



NO PATIENCE FOR HIGH
STANDARDS PART II
THE TALKMAN

Rachel DeAngelo awoke at around 11:30 AM the next morning. She was so high-strung, and her life so regimented that she rarely let herself sleep in. There was always too much to do to sleep in like this. But after experiencing this kind of rest... she realized how badly she needed it.

She didn't dream, her mind so wiped by the events of the night before that she didn't have the energy to do so. And judging by the soreness of her body, as soon as her body hit the mattress she didn't move, her body not wasting a lick of strength as she re-charged.

Of course, she was experiencing certain other types of physical soreness, but that was the good kind of soreness, and she wasn't complaining about that.

While she was wide awake, her body was still feeling sluggish both from the deep slumber and the events of the night before. Pushing herself up to her feet, still as naked as she was when she fell into bed, she moved slowly towards the bathroom, cleaning herself up a bit before returning. Rachel always took pride in her appearance, never dressing down

even when there was no one to impress, but today was justifiably an exception.

First, she pulled on a pair of underwear that was slightly more practical than the miniscule thong she'd worn the night before, a pair of lacy purple, booty-short style underwear. But even in this moment, she couldn't resist looking good, the underwear leaving exposed the lower halves of her perfect ass-cheeks, enough to make any man melt. But that wasn't the goal, as she paired on a pair of loose, blue, thin, cotton flannel pajama pants, a garment that valued comfort over style. Then again, it was impossible to make her body look bad, and the thin material did a great job of showcasing her immaculate ass without even trying.

Up top, she kept it simple, pulling on a snug blue top, an old short-sleeved shirt she hadn't worn in a while that was snug enough to allow her to eschew wearing a bra. It was a little short, showing off a small hint of her midriff. And to cap off this relaxed look, and not really feeling like dealing with her contacts, she opted to wear her glasses, some chunky black stylish frames that really completed the dressed down look. Finally good to go, she padded out of the room on bare feet, she sauntered slowly down the hall towards the stairs, resting one hand on the banister as she began descending the stairs.

Her mind couldn't hold back the memories of the previous night. What happened... it was crazy. She'd had sex with her son. It was INSANE! Her and her son had spent the previous night fucking each other's brains out! After she'd worked so hard to ensure such an outcome would never happen, she'd gone a date that had gone so poorly that she marched right back home and had sex with her own son. Her fucking stud of a son... She couldn't believe she did it, even now. It seemed too crazy to be real, but the very clear soreness of her lower half thanks to his bludgeoning cock let her know that what happened had been VERY real. It was wrong, it was madness, it was INCEST! A mom and a son fucking, having vigorous unprotected sex, her well-built son doing it so well that he made her gush over and over again, the sex culminating in him pumping a gallon of cum deep inside of her pussy after he'd made her gush. And then, what felt like immediately afterwards, he fucked her ass so thoroughly that she came again, just from the ass-fucking, and he came once again, coating her face and tits with his thick cum. It was pretty much the most sinful thing a mom and son could do with each other.

But she was shocked by how little guilt she felt.

That's not to say she was pumped about what had happened the previous night, or that she didn't regret that her messy life

had allowed things to reach such a point where incest was the only option on the table.

But the fact of the matter was, there'd been a knot inside of her that left her tense, angry, and on-edge every minute of every day. And now... that knot was gone. She felt relaxed in a way she hadn't in years, and she had her son to thank for that. Despite some of the things said during the events of the night before, she chose to look at what had happened in the manner he'd originally offered it, her stud of a son providing a clinical, emotionless service.

Sure, in a lot of ways, their fucking was everything but those things. Intense, hot, passionate fucking. Vigorous, exhausting sex that broke them both down to their rawest forms. In the heat of passion, she'd kissed him, swapped spit with her own son. In the heat of the moment, she'd begged him to pump her full of cum. After the fact, she'd gotten on her knees on her own volition, coaxing his cock back to life for the sole purpose of fucking her up the ass. In truth, it was anything but clinical. Anything but emotionless.

But things said in the throes of passion don't really count in the grand scheme of things. Yeah, she'd said and done some things she didn't really mean, pumping up his ego just to make their fucking even better. None of it meant anything

going forward. Even though she said some things, that didn't make them true. It was just a single crazy night. Nothing more.

That's all it could be.

That being said, she wasn't looking forward to the awkward moment when she was confronted with her son. So much had happened the previous night... how could things go back to normal after that? After they had sex! She just had to hold true to her current feelings. It could only be that one insane night. That's all. He'd probably push for more, make some heavy-handed comments to try to convince her to do it all again. She'd just have to hold strong and put her foot down. She readied herself as she descended the stairs, hitting the ground floor.

Almost immediately, her nose caught the smell of food, a strong spicy smell hitting her nostrils. This made her realize how hungry she was, her body craving nourishment after the marathon fucking she'd taken part in the night prior. She followed the smell like a cartoon character, practically floating towards the kitchen.

Her blood began pumping as soon as she was in her son's presence again. Her body reacted, a jolt hitting her pussy, her nipples stiffening ever so slightly. Memories of the previous night flooded her mind, her loud screaming moans echoing in her ears, as did his masculine groans of pleasure. Her body remembered the feeling of that big, beautiful cock of his stuffed down her throat... in her cunt... in her ass. She even recalled the feeling of that massive shaft of his driving between her big breasts. She remembered the feeling of that enormous dick of his pumping a massive wad of cum deep inside her eager pussy. She remembered the cum shower that ended the night. All those moments were etched into stone, never to be forgotten. Her groggy mind had done its best to push those memories into the recesses of her mind, but as soon as she was in his presence, all the memories from the sex they had the night prior were right back in her mind's eye.

She had to pause in her approach, silently stopping as she got herself together. Taking a few deep breaths, and literally trying to shake her mind clear of those invasive memories, she resumed walking into the kitchen, making enough noise to announce her presence.

Jason was facing away from her, working over the stove, cooking up something. He was dressed simply, a snug white shirt and a pair of green shorts. Casually dressed, but as

always, he looked good without even trying. Sensing a presence behind him, he looked over his shoulder and saw his mom.

"Hey!" he called out to her with a warm smile before refocusing on his work.

"Smells good!" she replied, trying to keep things casual as she sidled up to the kitchen island, planting her shapely butt on one of the tall chairs there.

"Yeah, figured I'd cook up something good this morning. Something with a little kick..." he replied, preparing a plate, fixing it up, and sliding it across the marble island, sliding it in front of her. Not quite the level of foodie that her son was, she didn't quite recognize the dish. It was clearly a Mexican dish of some sort, with rice, beans, chorizo, peppers, cheese, and some sort of spicy sauce, among other things. Taking a fork from Jason, she took a stab at the dish, bringing it to her lips and tasting it.

"Oh my God..." she said, the taste fantastic, but the heat slow building in her mouth, causing her to gratefully accept the glass of ice water Jason offered, swigging it down quickly. But

that wasn't enough, as she fanned her mouth to cool off her palate.

"Good?" he asked with a confident smile. Even in this moment, she couldn't deny how good-looking he was, despite her best efforts to deny it to herself.

"Yeah," she replied. "A little hot, though," she added, coughing a bit. He smiled.

"That's how I like it, I'm afraid," he responded, before turning around to continue cooking up a plate for himself. Taking a few more bites, getting used to the heat, she looked up to see Jason's back was to her again. Part of her wanted to avoid addressing the elephant in the room, and her mind drifted to the sight in front of her. She couldn't deny that it was always impressive to watch him work, cooking with a self-assured confidence that was well-earned given the results on the plate. No wasted motions, keenly aware of every aspect of the meal being brought together in front of him. Looking him up and down again, she admired his broad shoulders, his strong back, his nice butt right in front of her, the muscles on his arms being showcased by the snug shirt he was wearing. He looked good. She was reminded of the thought that given the circumstances where she ended up fucking her own son... she was rather lucky to have one who was such a well-built stud.

Her mind flashed to the memories of seeing that body in action mode the previous night, that body exposed completely to her, his muscles flexed, working in unison, making a meal of her delicious body.

She pulled herself from her thoughts, shaking her head to clear them away. She had to address the elephant between them, but she was clearly struggling to focus. She just needed to get it all out on the table. Realizing that this conversation might be easier if she didn't have to face him down as she did so, she simply leapt into it.

"Um..." she paused, immediately feeling a bit of nerves. She shook her head, pushing through it. "So, about last night..." she began.

"Yeah?" he called back casually, still focusing on the stove. "You mean when we fucked?" Wincing at him laying it out so plainly, she nonetheless pushed through it.

"Yeah... when we had sex..." she admitted with low, monotone regret. Pushing past that, she continued. "So... I won't deny that I had a good time," she admitted up front. It'd be foolish to try to deny that given that he was right there

with him the entire time. He'd seen her at her most blissed out.

"That's good!" he replied with good humor, glancing back at her again and grinning. He was making her shake her head with mild annoyance with how little seriousness he was treating this. She just had to put her foot down and re-draw the line that had existed between them until the night prior.

"But I want to make clear that what happened last night... while it was fun... it's not a thing that can happen again," she stated, finally saying it. He remained silent, looking away from her. Eager to fill the awkward silence, she kept talking. "It's not a thing that a mother and son should be doing, let alone make a habit of. It served its purpose, for sure. But I think it might be best to write it off as a momentary bit of insanity and leave it at that."

There was another long pause as he took this all in. Finally reacting, he glanced back to face her.

"That's it?" he asked.

"Yeah..." she responded slowly. She gave him a surprised look, expecting a different reaction, expecting him to make some leering comment to try and convince her to slip into bed with him again.

He turned off some burners, patiently serving himself up a plate of food. Once he did so, he turned to face her, calmly stuffing a few bites a few into his mouth. Looking at her, unbothered by this return to the status quo, he spoke up.

"That was the deal, right?" he asked bluntly. She looked up at him, still a little confused by his reaction, yet saying nothing. "The deal was that I'd help you out, give you a good time and help you blow off some steam. Nothing more than that... right?" He took another bite off his plate.

"Right..." she replied, still caught off guard by how casual he was being about this.

"Good! We're on the same page, then," he said with a pleased smile.

"Alright then," Rachel replied slowly, taking another bite of her food, slightly confused at how easy this ended up being.

It almost felt too easy. Was this another one of his mind games? Was he trying to get in her head? "So... that's it?" she asked, repeating his question from before, almost imploring him to drop the other shoe.

"Yeah! That's it!" he said, grinning happily, stuffing more food into his mouth. His mom didn't know what to feel at how little fight he put up to this. Not that she wanted him to put up a fight and keep trying to get in her pants like he normally did, but... she almost wanted him to push back a bit?

Why was he being so casual about this, after pushing for it like mad for years? He clearly had just as much of a good time as she did... right? Or was it just another night for him? Did what happened last night affect him so little?

"I'm glad we're on the same page," he began, chomping down a few more bites. "I confess... I already made some plans for tonight. I met this girl at a work thing... Hwa-Young... she was an intern from the college. She's in the area, so... we're gonna meet up."

"Oh..." Rachel replied, the words coming out of her in a disappointed tone without realizing it, but he didn't seem to catch onto that. He was gonna hook-up with some other girl?

What happened the night before... it had to be as monumental for him as it was for her. And he was just... moving right on to some other little slut?

"Yeah, so I got that going tonight. I've actually gotta a few things planned for the afternoon to, so... I'll be out most of the day. "Kinda works out, then, that what's done between us is done, right?"

"Right..." she replied, again affecting a disappointed tone without knowing it. Again... he didn't seem to notice. Unable to resist, considering he'd said little about what had transpired the night before, a question rose to her lips.

"Did you, uh... enjoy yourself?" she asked. Quickly, he responded.

"Oh, yeah! It was great!" he replied, grinning. Despite agreeing that last night would be a singular occurrence between them, she couldn't deny the satisfaction she felt that he was satisfied with her performance. Internally, she shook her head upon this realization, but it had been so long since she'd had a worthy partner that she couldn't deny that she was craving some positive affirmation about her underused skillset in the bedroom. And she'd given it her all... he'd be

insane to say it wasn't good. Because she was fucking great in bed. She knew it. It was just good to finally hear it from somebody. She grinned lightly upon hearing it. Not completely blind, he sensed her conflicted feelings on the matter. Eying her, examining her reactions, he spoke up.

"Don't take it personally about me hooking up with someone else tonight," he replied.

"Why would I take it personal? I'm not your girlfriend. I'm not your booty call. I'm your mom," she stated firmly. "We're never gonna fuck again. So... do what you want." He studied her for a moment, before finally smiling and nodding at her.

"This is kinda how I do things. It's what I've had to do." Jason explained, putting his now empty plate in the sink. "Here's why I don't do the girlfriend thing anymore. Girls like hopping into bed for me for... that..." he said, referencing the events of the previous night. "But they don't sign up for doing that night after night after night. They just can't match that pace. They can't do it! No slight to them, they all admit it. So, that's why I mix it up with so many girls." He paused, looking at her with a half-smile. "So, don't take it personally... you're in good company."

"Okay..." she replied, not so sure how to feel about that. As she thought it over, he spoke up to himself.

"Shit, that reminds me. I need to text Hwa-Young, and I forgot my phone. Be right back!" he said, hurriedly stepping out of the kitchen and rushing upstairs.

Rachel kept thinking about what he said even after he left the room. And as she thought long and hard about it, she began shaking her head more and more.

