



No Patience for High Standards – Part I

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The Talkman

Author's Note

This story is posted on the Literotica website. Do not repost anywhere else without the author's consent. This one is a little bit different than my normal fare, as it's not really a cheating themed story. This is a straight-up, classic, big-boobed Mom and studly son having hot, sweaty, naked sex type of story. If stuff like that isn't your cup of tea, then you probably shouldn't bother reading it. I do not condone any of these actions in real life. This is just a story. Enjoy

Rachel DeAngelo strummed her fingers on the steering wheel impatiently as traffic was at a standstill. All she wanted was to get home, get out of these heels, and have a glass of wine. But, like all simple things recently, it couldn't be easy.

Nothing seemed to come easy for her these days.

By all accounts, Rachel seemingly had it all, to the point where her peers all wished they could be her. Firstly, she was absolutely stunning. Not only was the 44-year-old incredibly attractive for a woman her age, but she was also incredibly attractive period. The creamy-skinned blonde was one of those women who somehow got hotter as they got older. Not only looks-wise, as she was just insanely sexy, but her body was out of this world. A trim waist, a flat belly. A juicy ass that stood out in whatever she wore, and legs so firm and taut that they were almost enough to steal attention away from her absolutely enormous breasts. Her boobs were huge, firm, smooth, and undeniably perfect. Double-G tits on a body like hers would almost be enough to make all the women around her hate her, but it was her biting wit, sarcasm, and take-no-shit attitude that made her appeal indisputable, earning a grudging respect from those other women, even as men slobbered over her.

In addition to how gorgeous she was, she was successful too. She was one of the preeminent real estate agents in her area. She'd sold homes to the rich and famous, athletes, actors, millionaires and other prominent figures. She was widely regarded as the best around. She was professional, detailed,

and magnetic, especially when she really turned on the charm. She made an incredible amount of money, and by all accounts, she was a huge success.

So why did every other aspect of her life feel like a trainwreck?

It started a few years prior with the divorce. She'd been married for half of her life to Jim, her high school sweetheart. They were inseparable in the early stages of their courtship. He was so kind and sweet and caring, and by the time she graduated high school she was imagining spending the rest of her life with him. They got married just after college, and life seemed right on track. Her professional career rose as she entered the real estate business, as did Jim's career in programming, him getting a really good job out of college. Together, they had a son named Jason, and they raised him as best as they could while their careers flourished. He was turning out great: an awesome young man, a stellar student, he was seemingly all they could ask for as a son. All seemed to be going right on track.

Then, a few years ago, Jim changed. He started going down a bunch of weird internet rabbit holes of conspiracies, government corruption, secret cabals, blah blah blah. He said he wasn't taking it too seriously... it was all in good fun! But it became clear his interest in such matters was only getting deeper as time went on, and any humour about such wild subjects was erased and replaced by a dead serious belief in the crazy material he was exploring. This led to screaming matches, and debates about some of the stupidest shit, stuff that Rachel couldn't believe they were even talking

about. As time went on, and these kinds of interactions became commonplace; it became clear that he'd become a different person than the man she fell in love with. Rachel had little tolerance for this kind of bullshit from him, especially knowing how kind and easygoing he used to be, so she filed for divorce. Both made good money, but she had better connections, allowing her to get much better lawyers than Jim did. She got the house, sole custody of Jason, and the majority slice of their combined wealth. Jim ranted and raved about the whole thing, blaming everyone but himself for his lot in life. Last Rachel heard, he was living halfway across the country, and he'd been photographed screaming about God-knows-what in front of some government building, so she didn't regret cutting him loose.

But this was merely the first speedbump in what had been an otherwise gilded life. And it was the first indicator that things were about to stop being so easy for her.

Her major source of stress was rooted in being back on the dating scene. Realizing quickly that she'd been married for so long that being with someone was her normal, she started dating again very quickly after her divorce. Working in the circles she did, she'd accrued a fair number of admirers and plenty of connections in many different spheres, so she thought that this part would be easy. She'd never had issues getting dates in her younger days, and even though it had been a few decades since she'd been single, she didn't expect any speedbumps.

In fact, it was nothing but headaches.

Those admirers that she'd met through her work, the ones she'd shared flirty banter with when she was married... getting to actually know them in a more personal manner immediately sent up red flags. She'd had men who viewed her as a trophy to be collected. She'd had men who were more interested in themselves rather than her. She'd had men whose success and wealth hid the fact that they had zero personality, or that they were maniacs obsessed with consuming and collecting more money or more things in an attempt to fill the hole inside them. And some were, quite frankly, just in it to fuck her. And honestly, she almost respected that attitude the most, as it cut out a lot of the bullshit that these other men adorned themselves with. That being said, she just couldn't let herself give in to men like that. She was proud of the professional, mature woman she'd become, and she wasn't about to lower herself just to surrender to some pig-headed scumbag.

Even with all these speedbumps in her dating life, she'd been in a few relationships since her divorce. Nothing too long lasting, unfortunately. Alas, the phrase, 'all the good ones are taken' seemed to hit home. She ended up dating men who were in the same position as her: divorced with kids. Sometimes it was nice to be with someone who could empathize with her plight, but often, the baggage and history became too much of an issue. She ended up dating some men who were older than her, and while those relationships were usually nice... she just couldn't get over dating an 'old guy.' She just kept imagining them keeling over in the bedroom one day... it was an image she couldn't quite shake.

While she was seeking out a new man for that love and companionship that she missed since she stopped being in love with her husband, what became a far more pressing matter was that Rachel really, REALLY needed some hot sweaty sex. It had been years, way before her divorce, that the older blonde got the type of action she needed. And even then, Jim never exactly rocked her world. He was quite good, but in truth it was never enough. As she went on more dates, she slowly became less motivated by companionship and by a far more driving need to get FUCKED! This driving need became far more pressing, eroding at her standards, but none of the men she shared a bed with during that period could come close to slaking her hunger.

So as time went on, the gorgeous, mature, hot-bodied blonde got more and more sexually frustrated. She had some nice, big toys that performed better than a lot of the men she'd been with, but these merely acted as a pressure relief rather than giving her any sense of long-lasting satisfaction. Her sexual frustration began to affect her daily demeanor, making her impatient and easy to anger. She could still turn on the charm for her clients, but when she was back at the office with her coworkers, she wasn't always the most enjoyable person to be around.

She tried to vent her frustrations. She'd begun going to the gym, trying to burn off all that bubbling tension. She was in the best shape of her goddamn life at this point, but any euphoria gained from such success barely put a dent in her stress levels.

Whenever she slowed down, she couldn't escape her own thoughts and desires, the all-consuming need would bubble up from within, making her boil. So, here now, being stuck in traffic, with no distractions... yeah, it only compounded her annoyance and frustration. She tried blasting music. She tried toying with her phone. Her fingers strummed on the steering wheel, trying to distract herself, but her mind was only thinking of one thing. She couldn't help but look back at what had led her to this point. Her divorce, which led to her dating again, which led to her current state of sexual frustration... and that was just one of the biggest points of stress.

The other point of frustration was Jason. But she was not about to get into that right now.

About half an hour later, she pulled her SUV into the driveway of her large house, driving in a little too fast before coming to a sharp stop. Stepping out of the driver's door impatiently and slamming the door shut behind her, she was grateful for the afternoon breeze to cool the worst of her impatience. Her heels clicked on the concrete as she went to grab the bags of groceries from the back. As she did, she heard her name being called out.

"Hey!" a woman's voice said. Turning to look, she saw her neighbor Carmella approaching. Exhaling, Rachel put on a smile, responding to her friend.

"Hey, Carmella!" Rachel replied politely. Carmella was a friend, in truth. They had a lot in common. They were about the same age, each had a son, and up to a few years prior, both were married. Carmella was still married... to a dope but a friendly dope named Bobby who worked in tech sales. Rachel didn't get what Carmella saw in him, as he was a chubby, balding, pale ball of dough, but Carmella clearly loved him. And again, he was altogether fun to be around... hey, their marriage lasted longer than Rachel's, so who was she to judge?

Carmella was quite attractive. A sporty, pretty, fun-loving brunette, she was fairly popular around the neighborhood. She was friendly, and funny, and easy to get along with. She was probably a better friend to Rachel than the blonde was to her, but Carmella was patient in a way Rachel could never be. Rachel didn't always have the patience to be the best friend to the other woman, but Carmella always seemed to understand. Carmella lived a far less stressful life; she was a stay-at-home mom when her son was younger and now ran a yoga studio with a few friends that was doing rather well.

Rachel and Carmella ran in a lot of the same mom-circles when their boys were younger, even if Carmella's son was a little younger than Jason. They were neighbors first, then they became friends. They lived in a pretty ritzy neighborhood with lots of big houses and very successful people... Carmella was the one of the few women who lived here who could be

considered a peer. And despite being so different, they'd stayed friends for almost ten years now.

"Let me help you!" Carmella offered, grabbing a couple bags of groceries, saving Rachel a trip. Not always one to accept help, she was too stressed out to turn her friend down.

"Thank you," she relented. With all the bags unloaded, Rachel shut the back hatch and locked the car.

"Shouldn't Jason be out here helping you?" Carmella asked. Rachel gave her a withering look.

"God knows what he's getting up to in there..." Rachel warned, suddenly slightly nervous to bring her friend inside. But it was too late to turn her away politely, so she crossed her fingers inwardly as she led Carmella inside.

Luckily, the house was relatively quiet. They could hear some music playing from the backyard, but Rachel knew it could be worse, so she took the small victory. Reaching the kitchen to set down the bags on the big marble counter, the blonde mom only had a moment to smile at her friend before the other occupant of the house made his presence known.

"Hey Mom! Hey Mrs. S!" Jason called out. Striding towards the stairs, the 20-year-old had clearly come in from the pool. Walking in shirtless, wearing nothing but his damp trunks, he had a towel slung over his shoulders as he walked barefoot across the tile flooring. The tall, fit, well-built young man still had beads of water coating his tanned torso, following the contours of his sculpted musculature. He worked out every day, giving him a very well-defined body which he took every opportunity to show off. His handsome face had a grin, his shaggy brown hair still wet from the pool.

"Hey Jason!" Carmella replied, grinning, amused but nonetheless impressed by Jason's little showcase.

"Hi Jason..." Rachel said in an acidic tone, shaking her head and rolling her eyes. Jason stopped at the edge of the kitchen and looked at his mom, grinning and pointing at her. "Is that a new outfit? It looks good!" She did look good. The black suit, knee-length skirt, and shiny purple button-up top did a good job highlighting her impressive body without overdoing it. And indeed, it was a new outfit. But she wasn't about to give Jason the credit of being right.

"Oh!" Carmella said, giving Rachel an impressed smile at how polite Jason was being. Rachel barely acknowledged this, focusing on putting away the groceries.

"I gotta go shower..." he added with a coy half-smile, nodding at Carmella before confidently continuing his walk, striding up the stairs and out of sight. Carmella watched him go before turning back to face Rachel, still impressed by what just happened.

"My son has never acknowledged any outfit I've ever worn in my life!" Carmella said with a laugh. "You've done a good job with that one." She'd always viewed Rachel's son with affection, as he was friendly, confident, and charming to a fault. He'd always been ever respectful to Carmella and other people in the neighborhood, but with enough of a knowing glint in his eye to let you know he knew what he was doing and wasn't merely a goody two shoes. As some of his peers got into trouble, Jason seemed to keep things squeaky clean, so Carmella imagined raising him would have been a breeze. She glanced over at Rachel as she finally looked up to give her friend an unamused, withering look.

"Don't encourage him..." Rachel said, her annoyance with her son bubbling to the surface.

"What?" Carmella replied, smiling and genuinely confused. "What's the problem?"

"It's... it's nothing," Rachel replied, not looking up as she continued packing away the groceries. She'd never talked to anyone about the subject

at the front of her mind thanks to this interaction, but she was half tempted to do so just so she could vent about it to someone.

"C'mon... what is it?" Carmella added, picking at the scab, intrigued by this strange reaction on Rachel's part.

"Don't worry about it," Rachel said, angrily balling up some trash and throwing it away.

"I'm just gonna keep poking at you until you talk, you know how tenacious I can be," Carmella said, unrelenting. Finally, ready to burst, Rachel stood up straight, turned to face her friend, giving her an angry look as she replied.

"I told you not to encourage him for a very good reason..." Rachel began. "Because Jason has been trying to get in my pants for years now."

It was the first time she'd ever told anyone about this. The first time she shared the other main stress point in her life that had really been spinning her mind in circles the last few years.

Carmella, understandably, was completely taken aback. Unsure of what she'd heard, she spoke up.

"Wait... what?" Carmella replied, her smile replaced by an expression of shock. Rachel smiled in pained confirmation, nodding as she did so.

"I said my son has been trying to talk me in to having sex with him for a few years now!" Rachel announced, the shower from upstairs announcing they weren't gonna get caught anytime soon. There was a long pause after this statement as the other mom took this in.

"You're kidding?" Carmella said, eyes wide, clearly gob smacked. Rachel shook her head.

"Nope!" Rachel announced, grabbing a bottle from the fridge and angrily swigging some cool water. "I wish I was joking."

"Are you sure?" Carmella replied, still baffled by all this. Rachel rolled her eyes.

"I know what you think... he seems so handsome and charming. Everyone likes him. Everything goes his way! He's got girls crawling all over him." Rachel said, her annoyances with her son boiling over. "But I know him better than anyone. He does shit like... little comments. Flirting and teasing, I can't fucking deal with it anymore. And you might think... 'oh, maybe she's misunderstanding!' Maybe I'm reading too much into things. But no, he's outright offered to do me. And in his mind, he's offering me a service. Now that I'm single, he's doing me a favor. He has nobly and

without any selfish reasons whatsoever offered himself to me for whatever I need. To vent all my sexual frustration on him. My own son..."

"I don't believe this," Carmella replied, absolutely baffled by this revelation. Jason seemed like such a well-behaved young man. Rachel nodded.

"I don't know where this all comes from," Rachel replied, shaking her head, taking another swig of her water. "I don't know if he watched too much 'Game of Thrones' and thought, 'Oh, hey... incest! That's a great idea. That's the cool new thing.' I'm sure it's partially because he feels like he needs to be the man of the house after I booted his father out..."

"I mean, he kind of is the man of the house..." Carmella replied. Rachel rolled her eyes again even as Carmella struck a nerve.

"He's NOT the man of the house..." Rachel said dismissively, shaking her head, making this statement firmly as if it was a sticking point for her. "Just because some big tech company paid him off for some dumb program he farted out. And that he somehow convinced them to give him a job that he can do from here at home. And that he got lucky with a few investments, so combined with his salary he makes even more money than I do! All he does all day is just noodle around on his computer and touch himself, that does not impress me. It's my name on this house, not his."

This isn't his house, and I'm not his, and he hasn't earned the right to have me, for so many reasons. But the biggest... it's incest! I'm his mom!"

"Wow..." Carmella said, still marveling at the whole thing, her mind racing. "I didn't even know that was, like... a thing people actually wanted to do. I've never even thought about anything like that..." she said wistfully, looking away, her mind flooded with rushing thoughts. This was certainly a subject that had never come up with the other neighborhood moms.

"Well, I've had to deal with it damn near every day," Rachel announced, letting her friend in on the big chasm between her and her son that had forever altered their relationship, raising the tension between them these last few years.

"Have you thought about, like, um... having him talk to someone about this?" Carmella asked. Rachel let out an amused laugh, shaking her head.

"I don't need to bring in some therapist into all this... mess," Rachel stated, gesturing all around her. "Besides... Jason... I don't need a doctor to diagnose him. He is many things, but he is not a mystery to me. That fucking boy has lived the most charmed fucking existence possible... everything has just come so fucking easy to him. With sports. With money. With girls. He gobbles up all these little sluts his own age... I hear them all the damn time, moaning and squealing with their little high pitch screams.

'Yes! Yes! You're the best! You're so big!' He thinks he's God's fucking gift! That's why he wants me! Because I'm the only woman who'll actually say no to him. The only woman he can't win over. The only woman he knows he can't have..."

"I can think of a few other reasons he wants you," Carmella replied knowingly, glancing down at the beautiful blonde's massive bust. Even as a straight woman, Carmella had to admit... boobs like that were undeniable.

"Just don't," Rachel said, looking away and shaking her head.

"Face it, Rachel. You're hot!" Carmella said with a laugh. Rachel was undeniably a 10 out of 10... no, that wasn't good enough. A 100 out of 10! She was that much of a goddess. "Imagine living in a house with a babe like you... I almost can't blame him!" She said this half-joking, but half-serious. Rachel was on another level of sexy... even though this was all so sudden and new to her, Carmella could squint her eyes and almost understand where Jason's desire was coming from just by being in Rachel's presence.

"Is that supposed to be a compliment?" Rachel said, unamused with this whole line of discussion.

"I mean... if you're gonna end up in a situation like this, it could be worse. For both of you," Carmella replied, remarking on the uncommon

attractiveness of both the mother and son in this scenario. Jason... sure he was young enough to be her son, but he was very cute. And very well-built. You'd have to be blind not to notice. No doubt Rachel had...

"Oh, okay," Rachel began, angry, poised to be shot out of a cannon. "Am I supposed to be totally cool with the fact that my own son wants to fuck my brains out? That he wants to use my tits as target practice? That he... what was it... oh, that he wants to feast on my juicy cake? Or clap my cheeks? Or that he is confident that he could make me gush like a geyser! Should I be cool with the fact that he joked about taking me over his knee and spanking my ass until I called him Daddy? Or that he wants to coat my face with so much of his... stuff... that I can't open my eyelids?"

"Did he really say all that?" Carmella inquired, unable to imagine the ever-polite, boyishly handsome Jason speaking such filth, the contrast sending an odd thrill through her. Rachel paused for a moment, not expecting to be questioned on this.

"Well... most of it," Rachel replied, shrugging. "But the other stuff... that's the spirit of what he's said to me."

"So, why not, like... kick him out?" Carmella wondered, asking the very logical response to all this. Rachel rolled her eyes. Taking a breath, she answered.

"Okay, just imagine how fucking crazy Jim got that the environment he created was so much worse than the one my son created by offering to fuck me," Rachel stated. Carmella kept looking at the blonde, as she hadn't answered the question. Exhaling in annoyance, she finally did so. "Look... I can handle Jason just fine. Because what he wants will never happen. He's never pushed past my denials, although he's gone far up to the line. But... he does shit around here. He holds up his end of the bargain, even if he does offer his own mother sex, so I put up with it. I put up with his unsubtle flirting. I have to listen to him screwing every little slut in town. I can handle all that. I'd rather deal with all that than be an empty nester and be completely alone!" The gorgeous, acerbic blonde betrayed the smallest sense of emotion beneath her tough exterior, but she pushed past it quickly. "It's not that big of a deal. It can just be really, really annoying after a long, pain-in-the-ass day to come home and have my own son shamelessly hitting on me."

"Can't he afford his own place, by this point?" Carmella inquired.

"Oh, totally," Rachel stated. "Even with the housing market as it is, he can probably afford a nice big house with all the creature comforts he needs. But he's never once pursued it. Probably partly because of this..." she paused, gesturing with her hands, referring to the weird dynamic between herself and Jason. Carmella nodded in understanding. "But I think he just likes having someone to do his laundry," Rachel stated with a wry grin.

Carmella had a million more questions, and she debated whether to push at her stressed-out blonde friend more about the subject, before opting not to push it.

"Okay..." Carmella said, backing down, pausing. "So, how's the dating scene going?" The poisonous look the blonde gave Carmella was somehow filled with more venom at this subject than the previous one.

"Oh, okay... should I tell you about the guy who spent our entire dinner staring at my chest?" Rachel began. "Or the guy who couldn't stop talking about how much he liked my high heels? Or this former basketball player who seemed really awesome until he tried to convert me to some religion by going on and on about how a sexless relationship is the truest relationship possible, and that anyone that wants sex is going to hell? Or how about the guy who seemed perfectly normal and downright doable till he spent 20 minutes at the end of our meal talking about his shitty Youtube channel? He showed me a video on there, of him complaining for an hour about something some cartoon did, and it was so embarrassing that it almost made my vagina suck in on itself. And that was the best date I've been on in the past year!" she announced, making both of them laugh. "I seriously can't give it away!" Carmella was about to make a joke about the perfectly viable stud living under Rachel's roof, but now that the blonde was in a better mood, Carmella opted not to push her luck.

"So, it's not going well then?" Carmella asked with a grin.

"That would be putting it kindly," Rachel began. "I've tried mixing it up. I've dated men a little bit younger than me, and a little bit older than me. I dated this one guy... about ten years older than me... really good looking. A total silver fox. Seemed smart and successful, a surgeon. But we started talking about his work, and the way he spoke about, like... the blood and gore of it all... it was like he got a sick thrill out of it. So, I didn't go home with him because it felt like if I did there was a nonzero chance I'd end up chopped up into little pieces." Carmella winced at this, agreeing that she dodged a bullet. "I tried dating this finance guy a few years younger than me, and he was so slimy it made my skin crawl. And it's a shame, because he was REALLY hot. Even though I'm pretty fucking desperate at this point, I'm not that desperate."

Carmella nodded at this.

"I've dated white dudes, black dudes, Asian, Latino, tall, short, damn near all types of men. I'm also ready to give up on men altogether," Rachel stated.

"Women, then?" Carmella joked. Rachel smirked.

"Getting damn close to that point, because I can't have much worse luck," Rachel stated. She looked over at her friend. "How about it? Wanna go on a date with me?"

"Fraid I can't," Carmella said, grinning. "I like dick too much."

"Me too..." Rachel relented, exhaling and shaking her head, lost in thought for a moment. "I swear to God, I have an itch, like... nine or so inches deep in my vagina, and at this rate, it's never gonna get scratched," Rachel said.

Carmella was about to ask if there were any prospects when she heard the heavy footsteps of who could only be Jason descending the stairs. Now cleaned up and put together, he looked great. His great head of brown hair combed and styled perfectly. His intelligent eyes bright and twinkling. His mouth turned up in an amused expression as he approached the two women. He had a great tan as well, the sun agreeing with him perfectly. And his simple outfit, a thin grey t-shirt, some comfortable but stylish shorts, and a pair of flip-flops on his feet showed the easy languid comfort of his demeanor while flattering his fit athletic form.

Carmella looked at the young man with new eyes. According to Rachel, this calm, confident, composed exterior hid a wolfish side. This handsome, masculine young man had wicked desires for his own mother, and he was confident enough to let her know it. The neighbor lady had always thought highly of Rachel's son, but this additional information added a bit of texture to his squeaky-clean image that, frankly, kinda made him hotter. Even though what he wanted... incest with his own mom... was basically insane, the fact that it was someone as handsome and mature as him who wanted it from his gorgeous, sexy mother somehow made it more

palatable. As strange as it sounded, his appeal somehow went up in Carmella's eyes upon learning that he wanted to have hot nasty sex with his own mom.

"Hey, Jason!" Carmella said with an amused, knowing grin. Rachel eyed her and shook her head, annoyed that she was being so friendly even after learning about the turmoil he'd been putting his mom through.

"Hey, Mrs. S!" he greeted her again, his eyes betraying the fact that he was analyzing the knowing tone of her voice, perhaps realizing that his mother had discussed what he'd been attempting with her. Carmella shivered at being understood so nakedly. She looked away from the young man, suddenly nervous in his presence. Luckily, he turned his attention to his mom.

"I thought you were gonna be home an hour ago?" he questioned his mom curiously. Knowing Rachel's mood, Carmella looked right at the blonde, waiting for an acidic response to this kind of question. And she did not disappoint.

"I do not live by your schedule, Jason," Rachel stated with some bite. "I get home when I can. The world doesn't exist by your timetable. Traffic doesn't obey your schedule." She said, keeping things polite enough with company around, but just barely. Jason held up his hands, asking for mercy.

"I meant no offense," he said with a casual tone, his mom's response not getting a rise out of him. "We were doing steaks tonight, and you said you'd be home at 5:30, so I was getting the grill prepped and ready for then. I got so bored I just jumped in the pool." Rachel winced, realizing that this was a plan they'd agreed upon earlier, but she wasn't about to back down now. Opening the fridge and grabbing a freshly purchased tray of raw meat, she slammed it down on the counter in front of him.

"Feel free to get started," she said, grinning poisonously at him.

"Okay," he said with a laugh, clearly amused by her annoyance, knowing the source of it. Unaffected, he grabbed the tray, and a few spices off the counter and began striding casually towards the back. "You sticking around, Mrs. S? I'll throw one on for you. I cook a mean steak." Carmella glanced at Rachel.

"He actually does..." Rachel relented despite herself. Steak sounding good, she nonetheless didn't want to get in the middle of all this tension between them, so she had to pass.

"No, I've got plans at home for the fam," Carmella stated.

"Okay. Maybe next time!" Jason called out, eyeing her one last time before turning away, pulling open the sliding glass door and stepping outside again. He closed the door behind him, leaving the two women alone again. At this moment, Rachel and Carmella shared a glance.

"You see, that's what he does!" Rachel stated. "Needle you just a little bit, while having enough of a defense to still claim innocence. He just knows how to get away with everything and live without a care in the world! You can't pin him down. His life is so easy. It's really fucking annoying!" Rachel rubbed her eyes, as if this discussion regarding her son was giving her a migraine.

"Does he have a girlfriend?" Carmella asked. "Maybe he needs to vent his needs somewhere more appropriate." Rachel smirked and looked up, shaking her head.

"That boy has no trouble there," she said with a laugh. "He's had plenty of opportunities to... 'vent'... all over the place. He just has to snap his fingers and some pretty young thing will be by his side. I send him out to get groceries, and he'll come back with a phone number. We go out to dinner; the waitress makes gooey eyes at him. He goes out for a jog; he comes back with a girl. He could go out for the most innocuous reason possible, and somehow it always ends with him getting laid. And half the time, I'm the one that has to hear it. All he has to do is turn a corner, and he ends up in some little slut's vagina. That boy stumbles into more action than most men get in a lifetime."

"What kind of girls does he like?" Carmella asked.

"Oh, girls of all types..." Rachel stated, shaking her head and taking another sip of her water. "Blondes, brunettes, redheads. All races, creeds, whatever. I don't keep track..." 'Clearly,' Carmella thought to herself. "I don't know if I should feel flattered by his attention, or not special in the slightest." She took a long sip of her drink before continuing. "They're all gorgeous and sexy, I guess," Rachel relented angrily. "Some are slim and athletic, some have curves. Some seem reasonably intelligent, and some seem impressively stupid. Like, I marvel that some of these girls can live a normal life with how dumb they are. With some of the girls, it's clear he's only in it for their booty, but some of his girls have tiny little shapeless butts. Some of those girls have pretty good sets of tits, and some of them are rather... flat..." she said, nose upturned in a lack of empathy, speaking quietly as if afraid the girls she was referring to would hear such a slur. "I guess most of them are pretty busty, though, come to think of it..."

"Any as big yours?" Carmella couldn't stop herself from asking.

"No, not even close," Rachel replied quickly, not thinking twice as she continued speaking, not acknowledging the fact that she had very decisively confirmed that she was comparing these girls her son was fucking with herself, boasting emphatically that none of them measured up to her. "He mostly hooks up with girls his own age, but some have been a few years older than him. Not old enough to be his mother, but old

enough to know better. But yeah... there's no real pattern. I can't figure it out..." she stated, unwittingly implying that she put a lot of thought into this subject.

"Sounds like he just likes fuckin'..." Carmella stated bluntly.

"I guess..." Rachel said, shaking her head, looking away, and taking another swig from her water bottle.

'And he's probably pretty good at it, too,' Carmella thought to herself, the results likely proving that. He was VERY cute... and confident... and cool headed. And to be able to charm his way into so many young women's pants and leave them all satisfied... Jason being pretty good at sex was probably an understatement.

"It's the younger ones that drive me up the wall," Rachel said, resuming her angry screed. "They all have the same airheaded, screechy, bimbo moans that perfectly resonates through the walls and bounces around my fucking ears. I can't stand it! It's the worst sound on the planet! I hate it more than anything."

Carmella was used to this kind of acerbic, angry, frustrated behavior from Rachel. Since her divorce, and all the fallout from it, Rachel's attitude had only gotten more and more sour and upset. It seemed as if the slightest bit of adversity would cause to blow her top. Rachel was her friend, but at

times, Carmella could only take her attitude in small doses. She could be quite exhausting to be around. Frankly, Carmella wanted her friend's issues to get worked out so she could have her friend back. And, from a woman's perspective, the solution to Rachel's current state seemed obvious.

Rachel needed to get laid. Badly.

It was no mystery that Rachel was in need of some good, healthy, vigorous sex. She'd more than made that fact clear with both her words and every single action she took. She was so stressed out, so tightly wound, so... frustrated. This bitch needed at least one night where she could just moan her head off, get all that tension fucked out of her. And the fact that she got divorced, and dating had gone so poorly for her... she was probably climbing up the walls with need.

Rachel was a gorgeous, professional, successful woman, and the only weakness in her armor was the fact that she hadn't gotten fucked properly in ages. And she was stuck with a son who didn't even have to lift a finger to have sex. No doubt Rachel being forced to listen to her son making all those little bitches moan their heads off while she was stuck with, as she put it, an itch that felt like it would never get scratched... That's what was really driving her crazy. This level of anger and frustration could only rise to the surface if Jason's offer didn't at least somewhat hit home.

