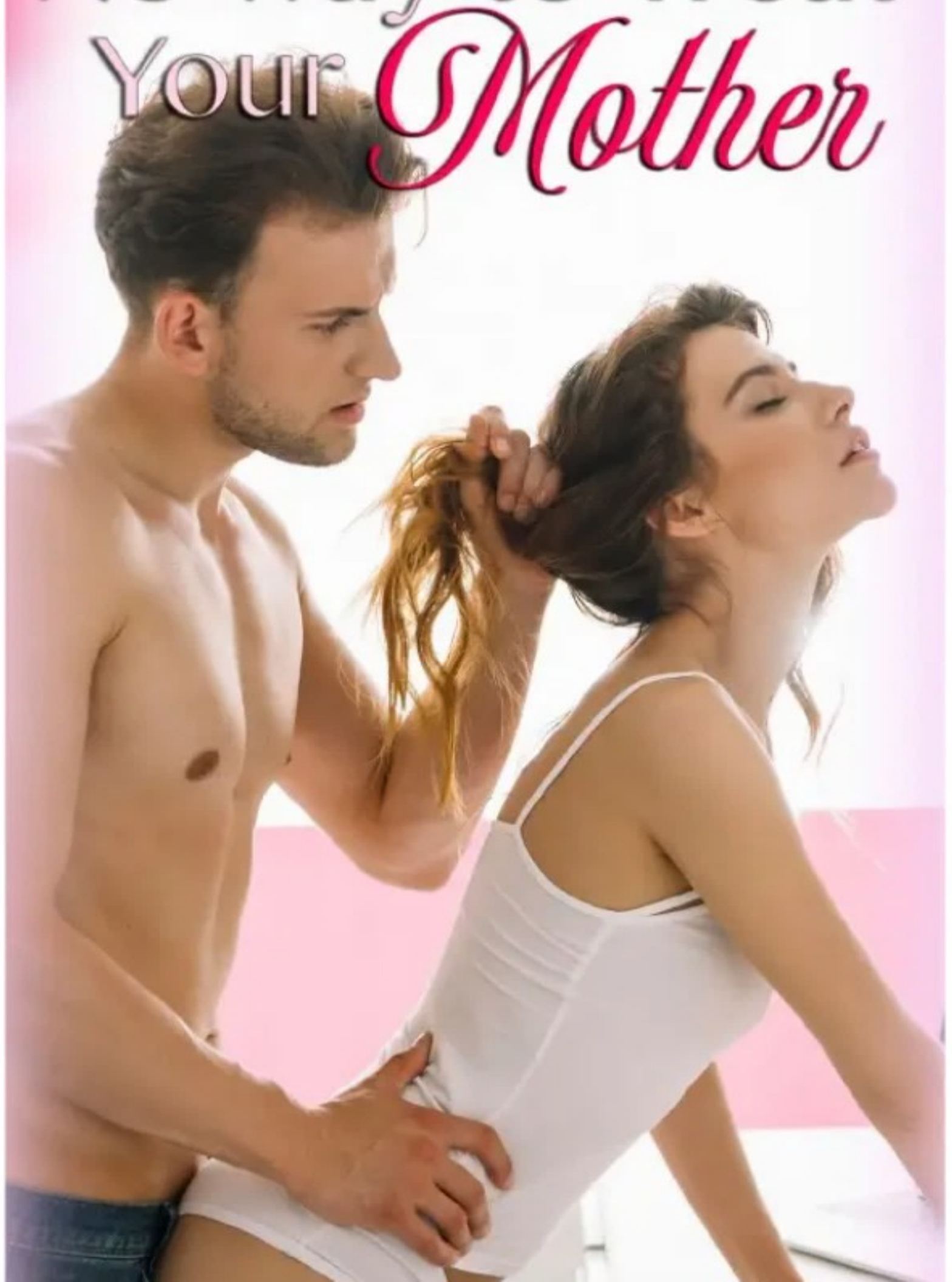


Your *Mother*



# **No Way to Treat Your Mother**

**By Laura Lovecraft**

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~~ **All** characters in this book are over 18. ~~

## Chapter One

“Goddamn,” Matt whistled. “Eddie, have I told you lately how fine your mom is?”

“You tell me every time you come over here,” Eddie rose from his desk. “Stop ogling, and get back over here, we need to work on this Last of Us review for the blog.”

“The blog that has 21 followers?” Matt remained by the window which looked down into the back yard, specifically the deck, the above ground pool it led to, and of course, his sunbathing mother. “Don’t seen what the rush is.”

“That’s why we need to get material up there. Plus, it’s part of our grade for creative writing.”

“I can think of better ways to do that right now,” Matt sighed wistfully. “Trust me, bro, my creative juices are flowing as we speak.”

“Easy,” Eddie put his hand up. “That is my mom we’re talking about.”

“That’s why I didn’t go into details.” He shrugged. “Besides man, you don’t think she knows she’s hot?”

“I don’t think like that,” Eddie lied, knowing damn well his mother knew she looked good... and so did he. “She’s my mom.”

“Not mine.” Matt reluctantly turned from the window. “Shit if my mother wore that bikini, the neighbors would go blind.” He gave a mock shudder. “I would too.”

“That’s no way to talk about your mom,” Eddie scolded him. “She’s super nice.”

“She has to be,” Matt laughed. “Now your mom? She could be a raging bitch and no one’s going to care. A woman looks like that, she gets away with a lot of shit.”

“She is pretty bitchy,” Eddie admitted..”

“She can be bitchy to me anytime.”

“Just get over there and proof what I wrote and add something, last time I wrote almost the entire thing.”

“Killjoy,” Matt walked past him and took his place at the desk. “Man, do you even know what a comma is?”

“That’s why I have you.” Eddie sidled over to the window peeked down into the yard.

*Oh, fuck me,* he thought, *“What the hell is she wearing?”*

Wasn’t wearing might be a more accurate way to describe it. Not only wouldn’t Matt’s mother wear the bikini his mother had on, but few women her age, especially mothers, would even if they did have the body for it.

But from as far back as he could remember, his mother had never dressed like a mom. Maybe that, and her less than motherly attitude of late was why Eddie had spent the last few months thinking of her more as a woman than a mother.

A woman he’d been fantasizing about fucking to the point it was becoming an unhealthy obsession. Staring out the window wasn’t helping with that. Below him, mom was stretched out on her back in an emerald green bikini that was more appropriate for a coed on spring break than a thirty nine year old woman.

The bottom wasn’t much more than a thong, a patch of green material that instead of sides had strings tied over each of her hips. His eyes roamed along his mother’s deeply tanned legs, admiring their length as much as how well shaped they were.

Her stomach was as tight and flat as a girl half her age and she'd decorated it with a piercing a couple years ago, a thin silver chain that reminded him of something a porn star, or again a girl his age would wear.

That stomach, as well as all her exposed skin glistened with tanning oil and even with Matt typing away behind him, his cock began to show its appreciation for his mother's body. That appreciation, and his cock, grew while his eyes lingered on her breasts.

The bikini top left the inner half of her breasts exposed, just like most of her other swimsuits did, and he'd been thinking about how amazing her tan lines must look. Half her breasts golden brown, the rest her normally fair complexion.

Mom's breasts were as perfect as the rest of her, not large, but more than a handful and she had been flaunting them as long as he could remember. Tight t-shirts, low cut blouses, slinky tank tops and sundresses that were low on top and high on the bottom.

Like the rest of her, the visible portion of her breasts were well oiled and he couldn't help thinking about straddling her and sliding his now fully erect cock through her warm, soft, slippery breasts as she held them pressed around him.

She'd open her mouth, parting her lips, which were so puffy many women accused her of getting Botox. Eddie had overheard her mother comment that her lips, like the rest of her, were 'real and spectacular'.

Matt was right, Mom had always known she was hot, and never shy about showing it. She'd wrap those big soft lips around the head of his cock, giving him a hard suck every time he thrust through her tits.

In the end he'd shoot his load between those lips and down her throat. No, better yet, he'd jack it off all over her face, covering her cheeks and lips, painting her bitchy face with his cum, leaving her looking like a porn star wannabe.

Eddie nodded slightly as he continued to stare down at her. It was shameful enough he thought about committing sexual acts with his mother, but at times he was disturbed by how nasty he thought about treating her.

But it's not like he couldn't see where it came from. His mother was self-centered, at times narcissistic, and could be a full-fledged outright bitch to his father, but especially to him. Movement below caught his attention as Mom sat up on the lounge chair. She reached up and pulled her long black hair from the clip she had it in and briefly fluffed it out.

She tied it into a bun and now, sitting with her arms up over her head, Eddie was getting an even better view of her oily tits. She removed her sunglasses and wiped at her eyes, which were a stunning shade of electric blue.

Eddie had inherited those eyes and had gotten quite a few compliments from girls on them. He had her dark hair as well, and if he let it get long enough even her natural curls. He always felt he had a good combination of his parents as he otherwise resembled his father.

The same rugged features with a strong jaw that he normally covered with a couple of day's stubble, favoring the five o' clock shadow look, they off set his 'pretty eyes' and his always perfect, or at times, deliberately tousled and gelled hair.

A pretty bad boy was how Mom once described him and had commented she was sure he did well with the girls. Eddie had to admit he'd picked up a little of her vanity. He felt he was an attractive, and as she'd suggested, never had trouble finding a date, but wasn't cocky and didn't think he was as stuck on himself as she was.

Mom stood and turned to bend over and straighten the towel on the chair, then put the top part of it down. Eddie felt the all too familiar mixed feelings of desire, and the shame and self-loathing that came with it.

He could feel his face flushing as she knelt on the end of the chair. The bikini bottom wasn't a lot more than a thong in the back either, leaving most of her ass exposed. The finest ass he'd ever seen, even better than the half a dozen girls he'd slept with since he'd started dating at 16.

The fact she was his mother made it seem even better. Mom was living proof MILF porn wasn't just fantasy, but there were older women who were really that hot. Mom could easily star in any of those types of movies, especially the mother son material. His mother could easily star in one of [those](#) movies with her looks and incredible body.

But he'd rather her just play one out with him.

She was now on her hands and knees, smoothing out the towel and even with Matt behind him, he couldn't stop staring at her. She looked so good in that position, the smooth bronze skin of her back, her amazing ass and her long legs bent at the knee, even looking at the soles of her feet got him worked up, there wasn't a part of his mother he wouldn't want to touch, lick, suck or come on.

Mom sat back on her knees, picking up her cell which must have rang from where it rested on the edge of the chair. She spoke to someone for a minute then replaced the phone. She then looked over her shoulder, her head tilted up, and waved at him.

Shit! Matt had been smart enough to have been standing to the side of window, watching at an angle and out of her line of sight, he'd been standing directly in front of it. He gave her a halfhearted wave in return and stepped back from the window.

He glanced over at Matt who was now engrossed in reading and adding to Eddie's blog post. Seeing he wasn't paying attention to him, Eddie eased over to the side of the window in time to see his mother on her hands and knees once more, before sliding down on her stomach and stretching her long legs out behind her.

Her open legs.

Spread out so they were right on the edges of the chair, showing off the thin strip of green that covered her pussy. Eddie thought of being over her, his hands by her head, his legs between hers and pumping up and down as if he were doing a push up.

Mom would be squirming beneath him, yelling at him to stop, begging him to stop. But he wouldn't. He'd keep fucking her, faster and harder, putting his hands on her back and pinning her to the chair while she squealed indignantly while her son paid her back for being such a bitch to him.

Eddie would pull his cock out and make her roll over blow a big load all over her bitchy f...

"Hey, what the hell man, you checking out your own mother?"

Matt's words made him jump, not just because he'd cut into another of his twisted daydreams, but that had been exactly what he was doing.

"Of course not!"

He turned away from the window, thankful his untucked shirt would cover the bulge he'd gotten from staring at his mother. Not that Matt would be looking at his crotch, but then again, who would be looking at their mother? Better safe than sorry.

"There's nothing else out there to look at." Matt had spun in the chair so he was now facing him. "Sides, man, she is hot."

"She's my mother, I don't think she's hot!" Eddie lied and tried to sound indignant. "That's fucked up even for you."

“Wanting to do something to her would be messed up, but I mean, sometimes you just can’t help noticing.” Matt shrugged. “I used to look at my sister, Laurie, all the time.”

“Dude!” Eddie scrunched his face up. “TMI!”

“Oh, knock it off, you practically drooled over her.”

“Not my sister.”

“I didn’t say I thought about slipping it to her, but she was smoking hot and used to parade around the house in little short shorts and no bra when my folks weren’t home, I couldn’t help looking.”

“I guess I could see that.” Odd as it was, hearing Matt’s admission made him feel a little better about himself.

“I mean, she was 20 and I was around 14 when I used to look, so not like I’d had sex or anything, she was all I had to look at in a way.”

“But you never thought more about her,” Eddie asked carefully. “No dirty dreams or anything?”

Matt frowned, and to Eddie that was an answer.

“You better not repeat this,” he warned. “But yeah I had a couple dreams about her, and couple times I kind of wondered what she’d look like naked or...”

“Or?” Eddie prompted.

“I don’t know, what she’d be like? She was older and had a boyfriend so I figured she’d know how to...do things.” He gave his head a brisk shake. “Why are we talking about this?”

“You said I was looking at my mother.”

“Oh, right,” he smirked. “Were you?”

“No, I...” he trailed off. “Kind of yeah, but not like you think.” Even though Matt had told him something kind of weird he didn’t want to trip himself up into saying something he’d regret.

“Don’t think there’s anything to think about. That goddamn bikini speaks for itself.” Matt sighed.

“That’s why I was looking, that bikini is bullshit.”

“Huh?”

“She knew you were coming over today and she was out there fifteen minutes before you got her so you could see her.”

“And I thank her for it!” Matt clapped his hands.

“And the neighbors on both sides of the house can see her from their second floor, and she knows they stare. I swear Mr. Vincent strokes it while he’s sitting there, and I caught that little shit, Frankie next door taking pictures of her last month when she was wearing a pink one like that.”

What Eddie didn’t say is he had a rather embarrassing collection of pictures of his mother including a couple from the first time he’d seen her wear this bikini, the most revealing she owned.

“Yeah, that’s creepy.”

“It pisses me off because she’s been doing it as long as I can remember.”

“I know, trust me, Eddie the pool’s not the only reason a lot of the kids at school wanted to hang with you.”

“I know all about it because I’ve spent years hearing about it,” Eddie complained. “You know what it’s like to have a mom who doesn’t just look like that, but flaunts it?”

“Nope, my mom looks,” Matt laughed. “Like a mom.”

“Kids in school telling other kids about how Eddie’s mom walks around with her tits hanging out and her painted on shorts and how she comes out in a bikini when they’re over the house and sun bathes in front of them.”

Eddie was getting wound up, his lust being replaced with anger, the typical pattern he experienced these days, but up until now had kept it to himself.

“She doesn’t just show herself, she shows off!” Eddie paced back and forth while he continued. “Bending over to pick things up so guys can stare at her ass, or down her shirt or bikini top. Rubbing lotion on herself in front of them, smiling and flirting and teasing them.”

“She is a tease,” Matt agreed. “She’s touchy too. I mean not like dirty, but she likes putting her hand on my arm and leaning close to talk and...” he caught himself.

“And what?” Eddie asked. “Go on, Matt just say it, I’m not going to get pissed at you.”

“Couple times when I’ve been over and in the house she’ll walk past and kind of rub up on me.” He put his hands up. “I’m not saying she wants me or anything, but I know it’s on purpose.”

“Rubs on you?”

“Yeah, like she’ll try to slide past me if I’m standing in front of something and slides her ass right across me, and she sort of stops for a couple seconds. I kind of wonder if she wants me to say something about it.”

“She does that with my dad’s friends to, even the guys from work he brings over for dinner.” Eddie grunted. “I feel bad for my dad.”

“What?” Matt looked genuinely surprised. “How the hell can you feel bad for a guy who can tap that whenever he wants?”

“That’ is still my mom,” Eddie defended her weakly knowing he’d referred to her in far worse terms than ‘that’.

“How old is your dad?”

“Just turned 54.”

“Your mom isn’t even 40, right?”

“She turns 40 this November.”

“You’re 20 she had you when she was 19 so she was 18 and your dad was...” He made a show of counting on his fingers. “33 screwing an 18 year old girl. She’s hot now, imagine her at our age.”

“What does that have to...”

“Your father was a perv, man. No guy that age should be with a girl that young. He probably just wanted a hook up and....oops!”

Eddie glowered at him. That was exactly what had happened, but instead of bailing Dad had married mom a few months before he’d been born, and they were still together 20 years later.

“Sorry,” Matt saw the look on his face. “But you told me that shit, I’m just repeating it.”

“I have to remember not to talk to you when I’m stoned and pissed off.”

“It’s cool, bro, I never say anything to anyone. Besides, it’s not like people can’t figure it out by their age now. Your father makes big money, they figure she’s a trophy wife.”

“Pretty much what she is.” Eddie had no room to argue. “She’s never worked, acts like a spoiled brat, and sometimes just a flat out bitch.”

“But when you look like that you can.” Matt pointed out. “My dad’s a lawyer and I’ll tell you those guys like that shit. Showing up with women half their age and acting like it makes them a big shot. Maybe that’s why your dad doesn’t mind if she dresses like that in front of people from work, they think it’s great.”

"I don't know, I just don't think it's right. She's not in her teens anymore and she's a mom. That should stop when you have a kid."

"Then we wouldn't have milfs!" Matt laughed. "Your mom isn't the only woman out there not acting her age and if you look like that you don't have to, and I appreciate their efforts."

"You and that Milf stuff, you're hooked on those videos."

"Not just the videos," Matt smirked.

"What are you going to do, tell me you're fooling around with some older woman?" Eddie raised his eyebrows skeptically.

"More than one."

"Fuck off!" Eddie waved his hand at him.

"Seriously." Matt insisted. "I'm not dating them, just banging them."

"You're full of shit."

"Okay, my turn, you tell anyone, I'm going to tell people you were checking out your mom."

"I was not!"

"Yeah, you were." Matt said it so matter-of-factly, he was taken aback. "But it's cool, I don't think you want her or anything. You're a guy and she's one hell of a woman. But I'll still tell on you."

"Deal, what's this story you're going to tell me?"

"There's this site, Milfchat."

"Milfchat? Really?"

"Yes, really. You heard of Ashley Madison?"

"Yeah," Eddie nodded. "It's for married people who want to cheat, right?"

"Yup, well this one is specifically for older women who want some young dick. Some are married, some are single and just want some fun."

"You go on there and these women just say come on over and fuck?"

"After a little bit. You send messages and you can chat through the site, trade pics. I've been on there six months and probably hit up like 40 or 50 women."

"Jeez, you're lame!" Eddie laughed.

"All those no's sucked, but I hooked up twice, and I'm hooking up again tomorrow morning."

"A Sunday morning?"

"Her husband is going out of town on business, and she's so damn hot for some young guy to fuck her she's not waiting."

"Guess not." Eddie paused as he thought about it. "Poor guy, you don't feel bad you're screwing another guy's wife?"

"Man, that's his problem. Not like I'm forcing anything; these women are on that site looking for guys like me."

"You ever get caught you're going to regret it."

"I'm not worried and this woman is so goddamn hot. Hottest one yet, her body is unreal!"

"What about her face?"

"They don't usually show their faces, especially the married ones, but no way with a body like that she could not have the face to match." He laughed. "And if she was ugly? That's what doggy style's for."