"No... fuck you!" she said to herself but directed at her son. He and her took part in some hardcore INCEST the night prior. Nasty, sweaty, intense incest. And he just acts like it's a regular hook-up? Nothing different than what he normally gets. No. Fuck him! She was his mom, and he her son. He'd been angling to get in her pants for years, and then he gets it once, gets it really good, and then moves on without a peep? Bull fucking shit! This was some game on his part, some way at poking at her, doing so with a smile as he always fucking did. He might get away with that shit with those tramps he bangs, but she knew him better than anyone. She could see through his bullshit.

But that wasn't all she was upset about. He goes on and regards her as if she were on the same level as all those little skanks he brings to the house. No! She was so much better than all those girls in every way! None of those bitches could match up with her body. None could fuck like she could. He put her through some true turmoil leading her to the events of the previous night. She gave that smug asshole the best sex of his life... he should have the decency to tell her that. Because that's why she provided him the night before. Zero doubt in her mind.

Suddenly losing her appetite, she pushed her plate away, trashing what was left and walking away. In the end, it didn't matter. What had happened happened, and it wasn't gonna happen again. She didn't want to let him get in her head again. Physically, she was feeling great, relaxed and fulfilled in a way she hadn't felt in years. Sure, Jason was the one who brought her that satisfaction, but she wasn't going let his bullshit ruin the good thing he'd done. She vowed to push him out of her head for the rest of the day.

She made herself scarce until he heard him leave the house, and it was only then she reappeared downstairs. Closing her eyes, she savored the silence, the peace and quiet. With Jason gone, so went his bullshit, and a weight was lifted from her shoulders.

Seeking a low-stress day, she didn't change, remaining dressed down, no one to impress as she planned to stay home all day. Marching back to the kitchen, she grabbed a jar of peanut butter and took it to the living room. Planting herself on the couch and flipping on the TV, it sounded like a perfect opportunity to sit on her ass, feast on junk food, and watch murder shows all day. She'd earned it.

And she did just that, having the laziest day she'd had in years. She was one who never let herself slow down, always some task to work on. Not today. She'd been far too busy the day before, and she had to offset that. Jason was indeed gone most of the day, and when he did pop back home to change before his date, they didn't even cross paths, leaving again before she even saw him.

Perfect.

She cooked a nice meal for herself for dinner. Jason always leapt to be the driver in the kitchen, cooking the main meals as often as possible, so she enjoyed the opportunity to handle things on her own free of his influence. Sure, the Cajun food she cooked up lacked some of the rich flavor her son was capable of bringing to meals like this, but it was still pretty damn good (which it should be, considering she grew up in Cajun country), and she vowed from this point forward to

cook for herself and take back some of her own territory in this house. Overall, it was a pretty good day.

Then Jason got home.

Rachel was just finishing up cleaning up after dinner when Jason and his little slut for the night arrived. Rachel had some earbuds in as she worked, so she jumped upon being confronted with a new presence.

"Hey..." Jason said casually. "We're just gonna hang out by the pool for a while." But his mom looked right past him to the girl he was leading.

She was pretty, Rachel relented, but not overly so. Tall, willowy, long black hair and smooth skin. This girl, Hwa-Young... she was dressed nicely, wearing a green knit tank-top which exposed her midriff, and black skirt that ended above her knees. The rest of her legs were exposed, and she wore a pair of black flip-flops on her feet.

Walking past Rachel as she followed Jason to the backyard, she glanced at her date's mom sheepishly, smiling and nodding.

"Hi..." she said sheepishly to the older blonde.

"Hi," Rachel replied, putting on the fakest smile she could, but the young woman was too naïve to pick up on it. As she walked past, Rachel looked her up and down. Jesus... that girl had no tits, none in the slightest. And that girl's butt was nowhere near as shapely as her own. And again... she was not that pretty. Frankly, she was far closer to plain. Will he fuck literally any girl with a pulse? If so, did that mean he didn't even value the gravity of their incestuous encounter the previous night, and merely saw her as another in a long line of girls he could convince to spread their legs for him? Fucker!

Rachel kept eyeing the Korean girl as she followed Jason to the backyard, the mom shaking her head the whole time. Going to that little bitch after spending the previous night with her... what an absolute downgrade. He had to be trolling his mom by picking out a girl like her. He had to. Going from the best he ever had to... that girl... what was he thinking?

Rachel's night was spoiled by this intrusion, so she opted to go to bed early rather than have her son and that ugly little tramp on the periphery of her vision for the rest of her night.

But sleep came with great difficulty.

She tried to read a book on her tablet as she listened to music in her bedroom until she got tired, but even through the music, she could hear the giggles and splashing of water rising from the backyard. This distracted her, and she found herself reading the same paragraph over and over again. Finally, she gave up, tossing her tablet aside, trying to just shut her eyes and force sleep upon herself. Somehow, sleep found her...

For about an hour.

Woken up by some noises from down the hall, she was immediately at full attention. As soon as her eyes opened, she knew. She just knew what she was hearing.

Moans.

"Oh my God!" the shy Korean girl moaned from down the hall. "You're so big, babe! Oh fuck! UGH!"

"Haha..." Jason laughed. "First time I've heard that!" he joked.

Rachel's blood was boiling. She'd been forced to overhear things like this for years now, but never had it pissed her off as much as it did right now. It was like he was trying to piss her off all day. Not putting up a fight when she drew a line in the sand between them, after spending years making it clear he wanted to fuck her more than anything. Not only did he then blow her off all day, he did so to hook-up with some other girl, that skinny, flat-chested little bitch! And now, Jason was fucking that Hwa-Young bitch in the same bed he'd fucked Rachel in the night prior, knowing that his mom could hear him in action.

What a motherfucker! No... actually, on this night, he was anything but a motherfucker... just a regular fucker. A plain-girl fucker. A shameless, no-good, piece of shit son who didn't even have the decency to tell his hot mom that the incestuous fuck they shared was the best sex of his life. That the most fulfilling sex of her life was equally as good for him, that it wasn't just another hook-up in a series of hook-ups.

It was late, but she was fully awake, her blood pumping. Listening to Hwa-Young's mewling sighs of pleasure made the angry mom want to march in there and claw her fucking eyes out. Rachel was not a violent person, but she hated Hwa-

Young more than she hated any other person. Why would he be in there with that girl when his own mom, who had his hook-up beat in every way, was left in here, alone and unsatisfied?

She'd been good all day, the sex from last night leaving her all good in terms of horniness. But hearing them going at it down the hall, hearing her son's masculine groans of pleasure... her body reacted despite herself, muscle memory ingrained in her from the night before. She found her clit stiff as could be, and one quick touch sent electric bolts of pleasure throughout her. She was about to start touching herself to the sounds from down the hall before she stopped herself.

No. NO! If he wasn't about to give her even the slightest amount of credit for the night before, she would refuse to let the memories of last night stick with her. She would not give him the victory of her masturbating while listening to him in action. If he wanted to treat her like nothing of consequence happened the night before, she'd do the same in return, carrying on as if all was normal and nothing had changed.

The best victory was to live well, and she would make him regret so rudely ignoring her today by paying him no mind in return. Give him nothing as a reward for his good work. Don't let whatever game he was playing now affect her.

If he wanted to keep toying with her, she would play the same game. And this time, she would win.

One Week Later

There was a very good reason why, a week after making that promise to herself, Rachel was sunning herself by the pool in the tiniest bikini she owned, knowing her son would be out there looking at her juicy exposed body. It was nothing he convinced her to do. This was all her idea. And when she explained it, it would make total sense.

In the immediate aftermath of their illicit fuck session, Jason carried on like nothing of consequence had happened between them, and she didn't take the bait, doing the same, pretending that things hadn't changed between them.

Her co-workers commented on the marked change of attitude with her, as she came across like she had a very good weekend. Some of her female friends knew she'd gone on a date, giving her an easy excuse to admit to them that she had

indeed gotten laid over the weekend. Girls being girls, they wanted details, and with no other material to go off of, her marathon encounter with Jason provided plenty of fodder for juicy gossip. Of course, they didn't know it was her son she was talking about, but through her vivid descriptions, they seemed immediately impressed by his skill and jealous of Rachel for experiencing such a night. When Rachel stated it would be a one-time thing between her, they seemed baffled by this choice, one of them doing her best to change her mind, and the other half-jokingly asking Rachel for his number.

Rachel tried to play it all off, not wanting to give her son any more credit and pump his already inflated ego. That being said, she internally registered that the mere description of their night together was enough to get two other women her age who were almost as hot as she was super interested in him and his talents, eager to hear every juicy detail. Fuck... that boy truly did seem to discover a certain mastery of sex, to practically seduce two women he'd never even met based only on descriptions of his virility. Hell, even when she poured her heart out to Carmella about the whole thing with Jason weeks earlier, she didn't seem all that offput by the idea, solely on how objectively appealing Jason was.

In that sense, perhaps she shouldn't feel so bad for giving into him too, as it seemed like he had an undeniable appeal to

women, and seemingly could have his way with literally any woman he wanted, including his own mother. Some might say she should feel lucky to have hooked-up with such a stud, even if they didn't know her son was the stud in question. But Rachel wasn't exactly in the headspace to admit such a thing, because she did know it was her son who gave it to her, and she was still trying to play down the events of that night because of that. But being forced to relive them in her chat with the girls at work brought those memories back to the surface, and she had trouble tamping them back down.

Rachel had trouble stopping herself from getting really, REALLY horny.

She'd gone through a dry-spell that lasted well over a year, and she'd hoped the thorough deep-dicking she'd endured over the weekend reset her horniness level down to zero for a long period of time, enough to get her head back together until she found a healthier outlet for her needs.

That lasted a few days.

How could she possibly just look past the fact that she'd just had the best sex of her life, even if it was with her own son? She was a normal, well-adjusted person, and no one thought

anything was even the slightest bit off with her. No one around her knew what she'd done. No one around her could even conceive that a woman as gorgeous and successful and well-adjusted as herself would take part in an incestuous affair with her own stud of a son. She could still barely reckon with that fact that she and him had gotten naked and had nasty sex with each other. And despite her best efforts, she couldn't stop thinking about that insane night. It was incredible, world-shattering, life-changing sex. As soon as she started thinking about it, her body would take over, warming up as she vividly recalled every amazing moment.

And despite her best efforts, she was thinking about it a lot.

She tried her best to forget what she'd done with Jason, but it didn't help that she was going home every night to a house with him in it, forced to confront the young man she was trying her damndest to forget about. She was forced to be confronted with his sexuality every day, not only through her memories of that fateful encounter, or the fact that he was banging a different girl almost every night down the hall, but the fact that she was just in his presence. Their bodies being around each other, communicating even as she outwardly tried to ignore what they'd done together. Sure, she would scowl at him, or roll her eyes at something he'd say, but as she did so, her pussy would get soaked, and her nipples would

stiffen, memories of the pleasure he was capable of bringing her flooding her body. Her eyes would blaze with fury upon hearing yet another girl being brought into her house for his satisfaction, and yet, she wouldn't be able to forget the pleasure he'd brought her that fateful night. So, she let him get away with it for the rest of the week without a fight or even a comment dissuading him from doing so, letting him fuck all these other girls right under her nose just as before, because it brought all those memories of that night back to the forefront like nothing else. Hearing her son going at it with some slut and recalling so clearly how it was her in that same position at the end of his big cock, moaning even louder than they were... it was such an alluring sensation that she couldn't stop herself from re-living that crazy night. The more she tried to push those memories away, the more they'd rise back to the surface. So, despite her best efforts, she was thinking about her son... A LOT. Especially at night, when she had no other things to distract herself other than the needs of her body...

Rachel hated that she'd opened the door in her mind to certain qualities about her son that she just couldn't shut closed again. She still found him annoying, and arrogant, and nasty. He was also cute, with a great head of hair and a smile that could melt even the iciest of veneers. He was tall... and tan... and muscular... fuck, he was sculpted. And he had a great butt, too. And that cock of his... it was just huge! And

powerful! Even his balls were fantastic, big and swollen and full. And he was an incredible fuck! She was a woman who had over 25 years of experience at fucking, and he was way, WAY better than her, fucking her into oblivion till she couldn't think straight. He had eclipsed in one night what no other man had been able to accomplish in her entire life. And now she had to go back to normal, as if she didn't know any of this. But her body knew it, and it reacted every time he was in her presence.

Her body wanted more. Every time they were in close proximity to each other, her body craved more sex. She tried to move past that night with Jason, and for a day or two, she really committed to that. But as the week went on, and she spent, even in passing, more and more time around her hunky son, that burning need arising within her again.

She tried her best to extricate herself from him even as they lived in the same house, to be independent from him as much as possible. She kept herself busy. She cooked for herself and even the results of her own cooking paled in comparison to the flavors her son could conjure. She tried not to engage any of his attempts to get a rise out of her, namely parading around girls in the house so soon after their hook-up. He could no doubt sense her intense annoyance which she couldn't hide, but he kept at it.

But as the week went on, and as the tension that her son's deep-dicking had relieved in her began to slowly creep toward the levels they were at before that fateful night, her defenses began to slip. He started walking around shirtless more often than he used to, and she found her eyes watching all the wonderful views on display. Like the time he walked back in the house after working out, and the way the beads of sweat slid down his sculpted abs... she couldn't look away. He started wearing that type of swim trunks that were more like tight shorts, glued to his body, leaving little to the imagination, the mom's mind flooding with the images of that intense night they'd shared when she'd seen all of him in the flesh. There was one point where he was walking around just in those shorts, even after leaving the pool, and Rachel found herself unable to look away from the ridiculous bulge caused by his massive, powerful manhood. And despite being pissed at him at the time, her eyes remained glued to it until he finally changed. He no doubt noticed her staring but didn't say a thing.

