

Cammer

Ms. Camila 02



Story: Frank Romano

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MILF

CAMILA REMAINS CURLED UP IN BED, HER BODY TREMBLING WITH GUILT AND SHAME. SHE FEELS HER SKIN BURNING WITH DESIRE. HER MIND IS IN CONFLICT, THE FORBIDDEN DESIRES CONSUMING HER CONTRASTING WITH HER DEVOTION TO HER HUSBAND AND FAMILY.

MY GOD, WHAT HAVE I DONE?

SHE MURMURS, HANDS TREMBLING
AGAINST HER FACE FLUSHED WITH
SHAME.

I CAN'T... THIS IS SO
WRONG.

WITH THE NEED TO COMPOSE HERSELF
AND THE OBLIGATION TO PREPARE
DINNER, SHE FEELS THE PRESSURE TO
LOOK IMPECCABLE WHEN HER HUSBAND
RETURNS HOME.



ENOUGH, I NEED TO
COMPOSE MYSELF.

WITH A MONUMENTAL EFFORT, SHE STANDS UP, SEEKING TO REGAIN HER DIGNITY. SHE KNOWS IT'S IMPERATIVE TO RETURN TO THE KITCHEN AND CONCEAL WHAT HAPPENED. SHE TAKES A DEEP BREATH, GETS UP, AND HEADS TOWARDS THE EXIT OF THE ROOM, YEARNING TO FACE WHAT IS TO COME.

CAMILA LIFTS HER HEAD, SHE SEES THAT CHRISTOPHER IS NO LONGER IN THE KITCHEN AND FEELS A STRANGE TIGHTNESS IN HER CHEST. HER MIND WORKS QUICKLY, TRYING TO FIND A PLAUSIBLE EXCUSE FOR WHAT HAPPENED. SHE NEEDS TO TALK TO HIM, UNDERSTAND WHAT LED HIM TO ACT THAT WAY.

CHRISTOPHER?

SHE CALLS, HER VOICE A LITTLE SHAKY.

WHERE ARE YOU, MY LOVE?
WE NEED TO TALK.

IN THE KITCHEN, CAMILA LEANS
HER ELBOWS ON THE COUNTER,
LOST IN THOUGHT. SHE TRIES TO
FOCUS ON PREPARING DINNER, BUT
HER MIND WANDERS, STILL
DISTURBED BY WHAT HAPPENED.
SHE FEELS A TIGHTNESS IN HER
CHEST, CHRISTOPHER'S ABSENCE
BOTHERING HER.





WHERE ARE YOU, MY
SON?

SHE THINKS, WORRIED. SHE
NEEDS TO TALK TO HIM,
UNDERSTAND WHAT LED TO
THAT INTIMATE AND FORBIDDEN
MOMENT.



CAMILA FEELS PANIC SPREADING THROUGH HER BODY AT THE THOUGHT OF CHRISTOPHER LEAVING. SHE LOOKS AWAY TO AN EMPTY PLACE, TRYING TO COMFORT HERSELF, BUT HER HEART BEATS UNEVENLY.

NO, HE CAN'T HAVE GONE AWAY...

SHE MURMURS, HER VOICE
TREMBLING.

MY BABY, MY
LOVE...

TEARS STREAM DOWN HER FACE, GUILT
AND FEAR MIXING TOGETHER.


A woman with short brown hair, wearing a white bikini top with red hearts and the text "Sweet Peachy", and pink and white striped shorts with red hearts, stands in a modern kitchen. She is looking towards the right. The kitchen has dark blue cabinets, a black countertop, and a large window in the background showing a green landscape. Several orange plates are hanging from the ceiling. On the countertop, there is a bowl of fruit, a cutting board with tomatoes, and a loaf of bread. Two wooden stools are in the foreground.

I NEED TO FIND HIM,
I NEED TO TALK TO
HIM.

SHE TURNS AROUND, DETERMINED TO
LOOK FOR HIM, BUT THEN A STRANGE
EMOTION INVADES HER. THE MEMORY OF
THE FORBIDDEN TOUCH MAKES HER BODY
SHIVER WITH DESIRE.

