tongue out lewdly and let his mom use it to her satisfaction. His hands reached under her thighs to grab her ass as she sat on his face. He used his grip on her butt to guide her as she lifted her torso up and down on his extended tongue.

“Oooh, Ben! I love your tongue, she moaned. She lost her grip on his dick as she spread herself with one hand and reached up to unhook her bra from the front. She roughly tweaked one of her stiff nipples, sighing.

Tiffany gyrated on her son’s face as Ben’s tongue penetrated into her hot, wet depths. Her soft lips and firm clit slid all over Ben’s chin and mouth. She smashed herself down onto him until she began to shake. Her hands fell to the bed, grinding her opening down into his mouth and tongue. He flicked it back and forth inside her, pushing her over the top.

“Uhhh... Ahhhh! Oh God... Bennn!”

Ben moaned as his mouth was filled with her hot fluid. He swallowed, noting the subtle sweetness, then jammed his tongue back inside her.

Tiffany sat back up and managed to hump her son’s face through another orgasm, then fell forward, letting her hair fall over his thighs with her face on his stomach, next to his cock. She picked it up and began stroking it absently.

“Oh God, I needed that!” she laughed.

The two turned around to allow for the camera to record Tiffany fellate her son.

Her orgasms complete, Ben busied himself by kissing her fat, wet labia gently. He felt her breasts mash against his lower torso as a moist warmth engulfed his cock.

“Oh shit, Mom. Suck it!” he cheered, still incredibly turned on.

He awkwardly moved his arms from his mother’s ass, briefly to the sides of her splayed tits, then to the back of her head as she sucked his dick.

“Mmm,” he could hear her moaning, corkscrewing her mouth down his dick, only to lift up and drive down again and again.

Ben tried to pull her mouth further down his shaft but could not guide her effectively from his angle under her. He moved his hands back to her breasts, where he found her nipples and played with those instead.

Tiffany again moaned when he began pulling at her nipples. She stretched her lips over his thick meat, using two hands to aid her mouth in stroking him, but it was difficult for her to put him deep at that angle.

“Take it, Mom. That’s it!”

Ben flexed his cock up into his mom's mouth as best he could, meeting her downward thrusts. The wet, gargling sounds of Tiffany's mouth made Ben pump harder. Tiffany wanted to be face-fucked by her son, but the current position they were in would not allow for such an aggressive penetration.

She pulled her body upright, lifting her mouth from his wet dick. Then she flipped over onto her back. "Hold on, baby. Let's switch position. I want you to fuck my mouth."

Ben was up in a flash, moving to stand over his mother, lying on her back. Making certain he was centering himself in front of the camera, he stood near her head, stroking his wet dick, waiting to see what his mom had in mind. Tiffany flipped her ponytail over and then let her head hang down, off the side of the bed.

With her head upside-down and facing the camera, she beckoned to Ben with her eyes. He stepped up to her, stroking himself slowly. Tiffany's eyes were on his balls as he dropped them down over her eyes and nose. She wasted no time sucking on them.

"God, mom. I love when you suck my balls like that," he said, stroking himself with one hand and

using the other to play with her right tit.

Tiffany moaned as she mouthed his balls, waiting for Ben to penetrate her mouth. As if on cue, he stepped back, his balls popping out of her mouth.

She lifted her head, looking up at her son from below his wide, powerful tool, and returned his smile.

“Please, baby. Give it to me good. I want a nice big load out of you for our viewer,” she said. Then she relaxed her neck and let her mouth fall open.

Looking down at her head upside down between his legs, Ben guided his hard cock into his mom’s willing mouth.

“Mmmm!” she moaned lustfully.

Ben had her mouth spread wide as she allowed her throat to relax. He leaned forward and started sliding his tool into hot, wet mouth. From this position, Tiffany could handle more than any other oral position. She could feel Ben’s long, thick cock deeper than it had ever gone. As he began pumping down into her, she soon began to salivate excessively. Spit leaked out almost immediately and was forming a foamy ring around her lips,

eventually dripping up her cheek and down to the floor under her head.

“Fuck, yes, Mom. Take it!” Ben was really giving it to her now. His thrusts penetrating into her tight esophagus were going to make for a quick orgasm; the abundance of saliva made for a very slippery experience.

From the camera’s eye, Ben’s cock disappeared more than three-fourths into his mom’s mouth. His heavy-hanging balls bounced and slapped against her eyes and nose as he planted himself repeatedly. His ass would flex with each thrust into her. The mother and son were creating a very graphic scene for their patron.

Once Ben established a good rhythm, he leaned over his mother’s body, and grabbed her breasts roughly. He noticed Tiffany’s hips were bucking upward. Her hand slipped down to find her swollen clit.

She grunted below him as she massaged her engorged clit, then moaned in an almost worried tone. The oxygen deprivation was heightening her climax. A moment later, she came shamelessly; her throat flexing as her pussy pulsed. Ben continued his

manual assault on her bulging tits, never slowing his thrusts into mouth.

The pumping became more intense. Tiffany recovered from her climax and realized she'd reached the limit to her arousal. Her vision became spotty, but she didn't want to interrupt the scene by pushing her son off to catch her breath. She breathed as best she could as Ben's balls bounced on her eyes and nose. Her extremities began to feel weak just as Ben pulled out.

“GUUUUAH!” she sucked in air.

“Aaaaaahhhh”— Ben slowly stroked his cock at Tiffany's open mouth as precum trickled down over her face.

Ben's body shook, grunting “AH!” as his cock streamed a wide jet of semen spraying into his mom's mouth.

“FUUUUCCKKK!” Ben shot more into Tiffany's mouth. The white streams flashed briefly before disappearing into her open maw.

Tiffany felt cum pooling on the top of tongue, then running back to the roof of her mouth. Ben saw this and adjusted his aim. Two more smaller spurts

covered her lips, nose, and chin. He lifted his hips up and craned his cock away from her face.

“Fuck, Mom! That felt amazing! He stepped around her head to sit facing the camera on the edge of the bed. He helped Tiffany lift her torso up, so she too was sitting on the bed. She looked at the camera briefly, her face a mess of oozing cum and drool, then leaned over to rest her head on Ben’s shoulder.

“That was intense, Ben,” she whispered.

“It was. Are you okay?”

“I am now. For a while there, it was touch and go,” she laughed.

Ben stood and reached to turn the recorder off, then fetched a towel for his mom to clean up with. After wiping herself off, they both cuddled on the bed and fell into a short nap as they held each other’s hand.

The next morning, Ben came downstairs for breakfast with his laptop opened and announced, “Guess what Mr. 69 thought of our yesterday’s recording?”