But the thing that really made her blood boil was that he kept acting as if nothing had happened between them even as he continuously baited her with his body. He kept up the knowing innocence act while purposely driving her crazy. It reached the point where she began rubbing herself at night as she listened to him plow one of his little sluts, even busting

out her big dildo. But it was never enough, paling in comparison to the real thing. He was driving her insane, and he had to know how it was affecting her.

She was reminded of the time before they had sex. Where it felt like she was trying to swim upstream, even as the flow was trying to take her to the inevitable. For a few days after their illicit fuck session, it felt like she was treading water, free to swim wherever she wanted. But then, the undertow started tugging at her, and within days, she was right back where she began, swimming away from a fate she was trying to avoid. And it was all because he seemed to get a kick out of needling her.

This is where inspiration struck. This is where she realized that if he was going to be toying with her like this, she would return the favor. She would bust through his act and make her acknowledge her, acknowledge what had happened, and if she had to do it by making him acknowledge her body first, then so be it.

By the end of the week, she was wearing tighter clothes, garments that highlighted her incredible body. She was also showing more skin, specifically tops with plunging necklines that left her succulent cleavage on display. But the motherfucker didn't bite, possessing a level of self-control that

surpassed her own, never once letting his gaze waver. His eyes possessed a twinkle that let her know he could see what she was doing, but he never allowed himself to look, at least when she could see. She would bend over with him nearby, her pants glued to her delicious ass, and his stride didn't waver, walking right past a display that most men would kill to see. She even... fuck, this sounded bad, but she did that thing that teenage sluts did and had their thongs pulled up over the hem of her pants, a whale-tail... she did that as well, walking around all afternoon like that, and he didn't do a thing about it, other than wear a knowing smirk at the lewd display.

That's how she ended up in her filthiest bikini next to the pool, bathing in the sun, a display so lewd it practically demanded acknowledgment. And she would ensure he would do so, emerging into the backyard as he swam laps in the pool, so focused on the task at hand that he didn't notice her emerge from inside dressed like this. She didn't think twice about it... this was the only logical recourse to his behavior, to dress up with so much skin on display that he had to acknowledge it. To finally break through the smug façade he was wearing and make him come clean about what was going on between them.

It had been a long time since she'd worn this bikini, and the one occurrence where she did wear it didn't last for long. It was white with seafoam blue trim, and the miniscule white patches of material were adorned with glittery bits that made it stand out in the light. The cups strained against her massive fleshy tits, the tiny patches of material digging into her succulent melons, one strip of material bridging across her cleavage, holding the garment together. The straps of it dug into her shoulders, but it held strong, keeping her giant boobs in place. Barely.

The lower half of it was teeny tiny, a miniscule patch of triangular material covering her pussy just barely. The bikini bottoms matched the top, and it was a thong, the back of it simply an even smaller triangle resting at the upper crest of her ass-crack, the rest of it were the two straps rising high around her hips to the front, and the tiny band digging deep into her ass-crack and emerging on the other side, connecting with the material barely covering her pussy.

She'd worn it while on a vacation back when she was still married, when her husband and her went to a resort in the Caribbean. Even at a place as relaxed as that, she attracted a lot of attention, to the degree of Jim freaking out and getting her to wear something slightly more conservative. Now, she

was wearing it again for the first time since, not around strangers, but for her son.

Planting herself on a deck chair, wearing a pair of sunglasses, she lied back and closed her eyes, bathing in the sunlight, her flesh badly in need of a good tan. She hadn't been out sunning like this for a while, ever since her son kick started this game. Now... the game had changed.

The splashing of his swimming was the only thing she could hear as she rested on her back with closed eyes, his stamina impressive even by sound as she remained shut out to the rest of the outside world. It went on far longer than she would have expected, to the point where her bare flesh was starting to feel the heat of the midday sun.

Her eyes finally opened behind her dark sunglasses only when the rhythmic splashing of his swimming finally stopped. He stood up in the pool, pushing his wet hair back and rubbing the water from his eyes. His upper-half was on display, his muscles glistening with water, making his mom's eyes go wide. It was finally as he ascended the stairs out of the pool that he realized he wasn't alone, noticing his mom's presence over his shoulder. He fully stepped out of the pool, wearing those snug short style trunks that were glued to his body, and he began to walk around the pool towards her. Rachel began breathing a little deeper as he approached. Her

eyes were glued to his bulge as he got closer, the full shape of his impressive cock barely hidden by the tight orange material. As he got within speaking distance, he wore an amused look on his face, his eyes resisting the urge to hungrily gaze at her lewdly displayed form.

"Been awhile since I've seen you out here," he called out happily, a jolly tone in his voice, seemingly unaffected by what he was seeing.

"Just getting some sun," Rachel replied icily, unmoving. Meeting her eyeline even when he couldn't know if she was returning the favor, he finally replied.

"Alright, well enjoy. I'm heading in, then I'll be out with some friends for the rest of the day, so..." he replied, nodding at her before walking past her.

Once he was out of sight, her pulse began to race, and a sudden fury at his lack of acknowledgement of what she was putting on display for him spurred her into the action. Before she knew it, she was on her feet, marching behind him into the house, her thong-clad ass bouncing side-to-side, her boobs jiggling lewdly as she quickly followed him back inside,

yanking open the sliding door and loudly shutting it behind her to confront him.

"Okay, what the fuck is going on here?" she called out angrily, stopping him in his tracks from the other end of the room. Turning around calmly, he looked back at her with confusion.

"What are you talking about?" he replied calmly, still meeting her eyeline. Almost boiling over with anger, she could barely contain herself.

"We had sex, Jason!" she screamed out. "For two years, you made the fact that you wanted me abundantly clear! And then we do it, and you pretend like nothing happened. Like it was just another hook-up for you! I think you're fucking with me, and not in the fun way!"

"So, you had fun, then?" he asked with a smirk. Rolling her eyes, she couldn't find the words to say, finally giving up and looking away.

"Jason... that's not what I was saying," she demurred.

"Bullshit!" he replied, grinning. "You were squirting and moaning like crazy! And you were going on and on in rapturous approval of my big dick!" Her eyes flicked down at his lewdly displayed bulge, his weapon very clearly gaining power beneath his snug trunks.

"That's... beside the point..." she replied, unable to meet his eyeline and let him see the truth in her eyes, instead keeping her eyes firmly glued to his barely contained cock.

"I don't think it's unfair to say you had fun," Jason stated, both knowing that fact was hard to deny. She looked in his eyes, saying nothing, simply shrugging her shoulders. "And I bet you want to have fun like that again?" Jason questioned.

"YES!" she interjected, finally able to find her words, only to realize the implication of her words. "I mean, yes, of course, but not with you, not with my own son..." she stammered. He shook his head and gave her a confused look.

"So, what's the problem?" he asked, staring her down.

"Jason..." she paused, rubbing her forehead as she got herself together. "Listen, I put up with two years of your games. I know when you are messing with me."

"But you're so much fun to mess with!" he replied, grinning. "Cause you get so mad! Like now..."

"Well, I'm tired of it!" the mom asserted, putting on her best angry mom tone. "The games are over! I don't know why you're still messing with me. All I want to know is... Why don't you still want to FUCK me!?"

Jason immediately grinned smugly upon hearing this, and her saying it in her pissed-off mom voice made his cock lurch in his pants. Rachel almost instantly realized what she said and how it could be quite easily misconstrued as a complaint, and slightly blushing, she leapt to her own defense.

"Wait, I misspoke..." she said quickly as her son laughed at her. "That is NOT what I meant! Get it out of your head. What I was trying to say was that you made what you wanted from me abundantly clear over the last few years, and as soon as you got it, as soon as you got everything what you wanted, you moved on as if I was just a one-night stand, not your mom who you'd been leering at for years!"

"You think I got everything I wanted, Mom?" he asked calmly.

"What else do you need?" she asked with more desperation than she intended, the sudden seriousness in his voice resonating with her, taking her aback. And it was not only that, because for the first time since the day they fucked, he gave her body a hungry look, looking her bikini-clad body up and down in lusty admiration. Her body could feel his gaze upon it, and a shiver went through her, her nipples stiffening noticeably. Her noticed this and gave her the smallest of smirks before speaking.

"Look..." he began, standing shirtless in the dining room still wearing only his tight orange trunks as he engaged with her. "This is me giving you everything you asked for. I gave an offer a few years ago, one you eventually took me up on. You came to my room desperate for a good fuck, and that's what I gave you. The next morning, you emphasized that what happened would only happen once, and that we should both move on, and I complied. I did exactly what you asked. So, again I ask... what's the problem?"

"I... I... I..." she stammered, struggling to convey why she was so upset with him. Why was she mad? It was true that he was obeying her wishes to the letter, but it felt like malicious compliance, doing so in the manner best assured to piss her off. She knew he was up to something here.

This was the first time in two years that he'd completely obeyed her wishes, as he spent the entirety of that period of time mercilessly hitting on her and teasing her despite her drawing a very clear line between them. And despite knowing better, his efforts had worn her down, eventually leading to her surrendering to his insane offer in a moment of desperation.

And what happened then... happened. Can't deny that.

The only thing she could do now was move past it. Move on. Her request to Jason had been to just forget the sex ever happened, to go back to normal, a request he shockingly obeyed. And in the time since, they'd gone back to a normal that hadn't existed in so long, leaving her confused more than anything. He was clearly up to something, and his obeying of her wishes was so out of character as to be suspicious. But nonetheless, on paper, she was getting what she wanted, and she was in a position to just move on from this as she wanted. She should be happy, but she couldn't let it go. So, the

question was... what was she really mad about? What was she asking for here?

Luckily, Jason was ready to fill in the blanks.

"Mom... I know exactly what you want," he stated firmly, staring her down in such a way as to make her feel completely undressed, which she mostly was, but that was beside the point. In the moment afterwards, he took his time to look over her juicy, bikini-clad body again, and even though she was ostensibly covered up, it truly did feel like he could see every inch of her. Rachel shivered at being looked over so hungrily. Her eyes flicked to his manhood, a little stiffer than it had been moments prior. Her nipples followed suit.

"I don't know what you're talking about," she replied defensively.

"You know EXACTLY what I'm talking about," he replied. She looked back at him, saying nothing. Rolling his eyes as she refused to just come out and say it, he rubbed his forehead in annoyance before speaking. "Look... two years ago, I proposed a generous deal to you, to give you the best sex of your life, one you eventually agreed to and greatly

enjoyed. How about I propose a new one?" She smiled angrily and shook her head.

"That's NOT what I'm looking for," she stated emphatically even as she stood in front of her son in a thong bikini.

Attempting a new tact, he replied.

"Mom... you know you're not getting what you got from me from any other man," he began. His statement could be easily perceived as arrogant if it wasn't totally correct. It was telling that even as she got hornier over the course of the week, she wasn't looking for a date, her entire focus this past week on Jason. "Are you really prepared to go the rest of your life not experiencing anything close to THAT again... ever?" He asked, forcing her to relive the pleasures of their illicit encounter as she recalled them. Her body tensed up slightly, as even the thought of that incredible night put her body on edge. And as he said this, she immediately registered that he was most certainly correct. The difference between the men on the dating scene, and Jason... it was like he was on a whole other plane. A god among mortals.

A sex god. That was what she thought of him when he was done with her that night...

"I'll be fine..." she replied weakly, some of the bite in her voice notably gone, shaking that thought away as fast as she could, the echoes of it nonetheless lingering.

"Will you?" he asked calmly, taking a step towards her. She didn't move, but she did look away. "Listen... I know what you want, and I have experience with women playing hard to get. If you don't want to come out and say it... fine, whatever's easier for you. But trust me... I KNOW what you want." He repeated firmly, his voice so confident that it was undeniable as truth. Her eyes darted towards his, meeting his gaze for a moment. Her eyes gave the answer she couldn't work up the nerve to voice. Pausing, regretting the fact that he was about to say something so shameless and forward, he nonetheless recognized that it was his ultimate weapon, the key to breaking through her defenses. Smirking at her, he went for it. "Are you really gonna be able to go the rest of your life without this?" He asked, cupping his own straining bulge lewdly.

With him practically asking her to look, she couldn't stop herself from staring straight at his crotch without shame. Unable to stop staring, her eyes were glued to his bulge, the tight trunks showcasing his lengthy 10-inch weapon as if designed to do just that. His wrist-thick shaft and heavy balls were on display, and the on-edge mom couldn't pull her eyes

away. She could swear she could even see the outline of the head through the tight orange material. Fuck... so many wonderful memories were rising back to the surface.

"What kind of offer are you suggesting?" she replied, her voice distant as she spoke without pretense, her eyes remaining glued to his crotch. Grinning to himself that they'd finally pushed past this, he gathered himself and spoke up.

"The offer is simple... us having sex? Let's make it a regular thing," he began. This was enough to pull her eyes from his dick.

"I don't know about that..." the type-A mom said weakly, her body flooded with endorphins at all the memories of what that big fat cock could do to her. Her nipples were threatening to cut through the material of her bikini, and her pussy was so wet it was almost visible. Her gaze re-settled on his clothed dick.

"I'm thinking once a week." Jason stated. "Once a week, we just cut loose and do it, and then move on with our lives as if nothing happened. It's simple."