NO... I CAN'T FEEL THIS.

SHE HOLDS BACK, FIGHTING
AGAINST HER OWN IMPULSES.

A muscular woman with her hair in a bun is seen from behind, standing in a modern kitchen. She is wearing a white sports bra and pink shorts with a white and pink striped pattern and small red hearts. Her hands are on her hips. The kitchen features large windows with a black frame, through which a city skyline is visible. Several orange pots hang from a rack above the counter. On the counter, there are white vases, a black vase with a green plant, a bottle, and a glass. In the foreground, there are grey chairs and a wooden table. A speech bubble is positioned above her head.

I HAVE TO FIND HIM,
REGARDLESS OF WHAT I FEEL..

WITHOUT HER NOTICING, HER SON COMES UP BEHIND HER AND LAYS HIS HANDS ON HER SHOULDERS. SHE IS SURPRISED, AND HE QUESTIONS HER IN A CALM VOICE.

IS EVERYTHING OKAY, MOTHER? IT SEEMS LIKE YOU'RE TALKING TO YOURSELF. WHAT'S WRONG? ARE YOU SAD?

CAMILA SHRINKS AS SHE FEELS
HER SON'S HANDS ON HER
SHOULDERS, HER BODY STILL
TREMBLING WITH GUILT AND
DESIRE.

CHRISTOPHER...

SHE MURMURS, HER VOICE
TREMBLING.

I... I'M FINE, MY
LOVE.



JUST... JUST A
LITTLE TIRED, THAT'S
ALL.

SHE TURNS TO FACE HER SON,
FORCING A SMILE.

DON'T WORRY ABOUT ME,
EVERYTHING'S FINE.

HER HEART BEATS
UNCONTROLLABLY AND SHE FEELS
HER BODY RESPOND TO HIS TOUCH,
DESPITE HER EFFORTS TO
CONTROL HERSELF.



CAMILA INVITES HER SON TO SIT ON THE COUCH, PREPARING TO ADDRESS A DELICATE SUBJECT. STILL UNSURE OF HOW TO START THE CONVERSATION, SHE SEARCHES FOR THE RIGHT WORDS.

LET'S SIT THERE ON THE COUCH, MY SON.

CAMILA SITS DOWN NEXT TO CHRISTOPHER ON THE COUCH, HER HANDS TREMBLING SLIGHTLY. SHE AVOIDS HER SON'S GAZE, FEELING EMBARRASSED AND GUILTY ABOUT WHAT HAPPENED. AFTER TAKING A DEEP BREATH, SHE FINALLY FINDS THE COURAGE TO SPEAK.



CHRISTOPHER, MY LOVE... I KNOW
THAT WHAT HAPPENED BETWEEN US
WAS... WRONG.

SHE FEELS A LUMP IN HER
THROAT, THE WORDS DIFFICULT
TO COME OUT.

STILL OVERCOME BY A
SLIGHT FEELING OF SHAME,
CAMILA TRIES TO LOCK
EYES WITH HER SON.

BUT I WANT YOU TO KNOW
THAT YOU MEAN EVERYTHING TO ME,
YOU'RE MY BABY.



SHE HOLDS HIS HAND,
SQUEEZING IT GENTLY.

I NEED YOU TO FORGIVE ME, TO
UNDERSTAND THAT... THAT CAN'T HAPPEN
AGAIN.

I'M SORRY, MOTHER, BUT I NEED TO LEAVE NOW. I PROMISE TO RESPECT YOUR WISHES AND NOT REPEAT WHAT I DID. WE WILL CONTINUE THIS CONVERSATION TONIGHT.

HE NEEDS TO RESOLVE AN URGENT COLLEGE MATTER. UNDERSTANDING THE SITUATION, SHE NODS AND GOES BACK TO PREPARING DINNER, LEAVING A MYSTERIOUS AND DESIROUS AIR FOR THE CONVERSATION THAT WILL CONTINUE LATER.