On some level, to a degree she was probably unwilling to admit even to herself... she was jealous. Jealous of those young, brainless sluts who were so easily getting pleased while she, someone far more deserving of such bliss, was left unsatisfied. She wanted what they got... she wanted the type of pleasure Jason seemed capable of providing. Could it be?

Did she think over Jason's offer?

She had to! That's not to say she considered actually doing it, but she was in such a state by this point that she had to have at least let the thought enter her mind during a weak moment. Obviously, she rejected her son's offer outright, but the fact that it dug so deep into her mind, forcing her to even consider the option of sex with her own son... that's what pissed her off the most. Pissed at the world, at fate, at her ex-husband, all these forces working in concert to leave her so desperate for such pleasures to a degree that her addled mind considered, for the briefest of moments, his insane offer. And that alone was enough to inspire such a fiery reaction. Clearly, she had some personal conflict with her son, but Carmella wagered that the main thrust of it was rooted in the fact that his offer struck a chord with her so effectively. If she was thinking clearly, she'd never once remotely consider such an insane proposition.

But the mind considers crazy things when you are starved for real sex.

"What would you do?" Rachel asked, seemingly having exhausted her anger for the moment, turning to face her friend to ask this question.

"What?" Carmella asked, confused.

"I mean, like... how do you think I should handle this? Because nothing I'm doing is dissuading him..." Rachel stated, shaking her head.

For a moment, Carmella found herself poised to tell her friend to just fuck Jason and get it over with before stopping herself, almost laughing at the idea of saying something like that. Mere minutes prior, the thought of mother-son sex was so foreign to her that she never even thought of such a thing. Now, she'd almost told her friend to just go through with it. It was such a wicked, forbidden thing to do, fucking her own son, so wrong in so many ways. But Rachel was an insanely sexy woman, and Jason was a confident young stud... sex between them would be SO HOT! And the tension between them would really make it so much better. Of course, this was all in an objective sense, two hot people slipping into bed together. The fact that they were related spiked the likelihood of it happening and added a forbidden nature to it that made it seriously wrong.

But perhaps because this was all so new to Carmella, she couldn't stop herself from thinking about it. Imagining it. Objectively, it would be amazing! They really would be so hot together! But if it was so wrong, why couldn't she stop thinking about it? Was Jason's offer so forbidden that it

was kinda... hot? Sure, it was incest, and it was fundamentally wrong. But, when the two people involved were just so attractive... did the fact it was incest make it better in that case?

No! Of course, not... right?

"Carmella?" Rachel inquired.

"What?" Carmella replied, shaking her head clear.

"We're in similar positions, and I trust your judgement. How would you approach this?" Rachel asked.

"Well, we're not exactly in similar positions..." Carmilla replied with a defensive laugh. "My son hasn't offered to fuck me!" As soon as she said it, a forbidden shiver coursed through the stacked brunette. Moms are not supposed to think about this shit, let alone voice such things out loud. But as soon as she did... wow! That was out of nowhere. A strange rush of sensation coursed through her. Not a bad one... just a new one. Like that feeling in your belly when you go down a roller coaster, but one more potent, resonating from her core out to the tip of her fingers and up to the top of her head. New connections were being forged in her mind. New doors were being unlocked merely by voicing such a wicked combination of words. It hit the brunette noticeably, and she had to attempt to play it off.

"You know what I mean," Rachel replied, eyes scrunching slightly as her friend shifted her weight oddly, as if struck by something right in her belly. But she didn't linger on this for too long, more focused on the point she was trying to make. "Until my divorce, we were in the same boat. Married, with one kid, a son. I know Marco is a couple years younger than Jason, but it's close enough. What would you do?"

It was true that they shared these similarities. Carmella was still married to her high school sweetheart, Bobby, and things were still going fine. Sure, things had slowed down, mostly on his end. He'd gained some weight, lost some stamina, lost a lot of hair, and generally let the weight of the world wear him down. But compared to what became of Rachel's husband, her complaints about Bobby paled in comparison.

Their sons were similar. Jason had been good in school, and an accomplished high school athlete, and her son Marco followed a similar path. Intelligent, hardworking, a disciplined athlete, and on top of that, he was friendly, confident, and possessed a youthful vigor that always impressed Carmella. Marco had followed the athletic side of things further than Jason had, and he'd gotten a football scholarship to one of the big nearby schools. Over the last few years, he'd really filled out, becoming a head taller than his mother, shedding that teenage gawkiness and becoming a man. A young man, sure, but his handsome face, his broad chest, his shredded belly, his strong impressive arms, the muscles... those damn muscles... Carmella suddenly felt flustered. Shaking her head clear, she returned to the topic at hand. The point she was trying to make was that Marco was all man now. But unlike Jason, he was very well-behaved,

a dutiful, respectful young man, treating his mother and all women with respect. He had an active social life, and he'd had a few girlfriends over the last few years. He'd been a perfect gentleman to every girl he'd been with. Carmella couldn't imagine her own son approaching her in the same manner Jason had approached his own mother, his handsome face brimming with confidence, his soulful eyes and perfectly styled dark hair filling his mother with disarming affection for him as he came up to her and said:

"Mom... I think me and you should fuck!"

The idea of her own son saying such a thing to her... the mere thought of it made Carmella's breath catch in her chest. It made her blood rush and caused her heart rate to increase. Her mind went a million different directions at once, and for a moment, she could empathize with what Rachel was going through. She wanted to respond to Rachel's question, but she was too caught up in her imagination. And Rachel was losing patience.

"Well...?" Rachel inquired, trying to get an honest answer from her friend. Too distracted with the images in her mind to think of a good answer, she replied with the first thought that came to mind.

"I think you should do it..." Carmella said, distractedly.

"What?" Rachel replied sharply, understandably taken aback. Realizing what she said, Carmella attempted to clarify.

"No, I mean..." Carmella began, clearing her head. "You need to do it! Like... you need to get laid!"

"I'm trying!" Rachel replied. "But as soon as I become single, all the good men disappear."

"I mean, like..." Carmella stammered, still getting her mind in order. Regathering herself fully, she continued. "You might just have to lower your standards. You might have to let the guy who complains about anime on Youtube into your vagina just once, just so you can blow off some stress." The disgust on Rachel's face was obvious.

"I may be desperate, but I'm never lowering my standards," Rachel stated firmly. For a moment, Carmella was impressed by this statement, proud that her friend respected herself enough to never settle for less than she deserved.

"Well... maybe you need to get a good toy," Carmella suggested.

"I have good toys, and they don't get the job done," Rachel replied. "They kept me sane for a while, but they don't work anymore. I think the only

thing that'll get the job done is the real thing. My pussy knows that, and it won't settle for anything less."

Carmella gave her friend a long look, not knowing what else to say that hadn't been said. And then, with near perfect timing, the sliding glass door to the back slid open, and Jason called out into the house.

"Meat's ready!" Jason hollered. "Come and get it!"

Carmella gave her friend a knowing look, and Rachel's eyes almost rolled into the back of her skull she was so unamused. Sensing a good moment to leave, Carmella took her cue.

"I'll leave you to it, then," Carmella said. "Good luck." Rachel nodded her head at this statement as her friend sauntered out the front door. With no point avoiding the inevitable, Rachel headed to the back, grabbing her steak and serving herself up just as she liked it. Trying not to acknowledge her son as she sat down at the backyard table and began cutting into the steak, she didn't want to give Jason even the slightest credit for any good thing he did to help her out. He'd been so much of a thorn in Rachel's hot ass that he didn't deserve it. But as she took her first bite of the steak Jason cooked up for her, she was faced down with the issue she'd been forced to confront so many times over these last few years. She wanted to discredit her son. She didn't want to encourage his already overflowing confidence

by giving him kudos. But his cooking, like so many other things he did... it was undeniable.

"Oh my God!" she groaned out despite herself. The cooking, the spices, the sauce... it was just perfect.

"Good, right?" Jason said knowingly, looking back at her with a raised eyebrow. She gave him a death glare, but she couldn't deny it.

"Yeah... it's... really fucking good," she admitted through clenched teeth. He smiled at this admission, knowing how much his mother hated to say it. But Rachel couldn't deny it.

It hit the spot.

That was the thing Rachel found most frustrating about her son. He was good at everything. It was infuriating! This whole thing would be so much easier if he wasn't so infallible all the time.

If he wasn't always right.

Having a son who lived such a charmed existence that nothing ever went wrong for him made it extremely difficult for her to assert her parental authority over him. If every little thing he did paid off for him, if every whim on his part led to success, how could she possibly dissuade him from something he had his mind set on?

How could she convince him to stop in his attempts to fuck her when he was so convinced she would love it?

It was the one thing he was clearly and totally wrong about...

Rachel pined for the days where her daily life wasn't so consumed with such complicated, exhausting issues. The funny thing was, up to her divorce from his father, they had a fantastic relationship. He was a kind, well-behaved young man... a perfect son. He was bright, did well in school, rarely got in any major fights or disagreements with his parents, and was incredibly easy to get along with. Rachel and Jason had formed a wonderful relationship. This was best exemplified during the whole divorce. As his father fell down the rabbit hole of cults and conspiracy theories, Jason took her side without hesitation, often matching gazes with his mother, silently communicating that what his father and saying and doing was crazy. Through the divorce, Jason had her back, supporting her in any way he could. Jason certainly wasn't following his father down the path he'd chosen, never once wavering in that desire, letting his father go out and devote himself to whatever bullshit he was into, as long as it was far away from them.

In the months afterward, things settled into a new normal. They still had the house, a pretty sizable two-story house with a nice pool in the back. Both Rachel and Jim made pretty good money, combining to allow their family to live a good life. But with him out of the picture, money got a little tighter. Not they were ever gonna end up in poverty, but downgrading a bit from their comfortable existence into a slightly more affordable option seemed inevitable. There was a distinct possibility Jason would have to leave the only house he'd ever known.

That's when he stepped up, and the dynamic between him and his mother changed forever.

Jason's father Jim had worked in programming all his life, working at some pretty high-end tech companies. So, Jason grew up around computers, and his father's talents rubbed off on him. Jason was a whiz with tech stuff from a young age, picking up a good base for programming skills that had only expanded over the years. Even as he grew up, picked up many new hobbies, and gained the distractions that teenage boys get, the one thing that he never left behind was computers. As he grew and matured, earning an active social life and joining in some school sports, he always found the time to noodle on his laptop, or his big rig desktop, or his tablet, doing stuff well beyond Rachel's understanding.

He didn't look the part of a typical computer nerd. In modern times, with tech so pervasive, the world had evolved well past such lazy stereotypes in

terms of the type of people who devote themselves to tech. And Rachel fully understood that. But still... Jason REALLY didn't look the part. He'd been a bit gawky in his younger teen years, but him growing up, combined with him jumping onto some school sports, allowed him to really fill out and get fit. In school, he did both track and soccer. He didn't have that type of aggro, macho competitiveness that was needed for sports like football or wrestling. And in soccer, he didn't have the same intensity as some of his teammates, enjoying playing the game more than devoting himself solely to the concept of winning and defeating their rivals. That was why he eventually dropped soccer by his senior year, but it's also why he loved track.

What led him into doing sports was the opportunity to get fit, and he really threw himself into that aspect of sports, dropping any of that youthful fat and replacing it with some pretty impressive musculature. Strong legs, a fit, flat, muscular belly, remarkable arms, and a taut broad back. What he liked more than playing sports was working out and physical self-improvement. In track, his motivation wasn't to win, but to improve. To do better and better each time, to optimize his results and eliminate any mistakes. He was seeking peak performance, and any victories that came with it were secondary.

So, as he grew up, he had the body of a jock. At heart, he was still the good, friendly, charming young man he'd always been, maintaining his quiet, languid, easygoing attitude throughout. He hadn't succumbed to the macho competitiveness of a typical young athlete, continuing to be somewhat shy and good-hearted throughout. And in his mind, he was still

the incredibly intelligent young man who did great in school and was uncommonly good with computers.

That last point proved to be the key.

He was always on his computer in one form or another. Rachel wanted to complain, but there were habits with far more potential for trouble, so she let it go. His grades were still great, he did his chores, so... Rachel gave him leeway. Sometimes, she'd hear him awake to all hours of the night on the computer, at work on God knows what, but as long as it didn't affect his responsibilities, his mom didn't raise a fuss.

The big moment came around this time. He came to her and off-handedly mentioned that one of the big, BIG tech companies had reached out to him about a program he'd put together. It was an app, but not like a game, something more practical than that. But an aspect of it wowed some people in tech, and they wanted to meet. Rachel understandably asked to come along, and it was only when she was in the building of one of the biggest tech companies in the world, meeting with some of the higher-ups, did she realize the gravity of this meeting. They wanted to buy this program off of him, and they were willing to spend a hefty amount to do so. Rachel chose to be present due to the experience she had in negotiations, not wanting Jason to be taken advantage of by these experienced businesspeople. But she shouldn't have worried, as Jason was ready, stepping up and proposing a deal where he still maintained a piece of ownership over this highly valued program while also getting himself a job

with this company. The people there were clearly impressed by his moxie, accepting his offer. And just like that, Rachel's teenage son had a job at one of the biggest tech companies in the world, a job that he could do from home, working on code and programs for them while also poking around vulnerabilities with their existing framework, and he had a sudden windfall of cash in his bank account.

This was the point where Jason changed.

Suddenly financially comfortable, he took the opportunity to look the part. He evolved his whole image, opting to present himself less boyishly, filling his closet with much better, far more stylish clothing, items more flattering to his frame that also communicated his influx of wealth. He also took more care with his body, his hair, everything, getting a bit more vainglorious without going overboard. To Rachel, who knew him so well, she could see him deliberately trying to change his image from the quiet, kind athlete to the 'cool guy.' Rachel thought it was amusing, but to the people his own age it seemed effective.

Girls suddenly seemed to notice Jason. It had taken a few years into high school to accomplish this, but it finally happened. While he was well-liked before, he wasn't the most social, popular guy in the world. He had a decent-sized friend group, for sure, but he wasn't in the cool clique. Now, with his whole image changed, and with rumors of his very recent windfall, Jason started to get girls looking at him with new eyes. And with this level of attention from the opposite sex, the inevitable happened.

Jason started getting pussy.

At first, Rachel was happy for him. He was a good, well-composed young man. He had friends, but he never really had girlfriends. So, when he started dating a girl, someone who seemed smart and sweet, she was happy for him. Even when Rachel could hear them fooling around from across the house, hearing his little girlfriends' sighs of pleasure, Rachel was somewhat proud of him for maturing and reaching the next level of social popularity.

But it got old, fast.

Upon having sex for the first time, he slowly became obsessed with it. He tried his best to hold it together and maintain his best behavior, dating his first girlfriend for about four or five months and staying nothing but loyal, but a whole new world had been opened to him, and he wanted to explore it. He moved on to a different girl... then another... being with them for shorter and shorter amounts of time, reaching a point over the course of a few years where it was as if he was bringing a new girl home every time. Plenty of them returned for seconds and thirds and more, but rarely would he bring home the same girl twice in a row.

It was sex, more than anything, that really changed him. Having success in this realm, on top of all the others, had him brimming with self-

confidence, and that changed his behavior in other ways. He started being less stealthy about the sex he was having, the action getting louder and louder at all hours of the day, all over the house. Rachel couldn't count how many times she'd walked into her home, only to see Jason and some half-dressed hussy in the living room poorly disguising the fact that they'd been fooling around. Or how many times she'd woken up in the middle of the night only to hear some random girl's lusty moans coming from Jason's room. He was so confident with these girls that he'd be all over them, even in his mother's presence, behind handsy with them unashamedly.

Any pride she may have felt for her son's popularity dissipated after seeing the endless march of hook-ups he had all falling for the same tricks. Seeing these airheads going along with Jason's obvious flirting and maneuverings... Rachel thought less of them for succumbing to such shameless efforts. The type of stuff that only works on young women who don't know any better. Teenager shit, like him running his hand through his nice head of hair in a not-so-subtle way. Calling these young women 'girl'... like 'my girl', or 'hey girl', putting on his so-called sexy voice as he did so. Or making some heavy-handed comment that was clearly about sex, and thinking no one knew what he was talking about. But these airheads just giggled and blushed. These girls needed to have a little pride in themselves. They should be acting with confidence and agency, not getting gooey eyed for Jason and eagerly letting him do whatever he wanted with him. Nothing they could be getting could possibly make their lack of self-respect worth it.

Without having direct knowledge of such things, Rachel surmised that Jason was exploring his desires, sowing his oats and taking advantage of the fact that these horny young women were willing and eager to let him do whatever he wanted to them. The echoes of sex coming from his bedroom at night got louder and louder, taking on an aggressive tone at times. Rachel could hear loud, firm, fleshy slaps, followed by loud moans of girly pleasure, and she could see in her mind's eye these airhead trollops allowing her son to spank their asses. One morning, Jason and one of his nameless hook-ups were chatting in the kitchen as he made breakfast, speaking as if they didn't know Rachel was around the corner, and the young woman stated that her jaw hurt, with Jason replying that it was probably because she spent most of the night biting down on a ball gag. Rachel shook her head in disgust before making her presence known. And if there was any question if he was joking or not, Rachel found a ball gag on Jason's side table next to his bed with that little slut's teeth marks on it.

Gross.

That wasn't the only item Rachel found that gave her an unwanted glimpse into her son's sex life. She was still a mom, and she did mom things around the house, like handling the cleaning and laundry, so she'd have to grab things from his room. That was how she stumbled on the ball gag. It was also how she found silky ropes tied to his bedposts. Knowing Jason enough to know he would never enjoy being tied down, it was clear to her that he'd convinced one of his girls to let him tie her down to the bed and let him have his way with her. And judging from the moans from the night before, that girl had a very good time. Sometimes, Rachel found discarded

pieces of clothing in different rooms of the house, letting Rachel know that he wasn't keeping sex solely to the bedroom. Rachel felt uncomfortable with any hard surface in the house, fearful that sex had occurred there as soon as the professional woman left the house. The kitchen, the bathroom, the office, damn near everywhere. Rachel had yet to find any hint that he'd done anything in Rachel's bed, but not having found any evidence left her almost more paranoid about it.

It wasn't just contained to the house either. One time, Rachel arrived home just in time to see her son and some girl come in from the pool, looking slightly sheepish, a towel on her waist and her bikini top slightly askew. Suspicious, Rachel scanned the poolside, only to find wet handprints on the concrete in such a manner that made Rachel believe that Jason and that girl had fucked by the pool. And if there was any doubt of this, Rachel found the girl's skimpy bikini bottoms lost under a deck chair. Rachel angrily returned them to the young woman, her cheeks turning bright red. But Jason... he just seemed amused by the whole thing, not embarrassed at all.

Let's see... what else. There was the time he bought himself a new car with his windfall of income, and within a day or two took some very skimpily dressed girl out for a long ride late at night, clearly savoring the opportunity to christen his new car in a way only he could. There was the time Rachel woke up in the middle of the night to get some water, only to find one Jason's girls teetering along the hall in what could only be described as some red latex or rubber fetish getup, and obscenely severe high heels, which the girl was clearly having trouble with. Rachel and her

met eyes in the hallway... the mom just shook her head as the girl tried hiding her face at being caught.

There was the time when she heard some college girl he hooked up with call her 18-year-old son 'Daddy', which made Rachel gag at how shameless and gross these girls were being with him.

Oh, and there was also that time, during an awkward morning breakfast, where Jason's hook-up whispered to him that she couldn't sit comfortably because her buttocks were so sore, whispering it just loudly enough for Rachel to hear, and the mom winced at knowing that Jason had buttfucked this little tramp the previous night. Why did she have to be aware of these things? Ignorance of her son's sex life would be bliss.

Rachel tried her best to assert her authority, but it was a hopeless battle. For one... it wasn't like he was letting other parts of his life slack. His grades were fine, even as he slowly lost interest in furthering his education. He had a job and a consistent source of income. He did his part around the house. She couldn't really punish him because he didn't break the rules. By this point he was 18, and these girls were the same age. Rachel wasn't a prude about matters of sex, and having a healthy sex life wasn't a bad thing, as long as he was being careful. She just didn't want it thrown in her face so much. She tried her best to get him to be more private. He apologized and assured her that he didn't mean for it to get so out of control, promising that he'd keep things a little quieter. He would try that for a while, but he'd fall back into old habits before long. Plus... he worked

from home, so he had run of the house while she was at work... not much she could do to stop him from inviting guests over in her absence. His active sex life continued, and there was nothing his mother could do to slow it down. So, after a while... she stopped trying to dissuade him, knowing it was a hopeless cause.

She did consider telling him to get his own place, even at this early point in his sexual evolution. He didn't seem interested in doing so in the slightest, saying he had everything he wanted right here at home, and Rachel wasn't willing to go as far as to kick her son out of the house. He was her son... she loved him, and between the bouts of loud, vigorous sex he was having, they got along fine.

At least at that point.

Jason's confidence in the bedroom expanded to other things. To his credit, one of the first things he did upon working out the deal for his program was to invest it inwards and ensure that he and Rachel were financially stable and comfortable, meaning they would get to keep the house. Rachel really appreciated that fact... truly. And it was one of the main reasons she was loathe to kick him out, even given his sexual misadventures.

But as his confidence grew, it began to feel as if he was on an equal level as his mother in terms of doing whatever he wanted around the house. As if he was on equal footing as his mom when it came to making executive

decisions around the house. First, he converted his father's old office to his own, taking over the space with his own work stuff and throwing a lot of Jim's stuff to the curb. Rachel didn't particularly object to this, as he'd earned a little bit leeway to do his own thing, so she let it slide. Then he converted half the garage into a home gym, which Rachel was a little more annoyed about, as he'd done it without consulting her, but he volunteered to leave his car in the driveway while she got to keep her spot in the garage, so she couldn't be that upset. His behavior was enough to be annoying, but not enough to be over the line. (That being said, he didn't always live up to his word, often forcing her to park in the driveway while he came up with some excuse for his car to be in the cozy garage spot.)

But now that Jason had money to burn, he started throwing himself into hobbies that soon imposed themselves around the house. One day, Jason decided he wanted to get into cooking, so he started taking classes on his own time over the period of about a year, admittedly getting very good at it. But that meant he wanted to be the one handling most food decisions around the house. Rachel appreciated not having to be the one to cook at home on top of her job, but she felt odd about Jason just removing her authority from the kitchen.

He also got really into investing, taking a fair amount of the money he got from his job and putting it in the stock market. Rachel warned him not to be reckless with his money, but he proved her wrong, proving to have an eye for such things, soon multiplying his wealth multiple times over. This, combined with his job, meant he was bringing in a lot of money. A LOT. Rachel was no slouch in terms of income, but the money Jason was

accruing eclipsed her own. Jason offered to handle her books and put some of her money in investments, but Rachel didn't think that would be proper. Her resentment for him overstepping his bounds only increased as his investments kept paying off, making her feel as if she was mistaken for not taking him up on his offer.

All this stuff, the cooking, the investments, taking over rooms of the house... he seemingly did it all in good faith with a smile on his face... But it felt like there was something going on beneath the surface. Like he was trying to assert authority over his mother in multiple ways... not necessarily a corporate takeover, but with a soft sell. If Rachel turned down his help, or said no, he complied with total understanding, not pushing his luck. But all that stuff... combined with the fact that he was taking the opportunity to fuck in damn near every room of the house... there was something going on that she couldn't put her finger on.

It came into focus soon after.

She remembered the day he made his offer with total clarity. He was 18 at the time, well into his sexual misadventures by that point. And at the same time, Rachel was well back on the dating scene, and already it was going poorly.

Rachel had spent the entirety of that fateful day thinking about a date. She was excited about it, to the point of getting dressed up and ready well

before she had to leave. She was practically one foot out the door by the time her date called and cancelled. He tried to dance around the reasons why, but Rachel quickly surmised that this hot, single, studly man she had a date with was not so single after all, and correctly guessed that his wife was catching onto his dalliances. Not having time for this kind of bullshit, she angrily hung up on him, rubbing her head in frustration as she stood in the kitchen. Rachel could feel a headache coming on. She'd already begun to let herself think she was getting laid that night, so the knowledge that any chance of that was lost only established how hungry for sex she was. As if going through withdrawal, a dull ache began pounding behind her eye.

"Date fall through?" Jason stated, padding barefoot into the kitchen, polishing off a cup of Greek yogurt. He was dressed casually, wearing a pair of comfortable basketball shorts and a slim, flattering t-shirt.

"Yeah..." she said through clenched teeth, barely holding back her annoyance as she rubbed her eye with one hand and strumming her fingers on the marble countertop with the other. It didn't take an expert to sense her frustration, and Jason could feel it emanating off her in waves. Tossing away the empty yogurt cup into the trash and washing off his spoon, he spoke up.

"I can help you out, you know..." he said, his offer so casual and tossed-off she didn't understand his meaning.

"What?" she said, glancing up at him with a pained look, her headache beginning to really set in.

"I can help you out," he offered again.

"What do you mean? With dating?" she asked, still unsure of his meaning. "Do you know some trick with dating apps or something?" she inquired. He smiled and shook his head.

"No... no... I never needed any tricks anyway," he stated in response, unable to resist boasting. "No, I mean... it's obvious you're... frustrated. I'm just offering my services if you need it." Again, he spoke so casually that it made perceiving what he was trying to say more difficult. But as much as she tried to seek out any other meaning, her mind kept coming back to one thing. Could it be... was she misunderstanding him?

"What are you talking about?" She replied with some bite, staring him down with two open eyes, now having her full attention. Looking somewhat confused at how upset she was, he tried to explain.

"I've got Jacinda coming over tonight, but I can cancel on her if you want to take her place," he replied calmly, looking right back at her, leaving the offer hanging out there. Her headache suddenly gone, replaced with shock and fiery anger, she gave him a death stare.

"Are you seriously offering to fuck me?" she spat out, her voice one of barely restrained fury.

"Yeah," he said, shrugging his shoulders, as if what he was saying wasn't utterly insane.

"What the FUCK are you talking about?" she screamed out. "Are you crazy?! I am your mother! Moms don't have sex with their own sons!" Her mind had never once considered such a thing, but now that he'd shattered the concrete wall in her mind separating thoughts of sex and thoughts of her son, her mind was suddenly flooded with all sorts of new, unwanted thoughts.

"Who cares?" he replied calmly, shrugging his shoulders again. "It's not that big a deal. It's just sex. It doesn't have to be this huge, major thing. It can just be some good, dirty fun! I'm pretty good at it." he offered with a smirk, undaunted at his mother's fury.

She gave him a shocked look, her mouth hanging open. This was unbelievable! Where the fuck did this come from? How could he possibly think this was a good idea? A reasonable thing to offer his own mom?

"Have you lost your fucking mind...?" she asked softly. "What made you think that this was a thing you should say to your own mom?" At this, he only smiled, and in the moment, that calm expression was so infuriating she was tempted to slap him.

"Face it, Mom," he said, leaning towards her slightly, looking her up and down. "You're insanely hot!" he stated firmly. He wasn't wrong. She'd already done herself up for her now failed date. She was so confident in this date that she busted out her favorite black cocktail dress, one that flattered her body, showcasing her slim waist, her juicy ass, and her massive firm tits, while still remaining tasteful. She only displayed a hint of her sizable cleavage, and the way it hugged her firm shapely ass remained classy while making the sight mesmerizing. She had on her favorite black high heels, and the rest of her legs up to just above her knees were left bare. She had incredible legs, and it was only when she was looking to seal the deal that she really showcased them, her gams taut and firm and smooth. Even non-leg men couldn't stop staring at them when put on display like this. Plus, she had on her sexiest underwear, an expensive matching black lace number, the bra struggling to contain her heavy, fleshy breasts, and a thong so skimpy it left nothing to the imagination. She knew she was good looking, and she knew she had an incredible body. She just didn't want her son to point that out. She wanted literally any other man to do so.

"It doesn't matter if I'm hot! That does not mean my own son gets to fuck me!" Rachel said, still incredulous. Again, he seemed undaunted.

"Like I said, it doesn't have to be a big deal," he stated calmly, shaking his head. His handsome face remained relaxed; his lips turned up in a small smile. "I think we both know it'd be really good..." he stated confidently.

"Oh my god..." Rachel sighed to herself, rolling her eyes, resisting to urge to smack that smug look off his face. How dare he even assert that sex between them, between a mom and her son, would be good! She couldn't contain herself. "It's INCEST! We are RELATED! That shit doesn't happen in real life! I don't know what shit you've seen to make you think this was ever gonna happen, but it ain't! So, forget it... purge it from your fucking mind! I don't want to hear it again! I don't want to think about it again! It will never, EVER happen! Let's just pretend you suffered a momentary bout of insanity and move on!"

He didn't back down, even in the face of her blinding anger. Looking back at her calmly, taking a long deep breath, he finally replied.

"Well... I'm not gonna do that..." he replied simply to her directive of forgetting this. "And neither will you." Rachel gave him a death-look, more upset at him than she'd ever been. "The offer stands. And when you change your mind, and trust me... you WILL change your mind..." he stated with a confidence so complete that it even cut through Rachel's indignation, a sense of dread filling her at the prospect of him being so sure she'd give in to him eventually. "When the day comes when you're desperate for me to clap those cheeks... come find me."