Tiffany had to think about who “Mr. 69” was before she realized he was talking about their special client.

She laughed. “What?”

He read the email to her.

“Tiffany and Ben,

You really outdid yourselves with that one. I don’t know which I liked better, Tiffany’s blowjob or watching her sit on Ben’s face. I wasn’t expecting the two of you to be so comfortable satisfying the list I provided. Very creative! I’m sending you \$2,000 for that one. You’re giving me quite the collection!

Till next time,

—IL”

“That’s not bad for a single video. He would probably pay more if he knew we were really mother and son,” Tiffany commented. She was dressed in her new, blue miniskirt with matching blue wedge sandals, and a white, short sleeve spandex style top that was cut too low to wear in public.

“You look unbelievably sexy in that outfit, Mom! I feel underdressed! What’s the occasion?”

“Oh, I thought we could scout for a place for the public sex, you know, for Mr. 69?”

Ben loved the thought. He smiled and began to climb back up the stairs to his room to shower and change when he heard his mom’s phone ring. Tiffany received so few calls that when she did get one, it was usually a big deal. Ben stopped in his tracks. He predicted it was his dad, and he was right. He tried to listen to what was being said but it was a quick call.

“Ben?” she hollered from the kitchen. “Your father’s coming over in about ten minutes. Get the camera out of my room, hurry!”

For the next several minutes, Ben and his mom put away the camera and lights, stowed the oils left out on his mom’s bathroom vanity, and made sure the laptop was shut down and out of the way. It was the first time Ben felt fear connected with the new relationship to his mom and he didn’t like it one bit.

Tiffany quickly donned her usual stay-home mom clothes that she wore prior to her involvement with Ben and tried to look casual as she sat in the kitchen

thumbing through the latest Restoration Hardware catalog.

“What should I do, Mom?” Ben was nervous.

“I’ll need to talk to your dad for a while. I’ll send him up when we’re finished. You might as well take a shower.”

Ben experienced a serious mood swing. Just ten minutes ago he was preparing to bound up the stairs and shower for a day of exciting sex, now he was trudging up the stairs as if his entire life were balanced treacherously upon the conversation that was about to take place between his mom and dad. Would she re-think the actions of these past two months? Would she and his father resolve their differences? Was his mom going to have a change of heart? Ben tried to put his anxious thoughts aside as her showered.

Larry rang the doorbell rather than use his key. He had a suspicion that Tiffany wasn’t too happy with him and he had an idea why. At one time, he thoroughly enjoyed his trophy wife; her playful nature, the way she took care of his every need, her invaluable input when he was expanding the business, and most of all her physical beauty. It was a young receptionist at one of his dealerships that

caused him to stray and stray he did. Since that first girlfriend he had developed a sexual preference for young, petite women. Now Tiffany knows, and she will probably want a divorce.

He would rather keep things the way they were. It would be cheaper for him if he did. A divorce would require a division of assets and a probably a hefty alimony payment. As he walked up to the door he was determined to try his best to avoid the divorce, but he felt it was out of his control.

“Hi Larry.” Tiffany leaned in to give her husband a brief hug and a polite kiss on the cheek.

Larry looked Tiffany up and down. “Tiff, you look fantastic. It looks like you’ve been keeping fit!”

Blushing, Tiffany smiled. “Thank you, Larry. I’ve been keeping busy. Treadmill mostly. Please, come in.”

Tiffany was impressed that Larry rang the bell. It showed a willingness to be civil. Not that Larry had ever been abusive in any way, but he did have the tendency to be blunt, and was given to anger when things didn’t go his way. She also made a mental note that he looked good. Tan, grey hair on his side burns, but still had his original, brown hair color.

“Why don’t we sit in the kitchen. Can I get you some coffee? Black?”

“Thank you, yes, black please.”

Larry looked around his house. Nothing had changed substantially, save some furniture being rearranged. He was reminded of the comfortable life he has made for his wife which furthered his resolve to deny her a divorce.

Tiffany set the coffee down.

“Thanks. So, how’s Ben? Is he here?”

“Ben is doing great! He has really matured, Larry. You won’t recognize him. He’s upstairs. I told him you’d come up when we’re done here.”

“That’s good to hear. He’s been making consistent payments to repay the money he blew at college. I’m proud of him for that.”

“He’s doing well with his job. Computer videography or something like that.”

Larry nodded. “That’s terrific. So, where do we start? What would you like to discuss first?”

Tiffany felt awkward. She was reminding herself to speak as if things had been normal, and she

wasn't selling videos of her having sex with her son.

“Well, the marriage, Larry. It's the marriage. I know about at least three women that you have been involved with and I know about the apartment you keep in California. You have been having affairs for the past two or three years. I don't want to know why, and I'm not trying to blame you for anything. You've obviously lost interest in me romantically and there's nothing I did to cause this. I'm pretty confident on that point.”

Tiffany paused. She was on a roll but felt she needed to give Larry an opportunity to talk.

“Okay. Yes, you're right. I haven't been a faithful husband to you. I'm sorry. But I also know that I don't want to return to how we were before. I just don't think I can be faithful in the future. Tiffany, it's not your fault.”

Tiffany interrupted, “I know it's not my fault. I've been a good wife. A great wife, actually. I just don't see how we can go on like this.”

“Just hear me out. Tiffany, I don't want a divorce. Period. I know that's asking a lot, but I would rather things continue the way they are than go down that road. I can visit Ben and he can visit me from time

to time, I don't even have to have keys to the house, you can be completely independent, but I don't want a divorce.”

Tiffany knew exactly why Larry didn't want a divorce. She estimated she would receive around fifteen million dollars in assets and most likely a substantial alimony as well. He stood to lose a great deal in a divorce.

“Larry, that's just not fair. How am I supposed to go on with my life? Can I never re-marry? What sort of man is going to commit to a meaningful relationship with a married woman? You have to see my point.”

Larry wrung his hands. He knew it was too much to ask. “Can you at least think about it before getting a lawyer involved? Give it a couple of weeks. I can give you an allowance and set up a retirement account for you. It will be worth it to wait, trust me.”

Tiffany looked at her husband sternly. “An allowance!” Now she was getting angry. “How will it be worth it for me to wait? Never mind, okay. I'll wait at least two weeks before I contact a lawyer, but I don't see how this is going to change anything. Just a reminder, I control our personal accounts and

I already have copies of all our investments, holdings, and bank account balances. I just thought I would put that out there.”

“I’m not going to try to hide anything, Tiffany. Believe it or not, I still love you. I don’t want to hurt you.”