"Classy."

"Whatever, they're sleazy women looking to cheat. I don't show my face either, the site recommends that until you meet."

“Seems stupid.”

“If your face isn’t on there it’s hard to prove its you.”

“You just talk and if they like you, you meet them?”

“More than talk through the site, she uploaded a video of her playing with herself, then asked me to make one of me jacking off for her.”

“You blew a load in front of your computer for her?” Eddie grimaced. “That’s gross.”

“What are you, a prude? It was kind of hot and she said after she saw my cock she knew she had to taste it.”

“Meeting her at her place?”

“At the Sunnyside motel on route 6.”

“That dive?”

“I’m there to get laid, not spend the summer. We’re meeting in the parking lot and she asked for me to check in with my name, but she’s paying.”

“Milfchat?”

“You’re going to try aren’t you?”

“I’m not seeing anyone right now.” And if this was legit and not Matt putting him on maybe hooking up with an older woman might get thoughts of his mother out of his head.

“Give it a go.”

“Free?”

“For the women, and for guys if you just want to look at pics. But if you want to talk to someone, you have to get a real membership. It’s \$49.99 a month,”

“Fifty bucks?”

“If you get lucky once it’s worth it. Telling you, Eddie, some of these women really are horny housewives with dud hubbies. They don’t even want to go out, just fuck your brains out for a couple hours and go back home.”

“Seems too easy.”

“The only hard part is finding legit women. A lot of hookers on there, they suck you in with some dirty talk, maybe a pic, then if you say you want to meet they tell you how much you should bring as a gift.”

“Bet they get it too.”

“I guess, but this site is mostly for women who want guys our age or a little older and most of us don’t have that kind of money. Then you have the ones who are on there, lead you on, then you go to meet and they stand you up.”

“That happen to you?”

“Couple times. Sucked, but like I said, the times it worked out? Those women can fuck and suck like no girl our age can. No games or being shy either. They know what they want and got no problem telling you.”

“I don’t know, seems kind of sleazy and risky.”

“Stop being an old lady.” He smirked. “Or just stare at your mom.”

“For the last time, I wasn’t…”

“I believe you!” Matt cut him off. “I’m just busting your balls.” He rose from the chair. “I gotta get going, have to do a couple things then get to work for five. I took tomorrow morning off, so I hope this woman shows up and makes it worth it.”

“Good luck, I guess.”

“Go on there and look around, you won’t be sorry.”

“I’ll think about it. Right now I need to look at what you did and post it.”

“Such a nerd.” Matt shook his head, “I’ll catch you later.”

“I’ll go downstairs with you.”

They left his room and Eddie followed Matt downstairs to let him out. Not that Matt didn’t know his way, but Eddie wanted to make sure he left through the front and didn’t go out the back so he could check out his mother some more.

Not that him looking mattered much at this point, he’d been gawking at her since middle school. What he was really trying to avoid was Mom blatantly flirting with him, something she’d done to several of his friends the last couple of years.

“I’ll call you tomorrow,” Matt spoke over his shoulder as he reached the bottom of the stairs that led into the living room. “Let you know if...oh, hey, Mrs. James!”

‘Oh, no, here we go,’ Eddie groaned inwardly.

He reached the bottom of the stairs to see his mother standing there with a bottle of water and a magazine she’d grabbed from the coffee table. She was dressed only in the bikini and even from where he stood to Matt’s right he could see his best friend, struggling to keep his eyes on her face.

“Hey, Matt!” Mom flashed him a big smile. “I didn’t know you were still here.”

“Yeah, you did.” Eddie mumbled. She glanced his way, her blue eyes flashing him a hard look before she turned her attention back to Matt.

In the moment she’d looked away, Matt had lowered his eyes to stare at the inner half of her breasts and Mom caught him. Most women would ignore it and not embarrass him, or her son, but not his mother.

“You like my top, Matt?”

“Huh?” Matt’s eyes widened and he stammered. “Y...your top? I wasn’t looking at you. I mean not your...”

“I’m talking about my bikini.” Mom put her arms up and did a quick turn showing off her almost fully exposed ass. “You like it?”

“Yeah, its...really nice.”

“Nice?” Mom sighed. “That’s not exactly the word I was hoping for.”

“Mom, Matt has to get going, he has to go to work.” Eddie piped up.

“Work? Right,” Mom gave Matt a flirty smile that made Eddie want to smack her. “I forget sometimes that you’re a man, not a little boy anymore.”

She put her hand on Matt’s arm and squeezed it “Not little at all.”

“Thanks,” Matt looked around nervously, and Eddie was sure it was because he was standing there. “I try to do what I can at the gym.”

“You do plenty, bet those young girls are all over you these days.”

“I don’t know, sometimes I guess.”

“Matt?” Mom cocked her head and smiled at him.

“Yes, Mrs. James?”

“If you think my bikini is just nice, why do you keep staring at my tits?”

“What?” Matt blinked.

“Mom!” Eddie exclaimed, enough was enough. “What’s wrong with you?”

“Nothing, I’m just teasing Matt for trying to be polite when I know exactly what he was looking at.”

“Sorry, Mrs...”

“No need to be sorry, Matt.” Mom teased her long green nails, the same shade as the bikini, down his arm. “And it’s Becka because like I said, you’re a man now, and I’m...”

“Holding Matt up, he needs to leave.” Eddie gave Matt a push. “Right?”

“Yeah, I’m out of here.”

“Too bad.” Mom shrugged and Eddie knew Matt noticed the way her tits jiggled. He knew it because he noticed it too, only difference was Matt couldn’t be blamed for looking, he wasn’t her damn son.

“You’ll have to come by when you have more time and hang out by the pool.” She locked her eyes on his. “Jack’s always working, and Eddie doesn’t like it as much as he used to. I’d love some company.”

“Sure, next time…” Matt stopped when Mom rubbed the cold-water bottle along her cheek then down her chest.

“So warm out there,” she spoke in a deliberately raspy purr. “I feel like I’m overheating.”

To his credit, Matt spun on his heel, gave him a nervous wave and without another word to Mom, all but ran out the front door.

“Wow, he gets flustered easy.” Mom tucked the magazine under her arm and opening the bottle of water took several long swallows.

Eddie caught himself staring at her tits which now had several drops of water running down them from the condensation on the bottle. The fact he kept looking at her caused another wave of anger at himself, and at her.

“Mom, what’s the hell is wrong with you?”

“Excuse me?” Mom lowered the bottle. “You need to watch how you talk to me, Eddie. I’m your mother.”

“Then act like a mother!” Eddie snapped.

“What’s that supposed to mean?” Mom screwed the cap back on the bottle and pulled the magazine from under her arm, but dropped it. “Shit,” she squatted down to pick it up.

She was now level with his crotch, her legs open, leaving him with the visual of lying beneath her pulling the bikini to the side and licking her pussy. That quickly shifted to her unsnapping his shorts and sucking his cock.

He’d put his hands in her hair and hold her head, fucking her mouth like she was the slut she kept acting like. He felt sweat trickle down his back as he stared down at her, his mind bouncing between the conflicting oral sex fantasies as well as the view he was getting down her minimal top.

“It means you were acting like you were in heat just now.”

“Eddie!” She rose to her feet, and pointed in his face. “How dare you say something like that!”

“Oh, please!” Eddie eased her finger away from him with his hand. “Look at that goddamn bikini! No mom should be wearing that.”

“Maybe that’s because most moms can’t pull it off,” she retorted.

“Or they have respect for their kids and their husbands.”

“I have no respect? You hear yourself talking to me?” she bristled, her bright blue eyes boring into his and her cheeks flushing. He was really getting to her, which told him she knew damn well what she was doing and mad he was calling her out.

“Let me tell you something,” she stepped closer and stared up at him.

Despite being on the taller side for a woman, she was standing barefoot rather than in the absurd heels she always wore and he got a kick out of the fact, she had to look up to his height of 6’2”.

"I work damn hard to look the way I do, and so do a lot of other women my age at the gym. Excuse me if I'm proud of how I look and I'm not going to hide it. Maybe you're ashamed of me, but I'm not."

"Its not that I'm..."

"It is," she cut him off. "You're embarrassed of me because your friends look at me and probably make nasty remarks about me. Talk about my ass or my tits." She flashed a nasty smile. "My lips and where they'd look good."

"That's it right there!" Eddie raised his voice over hers. "What mother even talks like that? I'm your son and you're talking about your boobs and blow job lips?"

"That's funny," Mom's smile turned into a smirk. He knew that smirk, it meant he'd just screwed something up. "I didn't say blow job lips, but you did."

"I...its what my friend's say," Eddie hoped that split second stammer hadn't given her the idea he referred to them that way...even though he did.

"I bet." The smirk remained. "Funny, it wasn't Matt I saw looking out the window at me."

"I was looking out the window because I couldn't believe what you were wearing. Christ, Mom that's a damn thong more than a bikini bottom."

"I'm a grown woman and this is my house. I dress how I want to. You," she poked him in the chest. "Are the child, and I am the parent. You don't tell me how to dress or how to act. Understood?"

"I'll see you as a parent when you stop acting like you're in a midlife crises and dressing like a girl my age." Now that he'd started, it was all coming out. "It's not just the bathing suit. You wear miniskirts, painted on shorts that leave your ass hanging out, your shirts are either so low your boobs might fall out, or so tight it looks like they'll rip when you take a deep breath."

"I told you that I..."

"And there's been times you've come out around one of my friends and not been wearing a goddamn bra, and in a shirt that tight!"

"That was an accident," Mom explained. "I didn't know you had anyone over the couple times that happened."

"But when you saw them you didn't leave, you stood there and talked to them. You knew damn well they were looking. And that's not just about them. I'm not a little kid anymore why would you walk around like that around me? You want me to look?"

"I figured being my son you wouldn't look." She raised an eyebrow. "Do you look?"

"Then today?" he ignored her remark afraid if they went down that path he might trip himself up. "You knew Matt was looking, and you even tried to get him to say you were hot or something."

"I was just teasing him."

"Why? You're a married woman with a 20 year old son! You shouldn't be teasing anyone let alone my best friend and in front of me. The water bottle trick? You looked like a reject from a porno. I...ow!"

He rubbed his cheek where she'd just slapped him, and hard.

"I warned you about how you talk to me." Mom looked mad as hell, and even though he was just as pissed, he realized he'd gone too far with that one.

"I'm sorry," he said quietly. "But the way you act is wrong, and it's bad for dad too. He has his own firm, and he has a reputation for being a professional and a good family man. Here you are walking around dressed..." he hesitated when she raised her eyebrows, daring him to make another crack. "Inappropriately."

“You know what, Eddie, you’re right.” She took a breath and sounded calmer when she continued. “I do dress that way. I’ll use the word you probably want to. I dress slutty sometimes. I’m always showing myself off, and guess what? I like it.”

“You like it,” he repeated, startled she was admitting it.

“I do. I like when I see people looking when I’m out with my girlfriends. I like it when your friends look, when your father’s friends look. If you got it, flaunt it. You have a problem with that?” She wagged her fingers dismissively. “It’s your problem.”

“It is my problem, and its dad’s too because you make yourself look bad.”

“Do I make myself look bad, Eddie, or am I making you look bad?”

“You, but yeah, I’m tired of hearing guys say you dress like a desperate housewife or think you’re some kind of milf.”

“I’ve been dressing like this my entire life, you never cared before. But I guess it’s different now that your friends got old enough to know what they’re looking at.” The smirk flashed again. “As soon as you got old enough to know what you were looking at.”

“What the hell are you trying to say?” he puffed himself up in fake indignation. “That I look at you like that?”

“You don’t look at me as a woman?”

“No!” He denied vehemently. “That’s crazy.”

“You’re sure?”

“I know you’re a beautiful woman.” Eddie said carefully. “And you’re young to be my mom, and my friends say enough about you that I can’t pretend you’re not hot, I suppose. But not hot to me.”

“Not anymore you mean.”

“What do you mean?”

“Few years ago I was missing some things. Panties, a bra, a pair of black stockings. I ended up finding them under your mattress and let’s just say I didn’t want them back.”

“Oh,” he blushed furiously. “I…”

“Its okay, you were young and curious and hadn’t been with any girls so you looked at me instead and you used some of my things.” She shrugged. “I never told you, and I never told your father.”

“I’m sorry,” he said.

“You don’t have to be for back then, boys will be boys.” Mom stared at him expectantly. He frowned and focused on what she said that she seemed to think he was responding to.

“Keep thinking,” that goddamn smirk was there again, and Eddie had lost track of the times he’d wished he could wipe it off her face by sticking his cock between her lips. “You’ll get there.”

His eyes widened slightly when it hit him.

“You said back then.”

“Gold star for you,” Mom grunted. “Lucky for you you’re good looking because you’re not too quick on the uptake sometimes.”

“More motherly support,” he sighed.

“See, Eddie,” her smile turned sly, “My handsome young man, my *baby boy*.” She said the last words in that sultry purr she’d used on Matt. “I think your outrage isn’t over what other people think of me, it’s what you think of me.”

“I told you what I think of you, you’re a tease, and it’s not right.”

“Don’t you mean cocktease?” Mom put her hands on his arms which were bare in his sleeveless t-shirt. “I parade around in a bikini like this or a pair of tight shorts, a sexy dress and I get you and dad’s friends all worked up? I get them hot and hard and wanting me? That’s what bothers you?”

“Yeah,” he barely got the word out as his mind reeled not just from her words, but the phone sex voice they came out in. “It does.”

“But is it because you don’t want them to think your mommy is a slut, or because the person I’m really teasing is you?”

“No,” he shook his head and stepped back from her. “That’s not true.”

“It was true a few years ago, maybe it’s true now.” Mom folded her arms over her chest, pushing her tits out even more, and forcing him to struggle to keep his eyes on her face.

“That’s it, isn’t it, Eddie? You have a little mommy complex going? You look at me and get mad at yourself because you know you shouldn’t be, now you’re going to take it out on me? Blame me for your little obsession?”

“There is no obsession!” Eddie insisted. “Its just...”

“Then why is there all kinds of mommy porn videos in your history on your lap top?”

Eddie’s mouth hung open as he struggled to say something.

“I know, I have no right snooping in your room or your computer, but your father needed to print out somethings for work, and his printer kept acting up so he sent it to yours. I came up here to get the papers and hit your mouse.”

“Oh,” it was all he could manage.

“Oh, is right. I mean, hey, you’re an adult I don’t care you left a dirty movie up on your computer. Then I saw the title “Mom loves to suck.”

“M...mom is another word for Milf these days. It just means an older woman.” Eddie shrugged, trying not to sound as flustered as he knew he looked. “I have thing for older women, that’s all.”

“I wondered that, then I saw you set up an account on that site and clicked your fav list. Every video has mom in the title with clever little description like “Mom blows son for his birthday, and Mom teaches her son how to please a woman, shall I go on?”

“No,” he looked away from her. “Its just...I guess that stuff is kind of hot in a way, but like in the way a mom would sleep with her son, not my mom.”

“I wondered that too, then I remembered what you did to my things a few years ago.” Mom tried to meet his gaze, but he kept his eyes down, unable to look at her.

“Here’s what I think, Eddie. I don’t think this has been something that’s been going on ever since then. You’ve had more than enough girlfriends to be over the curious stage. You’re a grown man, and a damn fine one, at that. I doubt you go without.”

“Damn fine?” Eddie tried to make a comeback. “That’s not how you should be seeing me.”

“I’m stating facts. You’re good looking, you can pull off bad boy and pretty boy. You’re tall, you’re rugged, and like me you work hard to be in shape. You have a nice smile, my eyes, and you’re a nice kid. Can’t see many girls turning you down.”

“What’s that got to do with anything?”

“That I don’t think the mommy thing has been here all along, but I think it’s back for some reason, and know what? Whatever. I won’t tell your father, and we don’t need to talk about it.”

“I told you there’s nothing to talk about.”

“And I know you’re lying, so just thank me for letting you off the hook for being cool about this and not sending you to therapy for being a twisted little shit.”

“L...”

“A little shit with the balls to get in my face, and disrespect me and get on your righteous horse acting like I’m doing something wrong, when what you’re thinking can’t be more wrong.”

“Mom, please listen to me.”

“I know I’m right, so stop trying, unless you’re trying to convince yourself. Here’s what we’re going to do. I will continue to dress the way I do. Act the way I do, and you will never again judge me on it. Is that understood?”

“Yeah,” he nodded.

“And just because of this bullshit attitude you gave me? I ever catch you with any more mom porn or looking at me or anything else? Your father will know. Understood?”

“Yes, mom.”

“Eddie, I know we’ve clashed a lot the last few years. I know I’m not mother of the year, but I do love you, and I do try. You have a lot of anger towards me.”

No, I mean I get mad sometimes, but that’s because you know, you’re my mother and tell me what to do.”

“And Dad always takes my side, and I get to be the brat in the house not you. You’re jealous of me.”

Eddie simply stared at her. God, she was dead on. He had to admit he never expected her to pay enough attention to anything to know this.

“Been getting worse as you get older. I just said I try, but I don’t think you do anymore. In fact, I think the little mommy thing might have a little give the brat what she deserves angle.” The smirk again. “Yeah?”

“I’d never want to hurt you, Mom, really, and I love you too. But yeah, I get kind of tired of Dad being hard on me and you being like a spoiled little sister more than a mom.”

“You like sister stuff to? Good thing you don’t have one.”

She laughed at the look on his face.

“You can be mad all you want, Eddie. I hold all the cards here. I’m your mother and as far as your father goes?” She licked her lips. “Let’s just say I’m very persuasive when it comes to him knowing whose side he should take.”

She patted him on the cheek. “You’ll never win, Eddie, so stop trying.”

She walked past him, and he resisted the urge to turn around and look at her ass, because at this point she knew he’d be expecting her to.

“Bitch,” he mumbled as he headed back upstairs. “I’ll win someday, you’ll see.”

## Chapter Two

Eddie sat at his desk trying to focus on what Matt had fixed and added to the blog. It wasn't working as he kept fuming over the argument with Mom. A good part of his anger was at himself; he'd opened his mouth and walked right into a buzzsaw.

He knew Mom hadn't said anything about finding those videos for his benefit. She had held it back for the perfect moment to stick it to him, he couldn't have given her a better shot if he'd tried.

The fact she was right about everything was further infuriating, right down to part of him wanting to fuck her being fueled by his resentment towards her. Mom was right about why he had issues with her.

From the time he'd been old enough to pay attention, she had always gotten her way. Dad let her buy what she wanted, go where she wanted, and of course dress and act how she wanted. He had no doubt this was because of what she'd just said to him, she probably fucked and sucked his father's brains out until he said yes to whatever it was.

Meanwhile his father was fair, but tough with Eddie. He had him get a part time job at 16 because a man should know what it's like to have to work for things he wanted. Dad did buy him things from time to time, but more often than not if it wasn't essential, Eddie paid for it himself.

Even college. Eddie had wanted to live on Campus at PC. Even though he lived in RI he could live on campus for a few hundred dollars a month. It was an amount his parents could easily afford, but Mom said no, he'd do too much partying and playing with girls if he lived in a dorm.

Dad, who had initially said he thought it would be a good idea for him to live there and get a taste of "premature adulthood" in sense of sort of living on his own, but them being a half hour away. Then mom shot it down and dad as always caved.

"Wonder how many loads she swallowed for that." Eddie grumbled.