A long, heavy silence fell between them.

"Clap those cheeks?" she asked, baffled and confused at this statement, even in the face of the madness of this conversation. She wasn't naïve to the world... but that was a new one to her. Her incredulousness only made him smile.

"Hey, I could have said something about me feasting on that cake..." he said with a laugh, trying to look around her front to the cake in question, but she'd had enough.

"Just go away!" she said, having had it up to here with him. Holding up his hands in surrender, he backed away.

"Just think about it," he said with a smile.

"I won't!" she called back.

"Yeah, you will..." he stated again, so damn sure of himself. Nodding at her, he turned away. "And by the way, Jacinda is coming over tonight!" he called out to her as he made his way upstairs. Once he was gone, she had to shake her head, gob smacked by what had just transpired.

"What the fuck!" she said to herself, now keyed up thanks to what just happened. Her son... had just offered... to FUCK her! His own mother! Where the fuck did that come from? What colossal mistake had she made in raising him that led him to the point where he would think making an offer like that was a good idea? Had she ever given him anything that would make him think she'd be interested in such a thing? No! Of course not! Her mind had never conceived of such a thing as a possibility, let alone led him on in such a way.

Perhaps... perhaps she'd been too lenient in terms of allowing him to have such an... active... private life with girls. Maybe she'd been too liberal in allowing him to sow his oats. It was just... when he was younger, he didn't have the most high-energy social life, keeping things to a small group of dorky friends. Certainly no girls. Once he got a little more popular with the opposite sex, she wasn't about to step in and stop him. But in making that small allowance, he'd taken a mile, taking things so far so fast that he was regularly having loud, vigorous sex even with his mother in the house. So much so that the same old thing had gotten old, and his eyes had begun wandering, seeking out something new. A real challenge. The ultimate forbidden fruit.

His own mother.

Obviously, she put her foot down. It was never gonna happen! Despite how confident he was that her tune would change, that she'd eventually change her mind, she hoped that he took her rebuff as seriously as she

intended it. She hoped her firm stance on the matter would dissuade him from ever making such an insane offer again. She hoped she made it clear that it was never going to happen.

It was at this point that Rachel realized that her nipples were noticeably stiff, and her pussy was very wet.

What the fuck!?

No. No. NO! This didn't mean anything! It didn't mean she wanted it, because honestly, she didn't. Did he notice? Is that why he was so confident her mind would change? Because her nipples were hard? Maybe they'd been like that before. No... they weren't... they'd only become stiff after her son offered to have intense, incestuous sex with her. But that didn't mean anything! It was... it was... okay, it was like this. It was like she was a recovering alcoholic, and he'd waved a stiff cocktail under her nose. Rachel wanted the feeling she knew alcohol could give her... but she didn't want the vessel. She didn't actually want a drink. Her body was so hungry for sex that even an offer coming from her son made her body react. But she didn't want her son.

What she wanted was sex.

"Oh my God, Jason, yes! Fuck me! Fuck me!"

Rachel couldn't sleep that night, understandably. Not only due to the events of the day... but the events of the night going on in Jason's room.

"Hahaha! Yes! FUCK! You give the best dick ever! I love it!" Jacinda the slut screamed out from Jason's room, clearly having a good time.

The night was otherwise silent. Perhaps on another night she could push past the rabble and get some rest, but it seemed like, after what happened that day, her senses were heightened. She could hear every moan. Every groan. Every grunt. Every heavy, fleshy collision. She could even hear Jason's big bed whining with every heated thrust. The sounds bounced across the house, entered Rachel's ears, and bounced around her mind.

And just as before, being in the proximity of sex affected her body. Her nipples had hardened again beneath her comfortable sleepwear, an old t-shirt, and her pussy warmed up from within her thin pajama pants. Her desperate-for-pleasure body was keeping her awake, sounding an alarm bell, begging for some relief.

"Shut up..." she said, looking down at herself, willing her body to ignore the noise coming from the other room, angry that her body was reacting

like this. His offer had bridged some gap in her brain, connected some neurons, however you want to say it. She'd overheard the action coming from Jason's room before... but it had never affected her like this. It had never put her on edge before.

When she was really wound up like this, she would often take care of herself, but given what had happened earlier, she wasn't about to go down that road. She wasn't gonna shove a dildo into her hungry vagina while listening to her son plowing some teenage skank. Because if she did, that meant her son had gotten to her. That would be giving her son a win by admitting there was some truth to what he said, that she was intrigued by what he could offer sexually.

Rachel was many things, and one of them was that she was quite bullheaded. His claim that she would inevitably give in to his offer only incentivized her to prove him wrong. Jason made a mistake offering sex to his own mother but an even bigger one in underestimating how stubborn she could be. He was wrong.

She would never give in.

Indeed, in the two years since that point, Rachel hadn't backed down. She hadn't succumbed to her son's wicked offer. He'd indeed underestimated his mother's stubbornness.

But at times, with how profoundly his offer had affected her in the time since, it felt like she was cutting off her nose to spite her face.

Jason's life stayed on its gilded track. He still lived at home. He still had an incredible job that both paid well and allowed him freedom to live his life in the manner he wanted. He still got laid way too often. Overall, he seemed unbothered by his mother's rejection of his offer, unaffected in the slightest. He didn't change his behavior one iota. It was as if he felt like if he kept proving his bona fides over and over, if he just kept plowing girls and making their moans reverberate through the house, his mom might finally give in and volunteer for the same treatment. But Rachel had dug her heels in.

She'd never give in. This had gone on far too long to succumb now.

It wasn't just about it being incest at this point. It was a battle of wills, a competition to see who'd give up first. And Rachel was a petty bitch. Everything in life had gone Jason's way... was it so bad to deny him this one thing? Was it so bad to teach him a little humility? She would deny him victory even at the cost of her own joy, even if it meant she wasn't getting the sex she so badly needed. At points, she promised herself that she would prefer not having sex ever again over giving him the satisfaction of giving him what he wanted.

And at times, it felt like that was indeed her fate.

She was too beautiful to never get laid, but, for a woman of such intense sexiness, she got action far less than she deserved. In the immediate aftermath of her son's offer, she didn't once speak of her it to his face, not acknowledging it at all, trying to live her life as if her own son had not made a play to fuck her brains out. She kept working, kept dating, and she'd had some successes. She'd finally gotten a little bit of action... nothing mind-blowing, and certainly no long-lasting relationships, but it was a nice pressure relief, clearing her head. She'd feel pretty good about herself... at least until she got home and inevitably heard Jason power-fucking some slut, making her scream in rapturous pleasure, reaching crescendos that made Rachel's fun seem tame by comparison. So, even when she got some victories, Jason always seemed to get the last laugh.

Rachel got more demanding of her potential partners, aiming high, seeking out someone who could slake her thirst, someone who could provide her that same level of pleasure she heard down the hall of her own home, but that was a bar no one seemed able to eclipse. She tried to branch out a bit, hoping to add a little spice to the mix and stumble on something good, but she still came up empty-handed. It seemed like all the good ones were taken.

The ones her age with a lot of potential eventually proved why they were single. Some were total weirdos, some were just assholes, and some were

too self-absorbed to waste her time on. The absolute worst were the ones who seemed normal, only to eventually reveal some truly strange fetish that was a no-go for the hot mom. This was stuff beyond your regular fetish shit... like, this wasn't like a guy obsessed with feet, or a man who wanted to be pegged, although she'd encountered men who wanted each from her. No, she was talking about stuff like this one guy who had a thing for getting kicked in the balls. He seemed so normal and vanilla before that point, someone who she could imagine dating. But once he made this reveal... let's just say he got exactly what he wanted from the infuriated mom, and never saw her again after that.

There were some winners though, but Jason's offer ruined them for her. Through her work, she'd encountered a few men who she really clicked with. Ones whom she shared honest to God sexual chemistry, which seemed to be in short supply these days. But unfortunately... these men were young, closer to Jason's age than her own, and she just couldn't do that. Not only did some of them remind her too much of her son... she just couldn't cross that line with any significantly younger man. It just felt like doing the deed with a young man Jason's age was a tacit acknowledgment that her son's offer was on the right track, and that succumbing to them would give her confident son a win. Some of these men would very clearly fuck the hot blonde if she gave the okay, but she left guaranteed sex on the table in order to deny her son the win. She hated doing this, but she was committed to winning this conflict.

But it didn't feel like she was winning.

It had been over a year since she'd had sex. Prospects dried up, and the men she did date just couldn't meet her high standards.

Meanwhile, Jason was having sex at the same rate he'd been having it. He had a whole bevy of regular booty calls mixed in with new girls he came across in his daily life. The sex seemed as intense and world-changing as always, judging by all those little sluts' moans. So even as Rachel continually denied her son any trace of victory in her mind, he remained unbothered. He was getting all the sex he needed, and she was practically chaste. Her toys were less effective than ever, and she was so wound up her attitude soured more and more. She was tense, on edge, bitchy and high strung. She was a guitar string being wound tighter and tighter... the longer this went on, it felt like she would inevitably snap.

She could probably get through this dry spell if she was on her own. But she couldn't escape Jason and his active sex life.

Even though he had this fancy tech job, Rachel almost never saw him working. She barely saw him sleep. He only slept a couple hours a night, and he'd pick up naps while she was out of the house. When she was home, he was always around, rubbing his active sex-life in her face. When she asked about why he wasn't working, he said that he mostly did his work at night. In fact, he said with a smirk:

"I do my best work at night."

Even the memory of him saying that almost made her hurl at how heavy-handed it was. But it seemed accurate. His girlfriends all seemed satisfied with his efforts, and his bosses all seemed pleased with his professional work. He noodled around with job stuff during the day when inspiration struck him, but he indeed saved most of it into the night, either the nights he spent alone, or after he and whatever girl he was spending the night with were done. Then he would really buckle down at his big rig computer, putting on headphones and getting shit done.

He occasionally had to fly out and do some work stuff in person, and those blessed few days took the weight of the tension between them off her shoulders. She could breathe again. In times like this, she was tempted to assert her motherly authority and just kick him out, but that felt like cheating. She didn't want to win like that. She wanted to prove him wrong, to beat him to the point where he admitted how mistaken he was. Kicking him out seemed like a tacit admission that she couldn't win. And she could fucking win.

But he wasn't being passive. He'd make little comments, stuff that on the surface seemed reasonable and complimentary on the surface, but struck deeper for Rachel. Sometimes, things as simple as, "Looking good, Mom!" But sometimes, he knew how to get under her skin, stuff like a comment he made to her after coming in from a jog, wearing her exercise clothes, "Jesus, Mom... look at that fucking cake! You're making me hungry!" as he

checked out her ass in her yoga pants. (After learning about that term, and the phrase 'clapping cheeks,' she proceeded to hear them all the time now, each occurrence making her mind go back to Jason and his fateful offer.) Thankfully, he was rarely so crass as to catcall her in such a manner, often letting the silent tension between them do the work.

That being said, he wouldn't hesitate to leap at an opportunity when it presented itself to him. For example, at Thanksgiving the year before last, he had cooked up a really tasty pumpkin pie for dessert. There was seemingly no angle to it, so Rachel opted to partake. But, of course, fate was unkind. As she went to spray on some whipped cream out of the little can, the nozzle of it fucked up, causing the cream to spray all over her front in a fashion that proved to be rather lewd. The spray went from her chest to her hairline, gobs of cream landing everywhere. Jason watched this whole thing laughing, although some heat filled his gaze as he looked at the mess that had been left on her. Her gorgeous face was spackled with spots of the cool cream, with the biggest gob of the smooth white substance landing right on her eye, forcing it shut. Instead of helping her, he admired the sight.

"Jeez... Mom... you're gonna give me ideas looking like that," he said with a smirk. She rolled her eyes, even though she could only see out of one.

"Shut up..." she said, annoyed and slightly embarrassed. But as she scooped the cream off her eye with her finger, allowing her to see out of both again, that feeling tilted toward annoyed as she looked down at herself, the area

of her pink shirt covering her boobs was like a Pollack painting with the spots of whipped cream. "Dammit..." she said to herself, grabbing a hand towel to clean herself up.

"I don't know if you've noticed like I have, Mom..." he began, glancing down at her chest. "But you have some pretty big targets."

"Oh, shut up!" she said, flicking the towel at him which he deftly dodged, madder that fate had presented him such an easy opportunity to make such a comment than she was actually mad at him. On the scale of shit that he'd done that annoyed her, this was on the lower end, just because the moment had been gift-wrapped to him.

But on an occasion like when he repaired the small fountain they had near the backyard pool, she got more upset. They had a small decorative fountain a while ago when she was still with Jim, and while it seemed a bit much in terms of yard adornments, both Rachel and Jason had a soft spot for it. So, when it stopped working, Jason made it a point to try and repair it himself. Rachel was skeptical of his level of confidence at being able to repair it, but sure enough, a gush of water bursting out from the center of the fountain proved her wrong. When he stood up proudly, cleaned off his hands, and admired his work while standing next to his mom, he turned to her and spoke.

"I can do that to you, too," he said with a smirk. That earned him a punch in the shoulder, and made Rachel consider whether he'd orchestrated this whole situation just to make that comment to her. He laughed as she walked away, the mom suppressing an annoyed grin.

That was the thing. While the offer had forever changed the nature of their relationship, they could still joke with each other. They could get through the day around each other even with the elephant in the room, with the prospect of sex between them hanging in the air. They still got along fine as long as Jason kept himself in check. But unfortunately for Rachel, Jason's many successes left him feeling like anything he did was golden, so he didn't check himself nearly as much as he should. The tension between them was always there, leaving Rachel little opportunity to breathe easy.

Jason felt like he had a charmed existence... he had good reason to feel that way. Some people seemingly had all the luck, and he was one of those people. A young man with disposable cash, he took up plenty of new hobbies, proving to be quite deft at all of them. The cooking stuff was just a start. At one point, he got really into photography, buying himself a really expensive, fancy camera and lenses. And even Rachel could admit he was quite good at it. Unfortunately, he soon moved beyond pictures of nature and sunsets, and found himself drawn to taking artful nudes of many of his booty calls. The girls were happy to do so, feeling sexy at doing such a thing, and they trusted him enough to keep this all between them. In fact, he was happy to share these artful pictures with the girls in question, these little sluts happy to have these artful nude photos of themselves as an art-piece. And he took pride in some of his best photos, mounting them in

both his room and his office on the first floor. But he left a big area of the wall in his room blank, telling Rachel he was saving a picture of her for that spot. Rachel shook her head at this.

That was NEVER going to happen. To think... a son being so confident that he'd convince his mother to pose nude for him... it was almost an admirable level of delusion.

His fascination with photography led to him gaining an appreciation for fashion. And while he used this new interest to improve his own personal fashion sense, he didn't take it overboard, not suddenly becoming some scarf-wearing douchebag. But he did gain an eye for what worked clothing-wise to the point where he volunteered suggestions to Rachel. His feedback was as unwanted as it was correct. Rachel hated to admit it, but his suggestions were typically on point. But she never gave him the satisfaction of wearing what he suggested... at least in front of him. Some of his ideas were so on the ball that they couldn't be denied, to where she would sometimes change outfits at work in order to not let him get any credit for influencing her choices. That being said, she wasn't about to request his opinion on her outfit choices, let alone parade herself in front of him for just such a reason. With the nature of their relationship as it was, doing so would practically be daring incest to happen, and Rachel preferred not to acknowledge nor engage that whole thing in the slightest.

So then, if that was the case, why did it feel like it was more on her mind than ever?

To be clear, she was not thinking about giving in to him and actually doing the deed with him. She hadn't swayed on that point in the slightest. No, it was just... without explicitly saying much in order to do so, Jason had an uncanny ability to turn up the pressure on her... to the point where it felt like as time went on the walls were closing in on her, making his offer more and more inescapable. She used to be able to live her life around it the majority of the time, now she couldn't get away from it.

First and foremost, Jason was still having a lot of sex, and he varied up his booty-call schedule so that Rachel either walked in on or was forced to overhear far more than she used to before. He was less concerned with hiding the evidence from her, or even trying to pretend he wasn't having loud sex with her in the house. The girls would squeal and moan as loud as ever, making Rachel wonder if he was putting them up to it. It was either that or he was really THAT good at fucking, and she wasn't about to let herself give him that much credit.

One time, one of his booty-calls showed up about an hour after Rachel got home from work. This was unusual, as typically, they were already in the midst of going at it when she arrived to the house. Rachel could tell this wasn't in his plan, and although he was annoyed by this, he didn't let it stop him, improvising a bit. Pulling that redheaded slut into his office, Rachel quickly heard the sounds of firm, crisp spansks echoing outward, followed by lusty moans of delight. These little sluts... how could they just go along with these whims of his? How could they let him get away with

whatever he wanted? She put up with it as long as she could, but it was upon hearing that dumb little bitch moan the word "Daddy" to Jason that she'd had enough. Rachel put in earbuds to try to drown it out, but she still heard every single spank. Boiling the whole time, she couldn't contain herself when he eventually reappeared an hour or so later, his girl finally out of the house.

"How... how do these airhead dimwits let you do that shit to them?" she couldn't help but ask as soon as he showed his face. She rarely asked questions of what he got up to with his many girlfriends, but in this case, she was so annoyed she had to inquire about it. "What kind of girl just walks into a room with you and lets you spank them? God, the fact that these girls have so little pride in themselves makes me think less of you for availing yourself in them?"

Surprised, but not offended by this line of inquiry, he didn't blanch as she tore him down. In fact, he merely shrugged his shoulders.

"I can't explain it either," Jason replied simply, grabbing a glass of OJ. "I guess some women are into it... just letting go of everything, surrendering to someone else completely." He paused to take a sip from his glass. Turning his head, he looked her dead in the eyes as he continued. "Some women just like to submit..."

Rachel hated that a shiver went through her at this, both because of what was said and who was saying it. But it was one of those times where she was so starved for anything sex that when something in her general proximity was tinged with lust, said with a confidence that might work with her if it was anyone other than her son saying it, caused her body to react despite knowing better. He left her to stew in this moment with a knowing smirk, his mom trying to tamp down the images in her mind his statement conjured.

Rachel got less patient with this stuff as time went on, fighting back whenever she could, loudly knocking on the door of the office as he plowed a girl in there, the mom doing her best to ruin his good time. He rarely let the interruption stop the fun, but some of the girls seemed a little embarrassed when forced to face down a clearly annoyed Rachel. The mom wouldn't shy away from them, staring them down, not letting them escape the embarrassment, hoping to dissuade them from ever coming back. It rarely worked, as they'd usually end up returning to Jason eventually, but anything she could do to upset his fun was a plus. He tried to play it off like he wasn't bothered, but she could tell he was a little irritated. He normally kept his cool, but it was only in times where he was a little frustrated with her that he lashed out in his own way, speaking a little more crassly to her, boasting: "It won't be the last time I bust a nut with you screaming my name, Mom." Or: "I always cum a little harder when I know you're listening..."

That's as close as she got to a win, and Rachel took her victories where they came. However, these specific victories still ended when her son came, and

Rachel remaining sexually frustrated. As with most things these days, even her small wins still felt like losses, with her son perennially victorious. He's the one that got to relieve his tension, and she was left a bundle of nerves.

Knowing she couldn't truly get one over on him, he pressed the advantage. He was around the house more than his mother was, and having already added a gym to the garage, transformed his father's office to his own, and contributed some of his own income to maintain their comfortable lifestyle... he began acting like he owned the place.

He began to infringe more and more into her personal space, slowly making himself comfortable everywhere. Specifically, he developed a habit of walking into her bathroom as she was showering. Not literally into the shower, but he would plainly walk all the way to her bathroom from either his bedroom or his own bathroom as she was naked in the shower.

Admittedly, she had an excellent bathroom. Spacious, with a small jacuzzi, a large enclosed walk-in shower, and a large sink with a big mirror, the whole room was personalized with her girly stuff all over the place. Stepping behind the frosted glass door of the shower, letting the warm water cascade down her naked flesh, this was one of the few refuges she got from her son. Until the day he simply opened the bathroom door halfway through her shower, immediately cranking up the dread. Confirming her fears, she peeked her head out of the shower door, blinking the water out of her eyes, her gaze landing on her son facing the mirror across from her, his back to him, wearing a towel around his waist. His fit, bare back was

left exposed, his musculature taut and impressive. But she wasn't about to give him any credit, especially given the circumstances.

"What are you doing?" Rachel screamed out at him incredulously, ensuring that she was positioned in such a way that he couldn't see too much of her through the steamy glass. But this piece of shit... he wasn't even looking at her, checking her out. No, he was standing at the mirror, running his fingers through his hair, checking out his own reflection.

"Sorry, Mom..." he replied, unaffected by her anger, smiling at her through his reflection. "My hair always looks better in your mirror." He tried to get every hair in place, not budging from his spot in front of her mirror.

"Well... get out!" she screamed at him, baffled at his rudeness. "I'm busy!"

Playing dumb, as if he hadn't noticed that she was showering, it was only at this statement that he glanced over his shoulder at Rachel. He met her annoyed gaze for a moment before letting his eyes flick down, trying to sneak a peek of her soaked naked flesh. He'd have to settle for an obscured view through the frosted, steamy glass, but Rachel played it safe by covering her gigantic breasts with her arm and using her other hand to cover her pussy. He couldn't see anything, but the languid, confident stare he took of her body was nonetheless effective, sending an illicit thrill through her despite herself. Her body was so desperate for attention that such a shameless act by her own son still got to her.

"Oh... sorry!" he replied, still playing dumb, turning to face her, he left his own bare chest on display, the front of him even more impressive than the back. She couldn't help but notice his pecs... his sculpted abs, the deep-V leading her eyes downward to what was hidden behind that towel...

"Get out!" she repeated impatiently.

This was the first occasion of him doing this, but it wasn't the last. She would scream out at him every time, and he would always leave when told to... eventually. Sometimes, he'd appear in front of the mirror without her noticing, forcing her to scope out the scene before exiting. Other times, she was not in the mood to get so worked up, merely waiting till she was done before loudly announcing: "Leave!"

She couldn't get a moment's peace from this wicked game they were playing. Her favorite form of relaxation used to be lying by the pool, working on her tan, letting her flesh bake to perfection in the sun. She enjoyed the ritual of it, getting changed, grabbing a book and a cool drink, sashaying into the heat. She had a bunch of sexy, skimpy bikinis that she would cycle through, and she always enjoyed getting dressed up in very little.

But not anymore.

Knowing her son would delight in the sight of seeing her body clad in a bikini was almost enough for her to swear it off forever. But she didn't want him to get his way. She loved it too much to stop. But now, every time she tried to lay out by the pool, he'd appear... to either swim, or fire up the grill, or simply find some chore to do. The moment would soon be ruined for the hot blonde mom, forcing her to wear swimwear that showed less skin, giving him less naked flesh to gaze upon, therefore giving him less reason to be around her. On top of that, she just didn't do it as often. While her creamy flesh still looked amazing, it missed the pop it would have if she had a great tan.

This is what she meant when she said it felt like the walls were closing in on her a bit. He was imposing himself into her life more and more while still keeping his hands clean, not crossing lines but approaching them. Taking the wind out of her sails of any form of relaxation she could have, forcing her to think about the big, giant THING hanging in the air between them at all times, letting the tension wear at her more and more. If this was a battle of wills between the two, he was playing the slow game. Not trying to bludgeon her into defeat, but trying to starve her out. Put the pressure on her without firing a shot.

And he was winning.

Not that she was being convinced to give in to him, but working in the sense that he was getting to her, forcing her to think about his offer, affecting her behavior in the process. She was changing her lifestyle to work

around him, and in doing so was only choking herself off from what she needed. Her inability to relax only added to her stress, making her more and more horny. And the dating scene being an absolute wasteland only made it worse. She to rely on herself to get some pressure relief, which was fucking hard to do when doing so under the din of her son fucking some slut down the hall. Because as much as she tried, her mind kept trying to combine these two inputs into one. As her son dicked down some nameless little tramp, and Rachel drove a big thick dildo into herself, it was hard to prevent her fantasy to eliminate the extraneous shit and collapse into its most simplified form:

Jason and Rachel having sex.

As soon as it did, her logical mind revolted. The moment would be ruined for the hot mom, but Jason would keep trucking along, plowing some slut until he got his pleasure. She'd be left a tangle of nerves, and he'd sleep soundly.

It took her too long to try things like noise-cancelling headphones while she pleased herself, but it was too late. The mere knowledge of what was happening down the hall was usually enough to spoil the moment. All the headphones helped her do was sleep. But besides... the toys barely worked on her anyway. The itch inside her needed the human element to be scratched... she needed a big, thick cock to get off, leaving her toys to become effectively useless. She could get little o's, enough to keep her sane... but the big O's remained elusive. That's what her body was craving,

and the longer this dry streak kept going, the more she felt the pressure building up. And it was affecting her.

She started dreaming about it. About... him. Sex dreams with Jason. Not every night, just every so often. They weren't always the most coherent narratives, but the images conjured within stuck with her into her waking life. From something as relatively tame as her and her son sitting across from each other at a restaurant, relaxed and smiling, a superior date to any she'd been on lately... to something as unholy as seeing him above her, pinning her down into her bed, the mom staring up into her son's bare, muscular, sweaty chest as he drilled her just as thoroughly as he boasted he would. Of course, she could feel none of the action, but in her mind... it was VERY good. In one dream, she'd been convinced to finally pose nude for him, Jason taking pictures of her naked form. In another, she imagined walking into a room and seeing a new picture hanging on his wall, Jason clad as a shirtless conqueror on the edge of a cliff, and Rachel on her knees, clinging to one of his legs, looking up at him as if he were a god. And in the dream she remembered thinking how accurate this was.

One dream was them having a knock-down, drag out battle with each other that inevitably ended with her defeated and great sex then happening. In another, she was wearing a maid's outfit, waiting on him hand and foot. In one, they were carrying on an otherwise normal conversation in the kitchen with her wearing skimpy lingerie. And there was one with her waiting in the shower, looking through the frosted glass, sensing an imposing figure approaching, an inevitability she could not escape. Her only choice was to give in. He occupied so much of her

attention during the day that him invading her dreams seemed inevitable, but it still pissed her off. Luckily, her mind was limited by what she'd already seen of him, so she wasn't seeing any parts of him that she hadn't seen. That being said, there was some part of her that just knew what was there, and her behavior within the dream followed that thinking.

And unfortunately, her waking consciousness was doing its best to fill in the blanks of her unconscious mind.

Her body began to disobey her.

She hated to admit it, but... she'd caught herself checking him out more and more. You had to understand... she was so FUCKING horny she couldn't think straight. Her eyes began drifting. It didn't help that Jason wasn't exactly shy. She found herself looking at his shirtless form as he worked out in the garage, his chest covered in sweat, his muscles straining, his golden tan only adding to the impressive sight. He could lift her up into his arms and throw her around without a sweat...

Another time, she was making coffee in the morning before work when he stumbled downstairs, half-awake, seeking a glass of ice water before returning to his room. But as he did this, he was wearing only a pair of tight boxer-briefs. Rachel hated that she found herself checking out his cute, shapely butt. She hated that she'd clocked the very, VERY sizable bulge coming from his crotch. She tried to tell herself he stuffed his shorts

in order to appear more impressive, but her mind could not shake the image of what she'd seen, thinking about it the rest of the day, fearing that such a thing was exactly what she needed to scratch that fucking itch.

There was also the time when he was pulling himself out of the pool, and the water was glistening as it cascaded down that sculpted torso of his. And his trunks were heavy with water, and the way they clung to him as he used all those muscles to pull himself out of the pool left little mystery to what he was packing down there. She really tried to shake that image from her brain, tell herself that what she saw was a trick of the light, but she couldn't stop thinking about it.

In moments like that, she had to punish herself in her own way, vent those wayward thoughts by working out, jogging, really pushing herself and making her body burn, hoping to distract herself. Her body craved being sweaty one way or another, and this path didn't involve getting drilled by her son's big dick, so it seemed the optimal method. And she had to divert her mind and body a lot; Rachel was probably the only person on the planet disappointed to be in the best shape of their life. Her belly was flat, her legs had never looked better, and her ass was unreal.

And the best part of being so fucking trim was that it made her boobs look even more massive than they already were. For better or worse, she never seemed to lose weight from her breasts. Some women would view her GG tits as far more than enough, and would probably settle for even half of what she had, with the remainder being excessive. But Rachel always

embraced being among the tier of women who could be slim and in shape and also have really big tits, and she was never one to reject such blessings. She never once wished they were a little smaller, or that they were too much of an impediment. She was happy to have big boobs, and she was happy that she didn't lose even the slightest amount of size even as the rest of her got even more taut and slim.

Being so fucking horny, combined with being so fucking proud of her perfect body... it began to affect her decision making, even outside the sphere of home. While still maintaining a sense of decorum at work, her outfits got a little skimpier. Her skirts got shorter, her tops a little tighter, and she began showing a little more skin. Not just more of her incredible legs, but she also started showing a bit of juicy cleavage. For a woman who prided herself on her professionalism, this was a shocking change. And even though it was technically against the dress code, no one was complaining. She'd kept the goods under wraps for so long that no one was about to stop her once she finally began to loosen up and show a little skin. Nor were they about to discourage her when she was coming to work in skirts so tight that they were absolutely painted on her firm, juicy cheeks... to the degree where you could surmise that she was wearing thongs every day due to lack of a visible panty-line. (This was true... she'd taken to wearing extremely sexy underwear every day, sacrificing ease and comfort for the chance to vent some of those lustful feelings in even the slightest manner.) The evolution in her outfits had certainly been noticed, but she got away with it simply because she was so fucking hot. She'd sold some major multi-million-dollar properties over the last few months alone,

so what she was doing was working. And the clients weren't complaining, so her bosses weren't about to change a thing.