Although he was trying to be sincere, she knew better. His wanting to avoid a divorce was about the money and only the money. It didn’t make any sense otherwise. She had no doubt that he would be willing to give her a portion of the estate, but she guessed that the two weeks was needed to put together an offer.

“So, we’re good? You’ll wait at least two weeks, then call me before you get a lawyer?”

“Yes. Agreed. In the meantime, I hope you don’t mind if I change the locks on the house.”

Larry gave a sigh of relief that she was willing to wait. “Sure, whatever makes you feel safer. Now, I’m going to go up and visit with Ben.”

Ben could hear his father as he approached his room. He was reading an article in a videography magazine his mom had picked up at the bookstore.

His dad knocked before opening the door.

“Hey, Ben!” Larry held his arms open for his son.

“Dad!” Ben gave him a firm hug and kissed him on the cheek. He was genuinely happy to see him.

Larry stood back, holding his son at arm’s length. “Jesus! Look at you! Tan and fit. You look good!”

Ben smiled. “You too, Dad! How’s California, or...”

“Great! You’ll have to come out and visit real soon.”

“I’d like that.” Ben smiled.

“Hey, I wanted to say how much it means to me that you’ve been paying off the money you spent when you were at university. That’s a sign of true maturity and I respect that, Ben.” His father wore a serious expression. “That right there tells me you’re becoming a man, that you’ve learned a valuable lesson.”

“Thanks, Dad. I’m sorry I put you and mom through all of that. I’ve grown out of that stage.”

“That’s good news. So, tell me about this job. It pays well, that’s obvious.”

“Yeah, it does. I help with digital videography, editing, uploading, formatting. It’s for a company that sells media to a variety of websites.” Ben looked at his father carefully to see if he picked up on the lie.

“Wow! Really putting your interest in computers to work. Good for you! I’d like to see what you’ve done some time.”

Ben thought, ‘No, I don’t think you would,’ and tried to hide a smile that was forming on his face.

“Definitely, Dad. What’s going on with you and Mom?”

“Well, it’s complicated. We’re trying to work out a plan where we can stay married, but I can’t stay in one place for very long with all the dealerships I have now, so, it’s tough on her. She must have said something to you.”

“Actually, no. She’s just like she’s always been,” Ben was careful to watch what information he gave his father.

“She’s not going out? Dating? Seeing anyone?” Larry was staring intently at his son, probing.

“Mom? No. She reads a lot. She makes all my meals, sometimes she helps me, but she hasn’t been seeing anyone. I’m sure of that.”

Larry looked disappointed. Tiffany was always a sexually driven person. He tried to imagine what it would be like not to have sex for as long as she has. He shook his head at the thought.

Ben and his dad talked for a good thirty minutes before Larry said his good-byes and left for his flight to San Diego. As soon as he was out the door, Ben came barreling down the stairs and found his mom in the living room watching Larry’s rental car leave the property.

“Mom? How did it go?” Ben cautiously entered the room not knowing what sort of mood his mom would be in.

“He wants me to wait to move forward with the divorce. I told him I would delay contacting a lawyer for two weeks.”

Ben sat next to his mom and looked at the floor. He didn’t understand their marriage. It really wasn’t a marriage at all. He wondered why his father wouldn’t want a divorce since he dates other women anyway.

“Why won’t he go for the divorce?”

“Money, that’s why. Money. Although he didn’t say as much.”

“Oh. Of course.” Ben put his hand on his mom’s shoulder. “Are you alright?”

“I’m great! Don’t worry about it. I was just thinking about where to shoot our next private video, you know the public sex one?”

Ben smiled and gave a sigh of relief. His penis had all but withered to nothing with his dad in the house. He was selfishly happy his father wasn’t moving back in.

Tiffany and Ben made a list of possible locations where they would shoot their next sex movie for Mr. 69. They both agreed that it should be risky but not so risky to where they could actually get caught. Tiffany suggested they record themselves in public in their clothes near the place they would be having sex to give context.

“Let’s get dressed in what we will wear in the video and take a drive to see about some of the places on our list.” Tiffany gave her son a hug and a long kiss before they went to change. After a few minutes, Ben came back down stairs wearing a pair

of navy-blue golf shorts with a golf shirt and flip-flops. Tiffany re-dressed in her blue miniskirt and sexy, white, spandex style top. She brought along a white cotton jacket to cover her breasts just in case they had to be around other people.

Ben and Tiffany's shortlist consisted of four locations: the park, a department store parking lot, a model home in a new development, and the beach. Since they weren't dressed for the beach, they drove past the other locations.

"The park is questionable." Tiffany assessed the group of people at the park as they drove by. "The main problem with the park is the presence of kids. We can't risk that."

Ben agreed, "So, the park is off the list. How about a department store parking lot?"

"That just doesn't seem as sexy as I thought it would be. Either it's sex in the car, or on the outskirts of the property. There are cameras everywhere these days!" Tiffany said.

"Okay, no department store parking lot," Ben agreed, "that leaves the model home, or we have to

come up with something else.”

Tiffany knew of a new development that advertised custom homes that was close by. It was in an affluent area and should have a couple of homes open for viewing.

They pulled into the beautifully landscaped entrance where there were three new homes and a model home/office in a cul-de-sac near the entrance. There were about twenty large homes being built on the first street with lots for sale being advertised on the empty ones that remained.

“This looks promising,” Ben said.

“Why don’t we go in with the camera and say that we’re filming the house for my husband who is at the office. They should let us record. If this is anything like the other model homes I’ve been in, the office will be the only one with any realtors or builders in it. The others should be staged or simply vacant.” Tiffany looked in the mirror and re-applied some lipstick.

“You’re wearing the jacket with that top, right?” Ben stared at his mom’s expansive bosom and how completely she filled out the tight top. She was

showing more cleavage than she had ever shown in public.

“Oh, yes. Thanks for reminding me. Now, let me do all the talking.” Tiffany opened the car door and quickly put her jacket on.

Ben took the microphone extension and extra light attachment off the camera, so it wouldn't appear too professional.

The two walked up the brick lane leading to the front door.

“Why do we have to go into the office first? Can't we just go to one of the others and record?”

“Because we are serious customers, that's why. If they know we're here, they won't be suspicious, and they'll leave us alone.”

They walked into the beautiful custom home, moving from room-to-room,

the camera rolling the whole time.

“Oh, look at this ceiling, Ben. Your father will love this.” Tiffany was playing the part perfectly. Ben was recording his mom's ass in the tight mini-skirt and wasn't wasting too much time on the interior décor.