Disgusted, he closed the doc for now, and went into his bookmarks. He found Porn4U, and checked his favorites. His eyes narrowed as he scanned the list of vids he'd bookmarked. He had so many, and some from months ago he didn't remember what she would have seen.

The first few were standard material, Mom surprising her son with a BJ. Mom so horny she needed her son to fuck her. A couple of the Dad never gives it to me, please give it to me movies. But then there were several on the nastier side. 'Son blackmails Mom, Son punishes bitchy mother. Son makes Mom his bitch.

That's where she'd found out he thought of fucking her because she was a bitch. It was right here. In one sense he felt like it showed she wasn't as smart as she was pretending to be. Then again, this was his mother and she'd just seen that he'd like to treat her that way.

Unless she bought that it wasn't about her and was teasing him? No, she had him pegged and she knew it. But why hadn't she told his father? He got it when she'd found evidence of his first bout of desiring her, he was just a horny kid using the hottest women he knew as masturbation fodder.

But why wouldn't she tell on him now? They really hadn't been getting along, especially the last couple of years. Eddie bitter about having to remain at home instead of on campus and her bitter about...well he had no real idea what she could be pissed about with her easy life.

Unless she was bored? She had a lot of time on her hands since he'd gotten older and recalled, she wanted to get a part time job for something to do, but dad refused to have her

working as a waitress or some retail job because that was all she knew. "His' wife wouldn't be seen working that kind of job.

"First world diva problems," Eddie said aloud as he deleted all his favorites so they were no longer bookmarked, he went into his history and deleted that as well. There were other vids he'd watched that he'd not bother saving.

Eddie looked at the keyboard thinking about the site Matt had mentioned to him. Milfcheat? No not cheat, chat. Part of him thought Matt was putting him on, but would it hurt to look? Maybe he really did have a thing for older women which led him to thinking about his mother.

Maybe it wasn't her at all, but the fact she was a perfect example of...no, that was bullshit, he had a 'mommy thing' as she'd called it. But still, as he'd thought when Matt explained it to him, what if being with a woman her age would get it out of his system?

Sex with girls his age hadn't. Mom had been right, he'd done okay for himself since his first time at 16. He'd been with several girls, some he dated, a couple were just hookups, and they'd all been pretty hot and none had been what he'd call a dud.

He was only single now because he wanted to be. He was too busy to date, and didn't really mind. The drawback was it was making it harder for him to...well not be hard for his damn mother.

Eddie knew there were a couple girls he could call if he just wanted to have a fun night, but it wouldn't be what he really wanted? But what did you do when the woman you wanted was the last woman who'd ever sleep with you? Or that you should even want in the first place?

At the sound of a knock, he closed out the porn site so the blog was on the only thing on the screen.

"Yeah?"

The door opened and mom stood in the doorway. She wore a short black robe, and had the towels she used by the pool under her arm.

"I'm going to take a bath and relax, probably be in there for a couple hours."

"It has been another long hard day," he rolled his eyes.

"No one likes a smart ass, Eddie." She shifted the rolled-up towel and he noticed her bikini was inside it.

"That works both ways," he retorted.

"Only room for one, and I have seniority," Mom told him.

As she spoke the bikini bottom slipped further out from between the towels, dangling by her side.

"I'm going to toss this in the basket in the closet by the bathroom, bring it downstairs and toss it in the wash later, okay?"

"Okay, I mean I wouldn't want you to have to do it."

"Keep pushing, Eddie and I'll show your father your wonderful taste in movies."

He couldn't help grinning, "What movies?"

"You deleted them." Mom tapped her temple with one finger. "Smart boy. Guess I shouldn't have mentioned them if I wanted to use them against you. You got me this time, Eddie." She gave him a mock bow.

When she did, the loosely tied robe opened, giving him a glimpse of her bare breasts almost down to her nipples. She straightened and laughed.

"Eddie one, Mom, oh, I don't know, about a hundred?"

"Whatever." He turned back to the computer.

“Your father called, he’s on his way home from the course, said to call him if you want him to pick something up for dinner.”

“You’re not cooking?” Eddie spoke while still facing away from her. “I’m shocked.”

“We’re going out to dinner later, he’s offering to pick you up something. If not, fend yourself, you are such a grown up after all.”

She left the room, slamming the door behind her, and Eddie slumped back in the chair. They really were going at it at an all-time level these days. Even when they weren’t arguing he could feel the tension between them.

Sexual tension on his part, and that was leading to him being more snarky with her than usual. He took out his phone and texted his father telling him he didn’t have to stop, he’d forage in the fridge.

Guy worked long hours and was leaving tomorrow morning for a three day conference in Chicago, he didn’t need to stop for food because his pampered wife was too lazy to cook. His father texted back he’d come straight home, and Eddie tossed the phone on his desk.

He leaned forward to try to work on the article when he caught a splash of color out of the corner of his eye. He looked over at the door and saw the bikini bottom on the floor. It had fallen out of the bundle Mom was holding and she hadn’t noticed it.

Eddie got up from the chair and picked it up, staring down at it. The material was still warm from both the hours she’d spent in the sun as well as the heat of her body. He swallowed nervously as his cock was already twitching.

*“Don’t do it, you’re not a kid anymore.”*

Eddie eased his door open and peered down the hall. The bathroom was at the other end and he could hear the water running as Mom drew her bath. He gently closed his door and walked over to his bed.

He sat on the edge of it and brought the bikini to his face. He took a deep breath and his cock swelled. The material smelled of suntan oil, vanilla body spray, and beneath it, another spicier and far more erotic scent.

Eddie shifted it, bringing the crotch directly to his face and sniffed again. Her scent was stronger and he felt something wet against the tip of his nose. He rubbed his finger along the material and it was slick to the touch in the middle.

His mother had been wet while she was by the pool. Did she lie there in the sun, thinking about getting laid? Or had it been when she was teasing Matt? Had she been thinking of him being hard for her? Fucking her?

Eddie stuck his tongue in the slick spot and his eyes rolled back as he got a taste of his mother’s juices. Feeling pathetic, but unable to help himself, he licked the spot several times like a dog lapping at water and unsnapped his shorts.

His cock was so hard it ached, and pulling it out, he wrapped the bikini around it, and stroked himself into the soft material. He closed his eyes and thought of her by the pool on her hands and knees on the chair.

He’d come up behind her and pull the bikini to the side, thrusting his hard cock deep inside her hot wet pussy. Eddie wouldn’t go easy with her, he’d grab her hips and fuck the shit out of her.

He’d slap her ass red and pull her hair and fuck that cock teasing slut like she’d never been fucked before. Eddie would roll her over and bend her legs back so he could see the look on his face as her son took her.

He stroked his cock faster, his pre cum smearing on the soft material and making it glide more smoothly over his hard shaft. Eddie would rip her top off and pinch her nipples, making her squeal.

He'd be rough, slapping her tits, pinning her down by her throat like he saw in some of the nastier blackmail mother son videos. All the while relentlessly punishing her pussy with short savage strokes that made her yelp.

She'd be begging him to stop, yelling that she was his mother and he couldn't do this to her. But he wouldn't stop, he'd just keep fucking her because deep down he knew she was loving it. He was making her pay for every snotty comment, every time she'd got him in trouble, and most of all every time she'd teased him wearing her slutty outfits and acting like a whore and not a mother.

"Yeah," he whispered as his balls tightened and his cock twitched in his hand. "Take it you little bitch. This is what happens to cock teasing slut mothers."

His breathing was getting faster and his heart raced as he pumped his cock as fast and hard as he envisioned fucking her. He'd only been masturbating for a couple minutes, but had himself so worked up he was already close.

In his fantasy he'd whip his cock out from her pussy which would be aching from how hard her son had used her, and slide up, straddling her. Eddie would jack off in her bitchy face, spraying her with his come and holding her by her hair so she couldn't turn her head.

He'd squirt some in her mouth, then all over her cheeks. He'd push the head of his cock into the mess and smear it all over her while she whined and whimpered and kept trying to pretend she didn't like being treated that way.

Eddie groaned as his cock exploded. Instead of all over his mother's face, he came like a loser, filling the bottom of her bikini with his hot load. He kept pumping, his orgasm as intense as his fantasy, his cum now oozing down his cock as it overflowed the section of the bikini wrapped around his head.

He opened his eyes and gingerly unwrapped the cum soaked bikini from his dripping cock. He was still breathing hard and already experiencing a wave of shame at what he'd done. It took him back to when he'd done it before to her panties, her stockings, a bra she hadn't mentioned.

He stood up, tucking his still hard cock back into his boxers while he stared at the bikini in his other hand and the strands of cum dangling from it. Eddie began to recall what had led him to doing it. Mom had blamed it on a natural curiosity, but there had been more to it than that. It...

His door burst open, and Mom strode in, still in her robe.

"Got you!" she exclaimed, "Caught you red handed!" She laughed nastily. "Or should I say onehanded?" Before he could react, she lifted her hand, and his stomach twisted when he saw she had her cellphone in it. It flashed as she snapped a picture of him.

Eddie was so stunned he stood there for a moment, his hand still on his zipper while holding the soiled bikini away from his body so it wouldn't drip on him.

"What's the matter, Eddie?" She walked into the room. "No smart ass remarks?"

"I..." he had nothing.

"You really think I dropped that by accident?" she laughed again. "So much for that one point you think you scored with deleting your videos." She shook the phone. "Got about 100 points right here?"

"Are you out of your mind?" Eddie was finally able to react, dropping the bikini and turning away as he zipped his shorts.

"Me? I'm not the one jerking off in my mother's clothes."

“You...” he turned to face her and even though he knew he was 100% in the wrong, his humiliation, coupled with that smug look on her face, turned to anger. “You set me up!”

“I did.”

“What the fuck, Mom? Why the hell would you...”

“Watch your goddamn mouth!” she snapped, dropping her phone back into her robe. “And stop thinking about mine!” she pointed to the bikini on the floor. “Because I’m damn sure my mouth was part of what inspired that mess.”

“Who the hell does that to their son?” Eddie asked. “Set me up and come in and take a picture?”

“Who the hell jerks off in his mother’s bikini?” Mom turned it around on him. “You think if Matt or any of his friends found their mother’s underwear or anything else on the floor they’d do that?”

“No, but...”

“There are no buts!” Mom yelled. “This is disgusting. More than disgusting, it proved you just lied to me downstairs. The only problem you have with the way I dress and act is it gets you hot and bothered.”

Eddie’s anger faded. He had no leg to stand on here. She couldn’t have gotten the better of him, if he didn’t.

“Are you going to tell dad?” He hadn’t wanted to ask, figuring his fear would be what pushed her to, but he was on his way home, and it was the first thing he thought of.

“I should. I think your father should know what you think of his wife and your mother.” Mom went quiet and as she had downstairs seemed to be waiting for him to speak.

“I’m sorry. Mom. It’s wrong and I don’t...”

“Sorry because you were caught.” She interrupted. “But that’s not what I want to hear.”

Eddie’s eyes narrowed. “What do you want to hear?”

“Two things. One, admit it. Admit you have a thing for me. Look me in the eye and tell me you want me.”

“I...its not like that. I mean I have these thoughts, but I know they’re wrong and...”

“That’s a lot of wrong in my bikini. Can’t feel too bad about it.”

“I don’t during, but every time I’m done, I feel bad.”

“Every time,” Mom smirked. “Been a lot of times hasn’t there?”

He wasn’t going to get anywhere pleading his case. She hadn’t told her father before, and downstairs said she wouldn’t now, but had catching him changed that? He’d have to gamble.

“Yeah, I started watching those movies, and...I started thinking about you.” Still lying, it was the other way around. His lust for her sent him to the movies to make him feel better that other people must have the fantasy.

“I think there’s a little more than that, but whatever. Just say it.” Mom tapped her pocket. “Or I can text your father this picture so he can have time to really get worked up.”

Eddie stared at down at her feet, and found even in this moment, he thought of her bright green toes on his chest, shoulders, maybe even around his cock....thinking of a foot job from his mother. Maybe he really did need to talk to someone.

“I...think you’re really hot,” he whispered. “I think about having sex with you.” He looked up and added. “But I’d never try anything and know its...”

“Just stop with explaining, and say it.” She pointed to her eyes. “And look at me when you say it.”

Eddie forced himself to look her in the eye.

“Mom, I...I want you.”

“That so hard?” She held up two fingers. “Now for the second thing I want? You should ask me not to tell your father,” That fucking smirk again. “Maybe even beg me not to.”

“What?”

“You heard me. Ask me really nicely not to tell your father, and I’ll delete that picture right in front of you. Then you can pick that disgusting mess up and toss it in the laundry.”

“And you don’t hold it over my head?”

“No picture, no dirty bikini, no proof. How can I threaten you with it?”

“I mean keep busting my balls about it. “

“Can’t promise that.” Mom shook her head. “But you can help your cause by never again, and I mean never, bitching about how I dress and act. There’s reasons for why I do. Some are mine some are...” she paused and for a brief instant her lips curled into a scowl. “Some aren’t.”

“Okay, I promise, no more judging you.”

“No more disrespect either. I’m your mother. I know I’m not mommy of the year by any means. Never have been, but no more attitude.”

“Fair enough.”

“As for your little obsession?” Mom shrugged. “I can’t control what you think, and maybe this will cure you of your little habit. If not, keep it to yourself and keep your dick out of my clothes.”

“That’s crude,” Eddie’s eyes widened at her words.

“I am crude, probably part of why you want me.” She put her hands out. “I’m waiting.”

Her smug as fuck smirk made him recall his fantasy of smearing his dripping cock all over bitchy face. Eddie knew it was wrong to want your mother, even more wrong to think if he could have her it would be an angry hate fuck. But goddamn, he could see where it came from.

“Please don’t tell, dad.”

“Don’t tell him what?”

He rolled his eyes. “Please don’t tell him what I did to your bikini.”

“That wasn’t even close to sincere and its more than what you just did.”

“Fine,” he took a breath to make sure he sounded more sincere. “Mom, please don’t tell dad that you found out I want you and jerked off to you and into your clothes.”

“Pretty good,” Mom nodded. “The fine at the start had a tone though, and...maybe you should get on your knees and really....”

“Oh, fuck this!” Eddie had had enough. “I was wrong. What I think is wrong, what I did was wrong, this is all wrong, but know what? If you didn’t act like a stuck up snotty bitch instead of a mom!”

“I don’t care how I act!” Mom raised her voice. “This is no way to treat your mother!” she pointed to the bikini. “That sure as hell is no way to treat your mother!”

“Maybe if you dressed like a Mom and not some middle aged slut who think’s she’s still my age...”

“Hey!” Both Eddie and his mother flinched at the word and the sound of footsteps hurrying down the hallway. “What the hell is going on in here?”

“Oh, fuck me,” Eddie thought as his father entered the room.

## Chapter Three

“Well?” Dad had stepped between the two of them and was looking from one to the other. “What’s going on here?”

“Ask your son.” Mom nodded her head towards him. “I’m sure he’ll be happy to explain.”

“Eddie?” He looked at his father, who still looked pretty good for 54.

Granted his hair was more gray than blonde these days, and his forehead had developed some worry lines as he called them, and there were some around his eyes. But he’d kept himself in shape, carrying an easy two hundred pounds on his frame, but with no sign of a gut or even love handles.

Like Mom, he was deeply tanned, but for him a lot of it came from the golf course as much from what time he spent by the pool when he wasn’t working. His neatly trimmed beard was the same salt and pepper mix as his hair, but looked good on him, giving people the impression he didn’t care if he were going gray or not.

His dark eyes, the one difference between he and Eddie’s features bored into his.

“What’s going on, kid? Why did I hear you yelling at your mother?”

“We...were just arguing. I don’t like how she talks to me sometimes.”

“She’s still your mother, Eddie, and you always need to respect her.” He looked at Mom. “That’s it?”

Mom looked at Eddie who met her gaze, mentally pleading with her.

“Your son doesn’t like how I dress or how I act.”

“In what way?” Dad asked him.

“She...look, Dad, Matt was over today and she’s out there in this string bikini and then she comes in the house without a robe on and starts talking to him, and he’s gawking at her and... that’s not how a mother should act.”

“Your Mom’s an adult and can dress how she wants. This is her house, Eddie.” He pointed to him. “But when I was coming up the stairs and I swore I heard you call her a slut. Did you?”

“I said she dressed like one. I...was mad at her.” Eddie risked a glance down at the bikini which Dad hadn’t noticed.

“Mad or not, that is not a word to use about your mother. Ever.” He pointed to Mom. “Apologize, right this minutes.”

“Sorry, Mom, I shouldn’t have said that.”

“I have a feeling there’s more.” Dad was now looking at mom. “You covering for him?”

“We were having an argument. He’s an adult now, I let him have his say. You don’t have to get in the middle of it.”

Eddie relaxed slightly, she was actually letting him off the hook. Now if dad didn’t look down...

“He still shouldn’t talk to you like that.” Dad frowned. “If you want to handle this between the two of you, I’ll respect that.”

Holy shit, he might get away with this, at least with Dad, his mother would now have another thing to hold over him, but better than the alternative.

“But,” he put his hand up, and Eddie’s stomach clenched. “I’m going to be honest, here, Becca. I heard you tell Eddie that was no way to talk to you.”

“It’s not, and I told him.”

“Then I heard you say ‘and that’s no way to treat your mother. What does *that* mean?’”

Mom looked at Dad, then to him.

“Don’t cover for him. If Eddie did something wrong I want to know. I know I’m not around much, and you do most of the parenting, but you sounded upset and I want the reason why.”

“Fine,” Mom pointed to the bikini. “I walked in on your son and found him with that.” She shot Eddie a look. “That’s what he thinks of me.”

“Huh?” Dad stared at the object of Eddie’s guilt, and at first looked confused. He stepped closer and leaned over peering down at it.

“What the fuck?” Dad straightened up and glared at him causing Eddie to step back. He could count on the finger of one hand how many times he’d heard his father drop an F-bomb.

“I’ll leave you two alone now.” Mom pointed to Eddie. “Sorry, but you did this to yourself.”

She turned and left the room, closing the door behind her, and Eddie eyed his father who was still staring at the bikini, his face red and the vein in his temple standing out. The telltale sign he was mad as hell.

“Jesus Christ!” Dad thundered at him so loudly he took another step back. His knees hit the edge of the bed and he fell into a sitting position. “Eddie this is...disgusting!”

“Yeah, I know.”

“No, I don’t think you do! This...this is your mother’s and you...”

“I know what I did.”

“Don’t you dare get smart with me.” Dad lowered his voice which somehow scared Eddie even more. “I can see what you did too. Now why?”

“It...” Think...Mom hadn’t said a lot to damn him. Maybe he could come up with something. But then if he asked mom later, and she told him more...damned if he did or didn’t try and lie his way out of trouble.

“Its not what you think.”

“Its pretty obvious what this is.” Dad rubbed the sides of his head, as if trying to relax.

“Eddie if you were a kid I might be able to attribute this to not knowing any better, and just... being a boy with a lot of new powerful urges.

“But you’re twenty and not to be rude, but a couple girls I seen you with were no slouches. You’re certainly not some nerdy desperate virgin. Why the hell would you do this?”

“It was a dare!” he blurted out.

“A dare?”

“Kid at school dared me to do it...a bunch of us did. You had to...you know, use something that belonged to your sister or your mother, then take a picture of it and...”