Even in her private moments, her behavior had become warped by her all-consuming need for sex. Before all this, when she was in her car, she'd opt for low-key listening, typically something like NPR or one of her favorite podcasts. Now, she listened to music... not the low-key stuff, or even the music she liked when she was younger. No, no, no... what she was listening to now was potent, hardcore sex music... songs that were explicitly about sex, or music that just made her think about fucking. There wasn't so much of that when she was younger, but these days she could fill up her phone with that shit. It was a lot of hip hop, lady rappers being up-front and very detailed about the type of fucking they needed. There was stuff from that all-girl singing group, whose seemingly wholesome, pop friendly appearance contrasted strikingly with the adult nature of their music. There was some older Yvonne stuff... the albums they couldn't sell in stores back in the day due to their level of filth in an otherwise conservative time. While her previous albums all had an undercurrent of sex... these albums brought that shit to the forefront, explicitly and naked talking about sex of all types. One of the albums was from the period-of-time she really ramped up the sexuality fashion-wise, the pop diva spending thousands upon thousands of dollars in order to dress like a total slut in a manner only the fashion icon could. Another album was from the period she was exclusively dating other women... not exactly Rachel's bag, but the music hit the mom's sexed-up brain just right.

It was all gonna reach a boiling point sooner or later, she knew that. She couldn't go on like this forever. She needed some way to get that itch inside her scratched, and soon, or... she didn't even want to consider any alternatives. She needed something soon because she was so tensed up and on edge that it couldn't possibly be good for her health and wellness.

Luckily for her... there was hope!

She'd met a guy, an actual, honest-to-God prospect. His name was Robby... he was a year older than her, and very cute. He was an executive for the local football team, and he'd been part of the group she'd met with when working on the payment logistics on behalf of some big rookie player to buy a beachside house. Maybe it was the no-bullshit attitude she'd developed lately due to lack of sex, but he'd responded positively to her pitch, leading to him asking her out. He was tall, and fit, a former athlete whose career had been cut short due to injuries. He was still fit, and although his hair had some grey in it, he still seemed to have a level of energy and... stamina... that Rachel was looking for.

They'd gone on a couple dates, and it had gone well so far. Despite her desperation, she still had enough pride to not just give it away on the first date. With how things were going lately, she was almost waiting for the other shoe to drop. But so far, he'd been a perfect gentleman to the point of seeming content to not rush into anything. She might have scared him off if she jumped his bones right away like she wanted to.

But tonight was the night. Third date, they were going out to a really nice vineyard that had some truly incredible food. It was one of her favorite places, and she didn't even have to suggest it. They were on the same wavelength, and that was the best news she'd had in a while. As long as he didn't blow it for some unforeseen reason, sex was practically a guarantee tonight. She didn't want to throw all her eggs in one basket, and she didn't want to build expectations too high in terms of what to expect from him, but she was optimistic about how he would be in the bedroom. Everything he was doing was pinging correct for her so far, and she couldn't stop herself from preparing for sex for the first time in what felt like ever. She left work early to get primed and prodded, making sure everything was in order for what hopefully be a very fulfilling evening. Her nails were on-point, and she paid a lot of money for that. And her pussy was smooth and bare, ready to be seen.

Even Jason couldn't ruin her mood. As soon as she got back to the house, he sauntered in from the back, a towel on his waist, his fit muscular chest exposed, running his hand back through his wet hair as he walked in barefoot, having clearly just been swimming.

"Hey!" he called out all friendly-like, as if his offer hadn't tormented her for years now. "What are you in the mood for tonight?" he said, referring to dinner as they met in the kitchen.

"Nothing you can provide," she snapped back with a mocking smile. He laughed internally and nodded, appreciating the comeback. "I'm going out

tonight. You'll have to take care of yourself... hopefully," she replied, really hoping this would be one of his off-nights where he didn't have some booty-call coming over. And indeed, she was right.

"Seems like I am," he confirmed. "I've got some work stuff I have to knock out, so yeah... I'll be on that after I, uh... make dinner for one, apparently." She turned to face him, smirking.

"Are you gonna need some help making dinner?" she asked in a mocking voice. "Do you want me to cook up some hot dogs, and chop them up for you, and make you some mac and cheese?"

"That'd be nice, actually," he responded genuinely with a smile and a shrug. She rolled her eyes, resisting a grin.

"Well, you'll have to take care of it on your own," she stated. "Perhaps this'll be the rare night I get luckier than you," she replied with a confident smirk, giving him another kiss-off line. Again, he took it well, smiling and nodding.

"Hot date?" he inquired.

"Hope so..." she responded.

"Alright!" he replied positively, as if not bothered in the slightest that his plan may fail and some other man might get to her first and get the job done. "Well... good luck tonight!" She rolled her eyes at him and walked away, not giving her son the chance to get in her head. And he didn't even try, busying himself and staying out of her way. Could he actually be genuinely rooting for her? No, he was too smart for that. This had to be some angle of his... some next level of game that she hadn't quite cracked just yet.

An hour later, she was cleaned up and ready to go. She was so confident that she'd busted out her favorite black dress, wearing it for the first time since... since the night a few years back that began with a disastrous date and ended with her son making that damn offer. But it was time to change her luck. Stifle out bad omens and turn it all around.

In addition, she was wearing her best matching black heels, really showcasing her taut bare legs and fantastic ass, her rear end looking even better than it was the last time this material hugged her body. Underneath the figure-hugging dress, she had on a tiny, thin, black lace thong, and a matching bra that barely held her giant boobs back.

Checking herself in the mirror, she looked damn near perfect. The only adjustment she made was to tug down at her neckline, making it a little less tasteful and little more forward. She wanted Robby to know that sex was very much on the table today, and he pretty much had to do the bare minimum to get her to snap open her legs for him.

Ready to go, her heels clicking on the floor as she moved, she sauntered downstairs. She was surprised not to see Jason ready to take a look at her all dolled up, but she wasn't about to spit in the face of a good thing. It was for the best... after all the shit he pulled, she was pleased that he wasn't gonna get to see her at her best. Last time he saw her in this dress... he offered to fuck her. In line with breaking out of these bad cycles, she took it as a good sign that he wouldn't get to see her dressed up like this again. That being said, she was nonetheless caught off guard by this lack of interruption, pausing for a moment, wondering if there was some master plan he had at work here. But seeing nothing coming, she moved on quickly, grabbing her purse and heading out of the house before that could change.

And she hoped not to be back till the next morning.

It was a matter of seconds after his mom left that Jason re-entered the house from the back, carrying a steak off the grill into the kitchen, to the degree that he could hear her car pulling out of the driveway as he stepped back into the house. He could smell her perfume in the air, telling him that she passed close by not long prior. Shaking his head and smiling, he nonetheless focused on the task at hand. He'd made up some homemade pasta noodles, and with the sauce in the pot simmered to perfection, and the meat off the grill, he dumped the noodles in the water, knowing they wouldn't take long to cook.

Rachel greatly overestimated the level of Machiavellian scheming her son was deploying against her. That's not to say he wasn't doing anything, but his game was far less complicated than his mother made it out to be.

His mom was insanely hot, and he wanted to have sex with her. That was it. That was honestly the thrust of it from the very start. He always knew she was a smoke show, and as he matured sexually it didn't take long before she entered his fantasies, quickly become one of his primary go-to's. Even when he grew up, filled out, and became sexually active, gaining good experience in bed, his hot blonde mom never left his mind. And frankly, due to the size of her tits, how could she?

When that fateful moment happened a few years prior, where he offered to fuck his mom, he meant it in the manner he said. He was genuinely offering a service. His mom was clearly stressed out and in need of some sex... and he'd gotten pretty capable in the bedroom, so he was confident enough in his skills to get the job done. That's it. It wasn't a power move, it wasn't some master plan. Perhaps it was a little bit of teenage arrogance to think such an offer would actually take, but it seemed like a mutually beneficial solution for both of them. Perhaps due to having such a gorgeous babe for a mom, he'd long brushed past any hang ups about the incest aspect of things. It was just not that big of a deal for him, which is why he made the offer so casually. But clearly... his mom saw it as far more of an obstacle than he did. In retrospect, he understood. It was incest... it was a

pretty major barrier to cross for most, especially after the offer was made completely out of nowhere.

That being said, even though his initial deal was made with as pure of motivations as possible given the circumstances... he was far from some innocent naïve fool. And his behavior after the fact showed he'd moved well past those initial good intentions.

Firstly, he was an incredibly bright young man, who had fantastic grades. But more importantly, he had developed a program that he'd not only sold off use of to one of the biggest tech companies in the world for an extreme amount of cash, but that he'd leveraged it into a job that he not only excelled at but could do at home as well. Needless to say, he was no fool.

But the most important factor in making this offer was just how much sex he was having. It wouldn't be too arrogant to say he'd gotten rather good at it. He'd never had any complaints from any of the girls he'd been with... in fact, most girls wanted a return trip on the Jason ride. Ever the good student, he picked up more and more knowledge with each new experience in bed, and each girl he'd been with was the beneficiary of all that accumulated knowledge. He could give it with vigor, as he usually did, but sometimes he could take it slow. He could lay back and cede control... but he preferred to take the driver's wheel and take these girls for a ride. He could be gentle and careful if need be... but he preferred to cut loose and really go at it hard and fast. And his favorites were the girls who liked it this way.

It would be a lie to claim that all the sex he'd been having the last few years hadn't changed him. Before, in his younger days, he'd been a friendly, even-keeled, well-behaved young man. At the start of all this, he was nervous and unsure of how to carry himself in the bedroom. But by the point he made the proposal to his mom, he'd gotten good enough to be a little arrogant, at least enough to casually offer his mother sex knowing he was pretty damn good in bed.

And in the time since, he'd only gotten better. Way better.

These days, he was brimming with confidence, taking the reins in bed, driving the action. And in his experience, the majority of girls preferred it that way, letting him control the pace and ferocity of the action, savoring the feeling of just jumping on to the ride and holding on for dear life. And in doing this Jason learned what he liked, and what he didn't. And when full control was ceded to him, he simply followed his own desires, seeking them out in an unchecked fashion, finding girls who were happy to let him do whatever he wanted to them, trusting his judgment thanks to all the pleasure he'd already given them. And submitting to him completely only increased their pleasure thousandfold, with so many girls happy to tell him that he'd given them the best sex they'd ever had.

In so many ways, both in life and in bed, Jason got very used to getting his way, and his way had consistently proven to be most beneficial to all involved. Financially... professionally... sexually. And that knowledge, more

than anything, is what caused his core personality to change. Jason was still kind-hearted and funny and even-keeled, but he'd developed a harder edge sexually that had bled into real life. A firm, knowing confidence that women always seemed to respond to. Without going overboard in this respect, he developed a bit of a dominant streak, seeking to assert control as much as he could in every aspect of his life. Again, at his core he was still a decent guy, so he wasn't being an asshole about it. It was just... every time he took charge of things, it paid off, so it became the natural state he sought out. And often, in sexually charged situations, this side of him came out.

So, when his mom fully rejected his offer, it was one of the few times he'd not gotten his way. And for a guy like him who'd gotten used to getting what he wanted... it only encouraged him. It made him want it even more.

Some of the stuff he did right after she turned him down were admittedly heavy-handed, leering comments and the like. But a lot of the time, these moments fell into his lap, and he couldn't resist being a smart-ass.

But it wasn't like he'd developed a master plan to wear his mother down. As his desire for her had only been increased after her rejections, he found himself considering a multitude of different approaches in his efforts to seduce her. And he slowly began to realize that some of the same things he did with girls that had proven effective in bedding them also worked with his mom.

He interacted with his mom like he would a girl he was trying to bed. Trying to assert control of his situation. In doing so, he was tearing down her position of power over him. He often used this in household situations that benefited him. He wanted a gym, so he took over half the garage. He needed an office, so he took over his father's old one. He wanted to hook up with girls at the house, so he did so... without any consideration that his mother could overhear, rubbing it in her face that he was having sex and she wasn't. These weren't moments he pre-planned as part of a grand scheme... they were merely spur of the moment calls motivated by his evolving, confident personality. He carried himself as if he owned the place, and it drove his mother crazy because she feared he might be right.

He could read her like a book, and she knew it. It didn't take a blind man to see how horny she was, and he made sure to always make that fact clear to her. He used this position of knowledge to taunt and tease her, needling at her, knowing which spots to poke at. One thing about his mom is that she was so fucking sexy when she was upset, and he knew exactly how to push her buttons to get her in that state. It was so fun to do because she would get so mad. She was so tightly wound that she would flip out even for the slightest of things. And all the moments where he asserted himself over her got in her head. Due to this behavior being cultivated through his bedroom antics, there was a sexual component to it that his mom was clearly responding to. She was getting so worked up and befuddled because part of her sensed that and tried to reject it, even as some aspects of it no doubt ticked some boxes. There was no malice, and no intent to push things too far. She was just so easy to get worked up and annoyed that he

couldn't help himself from taunting her a bit. She'd get so upset in the most amusing way that he couldn't stop from doing it again and again.

He'd kept at it for two years now. Poking at her and teasing her, working her up and wearing her down. He could be patient about it because for one... he was getting laid all the time. He was not wanting for sex. But secondly... sex with his own mom was probably such an inconceivable thing for most that there was no shame in not getting it. If it never happened... so be it. But he really fucking wanted it. Not only to avenge his one failure to bed someone, but to prove her wrong in her claim that it would never, ever happen. That deep down, she wanted it. To make her finally give in to him would be... divine. But more importantly... holy fuck, she was even hotter now than she was when he first made that offer! Her body was taut, her ass was fucking juicy, and her tits had never seemed bigger. She was the hottest woman he'd ever encountered, and he was willing to do damn near anything to get a shot at that body of hers.

There was one major factor driving his actions, driving him to poke and push at her, beyond just his own lusty desires for her body, and beyond her initial rejections. It wasn't that he felt like she'd long harbored some deep illicit desire for him, although he suspected he'd gained ground in that sense. It was just that he knew deep down how much she would enjoy herself if she just gave in to him. If she took him up on his offer, he knew that she would LOVE IT!

Jason knew with every fiber of his being that he could make his mom moan. He knew he'd could give her exactly the type of sex she was hungry for. And let's just say he knew it wasn't the slow, soft stuff that she was hungering for. She wanted it hard, and he could oblige. It seemed so clear to him that it was the obvious solution to her problems... but his mom clearly didn't feel the same way. She never backed down from that initial rejection, never once changing her mind. It annoyed him greatly, but it made him want her more.

Her rejection of him almost felt like a challenge to him. He'd never been the most competitive guy in the world, as he responded more to challenges from himself, working to improve and get better and better in all ways. He knew he could make her scream in pleasure two years prior... but with the degree at which his fucking skills only improved in the time since, he was confident he could make her gush like a whore by this point.

And plus, he suspected that she enjoyed their little battle of wills more than she let on. Not that she would ever admit it, but if you look at moments like earlier right after she got home, she had had a little bit of fun with it, too.

But would it actually happen? Probably not, but he wasn't gonna stop trying. This game had evolved from where it started, and at the very least, he would play it through. And if her date went well, it could end tonight. He wasn't cruel enough to wish ill on her chances of happiness, but he'd

be lying if he said he wanted their little battle to end without a proper finish between them.

Alas, it didn't seem like that end between them would be tonight. Cleaning up his dinner, he considered calling one of his booty-calls for a bit of fun. But what he'd told his mother earlier was true... he did have some work to do. And as he also claimed to her awhile back... he did his best work at night.

Retiring to his bedroom, wearing only a snug blue T-shirt and some loose basketball shorts, he flipped the lights on. He rarely used the overhead lights in his bedroom, having set up some color changing LED lights around the perimeter of the room, providing a cozy, colorful energy. The walls were adorned with some photos he'd had made, including some nudes he'd taken of some of his girlfriends, with their permission of course. His bed was in somewhat good condition, a little mussed but not bad, some things disorganized in a somewhat organized manner. His big bed was made, technically, the sheets and blankets thrown in place after he'd woken up. Grabbing a remote off the bed, he flicked on the TV near the door before heading to the far corner, his desktop set up there. He stepped around the desk and sat behind it, facing in the direction of the door. Waking up his computer and pulling on his headphones, he started playing some music, fired up his current project, and got to work.

And somewhere across town his mother was probably busy as well.

Rachel couldn't contain her excitement. The date was going well. The wine was good. The food was a little disappointing, but that didn't matter in the grand scheme of things. Most importantly, everything was going right on track with Robby. Their conversation was easy. No red flags had appeared. Her body was so ready for sex that it was already preparing itself. She was very wet, her nipples were stiff, and her skin felt extremely sensitive. She was ready for a very fun night.

Late into the evening and approaching closing time at the vineyard, as the meal concluded and he picked up the check, both of them could sense where this date was going. And because of that shared feeling, Robby elected to speak up.

"Now... Rachel," he began, as if he'd been preparing himself all day to say this. Rachel smiled warmly at him, giving him her full attention. "I feel these dates have gone well. I hope you feel the same..."

"I do..." she replied warmly. It felt like he was building up to politely ask her to spend the night with him. How gentlemanly!

"That's great!" he replied with a pleased smile. "And because things between us are going so well, I wanted to share something with you..."

"You're not married, are you?" she asked, suddenly worried. He laughed at this.

"No... no... no. At least, not anymore. Not for years now," he responded quickly. "It's just... over the years, I've developed certain... interests. And I just wanted to make sure we're on the same page before things go forward."

"Interests? Like what?" Rachel asked, a little confused but still trying to keep things positive, blocking any alarm bells.

"Well, um, haha..." he laughed, appearing slightly nervous. Looking around, he opted to scoot his chair around the table, so he could get closer to her. This closeness made her tingle, and he only moved closer, leaning towards her side, his breath hitting her ear. "What I'm talking about is..." he said, whispering the rest directly into her so only she could hear.

A bystander at another table could watch Rachel's expression change. They could see her polite smile quickly drop as the man next to her whispered something in her ear that clearly disagreed with her. You could see her whole body change, tensing up from its previously relaxed state. You could see her face shift from an initial happiness, to confusion, to disgust, and finally... to anger. And the bystander didn't have to even be paying attention to get her true feelings about what he'd said to her.

"Jesus Christ, Robby... seriously?" she spat out, making him lean away from her in shock. She gathered her cloth napkin in her hand, balled it up angrily, and threw it on the table. "I consider myself open-minded, but that has limits. Even in your dreams, I would never do something like that!"

"I didn't mean any offense. I... I... I... we don't have to actually do that..." Robby stammered. But Rachel shook her head, the moment clearly ruined for her.

"What is with guys like you that get older, and get divorced, and suddenly get into the weirdest shit?" she opined, shaking her head. "How is that even, like, a fetish? How is that even sexual?"

"Let's just forget it," he pleaded, beyond mortified.

"How..." she began, laughing. "How did you blow this, man? You were right at the fucking goal line. All you had to do was say nothing and tonight would have ended better for the both of us. But you had to go and say... THAT... I think I'm done here." She then roughly pushed her chair back and grabbed her purse and stood up.

"Rachel..." Robby called out to her, looking horribly embarrassed at this turn of events.

"I said I'm done!" she spat out with bite, very clearly ending things between them right then and there, scaring him off from even trying. He could only watch her leave, shaking her perfect ass as she angrily strode away, her heels clicking quickly as she moved to get out of there as quickly as possible.

Rachel was driving home. The traffic wasn't bad due to it being dark, but the last thing on her mind was the road. Time was a blur. She didn't know exactly where she was, or how long it had been since she'd left. She was just driving.

She was so angry she was practically shaking. She wasn't listening to music. She wasn't moving. She was barely blinking. Her fingers gripped the wheel, and her body was so tense she couldn't relax in the slightest.

It was so much worse when you got so close. She'd stupidly let herself believe that she was actually going to get laid tonight. But could you blame her? She could see the finish line. It was right fucking there! But then Robby... you know what, fuck that stupid piece of shit. What the fuck was he thinking? Fuck him! No... actually, that was the last thing she wanted to think about involving him.

She had spent all day preparing for tonight. She was ready to get fucked, and her body had begun to sense it, too. Her body was ready to go, and now... nothing. It was like preparing yourself for your favorite meal, then it falls on the floor, and someone steps on it, so you have to settle for some gross fast food. And she had higher standards than that. She deserved the best.

She... she couldn't do this anymore. She didn't know what cosmic force she'd pissed off, but she simply could not go on without sex anymore. What had she done to deserve this? Why couldn't a single man just buck up, step up to the plate, and knock it out of the park. She was lobbing it straight down the middle, and guy after guy was completely misreading it, falling over themselves in an almost comical fashion. The only guy who'd stepped up with the kind of boldness she wanted to see was Jason, her fucking son.

Say what you will about him, but at least he didn't puss out. He didn't come to her with some weird abstract fetish. He knew what she wanted, and he went for it. At this point, she could almost grant him a grudging respect, especially when compared to all the other men she'd encountered lately. At least he had some balls.

Big fucking balls.

What she wouldn't give to have a man with balls like that to just take her. To step up to her and do the thing. To seduce her. To man up, see the need in her eyes, and prove himself by cutting through the bullshit and getting to the point, put sex right on the table, sort of like Jason did. And the rewards would be worth it... a guy with balls like that would get to have them beating a steady rhythm against her ass as he'd proven himself worthy of drilling her however he wanted.

Getting lost in thoughts like this only made it worse for her. She needed sex now! It felt like she would die if she didn't get laid tonight. She'd done all this work to get done up. She looked amazing, and it felt like such a waste to go home, throw on pajamas, and go to bed. She was half tempted to pull over and scan her contacts for literally anyone who could give it to her, pick someone out from all her past failed dates who could at least give her some action tonight. She'd take bad sex at this point, and based on her recent dating history, that would be what she'd get. But the problem was... it was late. Very late. She'd counted on not going back home tonight, sinking all her time and focus on sealing the deal with Robby. Most of the guys she could call were probably asleep, and if they weren't, it was probably because they were busy disappointing some other woman. And the men in her contacts that she hadn't dated that were single and actually had potential... it felt like ringing them up late at night out of nowhere for sex would be so desperate that it would turn them off. Plus, she was too proud to beg like that. The only man she knew that she was sure would be awake and ready to go was Jason. And he didn't have a girl over either...

Obviously, that was a no-go, it would never happen. Rachel recalled her conversation with her friend Carmella from a few weeks prior, and

something she'd said. Given the situation... it could be worse. If you had a son who offered to fuck you... it didn't hurt that he was cute. But in Rachel's mind, that made it worse. As much as she hated to admit it, objectively... he was cute. Very cute. Handsome features. Nice lips. Great hair. Confident to a fault. Tall. A great tan. Strong. Great abs, and impressive muscles. That deep V. A cute butt. A promisingly impressive bulge. And by all accounts, he could handle himself in the bedroom. But the fact that he ticked so many of her boxes didn't help matters. It made it more difficult. It made it harder. If he was a socially repressed goblin, it would be a cakewalk. But the fact that her son was a well-built stud... it made her have to consider it as a very real possibility.

He was her son, and sex shouldn't be in the conversation between them. They should be in completely separate spheres. But he'd forced those spheres to connect, and ever since it had all blended together, a twisted, poisonous cocktail that couldn't be separated back into its base ingredients. The dynamic between them... It was what it was now. The mom and son couldn't go back to how it used to be. Fucking was in the cards between them now, and even though nothing had ever happened between them, that tension would always be there. They could never go back. It felt like a curse to be so hungry for sex, and have a son who was objectively very attractive, who ticked so many of her boxes but who, for obvious reasons, she could never cross that line with.

Who she could never, ever have sex with.

Even though he could make her moan. Even though he could make her scream. As much as she hated to admit it, her doubts about his prowess had slowly been ground away. He was capable. He could do it. He could give her what she needed, just as he claimed a couple years prior. The type of fucking she needed was right fucking there, down the fucking hall from where she slept. But she could never, ever get it. It felt fitting. Intense, serious fucking was something other people did. It was proverbially at the other end of the hall. And the only way she could ever change course was to change something fundamental about herself. Change her outlook, swallow her pride.

She was just so tired of all this failure. So exhausted by all the bullshit that comes with dating, and the weak and ineffectual men who seemed to fill the dating pool. Tired that her pride made her high standards seemingly unreachable by any man on the horizon. Some part of her just wanted to turn her brain off and just float, let the waves take her where they may. Ever since the day Jason made that offer, it felt like she was in a stream that was slowly becoming a rapid river. She'd been swimming upstream against the current, trying to reach her goal, even as the stream tried to drag her down and pull her to a place she was so resistant to go. Maybe salvation can only be found when you give yourself up to destiny. When you swallow your pride and take what the world gives you, even if it's to a place you vowed never to go.

To just surrender... and damn the consequences.

She'd heard that some women just like to submit. That line resonated in her memory. The girls at the other end of the hall... they submitted. They gave themselves over. Those are the ones that swallowed their pride, and probably a lot of semen in the process. It must be so nice to not have to think about this shit anymore... to just give in and take it. To turn your brain off to anything but pleasure. To have no patience for high standards.

Would it really be so bad? Was what she'd been trying to avoid these last couple years actually that big of a deal, especially when both people involved agreed to it? Was she being the crazy one here? When she talked about it to Carmella... she seemed tickled by the whole thing. Not horrified. Not offended. If anything, it was almost as if she was intrigued. Bemused.

Jealous.

Rachel had tried so hard to do it her way. To live up to her own ideals, even as it lead her down the path of sexual turmoil. Her way had led her being a 44-year-old divorcee enduring the ultimate dry-spell. Maybe something did need to change. Maybe she needed to turn her brain off and give in. Throw out her ideals, her morals, her code, her pride...

Maybe she needed to just give herself over to the current, and let it drag her to the place it had been trying to take her for years now. She'd been

looking for salvation everywhere else... maybe it was in the place she'd been trying to avoid all this time.

The other end of the hall.

Lost in thought, Rachel drove onward in silence, her mind cracking open a door she'd vowed to remain closed. She was just peeking... she wouldn't actually go through with it.

Right?

Rachel swung her car into the garage sharply. Stepping out, she looked over to the other side, seeing her son's gym equipment where he spent time damn near every day working on that body of his. Turning away, she walked into the house. The lights dimmed, she nonetheless walked with purpose, tossing her purse down, moving towards the stairs. Her heels clicking on the wood, she ascended the stairs without issue, one foot in front of the other. As she reached the top, her head glanced to the left, towards her bedroom at the far end, shrouded in darkness, no signs of life present.

But her body didn't follow, turning right without a second thought. On this end were signs of life, light emerging from underneath the door, movement, the sound of a clicky mechanical keyboard and a small low beat of background music. Not slowing down, she moved towards the door, pushing it open quickly and stepping inside.

Jason looked up at this sudden intrusion from his desk. Suddenly in front of him was his mom, wearing that fantastic black dress of hers, showcasing her long smooth legs and a tease of her incredible cleavage. Earlier, she took a small thrill out of the fact that he wouldn't get to see her dressed up like this, now... he was seeing it. Lips tightened, hands on her hips, she stared him down intensely, making him wonder what he'd done to earn her ire.

Sitting back, he pulled off his headphones and turned off the TV. Looking up at her pointedly from his seated position, he silently inquired what she wanted.

"Alright, I'll give you one shot," she stated emphatically, her eyes staring daggers at him.

Not sure he'd heard her right, he spoke up.

"Date didn't go well?" he inquired, but the fury on her face answered her question. Pausing, he looked up at her. "Are you serious?"

"Dead fucking serious," she replied firmly, not backing down.

Jason's eyes flashed. Holy shit! This was it! This was the moment! She was finally ready to give in! But he contained his excitement, and as he did so, he found himself with the urge to needle her, even in his moment of victory. Sitting back, and exhaling, he replied.

"I'm sorry. Not tonight. I'm pretty busy," he stated, gesturing at his computer, unable to resist a smirk.

Understandably, she was unamused. Her eyes narrowed as she stepped into the room, closing the door behind her. She wasn't backing down.

"What?" she asked, her eyes never leaving his. "You want me to beg?" As she asked this, she began to remove her earrings and other jewelry, setting them down on a nearby table. Seeing this, his eyes glowed with heat, and his tone shifted.

"Wouldn't hurt," he replied, staring right back at her, not backing down either. Saving his work and blowing off the rest of it, he pushed his chair back, rose to his feet, and confidently approached her.

"Listen," she began impatiently. "This doesn't have to be too complicated. Let's keep this simple. I don't need any foreplay or any other bullshit. I just need some dick!"

There would have been a point where he would have just leapt to it right then and there. But Jason wasn't about to let her drive the ship. Holding up his hands, he gestured at her to hold her horses.

"Hold on, hold on..." he began. "Call me old fashioned, but I like to be wined and dined a little bit, not just leap into it. If you cook a good meal... you don't just scarf it down. You have to take your time... savor it." She stared daggers at his smiling face, having little time for his bullshit.