“Yeah, he likes that,” Ben said.

A blonde-haired, middle-aged man in a shirt and tie walked out from the study that was made into an office to greet them.

“Hello, welcome to Starlight Homes. I’m Stan.” He extended his hand and shook Tiffany’s hand, then Ben’s.

“Hi, Stan. I’m Tiffany, and this is Ben, my son. I hope you don’t mind if he records our visit for my husband, he couldn’t make it.”

“Well, normally, we don’t encourage photography, but I don’t suppose it will be a problem.”

“Thank you, Stan.” Tiffany gave him a warm smile.

The realtor showed the couple the floorplans to the model homes. Tiffany took a copy of all three and asked for a map of available lots to show her husband. Stan returned with the paperwork and bid them a pleasant visit.

They finished walking through the main home and walked outside to the last one in the series as it was furthest away from the office.

“That was easy,” Ben remarked.

“I’ve done this a few times. They usually don’t bother you if you look like you’re serious.”

Ben looked around. “Only one car and it’s probably that guy, Stan’s.”

“I know, I’m getting excited!” Tiffany’s pace quickened.

“Now, be on the lookout for security cameras. They might have them at the entrance, but most likely not in the bedrooms inside the house,” Tiffany cautioned.

There wasn’t a camera in sight at the last house. It wasn’t staged with any furniture either. The first floor was all hardwood and too difficult to see if anyone was coming into the home, so they made their way upstairs.

“This is nice!” Ben panned the camera around the empty space, then trained the lens onto Tiffany’s breasts. “Time to get busy, Mom.”

They found the master bedroom. It had a large window with a built-in cushioned bench overlooking the front of the house. It had a few tiers of empty shelves on the adjacent wall.

“This is good.” Tiffany turned around, facing Ben as he recorded. He was playing with himself over his shorts. She dropped to her knees on the wood floor in front of Ben and began unbuttoning him.

“Shit!” He immediately felt himself growing harder as a result of his mom’s bold moves, recording Tiffany below him.

“We’ll have to hurry, Ben,” she said in a rushed but quiet voice, tugging Ben’s open pants down. “No telling how much time we’ll have.”

His stiffening cock wobbled as she freed it and removed his shorts. Ben kept the camera trained on her, although movement in his peripheral caused him to look up. A new car was slowly circling the cul-de-sac. Perhaps more potential buyers.

Tiffany took to Ben’s cock like she was starved for it. Grunting, slurping and humming, she was already sucking on his thick cock seconds after taking his shorts off. The feeling of his mom’s hot mouth engulfing his throbbing tip brought his attention back to her.

“Damn, mom...” he huffed, lowering his gaze back to the viewfinder.

The image showed the top of Tiffany's deep red hair waving as she her moved her head on her son's cock. Her pinkish-red lips were stretched around his thick shaft and her mouth was churning like a piston on the top half of his dick. Her hands stroked the rest of him, wasting no time getting him to a full erection.

Ben's noticed the camera footage was slightly shaky as he floundered a bit from his mom's pleasurable blowjob. He stood up straighter and focused to steady the shot. They needed to make this scene count because they most likely would not be able to accommodate any reshoots. His camera work would need to be flawless. As a result, he was able to record the action without jostling or shaking the camera.

Tiffany, however, was free to perform. And perform she did. There was something about being able to record without any disguise or adjusting the camera angle that made her feel extra sexy and uninhibited. She also felt that she was behaving like more of an exhibitionist than before. This was her real self, sucking her son's cock on camera.

“Mmm, that feels really good,” he encouraged.

Tiffany paused briefly to make eye contact with the camera. “I can tell. You’re massive today, honey.” She placed her mouth back on him and continued, moaning pleasantly.

Ben enjoyed the blowjob, but knew he’d be cumming soon if he didn’t distract himself. He decided to multitask, carefully steadying the camera in one hand, and reaching for his mom’s jacket with the other as she attended to his stiff dick. Tiffany got the message and pulled the jacket from each arm, letting it slip from her shoulders as she sucked on him using only her mouth.

Keeping his cock between her lips, she slipped her hands into the wide-open scoop neck of her top. She extracted one of her colossal, bra-less tits, then the other. They stretched the neck to its limit, hanging heavily over the fabric, but the effect was to lift her huge breasts, making them seem even larger.

At the sight of her tits, Ben was ready to fuck her, though she was currently trying to deepthroat him. He zoomed in until the frame was filled with the image of Tiffany’s pink lips dragging up and down his fat shaft. It was a close up shot that he knew would satisfy Mr.69.

He took half a step back, extracting his thick dick from his mother's mouth with a wet slosh, and took a step over to the cushioned bench window. His cock waived stiffly.

“Let's get you out of that skirt, Mom.” he said, placing the camera on one of the shelves facing the window, he then began to whisper to keep the ending a surprise for their viewer. “We'll need to see your ass for the cumshot and we don't want to stain your skirt.”

Tiffany rose and unzipped her skirt in the back and shimmied her hips until it cleared the curve of her ass. She then stepped out of it as it bunched on the hardwood floor.

Ben turned back to face his mom. His hard cock was angled up slightly as it jut out from his body just below the hem of his shirt. Tiffany walked over to him, her bare tits wobbling over the bunched top, her wedge sandals making dull thuds with each step.

“Sit down, Benny, so I can ride that big dick,” she said this just as much for Ben's benefit as for the camera's. Before Tiffany could blink, Ben was seated on the cushioned bench with his back to the window, brandishing his monumental erection.

She couldn't suppress a smile at his eagerness. She leaned over, checking the viewfinder of the camera on the shelf, and tilted it down slightly to center on Ben. The angle was perfect. She crossed the room to him and mentally prepared herself for the fucking she was about to receive.

Ben held his big dick below her as Tiffany kissed him and turned around, now facing away from him and toward the camera. She positioning herself over him as her hand parted her pussy lips. Ben spanked his fat cock head against her sloppy opening. The room echoed with wet slapping sounds.

“Sit on my cock, Mom.”

Ben's head dipped inside, and Tiffany drove herself down.

“Oh, God, Ben. Yessss,” she moaned, her eyes fluttering with pleasure. She slowly slid down Ben's throbbing penis.

“Ungh,” she grunted as she bottomed out.

Ben's hands clamped onto her round ass cheeks and he flexed his cock as it became embedded inside Tiffany; he relished the tight grip of her slick sex. She moved her hands to either side of the bench, bracing herself.

Tiffany immediately began to ride her son in the reverse cowgirl position, bouncing straight up and down. After a few minutes, she was already feeling a climax welling up in her core.