AS CAMILA PLACES HER HAND ON THE KITCHEN COUNTER, A WAVE OF MEMORIES OF HER SON'S FIERY KISS ENVELOPS HER. A WHIRLWIND OF INTENSE AND FORBIDDEN FEELINGS RESURFACES, INVADING HER MIND WITH UNCONTROLLABLE LUST, LEAVING HER GENTLY MOIST WITH PLEASURE. THE OVERWHELMING SENSATION MAKES HER CLOSE HER EYES FOR A MOMENT, SURRENDERING TO THE DEEPEST DESIRES SHE WAS TRYING TO SUPPRESS.

A woman with grey hair tied in a bun is standing in a modern kitchen, looking at her reflection in a large mirror. She is wearing a white sports bra and pink shorts with a red and white pattern. The kitchen has dark wood cabinets, a black countertop, and several orange pots hanging from the ceiling. A large window in the background shows a city skyline.

MY GOD...

SHE WHISPERS, HER EYES
HALF-CLOSED.

WHAT IS THIS
FEELING I'M
HAVING?

HER HANDS SLIDE DOWN,
TOUCHING HER INTIMATE
REGION.

I CAN'T... WHY IS THIS
CONTROLLING ME LIKE THIS?

SHE TRIES TO MOVE AWAY FROM THE COUNTER, BUT HER LEGS SEEM TO TREMBLE.

AAAAH!

MY SON... MY LOVE...

AAAAH!

SHE SURRENDERS TO THE TOUCHES,
LETTING PLEASURE TAKE OVER HER
BODY.

ANNN!
ANNN!

BEFORE CHRISTOPHER RETURNED, SHE GIVES UP PREPARING DINNER AND, TAKEN BY A BURNING FIRE OF DESIRE, SHE HEADS TO HER ROOM. THE PULSATING URGENCY IN HER BODY DEMANDS THAT SHE INDULGE IN THE SOLITARY PLEASURE OF MASTURBATION, A NECESSARY ESCAPE VALVE TO CONTAIN THE INTENSE ATTRACTION SHE FEELS FOR HER OWN SON. THE DETERMINATION TO SATISFY HER MOST INTIMATE DESIRES IS THE ONLY WAY SHE FINDS TO RESIST THE FORBIDDEN CHARMS THAT THREATEN TO ENGULF HER IN A FORBIDDEN AND DANGEROUS PASSION.



CAMILLA IS NOW IN HER ROOM, COMPLETELY NAKED, HOLDING A VIBRATOR AS THOUGHTS OF HER SON INVADE HER MIND. WITH RAGGED BREATH, SHE WHISPERS TO HERSELF THE FORBIDDEN WORDS:


MY SON, THIS IS THE ONLY WAY TO PREVENT ME FROM COMPLETELY SURRENDERING TO YOU.

THE IMAGE OF HIM CONTINUES TO DANCE IN HER MIND AS SHE PREPARES FOR HER ACT OF SOLITARY PLEASURE, DESPERATE TO QUELL THE LUST THAT THREATENS TO CONSUME HER.



A 3D rendered woman with large breasts and grey hair is standing in a modern living room. She is holding a blue vibrator in her right hand. The room features a wooden wall, a white armchair, a dark wood console table with a potted plant and a book, and a grey ottoman. There are four framed abstract art pieces on the wall. A speech bubble is on the left.

AFTER MY HUSBAND DISTANCED
HIMSELF SEXUALLY FROM ME, I
DECIDED TO ACQUIRE THIS VIBRATOR.
NOW, THE TIME HAS COME FOR ME TO
MAKE GOOD USE OF IT AND SATISFY
MYSELF.

A woman with long brown hair tied back, seen from the back, is holding a blue, ribbed vibrator. She is standing in a modern bedroom with wood-paneled walls. To her left is a bed with white linens and a grey blanket. Behind her is a white armchair and a dark wood side table with a potted plant. To her right is a large window with a black frame and blue curtains. A speech bubble is positioned above her head.

FORGIVE ME, MY
SON, BUT IT IS
NECESSARY.