"Seriously?" she questioned impatiently. Just like him... he gets everything he wanted, and he still asks for a little more. He leaned back against the wall, languidly grinning at her, unbothered by her annoyance. He let the silence hang for a few moments till she began to speak. "Are you going..."

"Take off your dress." Jason interrupted her, speaking firmly, his tone shifting into action mode. Despite the confident smile on his face, his voice communicated that it was time for business, and he was in charge.

She stared at him for a moment. This was damn near the point of no return. She'd agreed to the deal, but that was just words. This... this was the point where the clothes came off. A mom stripping at her son's

request... it was insanity. But these were desperate times, and she'd already made her choice. She'd come this far. She had to go all the way and get this over with. Even though she was loathe to obey her son in the same manner all those brainless hussies did with him, there was no point holding off the inevitable.

Her eyes never leaving his, she began to tug at the shoulder straps of her dress, yanking at them till they were bunched around her arms. Then, she wiggled her arms out from within them, leaving those straps hanging at her sides, her snug dress held up solely through the force exerted by her massive tits. His eyes never left his mother's crystal blue eyes through all this, not backing down as she stared at him. But it was at the point where she hooked her fingers in the top of her dress that his eyes flicked down, waiting for the reveal of those giant bra-clad melons.

He would not be disappointed.

With a firm tug, she pulled the black material down over her prodigious rack, revealing the black lace bra underneath that was barely restraining those heavy jugs. Her boobs looked massive and round, vaulting from her otherwise slim frame, obscenely huge and perfectly shaped. The cups of her black bra struggled to contain them, the smooth flesh pouring over the edges. And the best part was that the lacy material of the skimpy garment was partially see-through, giving him a teasing glimpse of her nipples through the cups. The areolas were perfectly sized, round and smooth and a dusky pink, the stiff nubs capping each one obscured by the lace. This

was a sight he'd been dreaming of for years now, and having it being so close to reality made him almost lose control. He was practically drooling. But he kept it together, watching his mother disrobe further.

Unburdened by the constraints of the snug black cocktail dress, those heavy udders of hers wobbled lewdly as she tugged the dress downwards. Revealing more on more of her midriff, he was impressed by her taut firm belly. Exposing more and more of her smooth, creamy skin, another thrill went through Jason as he saw his mom's sexy navel. His hungry gaze flicked back upwards to meet her gaze, still looking at him with annoyance that it had come down to this, that she was in a situation where she was stripping in front of her son.

And she wasn't done yet.

Her progress reaching her waist, she was forced to give another firm tug to get the material past her shapely hips. As she did so, she began revealing her underwear, the garment matching her bra. Jason wasn't shocked that she was wearing what appeared to be a thong. What made Jason's eyes blaze with heat was how fucking teeny-tiny her underwear was. A miniscule, little patch of black material, with thin black straps contrasting against her creamy smooth skin as they traversed around her hips and behind her, it covered what it needed to and almost nothing more. It was scooped so low that it made clear she was shaved completely bare down there. And the hinting glance he got through the lace material confirmed that. He couldn't contain a hungry gulp upon this sight.

Bent over slightly, the hardest part of this now over, she kicked off her heels she let the slinky black dress cascade down her taut legs, pooling at her feet. Stepping out of it, Rachel stood up straight, fully facing her son, still staring him down as she did so.

Jason marveled at the sight. He'd seen her in swimwear before, but he'd never seen her this exposed. She'd taken to dressing more conservatively around him lately, which he'd certainly clocked, but he took a deep satisfaction that she'd been unable to resist the allure of showing her son some skin. She looked incredible. His eyes took in the sight, looking her up and down over and over again, his facial expression downright wolfish. She was unamused, staring him down impatiently, putting her hands on her hips, a motion which made her boobs jiggle lusciously.

"Well..." Rachel said, putting her hands up. "What's next?" She was unamused by him toying with her like this. Her body was ready to go, and he was drawing this out. She hated that she was giving him what he wanted, playing along with him, but it was a means to an end.

He didn't even respond. He simply looked at her expectantly and twirled two fingers in the air, silently imploring her to turn. Rolling her eyes far back into her head, she nonetheless complied, doing a slow twirl, swinging herself around till her back was facing him. And for the first time, Jason got to lay eyes upon his mother's thong-clad ass. And upon laying sight upon it, he couldn't stay silent.

"God damn..." he muttered, shaking his head in disbelief. His mom's ass was out of this world. Firm, juicy, and perfectly formed, with each cheek standing out on her fit form, it was indeed incredible. Her glute workouts had clearly paid off, making that ass really demand attention. He'd never gotten a view like this before, obviously, but it felt like he was seeing her ass at a point where it never looked better. Even she had to know this, as evidenced by the thong that seemingly served no purpose other than to highlight her spectacular rear end. The two straps of the thong traversed the upper crests of her juicy ass, meeting in a tiny little triangle of black material, its third corner connecting to the tiny black string disappearing into the crevasse between those ripe, perfectly formed ass cheeks. Jason was struggling to maintain his self-control, practically drooling at this illicit sight.

Rachel looked over her shoulder as he gazed hungrily at her juicy rear end, and the heat in his eyes sent a small shiver through her despite herself. She was so desperate for lusty attention that even the hungry gaze of her son was enough to scratch that particular itch. But she wasn't about to let him know that. Impatiently, she spun back around, eager to move this along. As she did so, his gaze flicked upwards, following her heavy breasts as they jiggled to a stop after the rest of her body stopped moving.

"Can we just move this along?" she demanded, looking up at him as he continued to stay in place leaning against the wall, eyes hungrily

consuming her body, his fist covering his mouth. He lowered his hand to speak, his eyes staring her down.

"Take off your bra," he commanded firmly, waiting to see her react. Her lips pursed while she gave him a withering stare, still annoyed even at this point that he would deign to ask this of his own mother. But recognizing that exposing her big breasts to him was an inevitability from the moment she'd stepped into his room, she complied with his wish, reaching behind herself while never taking her eyes off of his. His eyes went wider in anticipation as her fingers got close to her bra clasp. For the first time, she toyed with him a bit, feinting a movement with her hand, making his eyes go wide, only for her bra to stay in place. Looking at her in confusion, she let the smallest smirk appear on her face for just a moment. But that small moment of victory soon dissipated as she accepted the inevitable. With a deft flick of her fingers, she undid her bra clasp. The springy flesh of her enormous tits propelled the garment off her shoulders. Angling her limbs down, she allowed her bra to drop down her arms, falling to the floor. Putting her hands on her hips, she looked back up at her son, her bare breasts on full display for him for the very first time.

Jason didn't have the capacity to make any cocky comment or little joke. All his bandwidth was focused on what he was seeing, and what he was seeing was his mom's massive naked tits. They were quite simply incredible. Fucking perfect. He'd desired to see her boobs for longer than he could remember, and now that he was finally looking upon them, this didn't feel real. But it was. It was all real, as were her gigantic boobs. Each looked as big as a melon, round and firm and perfectly shaped. Despite

their massive size they were shockingly perky with very little sag. They were so big that the sides of them could easily be seen from behind her, and the graceful inner curves of those mammoth orbs pressed together ever so slightly, the natural chasm of cleavage an arresting sight. The creamy skin looked smooth and luscious and craving touch. And each mountainous orb was capped with a stiff pink nipple, each hardened into a rubbery nub. And surrounding those nipples were her smooth areolas, each perfectly sized to fit within his hungry mouth.

The sight stirring him to act, he pushed himself from his leaning position and slowly approached his mother, the shorter blonde looking up at him as he did so, not backing down as he got closer. Soon standing over her, he helped himself, reaching up to palm each of her massive round tits, his hands meeting her boobs in a fleshy slap. Rachel jumped ever so slightly as Jason was the first to cross the line and make physical contact. And he was helping himself, digging his fingers into her massive, fleshy melons.

"Fuck..." Jason sighed, finally getting his hands on his mom's boobs after having dreamed of this moment for years. His eyes couldn't look away from his hands, and his hands couldn't stop feeling up her tits, the soft flesh pouring between his fingers as his fingers dug into each succulent titty, squeezing more and more firmly, unable to stop playing with them. He let his hands roam all over, wanting to feel every square inch of smooth skin, including running his open palm between her boobs like a credit card. He cupped them from underneath before placing them on the outer curves of her tits, pressing them together, jiggling them between his palms. Finally, he centered his palms over her perfect tits, her nipples against his

palms, and squeezed them again. And again. And again. "Jesus..." he sighed to himself, unable to get enough. But his horny mom was getting impatient.

"Well, you'd better get your money's worth tonight, because I hope you know this is never happening again," she stated firmly, looking up at him with pursed lips. He simply smiled at himself and looked away from her boobs to meet her gaze.

"Don't worry... I will," he stated confidently, continuing to grope her huge breasts. She really hated how some of the things he said and the way he said it just did it for her, and that was the case again as she looked away, shaking her head as her nipples stiffened in his palms noticeably. He smirked once more, and she couldn't deign to see his smug grin. Nor could she meet his gaze as his fingers curled around each of her swollen nipples, pinching them ever so slightly.

"Mmm..." she sighed from her throat despite herself, trying to downplay the pleasure he was causing as he toyed with her nipples. She hadn't fully reckoned with the fact that this deal was for the sole purpose of her getting pleased, and she was still loathe to give him any credit for getting the job done. Getting each nipple throbbingly stiff, he didn't slow down in his breast worship, ducking down and taking one of her nipples in his mouth before she could stop him. "Oh!" she called out in surprise as her son took her swollen nipple between his lips.

Jason couldn't help himself. His lips forming a tight seal around the nub, he began to suck on one of his hot mom's tits eagerly, his tongue flicking at the nipple, teasing it, coating it with his spit. As he did this, he dug into each of her tits from underneath, squeezing the fleshy jugs over and over again. He soon switched to the other breast, giving it the same level of worship with his mouth, a deep groan of contentment rising from within him.

"Can we just, uh... fuck... can we just hurry this up?" Rachel asked, trying to move beyond this extraneous stuff and get to the main event, but she couldn't stop the shiver from going through her at her son's efforts. She went to grab him from the back of the head, but as soon as she brought her hand to grab at his scalp, it just sort of rested there, keeping him in place ever so gently, the sensation of his sucking mouth too good to ignore. Feeling his face being pressed with the slightest bit of force into her boobs as he sucked on her nipple, he got a good idea.

"Hey," he called up to her, his voice muffled by her titty-flesh. As he spoke, temporarily breaking the seal of his mouth around her nipple, he rested her chin against her breast, her stiff, spit-covered nipple scraping his lips as he spoke. "Use both hands and pull me into your boobs," he asked her, grabbing her other hand by the wrist before she could reply, placing it next to her other hand on the back of his head. As he did this, he centered his face between her tits, his nose lined up with her cleavage, allowing his hands to cede control and rest on her sides. Hesitating to comply, he spoke up. "Do it!" he said impatiently.

Rolling her eyes and looking away, Rachel nonetheless complied, pulling her son's face against her rack firmly, smothering his handsome face with her fleshy jugs. She even pressed her elbows into her tits from the side to really add to the effect.

Jason groaned again from deep within him. This... this was heaven. His face was smothered against his mom's warm, smooth, fleshy breasts, and he didn't hesitate to scrub his face against them, savoring the feeling of the succulent titty-flesh against his face. At one point, his jaw got wedged between her tits, and he pressed his face as deep as it could go, his nose ending up stuck between her melons, breathing in air filtered through cleavage as he felt nothing but softness against his face. Pulling his jaw free from the chasm between her boobs, he continued to fully embrace her giant boobs with his face, wanting to drown in that softness as he motorboated himself against them. At one point, as he felt her nipple scrape across his lips, he extended his tongue and licked her nipple as it went by. But when her other nipple went by his open mouth, his lips captured it, the nub pressed against his tongue, his teeth nibbling at it ever so slightly.

Rachel looked away and bit her lower lip, stifling a sigh of pleasure at this forceful treatment, his mouth having its intended effect as much as she hated to admit it. It had been a long time since she had her body worshipped like this, and she couldn't deny that it was hitting the spot.

She held him in place against her left nipple firmly, squashing his face against her mountainous breast.

Jason's mouth was hungry as he bore down on that nipple, toying with it, sucking on it hard. The only thing he wasn't doing was breathing, and it was solely due to the lack of oxygen in his lungs that he finally pulled himself away from his mother's huge naked breasts, spit connecting his lips and her nipple. Rachel was breathing deep as she came back to earth, shaking herself from the pleasure of the moment. She was still in the mindset of trying to cut to the chase, despite the fact that Jason's mouth felt rather good, and she certainly wasn't the reason he stopped sucking on them. In fact, without even realizing it, as Jason rose to a full standing position again, her hands remained on the back of his neck, and his remained on her sides. Once he fully straightened up, he looked down at her. Their eyes locked, the heat of the moment evident on both of their faces as they both caught their breath, and for a split second, their mouths began to ever so slightly move closer, as if both recognized this intense moment would lead to a kiss. But Rachel caught herself, her hands moving in a flash to his shoulders to stop him in his tracks. Looking up at him, she gave him a warning look, dissuading him from going down that road.

"Look... we're not gonna kiss," she stated bluntly, shaking her head. "We're gonna be doing other things, sure, but yeah... I'm not gonna kiss you. Kissing means something. Kissing would mean that I'm attracted to you, which I'm not. This is just a... business distraction. Just... mindless, emotionless sex. Scratching an itch. That's all." She tried to put her foot down and set some boundaries, something that might offend someone less

confident in himself than Jason. But he simply smiled, amused more than anything.

"I'm just a piece of meat to you?" he asked, smirking, his lips swollen as he started to catch his breath. Meeting his gaze, her palms still resting against his chest, she shrugged.

"Yeah, kinda," she admitted, staring him down, not backing off in the slightest. Smirking again, he stepped back, his hands sliding from her sides as she released her hold on him. Still calming herself down, her nipples so stiff they were cutting through the air, her chest covered with his spit, it was a sight he would never forget. She probably felt like she'd regained control of the situation... but Jason was confident he still held the reins.

"Well... what do you think of this?" he asked, grabbing the hem of his shirt and smoothly pulling off his shirt in one quick motion, revealing his fit muscular upper-half to his mother. His lean yet muscular arms, his beefy chest, and his clearly evident ab muscles, all there for Rachel to look upon. As he tossed his shirt aside, she shrugged her shoulders, unimpressed.

"Jason, you walk around shirtless all the time... this is nothing to me," she replied, putting her hands back down on her hips, impatient in the face of how much he was dragging this out. But she didn't realize he was ramping this up to a new gear.

"I'm not done yet..." he stated with a smug smile, and a moment of dread filled Rachel as she recognized what was about to happen. But nothing she said was going to stop the inevitable. With an experienced flourish, he hooked his hands into his shorts and forcefully tugged both his shorts and boxer-briefs down, letting them fall to his feet. And as he did, what emerged from within his shorts was so imposing that it immediately got his mom's attention, her eyes going straight to her son's crotch with zero hesitation. Swinging lewdly through the air before coming to a stop, pointing directly at Rachel, Jason's massive 10-inch cock was finally revealed to his mother for the very first time.

"Jesus Christ!" Rachel swore at the sight of it, her eyes going wide, her jaw dropping at this unholy display. The control she'd reasserted was gone upon seeing her son's massive dick, and she didn't clock it just yet. As soon as it bounded out into the open air, Rachel unconsciously began leaning down towards it, her hands sliding from her hips down to her legs to her knees, moving her face closer to his loaded weapon. Not blinking, mouth remaining open, she examined her son's manhood with awe.

It was enormous.

She expected that he'd be big, as she'd long ago come to terms that he had to have something to work with down there given the level of success he had with girls. And the glimpses she'd inadvertently gotten of his bulge only supported that case. She suspected that those glimpses were part of his full-court press to wear her down, but that was no longer the case.

Those glances didn't do him justice. In retrospect, it was probably the best he could do to keep that python under wraps.

10 inches long, it stood out from his crotch like a baseball bat. And it wasn't just length... it was fucking thick, so beefy and so FUCKING hard that she doubted that she could fully wrap her fingers around it. It had an immaculate curvature to it, curving upwards like a bow, the straining flesh smooth and unblemished as his cock stood out at its maximum length, powered up by some wonderful veins long it's length to the point where it was seemingly as hard as a diamond. The head of it was just perfect, the mushroom tip sized just right, big and purple and angry, the flared ridge of it seemingly perfectly equipped to scratch those deep itches inside a woman. The underside of his prick had a prominent tube from the tip to the base, sizable enough to carry a no-doubt massive load of thick creamy cum. Her eyes followed that tube down to the source, a pair of heavy balls hanging beneath his big dick, each the size of an egg, appearing so full and so very swollen in his smooth sack. No wonder he has so much sex... he must be bursting with cum at damn near every hour of the day. If anything, he should almost be having even more sex! It was a marvel he had such self-control to be a functioning young adult with a job and not solely exist as a fuck machine. Her eyes rose up to the thick meaty base of his cock, only adorned with some closely shorn pubic hair that proved he took good care to make his weapon as presentable to the eyes as possible. And it certainly did the job there... Rachel hadn't blinked once as she stared at her son's weapon, laying her eyes upon it for the first time, getting her money's worth. She was now the one taking her time, staring at it, unable to get enough of the sight, only blinking when her eyes began to dry out.

"Jesus..." Rachel repeated, sighing, blinking as her mind returned to the moment yet not looking away. She was now fully squatting next to it so her eyes were on the same level as Jason's huge cock. "It's perfect!" she effused with no put-ons, no false anger, no impatience.

She was awed by the sight.

"Yeah..." Jason grunted out before planting his feet and giving himself a single slow stroke, Rachel's eyes following his hand as it traversed up along his length. "I knew you'd appreciate it, Mom. I've been wanting to show it to you for a long time." His cock swayed in the air once his hand finished, Rachel keeping her eyes locked on the tip until it stopped moving.

"I knew you were big, but..." she trailed off, unable to look away from her son's gigantic cock and huge balls. She chewed on her lower lip, staring at it.

"I know you said that you don't want any foreplay, but I do. I need a little before I'm really in action mode," he stated, leaving his mom confused.

"This isn't action mode!?" she cried out. "Your cock looks like it's gonna burst. I mean, it's so fucking hard..." Smiling internally at her unabashed awe, the young man kept control over the situation.

"You said we weren't going to kiss, but that doesn't mean your mouth won't be busy..." At this, he turned on his heel to face her, which succeeded in pointing his weapon straight at her. Her eyes went crossed as she stared down the barrel of it, his prick swaying in the air before settling into place. It was imposing... powerful... terrifyingly big... but she could not stop looking at it.

"Um..." she stammered as he slowly approached her, his cock lurching heavily with every step. "Maybe we should slow this down a little bit." After trying to speed this whole thing along, now that he had, she was begging for a little patience. She tried to back away from her kneeling position, only to find herself pressed against the foot of his bed. Staring down the length of her son's pussy destroyer, this was all suddenly a little too real for her, and part of her wanted to flee. But still... her eyes never left his impressive manhood, staring longingly at it even as her words claimed otherwise. He moved closer to her before stopping, his cock inescapable now. Despite her obvious nervousness, her gaze consumed the sight of the massive dick right in front of her face hungrily. Seeing right through her, he didn't pay much mind to her reservations as he pushed along to the conclusion they both wanted.

"Put your hands on it, Mom," he said firmly, looking down at her calmly as his lengthy cock remained extended into her personal space. Nonetheless, he left just enough room for her to call the whole thing off if she so wanted, if she actually wanted to slow this whole thing as she claimed to want. But he knew what was about to happen even if she wasn't ready to accept it just yet. Instead of escaping, Rachel instead fell to her knees in front of her son, her face on level with his giant dick.

Seated on her knees, looking up at him for a moment pleadingly, her eyes returned to his massive penis just as quickly, staring it down. Still eyeing up every inch of it, as if to etch the sight into her mind permanently, she gathered up one last defense, yanking her eyes from his swollen prick to look up at him.

"Let's maybe skip this part..." she said, her eyes returning on his cock head as it taunted her with its close proximity. "Let's just get to the sex. Because I'm, uh..." she paused, staring right at it again. "I'm really, REALLY ready..." she sighed, squirming slightly as she looked along it's imposing length, licking her lips.

"I'm not the one that told you to get you on your knees, Mom," he stated firmly, looking down at her with a knowing grin. Rachel felt like this statement was like a sobering splash of water to her face, forcing her to think back and confront that fact that his statement was completely true. She'd fallen to her knees solely due to the power of his big, lengthy dick, doing so to get a closer look, doing so without thinking. She's the one who

put herself on her knees for him... for the monster between his legs... despite her waking mind trying desperately to assert control, she kept getting pulled away, tugged downstream. Now, she was about to fall over the proverbial waterfall, and now that she was faced down with her destiny, she couldn't hope to escape. She could only ride the wave and hope for the best. She kept trying to avoid the inevitable, and she had to continuously remind herself to just give herself over to the forces of fate driving her to this point.

Rachel couldn't avoid her son's big dick anymore.

Suppressing the internal voice screaming out to not do this, to not give her confident son what he wanted, she pursed her lips closed, stared down his excessive length again, and shook her head to herself before reaching out and grasping Jason's cock in her right hand.

"Oh..." Jason groaned in surprise at the sudden feeling of his mother's hand around his cock. He'd wanted this for so long... and now he was finally getting it. "How's it feel, Mom?"

She barely heard him. All she could think about was the massive, throbbing weapon in her grasp. Her fingertips gently pressed against the rock-hard pillar. Immediately, it's heat and it's power was evident even in this gentle touch. She tightened her grasp around his shaft, feeling it's might between her fingers. As predicted, she couldn't fully wrap her fingers around it, so

thick was his massive weapon. She tried squeezing it, but it didn't give an iota. She'd never felt a cock this fucking hard. Letting her fingers slide against his shaft in order to feel every inch of such perfection, her fingers grazed over the smooth head of his massive dong, feeling it, before one of her fingertips grazed the underside of it, a feeling that made the young man jump. Rachel's eyes going wide with the knowledge that her efforts had made him twitch with pleasure, she was encouraged, beginning to slowly stroke his massive penis with her experienced hand.

"Mmm... that's it, Mom. Stroke that fucking dick," Jason groaned, his head falling back as he bathed in the moment. Her second hand joined the first, working in conjunction to stroke her son's rock-hard prick. Even with both hands in place, his shaft was so lengthy that there was a lot of dick left to spare, and her palms did her best to pleasure every inch of it. Somehow, it got even harder in her hands, and as she really bore down and began stroking his full length, his pre-cum leaked onto her hands, which then lubed his shaft, allowing for easier stroking. "What do you think, Mom? What do you think of that fucking dick?" he growled, the pleasure clouding his head. When he got really turned on, he gained a little bit of a harder edge to his demeanor, and his mom was well on her way to taking him there.

"It's fucking huge, okay?" she spat out as she bore down on his cock with her hands, stroking him faster and faster. Jason looked down past his cock to her massive wobbling tits, jiggling as she jacked him off. Realizing that using both hands took the oomph out of her strokes, she opted to place one palm against his belly, her fingertips grazing his abs. This allowed her

to use that for leverage while really boring down on his big swollen cock with her other hand, going twice the speed now.

"Oh! That's it... fuck!" Jason groaned with pleasure, his mom's talented hand working him over just right. His cock was throbbing in her hand. Jason typically had remarkable self-control during sexual situations, but this... this was his own mom jacking him off! He could be forgiven for letting that added layer get to him.

Her arm was flexed as she vigorously stroked his beefy dick, unrelenting, not stopping. If anything, her stroking only accelerated, overcoming her reluctance and really getting into it, including spitting on the head of his dick to add to the lubrication she needed to jack him off. Her other hand exerted more force on his belly, keeping him in place as she furiously tugged his giant rod. She leaned towards him ever so slightly, arching her back as she jacked off her son with more passion. Not only were her giant firm tits jiggling on every stroke, but this position pushed her thong-clad butt outward, allowing him to admire the immaculate shape of her juicy ass from above. The vigor with which she really went at it, her fist swirling as she stroked his entire length, made his balls swing noticeably, giving him a new idea.

"Squeeze my balls, Mom," he sighed. "Put my nuts in your hand."

Looking up with him with annoyance as she jacked him off, she used the hand on his belly and slid it down his body until her fingers curled around his balls with the gentlest level of pressure. His mom was no inexperienced girl, and she knew how to handle a man's nuts just right, cupping them lightly, manipulating them with the ideal amount of pressure to add to his enjoyment. In the same way she was struck by the perfection of her son's giant, thick cock, she always had a weakness for a man's nuts, especially when they were large. And Jason's were the biggest she'd ever encountered; she couldn't stop herself from savoring their feel, their heavy weight, their pure masculinity, the awareness that these suckers were filled to the brim with thick, creamy, potent cum.

"I can't believe I've got my own mom cupping my fucking balls. I love it!" he laughed confidently. Rachel gave him another withering glance as his arrogant comment ruined the moment. Even though she was going along with this whole thing, she didn't have to like Jason being so smug about it. So even as she continued jacking him off immaculately, and even as her other hand lovingly massaged his humongous balls just right, she made her annoyance obvious.

"Why am I cursed to have a smug, arrogant, annoying piece of shit son that has the most perfect cock and balls I've ever seen?" Rachel said to herself, still eagerly stroking his dick and toying with his heavy balls.

"You like it, Mom," he asserted. "You like men who can give it back to you... especially when they have the equipment to back it up." Again... she

hated how right he was. She did not like pushovers, and for all his faults, Jason had never backed down. Her behavior towards him was entirely justified, as he had a way of needling her every chance he got, but to his credit, he never flinched at her sometimes harsh words towards him. She'd vowed never to give in to his little games, yet... here she was, stroking his big, perfect cock as he stood over her smirking. In the game they'd been playing, she'd lost big time, and he was the clear winner. And the knowledge that she'd finally surrendered to him in this way sent a potent rush through her so shocking that it only made her hand stroke him faster. It was a jolt of eroticism that turned her on beyond comprehension despite herself. His words from long prior echoed in her mind.

"Some women love to submit."

Was that what this was? Was she taking pleasure at submitting to a man... a young man who she had power over his entire life until this moment? A young man so confident in his talents that he didn't seem to doubt in the slightest that she'd eventually give in to him. That level of confidence was very attractive, and he'd worn her down by never backing down from his initial boast, never giving a millimeter as he slowly wore away her defenses. And why should he? He was handsome, successful, incredibly fit... and he had a cock the size of her arm. And balls the size of lemons! Of course, she didn't have a chance. He was fucking perfect! And she was a horny divorcee surrounded by the worst pool of eligible men imaginable with the most well-equipped young stud living under her roof. This was inevitable, and the cocky prick knew it all along. Fucker!

"You know, I wouldn't be doing this if your cock wasn't so perfect..." she said, intending for this to come out with some bite, but instead it came out like a purr. He looked down at her with a raised eyebrow, unbothered by her comment. The moisture between her palm and his smooth, throbbing prick was causing a clucking sound to echo through the room, and her fingers continued to cup his heavy nut sack. Her eyes stared directly at the swollen python in her grasp, appraising once again. She shook her head as she continued stroking him. "I never intended to do any extra stuff here... just straight fucking. That's all I wanted," she panted out angrily. "Especially after I saw this fucking... thing..." she spat out, looking at her son's oversized prick with resentment, insulting it to its face despite its undeniable perfection. "I didn't want to get anywhere near it as soon as I saw it. You want to know why?" she asked, looking up at him. As she did so, she leaned up so she was directly in front of it as the hand cupping his sack joined the other stroking him off.

"Why?" he groaned at feeling both his mom's hands on his shaft again.

"Because I knew, that if I got close to this perfect fucking dick, I would want to touch it," she began, looking straight at his cock, as if talking to it directly. "Because it's so fucking perfect! Big... and beefy... and so fucking hard..." As she spoke, she was adding some oomph to her strokes, really working his meat divinely. "And I knew that if I touched it, I would end up stroking it," she continued, her pace getting more vigorous, making his cock throb in her hands. "Because how could I not? It's so long, and smooth, and thick..." She addressed his cock like she would a former lover, one she hates but cannot resist. For a long few moments, she simply eyed

up his huge dick hungrily, breathing deep as she admired the sight. For a moment, her expression softened, as if she accepted her feelings for his big, beautiful dick. Finally, she continued speaking, talking with a certain finality. "And I knew that if I were to stroke this perfect cock... I would not be able to stop myself from sucking it..." And with this, Rachel's palms stopped in their tracks, gripping the base of his tree-trunk, her mouth opening wide as she leaned forward, taking his dick in her mouth for the very first time.

Jason barely kept it together as he watched his mom's mouth descend on his towering pillar, opening wide and allowing his beefy dick entrance between her lips. As she lowered herself around it, he felt the warmth of her mouth on his manhood. He could feel her tongue grazing the underside, but it wasn't until he felt the head starting to slide down her throat that it made sustained contact against his cock, and that didn't stop her. She got about half of his impressive length into her mouth before she slowed down, and when she reached this limit, her mouth formed a tight seal around it, her smooth lips wrapping around the circumference of his beefy shaft, her tongue molding itself to the underside, her warm wet cheeks making contact along the sides as her cheeks hollowed around it. Finally, she began to bob her face up and down on his lengthy shaft.

Rachel began to suck her son's massive dick.