“Oh, your cock is so big...” she said, strained as she rode him. “It’s filling me up.” Her ass began clapping against his thighs.

“Mmmm, ride me, Mommy.” He could feel her ass start to clench in his tight grip. “Oh, are you already going to—”

Tiffany huffed loudly, cutting off her son as she dropped onto him hard and began a forward and backward grind, driving his rigid tool against her sweet spot.

“—Oh, fuck, Ben—” she whispered urgently, her face scrunched in climax. Her hands moved to his knees between her open thighs as she grinded through her orgasm.

She finished cumming on her son and flopped backward, laying the back of her head on his shoulders. Ben released her ass and started playing with her tits with one hand. His other spread her labia wide at the intersection of his fat, slick shaft and her stretched wide pussy lips.

“You came so fast!” he said seductively, nipping and kissing at her neck and ear. “You aren’t getting off that easy.”

He began toying with her stretched pussy and tweaked her nipples, causing his mother to squirm on his lap. With her back arched, she lifted and lowered herself on him, stroking his cock with her gushing pussy. Ben guided her hips using his hand on her mound, grunting through gritted teeth.

Tiffany began to pant, then gasped as she fucked Ben. One hand was reaching behind her, playing with Ben’s hair. The other was on the breast and nipple that Ben wasn’t tugging on. This quickly brought her to the edge again.

“ohshit-ohshit-oh shooooooooo...” she whispered frantically, driving her hips up and down.

Ben guessed that she was having a particularly powerful orgasm. His suspicion was confirmed as he felt Tiffany’s pussy release its wet warmth down his shaft and over his balls as they rested on the window bench cushion. He wondered at that moment if the wet spot would be visible to the camera.

Tiffany was spent, panting and heaving. She felt like dead weight on top of Ben after she rode him

through two orgasms. Ben kissed and licked the side of his mom's neck, enjoying her salty-sweet taste.

“On your hands and knees, Mom, it's my turn,” he said with a commanding tone in his voice.

Tiffany nodded. Ben grabbed her by her hips and helped roll her over. They got her squarely in position, sort of sideways to the window with her hands on the bench cushion. She had one leg kneeling on the cushion and the other standing on the floor.

Ben quickly checked the camera, adjusted it slightly, and walked back over to stand behind her. He stroked himself, looking down at her swollen, parted, red pussy. He knew that with her legs apart, it would be a great angle to capture the penetration.

Tiffany looked back at him over her shoulder. “Oh, please put it in, baby. Don't make me wait.”

Ben obliged, smiling. He put his thick head on her inviting opening and drove it home.

“Oh, my GOD,” Tiffany huffed, lowering her head as her hand moved to the top of her pussy mound. “That big dick surprises me every time.”

Ben took a moment to adjust their position. He then took hold of her left elbow, the side facing the camera, and pinned it to her side, angling her torso slightly down. He took her kneeling right leg, the side away from the camera, facing the window, and lifted it. She went from leaning on her knee and shin, to having a bent leg with her foot on the cushion.

This position brought Tiffany's upper torso down, with her left arm pinned against her left hip and her tits tilted slightly toward the camera, but still hanging below her. Her left breast hung down almost against her left thigh. It looked a bit uncomfortable for her, but when Ben pulled back and drove into her again, she felt him hammer even deeper and grunted as she took his thick, rigid dick.

"UUUUugh," she shuddered.

Ben began pumping into her with steady, full strokes. He held her tightly, as her left hand pinned her elbow to her hip. His right hand was on her shoulder, pulling her back as he thrust forward. He could feel her hand rubbing her pussy frantically as his balls swung forward against it.

Ben's pace increased, and he held nothing back. He watched Tiffany's bulging breasts, now swinging

more dramatically as she took his pounding. They swung forward, her left one bumping against her chin, when he drove forward. Ben hit his stride as he pounded against his mom's jiggling ass loudly.

Rhythmic slapping noises filled the empty house.

“Oh, please Ben... please... give to me baby... ooh, OOOH!—” Her voice raised in pitch until it failed. He felt her diddling hand rub herself more rapidly as her voice wavered between a gasp and a cry.

“Oh, fuck yeah, Mom,” he grunted over her chirps, continuing his assault. ‘Cum on my cock again,’ he spat, feeling her pussy flutter around him. “Oh fuck... ooh FUCK!”

He yanked his cock out and quickly pinned it in Tiffany's ass cleavage. He pulled his hips back and thrust them forward as his orgasm began.

A powerful burst erupted from his tip. The arcing stream shot clear of Tiffany's body to the side, landing in a wet line on the hardwood floor. Ben trembled as he pulled back, then thrust forward again.

“GAH!” Ben grunted, pulling back and pumping forward between her soft ass cheeks.

The next spurt lined up her back from her shoulders, down over the back of the shirt bunched around her ribs. He flexed his throbbing cock and delivered another line next to the previous one, then another.

“Mmmm,” Tiffany panted below him, shaking her plump ass as he thrust between her cheeks.

Ben’s cock spat two more thinner lines over her back and butt. He chuckled, trembling with each one. He couldn’t believe how much cum he’d produced for his mom. He couldn’t help but marvel at the mess he’d made on his mom’s back and ass, not to mention the floor.

“Oh fuck,” he sighed, lifting his cock.

He looked down and smacked his flagging dick head right against Tiffany’s puckered asshole. There were blobs and lines of cum everywhere.

—CREAAAAAK— came the sound of the front door being opened, in the exact spot where they were, one floor down.

Ben’s eyes flew open wide in surprise as Tiffany jumped, startled. They heard voices below them.

“...And wouldn't this be just the perfect place to hang that portrait of my mother...”

“Shit, Ben! Can you grab my skirt?!” Tiffany whispered as loud as she dared.

Ben was already grabbing it from the floor. He tossed it to her and she quickly squeezed into it.

“Come on! Hurry! Hurry!” Ben urged as he pogo-hopped one leg into his shorts and pulled them up.

“...did you see the three-car garage, honey?” the man's voice was audible from downstairs.

Tiffany lifted her stretchy top over her sweaty tits as best she could and stuffed her ample flesh down into it. She turned to Ben as he was buttoning up.

“How do I look?” she asked.

Ben regarded her. Her hair was frazzled, her skirt was uneven, and her blouse wasn't tucked in. Then he heard feet ascending the stairs.

“Too late! Let's go,” Tiffany said, grabbing him by the hand.

“The camera!”

The sex had been so hot, they'd forgotten all about the camera. Ben darted back to the shelf and grabbed it just in time to see an older couple cross the door in the hallway.