“Do you think I’m fucking stupid?” Dad slapped his fist into his palm. “I want the fucking truth, Eddie. Not that it isn’t pretty clear,” His face scrunched up in disgust while indicating the bikini. “Looks like there’s a lot of truth all over that.”

Two f-bombs in one sentence, he was so screwed.

“I’m waiting and while I am.” He picked up Eddie’s phone from his desk and put it in his pocket. “You won’t be seeing this for at least the next two weeks.”

Jesus, he had pictures of Mom in bikinis and some of her trashier outfits on the phone.

“But what if work needs me or...”

“You call them and tell them to call the home phone. Seeing classes are over, work is the only place you’re going for...” he looked at his watch. “To be determined by how long it takes you to be a goddamn man and tell me what the hell was going through that twisted head of yours.”

Fucking mom! This was all her...

"It's her fault!" his voice rose in anger.

"Lower your damn voice to me," Dad warned. "And how the hell is this her fault? She make you do this? Here, Eddie, why don't you use this to...I can't even say it."

"She's always dressing like a tease! Those stringy bikinis and her short skirts and walking around with her boobs falling out and those fuck me shoe..."

"Enough!" Dad shouted. "Fuck me shoes? That is no way to talk about your mother!"

"You asked, I'm telling you. She walks around here like she's some trashy woman in a club looking to get picked up and it's not right!"

"Something's not right, kid, and it's you."

"That's not fair! No other guy I knows mother dressed or acts like her. Should have seen her with Matt today, she wasn't just flirting, it was like she was coming on to him!"

"So she dresses like a slut and acts like one?" Dad asked. "That's what you think?"

"I...yeah," he lifted his head defiantly. "You should have a problem with that too. She makes you look bad."

"You have balls, Eddie. I'll give you that. But you have a lot to learn, starting with there's things you don't know and shouldn't assume you do. If you're ashamed of your mother, that's unfair, but it's something I could try to understand. But what you did looks like there's more than shame there."

"I don't want to do anything to her, I swear."

"I'm supposed to believe you used her clothes to jack off with, but you weren't thinking of her? At 13 that excuse works, not now. You could go out and get laid anytime you want. This is a big problem, and fixing it starts with owning it."

"You're right, she made me want her," Eddie said softly, finally admitting it. "That's why I hate how she dresses and acts."

Dad released a long breath and rubbed his temples. "My father always said no matter what you're ready for, kids will always come up with something you didn't expect. I sure as hell didn't see this coming."

"I'm sorry, Dad, and sorry I upset Mom," At least the first part was true. "I should have said something before, tried to talk about it. But how could I come to you and say what I was thinking?"

"Fair point," Dad nodded and seemed to be calming down.

"I even thought about the councilors they have at school. I know it's confidential, but it's pretty embarrassing."

"I can see that." He paused for a moment. "So you know you're wrong? That this is wrong?"

"I do, and you might not believe me, but anytime I think of her like that I feel bad and get mad at myself, and that's why I get mad at her. I feel like she helped cause this."

"That I don't agree with, but I'm glad you know you have a problem. Now what do we do?"

Eddie remained silent, waiting for his father to decide.

"How long have you felt this way?"

"Few months."

"What about before? When you were younger?"

"Here and there, but you were right, it was before I had girlfriends."

"So why is it back?" Dad frowned. "Its time to talk to someone, Eddie. I'll find someone, you need to figure out how to deal with this."

"Okay."

“You’re twenty and you could live on campus. I didn’t want you to for reasons I stated. But if I think that every time you look at your mother, that,” he pointed to the floor. “Is what you’re thinking? It could be time you leave.”

Eddie was stunned. He’d wanted nothing more than to live on campus, and blamed Mom for why he couldn’t. But to be pretty much thrown out, and again over her? But for now this was an out. Dad had settled down, and he wasn’t going to wind him up again.

“I’ll talk to someone, Dad, promise.”

“Now that I know what type of issue this is. I’m not as mad. You got a problem, Eddie. You’ve been hiding it because you were ashamed, and that makes me feel a little better. Now that it’s out there, we can try and figure it out.”

He pulled Eddie’s phone from his pocket and dropped it back on the desk.

“This isn’t something taking away a phone or grounding you is going to fix, so I’m not bothering.”

“Thanks.”

“You owe your mother an apology, a real one, and you’re going to admit to her what you did me. Then you talk with whoever I find.”

“Understood.” He had to resist grinding his teeth just imaging the smirk on Mom’s face when he had to grovel for forgiveness.

“Make sure your apology is sincere, and promise you’ll listen to who we send you to.”

“I will.”

“Make sure, because this is in your mother’s hands right now.”

“What do you mean?”

“I mean if she feels that uncomfortable around you because of this? You will be leaving, so you living with us is going to be up to her. I have to leave tomorrow morning. When I come back on Thursday, we’ll talk, and she will decide where you’ll be staying for the foreseeable future. Got it?”

“Yes sir.” Unbelievable, one stupid mistake and his mother had him by the balls.

“You be good to your mother while I’m gone. Be respectful and if she needs space from you, you give it to her.”

“Yes sir,” he repeated.

“Good. We’ll talk about this again when I come back.” He turned and walked out of the room, but stopped in the doorway.

“One more thing, Eddie.”

“Yeah, dad?”

“Throw that disgusting thing away and stay the hell out of your mother’s laundry.”

He closed the door behind him, and Eddie rose from the bed and picked the bikini up by one end, and dropped it into the small basket under his desk. He pulled the bag out and after tying it, sat down at his desk.

“Fucking bitch,” he whispered.

She’d set him up perfectly, and even if she hadn’t planned on Dad showing up, she didn’t do much to help him, in fact she’d walked away like she always did, leaving him to take his father’s shit.

Hard to be mad at his father, he was in the right, but he would have never known if Mom hadn’t pulled that stunt. He wanted to think he’d get even with her at some point, but he doubted there was anything he could do to top this.

Whether he liked it or not, Mom had won.

## Chapter Four

“Thanks, Eddie,” Dad took the large suitcase Eddie had carried down for him and tossed it in the trunk.

“No problem,” he slid his father’s lap top bag off his shoulder and passed that to him next.

“You didn’t have to get up to see me off, I’m sure you didn’t sleep much last night.”

“Not really, but its nine thirty, I never sleep this late no matter when I got to bed.”

“Morning man, like me,” Dad nodded. “Now your mother? She can sleep until noon, no matter when she goes to bed.”

“Yeah, I got used to making my own breakfast pretty young.” He regretted saying it. Now wasn’t the time to say anything about Mom, even if it was half-joking.

“Nothing wrong with being independent, no woman wants a mama’s boy.” Eddie was relieved Dad didn’t react to the remark.

“Especially not in the way you’ve been thinking.” So much for that.

“I know,” he nodded glumly.

“Sorry, I shouldn’t make cracks about it.” Dad closed the trunk and glanced at his watch.

“Where the hell is she? Woman would be late for her own funeral.”

“I can take you if you want,” Eddie volunteered.

“Five more minutes I might take you up on...never mind, here she comes.”

Eddie looked over his shoulder

*Oh, fuck me.*

Mom came towards him once again looking like something straight out of a Milf fantasy. Her white top featured thin straps over her shoulders and was low cut enough to show the top of her breasts and tight enough to push them up and make them more prominent.

The top stopped several inches above her waist, leaving her pieced naval and lower portion of her stomach visible. Her matching skirt was loose fitting, but just made her mid-thigh and as she approached a light breeze caused it to flutter around her legs.

The skirt was both short and loose enough that a stronger breeze might lift it enough to give anyone behind her, a quick flash of her ass and whatever skimpy thong he was sure she had on beneath it.

The white of the outfit made a sharp and sexy contrast to her deep tan, and her long legs ended in a pair of heeled sandals that showed off her now red painted toes. Her fingers matched, as did her lipstick, which was so bright it stood out even from where he stood.

Mom’s hair was down, and she’d added more curl to it, but it was still long enough to flow over her bare shoulders. All in all, she looked absolutely stunning, gorgeous, sexy, confident, and a reminder of why he’d begun thinking of her the way he did, and why he hated both himself, and her, for it.

“Have a good trip, Dad.”

“I will, be good for your mother.” He clapped Eddie on the arm, and he waited for his father to add a snarky crack about not being too good, or something like that.

Instead, his father turned to Mom who had just reached the car.

“You didn’t have to dress up to take me to the airport.”

“I didn’t, I’m going out with some friends for brunch.”

That's how she dressed for brunch. Eddie couldn't believe his father never said anything. Every guy she walked by would be ogling her, and worse was she loved the attention. Eddie had seen her flirt right in front of him at stores and other public places they'd been together.

She didn't get carried away, but the fact she was married should keep her from doing it all.

"I'm not sure when I'll be back," Mom addressed him. "We might catch a movie afterwards. You're on your own for breakfast and lunch, but there's plenty of food in the fridge."

"Nothing new," Eddie mumbled.

"What was that?" Mom lifted her mirrored sunglasses to give him a challenging stare.

He noticed she had on mascara as well as eyeshadow, she was going all in on looking good this morning.

"I said, I love you," Eddie recovered. "Have a good time."

"I'm sure I will."

"Later Dad, see you when you get back."

His father waved as he got into the passenger seat, and Eddie casually stood there long enough to watch Mom get in the car so he could catch her skirt riding up higher on her long leg as she got into the car.

He went back into the house and grabbing a banana out of the fruit bowl on the kitchen table went back upstairs. When he reached the hallway he noticed his parent's bedroom door was open.

Mom always kept it closed, and his eyes narrowed when he saw something on the floor next to the bed, which of course was unmade because why would his mother think she had to make a bed?

He walked down the hall and stood in the doorway. On the floor was a black lace thong. Although she wasn't a neat freak, the one thing she never left lying around were her clothes. Her closet was OCD level organized, and she always put all the laundry away as soon as she brought it up.

The thong was in plain view, but only because the door was left open.

"You bitch," Eddie grunted.

She was trying to catch him again.

To further prove that point he noticed a hot pink bra on the floor on the other side of the bed.

Eddie turned and stalked down the hallway. What the fuck with this woman? It wasn't enough he'd gotten her in trouble once? He entered his room and sat at his desk. Seeing he hadn't been grounded he should find somewhere to go.

Matt had his alleged hook up today, and a lot of his other friends had headed for the beach with their girls. Speaking of girls, he could always call Kelsi. They'd dated a couple years back, but it hadn't worked out. She wasn't the one guy woman type, and he didn't like being an option on her wheel of sex.

At least not when dating her as they'd hooked up a couple times over the last few months just to have some fun. He could use some fun right now, especially that kind of fun because he had to try and get his weird fetish out of his system.

Or...maybe he'd have better success in doing that with someone who was a lot closer to his mom than a girl his age.

"Don't be a loser," Eddie told himself as his attention turned to his laptop. "It's a scam."

Or was it? Matt claimed today was his third hook up. His best friend could be a pain in the ass sometimes, but he wasn't much for lying. The fact he'd owned up to being rejected a shitload of times made his claims more realistic.

Meanwhile, he'd been caught jerking off in his mother's bikini, who was he to call anyone a loser? Eddie shook the mouse to wake up his laptop and typed Milfchat into the browser. The home page came up featuring the name and the must be 18 warning and an otherwise blank screen.

Eddie clicked the box and it took him to the real home page which consisted of several pictures of unrealistically hot older women in lingerie with come fuck me looks on their face. He rolled his eyes when one of them as Molly Minx a porn star he recognized for a couple of mom son movies.

*"Are you a sexy milf or cougar looking for young man to give you what you need? Click Here!"*

Beneath that was.

*"Young stud looking to fuck older women with no strings attached? Click here!"*

Eddie clicked the second link and skipped setting up a profile. The next box asking for his zip code to browse profiles from women near him. There were several distance options and he clicked within five miles.

He shook his head when 48 hits came up. There was no way there was almost 50 women within a few minutes of him on this site. Eddie scrolled down a list that consisted of usernames with a thumbnail pic next to it and whether they were online or not.

Eddie noticed none of them showed their faces, and his interest piqued as that made it seem like they really were looking for some discretion. He clicked on the pic of a woman in a light blue baby doll nightgown.

"Cougar4cub" was the username and he nodded in approval at the amazing body he was looking at. There was no face in any of the several small pics on her page which featured different lingerie and one in a swim suit.

The ends of her blonde hair were visible, but his focus was on her incredible tits and ass, especially in the last pic which featured her lying on her side, naked except for a pair of black thigh highs.

"Damn." Eddie read the short bio which was pretty much about her being a bored wife whose husband traveled often, leaving her all alone, and she was tired of playing with herself, was there a hot young man with a big hard cock who could help her out?

"Whoa," Eddie whispered when he saw there were actual reviews.

She had four, all five star and from registered members claiming to have hooked up with her, and describing her in various ways that all pretty much meant a hell of a fuck, and 100% real, as opposed to the working girls who were all over the site.

According to the page she was online now. That was followed by "What are you waiting for? Sign up and get laid!"

No thanks, he wasn't spending \$50 on a membership where odds are there were far more hookers than real women. Besides, would he really go through with it? Who knows if these women had suspicious husbands? With his luck he'd be the one to get caught by one.

He spent a couple more minutes looking at a few other women who were online, but stopped when the list switched to *"Not online, but why not send a message so they know someone is interested?"*

Eddie exited the site. He had to admit, he was interested, at least his cock was interested as he'd gotten hard from looking at some of these women. Some looked fairly average, little chubby, bit bigger in the hips and thighs, tits sagging a little, but that made it hotter in a way, they looked like real women.

A couple however, had bodies that rivaled his mothers. Matt called women like that the 'yoga pants' crowd. The women like Mom who worked their ass off at the gym to stay in shape and defy their age.

He wondered how he would do if he set up an account and took some pics from the neck down. Eddie had a good build, his arms and chest well defined, hard flat stomach, and from what he'd been told from girls, and just watching porn, he had nothing to be ashamed of below the waist.

Eddie thought about a woman looking at his body and seeing he was young enough to be their son, and wanting to fuck him.

"Fuck it, I have enough drama."

He got up from the chair and rubbed his eyes. He'd slept like shit last night, his mind spinning between being angrier at his mother than he'd ever been, shame for what he'd done, because in the end he was wrong, and worried about his father's threat of him having to move out.

A decision left up to his mother who he'd just seen was trying to trick him again.

He went over to the bed and stretched out on it, closing his eyes and hoping to dose off. He jerked awake when his cell went off next to him. He picked up the phone to see it was eleven. He had fallen asleep for over an hour.

It was Matt calling, and he grinned as he answered it.

"You done already, stud boy?"

"I'm done alright, but it ain't funny."

"What's the matter?" Eddie's smile faded, Matt sounded nervous.

"You're home right?"

"Yeah, you need to come by and..."

"I'm downstairs. We need to talk, Eddie, for real."

"I left the deck door unlocked, just come on up."

He'd no sooner ended the call when he heard footsteps downstairs. Shit Matt had been right at the door. What the hell was going on? He got off the bed and was barely halfway across his room when Matt burst through the door.

"Holy shit man, you run up the stairs?"

"Yeah!" Matt's eyes were wide and he looked rattled.

"Oh, fuck!" Eddie snapped his fingers. "Don't tell me you got someone's husband after you?"

"No, but...um, kind of worse."

"Okay, well sit down, you look kind of shaken up." Eddie pointed to his desk.

"Right, got to show you something anyway."

"What happened?" Eddie pulled the small folding chair out from behind the desk and snapped it open, so he could sit next to Matt.

"I get there few minutes early and I'm sitting in the corner of the parking lot, waiting for her. You know that place right?"

"I took Carol there after the prom, all I could afford. Kind of a dump."

"It is but you know how all the doors are outside, you just park in front of whatever room you rented?"

"Yup."

"Well I parked off to the side so I could see her when she got there. Make sure she looked like her pictures, and she wasn't like... you know, fat or gross or something."

“Classy, Matt.”

“And I wait a couple minutes to see if anyone pulls in behind them, like a husband following them.”

“Makes sense.”

“I’m waiting, I mean I never saw her face, just knew she had long dark hair and said she’d be in a red 2019 BMW.”

“She’s got money,” Eddie whistled. “My Dad bought his brand-new last year. Got a 550 thing was almost 80 grand.”

“Yeah, it was just like your dads.” Matt looked away from him. “Because it was his.”

“What?”

“Eddie, your mom showed up.”

“Huh?” Eddie blinked, then rolled his eyes. “Really Matt? You went through all this to try and punk me?”

“It’s not a joke. That’s why I’m here. I saw her pull in then get out and I slunk down behind the goddamn wheel, hiding like a little kid.”

“Oh fuck off!” Eddie was getting pissed. “This isn’t funny.”

“She’s wearing all white, slutty little tank top, short skirt, heels, got her hair down.”

Eddie’s stomach tightened.

“What did you do, hide outside this morning so you could see her…” he stopped when Matt brought his phone out and held it up.

On the screen was a photo of his mother standing next to his father’s car. She was looking to her left and he could tell she was in a parking lot.

“Hold on.” Matt slid the picture over to show a wider angle that showed the sign for the Sunny Side Motel over her.

“Oh, my god.” he whispered.

“And this,” Matt turned his phone back to face him. “Because I want to make sure you know this is for real.”

He handed it to Eddie.

“Look at the last few texts.”

“That’s not my mother’s number.” Eddie began to feel some relief.

“Take a look, that’s not my regular phone either. I picked this up cheap at Wal-mart and got a pay by the text and minute plane. I’m not as stupid as you think. Bet her and a lot of people on sites like that do the same. Just look at the texts.”

*“Hmm, I can’t wait for tomorrow, baby. My husband will be on a plane and I’m going to be getting my mouth and cunt stuffed with your young hard cock.”*

*“You know it! I can’t wait to suck those beautiful tits and eat your pussy. Going to make you come harder than your old fart husband ever could.”*

Eddie scrolled through a few more exchanges from last night until he found this morning.

*“I’m here, baby, where are you?”*

When Matt hadn’t replied:

*“If you’re running late, let me know. I’ll go inside, and maybe let you catch me starting without you.”*

10 minutes later.

*“Seriously, let me know what’s going on. I’m in the room and I’m awfully lonely.”*

The next on surprised him.

*"Please show up! I need it so bad, baby! If you're nervous don't be. I'll lay you back and take such good care of you! I'm so much better than those little girls you've played with."*

He flinched at the next one which was a picture of her topless. Her face wasn't showing, but not only was it the skirt Mom had on this morning, but the same silver pendent in her naval. Her tits...his mother's tits! Christ, they were as amazing as he imagined they'd be.

He felt Matt staring at him and made himself scroll past the pic to the next message.

*"See, baby, I'm here...this is what's waiting for you! That and my pretty mouth and tight wet cunt. All yours! Please come!"*

She was begging Matt to fuck her. The next text was a lot more in character for her.

*"Know what? Fuck you! You little piece of shit, Who do you think you are? It's your loss, I've got this room for the day and I'll have someone else here in no time!"*

"The last one was five minutes ago. I was already around the corner from your house. Thank god I had my sister's car this morning because she knows mine."

"I..."

"It's her Eddie. You saw the pictures."

"Matt, I...I can't believe this. It has to be..." What? What else could this be?"

"I just figured you needed to know." Matt ran his fingers through his hair. "Man, I'm glad I didn't wait out front like I was supposed to."

"She would have did what you did, drive away." Eddie suggested.