CAMILLA LIES ON THE BED, WITH HER LEGS WIDE OPEN AND THE VIBRATOR PENETRATING HER VAGINA. IN THE CLASSIC MISSIONARY POSITION, SHE WRITHES WITH PLEASURE, SURRENDERING TO THE DELICIOUS FANTASY OF HER SON SATISFYING HER CARNALLY.

AAAAH!

AAAAH!

CAMILA, WITH THE VIBRATOR DEEPLY INSERTED IN HER VAGINA, IS TAKEN BY A OVERWHELMING FRENZY OF PLEASURE.

AAAAH!

YES, MY SON, POSSESS YOUR MOTHER LIKE A TRUE WHORE. I WANT YOU TO BE THE MAN WHO SATISFIES ME.

AAAAH!

SHE WHISPERS AMIDST MOANS OF DESIRE. IN A DELIRIUM OF LUST, CAMILA LOSES HERSELF IN BURNING FANTASIES, IMAGINING HER SON GIVING HIMSELF TO HER IN A FORBIDDEN ACT OF UNBRIDLED PASSION.

АННН!

АННН!

АННН!

CAMILLA, ENVELOPED IN AN OVERWHELMING ECSTASY OF PLEASURE, MENTALLY EVOKES THE PRESENCE OF HER SON.

COME, MY SON, COME POSSESS ME. COME POSSESS YOUR MOTHER!

HER VOICE ECHOES WITH LUST, FORESHADOWING A FORBIDDEN ENCOUNTER FULL OF UNCONTROLLABLE DESIRE.

AAAAH!

AAAAH!

AAAAH!

AAAAH!

COME POSSESS YOUR
MOTHER!

AAAAH!

AAAAH!



AHHH!

COME, MY SON,
COME AND FUCK YOUR
MOTHER.

AHHH!

CAMILA WAS EXPERIENCING A SENSATION SHE HAD NEVER EXPERIENCED BEFORE. HER LEVEL OF EXCITEMENT WAS SO HIGH THAT IT LED HER TO IMAGINE HER SON MAKING LOVE TO HER. THE FANTASY WAS SO VIVID THAT SHE COULD ALMOST SMELL HER SON'S HAIR, ENVELOPING HER IN A DELIRIUM OF LUST THAT CONSUMED HER COMPLETELY.

FUCK!

FUCK!

FUCK!



FUCK!

AHHH!

MY GOODNESS, I CAN
FEEL YOU INSIDE ME.

AHHH!

FUCK!

FUCK!

AAAAH!
I NEED TO BE
POSSESSED BY YOU, MY
SON.

FUCK!

FUCK!

FUCK!

ANHH!

YES, YES, YES!

ANHH!

FUCK!

FUCK!

AHHH!

FUCK!

AHHH!

FUCK!

CAMILLA, CONSUMED BY AN
OVERWHELMING DESIRE, SURRENDERED
COMPLETELY TO HER INSTINCTS,
IMAGINING THAT THE OBJECT
PENETRATING HER WAS HER SON.



HER LACK OF CONTROL WAS ALSO A
RESULT OF SEXUAL DEPRIVATION, HER
HUSBAND TREATED HER WITH
INDIFFERENCE IN BED, ALTHOUGH HE WAS
LOVING, BUT IMPOTENT.

MHHH!

MHHH!

COMPARING HER SON TO HER
HUSBAND, SHE NOTICED THE
DIFFERENCE: THE VIRILE AND
ATHLETIC YOUNG MAN VERSUS THE
UNEXPRESSIVE AND INCAPABLE
HUSBAND.

MHHH!

MHHH!



MHHH!

I INTENSELY DESIRE
TO BE POSSESSED BY MY
SON.

MHHH!



MHHH!

POSSESS ME, MY
SON... POSSESS ME!

MHHH!

ONCE AGAIN, THE DILDO
PENETRATING HER VAGINA
WOULD TRANSFORM INTO THE
FIGURE OF HER SON, BRINGING
HER PLEASURE AND
SATISFACTION.

FUCK!

FUCK!

AAAAH!

AAAAH!

SHE WOULD DELIRIOUSLY IMAGINE, IN A
FORBIDDEN WAY, BECOMING HER SON'S
WOMAN.