"Oh, hello," Tiffany said pleasantly, waiving. "We were just finishing up," she added.

The bald man's mouth dropped in shock as he saw Tiffany in her slutty top. The wife offered a scowling, "HELL-LO."

Ben held the camera, filming the awkward scene. His eyes saw that something wasn't quite right with his mom's top. Tiffany's bare shoulders and upper back were lined with streaks of semen. The part of her top clinging to her lower back was dotted with darker, wet spots. That's when Ben remembered her discarded jacket.

"Hey, Mom," he said, keeping the camera level, but reaching down for her jacket. 'Don't forget your jacket.' He walked up to her and dropped in onto her shoulders. "Come on, let's get out of these nice people's hair," he said, putting his hand on her lower back and guiding her out of the room.

Tiffany's face burned red as she felt Ben's semen run down her back. She could feel how sticky it was

but knew it would now be covered by her jacket. She let Ben lead her out of the room, wondering how obvious his cum streaks were on the hardwood floor, or how much of a wet spot she'd left on the bench cushion. She was sure the humid room smelled of their steamy sex.

Ben recorded the older couple's stunned faces as they passed them and went down the stairs. He followed his mom out the front door and they both double timed it to the car as Ben stopped the recording.

"Oh, my god, Mom! That was crazy!" he said to her over the top of the car as she unlocked it.

"Holy cow," Tiffany sighed once she got inside. "That was too close. That poor old couple would have had a heart attack if they saw us going at it."

"I just hope no one slips on that cum," Ben joked.

Tiffany backed them out, still riding a heady combination of adrenaline and sexual energy.

"That's going to be exciting to watch, but far too risky for me to ever be comfortable doing again," Tiffany confessed as they drove out of the development.

“Yeah, you’re right. The fact we’re mother and son adds a little too much risk to it. And we were seconds away from being caught! Glad we can cross that one off the list.”

Ben and Tiffany reviewed the video they shot from the model home in Ben’s room.

“I still can’t believe how close that was!” Tiffany exclaimed as the raw footage showed the final shots of the her cum-splotched back and the shocked older couple.

“Aside from the very beginning, the footage actually looks pretty good. It’s an exciting concept to be sure. Not our best work, but we were on location and didn’t have a lot of time,” Ben commented.

“There was so much we couldn’t control, being in public like that. But it also adds an authentic energy to the action. We did our best. I think overall, it looks great! You definitely get the sex-in-public feel from it. The intro footage when we were in the office, and the ending with the older couple did that. Those are real people. If we put a video like that on our site, we’d have to blur out their faces.”

“Good point, Mom.”

Tiffany patted him on the thigh. “Go ahead and send him the trailer. I have some organizing I have to do in my bedroom. Good night.” Tiffany bent down and gave her son a long goodnight kiss then went downstairs.

Ben sighed. ‘She really does it for me. Damn.’

Tiffany and Ben spent the next day boxing up some of Larry’s personal things from around the house. Tiffany made sure to check every room and removed anything unique to Larry that she thought he might want. She boxed up pictures of the two of them as a happy couple that were displayed at various places.

“Why take down the pictures? You’re both my parents, you know?”

“You can have pictures of both of us in your room. I’d rather not see pictures of him around the house, if you don’t mind.” Tiffany continued to pack her husband’s things.

After dinner, Tiffany heard the phone.

“Ben, is that your phone?” Tiffany thought she could hear his phone ringing in the living room.

“Damn!” Ben ran into the room and picked up just in time. It was Taylor.

“Ben, don’t you ever check your phone? I’ve been trying to get in touch with you for the past two days.”

“Hey Taylor, how’s it going? Yeah, it was in the living room. I forgot it was in here.”

“Is your mom mad?”

“Why, because you wanted to take a break? No, I don’t think so.”

“Good. So...” Taylor hesitated. “There’s uh... there’s nothing else?” Ben didn’t understand Taylor’s question.

“Something else? Like? What are you talking about, Tay?”

“Nothing.” Taylor sounded relieved.

“Taylor, what’s going on?”

“A couple of days ago, Alex called. He sounded really good, like he was in a good place emotionally. We talked for a long time. I eventually told him that you and I were making a movie together. Then things went sideways and he all of a sudden flipped

out. Ben, he and I are already broken up so it's not like I was cheating, but I think being in rehab has made him more sensitive or something."

Taylor had Ben's full attention. Alex was one of only two people who could cause his family serious problems, since he knew their real identities and the movies. They couldn't afford for him to be 'flipping out.' Ben realized that he probably should have left Taylor alone when she texted him that first time.

"What do you mean 'flipped out'?"

"He got pissed. Started cussing, at you, at me. That sort of thing."

"What did he say he was going to do? Did he make any threats?" Ben wanted to know what to expect.

"I calmed him down. I told him I would consider recording with him when he gets out of rehab. I also said that for now I wouldn't record with you. That seemed to help. But, Ben, I only said I wasn't going to record with you because he seemed so unstable over the phone. I thought maybe he called you after he spoke with me."

"So, when you broke up with him, you didn't say anything about making videos with me?" For some

reason, Ben was under the impression she had.

“No. I said I would be making videos, but I never said it would be with you until last night.”

Ben could understand Alex’s shock, but that didn’t change the fact that he needed to keep his friend quiet. He wasn’t so sure he could trust Alex, despite Taylor’s assurances.

“Taylor, answer this honestly; do I need to worry about Alex saying something about me and my mom?”

“I don’t know, but I doubt it, Ben. I mean, he didn’t say anything specifically, but I think telling him I won’t be recording with you assuaged him for now. If it comes down to it, I’ll remind him that he also has a lot to lose if his family found out about his movies.”

Ben felt better, but Taylor’s assurances that Alex wouldn’t say something to someone, anyone, didn’t completely quiet his fears.

“I guess I’ll tell my mom you’re out for now.”

“Sorry, Ben, but for now, it’s the best move for all of us, don’t you think? I still want to see you, Ben... maybe just not record it?”

Ben laughed. “Okay, Taylor. I’ll call you later.”

“Okay. Sorry, Ben!”

“No worries. Bye.”

Ben ended the call and noticed for the first time that Tiffany was standing at the entrance to the living room listening to the call.

“I didn’t like the sound of that call, Ben.”

Ben turned toward Tiffany, “Yeah, I think it helps that Taylor is out. What a waste of time though.”

Not only did Tiffany dislike the new information about Alex, but she didn’t like hearing Ben talk to Taylor. She was beginning to feel very possessive of her son. Tiffany decided it was time to move her relationship with Ben to the next level.