"And you wouldn't have known. I know this is heavy shit, and look," he went to the pic of her topless. "I'm deleting this right now."

Eddie watched the picture vanish wishing he had an excuse for him not to do it. But Matt was doing the right thing and being a good friend by coming to him.

"I promise you this stays between us. I think you should tell your dad and if you don't, that's your business. I'll keep these messages in case you need some proof." When Eddie's eyes narrowed he added. "I'm taking criminal investigation to be a PI, remember? This is what I'll be doing a lot of."

"They're just texts, and not her number." Eddie shrugged. "He won't believe me."

"I'm going to log in and show you her page. There's a bunch of pictures. Show them to your father and tell him to go find the outfits in her closet, that's proof."

"The motel would be on her Credit card."

"They take cash because half the people going to that dive are cheats or hookers setting up for the night."

"True, I...wow, this is serious shit right here."

"Sorry, man, I feel awful. Sitting here talking dirty with your mother back and forth for the last week. Whole time she's telling me how she can't wait for her husband to leave so she can have some fun, and...damn."

"What?" Eddie groaned inwardly, how could there be more?"

"Here," he spun around and started typing in the site. "Hey, you did check it out, Knew you would. Fuck, imagine how bad it would be if you were talking to her?"

"Yeah, that would be bad." Or like one of those mom son porn movies he'd watched.

"I logged into my account, she's the top one bookmarked. I was saying damn because she has reviews, like five of them."

"She did this five times," Eddie swallowed hard. "My poor father, this is going to kill him."

“Honestly? Not everyone leaves reviews. I didn’t...it could be more times, Eddie, way more.” He pointed to the screen. “Her join date was January last year. She’s been on here a year and a half.” He went to the reviews. “Oldest is March last year, last one is two months ago.”

“When dad went to California,” Eddie released a long breath. “You say you can message through the site? Are your conversations here?”

“No, they can’t be saved. Only way would be to screen shot them. I think you should do it to this page and her pics in case she gets nervous because of the no show.”

Matt got up. “I gotta run, man. I feel really jerky and weird right now.”

“Not your fault, Matt and I’m glad you told me.”

“You telling your father?”

“I need 100% proof.” Eddie eyed Matt’s phone as he went to put it back in his pocket. “Matt, I need a favor.”

“Anything.”

“Since that’s not your real phone, can I take it for now?”

“I guess, I’m so rattled I’m not going back on that site for a while. Shit, what’s next, my mom’s on there?” he shuddered.

He handed Eddie the phone. “Gonna show this to your dad when he gets back?”

“Yeah, and maybe something else.”

“Like what?”

“I’m going to get more proof; this is going to help.”

“Know what? I don’t want to know; I already know too much.”

He clapped Eddie on the shoulder, “Good luck, buddy.”

“Thanks.”

He watched Matt leave the room, and as he listened to him going downstairs he thought his best friend had to be rattled. He hadn’t even made a joke about seeing his mother’s tits. Who was he kidding, that would come at some point.

Eddie waited until he heard Matt’s car door close and his car to start before he opened the phone and looked at the texts. Despite how serious this was a smile slowly spread across his lips.

It was payback time.

## Chapter Five

*"I'm so sorry! My goddamn sister needed a ride and my parents told me I had to take her. I couldn't reply before because I bought a cheap phone just for the site and if I take it out the little pain in the ass will tell my parents I have a second phone!"*

*"I know that sounds stupid and pathetic, but I still live at home and have to deal with it. I just dropped her off and can be there in less than an hour. Please? You're so fucking hot, and I really want don't want to blow this!"*

*"I want you so bad, you're all I've been thinking about! Please let me make it up to you! I know we can have a lot of fun, please let me? I won't show up unless you say it's okay."*

Eddie sent the text, noting it was fifteen minutes after her 'fuck you' text.

He knew all he had to do was show up at the motel, knock on the door and say "Got you!" But that was too easy. His mother had just betrayed him like she never had before. Telling her father what he'd done when there was a chance not to wasn't like the other times she'd gotten him in trouble over stupid things like curfew, or breaking something, being smart mouthed with her.

This was serious, this was dad wondering if he could trust him around his own mother serious. For that, he was going to get her hopes up her latest cheating experience was still going to happen.

Eddie put the phone on the desk and rubbed his temples the same way his father always did when he was stressed. His father was the big issue here. He should know, damn straight he should know his wife was cheating on him.

But once he told him, then what? Would he leave? Let mom keep the house and Eddie staying with her? Would he throw mom out and it would be the two of them? One selfish angle was this would make his father forget about having a problem with him.

Eddie's father wasn't around much when he was younger, traveling more than he did now, working even longer hours. But he'd done that for his family. Eddie lived in a beautiful home with a pool and pretty much got what he wanted, to some he was spoiled and he knew in many ways he was.

His father deserved better than the fact his wife didn't just dress and act like a flirt, she was a goddamn cheating slut. Not just cheating, but with guys her son's age. Still, to cause him that pain sucked, but wouldn't it suck more if it continued?

Mom had slipped today, unwittingly trying to hook up with someone he knew. What happened if she did it again, and this time word got out? Wouldn't it be better to hear it from him than a co-worker or friend?

He turned his eyes back to his mother's page.

Her handle was 'Ineditnow.' Not very original, but fit those borderline desperate texts she was sending Matt. Desperate...or frustrated? Maybe dad didn't give it to her much now that he was older.

That was no excuse to cheat, nothing was, but would explain why he was going to be gone for three days and she set this up for immediately after she dropped him off. Did she have plans the other days too?

Eddie read her short bio and it confirmed his theory, well it did if she weren't lying. After all, didn't every guy and woman who cheated claim they weren't being taken care of in some way?

*"Hey boys, look no further. The hottest Milf in Rhode Island is right here. My pictures are all me and all real and exactly what you'll be enjoying. I'm your typical pampered stay at home wife with a husband who cares more about making money, than enjoying his honey."*

"God, Mom, really?" Eddie grimaced, "What a shitty line."

*"So what's a hot sexy horny women in her prime to do? Come here and look for some hard young cock to fill my slutty mouth and my needy cunt, that's what. One word of warning, once you have me, anyone else is going to be a letdown. Do I sound cocky? Hit me up and I'll take you for the ride of your life."*

"Keeping it humble." Eddie sighed.

But considering she had her own son lusting after her, she could back her smack as the saying went. Her pictures were testament to that. Eddie easily recognized two of the bikinis she was posing in.

The red one in the first picture was the one she'd had on a couple days ago. In the picture she was on her stomach but propped up on one elbow while she took a selfie. The shot showed her cleavage as well as her amazing ass. Her legs were bent, ankles crossed, a sexy as fuck pose.

She'd blurred the top of her face lips were parted, her tongue curled against her upper lip. The pic with her in a teal bikini had her teasing with the top untied, but her holding the dangling top across her breasts just high enough to cover her nipples.

The other pics featured her in tight shorts, a short skirt, and other outfits he recognized. One he didn't, was lingerie. Black stiletto heels, matching thigh highs attached to a garter belt and a black transparent top that was tied between her breasts, the lower portion flaring out to expose her stomach.

There were strategically placed patches of darker lace covering her nipples, and again only her red coated lips were visible. Damn she looked incredible...how the hell was this his mother? Her reviews were a testament that she delivered everything she promised.

As he scanned them, reading what guys who had fucked her had to say about her, he felt that strange mix of lust and shame.

*"Best head I've ever had. Not only fucks like a porn star, but talks like one, never hears a woman talk so dirty. She blew me right off the bat and jacked me off all over her face. She's so wild she even ride me bareback"*

Bareback. She wasn't even being careful. But again, that sleazy image had his cock aching.

He saw the tab for nude pics. He's learned earlier this morning, you had to have a membership to see those. With a smile, he realized he did have one, Matt had logged himself in to show him the page.

Eddie knew he was only feeding his misplaced lust, but what the hell? If his father threw Mom out on her cheating ass, he'd have some keepsakes because he planned to save the pics

"Goddamn!"

The first picture was Mom standing in front of a mirror snapping a picture of herself, wearing a pair of tight white shorts and nothing else. Eddie's cock swelled at the sight of her tits. Not only were they perfect size, not large, but far more than a mouthful, rather a good handful, and he could imagine his hands on them as he stared at the picture.

Her nipples were a deep shade of pink, surrounded by the darker, rose colored skin of her aureole. She wasn't holding them, and they still were high and proud on her chest. The deep tan of the outer portion of her breasts provided a sharp contrast to the white skin of the inner half.

The next picture was taken over her shoulder and a rear view of her now just in a red thong. Eddie's eyes darted up and down her body, taking in her long dark curly hair flowing down the

smooth sun kissed skin of her back, her tight ass which like her breasts, wasn't too curvy, but had more than enough shape to look damn fine.

It would look better with some hand prints on it, especially his. His gaze wandered down the backs of her toned thighs and calves to her feet. She was up on her toes, which showed her legs off more and exposed the smooth soles of her feet.

"Fuck!" Eddie swore under his breath at the next picture which was the same pose, but no thong. The only thing covering his mother's pussy was three of her fingers.

The next one it was only one finger, her middle one, that covered her clit, but spread her pink lips open. Eddie recalled from some porn site that pose was called the 'shaft'. Not sure if that was right, but he had a hard shaft he'd like to shove in his mother's twat right now.

He jumped when the phone vibrated. He snatched it up off the desk, his fingers trembling to see her response.

*"Hey, baby, I understand. I still want you, but you better be ready to do some serious ass kissing when you get here, and you can start by kissing my throbbing clit. I'm so horny! How about you show me what you have for me? Give me something to think about?"*

"I'll show you what I have for you." Eddie stood up, and unsnapping his jeans, pushed them down.

He gripped his cock around the base, squeezing it and causing pre cum to ooze from the tip. He snapped a picture, and zipped back up.

*"All for you,"* he typed and sent the text with the picture.

He'd just sent his mother a dick pic. As soon as he sent it, it hit him that she would know it was his cock when he showed up...no, it was Matt's anonymous phone, he was in the clear. Not that he'd mind showing it to her so she could identify it, but that was never going to happen, but revenge was about to.

*"Oh my god!"* Mom replied. *"Honey, you better break some laws to get here. My mouth is watering just looking at that cock! I can't wait to see the rest of you!"*

*"You won't be disappointed,"* he replied.

"But you will be surprised." Eddie grabbed his car keys from his desk.

This was going to be good.

## Chapter six

Eddie pulled into the parking lot of the diner next to the Sunny Side Motel and went around the back. There was a stand of woods behind it which had become a long time hang out for high school and college kids to hang out and drink.

Behind the dumpster was a slope that led down into the motel parking lot. It wasn't exactly smooth, but the five-year-old Ford 250 his parents had bought him for his high school graduation easily made it over the small rocks and uneven surface.

He drove around the back of the long L-shaped motel, getting a dirty look from the guy who was throwing bags of laundry into the back of a van. Eddie came around the side and parked so he was out of view of any of the rooms that faced the parking lot.

He got out of the truck, his heart pounding in nervous excitement. He hadn't thought through much of what he'd say, he was just looking forward to the look on his mother's face. He reached the end of the motel, and stayed close to the wall so he could duck into a doorway if Mom popped her head out the door.

Eddie frowned when he saw Dad's BMW, a wave of anger overcoming his simple desire to get the ultimate win on his mother. She had her own car, a four year old Lexus convertible. It was an added insult she was even using Dad's car.

Or was it smart? Someone saw Dad's car in a place like this, maybe they thought he was the one messing around? His mother was slicker than he thought, but she had not planned for what was coming.

He stopped just to the right of the door which opened inward, and took out the phone. Here we go, he thought, taking a few deep breaths.

*"I'm outside heading for the room now!"* he texted.

His heart skipped a beat when the door opened, and Mom leaned out. It worked out in his favor she looked to her left first. He took a step towards her and as soon as she turned his way, he was directly in front of her.

"Hey, Mom!"

The look on her face was priceless, her blue eyes going so wide he thought they were going to fall out of her head, and her mouth dropping open. He stepped into her, pushing her back with his sheer size, and forcing her back into the room.

He slammed the door shut behind him and put his hands up.

"Surprise!" He laughed as she backed away from him, the color draining from her face and looking as if she'd seen a ghost.

"What's the matter, Mom? Were you expecting someone else?" he taunted her.

"E...Eddie, what are you doing here?"

"What do you mean?" He lifted the phone. "You told me you needed me, and I better be ready to do some ass kissing." Eddie flashed a smirk that would put hers to shame. "Something tells me I'm not the one who needs to do a little ass kissing right now."

"Its not what you think, its..." she stopped when he shook the phone for emphasis.

"You want me to read back all the texts, all the dirty talk? That what you want, Mom? Or should I call you 'I need it now'?"

"Oh," Mom swallowed hard and despite the air conditioning in the room a bead of sweat trickled down the side of her face. She looked like a deer in headlights and he was loving it.

"Yeah, oh is right. Imagine all this time I never knew I was living with the hottest Milf in Rhode Island."

"You saw the site," she said it so softly he could barely hear her.

"Yup, nice pictures by the way." He flashed the smirk again, maybe that was hereditary?

"Hey, I have a question?"

She didn't respond, just stood there staring at him with the same stunned look on her face she had since he'd shown up.

"When you put your middle finger through your lips and bend over, is that the shaft?"

"You looked at my pictures?" Mom finally reacted to him. "What the hell is wrong with you? I'm..."

"A cheating fucking whore!" Eddie shouted so loudly she took a step back from him.

"You've been cheating on Dad for over a year! Fucking guys my age, showing off your fucking tits and ass on the goddamn internet and you have the nerve to ask what's wrong with me?"

"You're right," Mom put her hands up and he felt a thrill of satisfaction to see they were shaking. "I've been doing that, but you don't understand, Eddie.

"Right, I don't understand, and dad doesn't understand, and no person married to a cheating piece of shit ever understands, poor you."

"There's things you don't know."

"I know there's no reason to cheat on my father! That guy treats you like a princess, you don't work, and you just laze around the house and sit by the pool he bought for you, drive the car he bought for you, and in return? You suck other guy's cocks and can't even wait until he's off his damn plane to start!"

"Watch how..."

"I'll talk to you anyway I want!" he took a step forward and she took another one back.

"How many points is this worth, huh mom?"

He scrolled through the phone and showed the picture of her parked in front of the motel.

"You've been outside all this time?"

"Me? No, not me. Matt."

"Matt?"

"Yeah, Matt. That was him you were talking to. My best fucking friend that you were talking dirty to and played with your fucking cunt in front of and watched jack off! He came here saw it was you and ran to me."

His voice sounded hoarse as his throat was so constricted from anger he could barely push the words out.

"My best friend came to my house to tell me my mother was going to fuck him, the way she's fucked who knows how many other men." He waved his hand. "Men? Barely, you're fucking them my age!"

"Eddie, please,"

"Please? That's what you say right? Please fuck me, please lick me, please let me suck your dick? Please let me bend over so you can fuck me like trashy sleazy cheating fucking bitch I am?"

"That's no way to talk to me, Eddie." She went to walk past him. "We'll talk about this at home, hey!"

Mom called out in surprise when Eddie grabbed her arm.

"We talk now!" he snarled.

He took a step forward and still holding her arm, yanked her back so hard she staggered when he let her go. Mom stumbled backwards until her legs hit the side of the bed and she fell into a sitting position.

“That hurt,” she rubbed her arm. “I don’t care what I did, you don’t treat your mother like this.”

“You’re not a mother, you’re a whore,” his voice lowered into a growl. “I used to think of you as a cock tease, but you’re not because you put out, don’t you? Guess you’re a full out cock whore. Good news though, you will get fucked today.

“I’m going to fuck you really good. I’m going to take this phone and all the screen shots I made of your page and give them to dad when he gets back. Its going to be the hardest fucking you ever got, and right up the ass.” He laughed harshly, “But hey, maybe you’re used to taking it up the ass, is that part of being the best ride in the state?”

“Okay, I deserve that.” Mom nodded. “And I deserve the name calling, and you being mad at me.”

“I know you do.”

“You caught me, Eddie. I can’t deny any of this. All I can do is ask you to listen to my side of the story.”

“I don’t give a shit what your side is. The only side I care about is your back side, the one you put up in the air for any young dick that shows up.”

Mom looked like she was going to say something, but instead lowered her head. Eddie paused to try and calm himself down. He didn’t like how he’d grabbed her and how rough he’d been.

No, that wasn’t true, the problem was how much he liked doing it. How much bigger and stronger he was than her. It brought all those fantasies of just taking her and punishing her for being a tease, punish her with his cock.

His cock that was close to fully erect right now.

He stared at his mother as he reined in his emotions. She had put her blouse back on, but the absence of a bra was obvious. Even though she certainly had no cause to be aroused her nipples were visible simply from the shirt being so tight.

She’d taken her shoes off, her red toes standing out against the cheap dark gray commercial carpet. He noticed she had a silver ring on each of her middle toes and a silver bracelet on her left ankle.

“You know, Matt is like the king of porn. He told me married women who wear ankle bracelets are hot wife’s who cheat, guess he’s right.”

Mom simply nodded, but didn’t look at him.

“Nothing to say? Guess I’m going to have to give you a bad review. No,” he snapped his fingers. “That’s right, talking isn’t what they’re rating your mouth on, right?”

“Right.”

Eddie was getting mad again, but now because she wasn’t taking his bait. He kept going.

“For someone who thinks they’re such hot stuff, you’re pretty pathetic, you know that? When Matt didn’t show up you were begging him in those texts.

“You are pathetic though, aren’t you? You’re not a hot wife, you’re a desperate one. Looking for young guys because they don’t know enough to realize how sleazy you are and how you’re probably a boring fuck to a guy who’s had more than a couple of girls.”

He waited, but she remained where she was, looking down at her hands which she’d linked in her lap.

“Answer me!”

“Get it all out, Eddie. Call me names, yell at me. When you’re done we’ll talk.”

"I..." she sounded subdued, but also calm, and that further angered him. "I'm done. What do you think there is to talk about?"

"I'm going to ask you to please not tell your father."

"Ask all you want. I'd be no better than you if I didn't tell him what you were doing. I'd be part of his pain if I did that."

"I promise I won't do it again."

"Yeah, right. Once a cheat always a cheat."

"Sometimes things aren't as simple as they seem." She looked up at him. "My life isn't what you think it is, Eddie. There's things you don't know, especially about your father."

"Knock it off!" he snapped. "You're not going to blame him for this!"

"It is on me."

"Yeah, its been all over you. One review said you jacked him off all over your face and tits."

"I don't deny anything you read. I'm everything I say I am on that site."

"You..." she'd caught him off guard by now readily admitting what she did.

"I left out desperate because you're right about that. Just not in the way you think."

"There's nothing to think, just what I know, and that's you're a cheating skank."

"I am not a skank." Mom declared indignantly.

"Whore and slut are okay, not skank?" Eddie rolled his eyes. "Whatever."

"We can work this out, Eddie. We have our problems, but I love you, and know you love me."

"Don't try that shit on me."

"Eddie, if you tell your father, there's no turning back."

"There shouldn't be any turning back over you turning your back to whatever punk answered your come fuck the married slut ad."

"I'm serious. He'll be hurt."

"You have to live with that being the one who hurt him."

"It will be the end of us as a family," she put her hands out to him. "You wouldn't want that would you?"

"You have no problem with Dad thinking of throwing me out because you told him what I did. Why should I care about you? You'll get a bunch of money, keep your car and get to fuck more of your little one day boy toys."