Rachel found the strength to look away, shaking her head at the weight of this offer. This was so wrong, yet every fiber in her body was screaming at her to say yes! She knew better, but she sampled something so incredible she couldn't stop thinking about it. How could she possibly move on from that? But then again, given the fact that this was her son... how could she possibly say yes?"

"I just don't know..." she replied, her resolve clearly weakening.

"Mom... we already did the deed. It ain't gonna become any less incest if we don't do it again. And if that's the case... what's stopping us from just doing it again? And again? And again?" he asked. Maybe it was because her mind was so clouded with such desperate lust, but his argument made a twisted sort of sense. "It's like you said, Mom. We had sex! But it's YOU who needs to stop pretending it didn't happen. It's time for you to admit that you had a lot of fun. It's time for you to stop ignoring the fact that I made you gush again and again and again and again!" Each repeated word was like a slap to the face, forcing her to break through her denials and confront the raw truth at the heart of his words. "And Mom... it's time for you to admit that you really, REALLY want to do it again."

She pursed her lips and shook her head, trying to deny it, but her eyes remained glued to his swollen weapon through his trunks. She was too stubborn and too proud to just roll over completely, but the situation he presented was hard to deny. She had to do her best to salvage what she could out of this.

"Once every two weeks!" she countered, unable to look at her son's face as he grinned proudly at this concession. Once she sensed his smirk dissipate, she chanced a look at him, adding more to her end of the deal. "At least until I find a man that can get somewhere close to what you did."

"So, every two weeks for the rest of our lives then?" he joked, unable to resist, causing her to glare at him angrily. But pausing to take in her offer, knowing that he had her number more than she knew, he returned serve, pressing the advantage. "Once every two weeks? Deal. But it's at my discretion. When I'm ready, we do it. Where I want. How I want. If you're not game, then you'll just have to wait another two weeks." Angry, but eager to just be done with this negotiation, she ended it fast.

"Fine. Whatever!" she agreed. A long silence fell between them as she looked up at him nervously, waiting for him to act. Finally, smirking, he did just that.

"Alright, well..." he began, checking an invisible watch on his wrist. "I'll see you in a week then!" He announced, taking a few steps back.

"What!?" she called out confused, taking a step towards him in desperation. "Are we not gonna do it now?"

"I'm just obeying the terms of our deal," he replied, smiling deviously. "We had sex a week ago, so that gives us a week before we can do it again, right?" Rachel gave her son a death glare at this. She was a woman who was always too proud to beg, but given her weak position, and that he was complying with her terms, she saw no other course of action.

"Don't you want to... punctuate... our deal?" she asked with a forced smile, her nipples throbbing, her pussy aching with need. Her skin was practically glowing she was so in-need.

"Well, when you put it like that?" he said, joking about her pained request. "But I do have plans for today, though..." he said, taunting her. Pushing her past the point of annoyance, she reacted strongly.

"Jason! Do you want to take me up to my bed and FUCK me, or what?" she screamed out. Amused by this concession, he couldn't help but relent.

"Well... if you insist..." he said, grinning wolfishly as he took a few steps towards his mom.

And that afternoon, for the second time in their lives, Rachel and Jason fucked.

The young stud gave his clearly desperate, horny mom a thorough pounding in her own bed, giving her every inch of his giant rod until she couldn't get enough. With it being the middle of the day, Jason was at full strength. Adding in the fact that he was fully worked up thanks to his mom's delicious bikini meant that he was giving it to her with a full head of steam. It went similarly to their first encounter, at least to start, chiefly with him putting Rachel's legs on his shoulders and driving into her without mercy. And despite his mother dancing around the fact that she wanted this, she took right to it, screaming and moaning her head off, cumming repeatedly. Her pussy remembered his cock well, the extra-tight cunt taking his full length as if it were made for it, squeezing the life out of his dick even more than it did last time.

It was such a release of tension for the hot-bodied mom that she found herself enjoying the action without any regret, simply enjoying the moment, availing herself in his body as he did with hers. Her hands gripped his back, his biceps, and even his butt, squeezing it firmly as he gave it to her. The sight of his fit body coated with sweat was like something out of a fantasy, to the point where it didn't matter that it was her own son. It was too amazing to care.

Jason sensed that she was so fully engaged in the action without shame or regret, so much so that he passed the wheel to her, rolling them over so she was on top, letting her drive the action. She knew just what to do, riding her son's big cock like a total slut, vigorously bouncing on his towering pillar, slamming her ass down onto him as she screamed her head off. Jason savored the moment, lying back and driving up into her while palming her fleshy melons in his big hands. Just over a week prior, she would have claimed she'd never take part in anything sexual with her son. Now... she was furiously riding his big cock in her bed as she screamed in rapturous pleasure.

Rachel rode him till she came, her pussy convulsing around his big cock, her juices gushing out of her, coating his crotch. His mom's seized up as she came, the pleasure coursing

through her delicious form, and once she came down from her high, Jason slipped back into the driver's seat, rolling his mom off of him. By the time she fully recovered, the action had continued, with her on all fours, and him vigorously fucking her from behind.

At the start of the action, she'd given him the same request she did the first time, namely telling him not to cum in her. And just like that first time, her tune changed once she got in the heat of the moment, the hot mom begging him to cum inside her as he drilled her doggy-style. He did just that, pumping a massive wad of cum deep in her eager pussy, filling her to the brim just as he did the first time. And the second time he came was a little later, after he fucked her up the ass as she stood facing her mirror, her lithe arms resting on the edge of the dresser as she took the rough fucking. When the moment arrived, she eagerly got on her knees for him, grabbed his cock at the base, and attached her mouth to his cock just as it was poised to explode, sucking the cum out of his cock and down her throat, swallowing every drop of her son's cum straight from the source. And there was a lot of it, but she was so far gone that she was truly hungry for his jizz, inhaling it like the hungry whore she'd become. Jason towered over her as she remained on her knees before him, like a slave-girl kneeling before her king.

She shook these thoughts out of her mind as a little guilt set in as she cleaned up, angry at herself that she violated the promise she made to herself and succumbed to the lure that was her son again. She agreed with her son's earlier logic that she couldn't take back the fact that incest had already occurred between them, and it wasn't any more or less incestuous to do it again. She told herself to view this as clinically as possible, that this was just a pressure relief for her until she could find a healthier outlet. This wasn't a relationship; it was a booty-call.

It was just sex... really, really AMAZING sex.

He had the decency to cook dinner for her later that night, and God... the difference at what she was able to make for herself and what he could cook up for her was striking. She had tried to extricate herself from his many tendrils, but dipping one little toe back in and making this small concession... it wasn't that bad, right?

The immediate aftermath of the sex was almost the best part, as she could think with a clear head and not be so clouded by sexual need. And she was doing just that, looking back at the previous week and being able to see that despite her desire to just move on... the sex had been so fucking good that deep down she wanted more and that had driven the end of her conflict with Jason from the last few days. She disliked the

level of turmoil her son could bring her to, but at the end of the day, she enjoyed fucking him. So, now that they had it out and came to an arrangement that worked for them both... this might be her best opportunity given the hand she had at this point to keep the peace and function as normal. To try to keep up appearances, carry on like a normal mother and son, only to throw that all out once a week and fulfill her basest urges with Jason, then move on and repeat the cycle. This could work.

Jason didn't make it easier, even from that first night after spending the whole afternoon fucking. He had the nerve to invite a girl over that night, carrying on as if all was normal and he was still doing his thing, namely fucking all those little sluts he loves to partake in. Rachel boiled in fury that night, struggling to fall asleep as she heard the moans of other girls echoing through the halls of her house, feeling nothing but a complete hatred for that nameless slut she'd never met.

The day wasn't over yet. Rachel should be the one in there moaning her head off.

Jason was amazed at how easily his mom fell back into his clutches after she was so dead-set on extricating herself from any of his bullshit. He wasn't normally this devious, but being so close to what he wanted, he had to pull some shit he wouldn't normally do. Ignoring her, playing it off as nothing happened between them, toying with her emotions... he knew exactly what he was doing. And he knew which buttons to press to drive her crazy. On some level, she knew what he was doing as well, but that didn't stop the plan from working. Her behavior and attitude changed, as did her outfits, culminating in her dressing like a total slut in that amazing bikini. God, she really was fucking incredible. But he couldn't let her know that. He had to hide his hunger for that body... that was the only way he could feast on it again.

On some level, he felt bad for manipulating his clearly desperate, undersexed mom, but he told himself it was for the greater good. His goal wasn't simply for him to fuck her, although that was a major part of it, obviously. But no, his biggest goal was to wear her down to the point where she would break through all denials and admit to herself that she absolutely loved fucking her son, with nothing held back. That's how he justified his plan to himself. At the end of the day, if his plan worked, she would be in her happiest state she'd ever be in. Sure, this involved pushing her out of her comfort zone, and warming her up to the concept of incest,

but once he got her on board, he knew the benefits for both would make the years of tension worth it.

It had taken him two years to wear her down to the point where she finally agreed to join him in one crazy, incestuous fuck-session. And it had taken him one week to get her to admit she wanted to do it again. He knew he had done the job, and he knew that denying her any affirmation after the fact would only make her crave it more, driving her to demand his attention more than anything. Letting her stew with that, forcing her to think about the sex they'd had all week... it was only a matter of time before she surrendered to a round two. Now, it was to ensure there'd be a round three and four and 100 and 1000. And he knew precisely how to bring this all to its final conclusion.

It was quite easy... he just had to do what he does best. Fuck and fuck and fuck some more.

He carried on like normal, bringing girls home most nights for some fun. He could feel his mom fuming with jealousy as he paraded these girls around the house, but there was nothing she could say. He was living up to his end of the deal, and the only way to do that was for her to renegotiate the terms. Until that point, there was nothing she could do but wait out the two weeks for the next round.

The key point of their revised deal wasn't the sex part... it was that it was entirely up to him when and how the next round of fucking would go. This fed into one of the grander points of his plan. His mom was a type-A, bitchy control freak, all of which only added to her supreme hotness. She was a domineering presence at work, in her previous marriage, at work, and even with Jason. He'd dealt with plenty of women like that, so he knew that much like them, his mom would respond greatly to surrendering that control to a far more domineering presence. Jason was typically even-keeled, but he could be that man when necessary. And he was ready to fully take control of his mom for good.

He knew how to play her like an instrument, to give her a little of what she wanted and make her crave more. He knew it was time for him to give her some of the affirmation she was so desperate for.

Passing by her as she was bent over retrieving some paperwork from a drawer, he admired the sight of her ass in the tight work pants she was wearing, the material glued to her firm, round booty. And this time, he didn't hide his appreciation.

"Damn Mom... I could watch you like this all day..." he catcalled as he walked out of the room into the kitchen.

"Shut up!" she called out from her bent over position, this rebuke lacking the bite it would have a few weeks prior.

A few days later, he was in the kitchen making lunch when she walked in after having come in from a jog, wearing a pair of tight shorts and a neon blue, heavily reinforced sports-bra. But despite her best efforts, her boobs were barely being restrained by the tight garment, the flesh practically spilling over the edges. Jason couldn't contain himself.

"Jesus..." he sighed admiringly, stepping up to her and cupping her breasts through her sports-bra, squeezing them lightly, his fingertips digging into the soft flesh. Caught off-guard, she spoke up.

"Hey!" she called out, surprised. That being said, she continued to let him feel her up, making zero effort to stop him.

"These really are the best tits I've ever seen," he marvelled, shaking his head. "Goddamn!"

"What makes you think you can just... wait, really?" she asked, interrupting herself upon hearing this compliment, a rush going through her upon hearing it. Her nipples immediately began to stiffen beneath her top.

"Definitely!" he said firmly, giving them one last firm squeeze before walking away. "Never seen a pair like them!" Rachel stood in place, shocked, yet nonetheless trying to suppress a grin before shaking her head clear.

Rachel hated that this shit was working on her. There was the time he slapped her ass as he walked by her. Or the time he suddenly found an excuse to be outside just as she was out there lying on her belly sunning herself in that filthy thong bikini, and she could feel his eyes all over her. They were supposed to be carrying on like normal, but she was being looked at like a piece of meat by a desirable hunk for the first time in a long time. Her body loved the attention, and she didn't say a word to dissuade him.

It took about a week last time for her to get worked up enough to get visibly horny. That was when she was changing her outfits, giving him a show. And it was about the same this time, her getting a little more on edge as they

moved further away from their previous fuck. This time, she wasn't so shamelessly trying to get his attention as she was getting it in little bits throughout the week. Despite her best efforts to play things cool, she found herself counting the days towards their next fuck. As they got closer to that point, she had more and more trouble thinking straight.

When the day came, she was a bit surprised when he didn't just march into her room and bang her, carrying on his day like normal. She gave him an expectant look all morning, but he made no move to act. She wanted to make sure they were on the same page, but she didn't want to look desperate. So, she carried on like all was normal too, saying nothing.

Rachel went upstairs to shower late in the morning, the warm water cascading over her body, a momentary distraction from her horniness. She was washing the soap out of her hair when she was startled by the sound of the glass door opening and Jason stepping into the shower behind her. His mom instinctively covered up her breasts upon this intrusion but dropped them as she looked down and saw the water begin coating his muscular naked form, her eyes following the water towards his rock-hard weapon, standing out from his fit body obscenely, ten-inches of stiffness pointed right at her.