"Holy shit!" Jason marveled. This was insane! Almost immediately, he could tell this was gonna be one of the best blowjobs he'd ever gotten.

Firstly, she was already to take more in her mouth than most of the girls he'd been with, his size often being an obstacle for the young women he'd hooked up with in this sense. But no girl had attacked his cock with such hunger, immediately inhaling almost half of it, taking it right down her fucking throat. Her heated spit soon coated the parts she could take in her mouth, with beads of drool leaking down the remainder of his length. And he could feel the sensation of her smooth lips wrapped around his meaty shaft as she slowly bobbed on it.

Rachel couldn't deny the deep level of satisfaction she got in performing this act, especially doing so on a really big one. The only negative to this whole thing for her was the fact that it was her son who possessed such a weapon. It was her cocky son who she was sucking off. A mom like her should not be on her knees, sucking her son's big, beefy dick, but now that it was in her mouth, she couldn't stop herself from doing it well. She'd been starved for cock for so long... she couldn't stop herself from feasting. She attacked the great big meat-stick stuffed in her mouth, bobbing with more force in an attempt to swallow more of it. She was baring her teeth at times as she took more in her mouth as if to attack it, but she never did, poised to attack till the very last moment before instead using her lips instead, focusing entirely on his pleasure.

That's not to say she wasn't getting anything out of this. Despite her best efforts to not enjoy this, her pussy was completely drenched, soaking her tiny thong and coating the inside of her thighs. She hoped to find that performing this whole act would be off-putting but was distressed that she found the taste on her tongue to be so fucking GOOD! Like how your

body craves a meal that possess nutrients it is short on, she was craving vitamin dick, and her mouth kept at it, sucking down more and more of his manhood, taking over half of his lengthy cock into her mouth and down her throat. She kept attacking it, hollowing her cheeks around it, licking every inch she could get her mouth around, running her lips down his pillar as far as she could. This was a dynamite blowjob, and Jason couldn't contain himself.

"There is nothing quite like having your own mom on her knees sucking your dick, haha!" Jason sighed, his head rolling back in pleasure. It wasn't just that this was his mom sucking him off, the one person who'd always had authority over him, deciding to cede her power to him and opting to surrender to his authority just to suck his mighty cock. His bigger point of pride was that his mom had been so vocal and insistent that she would never, ever surrender to him. And now here she was, sucking him off hungrily. In the little tete-a-tete between them, it was undeniable that he was victorious.

That didn't mean she had to like it.

Hearing his words, and realizing that she'd probably taken as much cock as she could manage down her throat, almost seven inches of thick, swollen meat, her eyes twisted in fury as she extricated herself from her son's huge prick, coughing as she came up for air, his shaft absolutely coated with her drool. Looking at him, she put on an angry face even as her hand resumed stroking his slick, spit covered weapon.

"I fucking hate this big, perfect dick," she spat out, holding it by the tip as she leaned in, planting lustful kisses all the way down its length, making contact with some areas near the base her mouth hadn't been able to reach previously. She then opened her mouth and slid it along its side, up and down, over and over again. "Look at what it's making me do... look at the slutty things this perfect cock is making me do..." She then lifted it up and ran her tongue fully along its underside, from base to tip, ticking the underside of the head with her tongue.

"Oooh..." Jason groaned at this, this action making his cock twitch. Regathering himself, he continued talking, reasserting his victory over her. "Don't say such hurtful things, Mom. I always knew you and my cock would become very close. That's why I wanted you two to get better acquainted before we got down to business."

"Never! I hate it! I am never doing this again!" she snarled back at him. Still holding his prick at a slightly upward angle to access the underside, she moved her mouth towards his heavy, hanging balls, extending her tongue and running it across his nuts. She repeated this motion over and over again, before attaching her open mouth to his sack, taking one of his balls and taking it between her lips, sucking on it every so gently. A satisfied "Mmm!" rose from her throat as she did this. She used the hand holding his heavy dong to resume stroking his spit-soaked weapon, making a lewd squishing noise as she did so.

"Fuck... your mouth feels good on my balls, Mom," Jason sighed. On cue, she switched to his other impressively large ball, sucking on it lightly, licking it with her tongue. Her hand continued to vigorously jack him off, swirling her fist all over it, giving every inch of it pleasure with her experienced hand. He looked down at the action, his mom's eyes closed in pleasure as she sucked on of his nuts, her nearly bare butt wiggling in the air as she forced her face into his crotch.

Finally releasing his other nut, letting it slide down her tongue and out of her mouth, she worked over the side of his shaft that had been untouched by her mouth so far, kissing up along its length, licking along one a vein located there. Once every square inch of his big dick was thoroughly coated in her drool, she positioned herself under it, the hefty shaft resting on her face.

"You can be honest with me, Mom... do you really hate that dick?" he inquired knowingly. Her face screwed up in annoyed look, staring up at him from around his thick cock.

"Of course I do..." she said, the hand still gripping the base of his cock giving it a firm squeeze as she pulled herself back slightly. "I hate it..." she paused before leaning up and giving the underside of his shaft a soft kiss. "... so much..." she added, before moving slightly upwards, giving his cock another loving kiss. "It drives me crazy..." she said, intending it as an insult, but the kiss she planted further along the underside of his big dick saying otherwise. "This would have been SO..." *kiss* "MUCH" *kiss*

"SIMPLER" *kiss* "If your cock wasn't this... amazing!" She planted another gooey kiss closer to the head of his cock. "If you didn't know your cock was this perfect!" Another kiss, closer to the underside of the head. "I would have settled for pretty good..." *kiss* "I wouldn't have to be on my knees for 'pretty good'..." *kiss* "If you were closer to average..." She then kissed the underside of the tip, right on the sensitive spot, making his cock vibrate with pleasure. This gentle teasing treatment was driving him crazy, almost enough to overwhelm his tried-and-true stamina. She then pointed his big dick directly at her mouth, staring it down, eyeing it up and shaking her head. "I hate your big cock so fucking much..." she said before leaning forwards, closing her eyes and planting the most sensual, soft kiss on the very tip of his swollen weapon. She did this for far longer than Jason expected before pulling back, eyes still closed, lips still pursed. Jason figured she was done, that she'd had enough. Then, his mom leaned forward and did it again, planting another soft, loving kiss directly on the tip of his lengthy cock.

Jason was so caught off guard by the second kiss that he almost lost it. His cock so swollen up, hard as concrete, she'd done a good job of getting him fully worked up. Not necessarily to the edge but getting him charged up for the main event. But that last sensuous kiss was so surprising that it almost caused him to blow his stack right then and there. Not only due to the act itself, but the knowledge that he would have rocketed out a massive wad of cum directly onto her gorgeous face. That, plus the knowledge that his unaffectionate mom had given more kisses to his cock than his lips in the last few years... it all combined to almost make him bust on the spot. It was close enough that he was forced to act, pushing her back, pulling his

cock from her grasp and stepping back till he was able to simmer the boiling of his nuts.

The spell over his mom caused by the close proximity of his cock seemed to be broken. Panting for breath, his glassy eyed mom looked up at him. Her lips were swollen, her chin was covered with her saliva, as was the upper slope of her expansive rack. Her nipples were so stiff they could cut glass, and a quick glance at her thong-covered crotch communicated how wet she was, her juices glistening all around her crotch and inner thighs. Looking up at him, sensing that he'd almost blown his load before the main event, she let her impatience rise to the surface again.

"Can we just get to the fucking now?" she demanded. Not wanting to push his luck, combined with the fact that he couldn't be more ready than he already was, he looked down and nodded.

"Get on the bed..." he growled, stroking his spit covered cock a few times. Leaping to her feet with her massive jugs wobbling lewdly, she fell back onto the bed, her legs hanging over the foot as she planted her butt on his bedsheets. Rolling back, she reached down and hooked her fingers into the straps of her thong. With a firm tug, she yanked her thong down, pulling it down her thighs, then past her slim calves, then fully off, leaving her fully nude in front of Jason. Bunching up the miniscule garment, she tossed it at him, the soaked garment bouncing off his chest and to the floor. She then lied back on the bed, spreading her legs, exposing herself fully for Jason.

He took in the sight. Her pussy, naturally, looked amazing. Completely shaved, he could see her plump lips, her stiff clit, and the very noticeable shininess caused by her gushing juices. Her pussy, like the rest of her, belied her age, possessing a youthfulness that made his mom look better than most women half her age. Her pussy looked petite, but with how wet she was, and how quickly she spread her legs on the bed, he didn't have a doubt she was ready to take what he had to offer.

Stepping towards the bed, Jason was ready to make up for his moment of vulnerability where he almost blew his load early, eager to reassert his authority. Thinking he was about to join her on the bed, she spread her legs further to make space. But instead, he reached down and grabbed her ankles, and with a forceful tug, yanked his mother back down the bed, till her ass was right on the edge.

"Oh!" Rachel groaned in surprise. Still holding her ankles, Jason pulled them up and around, resting them on his shoulders. Freeing his hands, he reached around one of her bare legs with one arm to hold them in place, and with his other hand, he reached down to grab his cock, pointing it directly towards its intended goal. Taking a small step forward, he angled his hips until his cock rested in place, pressing ever so slightly against the entrance to her waiting pussy. With his manhood in place, his other arm was now free to joining the first, wrapping around her legs. Criss-crossing his arms, he opened his palms.

"Take my hands," he commanded, his hands waiting for hers. She didn't hesitate to comply, reaching down to grasp their hands. This was the moment of truth, the moment of destiny. She just wanted to get it over with. But right before this began, a thought struck her, causing her to raise her head.

"Just don't cum in me!" she warned him sternly. "Obviously, we're gonna do a lot, but that's a no-go. I mean it!" Meeting her eyes, his attention distracted by the gravity of what he was about to do, he answered gruffly.

"Yeah, fine, whatever," he replied, agreeing to terms as he readied him for what was next. Nodding back at him, she let her head fall back, taking a deep breath as she accepted what was about to happen.

With everything in place, Jason paused for a moment, taking this in. His mother was gloriously naked on his bed; her huge perfect tits rising and falling as she panted with anticipation as her ankles rested on his shoulders with his cock poised at the entrance to her cunt; his mother's cunt. He'd been dreaming of this moment for years and now... now it was time to make it a reality.

Flexing his hips, he pushed his cock forwards, meeting resistance as it tried to enter her tight pussy. Her pussy was so small and snug, and his cock was big. Very big. This was never gonna be easy. But he wasn't backing down, and her pussy was as ready as it was ever gonna be, burning with need,

soaked with her juices. Something was gonna give, and they both knew it. Finally yielding, her plump pussy lips parted, allowing entrance to his battering ram, the head pushing inside of her.

"Oh fuck!" Rachel groaned, the size of his cock head almost too much to bear for her underworked pussy. It had been far too long since she'd gotten laid, and now she was diving into the deep end, attempting to take the biggest cock she'd ever encountered. But she was taking it like a champ, allowing more of him inside of her. The walls of her pussy soon swallowed up the entire head and first inch or two of his big dick.

"Mmm..." Jason grunted from within, trying to keep his cool. But this was at another level; this was his mom's pussy, and it felt incredible. He'd had a lot of experience with girls, but nothing was quite like this. The heat, the tightness, the knowledge that this was his mom's pussy squeezing the life out of his dick... it was almost too much. But he wasn't about to back down now, and with renewed vigor, he flexed his hips, pushing more and more of his dick into her pussy.

"Oh my God!" Rachel grunted, her head falling back as she adjusted to her son's size. She couldn't deny that it was absolutely huge as she'd gotten very up close and personal with it minutes before. But at the moment... just wow... it had never seemed bigger. She gripped his hands hard as they pulled at each other. Jason flexed his strong hips again, pushing more of himself into her. Soon... over half of his lengthy prick was in his mother's pussy. "AH! FUCK!" Rachel screamed out, her body shaking as it adjusted

to the sheer size of the invader burying itself inside of her. But she held her son's hands firmly, his strength aiding her as her pussy attempted to take his massive dick.

Not backing down, Jason thrust his hips forward again and again, digging a little deeper each time. Six... seven inches, buried inside his mom's pussy.

"UGHHH! Fuck!" the younger man grunted savagely, his body flexing, the experience of feeling the walls of his mother's cunt squeezing the living hell out of his beefy shaft indescribable. Nothing compared to this... and he'd experienced a lot of pleasurable things the last few years. His mom's pussy was already just as heavenly as he imagined it to be. His cock was tingling with pleasure.

Rachel's body tensed up, stopping her son's progress in its tracks, her son's big cock touching areas that hadn't been touched before. She'd long voiced that there was a spot deep inside her that would forever remain unscratched, and despite so much of his impressive length already being inside her, that spot remained untouched. So even though she was stuffed so full of dick she felt like she might explode, she didn't want him to stop.

"Keep going... keep going..." she sighed, her throat, tensed up as she adjusted to his size. "All the way!" Having given her his one shred of mercy, he wasn't gonna give her another. Yanking her hands towards him, he gave one last unholy thrust forward at the same time, burying the remainder of

his huge dick into his mother's insanely tight pussy, his torso colliding with her ass.

"AHHHH! FUCK!" Rachel screamed out, feeling filled to the brim with an insane amount of penis. Upon seeing his cock for the first time, she feared it would never fit inside of her. But God, did she want it to. It had potential to be the one to scratch that fucking itch, and that's all that mattered to her in her current state. She hated that it was her son doing this, but she needed it. Needed it or she would just go insane. Her pussy adjusted to its invader, by far the biggest cock she'd ever been able to take, real or fake. Her pussy spasmed around it as it molded itself around his bone-hard pillar, her cunt almost feeling as if it was being reshaped by her son's huge dick.

Jason was usually quite considerate with new girls, women who were taking his big dick for the first time, allowing plenty of time for them to adjust before getting the go-ahead to fuck. But here, with his horned up, demanding mom having spent the entire night demanding that he cut to the chase and give her his big dick, he wasn't gonna wait to do just that. Rearing back, he pulled half of his cock out from the clutching grasp of his mom's pussy before driving it back inside.

"OH!" Rachel groaned gutturally, feeling the wind taken out of her as she got stuffed with that big cock again. And again, and again. Jason began to work himself to a pretty good pace as this moved past the point of adjustment and shifted gears to full-out fucking.

Jason was finally fucking his own mom.

A shiver went through him at the thought. Feeling his mom's insanely tight pussy around his weapon was an indescribable feeling that he couldn't get enough of. It was so good it was almost enough to make him lose all control and make him blow his top. But he never went over the edge. He pushed through it, keeping up his unflappable image and maintaining control over both himself and the moment as he drove himself in and out of her, fucking his mom faster and faster. As he did, her cunt spasmed around him, gripping at him so tightly it almost interrupted his rhythm.

"Hnnnghhhh!" Jason groaned, the sensation of his mother's pussy gripping his throbbing cock truly like no other. The broiling hot walls of her cunt clutched at his lengthy prick like a vise, squeezing it, trying it's best to hold onto it and never let go as he drove it in and out of her. He'd gotten plenty of pussy, but for a young stud like him, this was truly the ultimate test. It was one thing pleasure inexperienced young women and drive them absolutely crazy with lust, but to do the same to your own mom? This would be a true test of what he was made of. Was he a true stud of the highest order or a mere pretender to the throne? Would the moment be too big for the young motherfucker? Would his mother's cock-melting cunt prove too much to withstand for even a stud as talented as him?

Or did he have what it took to make his mother explode in the biggest cum of her life?

"Oh..." Rachel sighed, holding onto her son's hands for dear life. "You're almost in my fucking womb! Holy shit!" she groaned, her face screwed up as she tried to withstand the feeling of her pussy being stuffed to the brim repeatedly with her son's massive dick.

"Deep enough for you?" he asked, his hips driving into her body, making her feet roll against his shoulders as he fucked her thoroughly with his entire length.

"I don't think it could get any deeper!" his mom groaned, her throat tightened as she felt every inch of him driving into her, that big driving cock doing its best to resize her pussy in order to make it a perfect fuck-hole for his big cock. It truly felt like he was filling her up completely, hitting deeper than any man ever had.

Despite all her trash talk, despite her skepticism about his prowess, she had trouble denying the truth. She'd long stated that she had an itch deep inside her that would never be scratched. And if Jason's cock was filling her completely, that meant that her son was finally hitting that sweet spot inside her that had never once been reached.

That meant Jason was scratching that itch. That meant that Jason's cock was scratching that itch.

Adjusting to his intense size obfuscated that fact to her, every nerve ending in her body focused on being so full of dick, but as he kept pistoning that big cock into her, her body registered this truth before her mind could comprehend it. Each time he drove it into her, it got a little easier. Her pussy got even hotter and wetter, and it seemed to accept the heft of his massive battering ram with less resistance. That's not to say her pussy had loosened up... no, not in the slightest. Her pussy was absolutely glued to his thick, meaty weapon, clutching every inch of it as tightly as it could, squeezing it like a vise, coating it with her broiling sex juices, aiding it as it drove into her again and again unrelentingly. Her pussy was getting so thoroughly deep dicked that it had no choice but to accept its fate, yielding to her son's massive cock.

Jason felt this shift, felt that his mom's pussy had gotten just as acquainted with his big dick as her mouth had, and his hips sped up in response, feeling her eager sex-hole become truly hungry for his manhood, taking and taking it and begging for more.

"Oh my God!" Rachel sighed, releasing her grip on his hands to grab at the sheets as her son drove himself into her, his torso colliding with her thighs loudly. Her body was glistening with perspiration from the intense fuck she was enduring.

With his hands now freed, Jason wrapped one around her legs, keeping them in place. But looking down at the sight of her massive, glistening tits wobbling from the force of their fucking, he couldn't help himself, reaching down to squeeze one of her massive, fleshy breasts, digging into the doughy flesh and squeezing to his heart's content as he continued drilling her.

"Jesus..." Rachel groaned, raising her head to look at the action, her eyes going wide at the sight of her tiny little pussy inhaling so much dick. His shaft was shining with her fucking soaked cunt, and it was driving in and out of her tiny hole so smoothly she almost couldn't believe it. But she could feel it. "God dammit..." she groaned, her head falling back. Fuck, she could really feel it. Her body had adjusted, solely focused on taking dick. And with that adjustment period complete, all she could focus on was that itch getting scratched. There was no doubt about it now. He was hitting all the right spots inside her.

And it felt really fucking good...

Her head fell back again as she just took it. It was like there was an untapped well of orgasms deep inside her, and his cock was hammering closer and closer to that reservoir.

"Ugh! Fuck! You piece of shit! Haha!" she groaned, hating that her son's efforts were so effective, her hands tightening into fists in the air as she

tried to endure what her son was doing to her. Her body was overwhelmed, almost shaking as his cock worked her over just right.

"You like that?" Jason asked with a knowing smirk, using his grip on her massive titty for leverage, pulling himself into her with an added oomph. Her lust-addled form was pushing back at him more, meeting his thrusts as he pumped into her, so he needed the added grip.

"Fuck you! You know the answer," she groaned, unable to look him in the eye. Digging her nails into her own palms, she shook her fists in unison as she tried to endure the vigorous fucking.

"I want to hear you say it..." he urged her.

"Haha! Never!" she laughed, still unable to look him in the eyes or deign give him credit for his efforts.

But Jason couldn't abide that.

Before Rachel could react, Jason leapt into action, jumping up onto the bed. With her ankles still on his shoulders, he used his strength to overwhelm her, practically folding her in half with him on top. Now, her toes were almost grazing the bed just over her shoulders, and she had nowhere to look but up at Jason. Confused, upset that the moment had

been broken, and annoyed that she was pinned beneath him, she looked up at him angrily.

"What are you doing?" she spat out.

"I already told you... I want you to say how much you like it," he said, smiling. She rolled her eyes at this. Pinned beneath her handsome, muscular son, his handsome face smirking, his body flexing as he pinned her beneath him, some would probably be excited to be in her spot. But Rachel hated that her son was making her face down her defeat, making her look him in the eyes as she surrendered.

"Fuck you..." she spat out, shaking her head, doing her best to not meet his gaze, upset not only at this play but at him for pausing the action to do it. His cock was holstered inside her completely, right down to the base. In this position, he was using his arms to hold her ankles almost to the bed, raising her ass up off the mattress as he rolled her back. He had her completely under his control, and there wasn't much she could do to dissuade him. Looking down at her and smirking, he began to work up to speed again, rolling his hips as he began to piston his big cock in and out of her.

"OH!" Rachel screamed out almost immediately. "SHIT!" She thought his cock was hitting the sweet spot before, but in retrospect, it was merely grazing across it. But now... his cock was hitting that spot directly, the angle

just right as his cock was piledriven into her. "Fuck! Fuck! Fuck!" she screamed out.

"You like that?" he asked again, his body working smoothly, driving his full length into her again and again and again.

"Ahhhh! Fuck you!" she screamed, her body tightening up, shaking her head. Her massive tits were wobbling lewdly as he drove his hips into her, and due to her angle, her tits were pressing up against her chin. Wanting nothing more than to squeeze them again, he used one arm to pin down both of her ankles over her head, freeing up a hand to paw at her massive boobs, squeezing them eagerly as he worked over her pussy.

The added touch only added to her sensory overload, driving her insane. Her body was shaking as he continued pumping his length into her, the sound of his heavy balls slapping against her ass echoing through the room. Somehow, that added to her pleasure as well, the knowledge that her son's huge nuts were bouncing against her ass adding to the moment.

The head of his cock hitting her inside just right, she was having trouble containing herself, her limbs spasming violently, her frame overloaded with lust. But Jason's muscular form kept her in place, even as her calves shivered on his shoulders. As his cock drove into her again and again, hitting just the right spot, her pussy began to react violently, spasming

around him and juicing up a shocking amount of her sex juices, the substance splashing out of her every time as he fucked her hard. Very hard.

"Oh my God!" Rachel screamed out, lights flashing behind her eyes. She'd climaxed before, but what was on the horizon... it was more than that. So much more. Something new. Something dangerous. Something she didn't know if she could take. "Fuck you! FUCK YOU! God fucking dammit! Why does your motherfucking cock have to hit me so perfectly! UGH! FUCK! YES!"

"You like that shit?" he growled, right in the groove now, his stamina on point, nowhere close to losing control now. He savored the moment, continuing to grope her massive breast as much as he wanted.,

"Oh fuck! Oh FUCK!" she moaned, her hands reaching up to grab his biceps, clinging onto his muscles as she held on for dear life. Her eyes went wide, but she couldn't see her son. All she could see was lightning. "Oh my God! Oh my God!"

"Talk to me, baby. Talk to me..." he urged her, wanting her to let go completely.

"Take me there! Take me there! Fuck! FUCK! I think I'm gonna cum!" she croaked out, her voiced strained.

"I'm gonna make you cum?" he asked, his hips rolling as he kept driving his cock in and out of her just right. She nodded, too far gone to deny it.

"You're gonna make me cum, Jason!" she admitted. "You piece of fucking shit, you're gonna do it! Why do you have to be so fucking good at this? Yes! YES! Oh my God!" her pussy was spasming around him, and it felt like her juices were barely contained. "It's never been like this! Holy fuck! What is this? Fuck! Keep at it. Just like that! Take me there! Keep fucking my fucking cunt just like that! Yes! YES!" Something inside her was about to explode, and honest to God she thought she might die it might be so violent.

"Ugh! Fuck!" Jason groaned, her clutching pussy around him requiring him to give her more force. Her nails dug into his arms, her entire body was shaking, and it felt like she was about to erupt.

"Just like that! Just like that! Just like that..." she chanted, her body clenching up. Her eyes rolled into the back of her head. Knowing how to really set her off, he pulled his free hand from her tits and reached between them, and, locating her clit with two fingers, started toying with it.

"UUUGGGGHHHHH! FFFFUUUCCCCCK!" she screamed out at the top of her lungs, her body trying to shake him off violently, her legs kicking upwards, trying to break free of his control. But he didn't relent,

strumming her clit as he kept drilling her all through it. But the plunger had been pressed, and the dynamite of pleasure was about to explode inside her. Feeling the explosion coming, she warned him of the oncoming damage. "AHHH! FUCK! Wait! Wait! Wait! Here it comes! Here it comes! Holy shit! Pull out! Pull out! Pull out!" Confused at this, he was soon left without a choice, her cunt clenching up so violently it practically expelled his huge cock from within her. Still playing her clit just right, he saw what was coming a split second before it happened, leaning to the side at the last possible moment.

"AAAAAAHHHHHHHHHHHH!" his mom screamed out. Her pussy flexing lewdly, a gush of her broiling sex juices squirted out of her cunt violently, arching through the air, all the way off the edge of the bed all the way onto the floor. His talented fingers toying with her clit extended this stream of pleasure escaping her, keeping it going as she squirted more than he'd ever seen a woman squirt before. "UGGGHHHHHHH! GGGGGOOOOODDDDDD! YYYYYEEEEESSSSSSSS!" Her pussy kept clenching up and squirting more of her amazing juices, some in more high-velocity gushes out of her, some splashing across his fingers as he continued to work her over. As he did this, he kept her pinned down in place with her heels over her head, and this position seemed to only add to the moment, as if being folded up forced more of her sex juices to gush out of her.

"AHHHHHHHHHHHHH! SSSHHHHHHHHHHHHH!
GGGGOOOOODDDDDD!" she moaned loudly, more and more and MORE of her sex juices squirting out of her lewdly, no doubt pooling on

the carpet at this point. Jason watched her bare, soaked pussy flexing violently as she kept cumming. This position allowed him his first view of his mother's asshole, clean and tight and as perfect as the rest of her. And it was flexing alongside her pussy, working in conjunction with her other sex-hole to force more of her girl-cum out of her.

Her juices gushed out of her like a fountain, but the fountain had to run out of steam eventually. Her body kept flexing, completely tensed up, trying to force more of her cum out of her, but the volume of the stuff began to finally lessen, the gushes landing on the bed for a bit, before merely pouring out of her, cascading down her ass before pooling beneath her.

"UGH! FUCK!" she moaned, her body still shaking, her pussy still clenching up even as no more came out of her. Her head was rolling on the bed as she rode the rest of her massive orgasm out, but the brunt of it had coursed through her. Showing some mercy, he released his hold of her, not only pulling his hand from her overstimulated clit, but also releasing his hold on her pinned down legs. Her lower half fell down onto the bed, her legs following suit till she was lying on her back, coated in sweat, legs splayed, panting for breath. He rested on his knees between her open legs, cock still hard as concrete, pointed directly at her pussy, waiting for her to recover.

Rachel was dazed for a few minutes, recovering from her no doubt monumental orgasm. When she finally came to, her dazed head found Jason and looked right at him.

"What the hell was that?" she said groggily, just as shocked as he was at what had just transpired.

"You clearly haven't had a good orgasm in a while," he joked.

"Clearly," she agreed, still panting for breath. Looking up, glancing between her legs at the soaked sheets, evidence at what had just transpired, she couldn't help but marvel at what she'd just done. "I've never squirted before..." she said with an amazed tone. Looking up at him, she shook her head. "That was incredible!"

"Told you I could do it," he said confidently. She couldn't deny him, nodding her head.

"Wow..." she stated, still amazed. "You do that with all your other girls?"

"Not all of them. And none of them like, uh... that," he said, gesturing at what she'd just done. She shrugged in agreement. Taking a deep gulp, she looked him over, her eyes glancing down to his lewdly protruding cock,

settling there for a few silent moments, not looking away, gulping. Finally, she met his gaze again.

"Can you do it again?" she asked. Grinning wolfishly, Jason responded.

"Of course I can, Mom," he boasted, brimming with confidence, the proof in the results.

"Well..." she began, still catching her breath. Spreading her legs a little further, she continued. "I can't know for sure whether or not that was dumb luck or not, so... you'll just have to do it again... see if lightning strikes twice!" Smirking at the heroic self-justification she was doing in order to ask for a round two of illicit mother-son sex, he wasn't about to fight it.

"Good news is... it's always easier to do it the second time," he stated confidently, positioning himself over her, pointing his rock-hard prick directly at her waiting pussy.

"Really?" she asked genuinely, looking up at him.

"Well... you'll just have to find out," he replied, looking back at her. At this, he pushed his cock back inside her cunt, and as she spread her legs lewdly for him, she eagerly welcomed it. She was still as tight as could be,

but also still ready and carved out from the action moments prior that her tight little pussy was able to smoothly inhale ten inches of thick cock right up to the balls. Her head fell back, sighing in heated pleasure at the sensation of being filled up once again.

Jason's motions revved up, his hips rolling as he began to drive his dick into his mom once again. Having not cum yet, it didn't take long for him to get back in the groove, his throbbing prick spurring him into a lustful pace, fucking her good and firm. His mom's head fell back contentedly as the action resumed, exhaling as her pussy began getting pleased again. As Jason resumed drilling her, his eyes immediately went to her massive tits, jiggling from his forceful thrusts. Poised above her, he couldn't take his eyes off of them as he fucked her, and he soon wasn't able to contain himself. Dropping down, he immersed his face in those perfectly massive breasts again. This change in position meant he was no longer poised above her, with his fit torso and his mother's naked form now pressed together, their sweat mixing, their bodies in complete contact. No longer holding himself up by his arms, his free hands eagerly returned to his mother's chest, eagerly groping her massive round boobs again. Her massive orbs ballooning outwards as he did this, his mouth found her stiff nipple again, sucking on it hard.