"I...won't get anything," she whispered. "Maybe the car, and I'd have to sell it."

"Please, You'll get at least..."

"There's a pre-nup. One that doesn't work for me. I signed it when I was pregnant with you to make sure we would be taken care of. It says if I'm unfaithful, I'd get nothing, not even you, he'd get custody."

"You...signed that?" he blinked in confusion.

"I was barely 18, pregnant, no money and no family. I didn't know any better and I wanted to have a family. He took advantage of..."

"No, he didn't!" he cut her off. "It says if you cheated! You deserve to have nothing!"

"I raised you! I put up with him! I deserve to be taken care of."

"You're going to get what you deserve!"

"Eddie, please?," her lower lip trembled, and her eyes filled with tears. "Please don't do this to me. I'm your mother. Maybe I haven't been the best Mom, and this makes me a lousy wife, at least to you, but...please?"

“What do I get out of this besides knowing you’re cheating? Why the hell should I cover for you?”

“I...I’ll tell your father we had a long talk and I’m not upset over what you did, and I don’t want you to leave.” She gave him a weak smile. “How’s that?”

“Nice try, once he sees all this, I think he’s going to forget about my coming in your bikini and be more concerned with other guys coming in his wife.” He grunted. “You even bareback, don’t you? Lucky you haven’t given dad anything yet.

“Eddie, please,” she looked up at him, a single tear leaking down her right cheek. “I’ll get you anything you want. I’ll do anything you want. Just please don’t do this to me.”

“That’s a change. You begging a guy not to do something,” Eddie smirked again. “You were begging Matt to show up because you were lonely. You talk like you’re this hot piece of ass, but you’re nothing but a pathetic loser.

“You beg them when they’re here to? Please fuck me, please let me suck it, please make me cum! Please treat this spoiled rotten princess like the dirty whore she really is. Please tell me I’m sexy so I don’t feel like I’m getting older and...”

“Fuck you!” Mom startled him when she yelled and jumped up from the bed.

“You’re sitting here calling me names and you’re a goddamn wannabe mommy fucker. You call me pathetic? At least I’m fucking people, not jacking off in your mother’s bikini!

“That why you’re mad, baby boy? Because Mommy isn’t fucking you? You jealous of all those young guys because they got what you’ve been dreaming about? They get to stick their dick in Mommy’s cunt, and you...”

“Shut the fuck up!”

His hand shot out and he grabbed her chin, squeezing it hard enough to make her gasp. He pulled her closer to him and pushed her head up so she was forced to look up at him.

“You did that to me! Always dressing slutty, acting slutty, walking around with no bra, showing off your body to your son, sun bathing in those stringy suits right under my window.”

“Let me go!” Mom grabbed his wrist and tugged on it, but he was stronger than her.

A lot stronger, and a lot bigger...and a lot angrier.

“You listen to you me, *Mom*. Ever since I got older you’ve acted more like a kid than I have. Ratting me out, being bitchy to me, always making dad take your side, and if he wouldn’t you’d suck him off until he did.

“You not only cock teased me into wanting you, but the way you acted made it worse because I wanted to fuck you just to put you in your place.”

“You’re sick!” Mom slapped his arm. “Now let me go!”

“Not nice to call someone names that you need something from.” He shoved her back, releasing her chin. “And you need something from me don’t you?”

“I’m sorry,” she sounded anything but as she glared angrily at him while rubbing her chin. “I’ve been a bitch the last couple of years. There’s a reason, but that’s not an excuse. You’re my son, and I shouldn’t take things out on you.”

“Better than that.”

“I promise I’ll be nicer, and I’ll dress properly around the house. I’m sorry I teased you, its not what I meant to do, its what...” she stopped. “Never mind the reason. I’ll be better about everything, promise.”

“Beg!” he snapped. “Beg me like you begged those guys to stick their dick in your mouth!”

“I’ve already said please, and that I’ll do anything you want.” She gave her hair a toss and lifted her head defiantly. “I won’t say it again.”

“Anything I want?” his eyes roamed up and down her body; the body that caused him to both overwhelmed with lust and riddled with guilt.

Right now, as evidenced by his hard cock, his lust was up. He hadn't been thinking of her sexually as they'd argued, it was his anger towards her that had him hard.

“Get on your knees.” The words came out in a low whisper.

“I told you I'm not begging you.”

“I don't want you to beg,” his heart was pounding and he was so hard his balls were aching. “I want you to suck my cock.”

“W...what did you say?” Mom's eyes widened.

“You heard me. You don't want me to tell dad? Then get on your knees and blow me the way you did those other guys.” He pointed to the floor, and saw his finger was trembling, his entire body was tense, and he felt as if he were ready to explode.

“You're disgusting,” Mom's lips curled in a sneer. “You hear yourself? Trying to black mail your own mother into sucking you off.” She stepped towards him and spit at him.

He flinched when the wet glob struck his cheek.

“Fuck you, Eddie.” Mom hissed at him. “I may be a cheat and you can call me a slut, but at least I'm not sick in the fucking head like you are. Go get some help.”

She stepped past him and just as he had before he caught her by her upper arm.

“Let me go!” Mom yelled at him, and turning, brought her arm up and around to slap him.

She cried out when Eddie yanked her backwards as he had the first time. This time however, he stuck his leg out, tripping her. Mom fell hard on her ass, her back striking the side of the bed. Before she could try to get up, he stepped up between her splayed legs, so his crotch was directly in her face.

He unsnapped his pants and pulled his zipper down.

“No!” Mom swung up at him, but he caught her wrist in his hand.

“You better fucking let me go, you little bastard!” She went to hit him with her other hand, and he caught that one as well.

Moving more on instinct than conscious thought at this point. Eddie forced her hands together and gripped both her slim wrists in his left hand. She shouted something at him, but he couldn't make it out over the blood rushing through his ears.

She struggled against him, but he was easily able to hold her in his powerful grip. Her legs kicked helplessly behind him as he stared down at her. Her blue eyes were blazing, and her face flushed with anger, and it caused him to smile.

With his free hand he pulled his cock out of his boxers, pushing them down so that his balls were also exposed. Mom stared at his long thick cock, then up at him.

“Eddie, honey, this is wrong. You don't really want to do this to me.”

“Damn straight I do.” He pushed the oozing tip of his cock against her red lips. “Suck it.”

“I won't!” Mom turned her head, smearing pre cum along her cheek. “Stop this right now!”

Eddie lifted his cock and slapped it so hard against her face, she yelped.

“Suck my fucking cock, and I won't tell dad about your little hobby.”

“Eddie, please! This...ow!” she called out when he whacked his cock on the other side of her face, then whipped it back and forth beating her with his aching dick and splattering her face with pre cum.

“Suck my cock, Mom. Just pretend I'm some 20 year old you're hooking up with. One of them said you gave the best head in the state, let's see if he was right.”

“They weren't my son,” she whimpered.

Her eyes met his, and the angry look had been replaced by pleading.

“Please, you’ll regret it, Eddie, you’re mad at me, but you really don’t want to treat your mother like this, do you?”

“Yeah, I do. I want to treat my mother like the teasing slut she is. You did this to yourself with the way you act around me and your cheating!” he slid his cock along her cheek, making her grimace, before he shoved it through her soft hair.

His balls struck her chin, then slid along her lips as he taunted her by slapping his cock on her head.

“Stop acting like you don’t want it. A cock is a cock to a slut like you.”

He shoved the tip to her lips once more and he could feel them trembling.

“You...won’t tell?” She swallowed nervously and looked up at him. “Promise?”

“Promise.” He smirked at her. “Providing you’re any good.”

A flash of anger crossed her face and caused his cock to twitch in his hand.

Mom licked her lips, and then tentatively flicked her tongue across the head of his cock. Even that little contact, and seeing her do it, sent a shiver through him. She licked it again, this time, pressing her tongue to the sensitive skin in just under the tip of his cock and sliding it back and forth.

“Yeah,” he moaned softly. “That’s it, mom, show me why I shouldn’t rat you out.”

She took a deep breath and parting her lips, slowly eased the head of his cock between them. He was so excited his legs were trembling and seeing his dick slowly sliding into his mother’s mouth was better than he’d ever imagined.

She took him deeper, and he moaned at the sensation of being inside her warm wet mouth. Her tongue swirled around his head as she leaned forward, taking more of him. She eased her head back, then forward, but so slowly, it was teasing the hell out of him.

“Better than that!” He demanded. “Stop sucking like a little girl who doesn’t know what she’s doing. Suck it like the woman who begs to have guys her son’s age to put their dick in her mouth and her used up cunt.”

“Said it before, I’ll say it again. Fuck you!” This time she spit on his cock. “Now get that thing away from me!” She tried to yank her hands free, but as soon as she spit at him, his grip had tightened. “Let me up. I’m your...”

Her words turned into a high-pitched cry when he released his cock, and grabbed her hair, yanking it hard. When she opened her mouth he plunged his cock into it. Mom gagged, then squealed around it as he thrust his hips, forcing his cock deeper into her mouth.

Her eyes went wide, and she tried to turn her head, but he had wrapped his hand in her hair, gripping it so close to her head, she couldn’t move.

“Take it!”

Eddie loomed over her, and he had to push his cock downward to get it into her mouth. He pulled her head back so it was resting on the bed and shoved his full length down her throat.

She gagged again, spit flowing out of the corners of her mouth. He moved his hips, easing his now glistening shaft out of her mouth before plunging it back in.

This time she emitted a wet gurgling sound, but she opened her mouth wider to take him more easily, and to avoid choking on him again.

“That’s it, show your son what a good cocksucker you are.”

She grunted around his cock and sounded like she was trying to yell at him.

“Christ, still bitching at me even with your mouthful.” He rolled his eyes, then leaned over and thrust his cock all the way down her throat.

She squealed then groaned as he pinned her head against the mattress, and she struggled to get used to him. He eased back, then forward, then again and again, slowly face fucking her. Drool slid from her mouth and down her cheeks and even as he forced her to take his cock, her eyes stared daggers at him.

“You mad, Mom?” He teased her. “Mad you’re doing something you haven’t done in a long time? Make your son happy?”

He let her hands and hair go and stripped off his t-shirt. He yelled in pain when she raked her nails down his bare chest and stomach. She’d scratched so hard she’d drawn blood in a couple of places.

She slapped at him as he reached for her hands again, then tried to push him away from her, all while he had her head pinned to the bed by his cock.

“You nasty bitch!”

This time when he grabbed her wrists he spread her arms out, pinning them to the bed. He leaned over all the way and pumped his hips, now fucking her mouth with much harder and faster strokes.

She made wet gagging sounds, but his cock was gliding effortlessly between her lips and into her mouth, proving she was able to handle his impressive size.

“You are pretty good,” he breathed as he stared down between them, watching his wet shaft violate his mother’s mouth. “Guess practice makes perfect.”

“Hmmm! Hmmm!” Mom gurgled around his cock, and he laughed. “Knock it off, didn’t you used to tell me its rude to talk with your mouth full?”

Mom squealed angrily as the next time he shoved his cock deep down her throat, he let it stay there, shaking his hips from side to side. He was so deep his balls were on her chin and her eyes were now watering, mascara laced tears joining the sticky puddles of drool that had flowed down her cheeks and onto the bed.

She still struggled beneath him, trying to pull her arms free, but at this point he was leaning on them, and she couldn’t budge his hands. But her efforts made him even harder as he continued to brutally face fuck his mother.

“That song is right, you do look cuter with something in your mouth.” He had to force the words out around his heavy breathing and his legs were now shaking violently. He was so excited he was already close to coming.

He slowed his thrusts, trying to use her mouth for as long as he could. Beneath him, Mom’s face was bright red and her face streaked with mascara. Her eyes were watering even more than before, and a steady stream of pre cum laced drool and spit flowed down her red, black smeared face.

The shaft of his cock featured red blotches of her lipstick and each time he pushed deep into her mouth, she released a low groan. It wasn’t a sound of pleasure, but one of defeat. She’d stopped trying to fight him and just lay there, as her son used her mouth.

The mess her face had becomes along with her air of surrender sent his hips into a frenzy, now taking her mouth harder than he had before. Mom’s squeals of protest urged him on as his hips went wild and he fucked her mouth as harder than he’d ever fucked any of his girlfriend’s pussies.

His balls tightened and he groaned as he passed the point of no return, feeling the cum racing up through his shaft. He managed a few more strokes, then pushed himself back off the bed, whipping his cock out and gripping it tightly just below his purple head.

Mom remained where she was, her chest heaving as she tried to catch her breath. She yelped when he grabbed her hair.

“Open wide!” he released his cock.

A long thick spurt of cum splashed between her parted lips, and Mom sputtered and spit it out, sending it flowing down her chin. The second and third spurts splattered against her cheeks, as Eddie moved his cock to the side, trying his best to paint her entire face.

He'd been so worked up, he just kept coming, spraying his mother's face with a copious load a porn star would be envious of. Mom kept trying to jerk her head away, but he held her tightly, making her take all of it.

When he squeezed the last few drops out directly on her lips, he pushed the tip into the mess on her cheek and worked it around her face as she grimaced in disgust. Eddie slapped her across the face with his still dripping cock, splattering some of the cum on her cheek up into her hair and down onto her shirt.

He let her go and stepped back, watching her sit there, her face plastered in cum and a look of disgust that made him smile.

“Have to give you credit, mom, you wear it well.”

“Take a good fucking look, you sick little freak,” her face scrunched up and to his delight she spit a few more drops of come out of her mouth. “Just remember, you said if I did this you wouldn't tell your father.”

“I don't know,” he stroked his chin, making a show of thinking. “You didn't give me a blow job, I just fucked your face.”

“And you came all over me.” Mom went to wipe at her face, and he slapped her hand away.

“Just stay like that,” he said softly, his eyes glued to the mess on her face.

His cum was slowly sliding down her cheeks, long gooey strands dangling from her face, one of which broke as he watched, dripping cum onto her shoulder. God, it looked better than he could have ever imagined.

Not just the cum, but how red her face was and the black mascara streaks down her face. His mother looked like a hot used mess and the idea he'd finally humiliated the bossy bitch had him...

Still hard as a rock.

Seeing his mother plastered with his load-and disgusted by it-had him as overwhelmed with lust as when he'd first shoved his cock in her mouth.

This wasn't enough. He wanted more. No, he needed more.

Mom started to push herself up from the floor. “You enjoyed the moment, now...Eddie!”

Again, moving as if he were possessed, he grabbed her by the side of her arms and hauled her to her feet. The ease with which he could manhandle her brought all his fantasies of not only what he wanted to do to her, but how, rushing to the surface.

“What the hell are you doing?” Mom tried to shove him back, but he was too heavy for her to move. “You got what you wanted!”

“You think sitting there with your mouth open is enough to keep mine shut? I want more!”

“More what?” Mom demanded. “I'm not going to suck you...what are you doing!”

“Taking what I want, and giving you what you deserve,” he snarled as he lifted her off her feet and tossed her onto the bed.

She landed on her back, bouncing on the hard mattress as he paused to kick off his shoes and shove his jeans and underwear down to the floor.

Mom rolled over on her hands and knees and tried to crawl away from him and get off the bed.

“No!” she yelled as he caught her ankles and pulled her legs out from under her, causing her to end up flat on bed. “You’re crazy, Eddie! You can’t do this to me!”

“I can and you’ll let me.” He held her left ankle while he lifted his legs one at a time, pushing his jeans and socks off and stepping out of them. “Or I’ll tell.”

He pulled her back towards him and laughed when she grabbed the edge of the mattress, trying to hold onto it.

“No, no, no!” Mom was now moaning. “I’m your mother! Please stop, Eddie, please!”

“The second you put my cock in your mouth you made your choice.” He had her legs off the bed and grabbing her hips pulled her ass to the edge of the bed, so she was now bent over it.

“I never said you could fuck me!”

“But you’re going to!” he pushed his foot against her right ankle forcing her to spread her legs. “Or I’m sending all those texts and the website and the picture of you outside to Dad and right now! I won’t even wait until he comes home.”

He grabbed her skirt and flipped it over her hips exposing her ass. The white thong beneath was little more than a string between her cheeks that barely covered her pussy. Eddie released a sharp breath at the sight of her incredible ass.

He slapped his cock against each of her cheeks, then slid it between them, pushing the thong deeper into her crack

“You...you’re disgusting!” Mom looked over her shoulder, then gasped when he moved his cock and rubbed rubbing her pussy through the thin material with the edge of his hand. “I can’t believe you’ll force me to fuck you!”

“You’re not fucking me, Mommy,” he continued to rub her pussy, loving the way she groaned and squirmed against him, and not because she was into it, but she was offended by him touching her. “I’m going to fuck you.”

Maybe she was right. Maybe he was sick, and this was disgusting, but she’d driven him to to it and she’d put herself in this position.

The bent over, face down, ass up position he’d dreamt about the last few months. She tried to push herself up on her arms, but leaning over, he swept his arm under her, knocking hers to the side and putting her face down on the bed again.

“This how you like it?” She propped herself up on her forearms and looked back at him. “This how you treat your girls, Eddie? You just take what you want?”

“Nah, I respect my girls,” He grabbed her hair and shoved her face into the bed. “But here, I’ll help you wipe that mess off your face.”

He moved her head side to side, smearing her face into the bed, as he continued to rub her pussy. Eddie, worked his fingers into the thong and mom squealed and tried pushing herself up. He bent over, putting his weight on her and keeping her pinned down.

He slid his fingers through her soft lips, noticing she wasn’t wet, but when his fingers slid over her clit, her hips jerked and she groaned into the bed.

“What’s the matter, Mom? Not excited? Guess we’ll have to get you there.”

He pushed his finger inside and she released a muffled yell as she squirmed against him. He pushed his finger deeper into her warm tight pussy, and she whimpered when he wiggled it back and forth.

Eddie slowly pumped her, noting her pussy was getting hotter and noticeable wetter.

“Like that, don’t you?” He added a second finger and smiled at more muffled sounds of protest as her son fingered her.

He pumped faster, spreading her pussy and mom moaned and made soft whimpering noises. She rocked side to side and shook her ass, trying to push back into him. He was getting way too much of a thrill out of it.

He let her head go, and grabbing the thong he’d moved to the side, yanked upward, violently tearing it.

“Please!” Mom turned her head and begged him. “We can stop now; I won’t say anything!”

“I’m the one who has to be convinced not to say anything,” he reminded her as he slapped his cock on her now completely bare ass while fucking her with his fingers.

He eased them from inside her and pushed the head through her now wet lips. Mom tried to rise again, and this time he put his hand on her back to keep her down.

Eddie slid his tip through her lips one more time, wanting to tease her, but when she released a long sigh and whispered, “Go ahead, Eddie, just get it over with.”, he couldn’t hold back.

He plunged his cock deep inside her, and the cry she emitted caused his second thrust to be even harder. He kept his hand on her back, but grabbed her right ass cheek with the other, squeezing it as he tore into her.

He would have liked to go slow, really savor how good it felt to fuck her, but the potent mix of lust and pent up anger was too much to overcome. Eddie fucked her with long hard strokes that had the bed rocking and her yipping each time he drove his cock into her.

“Proud of yourself?” Mom demanded, her head turned to the left, her cheek on the bed as she tried to stare up at him. “Make you feel like a man, fucking a woman who doesn’t want you?”

Jesus, even in his moment of triumph she was being a goddamn bitch.