"What are you doing?" she called out with surprise.

"Figured we'd share a shower. Save water..." he said, grinning, moving closer to her to get under the water, his cock brushing against her bare ass.

"Okay..." she replied confused but excited, glancing down at his big bare cock again. Not knowing what else to do, she carried on with her shower. And he decided to help her, stepping towards her, the length of his big cock resting against her ass as he reached around her to grab the body soap. She looked up at him as he uncapped the bottle and proceeded to pour the gel all over her big, naked breasts. Putting the bottle back firmly, he reached around her and grabbed each of her massive tits, squeezing them firmly, rubbing the soap all over them.

"Fuck..." she sighed, her head falling back onto his shoulder. His strong, confident hands rubbed all over her succulent breasts and firm belly, his big arms wrapped around her, pulling her against him. She rubbed herself against his brick-hard shaft as he ground into her, still feeling up her massive firm tits. The soap was long gone, but that didn't stop the action, his hand eventually reaching down between her legs to finger her, making her sigh in pleasure as he teased her. He kept humping up against her as she sighed in pleasure, until he was ready to take things to the next level.

"It might be easier to shower together if I, uh... put the weapon in the holster," he hinted with a smirk. Looking back at him, she replied.

"Well... do it then..." she spat out impatiently. He grinned, and her eyes flashed with excitement as he grabbed her hips and guided his cock back into her waiting cunt.

He fucked her hard from behind, hooking one of her legs in the crook of his elbow as he drove his full length into her. Both were under the stream of water as they went at it. Her loud moans echoed through the bathroom as he fucked her roughly, their bodies slapping against each other as they did it. This wasn't gonna last as long as some of their other fuck sessions, so the action was fast and furious. And as they bore down towards the endgame, Jason was behind her with his mom's front pressed against the glass, the young man really giving it to her hard, her moans of pleasure filling the shower. They came at the same time, the beefy young man fucking her against the glass door, filling her pussy with cum yet again as her cunt squeezed every drop out of him.

But instead of being done, they were just getting started, because as Jason backed away from her, she spun around,

grabbed him by the back of neck, and brought their mouths together, meeting in a fierce kiss, tongues quickly in each other's mouths, cheeks hollowed as they went at it in the shower, the water cascading down them both.

They had to turn off the water at some point as it was getting cold, but they didn't leave the shower, the hot mom eventually jumping up and wrapping her limbs around her hunky son, taking his big cock back inside her, riding him as he held her up. The blonde mom was moaning loudly within minutes, her son fucking her against the tile wall aggressively, going at it until she came again, and when she was done, she went back into a familiar position on her knees and jacked another load of cum out of his cock all over her big tits.

They'd sufficiently dirtied each other up again that the water had to come back on. They'd gone at it long enough that the warm water had returned. Both were spent, but the closeness of the situation added an intimacy to the moment as they cleaned up. He kept his limbs wrapped around her as her smooth skin was soon clear of any signs of the action, holding her up against him. He whispered in her ear as they did this, and she was laughing at some of the things he said to her. And when it was time for him to clean up, she took the lead, washing him in an almost worshipful fashion, making sure

his muscular body was completely clean, even getting on her knees for him again at one point. This led to her capping off this encounter by sucking off his big cock like a total slut, throatfucking his huge dick with vigor, smoothly swallowing every inch of his wrist-thick weapon. She was cupping his balls as his cock exploded, but luckily, they didn't need any more clean-up, as she swallowed every drop with a smile.

Funnily enough, after two-plus years of tension between the mother and son, them having regular sex led to those tensions cooling between them, the atmosphere around the house lightening. They could laugh, and joke around, and generally get along just fine, at least more than they used to. However, these moments of peace were temporary, only really getting along far better in the immediate aftermath of the sex, but as the time stretched on between one naughty fuck and the next, that tension would slowly return, his mom getting a shorter fuse with him as she got hornier.

It didn't help that he was starting to push his luck around the house again, moving stuff around to his liking, generally feeling like he ran the place. And, combining that with the fact he was still bringing girls around the house, plus the increasing tension as they got closer to their next scheduled fuck, her annoyance was rising with him. A good fuck would relieve some of that tension.

But when the day came, Rachel had a work meeting with a potential buyer that could only be done on the weekend. Knowing this, she wanted to make sure she didn't miss out on the fun, promising Jason that she'd be home by five and then they could start.

At six, she returned to the house, quickly rushing in, setting her stuff down, and walking towards the stairs, eager to get things starts. As she did so, she passed the living room, only to stop as she saw Jason seated on the couch, wearing only his boxer-briefs.

"You're late..." he said calmly.

"I'm sorry. The meeting ran long..." she explained, beginning to disrobe, undoing a few buttons. But he held his hand up, stopping her.

"Get over my lap," he said firmly, looking up at her, no humor in his voice.

"What?" she said, smiling in confusion.

"Get over my lap!" he repeated, shouting out, making her jump. She paused, clearly disinclined to obey such a command from her own son. But more importantly to her, she was really desperate to get fucked, so she bit her tongue, shaking her head lightly as she swallowed her pride, stopped what she was doing, and slowly began approaching her son, heels clicking on the floor. Stepping up to him, she straightened her outfit and paused, looking down at him, unsure what to do next. He simply glanced at his lap and back at her, guiding her silently. Looking away and rolling her eyes, she nonetheless obeyed, lying over his lap, positioning it so her butt was raised right in front of him, her grey black skirt hugging her juicy ass immaculately. Rachel was nervous, never having done anything like this, but she continued biting her tongue, saying nothing.

She jumped as she felt his hand on her ass, squeezing it greedily through the skirt. She breathed deep in anticipation, and jumped again as he roughly tugged her skirt upwards, revealing her g-string clad ass. He squeezed the firm cheek again, rubbing his big hand across both of them before speaking again.

"Just let me know when you're about to cum..." he said calmly before raising his hand and giving his mom's ass a crisp spank.

"AHHH!" she screamed out, her body jumping in shock. Rachel had never submitted to such a treatment, but she nonetheless took to it immediately, remaining in place, ass raised, not shying away from more. So, he did it again. "OH!" Rachel screamed out, her crotch rubbing against Jason's bulge as he spanked her again.

And again. And again.

Each time he spanked his mom's ass, she screamed out in surprise. Yet her shapely ass could take it, remaining poised upwards, too proud to back down. Once the shock left her, and a warmth settled in, she began to find herself finding this experience the slightest bit... pleasurable.

Certainly not enough to make her moan, though!

(20 Minutes Later)

"Yes!" Rachel moaned out in pleasure as her son spanked her again.

SPANK!

"FUCK!" she screamed again, her ass red and her pussy soaked as she rubbed herself lewdly against his bulge.

SPANK! SPANK! SPANK!

"YES! Fuck! Holy shit!" she yelled out, shocked at how great this felt.

"You like that?" Jason demanded, followed by three more crisp spanks.

"UGH! GOD! YES! I love it! I fucking love it!" Rachel moaned out, her body shaking with need. Sufficiently satisfied, Jason moved things to the next act, manhandling her as he pushed her off of him, beginning to pull her clothes off roughly. She helped him out, ripping off her clothes just as eagerly, tugging off her bra as Jason pulled off her g-string. As she got up on all-fours on the couch, he tossed off his boxer-briefs,

revealing his rock-hard pillar. Settling behind her juicy, red ass, he reached forward, grabbed her hair, pulling back at her as he drove his dick forward.

This was their roughest fuck yet, Jason giving it to her roughly from behind, spanking her ass again and again as he did so. She didn't even pretend to not want it, screaming and moaning with a huge grin on her face, begging for him to cum inside her, but he didn't need the guidance, pumping a massive load into her hungry cunt. And they weren't done. He made her ride his cock reverse cowgirl, his weapon stuffed up her ass. Eventually, he yanked her knees back and power-fucked her with her on top, giving her every inch until he filled her ass with cum for the very first time.

This encounter was a turning point in their relationship. Seeing that side of him, she looked at him with new eyes. No man had ever treated her like that, ever. None had the guts to step up to her like that, and she had to admit... it totally worked for her. She was shocked by it, but she couldn't deny that it did the job, and she wouldn't be opposed to doing something like it again. Usually, it would take a few days after a fuck session with her son before she started to feel the need for more sex return. This time... it was the next morning, and she found herself barely able to control herself as Jason made breakfast for her.

She was so hungry for action that she did actually try going on a few dates over this time, but they were all huge disappointments. She found herself comparing these grown men to her stud son the whole time, and they all came up laughably short compared to Jason in so many ways. None of them were as good-looking as Jason... or as well-built. And all of them were far too good-natured and respectful to stand up to Rachel in the same way Jason just did.

Eventually... she stopped trying to date.

Jason noted the gradual change in his mom's behavior. At first, it was a business transaction, one bout of sex every couple weeks just to blow off some steam. Soon, she was looking forward to these encounters more than anything, the stress building up inside her for days upon days until she could finally cut loose. When those moments came, she found herself fully submitting to his wicked whims, the pleasure his furious fucking could bring her unlike anything else.

Quickly, Jason could tell she wanted more. More sex, more often, more everything. He could see her getting increasingly upset whenever he brought another girl around. Plus, instead of carrying on regular conversations in the between times, she would almost always turn the conversation to sex, talking about what they'd do next. She would 'subtly' hint about

what she was willing to do for him, telling him that he wouldn't mind him spanking her ass again, or even take things further, hinting that she might be willing to bite down on a ball-gag as he did so. She would voice how much she was looking forward to their next hook-up, going over all the things she would do to that big, powerful cock of his, and that she was willing to do it right now.

She clearly wanted him to just throw the deal away and fuck her more often, but he wanted her to be the one to say it. She was still too stubborn to say it and dragged things out to the point of implausibility.

One point, on the rare night he didn't have a girl over, he went down to the kitchen to get a late-night snack, only for his mother to appear. And even as he tried to maintain his calm veneer, he almost choked on the cookie he was eating.

Rachel was dressed in a sheer black nightie, and when he says sheer, he meant completely sheer, in that he could see completely through it. The garment hung from her shoulders down to halfway down her thighs, with lacy black hems on either end, and in-between, all sheer. And underneath the nightie, she didn't have a stitch on, meaning he could see her massive bare tits through it. He could see her shaved pussy. He could see her ass. He'd seen her completely in the buff, but

there was something about this that was almost as hot as seeing her naked. His eyes were glued to her nipples through her nightie as soon as she appeared.

So, there they were standing in the kitchen, chatting as if nothing was amiss as his mom stood showing off everything to him. She danced around what she wanted, but it was clear she was hungry for sex and hoping for the best. He didn't take the bait, but God, did he want to.

This wasn't all. One of the occasions he butted into her bathroom to use her mirror as she was showering, she caught him off guard by opening the door to the shower with him right there, using his presence as an excuse to talk about their plans for the day, all as she incidentally showcased her slippery naked body. She soaped up her tits, turned around to wash her back so he could see her ass, and even bent over to wash her long, taut legs as they chatted. That last motion made her tits hang down lewdly as she washed herself. And the whole time, they chatted again about nothing really, and all he could do was stare at her body. Again, he didn't take the bait, but his resolve was weakening.

She also took to walking around after her shower without a towel, save for the one on her head, simply walking around in the nude right in front of him, not just between her bathroom

and bedroom but all over the house, doing innocuous things as she air-dried her body, her massive tits just out there for him to gaze upon. She'd spent years keeping that body under wraps, and now it almost felt like she was ready to showcase the goods at the drop of a hat.

She also developed a habit of appearing in the backyard whenever he was out there so she could sun herself, wearing all new thong bikinis as she did so. He didn't give in to her despite every fiber in his being begging to immerse himself in that hot body like he so wanted. But he held true. And his mom developed a great tan pretty quickly.

Realizing his resolve was stronger than hers, she finally had it out with him, coming home from work one day, clearly stressed out and on edge, approaching him in the kitchen as he began dinner. Clearly having worked herself up for this, she almost immediately got to it.

"I think we should, perhaps, renegotiate our deal," she said, exhaling, still as hot as ever in her work outfit even as he'd seen so much of her body recently. A charcoal-colored business suit with a silky salmon top, she looked fantastic.

"Oh yeah?" he replied calmly, smirking at her. Unable to hide her hunger from him, she just shrugged her shoulders.

"Once every two weeks isn't enough," she said with a smile. "Now that I'm actually getting sex... I think I need more of it. More than I thought."

"Okay," he agreed with a nod. "Once a week, then?" he offered. Nodding, she smiled.

"Sounds good," she said with a nod. "Can we start right now, maybe?" she asked impatiently. He grinned at this.

"Well... I started dinner, and I don't want to leave this stuff unwatched. Maybe later..." he replied, knowing how needy she was. Bouncing back and forth on her heels, she scanned her situation around her impatiently. Finally... inspiration. "Let's just do it here. Right now."

"Really?" he replied, grinning.

"Please!" she begged, clearly horny beyond belief. They both knew the final choice was his, but he wasn't about to let this new deal go unconsummated.

"Alright," he relented with a nod, turning down one of the pans and marching around the kitchen island. Grabbing his mom roughly, he lifted her up and planted her ass on the edge of the counter. Tossing off her blazer and kicking off her heels, she spread her legs for him, pulling her thong to the side to expose her cunt to him. He tried to deftly unbutton the top, but his hunger got the best of him, ripping the top apart, scattering the buttons everywhere, he pulled down her bra to feast on her tits as he slid his big cock into her.