“Ben, I need to talk to you about the conversation I had with your dad.”

“Okay, Mom, but, you know, Dad told me you wanted a divorce and that you were going to give him two weeks before you got a lawyer. So, I know something about what you talked about.”

“That’s true, he also said I could change the locks and that he would not come to the house unless

invited to see you.”

Ben thought about what his mom was saying. From what she said, it sounded like his dad was pretty much going to be out of their life whether they got a divorce or not.

“That’s good! We don’t have to worry about him barging in on us.”

“That’s right. Come with me for a minute.” Tiffany took Ben by the hand and led him into her bedroom.

Ben had no clue as to what his mom was up to, but it felt good to hold her hand.

In the master, Tiffany opened the bottom drawers of her large dresser, then walked over to the night stand on the left side of the bed and opened the two drawers. She looked at Ben with wide eyes and motioned to the closet.

“What?” Ben wasn’t getting whatever message his mom was trying to send.

Tiffany wasn’t saying anything, so he walked over to the dresser, then the nightstand. The drawers were empty. The few clothes in his father’s closet

that weren't already packed up were pushed to the back.

“So, you got rid of all Dad’s stuff? Good, right?”

Tiffany shook her head. “You could look at it that way, or you could say that I made room for you.”

Her words seemed to hang in the air, echo even, as she spoke them. Ben looked again at the empty drawers, then back at his mom. In that moment, he felt loved, desired, and wanted in a way he had never experienced before. Tiffany walked over to her bewildered son and kissed him passionately.

“I love you, Ben. We should sleep together in our bed every night, don’t you think?”

Ben looked at the bed, ‘our bed’.

“Yeah. I do. I definitely do.”

Tiffany walked toward the bathroom and slipped out of her clothes, turning on the shower, she motioned to Ben.

“Why don’t you join me?” Ben closed the door, undressed, and entered the shower with his mom.

Tiffany had already gotten herself wet in the shower. As Ben joined her, she put him into the hot

spray. She wanted to wash him, to take care of him as her man. She got behind him with the bar of soap.

“Mmmm, that feels great,” Ben told her as she started soaping up his shoulders and back. He could feel her heavy, wet tits brush over his skin. He felt his cock start to thicken.

Tiffany made her way down his back and spread the soapy suds over his muscular butt. Her hands found their way to his front as she stepped up, pressing her body into his back. One hand gripped his shaft and the other held his balls.

“Oh, Mom,” Ben grunted as she began fondling him with her soapy hands.

“What?” she joked back. “I don’t want to miss any spots.”

Ben turned around to face her, with the shower now on his back. He leaned in and kissed her fiercely as she grabbed his thick erection with both hands. Their tongues met, wet and hot. Ben’s cock head was brushing the bottom of Tiffany’s slick tits as she jerked him toward her. Ben used the soap bar to get his hands sudsy and slick and latched them onto Tiffany’s huge boobs. He squeezed, lifted, and

cupped them. They continued kissing hard, groping each other under the warm water.

The intensity they shared grew in the hot steamy shower. They kissed with passion, but took their time, enjoying each other in an increasingly more intimate way. But that didn't mean the foreplay didn't have the usual effect. They had lost track of time and soon, Tiffany's growing need became dire.

Breaking their fervent make-out session, she looked into Ben's eyes. "Let's dry off and move to the bed. We don't want to use up all the hot water," she said with a wink.

They got out of the shower and Ben quickly wrapped Tiffany in a towel. He dried her brusquely, giving extra attention to her supple ass and tits. His hands gripped her curvy features as if he were checking the elasticity of her ass cheeks and her enormous breasts.

Tiffany was enjoying the treatment and moved quickly to towel her son off. She'd dried him mostly when she guided him to the bed, both of them naked. She pushed him onto his back on to the mattress, his hard cock slapping with a smack against his lower torso.

“Mmmm, let Mommy have a taste,” she said, her hungry eyes on his turgid erection.

His long cock was so hard and tall, Tiffany only had to lean over him slightly. She put both hands on his base and brought her mouth over his cock head.

“Ooooooh, Mom,” Ben sighed, his hands threading into her damp hair.

Tiffany sucked on her son enthusiastically for several minutes before she climbed on the bed on her tummy, between Ben’s legs. Arching her back, she surrounded his shaft with her soft tits and sucked his head. She reveled in the time she spent pleasuring Ben, and this was no different. But her blowjob was abbreviated. After all, neither of them needed anymore foreplay.

She lifted her lips from his dick. “I need to be on top.”

Ben nodded enthusiastically. He found a pillow and propped up his head while Tiffany scooted forward, kneeling with her thighs outside of Ben’s. His heavy cock bobbed and twitched between them in anticipation.

Tiffany held his erection against her chest and cleavage. She used her whole body to pump it up

and down a few times, then lifted herself and placed him at her hungry opening. As their eyes locked in a lust-filled love, Tiffany let herself melt onto her son. She felt his manhood bend slightly as she impaled herself upon it. But, its stiffness held out and his head breached her labia and penetrated her hot pussy in a single motion.

“Ooooh,” she sighed, her voice a mixture of strain and satisfaction. “God that’s big,” she observed as she bottomed out, her thighs quivering.

Ben placed his hands on her broad tits. He palmed her nipples and as much breast flesh as he could squeeze, but her ample orbs bulged out, overflowing his grip. “This feels good, Mom.”

She nodded down at him; her pouty lips open slightly. Ben could see her partially-lidded eyes were locked onto his. She was most intense when she stared at him while she was on top. Now, with her hands planted on either side of his chest to stabilize her inevitable thrusts and gyrations, Tiffany began to move.

Her motions were slow at first, leisurely, even. She had a way of waving her pelvis that drove Ben crazy. When she did this, she would move her body around his cock rather than in a penetrating motion.

As she moved around on the cock planted deep within her, Ben gave her tits lots of attention.

Ben loved his mom on top as it allowed unfettered, constant contact with her epic tits. There was also something about her being on top that revealed her desire for him. She controlled the depth and pace when she rode him. Ben mentally took notes while she straddled his cock, eager to learn all he could from her movements. He could tell how aroused she was, or whether she wanted a deep orgasm or more of a clitoral one.

How she looked at him while she was on top was also very telling. Did she stare into his eyes? Was she looking at his body? Were her eyes closed? He had discovered that her eyes revealed her mood, her feelings for him.

In the warm light of the night side lamp, Ben considered her face as she made love to him. He adored her features; the perfection of her cheek bones, the elfish quality of her eyes, her flawless nose. He softly kneaded her breasts and rubbed her nipples to an encouraging purr.