“I must be the only guy my age in the state you don’t want,” he slapped the right side of her ass so hard; it stung his palm. “Just shut up and take it!”

Mom had cried out in pain, then thrashed under him hard enough to force herself back up on her hands. She lifted her left leg a few inches and stomped down on his foot, making him grunt in pain.

“I will not be spanked like a fucking child! You want me, then go ahead and fuck me, but you won’t treat me like that!”

“Mom,” he grabbed her hair and jerked her off the bed and into standing position so her back was against his chest. “I’ll treat you anyway I want.”

His cock slid out of her and was now pressed between her ass and his lower stomach. He was so hard he could feel it pulsing between them.

“Let go of me!” Mom tried to reach back behind her and swat at him, but at that angle, and the fact he was directly behind her, and much taller, rendered her attempts ineffective.

In another surreal moment where he felt as if he were watching someone else, he used his free hand to grab the string of the thong over her right hip and snap it with a hard yank. He pulled it hard enough to cause the one remaining string over her other hip to break and pulled it the torn garment off her.

Mom writhed against him, yelling the entire time, but his lust addled mind wasn’t even hearing her. He did pick up a couple of “fuck you” and ‘can’t’ ‘better stop’ but none of it mattered.

All that mattered is she was finally going to get hers, and in spades.

Dropping the torn thong on the bed, he let her hair go and quickly captured her arms just above the elbow. Eddie pulled them behind her, wincing as she threw her head back and caught him in the side of the jaw.

Her struggling, was only making things better, and instead of pulling her arms back hard, he did it slowly, letting her feel how helpless she was against his superior strength. He got her arms behind her back, and as he did before, captured both wrists in his left hand.

He picked up the thong once more and whispered in her ear;

“You’re nothing but a skanky little whore who gets everything she wants by doing what you do best, spreading your legs.”

“I said don’t call me...” her words turned into a muffled cry when the second she started talking he brought the thong up and shoved it into her mouth.

She bucked against him, but he pushed the white material deeper, using his fingers to force more of it between her lips. He yelped when she bit down, getting his fingers through the thin material.

“That’s better,” he said softly as she raged into the gag. “I’ve been listening to your shit for years.”

He slid his hand around her and up her shirt, fondling her right breast. Between feeling her soft, yet firm tit in his hand, and her muffled cry of outrage, his cock twitched between against her ass.

“Stop acting like you don’t like this,” he spoke as he gave her breast a hard squeeze. “Just pretend I’m every other asshole you let play with them.”

The growl she emitted while struggling in his grip caused him to take his time playing with her tit. Not that he minded, as it felt as good as he imagined and fit perfectly in his palm. Eddie’s hands were large which meant her tits were bigger than he’d imagined.

He felt her nipple stiffen from the contact as he ran his hand along her firm flesh. He cupped her tit and catching her nipple, rolled it between his fingers. Mom whimpered as he did it, and his cock responded once more.

Eddie like the helpless whimpers even more than her angry yelling. Mom stopped struggling, but her body was tense against him and he kept his hand tight around her wrists in case she was trying to fool him into letting up.

“That feel good, Mom?” He teased as he played with her. “Getting pretty hard for someone who supposedly doesn’t like this.”

She grumbled something, and the tone wasn’t a pleasant one. Eddie gave her nipple a pinch, eliciting a yelp from her, then removed his hand from her shirt,

“See what I get when I try to be nice to you? Fine, I’ll just treat you the way you’re used to, like some stuck-up cunt that needs to be put in her place.”

He pushed his body into her, forcing her to bend over the bed once more. Keeping her arms behind her back, he pushed her skirt back over her hips and thrust his cock between her cheeks, this time taking a moment to admire how fine her ass was and how good his cock looked against it.

What looked even better was the red handprint on her cheek. With a wicked smile, Eddie slapped her ass again, then delivered a back-hand blow to her left cheek. Mom’s muffled cries were like music to his ears and served to send him over the edge.

Eddie dealt her a series of sharp smacks, whipping his right arm back and forth, to hit both of her cheeks. Mom howled into the thong and her lifted her legs one at a time as if she were trying to run.

He lifted his arm higher, delivering a vicious slap that sounded like a gunshot in the otherwise silent room. He lifted it again, this time bringing it down palm first on her left cheek instead of the weaker back hand blows he'd been giving that side.

"How's that feel?" he demanded. "This is what you made me think of, not just fucking you, but punishing you for being a bitch to me!"

He continued spanking her, his eyes on her rapidly reddening ass, and his cock still wedged between her cheeks.

"This is for being a spoiled fucking brat instead of a mother."

Two more slaps so hard his palm was now stinging.

"For strutting around cock teasing my friends!"

He continued to rain blows on her ass, which at this point was sunburn red and his hand prints were now swelling into raised welts.

"For cock teasing your own goddamn son!"

Eddie switched to short quick slaps, his hand moving with a speed born of years of anger and resentment towards his mother. Mom went into a frenzy of yelping, her ass jerking with each sharp blow, and she renewed her struggled to pull her arms from his grip.

Unable to wait any longer, Eddie stopped spanking her long enough to grab his cock and roughly shove it back inside her. He drove himself forward hard enough to rock the bed and make his mother cry out once more.

He immediately went back to her ass, peppering it with short hard blows as he fucked her as hard as he could. Mom's arms went limp and she stop moving. Just as she had when he'd been fucking her mouth she seemed to be resigned to her fate and given up.

Eddie released her arms which fell limply to her sides and he now used his fresh left hand to slap that side of her ass. His cock felt bigger and harder inside her than it had in her mouth as he now lifted both hands and brought them down at the same time, hitting both cheeks at once.

Mom's head was turned to the side and he could see tears on her cheeks. But the one eye he could see was blazing with anger and humiliation, the tears more an uncontrollable reaction to the stinging in her ass, then she was really hurt.

Her ass so now red to the point even in his excited state he realized he was getting carried away. But that didn't stop him from grabbing her swollen cheeks and squeezing them as he pounded her helpless pussy with his relentless cock.

Mom's arms moved, but not to make any attempt to push herself away from him. They slowly slid in front of her, her fingers gripping the edge of the mattress, squeezing it as her son had his way with her.

Eddie slid his hands up her back, gathering the bottom of her shirt in his hands and pushing it up her back. Mom didn't move, just remained where she was, her eyes now closed, groaning into the bed as he hammered her with his seemingly inexhaustible cock.

He shifted to her sides forcing the shirt up to her breasts, but without her moving, he couldn't get it any further. Pissed, he grabbed the middle of the thin cotton shirt and with a wrench of his arms tore it up the middle.

That made her yell again as he tore it the rest of the way. The sound of the ripping material had his hips thrusting even harder and in the back of his mind he was thrilled he'd already taken the edge off by using her mouth, or he could never take her the way he wanted.

He flipped the sides of the shirt back and admired the smooth deeply tanned skin of her back and how good her now sweat dampened hair looked lying across it. But he hadn't torn her shirt to look at her back.

Eddie was also getting to where he could feel himself getting close, and wanted to finish watching her staring up at him while he fucked her. He stepped back, his now dripping cock springing from her noticeably much wetter pussy.

He wanted to think there was a part of her that was enjoying this and fighting because she was supposed to. Then again, that would take some of the fun out of forcing her into it. In the end he was blackmailing his mother into letting him fuck her, so it's not like there was anything redeemable in his actions, but...

"You made me do this," he finished his thought aloud as he grabbed her hair and used it to pull her up off the bed.

Mom squealed behind the thong, and when she came to her feet, she staggered and fell back into him. The thought she was weak kneed from his fucking her was another one that both excited him and added another reason he was probably going to hell for this.

"Made me want you," he reached in front of her, and grabbing the front of the shirt pulled down her arms.

He spun her around to face him and caught her hand when she tried to pull the thong from her mouth. With his free hand he yanked the torn shirt away from her, briefly exposing her breasts. Mom folded her arms across her chest, covering herself and Eddie laughed harshly.

"Now you want to be modest? Little late for that, *Mom*."

He caught her elbows and effortlessly lifted her off her feet. Her black smeared eyes widened as he held her high enough they were face to face, He flashed her smirk at her as he took in the drool around her rag and her red face still streaked with tears and mascara.

He kissed her cheek and she jerked her head back as if he had bit her, while she stared balefully at him.

"Oh, right, whores don't kiss, silly me."

He hefted her higher, and hurled her onto the bed so hard she bounced. Before she could react, Eddie crawled onto the bed and between her legs, pushing her skirt up to her waist, and stared down at her exposed pussy.

Eddie licked his lips at the sight of his mother's pink slit below a small patch of hair she'd trimmed into the shape of...

"A heart? Aw, how cute! Do they kiss it before they eat your stretched out cunt?"

He was being cruel and knew it, but god, the look of rage on her face when he insulted her was better than Viagra, keeping his cock hard and ready for more of his mother's cunt, which in reality felt pretty damn tight around him.

"Guess that's why you like big cocks," he followed up his own thought, "Only ones you can feel."

Mom drew her leg back and kicked him in the chest. Eddie grunted from the impact, but pushed her leg to the side. But when she drew her other leg back, her next kick was aimed at his balls and he gasped when he managed to get his hand down in time to deflect it.

He winced when her heel struck his inner thigh, and grabbing her hips, slid her down the bed so her legs were to his sides and his cock was over her pussy. Due to the close call his cock was now only semi hard and he glared down at her.

"You're going to pay for that...hey!" Distracted by her attempt to kick him, Mom pulled the thong from her mouth and threw it in his face.

"Asshole!" she shouted at him. "Trying to blame me for your sick shit! Think doing this to me makes you something? You're nothing but a mama's boy who needs his mommy so bad he even has to have sex with her because he can't satisfy a woman!"

“Stop talking!” he grabbed the drool-soaked thong, prepared to shove it back in her mouth.

“Look, Eddie! Mommy’s thong, why don’t you jerk off in it?” she laughed as nastily as he had. “Think this is a win for you? Making me do this? All it does is prove what a fucking loser you are!”

As she’d been yelling at him, she’d kept her right arm across her breasts. To his surprise, she moved it, exposing her tits.

“There you go, baby boy! Mommy’s titties! Come on, and suck on them like the twisted little shit you are!” she flashed the smirk. “You’re not even hard anymore. What’s the matter honey, you losing your nerve? Does Mommy have to fluff you?”

The smirk brought back his anger, and he gritted his teeth as she laughed at him.

“You won’t ruin this for me,” he whispered. “This is my win.”

“A win would be seducing me and making me want you. Being a man and telling me how you felt. Blackmailing me into rough sex so you can pay me back for your butthurt, isn’t a win, its proof of what a pathetic...Oh!”

Eddie had slapped her right breast causing her to cry out, then quickly slapped the other. Grabbing her tits, he squeezed them hard, and she grabbed his wrists, trying to push his hands away.

Her fighting back was all it took for his cock to begin to swell, and flipping his hands, he caught her arms and roughly pinned them to the bed alongside her. He stared down at her, breathing hard and his heart racing once more.

Her breasts really were things of wonder, not just for her age, but any age. Firm enough that even on her back they were barely sagging to the side. They were so perfectly shaped, they seemed as if she’d had work done, but he knew they were all natural.

His mother might be a raging bitch, but by god she was the sexiest woman he’d ever seen.. The deep pink nipples, sitting just below her tan line were gorgeous exclamation points to the best tits he’d ever seen.

Whether they really were or the fact they were his mother’s added to the thrill, he didn’t care. All he knew was he had to have them. He leaned over, eagerly taking her right nipple in his mouth, and sucking on it.

“Ugh,” Mom groaned. “You’re so goddamn gross! What do you think, you’re breast feeding again?”

This time her dig didn’t bother him, as he was focused solely on swirling his tongue around her swollen flesh. He switched to the other breast, hungrily sucking on that one. Eddie opened wide, taking a good portion of her soft flesh into his mouth with her nipple.

His hips rocked, sliding his once again hard cock along her supple thigh as he went from one tit to the other, licking and sucking each in turn. He took a chance letting her arms go so he could cup her breasts and fondle them as he sucked.

Mom made no effort to fight him, just made disgusted noises above him, as he enjoyed her tits.

“God, look at you, slobbering over them like you’ve never had a tit before.” Mom sighed dramatically. “Doesn’t even bother you I’m getting nothing out of this, does it?”

She was ruining this for him because she was right. As much as he’d wanted to just ravage her and punish her, hearing her moaning his name and running her fingers through his hair, or pushing her tit up at him, would be so much better.

Between his legs, he could feel his cock starting to soften again. That caused a new explosion of rage within him and removing his mouth from her nipple, he sat up between her legs, grabbed his cock and stuffed it into her wet slit.

He thrust rapidly, trying to get his cock back to a full erection, and after an initial gasp, Mom laughed again.

"My god, you're not even hard right now! Your age and you can't cum twice? You need a blue pill, little boy?"

"Shut the fuck up!" he yelled so loud the smirk left her face and she flinched when he reached down for her.

He grabbed her nipples between her fingers and twisted them. Mom's wail of pain caused his cock to harden, and even in the heat of his newly rekindled passion, he realized how bad that was.

But all he cared about now was fucking her hard enough to keep that goddamn smile off her face. He reached behind him and grabbed her legs behind her knees, pushing them up in front of him.

As he tore into her with a fury that matched his previous assault on her from behind, he shifted his hands, getting her ankles and lifted her legs in the air.

"Fuck!" Mom cried out as he pushed forward, forcing her legs back until her feet were over her head and her ass was coming off the bed. "Fuck that's deep!"

Eddie lowered himself, letting her lower legs slide over him so his shoulders were behind her knees. Her ass rose higher as he now had her bent like a pretzel, his cock plunging straight down into her now sopping cunt.

"Not laughing now, are you?" he snarled down at her.

"Oh, oh, oh!" Mom's high-pitched yelps and the way her eyes widened made him strive to give it to her even harder. "Oh my god, you're fucking me so hard!"

"That's what you came here for, wasn't it? To get fucked, you sleazy cheat?"

"Oh...my ....god!" Mom cried out each word as he braced his hands on either side of her head and stretched his legs out behind him so he could get more power into his stokes.

Eddie was now in a push up position driving into her tight wet heat so hard she was bouncing off the bed. Mom squealed and yipped, her tits bouncing wildly and her feet drumming on his back as she kicked and bucked in reaction to his at this point, violent fucking.

She put her hands on his arms, but instead of trying to push him off, simply rested them there. He liked the way her red nails looked on his skin,

"Fuck, fuck, fuck!" she cried out repeatedly, her words sending a thrill through him and causing him to slow his thrusts so he could pull back his hips, and use his full length to give her several savage thrusts.

"So hard," Mom moaned, her eyes rolling back. "You're so hard, and your cock is so fucking big."

His cock twitched within her as she released a long moan that for the first time sounded like she was into it.

"I...I can't do it anymore," Mom stared up at him. "I tried to do the right thing, tried to pretend I didn't want this, but Eddie, you feel so good!"

That stopped his hips in mid-thrust.

"What did you say?"

"No!" Mom groaned. "Don't stop now," she squeezed his arms. "Keep fucking me!"

When he remained still, his cock buried halfway in her warm wet flesh, she sighed.

"I guess you don't want me to like it, should I start yelling at you and keep pretending to be disgusted?"

"You...want me?"

"I...shouldn't," Mom whispered, "It's so wrong, and we're doing it for the wrong reasons, but baby, you look so good, and you're fucking me so hard!"

She wiggled her hips as much as she could in her position, easing him a little deeper inside her, making him groan, and as much from her effort as the feeling.

"Those other boys wouldn't dare fuck me this hard, but you're giving it to me the way I need it!" She surprised him with a wink. "And deserve it. Ever think this is why I act so bitchy? So someone will punish me?"

She smiled up at him and ran her nails lightly down his chest.

"Ease back on your knees," Mom made him gasp when she teased his nipples with her nails. "Let me show you what I like." She pushed her red smeared lips into a pout, "Please, baby?"

Eddie did as she asked, lifting his hands from the bed and sitting back on his knees, his cock still inside her.

"That's it," Mom's legs had slid over his shoulders and dropped to the bed, but she lifted them and placed her red tipped feet on his chest. "I'm sorry I was ruining this for you, but you were so rough." She winced. "My ass is still stinging.

"But it was ruining it for you too, Eddie. You just wanted to take me, but you weren't enjoying it. How could you? All caught up in hating me."

"I don't hate you," he said softly as he put his hands on her thighs, pushing her legs more firmly against him. "You just make me so mad."

"Then let me make you happy," Mom wiggled her toes into his chest and made him gasp when she contracted her pussy around his cock. "Your little girlfriends don't know that trick do they?"

She clenched around him several times making him moan as he remained still while she worked his cock with her pussy.

"See? Much better when you let me play my way." Mom gently pushed him with her foot. "Take your cock out for me." She saw his eyes narrow. "No tricks, baby, I promise. I just want to show you something."

Figuring one way or another she wasn't getting away from him, Eddie did as she asked, easing his cock from inside her.

"Hmm," Mom licked her lips. "Look at that, honey. Look at that long thick cock all wet and sticky from your mother's cunt."

Her words made his cock jerk and he did take the time to admire how good it looked, especially as it bobbed over her body.

"It's a pretty cock," she sucked on her lower lip. "I like it so much better when it's not being forced in my mouth or just shoved in me. I want to appreciate that cock, Eddie, just like you should appreciate fucking your Mama."

"That's what you're doing, Eddie," Mom reached between her legs and grabbed his cock, making him moan as she wrapped her fingers tightly around it. "You're fucking your mother. Your bitchy mother."

She slowly stroked his cock and he couldn't hold back another moan. Even though it was just her hand, as opposed to her mouth and pussy he'd already experienced, it was the first time she was touching him willingly and that added thrill made it feel even better.

“So hard,” she purred, her eyes locked onto his cock. “So hard for your mother,” she sucked on her lower lip again, a subtle but sexy move he loved. “You’re a bad boy, Eddie.”

“I guess so,” her stroking his cock had drained him of his anger as he watched her hand glide faster along his glistening shaft.

“But that’s okay because like you just found out, your mother’s a bad girl.” She lowered his cock and moaned as she pressed the spongy head of his cock against her clit. “She likes to fuck young guys, doesn’t she?”

“Yeah, she does,” he moved his hips, when she slid his cock through the lips of her pussy, trying to slip inside her once more.

“Easy,” she pulled his cock back up through her pussy. “Savor this, Eddie, let me savor you.” She spoke softly and in a voice husky with desire, a phone sex purr if he’d ever heard one.

“I like young men, and you’re such a good looking young man, and my son,” she gave him a sultry smile. “And as bad as that is and as wrong as it is? Baby, this is so much hotter than banging some random kid.”

She continued sliding his head up and down her moist pink flesh as she spoke and his body trembled with excitement. It was as if he hadn’t already been fucking her. She was right, he hadn’t taken the time to appreciate what he was doing, he’d just been taking her so fast and hard while so angry, he’d barely felt it.

“I thought about it after I caught you jerking off in my bikini. My son wants me. He knows it’s wrong, but he wants me so bad he can’t help himself. That true, my little bad boy?”

“Yes,” he whispered, “I couldn’t stop looking or thinking about you.”

“There was so much cum in that bikini. Not as much cum as there was on my face though, now was there?”

“No, please let me fuck you again.” Part of him knew he was losing control and she was gaining it, but it would be so much better if she wanted it, just her touching him the way she was made it that way, never mind what she was saying.