They went at right there. Her half-dressed, the remainder of her clothing hanging off of her body, her top, bra, skirt, and underwear all still on, but displaced to allow them to fuck. She had his shirt pulled off, and his shorts and underwear were stretched between his thighs, speaking to the suddenness of the act. This was one of the most hurried encounters they'd had due to how spontaneous this fuck session was. And with the way he was fucking, he wasn't doing so for endurance but for speed, fucking his mom hard and fast, knowing it wouldn't last long. She was all over him, her arms around his neck, her bare chest against his, her legs around his waist. At one point, she bit his shoulder the

pleasure was so good, and by the time he pumped a thick, creamy load inside once more, he did so with her tongue in his mouth.

They ate dinner like this, half-dressed, laughing and chatting and getting along better than they ever had, Rachel relaxed and blissed-out as she finally got the sex she needed, and the prospect of more kept her in a great mode. He ate wearing only his underwear, and she remained wearing her skirt and thong, her bra tugged down and her top yawning open. Nonetheless, it was one of the most memorable meals of either of their lives, punctuated by the moment near the end when Rachel tasted something odd, only to spit out one of the displaced buttons from her top. Both were in such a loopy mood that both nearly died laughing.

This was the arrangement for a bit. Rachel and Jason fucking once a week. She'd all but given up on other men, the sex with her son so much more satisfying than anything she could hope to find. She soon found herself counting the days between even these more frequent encounters. She tried to maintain some sort of motherly decorum, but the more they did it, the more she wanted. She'd gone over a year without good sex, now she was struggling to get through a few days without getting laid. She was downright obsessed. She couldn't get enough.

But in truth, this arrangement did not last very long, just as he suspected it wouldn't. They'd gone from one encounter period, to once every two weeks, to once a week. Jason had her on the hook, and he was just waiting for this to reach its logical conclusion. It was so close.

He kept hooking up with other girls, but that went from being an annoyance to Rachel to making her blood boil every time, reaching the point where she could barely be polite to these girls. Fittingly enough, it was when he brought Hwa-Young back over, the girl he hooked up with the day after he and his mom's first fuck session, that it finally boiled over for good. Seeing the young woman in her house again, he saw his mom react strongly. Jason kept her around, cooking dinner for her, and as he was doing that, Rachel poked her head in the room.

"Jason... can we talk for a minute?" She asked, putting on a fake smile in front of the Korean girl her son planned to hook up with. Nodding at her, he stepped out of the room, following her out to the backyard so they could talk without Hwa-Young hearing. The sun golden as it neared sunset, Rachel made her move.

"Let's up the deal," she demanded firmly. Smiling devilishly, he replied.

"What have you got?" he asked, eagerly waiting to hear her offer.

"How about..." Rachel began. "Instead of once a week, me and you do it... every day. Twice, three times, however much you want to do it. Please!" His eyes flashed at this offer. This was it! But he had to calm himself and not act without thinking. He had to control himself. She was clearly hungry for sex right now, but he took this time, nodding and taking in her words before replying.

"That's a big commitment," he stated calmly, challenging her. "Are you sure you can keep up that pace?" Immediately, she began nodding emphatically.

"Yeah! Definitely! I can do it! You have no idea how badly I need this! I won't let you down! I can keep up with you. I promise! Wherever you want, however you want. Whatever! I'll be your girlfriend. I'll be your bitch. I'll be your slut, I'll have your babies, I don't care. I need it!" Again, on the inside, he wanted to scream out yes, but he maintained his outward

calm, collected control, keeping her on edge and desperate for his approval.

"Are you sure? No girl has ever been able to do it with me day after day," he warned her again.

"Well, I'm not most girls. I'm your mom! I know you best!" Rachel stated. "And you and me both know that I'm better at handling that big cock than any of those little sluts you bring home! And we both know that my body is better than all those nasty fucking tramps you bring over. I can keep up with you better than any of them. Especially that one..." she said, pointing at Hwa-Young through the wall.

"But... all the girls I know will be very disappointed if I get a girlfriend," he said, teasing her. She stared him down, a murderous look in her eyes.

"Fuck them! If you take this deal, I don't want to see a single one of these idiot girls around here in my house... ever. You're done with those brainless sluts. Because you'll have me, someone at your level." she stated with confidence. His eyes flashed as he heard this, but he bristled at one word choice.

"If you take this deal, this won't be your house, anymore. It'll be mine..." he stated firmly, staring her down, making his intention not just to have her but to assert his place as the one in control of this house, making all the big decisions, demanding this final submission from his mom, to cede her spot as head of this household to her own son.

"Fine!" she spat out, not backing down, ready to give it all up to make this deal happen. Seeing no reason to draw this out any further, he was ready to take the deal.

"Alright then. Deal!" he replied calmly, the ever-confident Jason going crazy on the inside that this was really happening. Her eyes flashed with excitement, nodding vigorously upon hearing this before taking a stand, pointing back into the house with furious intent.

"So, get that little bitch out of this house now, so we can start fucking," Rachel demanded. Jason grinned victoriously.

Jason was kind enough to at least pack Hwa-Young some food to go before kicking her out, claiming that something had come up. He tried to be as polite as possible, but he was eager to get her gone, so it was unclear if he succeeded on that front, the young woman being completely rejected out of

seemingly nowhere. Rachel didn't hide her eagerness to get Soon-yoon out of her sight, watching her dismissal from her house with anticipation, impatiently waiting for the little bitch to leave so her son and her could get down to business. The young woman glanced up at Rachel, hoping to find someone who'd take her side, but she found no mercy there, the older mom staring down her nose at the young woman she'd gotten a good hatred toward for no real reason beyond jealousy that her son would deign to ever choose the young woman over her his hot-bodied mom. Rachel's eyes flashed as Hwa-Young was rudely pushed out the door, rejected in brutal fashion. And once the door was shut and locked, there was nothing to stop what was about to happen.

Jason and his mom had sex four times that night. Four fucking times. Any boiling tension remaining between them exploded outward as the two went at it like animals, fucking for half the night. With his mom exactly where he schemed to get her, he didn't hold back in his praise of her, telling the truth that she was hotter than any other girl he'd been with, her body was the best, that she fucked better than all those other sluts, etc. He knew his mother was desperate for such an ego boost, and he was proven right as she fucked him with even more vigor, looking to prove him right by giving him the best fuck ever!

And by fully giving herself over to her son, Rachel saw no reason to hold back either, no longer concerned about overinflating his ego when he'd proven himself to be even better than she could have ever imagined. It all spilled out of her, Rachel calling her son 'amazing', 'a Sex God', and 'the best fuck ever'. And then, in the heat of passion, with him fucking her doggy style on his bed roughly, jackhammering her cunt as he yanked back firmly on her hair, she felt so completely dominated by her sex god of a son that she couldn't stop herself from screaming out.

"Fuck me, Daddy! Fuck me!"

This was pretty wicked even in a regular fuck-session between two random people, but given the specific incestuous nature of this twisted pairing, these words hit even harder, enough for these words to push Jason over the edge, driving himself brutally into her as he filled her with an obscene amount of cum, her hungry cunt swallowing every drop.

This fuck session was long, intense, and nasty, the heated air and even more heated action leaving them a sweaty exhausted mess by the end of it. When they'd finally pushed themselves to their limits late into the night, with Jason's heavy balls completely out of ammo, and the older woman so

blissed-out she could barely think straight, she settled back into the bed. For all the fun they'd had, Jason had never spent the night in her bed, so he simply lied back and stretched out comfortably, taking his place as the man of this house, conquering the woman of the house and earning his place in the bed next to her. Rachel used the last of her strength to slip out of bed, padding to the bathroom while she still had the energy to do so.

Flicking on the light, she found herself looking at her reflection in the mirror, standing in the same position as she had after their first encounter. Examining herself, the differences between the two fuck-sessions were clearly apparent. The ferocity of this encounter left her still drenched in sweat, but this time, she had cultivated an on-point golden tan, so her shiny flesh looked pretty amazing coated with slippery perspiration. And much like last-time, her body was coated with other things as well, specifically her son's thick white cum, her face, neck, and massive hanging breasts streaked with massive bands of heavy semen, her son's sperm contrasting nicely with her golden tan. At least this time, she was able to see out of both eyes, but that was not to imply he'd cum any less than before. If anything, she felt splattered with even more cum than the last time.

And because she could see clearly, she could study her facial expression. Last time, she could see the weight of what she'd done all over her. This time... her eyes were bright and her face was relaxed and stress-free.

And she had trouble suppressing an excited grin.

This was perfect! This was going to be her life now! She would be getting this... every fucking day, and every fucking night. Sure, he'd be getting it from her son, but he was no normal son... and she clearly was no normal mom. She'd never met a man who came anywhere close to some of the things he was capable of, and she'd proven herself able to keep up with someone as incredible at sex as he was. So, it made total sense that they'd eventually fuck, because they were exceptions to the rules, and two people as hot as them were allowed to do something as forbidden as incest. The sex between them wouldn't be so good if they weren't meant to do it!

And they'd be doing it a lot! Holy shit, they'd be doing a lot of fucking from this point forward.

Rachel had so much time to make up for, and with no reason to hold back anymore, her mind was already cooking up such

wonderful plans to give her Sex God son everything he could ever want from a woman. She had no doubts that she was the best he'd ever had, and she intended to prove that.

Every *fucking* day.

Epilogue

Since that fateful day when Rachel admitted to her neighbor Carmella that her son Jason was scheming to bed his own mother, Carmella had become somewhat obsessed with what had been discussed that day.

Incest.

She couldn't stop thinking about it. The idea of a mom and son fucking each other, it was undeniably sinful, twisted, and fucked up. Sex between a mother and her son... each forgoing the rules of society, ignoring the ways of the world that had existed since the dawn of time... just because they found each other so undeniably hot that they had to get naked and do some unholy shit to each other. The concept of a mother and

son in bed, lips locked, naked flesh rubbing against each other, luscious motherly curves and against masculine young muscles, the full power of a young fit man driving his powerful cock into the waiting pussy of his own mother. God, it was so crazy! But it was such a foreign concept to Carmella that she'd never once considered such a thing, and with no added weight or baggage attached, this new idea was forbidden enough that she found the whole concept kinda... hot.

Like, really, REALLY hot.

It seemed crazy to say, but the hot brunette mom found the idea of forbidden, incestuous fucking to be profoundly appealing. As soon as Rachel brought it up to her, Carmella couldn't help but let images of the blonde fucking her son play out across her mind's eye. It certainly didn't hurt that Rachel was an absolute babe, and Jason was a total snack, so the idea of those two fucking was a sight that damn near anyone would pay to see, incest be damned. Like seriously, if you saw them two in public next to each other, the idea of them being a couple despite the age difference wasn't that out of left field. They were both THAT insanely attractive, so much so that most would agree that people that hot should be paired off together. The idea of a mother and son that hot going at it... it was such a wrong thought that Carmella

couldn't stop thinking about it. Once the concept was presented to her, it was like a black hole entering the universe of her mind, a singularity that warped everything around it, forever changing her.

To think that a friend of hers, a neighbor, a peer, was engaged in a battle of wills with her own son about whether or not they should fuck, that incest was even slightly on the table for her... it was crazy! To have someone so close to her be involved in something so forbidden... it was understandable that Carmella would become somewhat obsessed with the idea of it.

It didn't help that her life seemed so drab in comparison.

Carmella used to be so fun! When she was younger, she was a bit of a party girl, and her husband, Bobby, was a wild, fun-loving guy. They'd been high school sweethearts, and what really bonded them was their skill at getting pretty crazy at parties, drinking, and getting away with some stupid shit during their time. She was the type of girl who people could never imagine growing up, maturing, and settling down. But over the next few decades she'd done just that, getting married, having a son, getting a really nice home, and being pretty well off money-wise. She had this great domestic life, one most women would envy. But sometimes, she looked back to those wild younger days of hers with longing. Not

just the fun and the unpredictability, but even the stuff from before she was with Bobby, when she would dance with boys, sneak kisses, and just cut loose and have fun, being the center of attention.

That seemed like so long ago.

Now, she was a pretty regular housewife, living a normal life, being a good mom, keeping the house together, etc. She worked at a yoga studio a few days a week to get her out of the house. Her life was nice, but it wasn't that exciting. Which is why finding out that something so salacious was going on just a few doors down was so appealing to her. Finally, something to add a little excitement to her life, even if it was secondhand through her friend.

It didn't help matters that Rachel's situation paralleled her own so clearly. Rachel was a hot babe in her early forties who still had it going on, namely fit as a fiddle, with a gorgeous face, a round juicy ass, and an absolutely massive rack. And Carmella certainly matched up in those respects. Her yoga worked had her looking trim and in-shape, her waist-line the same as it was back in high school. She was also stunningly attractive, not in the same manner as Rachel, who could be hot but intimidating. Carmella was a more welcoming style of sexy, her fun-loving personality, playful eyes, smooth lips,

and great looks made men gravitate to her. Her olive coloring added to her appeal, as did her perfectly styled, smooth brunette hair, cascading down to her back.

Her body was just as appealing as her friends. While Rachel barely edged Carmella out cup-size wise, the brunette was no slouch, her firm, perky triple E-cups straining to escape whatever top she wore. Her ass was a bit bigger than Rachel's, while being equally juicy and shapely. And while Rachel had legs so appealing they could make a leg-man melt, Carmella's gams were almost as long and lithe as the blondes.