"Ugh! Fuck..." Rachel sighed. "You men are all the same. Obsessed with boobs! Hnngh!" she groaned, as Jason's hips didn't stop as he sucked on her tits, still pumping his dick into her eager snatch. "Lord knows the only reason you wanted this so bad is that my tits are so big!"

"Mmm... they are pretty perfect!" Jason pointed out, pulling his mouth from her chest for a moment to admit this before resuming slurping on her nipples.

"Fuck, I know..." Rachel admitted. He soon switched nipples, giving the other one the same treatment, and without thought, she rested her hand on the back of his head, keeping him in place as his mouth hungrily nursed on her tasty nipples. Her pussy was still recovering from the intense orgasm she'd just endured, warming up as his cock worked her over again. But her nipples were as sensitive as ever, and the tugging pressure his mouth was applying was... distressingly delightful. "Mmm... that's good," she sighed, patting the back of his neck as his cheeks hollowed, sucking on her tits as his hands eagerly squeezed them over and over again.

"You like that?" he asked, grinning wolfishly as his tongue flicked her stiff nipple lewdly. He then wrapped his lips back around it, sucking on the rubbery cap eagerly. She rolled her eyes as he asked this, but she couldn't deny how good it felt.

"Uhhh... as much as I hate to admit it..." Rachel began. "You are really fucking good at this. You suck my tits so fucking well!" She admitted, patting the back of his head approvingly. As a reward, he gave her a forceful thrust, really driving into her, making her entire body shudder. "AHHH! Fuck!" she screamed out loudly, that big cock jolting her pussy back to life. "Mmm... you fucker!" he resumed his regular pace, working his way slowly towards full speed. He switched nipples again, going back to the first,

feasting on it. His hungry mouth made her squirm. "Ahhh! You like those tits? You like sucking on your mom's perfect tits?"

"Mmm... yes!" he growled, pausing for the briefest of moments to answer before resuming the indecent act of sucking on his own mother's gigantic firm breast. Clutching his head to her, her body was warming up as her son relentlessly drilled her.

"God knows you should be considering how much you stare at them!" Rachel spat out, tilting her nipple into his hungry mouth. Sucking at it eagerly, he released it with a pop to answer.

"You always liked catching me staring!" he claimed boldly, picking up speed in fucking her. As he did so, he pressed her tits together before rubbing his face against them.

"No, I didn't!" she claimed, breathing a little heavier now as Jason picked up the pace, driving into her harder as he continued scrubbing his face against her titties. Feeling like she was still trying to hide the truth, he sought a remedy, and as her nipple slid across his lips, he found it. Taking the rubbery nub into his mouth, he not only sucked on it but bit down on it lightly, sending an electric bolt through her body. "AHHHH! Fuck! Fuck! FUCK!" she screamed out in surprise, her body spasming. His mouth unrelenting as he teased her nipple with her teeth, the pleasure erased her obfuscation. "UGH! FUCK! Yes! FINE! I liked it a little when

I saw you staring at them, okay! AH!" She didn't know if she fully meant it, but it gave Jason what he wanted. He released her nipple from between her teeth, giving it his lips and tongue for comfort as he sucked on it again. Letting her head fall back, she found herself adding to her answer without thinking. "At least I had someone looking at them who knew how to handle a pair like mine..."

"I have been with some girls with pretty big tits..." he proclaimed, lifting his mouth from her tits, toying her nipples with his fingers.

"None as big as mine, though..." she boasted with a knowing smirk.

"Some were pretty big..." he replied, toying with her. Staring him down, she demanded the truth.

"You want the truth so bad, you do the same," she stated, speaking through her body's shuddering as he kept driving himself into her. "Admit my tits are the biggest and best you've ever had!"

"If I do... say the same about me! About..." he began, his eyes doing rest, glancing down at his massive dick sawing in and out of her.

"Fine!" she spat out, wiping the sweat out of her eyes. Pushing himself up on his elbows a bit so he could look straight down at her while continuing

to paw at her melons, he continued. "You have the biggest and best fucking tits I've ever seen!" he admitted truthfully, squeezing them both firmly as he did so, before jiggling her massive jugs between his palms. "And me?" he asked pointedly, demanding to keep up her end of the deal. Looking up at him, she replied.

"I've had better!" she claimed stubbornly, blowing off her deal just to piss him off.

"Haha..." he laughed, a bit annoyed. Shaking his head, he continued. "Well... I'll get you to admit it soon enough..." At this, he drove his cock into her extra hard, burying himself up to the balls in her and leaving it there.

"AHHH!" she screamed out in surprise. "Fuck!" Her head fell back and her body tensed up. Huffing and puffing, she looked up at him, remaining defiant. "Never!" she stated, claiming that she would never admit his cock was the best she'd ever had. Gathering herself, she looked up at him again. "I've had better!" she repeated.

"I made you squirt like a slut!" he growled. Resuming his fucking rhythm, positioning himself on his hands above her, he gave each thrust a little extra oomph, wanting her to really feel it.

"You got lucky!" she spat out defiantly, looking up at him. He sped up his pumping, only to see her eyes lid over slightly.

"I'll do it again!" he boasted, going even harder.

"I'd like... ugh... I'd like to see you try." she dared him, her voice shaky. His cock was bottoming out every time he drove it into her, making her bite her lip in stifled pleasure. As he did this, the sound of his hefty sack slapping against her ass echoed loudly.

"You feel that?" he demanded. "You feel me going balls deep? You feel those balls of mine?"

"Yeah... I feel it..." she replied, her voice lighter. Dreamier. He drove himself fully into her, again and again and again. Her broiling hot, tighter than tight vagina was clearly loving it, getting his already soaked cock wetter and wetter, squeezing it more and more as his pace sped up.

"That shit feel good?" he asked, his youthful stamina paying off, not slowing down, only accelerating, his fit body driving into her again and again without mercy.

"It's... okay..." she sighed, eyes rolling back. Her hands reached up, gripping his fit shoulders and rubbing them lightly.

"Just okay?" he inquired, driving in and out fully.

"Pretty... good..." she stammered. Her cunt was spasming around his pole, clearly delighting in the action. But she was too stubborn to admit that his cock was working her pussy just right. The walls of her pussy were glued to his shaft once more, not wanting to let it go. And despite squirting what seemed like half of her body's moisture out of her minutes prior, her could feel her juices splashing around his crotch again as it lubed up his smooth shaft, eagerly allowing his cock in as deep as possible into her.

"I think I'm gonna make you cum again, Mom..." he bragged, hips rolling smoothly, giving his dick to her again and again and again. His earlier claim was true. He'd made plenty of girls squirt in the past, and once that initial barrier was broken, one they knew what their pussy could do... the floodgates were open. The reservoirs would refill. She'd had the biggest orgasm of her life not long prior... the next one would be happening soon, and he was gonna be the one to give it to her.

"No, you're not..." she claimed, shaking her head, eyes screwed shut, her hands lovingly embracing his biceps now. Her pussy was hungrily swallowing up his full length, squeezing it hard, not wanting to release it. It wanted to cum, and it would override her stubbornness to do it. He was on top of her, their naked lower-halves pressed together, her body splayed beneath him, she wasn't in any position to escape her current predicament.

But, if you were to study her body language, legs spread wide, as if eagerly welcoming his cock into her, escape was the last thing on her mind.

"Grab your legs... pull them back" he commanded firmly, and despite her defying his wishes at every opportunity, she almost immediately complied, releasing her grasp of his muscular upper body in order to hook her palms behind her knees, pulling them back slightly, gently simulating the manner in which Jason had used her legs before, pushing them up and pinning her down. And while this wasn't nearly as severe of a position as the previous one, the slight change of angle was enough. Suddenly, his cock was hitting right at that sweet spot again. And immediately, this fact registered to her addled mind.

"Holy shit! AHHH! Fuck!" she screamed out loudly. She couldn't believe how good this felt. It had taken so much effort to reach this point the first time, and it seemed within a matter of minutes, she was almost there again.

"You like that, Mom?" he asked her, his own body tightened, flexed up as he focused his entire effort on making his mom squeal. Her pussy kept grasping his cock firmly, squeezing his shaft just right, but he was so focused on the task at hand that he wasn't anywhere close to cumming. He was committed to making her moan.

"Ugh... fuck... pretty good..." she groaned, eyes still closed, too lost in the waves of pleasure being inflicted upon her to speak coherently. Jason kept

giving it to her, harder and harder, her juices splashing against his shaft, coating his crotch. He kept at it, hitting that pussy from the same perfect angle again and again and again. "Ugh... ugh... fuck... fuck... fuck..." she groaned.

"You like that shit, Mom!?" Jason demanded loudly, trying to break through his mom's lust-filled fog.

"More... more..." she sighed. He went at it even faster. Still gripping the backs of her knees, her head fell back rapturously.

"You're gonna say it, Mom!" he boasted. "Tell it to me!"

"Oh my God! I feel it! Fuck!" Rachel sighed, her eyes still clenched shut, shaking her head. "How do you keep doing this?"

"Ugh! Fuck!" Jason groaned, her cunt squeezing around him. "Take that dick, you fucking bitch! Take that dick and fucking cum!"

"OH! GOD! FUCK!" Rachel moaned out, her body dripping with sweat, her son thoroughly piledriving her with his unyielding dick. "NO NO NO NO NO NO NO!" she screamed out, trying to deny the inevitable. But it was too late. As it finally began to crest, and as the waves of pleasure finally slammed into her... it was at this last possible moment that she accepted

what was about to happen. "UGH! YES! FUCK! Make my fucking cunt gush you fucking asshole!"

"Do it! Do it! DO IT!" Jason grunted out, furiously drilling her, trying to push her over the edge.

"AH! AH! AH!
FFFFFFUUUUUUUUUUUCCCCCCCCCCCCCKKKKKKKKK!"

Rachel screamed at damn near the top of her lungs. Her body jerked so violently that it pushed his driving body away, forcing his manhood out from inside her again, his cock hanging in the air above her again as her next orgasm hit her. Another massive gush of girl-cum squirted out of her, and with Jason directly above her, her broiling hot sex juices collided with his imposing body, splashing against his abs. Again, it was a high-pressure squirt, gushing out of her like a fountain. Still grabbing her knees, she humped into the air, her lower half flexing to force more squirt out of her, all of which collided with his lower half, spraying against his stomach and crotch. When that first gush was completely spent, her body jerked again, sending more jets of girl-cum spraying out of her in a less composed fashion. But it was here that her world-shattering first orgasm left its mark, as this one lacked the longevity of the monumental first one, the gushes losing power far sooner than the first had, her pussy flexing and sending out spritzes of lady-cum that didn't quite have the power to reach her son's body, coating her own lower half instead. Lacking the volume of her first intense cum, it would have to settle for the second best orgasm she'd ever had. It finally having fully coursed through her, she collapsed onto the bed

beneath him. Legs splayed, eyes dazed, her body melted into the mattress, the energy sapped from her.

But Jason was gonna show her zero mercy.

Pushing her legs apart again, he re-holstered his weapon right back inside her, her snug pussy taking him right to the balls again. Resuming the action right away, she looked up at him, shocked.

"Whuh... what are you doing?" she questioned.

"I'm gonna do it again..." he promised.

He'd done this once before with a girl named... he couldn't recall her name. It was a one-night thing. But what he'd done was chain two quirring orgasms together, BAM BAM, back-to-back. Whatever it was, that night, he'd been able to do it, hitting her just right and making it happen twice within, like, two-minutes of each other.

He was about to do it again.

"Jason..." she sighed, in disbelief, unsure if she could take any more as he began drilling her hard again. Her body was writing beneath him, his ass

rising and falling fervently as he gave it to her. But to his mom's amazement, she felt her pussy reacting fast. It began to heat up again. She felt her juices beginning to flow. She felt her pussy squeezing around his big dick again.

Jason's heart started to race. He might have done it. He might have grabbed onto the tail-edge of that first orgasm just as it faded away, holding on to it and pulling it back to the surface. Angling his dick just right, sawing into her rapidly, it felt like he was playing her body like an instrument, controlling her pleasure with his big beefy dick.

"Wait... what?" Rachel sighed, stirring back to awareness, amazed at what she was feeling. Glancing down her sweat covered body at her overworked pussy, angrily clinging to her son's huge cock, loving the callous treatment, she felt the pleasure being pulled back into her exhausted form. "What are you doing to me? What the fuck?" she groaned, pained but amazed, smiling dreamily. Somehow, she could feel it coming again. If there was a reservoir of pleasure inside of her, it felt like he was delving down to its deepest point to pull another one out of her.

"Jason... please!" she begged, feeling it coming. No longer in control of her body, she simply let him do his worst. His pace speeding up, his balls slamming into her ass, his cock hitting her just right, she could feel her juices gushing against his pole. Soon, she could feel her overworked pussy spasming again. Like an aftershock after the earthquake, the land beneath her felt like it was beginning to shake again. "Oh God, oh God, oh GOD!"

Her eyes rolling back, her head falling back onto the mattress, she clenched her fists as she tried to withstand the pleasure her son was bringing to her. Panting deep, her son's efforts filling her with renewed energy as his cock played her pussy like a maestro, she looked up at him with almost disbelief as he continued to relentlessly drill her.

"How are you doing this?" she cried out, her body tensing up, sensing another tsunami of pleasure on the horizon. Looking up to the heavens, her delicious form vibrating with need, she screamed, barely able to contain it anymore. "Fuck! Fuck! FUCK! Why does my own son have the BEST COCK EVER! Yes! YES! YES! AHHHHHHH!"

Truly feeling like he was drawing the orgasm from her body with a masterful touch, he pulled his cock out of her just in time, as at the same moment, her juices began to gush out of her, a powerful rush of squirt that was forced out of her by her son's efforts. It lasted for what felt like an eternity, but it was probably only like ten seconds, the stream of her sex-juices squirting out of and splashing directly against the instrument that had accomplished this, namely Jason's giant penis, which was hovering right over her. Her finally admitting that her son's cock was the best she'd ever encountered added to its power, giving it a mind-melting oomph that shuddered through her. But due to her having had another squirting orgasm within the last few minutes, this one didn't last very long, that one strong gush the main thrust of it, with the remainder splashing out of her pussy and coating her crotch.

But what it did do was wake her fully out of the stupor her previous cum had caused. Like a defibrillator shocking someone's heart back to life, she was now fully aware and filled energy, panting deep, eyes wide as she looked up at her son with true genuine shock at what he'd been able to accomplish. That more than anything made it a moment she'd always remember.

After giving his mom multiple mind-melting orgasms, it had begun to take its toll on the young man. His stamina was being challenged in facing off with his total babe of a mother, and he'd done so well thus far. But fucking his mom's brains out to the point where he'd made her squirt multiple times had him approaching the edge. His balls were swollen, cooking up a no-doubt massive load for her, and the pressure was really building. He wasn't far off now, and his mother's amazing pussy and hot body was gonna coax that load out of him very soon.

Some of the brimming confidence on his face was replaced with a driving, animalistic need. The humor on his face was gone. He'd put her pleasure first and foremost in order to prove a point, but it was his turn now. Jason needed to cum, and he needed to do so very soon.

Sensing the shift in him, seeing a darker pallor pass over his face, Rachel knew what she had to do.

"Fuck me, baby..." Rachel sighed, her glassy eyes meeting his focused glare. Spreading her legs for him again, she spoke with purpose. "Fuck me with that beautiful god-cock! Fuck me as hard as you need to! I'm so ready! I can take it! That fucking cunt can take it! Don't you dare think I can't handle that perfect dick of yours! Make me fucking scream! Don't fucking stop! Even if I cum ten more times, don't ever fucking stop!" He recognized that even at her most generous of offers this whole night, she was still very much motivated by only the pleasure his big cock could bring her, but he didn't care. He wanted more.

Needing no more invitation, he lowered himself down, angling his weapon back into place against her ready sex-hole. Pushing forward, his cock re-entered her waiting cunt, still inhumanely tight, but so familiar with his big dick by now that it welcomed him back in right up to the balls.

"Oh!" Jason groaned, his cock so sensitive by this point that his mom's pussy felt ten times better than it already did. The walls gripping his shaft, clutching it hard, he didn't wait a moment. He slowly began to pump his cock in and out of her, the angry tension inside him temporarily sated by this pleasurable sensation.

"That's it, baby! Fuck that fucking pussy right!" his mom sighed, head falling back in satisfaction for a moment.

"Ugh!" grunted Jason, his mother's words of encouragement hitting right, spurring him on. His ass was a blur as he fucked his own mom at a furious pace.

Rachel's heavy tits began wobbling again as he worked up to a good rhythm quickly, and she began to shiver in pleasure. It was to a degree that she began giggling, forcing her cover her brilliant grin with the back of her hand. As Jason drilled her, he gave her a slightly confused look.

"How do you keep doing this?" she said, amazed, smiling and shaking her head. Even after everything her pussy had endured so far, his big dick was still driving it crazy. "Your cock feels so FUCKING GOOD! Yes! Holy shit!" she marveled out of pure amazement more than a spike of pleasure in that moment. She couldn't deny it anymore.

Looking up at him, her entire mind nearly crazed with need, she admired the sight. Her son had never looked more attractive, his handsome face screwed up in masculine sexual need, an appealing sight for the undersexed mom. And the fact that it was her body that was creating this desperation in her studly son filled her with a pride that she was starved for. Admiring him as he fucked her brains out yet again, a momentary bit of insanity hit her, and in the moment, she did something that caught them both by surprise.

She kissed him.

Even through his lustful rage, this caught Jason by surprise. His mom reaching up to the back of his head, he was caught off guard as she pulled him down roughly, only for her face to rise up as quick as a flash, her open mouth meeting his.

As if meant to do so, their mouths formed a tight seal as soon as they met, and just as quickly, their tongues were all over each other. Dueling, swirling around each other, mashed together, mother and son were finally swapping some spit. Lips pressed against lips, cheeks hollowed, this was no romantic gesture. This was crazed, hungry lust, the two lovers feeding off each other. Hours prior, she couldn't stand being around her cocky son. Now, her tongue was down his throat, and he was fucking her better than she'd ever been fucked before.

These two kissed till their lungs were burning for oxygen, the only air they were breathing was each other's. Finally, their mouths separated with a heated gasp, and she clutched her arms around his neck, holding him close as his ass kept driving down into her, never stopping as he continued drilling her like the stud he was.

"Keep fucking me like that, hon. Just like that!" she seethed into her son's ear as he gave her his full length, his balls bouncing against her ass perfectly. Their sweaty naked bodies wrapped around each other, her massive tits pressed into his bare chest, they were completely absorbed in each other by this point. "Don't ever stop, I swear to fucking God! Don't stop! It's amazing!"

"Don't hate that dick anymore, do you?" he demanded through his lustful fury, a victorious smirk on his face that she couldn't see but could nonetheless feel. Shaking her head in annoyance, she couldn't deny it anymore.

"I love it! I fucking love it! From the start, I fucking loved it! Is that what you want to hear?" she relented. His fucking sped up as soon as she said this, the young stud plowing his own mom with added ferocity. "Do you think I love knowing my son's cock is huge and perfect and tasty and fucks me better than anything? Do you think I like the fact that my own son's cock has made me cum like crazy? Do you think I like knowing that after all the bullshit you put me through, you were right? That you've given me exactly what I fucking needed? Ugh! Fuck me! I need this so bad! Yes! All I can think about is how bad I want to cum on your big, perfect cock! I want you to feel what you're doing to me! How crazy you're driving me!"

"Oh, I can feel it!" Jason groaned, his mother's pussy gripping him so fucking hard, sending a shudder of lust through him. At this, he sped up, drilling his hot-bodied mother harder.

"Are you gonna cum?" she sighed, eyes heated with lust.

"Getting there..." he grunted out, his cock beginning to tingle, her cunt gripping him so tight.

"Just make me cum first, okay?" she begged, wrapping one leg behind him, pressing lightly on his rear-end with her foot, a physical plea to keep at it until he got the job done. "Please! I need one more orgasm so bad! I want to cum on that big fat dick just once! When that's done, you can do whatever you want!"

"Oh!" he groaned, his cock tingling more as he heard his mother beg like this. That being said, he didn't know if his cock could endure what she had in mind without blowing his load. Screwing up his endurance, he turned up into a new gear, fucking her at a faster rate.

"Hahaha! Yes!" she groaned out, her voice getting hoarse, arching her back in pleasure, her head rolling back so the top of it rested on the bed, grinning lewdly at how amazing the sex felt. This act pushed her tits right in the crook of his neck, and he took advantage, moving his face down to suck on her nipples again. She dug her nails into his neck, keeping him in place as he did this.

Her pussy was getting drilled just right, and she could sense that pleasure on the horizon again. That sensation become all too familiar thanks to her son's efforts, to the point where she almost felt drunk, that's how good it was.

Rachel's back dropping back down to the bed, she pulled her son back into another lewd lip-lock, mouths smacking together like two teenagers, their tongues toying with each other. Moms and sons weren't supposed to kiss this way, let alone full on make-out with each other... but compared to all the other shit they'd been doing, it was the least of their sins. Her spit leaking onto her chin as their mouths parted, she brought her lips to his ear again.

"Oh my God! You're hitting that shit just right, baby!" Rachel sighed heatedly. "Wreck that fucking pussy! Wreck it!" Her pussy was spasming. Her juices were broiling. "Don't stop... don't fucking stop! I'm so fucking close!" On instinct, she wrapped her other leg around his waist, both of her immaculate legs now holding her son in position as he fucked her vigorously.

Hearing his mom whisper such nastiness in his ear hit him on a soul deep level, resonating so completely that it made the cum lurch in his balls. The pressure was turned up tenfold, and he could feel his dick tingling to a level that even a guy with his stamina could barely endure. His pace quickened, more fervent and desperate. His balls were boiling. He was getting really fucking close.

Their sweaty naked bodies wrapped around each other as they fucked, her huge boobs ballooning against his chest, there was no getting off this train. Both of these two were about to cum... hard. And with her legs clutched

tightly around his waist, they were going to do it as one. But her words of warning from before the sex started echoed in his ears.

"Just don't cum in me!"

Wanting to comply with her terms, he spoke up.

"Ugh! Fuck! Mom... I'm getting close!" he warned her.

"Me too, baby! Me too..." she sighed, eyes closed, hands rubbing his back, legs locked around his ass, pulling him into her as they fucked, preventing him from pulling out. Her pussy squeezed around him like a vise, going crazy around his driving manhood.

"Mom, I mean it! UGH! I'm gonna fucking cum..." he warned her again, continuing to fuck his mom's hungry cunt.

"Don't stop! Don't stop!" she whispered, too far gone to hear him, legs only tightening around him as he got closer to making her cum. Her juices were splashing against his shaft. Her pussy was spasming. Her body was shaking.

"Mom! FUCK! I'm gonna cum inside you! Oh!" he groaned, trying his best to put the brakes on this until she released him. But he was still fucking her, unable to stop. This slight change to his rhythm registered to his nearly blissed out mother, her legs pulling him into her, urging him to keep going.

"Don't stop! Don't stop..." Rachel panted, her body shaking. "I'm gonna cum! I'm gonna cum! Do it to me, baby! Do it!"

"Fuck! FUCK! SHIT! I'm gonna cum! I'm gonna cum inside you, Mom!" Jason groaned, unable to stop himself from fucking her harder and harder, his body driving the action at this point. "I'm gonna cum inside your tight fucking cunt, Mom!"

"Do it! Do it! Do it!" his mom groaned out, voice weak and far away. Yet her legs remained locked around him, not letting him escape her clutches. If anything, they tightened around him, urging him to give her everything.

'Fuck it' Jason relented internally. 'I'm gonna cum inside Mom's pussy!'

"Ugh! Fuck! Here it comes!" he groaned, turning the corner, about to boil over.

"I'm gonna cum! I'm gonna cum! Oh god! I'm gonna cum on your big cock!" his mother sighed, legs locked around his waist, her taut arms around his neck. "Please! Please! Please! Yes! Yes! YES!"

"FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!" Jason groaned, his hips a blur.

"AHHHHH!"

"GGGGOOOOODDD!"

"YYEEEESSSSS!"

"YYEEEESSSSS!"

"UGGGGHHHH!"

"FFFFUUUUUCCCCCKKKKKK!"

And with bodies in perfect symphony, it happened. At the exact same split second, climaxes hit them both.

"UGGGGGGHHHHHHHHHH!" Jason groaned, his hips acting only on pure base instinct, burying the full length of his big, hard cock all the way up to the balls in her hungry cunt just as the first rocket of cum burst out of him.

"AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" Rachel squealed, her pussy clenching inhumanly at the exact same moment his cock flexed inside her, a tidal wave of pleasure slamming into her body violently. Her juices gushing around his fully contained pole, her cunt locked around him.

"FFFUUUCCCCCKKKKK!" Jason grunted him, a massive jet of cum bursting out from his cock, directly into his own mother's waiting twat. As her pussy clutched around his swollen shaft, it practically squeezed out more of his massive load, pulling it into her pussy.

"OOOOHHHHHH" the mom groaned, feeling a high-velocity rocket stream of cum splashing around deep inside her cunt. "FFFUUUUUCCCCCKKKKK!" she screamed out upon feeling this, her pussy reacting strongly to this indecent act. Pussy clutching around his pole like a second skin, a burst of her girl-cum was forced out of her, splashing against his balls. At the same moment, his balls were lurching, tightening up as more ropes of cum fired out of him.

"OHHHH! GGGGOOOODDDDD!" the young stud groaned, the pleasure so good it was almost painful. His nuts twisted and fired again

and again and again, long nasty volleys of semen bursting out of him, pumping deep down into his own mom's hungry cunt.

"SHHHIIITTTT!" Rachel screamed, the feeling of all that sperm filling her up making her go crazy.

"FFFUUUCCCKKKK!" Jason groaned, his mom's pussy clutching every inch of his shaft hard.

Their bodies were working in symphony. His mom's body was wrapped around him, her arms holding his face into the crook of her neck, her chest pressed against his, her legs still locked around his waist. The young man continued humping into his own mother, and her body accepted this motion, moving along with him. And their conjoined sex organs were equally in sync. Her pussy glued to his cock, it spasmed as his cock throbbed, working in perfect synchronicity. His heavy cock was pumping sperm from deep in his balls all the way practically to his mother's womb, and the walls of her cunt were drawing even more of his heavy load into her. As she felt more of his thick semen filling her up, her orgasm only gained in strength. And as her pussy kept squeezing at his throbbing dick, his body was only further encouraged to keep it up, pumping wad after wad of cum deep into her.

Both were beyond thought, acting on pure mating instincts, the hung stud humping into the gorgeous older women beneath him, filling up her fertile

pussy with his potent sperm. Neither were thinking, they were just acting, doing what their bodies were commanding. On one hand, this was so beyond the forbidden nature of this coupling, but on the other, it was incest of the highest order. A hung young stud filling his own mother's pussy with his thick, creamy sperm. A 20-year-old young man cumming inside his 44-year-old mom's cunt. Neither intended this to happen, but deep down, both got exactly what they were craving.

This moment went on for what felt like an eternity, bodies coiled around each other, humping into each other lewdly. No words, only sighs, grunts, and moans. The ever-confident Jason was enduring sex at a level that he'd never experienced, enough to truly break him down to the bare essentials. And the experienced mom was enduring a level of pleasure she'd long sought, long felt she deserved. And now that she was enduring it, her mind was melting, leaving her nothing but a sweaty, naked woman pinned beneath her son, limbs wrapped around him, using his body for her own pleasure.

Bodies tightened, eyes closed, the illicit lovers endured something unlike anything they'd ever experienced. All those muscles of his could barely survive a moment like this, and all the experience she'd accrued in her life meant nothing compared to what her own son could offer her.

Jason kept humping and driving and pushing his huge cock all the way into her, filling her up as he kept pumping cum into her. Her pussy was so hungry for it that it swallowed it all up, not missing a drop of what was

without question the most massive load of his life. And she kept taking it, her cunt squeezing more and more cum out of it till there was no more left to take. And at the same moment, their orgasms dissipated, his body collapsing onto her panting, exhausted form.

Neither passed out, but both had to recover from the most intense sex either had ever taken part in, panting for breath, seeking the recover enough strength just to move. His body enveloped hers as he remained on top. Her legs released their hold on him as they fell to the side, and her arms lost all strength, falling to the bed.

Finally, the young man found the strength to push himself up, looking down at his sweaty naked mom. She stirred to life at the same point, and after blinking a few times to regather herself, she looked down at their still conjoined crotches before looking back up at him in shock.

"Did you cum in me?" she asked. Shrugging, he nodded. "I told you not to." She reminded him.

"Well, I tried not to, but you wouldn't let me pull out. You said 'keep going'. 'Do it!'" He claimed firmly. Searching her memories, his claim proved true.

"I thought you'd want to, like... cum on my face, or my tits," she stated, not upset with him but slightly puzzled by how it all turned out.

"I would have, but... wait, you would have been into that?" Jason inquired, surprised that someone like her would even bring up the possibility.

"Well..." she shrugged, clearly unbothered by the idea having her face or her tits painted with cum. Jason couldn't suppress a grin.

"We'll save that for round two..." he said, grinning. Now free to move, he flexed his hips back, pulling his cock out from in her still clutching pussy, revealing the fact that despite having one of the biggest orgasms of his life minutes prior, his imposing manhood hadn't deflated that much, still mostly hard, his heavy shaft shiny with their combined sex-juices, it stood out in the dim light of the bedroom.