FUCK!

FUCK!

AHHH!

AHHH!

HOWEVER, THIS WAS A PRACTICE THAT
WOULD REMAIN ONLY IN HER FANTASIES.

ANHH!

ANHH!

FUCK!

FUCK!

IN SUCH A MORALISTIC SOCIETY, THIS TABOO WOULD CERTAINLY LEAD HER TO HELL.

AAAAH!

FUCK!

FUCK!

AAAAH!

FUCK!

FUCK!

AHHH!

MY GOD, MY SON, MAKE
ME CLIMAX DELICIOUSLY!

AHHH!



FUCK!

FUCK!

AHHH!

I WILL BE YOUR SLUT, I
WILL BE YOUR SLUT IN MY
DREAMS AND FANTASIES.

AHHH!

CAMILLA IS ON ALL FOURS IN HER BED, WITH ONE HAND ON THE MATTRESS AND THE OTHER FIRMLY HOLDING THE DILDO INSERTED IN HER VAGINA. SHE TIGHTENS IT WITH FORCE, ROTATING HER HIPS IN PROVOCATIVE MOVEMENTS, WHILE MURMURING FORBIDDEN FANTASIES, LETTING HERSELF BE CARRIED AWAY BY THE DESIRE THAT CONSUMES HER.

AAAAH!

YES, MY SON, I NEED YOU SO MUCH.

AAAAH!

CAMILLA SPEAKS AMIDST SIGHS WHILE MASTURBATING, LETTING HERSELF BE CARRIED AWAY BY THE LUST AND GUILT THAT CONSUME HER. WITH CLOSED EYES AND SLIGHTLY OPEN LIPS, SHE WHISPERS WORDS LOADED WITH DESIRE AND SIN.

AAAAH!

AS LONG AS THIS SIN REMAINS
ONLY IN MY FANTASIES WHILE I
MASTURBATE, IT WON'T BE SO
SHAMEFUL FOR ME.

AAAAH!



АААА!

АААА!

CAMILLA CLOSES HER EYES AND LETS HERSELF BE CARRIED AWAY BY LUST IN HER MOST SECRET FANTASIES. IN HER SINFUL MIND, SHE DARES ONCE AGAIN TO IMAGINE HERSELF BEING POSSESSED BY HER OWN SON, SURRENDERING TO THE FORBIDDEN DESIRES THAT CONSUME HER.

AAAAH!

COME AND POSSESS
ME, MY SON.

AAAAH!

THE PLASTIC OBJECT ONCE AGAIN BECOMES THE PHYSICAL REPRESENTATION OF THE SON SHE COULD NEVER HAVE, BUT NOW EXISTS ONLY IN HER DARKEST AND MOST ARDENT THOUGHTS.

AHHH!

AHHH!

FUCK

FUCK

CAMILLA'S MIND IS TAKEN OVER BY AN INTENSE REVERIE, A FORBIDDEN FANTASY THAT TAKES HER TO A PLACE WHERE THE BOUNDARIES BETWEEN REALITY AND DESIRE BLUR. AMIDST PLEASURE-FILLED SIGHS, SHE IMAGINES HER SON SPEAKING TO HER, HIS VOICE LADEN WITH LUST AND DESIRE.

MOTHER, I LOVE YOU, YOU WILL BE MINE FOREVER.

FUCK

FUCK

AHHH!

AHHH!

AAAAH!

HAAA... MY SON, I
LOVE YOU TOO.

AAAAH!

FUCK

FUCK



AHHH!

AHHH!

FUCK

FUCK

АHHH!

АHHH!

FUCK

FUCK

CAMILLA'S BODY TWISTS IN ECSTASY AS THE FANTASY OF HER SON COMPLETELY ENVELOPS HER. HER MOANS ECHO THROUGH THE ROOM, BLENDING WITH THE FRANTIC SOUND OF HER ACCELERATED HEARTBEAT.

AHHH!

SSHHH

AHHH!

THE SATISFACTION THAT SPREADS
THROUGHOUT CAMILLA'S BODY IS LIKE
AN EXPLOSION OF INDESCRIBABLE
PLEASURE, LIFTING HER TO HEIGHTS
NEVER BEFORE REACHED.