And while Rachel was tightly wound and a straight arrow, Carmella's wild past left its marks on her, namely in the tattoo's adorning her olive flesh, one on upper left arm, one around her ankle, and a tramp stamp above her ass, a design consisting of some colorful butterflies. A youthful mistake no doubt, but not one she regretted, a fond reminder of her wild younger years.

And with the two moms being so similar, so too were their sons. Jason was a couple years older than Carmella's son Marco, but they shared a lot in common. Tall, handsome, both having a background in athletics. But unlike Jason, Marco stuck with it, earning a football scholarship to the big school nearby. Jason, while shredded beyond belief and well-

muscled, still possessed a certain lankiness, as his track background required different type of muscles than a football player would need. Marco was a bit more of a tank, a battering ram, tall and long, well-built and imposing, enough to tear through anyone's defenses.

But while Jason seemed to have a far more scheming edge due to his incredible intelligence, Marco was the opposite of his imposing appearance. Sweet, and kind, and respectful. He rarely got in trouble at home, and by all accounts, he was an absolutely devoted boyfriend to any girl he was with, including his current girlfriend, Cori. All of which were reasons why Marco could never do what Jason did.

Seemingly, whatever twisted hand of fate had led to the incestuous tango going on between Jason and Rachel down the street could have just as easily happened with Carmella and her son. All the same pieces were in place here. The main difference was that Marco would never make a move on his own mom. He was too good of a son to do that. If such a situation were to ever transpire between them, Carmella would have to be the one to instigate it. Carmella would have to be the one to try to convince her relation to do some really, REALLY naughty things.

The thought made Carmella's body flutter, and she couldn't let herself get carried away thinking about such things. It affected her too strongly, and she needed to keep it together to be a good mom. If Carmella let slip that bit of incestuous poison into her son's veins the same way Rachel had with her... how strongly would affect someone as kind and generous as her perfect son Marco? What would it drive him to?

Carmella couldn't stop thinking about what was going on between Rachel and Jason. It was like something out of a movie or some wicked novel that she would LOVE to read. Not only to eagerly read the juicy details, but also treat it as some sort of guidance as to how to deal with the wicked information that her blonde friend had stuck in her brain. Her mind was spinning, and there was nothing she wanted to do more than inquire for even more details of what was going on between the mother and son down the street, but she feared Rachel might literally chew her head off if she asked. All she could do is to let her mind run wild with the possibilities.

In the days and weeks after, she couldn't help but wonder if the situation had changed between them. Rachel very clearly made her feelings about the matter known, putting her foot down and assuring her friend that she would never ever give in to her son's advances or even humor the possibility. And

she did not seem to appreciate Carmella's light-hearted comments about the subject.

That was all Carmella could do, laugh and joke about it. A son making a play for sex from his own mom... it was bold, to be sure! But it was so insane that she could squint and almost see it happening. She couldn't blame the young man for having the hots for his mom. Rachel was a total babe, a 100/10 stunner, gorgeous and fit with a great ass and tits the size of melons. A guy like him having to come of age around a woman like that... it must have been extremely difficult for him. It was no wonder that by the time he grew up, he harbored an illicit desire for her. And with the way he grew up and filled out, sprouting all those muscles and gaining confidence and lots of female attention, it shouldn't be that big of a shock that he'd want to take a shot at his mom. He probably had no problem with girls... it was understandable he wanted a real challenge. A real woman. His mother.

Obviously, Rachel shut it down. It was so insane that you really couldn't blame her. She was a professional, intelligent, successful woman. Unlike Carmella, who used to be a party girl, she imagined Rachel had been a great student, a go-getter, super mature and confident even from a young age. She wasn't about to be sucked into something as wild as

incest with her own son. She was about the last woman you'd want to try with a screwball plan such as that.

And what a damn shame it was that Rachel balked at such an offer. Didn't she know how hot the sex would be?

Carmella was shocked at her own response. The thought of it was like a concentrated injection of sin stuck directly into her veins, making her heart race and body shiver. It was enough to make her cum better than she had in years. It was kind of strange to be fantasizing about her friend fucking her own son, but it was too effective at getting the job done for her to feel too much guilt. And with Bobby not even lifting a finger to pleasure her, she let that stud down the street do the job in her mind, fucking his own mom like a beast, and in doing so, making a second mom down the street cum all over her own fingers. And if he was as good in reality as he was in her fantasies, Rachel was really missing out.

The situation between Rachel and Jason was so on the forefront of her mind that she was desperate to know what was happening between them. She took a lot of walks around the neighborhood every day for a few weeks, hoping to catch a stray glimpse of what was going-on in the DeAngelo household, even approaching the house a few times and glancing through the windows. She made herself available to

her friend, texting her, offering to come over and talk, but Rachel rarely took her up on that. But what Carmella did discover was that the window in her bedroom gave her a good angle to look down the street directly at Rachel's place, providing herself a spy perch to observe what was happening down there, the angle even giving her a peek into the backyard. She found herself settling there a lot, hoping for any look into the illicit world just a few houses away from her. Carmella got the occasional glimpse at the parties in question over the next few weeks, nothing much but enough to send her mind spinning.

The older brunette ended up talking to Jason a few times, the young man's keen eyes noticing her continued presence near the house as she walked around the neighborhood more often than usual. Getting her attention when she was walking by the house, he stopped her so they could chat. But as they talked, and he continued to stare her down with that confident, piercing gaze of his, it almost felt like he knew exactly what she was up to. She felt naked in front of him, completely exposed to this young man half her age, and not just how it was in her fantasies. Despite being a married woman, the nipples capping her big, round tits began to stiffen, and her pussy got a little wet. Being in his crosshairs, with no one else around, the brunette felt the pressure ramp up, and it seemed like he knew it. But he was clearly unbothered by the effect he was clearly having on his mom's

friend, to the degree that it almost felt like he was encouraging it by flirting with her, and God, was he pushing all her fucking buttons. Carmella was in such a state that she was visibly flustered by him to the point where it felt like she had no control over where this would end up. Sure, she was twenty years older than him, but he held all the power. If he just said the word she'd be willing to do some VERY nasty things with him.

How could Rachel resist him? Carmella certainly found her own resistance weakening after a mere few minutes. Rachel had been dealing with this for weeks, months, God knows how long... how could she have not given into him by now? Carmella was struggling not to, to the point where if she didn't get bailed out by Rachel coming home a little early, God knows what would have happened between them.

Rachel was seemingly annoyed at the sight of her son chatting up her friend, marching up next to him and putting her hand on his shoulder tightly, stepping forwards slightly to put herself between Jason and Carmella. Rachel could be a bit prickly at times, but this was the first time where she was downright rude towards Carmella, clearly trying to shoo her away dismissively while simultaneously trying to force her son in the house. The brunette got the hint, ceding to Rachel and politely stepping away. Jason was clearly amused by this

whole thing, giving a knowing look at his older neighbor as his mom angrily shoved him through the doorway into the house, her nails digging into his forearm until they were out of sight.

Carmella was put off by this entire interaction with her blonde friend, but the image that stuck with her longest was the way Rachel put her hands on her son oh so possessively. It wasn't in a manner of not wanting her son to be talking to someone who was a bad influence... no, it was more like a woman not wanting her man to be chatting up another attractive woman.

Could that mean...? Was it possible? Did Rachel finally give in to Jason's advances? Did Rachel and her son finally have sex?

The image of Rachel's nail's digging into her son's arm muscles spurred a lot of hot fantasies that night for Carmella, and the possibility that incest had finally taken place just down the street only made the hot brunette want to know more.

A few weeks later, Carmella was convinced.

Rachel and Jason were fucking.

Now, she didn't have anything definitive, but it felt like she had everything but official confirmation of incest going on in the house a few doors away from her own. What she had found in the month or two since that awkward conversation with Rachel had pretty much convinced her.

First, even from afar, she could tell that Rachel had become fully cleansed of that tension she'd been fighting with for years. Perhaps it was because Carmella was looking at it through new eyes, but there seemed to be a marked difference in her stress levels. This told Carmella that Rachel was getting laid, satisfied so thoroughly that it was impossible to be in a bad mood. Now, there was nothing definitive that Jason was the man she was fucking, but after years striking out in the dating scene, it seemed unlikely that she suddenly found a capable fuck partner just like that. And the fact that she coincidentally had a stud like Jason living under her roof who was aiming to fuck her and would no doubt do so at the flip of a switch... the simplest explanation seemed to be the correct one.

Carmella tried the direct approach by talking to Rachel, seeing if she could get the truth straight from the source. In the past, the blonde had found Carmella to be the one person she could bring in on the turmoil she was going through, so Carmella thought it wouldn't be completely off-base for her to check-in about it with her friend, to make sure things were going okay. And if Rachel found it in her to share some dirty details of what was happening between her and Jason, such as how good the fucking was, how often they were going at it, or what kind of equipment Jason was working with, Carmella certainly wouldn't complain.

Much like that fateful day many weeks prior, Carmella approached Rachel as soon as she pulled in the driveway, eager for the excuse to cross paths. The brunette was encouraged by the fact that Rachel seemed to be in a good mood, relaxed and calm as she exited her car, smiling as the brunette approached. After they made their initial greetings, Carmella didn't hesitate, pushing right through to what she wanted to talk about.

"Hey... so I wanted to ask," she began. "We talked a while ago about the whole thing going on with Jason and you, and I just wanted to check in and see how it was going. If you needed someone to talk to about it..." The blonde's eyes widened in

surprise at the topic, looking almost slightly panicked for a moment. Getting herself together, she replied.

"What are you talking about?" Rachel asked naively. Carmella was baffled. What else could they be talking about? Carmella herself couldn't stop thinking about it... how could Rachel not be thinking about it every moment of every day?

"You know... the whole Jason trying to get in your pants, thing?" Carmella reminded her quietly. Rachel gave her a quizzical look.

"I'm not sure what you mean?" Rachel asked, still playing dumb. Carmella started to get a little annoyed.

"Well, when we were talking, and you mentioned that Jason had been shamelessly hitting on you... does this jog anything?" Carmella asked. Finally, Rachel shook her head and smiled, seemingly realizing what she was talking about.

"Oh, no... I think you misunderstood. It was just a bad joke. Nothing that serious..." Rachel said, laughing casually. Carmella shook her head, confused.

"Are you kidding? You weren't joking. You seemed like you were barely keeping it together," Carmella said, baffled at how her friend was behaving. "Rachel! You were talking about how your son was trying to convince you to have sex with him! And these last few weeks, I've noticed you seem a little more relaxed, and I can't help but wonder..." Rachel gave her an extended, pointed look before shaking her head, as if finally understanding the other woman's confusion.

"Carmella... this is all just a misunderstanding. It's not what you think," Rachel assured her. "Me and Jason... we're good now. Really good. Trust me."

"Are you sure?" inquired Carmella.

"We're fine!" Rachel assured her. "But to imply that it's because me and him are having... REALLY great sex..." she paused, looking away wistfully, biting her lower lip. She then shook her head, clearing away her wayward thoughts.

"Perhaps I said some things that made you go down that road, but I think you may have gotten a little carried away." Rachel gave her friend a pleading look, as if trying to get her to stop poking at this scab.

"Okay..." Carmella relented, backing off, the blonde nodding at her before turning to walk inside quickly.

Carmella stood in place for a few moments. She'd heard her friend's words of denial, but she could sense the dramatic shift in her tone when discussing her son. The lack of bite, the way she got lost in thought at the mention of him. The way her nipples stiffened at the thought of him. Rachel tried her best to dissuade Carmella of the notion that she was fucking her own son, but she couldn't help but let slip how 'REALLY great' the sex she wasn't having was.

Rachel was trying to say one thing.

But she was actually saying another.

This is when Carmella got lucky, that fate seemed happy to give a window into what was going on down the street that Rachel wasn't willing to provide.

She stumbled on Rachel and Jason in public... more than once. First, she was walking downtown when she saw Rachel and Jason across the street. Jason was well dressed, wearing a flattering, snug t-shirt, and a pair of light blue shorts. And next to him was Rachel, and she looked amazing. Wearing a tight orange top, exposing her trim midriff, the material clinging to her large bust and showing off a fair amount of cleavage. Down below, she wore a pair of small denim shorts, shorts that barely went down to her thighs, barely containing her ass and leaving her long, taut legs exposed. On her feet were a pair of flip-flops. She looked incredible, and her golden-tan only made her look more amazing, her lithe arms and long legs completely exposed in the summer light.

Her and Jason were lost in conversation, Rachel looking up at him almost rapturously as they conversed, each eating an ice cream cone as they walked. Rachel looked completely relaxed and at ease as she was practically glued to his side. Even when Jason said something that made her roll her eyes, she didn't seem that bothered by it, barely suppressing a grin while still keeping herself pressed against him. And even though she had the treat in hand, whenever she looked up at Jason, her eyes wore a hungry look. They looked like a couple. A very happy couple. One of those couples that look like they have sex all the time. The town they all lived in was big enough that they could be in public like this and not have anyone recognize them and ask questions, like why were a

mom and son all over each other like this. But Carmella was watching, and she had plenty of questions.

This was not the Rachel that Carmella knew. She was never relaxed, never this chill, and she never dressed like that, especially around her son. And them talking like that, so easy and relaxed... that was not their relationship. A few months ago, she was complaining about his continued efforts to fuck her brains out. Now... all seemed good between them, as if her view of him had changed. What could have possibly done that?