"Wow..." Rachel said, eyes immediately locking onto her son's still surprisingly strong manhood. He took a long, deep refreshing breath before replying.

"Yeah, give me a few minutes, and we can get back to fucking," he assured her, sitting up on his knees, cracking his neck, stretching his muscles, getting the blood moving again. Sitting up enough where she was resting on her elbows, she eyed him oddly, unsure if he was being serious.

"You're joking, right?" she asked with a small smile, eyes flicking back down to his dick, still impressive but clearly having lost some of its power.

"What do you mean?" he replied, seemingly confused, struggling to pay attention to her words. Jason couldn't get over the fact that she was just resting there on his bed, completely nude, her giant tits just hanging out for him to see. He'd spent years wanting to see them, and they were right there! Completely bared, nipples casually exposed to him. He could just look at them! The sight of her bare tits was enough to keep his blood pumping.

His mom seemed unimpressed by his limited, distracted response. Rolling her eyes lightly at his confusion, she gave him a doubting look.

"Okay..." she began skeptically. "Well, I have to admit... my pussy is thoroughly demolished. It's done for the evening, I'm afraid. And you... you felt like you fired a gallon of cum inside me... somehow, I doubt you'll be ready to go anytime soon."

"Yeah, that's why I said to give me a few minutes..." he said with a laugh, as if she had misheard him before. She still looked up at him skeptically, unsure if he was serious or merely bragging about his stamina. His expression not changing, she shook her head, laughing. "Well, unless you're planning to fuck me up the ass, I don't know what you're expecting to happen."

Jason gave her a pointed look.

"That's exactly what I have planned," he stated calmly. She met his gaze, seeing no lie there. "Is that a problem?" he asked calmly. For a moment right after the sex, he'd seemed like the normal, calm, easy-going version of him she knew so well. But now, with the heaviness in his voice, he was in action mode, at least in his mind. Her eyes bounced back down, his cock still prominent even when not at full strength. Not wanting to back down from a challenge, and certainly no stranger to anal sex, she replied.

"No, that's not a problem on my end," she replied confidently, his eyes flashing with excitement at this knowledge. "But I fear I can't say the same for you." Puzzled, yet curious where this was going, he smiled to himself and moved up the bed, planting his bare butt next to hers and sitting astride his naked mother, sitting back with his arms supporting him. Once he was in place, he turned to address her.

"What do you mean?" he asked, smiling impatiently.

"Well, what I mean is..." she began. "What you just did, what you just took part in... it had to have been pretty monumental for you."

"You too..." he slipped in, a response she chose to not acknowledge.

"So, for you to say that you can just get back in the saddle in mere minutes after what had to be the best sex of your life... sex with your own mom... I find that rather offensive," she stated haughtily. Jason gave her a piercing look. She didn't actually sound offended in the slightest, leaving him to still wonder what angle she was working from here.

"Are you not ready for more?" he inquired.

"Of course, I'm ready for more, but I've been sexually active most of my life," she explained. "You spend your nights fucking teenage skanks. Let's not pretend you've had anything close to what you got tonight with me."

"I've had some pretty great sex," he replied, smirking. Shaking her head lightly and rolling her eyes, she continued.

"I think you're trying to act all tough, like the most amazing stud who can fuck and fuck and fuck forever, but... I see through you. I've always seen through you..." she stated, staring him down with that trademark mom look that all sons recognize. Then again, most don't get to experience that look in a bed post-sex, with their mom lying naked next to them, with her massive tits just hanging out for him to see, so clearly Jason was not most sons. And he intended to prove just that.

That, and so much more.

"So, either... my own son is a fucking sex GOD!" she stated, hands gesturing in the air. "A sex god who can fuck and fuck and fuck and FUCK! Or... perhaps you are overstating your talents. And I intend to find out which..." She stated with finality, looking straight into his eyes. At this, not breaking eye contact, she reached over and place her hand right back onto his impressive dick, curling her fingers around it. Still not fully hard, maybe 65% hard, she languidly began stroking him.

"See?" she pointed out, hand squeezing his penis, finding it to have a little more give than it did the last time she grasped it. "Before, when I touched it, it was so powerful and masculine and amazing... the second I placed my hand on it, I wanted it inside me. This... this is fine, I guess. Pretty good... but not quite up the high standards you seem to brag about." Nonetheless, her hand slid up and down its slippery length with an eagerness that belied her words.

Her hand felt amazing around his cock, and he could feel the blood flowing already.

"So, I'm gonna tease you, give you my best," she began, her hand already feeling a throbbing from her efforts. "Because you know I'm good at it, and I bet your dirty mind has had no problem getting turned on by me for years." He simply smirked as she kept stroking him. "And I bet you

won't be able to get back to full strength like you claim you will. And we'll be done, knowing that my cunt sucked the life out of you, that I gave you the best pussy you'll ever have and that you'll never get to have it again!" She stated, hand speeding up on his stiffening rod.

"Or?" he asked, smirking, his cock noticeably getting stiffer, to a degree his mom couldn't deny.

"Or," she paused, glancing upwards as if searching for what to say, her hand still flying up and down Jason's swelling prick. "I mean, if you do somehow get really, REALLY hard again..." she paused, gripping his increasingly unyielding shaft for a moment before resuming swirling her talented palm up and down his slick, swollen member. "Then I guess we'll just have to fuck... AGAIN... in whatever way you need to in order to ensure that you are completely finished. Even if it means you have to fuck me up the ass like you promised..." she said, giving him a pointed look, her tone getting heavier as she said this.

"Whatever you say, Mom," he said with a chuckle.

Finally, it clicked for Jason. This wasn't about some silly challenge. No, it was quite simple. This was his mom's way of asking for a round two without actually saying it. This is what he promised her was coming, and he'd backed up all his boasting so far. There was no way she'd put up such stakes if she didn't already know the outcome. Especially considering that his cock was almost fully hard by the time she set those stakes.

But apparently, almost fully hard wasn't quite enough.

"No, no, no..." she said, looking down at his crotch as she beat his meat, shaking her head, his cock a pillar of stone by this point, more than enough to get started for a round two, but not for her. She released her grip on it and studied his towering post for a moment. Finally, it seemed like she'd made a choice. "Here..." she said, gesturing at him to follow her. She shifted her weight in order to slide off the bed, moving to a position on her knees resting on the floor. He followed till he was in a seated position on the edge of the bed in front of her. "I said I'd give you my best to see if this cock can actually get hard..." she began, pretending there was any doubt while staring full-on at his heavy, nearly fully hard cock. "And while I have full faith in my hand being talented enough to get the job done, we need to be absolutely sure. And that means giving you something you haven't gotten yet."

"Whatever you say, Mom," Jason s replied. Both of them shared a knowing, amused look, both fully aware of what the game was here but both going along with it nonetheless. Refocusing on the task at hand, her eyes focusing fully on the massive prick standing strong directly in front of her. Reaching up to her own chest, she cupped each of her own breasts and pulled them apart, exposing the full chasm of her succulent cleavage. Crawling forward, she moved so her upper-half was hovering over his crotch, before angling herself so that his straining pillar was now encased in that newly exposed smooth crevasse between her fleshy breasts. Then,

pausing and meeting his gaze, she pushed her giant boobs together, encasing his shaft with the most immaculate softness possible.

"Oh!" Jason groaned, head falling back, his cock pulsing with excitement. This was something he'd been dreaming about for years, and now, he finally had his cock between his mom's luscious tits. His dick shuddered with excitement, and he could feel the fuel tanks in his balls begin to refill.

"I can't believe you're making me do this..." Rachel said, seemingly angry, not acknowledging the fact that she put herself in this position on her knees below him with little push from him. And even though she was so supposedly upset, she was nonetheless firmly pressing her breasts around his big dick as fully as possible, trying to ensure every inch of his cock was being cared for. The chasm of her cleavage was deep and juicy, but his cock was longer, meaning that she could not fully contain his length between her soft breasts, especially now that he was now back to full hardness. This meant that she had to slide her tits up and down along his shaft to give every inch of it the same treatment. So, at the same time she was so 'upset' for making her do this to him, she was doing it very well, actively bouncing her giant breasts along his length, squeezing them firmly around his hardness, molding his thick shaft in a prison of her soft, smooth titty-flesh. And she did so with an annoyed look on her gorgeous face.

"Yeah Mom... sorry I pretended that I could get hard again so fast..." he said with a smirk, his cock so stiff by this point that the head was practically bumping into her chin.

"You should be!" she spat out, keeping up the upset act, even as she replaced the use of her hands holding the sides of her tits with her arms, allowing her to fully cup her tits from the front while still pressing her tits into his shaft. She then began to bounce her tits along his length, creating a soft, smooth fuck sleeve with her cleavage, the heavy weight of her massive melons slapping into his crotch as she fucked his big dick with her breasts. His shaft was still coated in their combined juices, and adding that with pre-cum leaking from the head of his dick and the perspiration still coating her mountainous tits meant that his cock had no issue digging through the chasm between her mountainous breasts.

"Yeah, I'm real fucking sorry..." Jason groaned, beginning to hump up into her fleshy jugs, making the succulent flesh shudder as he did so.

"Look at you, fucking my tits!" she pointed out venomously even as she assisted him, adding some oomph as she fucked his big dick with her tits with just as much energy as he was bringing to the table. "Doing such lewd things to your mother's breasts! I mean, just look at that..." she said, her eyes locking on the head of his cock as it emerged and re-emerged from between her giant round boobs, the words taken from her by the arresting sight.

"Oh fuck!" he groaned, the unending softness driving him crazy, his cock shuddering as he fucked his mom's huge tits, his cock sliding lewdly through her deep cleavage. "I'm looking!" he said, unable to pull his eyes

from his mom's rack as it swallowed up his cock again and again. This was a sight he'd dreamed of for so goddamn long... and now it was all real, her fleshy orbs squashed around his sizable cock. He couldn't stop staring. But as he noted by doing this... neither could she, her eyes remaining glued to the head of his cock as it kept emerging from in between her big breasts.

There was something addictive about the sight to her. Seeing the way the soft, smooth flesh of her firm breasts yielded to his rock-hard weapon, her luscious breasts molding around it as he kept pumping his piston between her tits. Without thought, she only grasped his shaft more firmly between her tits, pressing them harder against it, providing an even more appealing fuck-sleeve for his perfect cock. If there was any doubt about it, she was trying to get his cock hard again, despite her words to the contrary. And her perfect tits had done the job, rubbing all over his lengthy shaft till it was strengthened up again to full power, her soft, smooth tits making him as hard as a diamond. She was transfixed again by its power, the shaft mighty as it emerged from her cleavage over and over again, like a battering ram trying to break down her defenses. She wanted to deny it's might, but that came as a struggle. Part of her did want to prove her son wrong, but in doing so, she'd only proved how right he was.

Rachel had held an authority over her son for his entire life as his mother. But in this moment, as he proved his ultimate sexual bona fides to her by getting hard as a brick right in front of her face, merely a few minutes after fucking the living daylights out of her... she'd never felt less authority over him than she did in this moment. He was even more impressive than he

boasted about. Closer to a Sex God than the young man she once had authority over. Her body began preparing itself to submit to him again.

"Oh my God..." she sighed as he continued to drive his hips upwards more forcefully, the head of his cock slapping her chin. Her head fell slightly at this, meaning that the cock-head that was previously bumping against her chin was now brushing against her lips. Rachel couldn't help herself, closing her lips around the head of his cock once they made contact again.

"Haha... look what I'm making you do, Mom," Jason said, reminding her of her earlier words, humping into her tits as she fucked his cock with them. And as he humped into her mouth, her lips kept slurping on the head of his weapon, sucking on it, teasing it with her tongue for the second or two she held it between her lips. This kept repeating over and over again, Rachel unable to help herself, unable to resist the magnetic pull towards his prick. She didn't even hear him, continue to worship his brick-hard shaft with her tits, mouth, and tongue. Soon, she paused in the act of titty-fucking him, keeping his cock in place by smothering it with her warm, fleshy tits, pressing him down onto the bed so he wasn't humping into her, her mouth in place at the end of his dick.

This had begun as a skeptical titty-fuck on her part in an attempt to prove he couldn't get hard again so soon after fucking her. Now, she was on her knees, sucking on his fully hard and ready cock, sighing contentedly as she did so.

He was happy to let her do this for a few minutes, leisurely sucking on the tip of his swollen pole. But eventually, he had to interject. Placing his hand in her hair, he gently pushed her head up, getting attention. Looking up into his eyes for the first time in a few minutes, him pushing the hair away from her eyes so she could do so, she released his cock from her mouth, bands of goeey spit connecting the two.

He didn't have to say anything.

They both knew what was coming next.

(30 Minutes Later)

"AHHHHH! FUCK!" Rachel screamed into the bed. On her knees, her ass raised up with her upper-half pressed into the mattress, her hands dug into the sheets, holding on for dear life. And she had to do just that, as it wasn't easy to take a cock as big as Jason's up her ass.

"UGH! Fuck!" Jason groaned, fully in action mode now. His hands on her hips, his torso was a blur, driving his big cock in and out of her perfect ass. It had taken some time for her to adjust, and he'd done his part, feasting on her tight asshole, rimming it till it was covered with his spit, taking his

time as her incredibly tight asshole adjusted to the heft of his massive manhood.

But they were long past that point. Now... there was no more mercy.

"Oh, you fuck! You motherFUCKER!" she screamed out, turning her face till she rested on her cheek, allowing her to fully vocalize her pleasure without interference. That was what she was feeling. Pleasure. For most women, having ten inches of wrist thick cock stuffed up their ass wouldn't be their definition of pleasure.

But Rachel was not most women.

Experience, combined with a predilection towards rougher sex that had been woefully underserved for a long time beyond what she did by herself beyond closed doors, meant that she was so ready for this. It didn't matter that he was her son, or that his cock was huge... she needed it bad.

And Jason was doing just that.

"UGH! Goddamn!" Jason sighed, really grabbing her hips to make their lustful collisions as forceful as possible. He'd butt-fucked a fair amount of girls, but none seemed as eager for it as his mother did right at this moment, her tightened hole somehow swallowing his entire length lewdly.

"AHHH! FUCK!" his mom groaned from deep within her. Her body was glowing with sweat again, making her skin slick to the touch. "Oh my God, it's huge!" she screamed out again.

"Mmm... take it, Mom!" he grunted out, driving himself into her firmly, making her entire body shudder from the forceful thrusts. He admired the way her ass jiggled as he did so, reminding him of something he'd said years prior. "Fuck, Mom... I really am clapping these cheeks, haha!"

When he first said this to her, she was disgusted and confused by the heavy-handed comment he'd made to her promising to one day do just that. This time...

"UGH! Yeah... you really are..." she groaned, her voice shaky as her body withstood the forceful fucking.

His cock at full strength, his balls filled back up with another heavy load of sperm, he could feel the end in range. The second fuck of the night typically wasn't quite the marathon session that the first could be, and the added gravity of the fact that it was his mom's asshole he was currently fucking was enough to take him closer to the finish line.

"UGH! FUCK! How are you doing this to me! AHHHH!" Rachel screamed out, amazed that his cock was gliding in-and-out of her ass so eagerly. Doing anal was a special occasion type thing for her in the past... but this was grade-A, hardcore anal sex of the highest order, and she was amazed that her ass was able to handle such a hefty slab of manhood, hungrily taking it and taking it and taking it!

"Fuck, Mom... not all the girls can take it like this," he marveled, giving her genuine kudos as he demolished her ass with his battering ram. But she was far too gone from the lusty anal fucking she was on the receiving end of to take this comment in stride.

"OH! You fucker! Fucking your own mom up the ass! AHHH!" she groaned, her ass clenching in pleasure. around him. "You smug prick! I can't believe you're doing this.! AH! FUCK! YES!" she moaned out, slamming her ass back to meet his forceful thrusts. She hated that she was submitting to him so thoroughly... and hated that she was enjoying it so completely.

"Just tell me you're loving this, baby," he asked of his mother, still thrusting into her ass in a steady rhythm, the tight clenching hole driving him crazy.

"OH! God! I can't believe this!" she moaned out, her body wiggling at the end of his big dick as they continued fucking. "What a smug prick you are! Oh GOD YES! Fuck! FUCK! Look what you've done to me! UGH!"

You offer to fuck your own mother! OH! Drive her crazy! AHHH! SHIT! Parade this perfect fucking dick around me, making girls moan in my house! UGH! GOD! You keep doing so until you catch me in a weak moment and you end up convincing me to let this monster inside me! OH! YES! So fucking deep inside me, baby! AH! And you have the temerity to make me moan on this big FUCKING cock... FUCK YES! AHHH! Make me gush like a fucking whore over and over again! YES! FUCK! Convince me to get on my knees so you can titty-fuck my big bare tits! GODDAMN! AH! And now you have me bent over on your fucking bed! UGH! GOD! Fucking me so good up the fucking ass! FUCK! FUCK! What are you doing to me!? GOD! OH! Why am I loving this?"

"You're gonna cum, Mom?" Jason asked, feeling the pressure building up inside his balls. "Am I gonna make you cum by fucking you up the ass?"

"UGH! GOD! I think so..." his mother gasped, barely keeping it together, her body beginning to shake.

"Do it, babe! Just let go and do it!" Jason commanded, his pace not relenting, not letting up as he drilled her deep and hard.

"UGH! GOD!" Rachel moaned, her body shaking, arms holding on for dear life. Knowing something that would really push her over the edge, he reached down and grabbed a handful of her long, slick hair, yanking back at her firmly, lifting her upper-half off the bed as he reared back and really

doubled-down on her ass. "AHHHHHH! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! OHHHHHH!" she moaned out, this maneuver having it's intended effect, her body shuddering with unrestrained pleasure, screaming to the high-heavens, throat hoarse from the intensity of what she was enduring.

"Do it, Mom! Do it! Cum again!" he urged her, his pace not letting up, hitting her just right.

"UGH! UGH! UGH! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! AHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHHH!" Rachel screamed at the top of her lungs, her entire body shuddering, her asshole locking down around his driving cock, the hole now as tight as a clenched fist. Yet he didn't stop, continuing to fuck her ass even as her body became wracked with pleasure.

"FUCK! FUCK! FUCK!" Rachel moaned, her body shuddering, the forceful tugging at her hair supporting her upper half, her hands only stabilizing her, but only just barely. As her son kept drilling her hard, her entire body shuddered, and her tits swung beneath her lewdly. "GOD! UGH! FUCK! FUCK! OHHHH!" she groaned. At this, some lewd gushes of girl-cum fired out of her cunt, coating the mattress beneath her.

"UGGGGGH!" Jason groaned, screwing one eye shut as he struggled to hold back his own oncoming pleasure. His entire naked form was tightened, muscles flexed, working in conjunction to keep fucking her brains out and hold back the rush of cum building up in his balls.

"OHHHHH! GGGGOOOOOODDDD! YYYYYEEEEESSSSSS!" his mother screamed, enduring this titanic orgasm being inflicted upon her, her pussy gushing again, her mind feeling like it was splitting in two. And all throughout, Jason kept fucking her, unrelenting. Her ass kept squeezing his bloated prick as she underwent this massive wave of pleasure but he held strong, continuing to fuck her as hard as he could.

Finally, the waves of pleasure left her, leaving her exhausted body completely at his mercy. He kept drilling, releasing her hair to re-grab her raised hips, really going to town on an ass that had completely yielded to his lustful efforts, eagerly accepting his big throbbing dick with little resistance. With nothing holding him back, he let loose, chasing the orgasm that was well on its way by this point, his mom's orgasm bringing it to the precipice.

But as he approached it, he was surprised but pleasantly so to be interrupted.

"Are you gonna cum, baby?" his mom groaned sluggishly, totally exhausted but still hanging on to consciousness. "Are you gonna cum in my ass, Jason?"

"No..." Jason groaned, his neck tensed, barely hanging on. "I'm gonna cum on your face, just like I said I would."

"Hahaha..." she laughed tiredly. "Yeah! Do it babe! Paint my fucking face, honey!"

Hearing those words from his own mom was enough. His cock throbbing, his nuts very evidently turning the corner, he leapt to action.

"Fuck, fuck, fuck... here it comes..." he groaned, pulling himself out of her ass, grasping himself at the root of his cock as he did so, getting himself into place.

Finding one last reservoir of energy, Rachel followed suit. Once fully extricated from her son's huge dick, she got in position, crawling off the bed to get on her knees. Not expecting her to do this, he nonetheless followed her lead, rising to his feet to stand in front of her, his ready-to-blow dick pointed directly at her. He was about to take himself over the edge, but she beat him to it, grasping his cock between her slim fingers and immediately beginning to stroke it, ready to finish the job the way it started.

"Mmm... fuck!" Jason groaned, his cock shaking, almost numb with excitement as his mom jacked him off, making sure to point his dick directly at her face as she did so.

"Do it, honey... fucking cum all over me..." Rachel sighed, her voice hoarse and heavy, as if drunk with the overwhelming pleasure still flowing through her system. Her fist was a blur as she stroked his concrete-hard cock, trying to coax the cum out of his heavy balls.

"AHHH! FUCK! FUCK! FUCK! UGGGHHHHH!" Jason groaned out, turning the corner, his entire body tightening as he felt his cock set to blow. With an unholy flex, a thick, heavy wad of cum exploded out from the head of his cock, firing at high velocity, landing directly on his mom's face, the full length of the rope of jizz stretching diagonally from her forehead, down across the bridge of her nose, and then across her cheek. The next shot was a perfect vertical shot, stretching from her forehead, down the length of her nose, over her lips and onto her chin. The next shot stretched from her other cheek up into her sweat-soaked blonde hair. And these weren't weak shots of cum. This was the thick, heavy, white creamy stuff, firing out of his cock and onto his mom's gorgeous face.

And he wasn't done yet.

"OH!" he groaned his nuts flexing, this wad landing right on her eye lid, a heavy amount pooling there, with some of it bridging across her smooth, parted lips, and the remainder landing on her neck. His mom still guiding his wildly firing weapon, the next shot landed full-bore in to her waiting mouth, her tongue extending just in time to capture this massive was of sperm. The next few shot painted across her face, coating her cheeks, some adding to the pool of semen in her mouth that she eventually had to gulp down.

"More!" Rachel sighed, so far gone she welcomed this cum bath, a few more shots rocketing across her face, one even firing over her head. Re-aiming his cum cannon, she guided it towards some mostly unmarked territory.

Her massive, waiting tits.

There was a wide expanse of flesh waiting for him, and the first shot fired wildly, landing across both of her massive tits, a thin band of semen bridging her cleavage for a moment before snapping. The sight of his cum on his mom's giant boobs re-energized him, the next was one of his biggest yet, a heavy strand of it landing on her silky-smooth skin, dripping down her mountainous peaks once it landed. He fired off again and again and again, unable to stop, his cum soon crisscrossing her enormous rack, some even sticking to her stiff nipples. His mom never relented, continuing to stroke his firing cock, and eventually Jason saw light, unable to deal with it, almost blinded as he kept firing and firing until there was no more left.

He didn't know how long he'd been out of it till he blinked his way back into full awareness, his mom's hand releasing his spent member, his manhood fully emptied of all its ammo. Stumbling back, the young stud had to lean over and support himself by resting one hand on a side table as he recovered. It was only then that he fully appreciated the sight before him.

His mom was still on her knees, and she was truly plastered with cum, and inhuman amount of semen coating her body. Immediately, he recognized that this was likely the biggest wad of cum he'd ever fired, and it seem like damn near every drop of it was on her smooth flesh. Her face was painted with ropes of cum, some landing all over her gorgeous features, some sticking in her hair, some landing on her neck. Her lips had bands of cum still hanging on them, and one eyelid was so weighed down with cum that she couldn't open it, the other eye doing all the work.

And her tits were equally splattered with cum, bands of the thick, creamy stuff all over their smooth slopes, sticking to the silky flesh. Some landed on the outer curves, some went down into her cleavage, and some dangled from her nipples.

His mom on her ass on the floor of his bedroom, covered with his cum... it was a sight that would be burned into his mind for the rest of his life.

Rachel was still recovering. Still floating from her own orgasm, she was still in somewhat of a shock as she reckoned with the fact that she had been fucking hosed down with her son's cum. There was so much of it that she didn't know what to do other than just sit back and feel every drop of his warm, thick seed sticking to her body.

The sex was done, and both of them were spent, each silently acknowledging that fact after such an explosive ending. But sitting on the floor in front of him, the adrenaline leaving her system, the weight of what had just transpired began to hit her. Her cooler head began to rise from the vicious sinful cloud of nasty sex she'd been swimming in before. Needing to escape this awkward, post-coital moment, her normal mind had to assert control of her sluggish, exhausted body.

"Uhhh..." she groaned out, searching for words. "I think this is done. I need to go."

"Yeah..." he agreed, grinning in satisfaction, still catching his breath, the adrenaline leaving his body same as hers. What could be said after what had just transpired. It spoke volumes that a guy as composed and confident as Jason couldn't find the words to address the insanity of what had just transpired between them.

On shaky limbs, she tried to push herself up to her feet, still covered in his cum and making no move to clean it up. Moving to action, he helped her to feet, making sure she was balanced before releasing her. Stumbling slightly, she began to slowly walk away, her naked butt facing him as she did so. She only paused to pick up her discarded dress and bra, not being to locate where her thong had ended up. Glancing back at her naked son with the one eye she could open, she took in the sight, him standing naked, his body impressive even as he wound down, his prick still lengthy even when not in action mode. She gave him a significant, loaded look before

turning away, opening the door and stumbling out, still naked, walking slowly down the hall to her own room.

She found herself in the bathroom, the light a little too bright as it pierced her haze. She stood in front of the mirror, staring at her reflection, not seeing her own visage but instead seeing a slut of the highest order, one who'd just willingly participated in explosive, incestuous sex with her son. And her body wore the fallout. Her gorgeous face was absolutely covered with cum, painted all over by his powerful weapon, streaks of thick, creamy white cum coating her beautiful features. Her cheeks, her nose, her forehead, her chin, even her lips still had thick bands of cum sticking to them. Her one eyelid was still fully weighed down with a puddle of her son's sperm, the thick shot of cum that was so heavy it forced her eye shut.

The rest of her showed the signs of encounter she'd just endured. Her normally faultless blonde hair was a mess, sweaty and knotted up, and also adorned with a few stray bands of jizz that had fired beyond her hairline. Her breasts were as glazed as her face, painted with thick heavy jets of cum that had rocketed out of her son's amazing firehose, the full contents of his sizable balls fully covering her. And that was all from their second bout, as the contents that had been brewing in his nuts earlier in the day was currently leaking out of her tight, grasping cunt. Fuck, it felt like he fired a gallon up into her... so fucking deep inside her. She was very much unprotected, so that was potent cum pumped into a fertile pussy... fuck, she couldn't think about that now.

She looked over the rest of her reflection. Her fair skin was coated with red marks from the intense physicality of the action and her chest kept rising and falling as she tried to catch her breath. She'd been desperate to get fucked for a long time now, and looking at her reflection... she'd gotten what she asked for and more. She stared into her own eyes through the mirror, the gravity of what she'd just done evident in what she saw. Her face remained expressionless as the gravity of what just happened began to fully hit her.

That was about the last thing she was able to remember that night, as the adrenaline fully left her soon after, and the toll of such intense action began to hit her. She must have cleaned herself up, but she didn't really remember any of it. All she knew was that when her head hit the pillow, she fell into the deepest sleep of her life, so deep an explosion wouldn't have been able to wake her.

Jason wasn't one for long, deep rests at night, often working late into the night and picking up catnaps along the way during the day. But the weight of what he'd just done affected him as well, his body falling back naked onto the bed. It didn't matter that his bed was a sweaty, slick mess from all the sex. It didn't matter that he could still smell his mom's amazing, sexy scent even with her gone. That only made it better. It didn't matter that he still had work to do, and would probably have to finish it up in the morning. He was exhausted.

Even sex gods need some rest, and after what he just took part in, he'd earned a night's sleep to recharge.

As he settled into bed, his mind was racing. Jesus... that was amazing! Even better than he hoped it would be. His mom was so hot and so tightly wound that he always knew that if he ever convinced her to get naked and cut loose, she'd be dynamite in bed. And indeed, she was, the best he'd ever had. Without question. His cock had been drained like no other woman had been capable of doing. There was nothing quite like making your own hot-bodied mother cum at the end of your cock. There was nothing comparable to seeing your mom completely fall under the sway of his massive penis, going crazy over it in every manner possible. No one had thrown themselves into the moment quite like his mom did, not holding back like so many other girls did. God... he wanted more of this, despite what his mom stated.

His mind was always moving, and even as he tried to drift off, plans were coming together. He'd wanted to fuck his mom for years now, and once wouldn't be enough. He was the guy who turned a simple sale of a program he invented into a job with one of the biggest tech companies in the world. He always wanted more. He didn't just want one single fuck with his smoke-show mom. He wanted more. He wanted this again and again. He wanted something more... permanent.

He knew his mom would outright reject such a notion, but he knew how to toy with her better than anyone. He'd gotten into her pants once... he

could not only convince her to do it again, but proverbially keep them off for good. Nothing official crystallized in his mind just yet, but he was already coming with all sorts of fun ways to drive her crazy,

He fell asleep with a very satisfied smile on his face.

To be continued...