AHHH!

AHHH!

SWISH



AHHH!

AHHH... MY SON, MY
HANDSOME SON!

AHHH!

SWISH

AHHH!

AHHH... MY
WONDERFUL SON!

AHHH!

SWISH

CAMILA IS LYING ON HER BED, HER BREATHING ACCELERATED AND HER BODY STILL VIBRATING IN ECSTASY AFTER MASTURBATING WITH A DILDO, LEAVING HER MIND FILLED WITH FORBIDDEN THOUGHTS. THE BURNING DESIRE FOR HER SON CONSUMES HER, MAKING HER FEEL AN INTENSE EMPTINESS EVEN AFTER REACHING ORGASM.

MHHH

MHHH

SITTING ON THE BED, CAMILA'S EYES REFLECT A MIX OF LUST AND GUILT. THE DILDO IN HER HANDS IS JUST A COLD AND INSENSITIVE SUBSTITUTE FOR THE HUMAN WARMTH SHE LONGS FOR. THE SATISFACTION OF THE ORGASM QUICKLY FADES, LEAVING HER WITH AN EMOTIONAL VOID THAT CAN ONLY BE FILLED BY THE PRESENCE OF HER SON.



EVEN KNOWING THAT IT IS A FORBIDDEN DESIRE,
AWARE THAT DISAPPROVING LOOKS WOULD BE
INEVITABLE, CAMILA CANNOT CONTAIN THE
OVERWHELMING NEED TO FEEL THE TOUCH AND
PASSION OF HER SON.




SIN MIXES WITH LUST, FORMING A WEB
OF UNCONTROLLABLE DESIRES THAT
DRIVE HER TO CONSIDER GIVING IN TO
THIS FORBIDDEN PASSION.

HUMAN WARMTH, THE CONNECTION OF SOUL AND BODY, THAT IS TRULY WHAT SHE LONGS FOR, TO SATISFY THE HUNGER FOR PLEASURE AND LOVE THAT CONSUMES HER.

CAMILLA IS ALREADY IN THE KITCHEN, ANSWERING HER HUSBAND'S CALL, THE WORDS ECHOING IN HER EARS, ANNOUNCING A LAST-MINUTE BUSINESS TRIP. THE NEWS MAKES HER SMILE MISCHIEVOUSLY, KNOWING THAT NOW SHE IS FREE FROM THE CONSTRAINTS OF PREDEFINED MEALS AND FAMILY EXPECTATIONS.

YES, MY LOVE- I
UNDERSTAND.

YES, NO PROBLEM, HAVE A
SAFE TRIP.

A woman with grey hair is talking on a black smartphone. She is wearing a white strapless bra with red hearts and the words 'Sweet Cherry' in red script. In the background, there are orange bowls hanging on a wooden wall and a window looking out onto a balcony with plants.

I LOVE YOU TOO, MY
LOVE.



WELL, AFTER EVERYTHING THAT
HAPPENED, I NEED A GLASS OF
WINE.



OH MY, AFTER WHAT I DID TODAY, I
THINK A BOTTLE OF WINE WILL NOT BE
ENOUGH.

MY HUSBAND IS TRAVELING, AND MY SON...
MY SON PROBABLY WON'T COME HOME
TONIGHT AFTER WHAT I SAID TO HIM.

ALL I HAVE LEFT IS THIS BOTTLE
OF WINE AND THAT DILDO IN MY ROOM
TO KEEP ME COMPANY.



I AM TRULY
USELESS.

LATER, CHRISTOPHER
ARRIVES HOME AND
SEES HIS MOTHER
SLEEPING IN A
STRANGE WAY.



HE NOTICES THE EMPTY WINE BOTTLE,
THEN HE DEDUCES WHAT MUST HAVE
HAPPENED.

MOM, DON'T WORRY, I'LL TAKE
YOU TO MY ROOM AND TAKE CARE
OF YOU TONIGHT.



END

CONTINUED IN THE NEXT EPISODE.