“I’m so glad you discovered your perverted little video recording hobby, Ben,” She smiled.

Ben laughed. “Yeah, me too. I never thought it would lead to this, Mom. I wasn’t capable of this level of fantasy.”

Tiffany began grinding harder. Her breathing became heavy and her pumping became more dramatic. She leaned forward slightly, letting her weighty tits pummel her son’s face in the most pleasurable way. Ben grabbed his mom by her hips and began to pull her deeper onto his thick, hard pole.

“Oh, God, Ben.” Her voice was loud but threatening to break. “I’m going to cum already,” she announced.

Ben couldn’t articulate much with her bouncing mounds in his face, so he moaned and aided his mother’s grinding motion in an upward thrusting movement. Her tempo increased. Heavy breathing and the soft sound of her breasts slapping together drove Ben wild.

“Oh... Oh... Ben! Caaah—” her voice broke in a gurgle as she bore down on him.

Ben’s cock was embraced even tighter by her clenching cunt. The feeling of tightening muscles was immediately followed by the warm rush of

Tiffany's climax. Ben pumped back into his mom's hips as she moaned in pleasure.

"Ah... Baby!" A spasm, then another relaxed feeling, then another orgasm. Her hands clawed at Ben's chest as her body trembled and rippled above him.

He leaned his head back, looking up at Tiffany's face. "Mom, you are so sexy, so beautiful!"

Ben's loving words brought a tingling sensation to Tiffany. She lifted herself up, then repeatedly slammed her body down on her lover. Her skin became hot as she pounded through two more orgasms. The thought that she and her son would now be sharing the same bed in their own bedroom, drove her insane with passion.

Tiffany moved down her son's body and kissed him deeply. She wanted him to dominate her in that moment.

"I'm ready for you to fuck me," she whispered.

"Um, yes please," Ben replied, giving her a playful slap on the ass.

The slap put her in motion. She dismounted and rolled onto her back. After four or five climaxes

(she'd lost count), Tiffany had expected to be completely spent, but she found a surprise reservoir of energy in that moment with her son.

They shared a passionate, frenzied kiss before Ben could no longer control himself. He needed to fuck his mom at his own pace.

Tiffany dismounted her son and spread her legs on her back. Waiting for her son to fill her.

Ben got up onto his knees above her. He grabbed her legs, one in each hand, just above the ankles and took control of their position. Spreading them apart further, he bent her knees slightly. Her pelvis rocked back, opening her sex. By pulling his hips back, he aimed his cock into her wet opening. Her slick lips kissed his cock head. Ben grit his teeth while holding his mother's ankles and guided his meaty cock to her saturated pussy, letting his weight surge forward in a slow, steady penetration.

Tiffany's hand immediately went between her legs and she stroked the top of her mound as he sunk in. "Aaaaawww," she whined in pleasure.

Ben had been looking down, watching her pussy stretch around his shaft as he buried it; watching her

hand rub her clit. He looked up to her face and discovered she was looking right at him..

“Oh, Ben. Fuck me hard, baby,” Tiffany’s sultry whisper stuck in his mind.

He pulled back, then pushed forward repeatedly. Every motion became more forceful, more deliberate. Tiffany’s pussy quickly adjusted to the welcomed intruder and her hand left her mound. She flexed her legs, opening herself even more to her son. Putting her hands on his shoulders, she spread herself wide as Ben continued to grip her by the ankles. He built up speed as they both started huffing.

Tiffany was docile below him, she could feel his balls swinging wildly, drumming directly against her asshole with each slam. They felt heavy and wet, no doubt from her leaking pussy. He pounded his mother with abandon, driving his dick deep.

“Goddd...” Tiffany shivered.

Ben raised her legs in his hands and spread them wider. He straightened his back. Tiffany’s hands left his shoulders and she crossed them under her tits. He flexed his cock into her, looking down over her body. She was shaking and bouncing from his

vigorous spearing. With her arms under her boobs, her bounding breasts lurched upward, hitting her chin with each inward thrust that Ben made.

Ben released her legs and let his torso fall upon Tiffany, kissing her as he dutifully maintained his steady pace. He stopped and felt the warmth and comfort of her sex as she surrounded his cock with her pussy. The meeting of their genitals felt like a molten-hot, wet connection. Ben was feeling very close to his own orgasm.

He changed his pace. Now rhythmically moving in and out of her wetness at a very slow pace, he kissed her again, with a broad, wet smooch.

“I love this, Mom.”

“Me too, Ben. I’ve never felt such a deep love and intense sexual desire at the same time.”

Tiffany’s soft words sent Ben over the edge.

“I’m close, Mom.”

“Come for me, Ben. Go slow. I want to feel every inch of you inside me when you cum.”

‘I’m going to cum inside my mom,’ he thought.

Ben couldn't take it any longer. He wanted to cum, he needed to cum, but climaxing while moving at a slower pace was not something he was used to doing. He continued his slow, deep thrusts, for far longer than it would have taken him had he kept his more rigorous pace.

His mouth gaped open and he moaned continuously, letting his orgasm build until it peaked. Tiffany's mouth also hung open. All she could do was nod encouragingly as she felt him stuff her full. Impossibly, she felt his full erection swell even further.

They stared into each other's eyes as Ben trembled with Tiffany nodding her approval. His cock throbbed, and his hot semen burst deep into his mom's pussy.

“AAAAHHHHH!” he cried.

“Oh God, I can feel it. Oh Ben, it's so hot. Give it all to me. I can feel it all, baby.”

Ben trembled and was overwhelmed with pleasure. He gasped and prepared to deliver another injection of semen. “Stay inside me, Ben!”

Tiffany's legs wrapped around her son's back and clamped him to her body like a vice. She pressed

herself up into him, trapping his cock within her pussy.

Ben's body flexed as he powered out the remaining blast of cum. His searing-hot seed exploded into Tiffany.

He held his cock static, looking down. He could see the base and first inch or two of his cock. It throbbed, pumping and spitting the cumload from his balls into her in pulses. His head swam as he processed the image.

He backed himself halfway out and wrapped an arm around the back of her neck bringing her in for a kiss.

Ben stayed planted deep inside his mom as he moved his head aside and rested his weight upon her. He was done.

Ben finally rolled off his mother, his cock coated with cum, and lie on his back with his eyes closed.

“That was sublime.” He smiled, then laughed. “I have a feeling we’ll be doing that again.”

Tiffany looked over to her son and kissed him softly. She rested a hand and her head on his chest

and they drifted peacefully off to sleep in their shared bed.

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