A few weeks after that, on the rare night Bobby took her out for a nice dinner, Carmella had been initially annoyed, as it felt like she was so close to getting real confirmation of the action going on between Jason and Rachel. That was until she looked across the restaurant and saw the mother and son seated across from each other at a table. Jason was dressed up handsomely, but Rachel... she was wearing her black fuck-me dress, the dress that she told Carmella she only busted out on special occasions, times when she was looking to seal the deal. She seemed to be having a good time, practically glowing as she sat across from her stud son. Carmella even caught Rachel checking her own neckline, tugging her dress down ever so slightly to make sure she enough cleavage was on display. And while it was hard to be sure from where she

was seated, it almost looked like Rachel had slipped her foot out from one of her high-heels, allowing her to plant her bare foot right against his crotch. Carmella couldn't say for sure if Rachel was massaging her son's bulge with her toes, but the way they were seated, combined with the knowing grin she gave her son, left Carmella feeling almost completely sure of it. Fuck... they had to be having sex by this point. They had to be.

Then, there was a neighborhood cookout, where she got to see them together again. Jason was a charmer, easily chatting with everyone around him. And Rachel stood next to him, almost possessively keeping one hand on her son's shoulder the whole time, as if making it clear he was hers. Not long ago, she couldn't stand being in his presence, but now, she wouldn't leave his side. Carmella eventually got her friend alone for the first time since that awkward conversation a while back. Knowing not to get into areas of conversation she knew the blonde would prefer to avoid, Carmella handled the conversation tactfully, keeping things basic and friendly. This conversation was the one point where Jason and Rachel were separated, and as soon this happened, the vultures swooped in, as Jason was soon surrounded by some of the other horny neighborhood moms. Carmella could sense her friend staring daggers through these other women, and the blonde couldn't contain her thoughts on the matter, shaking her head angrily.

"You know, I took him to a work event as my date a few weeks ago," she began, pushing right past the point that she had admitted to taking her son out as her date. The brunette bit her tongue, saying nothing as the blonde continued. "And my friends at work were all over him. Women my age, who should know better. And he wasn't exactly well-behaved there either..." Carmella could feel her friend boiling over as Jason engaged with these other women. Finding this too much to bear, she smiled at Carmella, said "Excuse me..." and marched over there quickly, breaking up her son's fun, putting her hand right back on her son's shoulder again, clinging to it firmly.

Carmella was able to slip between them near the end of the night. With Rachel helping the hosts clean up, the brunette approached Jason for a quick greeting, pulling the young hunk in for a hug, unable to stop herself from pressing her large breasts against his fit chest firmly. As they hugged, she couldn't help but say something into his ear.

"What a good son you are to her..." she marveled, her words coming out like more of a sigh than she intended. Pulling back, her hands sliding from his back to rest on his impressive arms, she rubbed them appreciatively without thinking before continuing to speak. "I'm so impressed that you take such good care of your mom."

Their eyes met. Jason's eyes seemed to twinkle in amusement, and hers were searching his for answers. Her words were loaded with double-meaning, and she was hoping his response would give her some concrete answers to confirm her suspicions of incest. But he played it off well, his eyes playful, not giving anything away to his curious neighbor.

"I just... do my best... to keep her satisfied," he replied coyly, sharing a grin with Carmella. He realized she was fishing for answers, and he did enough to keep her on the hook without giving anything away. That was all Carmella was able to get out of him, as Rachel returned moments later. There was enough space between them that the blonde didn't seem to feel her territory was being infringed upon. They all made easy chatter for the next few minutes before parting ways for the night. As they left, Jason rested one hand on his mother's back. Seeing that Carmella was watching, he smiled and winked at her. Carmella felt a rush at this sight, combined with an annoyance that she was still not getting any definitive answers. And now, she had Jason toying with her about it. The brunette practically stamped her feet in frustration.

Luckily, the interactions between the older women that night cooled any weird feelings between the two, allowing them to chat amiably over the next few weeks. Carmella kept things

on the up and up even as she searched for details behind her friend's words. They chatted one afternoon at Carmella's place after Rachel got home from work, the blonde still wearing her work outfit, one the brunette had never seen on her, a stylish plaid business suit that looked far different than what she usually wore. Commenting on it, Rachel smiled and replied.

"Yeah, Jason thought it would look good on me," Rachel admitted.

"I thought you didn't take his clothing suggestions?" Carmella questioned. Rachel shrugged and rolled her eyes.

"I gave in," she admitted. "It got harder and harder to turn his suggestions down when he's almost always right... about everything. I hate to say it, but I look damn good in this..." Rachel said, looking down at herself.

"My son doesn't even notice what I wear, so consider yourself lucky," Carmella replied, grousing internally. The conversation was beginning to veer towards some dangerous territory, so Rachel steered the conversation away from their sons, talking regular mom stuff for the rest of their visit.

Carmella was continuing to watch their house from afar. Not able to see into the house, she was only able to glean information when she saw either of them out front, or in the backyard. She did see a lot more of them outside than before, Rachel beginning to wear tiny bikinis around her son without shame. Carmella could see Jason rubbing her shoulders as she sat back and bathed in the sun. At one point, she even saw Rachel lying face down on a massage table in the backyard, topless, Jason massaging her lust-inspiring body with confidence, coating her body with massage oil, letting his hands rub all over her, Rachel not raising a finger as his hands moved towards some very sensitive areas. But that's as much as she was able to see, both of them eventually sauntering inside and out of sight before things got out of hand.

C'mon! They had to be fucking! She hadn't actually seen the action happening, but it felt like everything she did see supported that thought. But it still wasn't official.

A couple days later, Carmella caught a glimpse through her window of Carmella's car zooming down the road towards her house, well later than when she usually got home. Noticing the blonde rushing inside, Carmella snuck outside and strode down the street quickly, too driven by the desire for resolution to fear getting caught. Knowing their house

well, she ducked down near the big, open front window, and she did so just in time, Rachel's words hitting her ears through the window.

"I am SO sorry for being late!" she said apologetically, showing a deference to her son that literally did not exist mere months prior. "Please let me make it up to you." Peeking through the blinds, Carmella could see Jason seated on the couch in the living room, dressed well, not moving, not watching TV, just waiting. And what he was waiting for was soon revealed, and Carmella had to put her hand over her mouth when she saw it.

Timidly walking into the room was Rachel, looking like she'd never seen her before. Gone was the business-ware, and now adorning her body was a latex fetish outfit. On her legs were a part of heavy knee-high boots, clinging to her calves, the severe heels making her taut legs flex in a delicious manner. The boots were connected to suspenders riding along her juicy thighs. The garment around her waist is where they connected, the tight piece of latex there for this sole purpose. And underneath it was a thong, leaving her ass almost completely exposed. A slice of her midriff was left exposed, including her navel. Up top, covering the remainder of her belly and her big breasts, was a tight piece of red and black latex. Rachel was skinny and really fit, and even so, it was a

wonder she squeezed herself into the tight piece of latex, and with it being exceptionally low-cut, it meant that her massive tits were just spilling out, barely contained. The latex dug into her shoulders due to the sheer volume of breast-flesh the top was struggling to contain. On her arms were a pair of long black gloves, going all the way past her elbow. But one of the most striking things was strapped around her face, a ball gag, that the type-A mom was now biting down on, drooling all over it.

This was what she had to get inside so quickly for. She wanted this.

Jason gave her a firm look as his mom appeared, never taking his eyes off of her as she approached him, walking deftly in the severe heels. Carmella's eyes went wide as Rachel submissively kneeled over his lap, pointing her ass upward to be used however he see fit. Jason evaluated the sight calmly, patiently, his eyes examining her nearly bare ass, his hand casually resting upon it, asserting his control. Drawing out the tension, he finally acted, swatting her ass firmly, making his mom groan so loudly Carmella could hear it through the window.

"I'n shorry!" Rachel cried out through the ball gag. But there would be no mercy from him, as Jason spanked her ass again

and again till her ass turned red. She apologized all through this, but she never tried to avoid the punishment. Instead, she almost craved more, keeping her ass pointed upwards for the rough treatment her son was inflicting upon her disobedient ass. Tears were welling in her eyes, drool was escaping the gag, but she kept throwing her ass back to meet her son's punishment.

She was loving this.

And so was Carmella. She watched every delicious spank with eyes wide, barely blinking, taking in every moment. This was a son dominating his own mom, and the mom clearly savoring the rough treatment. It was without question the hottest thing Carmella had ever witnessed, and all she could do was wish she were in the same position as Rachel. If she wasn't out in the open, she'd be vigorously touching herself watching this. She was only passively doing so, her hand against her crotch, rubbing against her pussy through her clothes. She was lucky no one was seeing her like this.

After really drawing this out, Jason finally took things to the next step, extricating himself from beneath his mom, standing up, and slowly removing his clothing as Rachel stayed in place on all fours on the couch, panting for breath, antsy for more. Tossing aside his shirt, exposing his ripped chest,

Carmella drunk in the sight. This was followed by him slowly dropping his pants, revealing his snug boxer-briefs, which hid a very, VERY big bulge. Pausing for a moment, he forcefully tugged down his underwear, revealing a cock so massive and powerful that the mere sight of it almost made Carmella cum. Standing out from his body, as hard as steel, a pair of massive balls hanging from it, it was immediately clear why Rachel had been spurred to such a level of submission. A girl would do a lot of bad things for a cock like that, and Rachel had done just that with her own son. And even this mere glimpse of his giant weapon was almost enough for Carmella to consider the same.

Confidently, Jason positioned himself behind his mother on the couch, his cock pointing directly at her waiting cunt. This was it! The incest that Carmella just knew was happening. She was about to see it with her own eyes. Jason grabbed his mother's hips with his manly palms, angling his cock into place against her eager pussy. It took some mighty self-control to not just drive himself into her right away, but he did just that, holding off on that immediately pleasure, drawing it out. Carmella watched with bated breath, eyes wide as she awaited this amazing moment between the mother and son.

Then, just before he pulled the trigger, Jason turned to look at Carmella through the window, staring directly into her eyes, acknowledging that he not only could see her but probably knew she was there from the start. Panicking, staring directly into his eyes, Carmella was frozen in shock, not knowing what to do, rendered into a mindless stupor. Then, with an unholy shove, Jason drove his cock into his mother's waiting cunt, making her entire body shudder through sheer the force of it, doing it with such force that even Carmella could feel it.

Carmella was witnessing an act of incest right in front of her, and the sight of it was enough to make her fall to her knees, eyes glued to the action. This small movement was enough to shake herself from her frozen state. Knowing she was caught, she couldn't do anything else but run, turning away from this unholy act, rushing home, slipping into the privacy of her bathroom and touching herself till she gushed thinking about the control Jason had gained over his own mom.

She couldn't believe how potent incest was to her. In that moment, she felt nothing but pure envy towards her blonde friend, because she had the guts to experience it for real, having what it took to throw away all conventions for some of the most powerful pleasure a mother could experience.

And what an amazing son Jason was, to devote himself so fully to his hot mom's pleasure, to use his blessings to make his own mother cum. To have such a son like that, with the nerve to man up and take his mother like she so clearly craved...

Needless to say, Carmella was very, VERY jealous...

Needless to say, what Carmella had witnessed hadn't left her mind in the days since. These thoughts had been planted in her mind since that day when Rachel first mentioned what Jason was up to. The seed had taken root, and everything that had happened since only cultivated it. And after having seen the incestuous fucking happening between Jason and his mom, that seed had fully bloomed.

It was only a matter of time before this blossoming need expressed itself.

In fact, it was only a couple days after catching Rachel in the act that it did just that. With the hubby out early for a golf outing with his buddies, it was just Carmella and Marco at

home that morning. Having just left the shower, the busty brunette's slick, freshly washed body was only covered in a towel as she entered her bedroom. Choosing her clothes for the day, she opened her closet, and the two shirts that ended up at the center of her vision really illustrated the choice she'd have to make.

One, a comfortable, sensible top that would be befitting the mom she'd become over the years. Colored gray, it would cover her upper-half in a conservative fashion, not too clingy, not showing much skin, keeping the twins well contained.

The other, an eye-catching baby-blue top. Thin, clingy, which would showcase her lithe arms and trim midriff. And unlike the other top, it was very low-cut, putting a fair amount of her cleavage on display. This top would hug her delicious frame while showing lots of skin. And the best part was... it was so tight that she'd just have to forego wearing a bra.

This wasn't a typical mom-top. This would be the top a different type of mom would wear, the type of mom Carmella fantasized about being.

She wasn't planning on leaving the house... which meant the only person who would get to appreciate this display would

be her hunky son Marco. There was no practical reason to wear this top. But logic and reason weren't top of mind for her right now.

"Hey Marco!" she called out, the door to her room left open a crack. She could hear her son in his room playing some game, so she knew he was close by.

"Yeah?" he called out.

"You going out today, or are you sticking around the house?" she asked.

"Cori's traveling with her family to visit some relatives, so yeah... I'll probably be around here," he replied.

Carmella's eyes went wide. She couldn't even believe she was toying with this idea, but once she let it in her mind, she found the idea irresistible.

The brunette mom grabbed the low-cut blue top before she could think twice, and by the time she pulled it on, her nipples were as hard as diamonds. Glancing at herself in the

mirror, they were so obvious! Marco wouldn't believe what he was about to see.

Carmella grinned to herself. Rachel wasn't gonna be the only mom taking part in some forbidden fun with her own son. Marco was about to have the best day of his life.

And so would Carmella.