“Yeah, you want to fuck me some more. I want you too, Eddie. Know why? Because now you’re relaxed and you’re not being angry or mean to me. Mama can be so much more fun when she’s being treated better. Don’t you want me to be more fun?”

“I want you to want it.”

“I want it, baby boy, Mama wants her boy’s big fat cock back in her hot wet cunt.” Mom held his cock still while pumping her hips, grinding her pussy into his head and making them both groan. “Notice how wet I got once you started fucking me? I can’t lie anymore, Eddie, this is as wrong as it gets, but the way you want me, has me wanting you more than any of those other boys.”

She guided his tip lower and pushed against his chest, using him to lift her ass and ease the tip of his cock back inside her.

“Because you’re not some boy, you’re *my* boy, and what this bad mommy needs, is for her son to fuck her some more.”

This time she thrust harder, pushing him deeper and he responded in kind, flexing his hips and plunging his full length into her wet slit.

“Yes!” Mom cried out. “That’s it, baby, fuck your naughty Mama, show her how bad her boy wants her.”

Eddie fucked her with long hard strokes, but this time held himself in check. He wasn’t teasing in anyway, but it was no longer a mindless hate inspired assault on her.

“Just like that!” Mom let her head fall back on the bed, and moaned. “Let me feel every inch of that delicious cock!”

That caused him to give her a harder thrust and the way she released a sharp yip and her eyes rolled back made it hard for him to maintain his steady rhythm. Mom wasn't making it any easier as she egged him on.

“Look at that, Eddie, look at that beautiful wet dick sliding into your mommy's needy pussy.”

He glanced down and watched his glistening shaft invading her pink pussy lips. He slowed down to see it even better and mom released a soft sigh of pleasure that was the sexiest sound he'd ever heard.

She was really into it now! Moaning and working her hips in time with his, inviting her son's cock even deeper into her moist forbidden heat.

“Play with my clit,” Mom told him. “Make me cum on your cock.”

Eddie dropped his right hand between her thighs and her hips jerked when he pressed his thumb to her clit. He rested the edge of his hand on her inner thigh and worked his thumb in slow circles.

“That feels sooo good!” Mom purred and cupped her tits, fondling them and working her nipples with her thumbs.

“Like this, baby? Mommy playing with her tits for you?”

“Fucking hot,” he breathed as he watched her pinch her nipples and tug on them, stretching them to the point it looked painful. “You're so goddamn sexy.”

“Hmm, honey, you say the sweetest things to your mother,” she giggled and his cock jerked again inside her.

“Go ahead,” she encouraged him. “Fuck me harder. I like it nice and hard, but this time you watch me and focus on how good your mother's cunt feels wrapped around your big dick. It's going to feel even better when you make me come!”

“I'm going to,” Mom was breathing harder and her hips were thrusting into both his cock and his rotating thumb. “Going come on my son's big cock while he's fucking his hot mommy.”

Eddie fucked her faster, his free hand sliding along the inside of her right thigh admiring how soft her skin was. Beneath him, Mom looked incredible, playing with her perfect tits, her eyes wide and staring at her son's cock as it plunged repeatedly into her.

Her face was more of a mess than ever as she'd been sweating into the bed and there were still some cum smeared onto her cheeks. Her neck and upper part of her chest were as red as her face and coated in a sheen of sweat.

Her hair was spread out on the bed, but some it was plastered to her neck and shoulders. All in all she looked like she'd just endured a hardcore fucking, and she had; from her son. His eyes lingered on her tits, the way she teased and twisted her nipples with her red tipped fingers.

“I look good, honey? Like the freshly fucked look? You got me looking like I was ridden hard and put away wet.”

Eddie had never heard that one before, but he liked it. He worked his finger faster, still watching his mother who was now moaning continuously, wiggling back and forth, grinding her clit into his thumb.

“Oh, yeah,” she moaned. “Just like that, baby, just like that!” she gasped and her toes curled into his chest. “Don't stop, Eddie, please don't stop, Mommy needs to come!”

He fucked her harder and pressed his thumb to her as hard as he dared. Mom's pussy contracted around his thrusting cock, and throwing her head back, she released a high pitched squeal.

“Fuck!” Mom thrust her hips hard into him as her pussy clutched at his cock. “Oh. Honey, oh my god, I’m coming for you! I’m coming on my son’s cock!”

She bucked her hips and thrashed on the bed, yelping and squealing louder than a porn star. Mom kept tugging on her nipples and hearing and feeling her come for him, caused him to lose control.

He tore into her as hard as he had earlier, but this time her response was to cry out in pleasure and work her hips into him.

“That’s it! Fuck me, Eddie, fuck Mama until you come!” she cupped her tits and lifted them, offering them to him. “You want my tits, baby? You want to paint Mommy’s titties, with all that hot cum?”

“The tits you thought about when you came in my bikini, the tits you’ve been dreaming of?”

“Fuck yeah,” Eddie groaned as his body tensed and his balls tightened.

Her being into it had gotten him close a lot faster than when she’d been pissing him off, and she kept talking, her words serving to speed up his impending climax.

“Right here,” she stroked her nipples with her thumbs. “I love hot cum on my hard nipples.”

Eddie moaned as he strained to hold back and fuck her as long as he could.

“Its okay, baby, let it go, show Mama how much cum you have for her and spray it all over my pretty tits!”

Eddie groaned and pulled his cock out, squeezing it to hold back. Mom dropped her legs, and rising higher on his knees he leaned over. Bracing himself on the bed with his left hand, pointed his cock at her tits and let it go.

An impressive spurt of cum erupted from his cock so hard it hurt a little, but only for an instant as seeing it splatter on Mom’s right tit overwhelmed any brief discomfort. He moved his cock, aiming the next spurt at her other breast.

“Hmm, that feels so good, that hot cum sliding down my tits,” Mom moaned. “More, baby! I want it all! Cover your mother’s tits with that big load!”

Eddie pumped his cock hard and fast, working it back and forth, trying to get as much on each tit as possible.

“So much cum! Almost as much as you shot in my face! My boy must have really needed his mommy to be able to cum so much, didn’t you?”

“Wanted you so bad,” Eddie grunted as he squeezed the tip of his cock, wringing a couple more drops onto her right breast. “God that looks good.”

“Yeah, you like how your cum looks on my tits?” Mom removed her hands and cum dripped from her fingers onto her stomach. “Get a good look, Eddie.”

“I am,” he released his cock and sat back on his knees between her legs, staring down at her pussy which was still open from being pounded by his cock. “Better than I ever imagined.”

“Glad you’re happy.” Mom scooped some of his cum off her tits with her fingers, then flicked her hands at him.

Eddie flinched when some of it struck his cheek. Had he not jerked his head back it would have caught him in the mouth.

“What the hell?” He grimaced as he wiped it off his face.

“Get off the bed, get dressed and get the fuck out of here.” Mom sat up in front of him and pointed to the door. “Out, now!”

“I...thought you...?”

“You thought what? I wanted you?” Mom rolled her eyes. “Typical guy, can’t even tell when a woman’s faking.”

“You faked that?” He was stunned, but part of him wondered why he was.

“Damn straight, I figured if I kept doing the right thing and telling you to stop we’d be here forever. God, you’re fucked up, Eddie. Me playing with your dick for a minute and a lot of Mommy talk and it was all over!”

“You’re so lame you’d think I’d start to like you blackmailing me into sex?” she drew her legs up, and spun on the bed, putting her back to him. “What a goddamn loser. Want your mother so bad that me just pretending I wanted you, got you to come.”

“You fucking bitch,” he whispered, but at this point he was more humiliated than angry.

“That’s me,” Mom got off the bed and pushed her skirt down over her hips. “You got what you wanted, Eddie. You blew a fucking load in my face, beat me like a dog then fucked me.”

She spoke as she grabbed several tissues from the box on the nightstand and wiped cum from her tits, a look of disgust on her face.

“You treated me worse than a whore, and you’ll have the sick memory to jerk off to for the rest of your life.”

“You are a whore,” he reminded her but quickly hopped off the bed, and stepping into his jeans and boxers, pulled them up over his semi hard and still oozing cock. “A cheating one.”

“It was still no way to treat me. Forcing me into sex, hitting me so hard I’m going to have to lie to your father and say I fell on my ass because I’m sure I’ll have bruises.”

“You lie to him anyway!”

“No,” Mom picked up her torn shirt and frowned. “How the hell am I going to wear this outside?”

“What do you mean you don’t lie?”

“I don’t lie to your father is all you need to know.” She tossed the shirt on the bed and scooped up her bra.

As pissed, and at this point embarrassed as he was, Eddie still stared at her tits, getting one last look before she pulled the bra over them.

“That’s bullshit, you lie by not telling him what you do!” he picked his shirt up and pulled it on.

“And what is it that I do, Eddie?” Mom slid her arms through the straps of her torn shirt and pulled it on. “Guess it’ll stay up until I get into the car.” She sounded so casual it revved him up again.

“You’re a goddamn cheat! Dad has...”

“And what are you?” She cocked her head and waited for his answer, the smirk back in place.

“What?”

“You just fucked your father’s wife.”

“I...” he blinked as the enormity of what she said dawned on him.

“You come in here all self-righteous about me hurting your father, but it was okay for you to do it? You think because you’re my son your dick in my cunt doesn’t count? That what those sick videos tell you? It’s not cheating if its family?”

“You...you’re turning this around on me!” he snapped. “Trying to make it my fault like you always do! If you weren’t cheating this wouldn’t have happened!”

“Hear yourself? You think if Matt or your other friends caught their mother cheating, they’d blackmail them with sex? You’re a selfish grabby little boy.”

She sat on the edge of the bed, and leaned over, putting her heels on, and Eddie stalked around the bed to face her.

“Me? You’re the most selfish spoiled...”

“You have no idea what makes me that way!” Mom yelled and came up off the bed so fast, he put his arm up in case she swung at him. “Or why I fuck those boys!”

“You fuck them because...” he stopped when she shouted over him.

“I’m selfish? You care so much about your father; you couldn’t get your cock in me fast enough! You don’t care about him, and you don’t care about me! You didn’t care I didn’t want it! Didn’t care you hurt me! Didn’t care how much you humiliated me! All you cared about was using me to get your rocks off.”

She’d been yelling so loud they both jumped at the sound of someone banging on the wall. Mom took a breath and lowered her voice.

“Guess like father, like son.”

“What’s that mean?” he asked. “Dad’s good to you, way too good to you, and this is what you do?”

“You have no idea what I do for your father,” Mom said softly. “And for you.”

“You’re a cheat and you’re going to play martyr?” Eddie couldn’t believe it. “Hey, where are you going?”

Mom had put her back to him and walked over to the small dresser against the wall to the right of the bed. He grabbed her arm, but she spun so quickly, she pulled out of his grasp.

“I let you do what you wanted,” Mom growled at him with such a look of rage on her face, it unnerved him. “You touch me again, son or not, you’ll regret it.”

“Sorry,” he said taken aback by her tone as much as her words.

“No, you’re not. But I am. I’m always sorry, but I’m sorry for myself, and you can have fun with that one seeing how you like to see me suffer.”

She walked over to the bureau where she scooped up a white sweater in her hands. Eddie hadn’t seen the sweater on her in the pictures Matt sent, and she’d picked it up in an odd way, using both hands to scoop it up, instead of just grabbing it.

“I’m leaving before someone sends the manager to see what all the yelling’s about. Wouldn’t want to have to fuck him to keep his mouth shut too. You’d probably like that.”

She continued as she made her way to the door.

“Even this dive doesn’t do hourly, so the rooms paid for until tomorrow morning. You can stay if you want. Maybe sniff the sheets and jerk off to what you did to me.”

“Don’t walk away from me!”

“Why not? That’s what I do to all of them, fuck and leave, why should you be different?” She put her hand on the door, and looked over her shoulder at him.

She had an odd look, no longer angry, there was a hint of sadness on her face, that surprised him.

“This is what it’s like to feel cheap and used, Eddie. It’s not a good feeling, is it? Trust me, I know.”

“What the hell are you talking about? You’re the one who does this!” He pointed to her, his finger trembling once more as it became clear to him what she’d done.

“I can’t believe this! You even managed to ruin this on me! I catch you fucking around on dad, I finally get to have what you’ve been teasing me with and you fuck that up on me!”

“You fucked that up, Eddie.” Mom flipped the security latch on the door and put her hand on the knob. “Didn’t have to be that way, you made it that way.”

“Blaming me again? Know what?” He snapped his fingers. “I am going to tell dad!”

“No, you’re not.” She said it without anger and that ticked him off more than when she was yelling at him.

“I’ll text him these pictures as soon as you walk out that door.”

“And I’ll tell him you fucked me.” Mom gestured to him, but again she seemed subdued, not even the smirk this time. “Go ahead, I’ll wait while you do it.”

“Yeah, right!” Eddie laughed. “I have pictures. He’s never going to believe I fucked you. I’m your son.”

“The one who jerked off in my bikini who he knows wants his mother.”

“Pictures or it didn’t happen,” he grinned at her feeling quite proud of himself for this one. “You can’t get out of what you did, but I can.”

“Can you?” Mom reached under the sweater she cradled in her other hand and pulled something out. “Because it did happen, and I do have pictures.”

Eddie’s mouth fell open when he saw what she was dangling by its short strap  
Her camcorder.

## Chapter Seven

Eddie's eyes jerked open and he sat up in the recliner and cocked his head, listening for whatever woke him up. Was it a car door, was Mom finally home from wherever the hell she'd gone?

He pushed himself out of the chair, and cross the living room, peeking out between the blinds. A Dominoes delivery guy was just getting back into his car so that must have been what he heard.

Eddie pulled his phone from his pocket, but just as the last half dozen times he'd looked, there were no reply to the texts he'd sent his mother. Why should there be? What he'd done to her had been...

Had he raped his own mother?

No, that was being a little too harsh on himself, she'd agreed to have sex with him.

"Yeah, after you threatened to tell Dad, you asshole."

Eddie went back to the chair and slumped down into it. His mind had been spinning about what happened earlier to the point his head was pounding. He'd been surprised he'd manage to drift off while in the chair, his eyes closed, replaying everything he'd said and done to Mom at the hotel.

It was her fault. She was the one who'd fed that unnatural lust he had for her. She had caused that lust to become infused with anger by always taunting him and getting dad to take her side. Most of all she was the one cheating, and not as in having an affair with one guy but going on a sleazy site and inviting guys his age to come fuck her.

But none of that justified what he'd done. He'd been beyond rough with her, even violent. She'd said yes to him, but she'd also told him to stop multiple times and at times fought him. The stinging scratches on his chest and stomach were testament to that.

He'd gagged her and odds are her muffled yelling was her trying to make him stop, but he'd done it anyway, and nothing she'd done to him meant she deserved that. Yet he was still angry with her.

That stunt at the end, pretending to want him, getting him into it and all just to not only make him come faster, but humiliate him even more. It was hard to feel sorry for someone when they continued to mock and somehow manage to embarrass and degrade him as much as he had her.

What hit him the hardest was she was right; how was he any better than her when he thought it was okay for him to fuck her. He'd just betrayed his father and in the sickest way possible. When he was able to force all of that from his mind, it was replaced by something that was made no sense at all.

Why was she taping him? No, she'd expected someone else. Still, why would she tape herself with other men? If what she said about the prenap were true, she was taking a huge risk cheating, but to have video proof of it lying around?

In the moments Eddie could think rationally and focus on the big picture and not just the ugly sexual encounter, he felt he was missing something. But what? He kept coming back to just before she showed him the camera.

That look of sadness on her face and talking about feeling cheap. Why would she feel cheap? She was the one looking for meaningless sex in a crappy motel, wasn't she? Maybe it was guilt? She fucked those kids, then had moments of remorse?

No, she was too stuck on herself to feel cheap, and thinking she could do what she wanted behind Dad's back was just another example of what a spoiled bitch she was. But there was more, and he couldn't put his finger on it.

He swore there were a few other comments she'd made not just today, but before that hinted at him not knowing why she acted the way she did. As he'd sat there with his head racing again, his eyes had started to close, but they snapped open when he was struck by a sudden thought.

Was Dad cheating on her? Was that why she claimed her life wasn't perfect and why she was cheating? It could explain the cheap comment if she were sleeping around just for payback. No, too deep for someone as shallow as her.

Plus, the profile on the website was another thing out of place. She didn't show her face, but look what had happened with Matt. Why wasn't she worried it could be someone else she knew? She was looking for young guys, that would eliminate Dad's creepy mid life co-workers who were always looking for sex, but they usually paid for it with girl's his age.

Eddie rubbed at his eyes and looked over at the clock over the fireplace. How was it only 8:10? he felt like he could crawl into bed and sleep for a week.

After Mom showed him the camera, she'd slipped out the door. Eddie wanted to follow her, but the way they'd been arguing, he didn't want to risk her shouting at him in public. He'd sat down on the edge of the bed, and put his sneakers on, and that's when everything hit him.

With Mom no longer there to fuel his anger, and his desire, the adrenalin rush he'd been experiencing since he'd entered the room, faded and left him feeling drained and his body trembling.

This time it wasn't from anger or excitement but reality. He'd had sex with his mother. What he'd just done could destroy their family. It wouldn't just be mom getting caught and Dad tossing her out, he'd be out the door with her.

And would deserve it.

Eddie remained where he was for a few minutes, then jumped when someone knocked on the door. He opened it to find the manager of the motel asking if there was a problem because the person in the next room had reported a lot of yelling.

Eddie admitted there was an argument, and his 'friend' left, and he would be leaving as well. The manager said that was fine, and when he left, Eddie quickly followed suit. Once he'd gotten in his car, he tried to call Mom.

She didn't answer and he felt the first real pang of guilt. Why should she talk to him? Mom had about a fifteen-minute head start on him, and he drove like a bat out of hell to get home as soon as he could.

He'd felt a sense of relief when Dad's car was back in the driveway, parked behind hers, but when he went into the house, Mom was nowhere to be found. When he'd looked in her room, he'd noticed the clothes she'd been wearing on the floor, and her closet door had been left open.

She'd changed in a hurry and left, but where? Eddie assumed she'd called a taxi or Uber, but in order to be out that quick must have done it on the way home.

He'd walked over to the bedroom window and noticed Mrs. Walker across the street, sitting on her porch reading. He'd gone downstairs and across the street, and asked if she'd seen Mom leave, and she'd replied Mom had come home taking the corner and driving down the street like "The devil himself was after her."

She said Mom had run into the house and a few minutes later, a black car with a young guy driving had picked her up. She added Mom had gotten in the back seat so she figured it was one

of those “Luber things” Eddie thanked her, but before he left, Mrs. Walker mentioned he’d been driving the same way and asked if anything were wrong.

Eddie mumbled a negative and quickly walked back across the street. He’d gone to her because she was the neighborhood gossip who watched everyone and talked about what she saw, he didn’t need to give her anything to work with.

That had been five hours ago, and he’d been a bundle of nerves, regret and fear ever since. Eddie had sent mom several texts which she ignored, but when he tried to call again, the phone went directly to voice mail meaning wherever she was, she’d shut it off.

As worried as he was, he didn’t want to start calling her friends and get anyone worried. Who was he kidding, it wasn’t about them worrying, it was them wondering why he was looking for her and why he was concerned.

The worst moment was when Dad called asking for her because she wasn’t answering. Eddie lied, saying he hadn’t seen her since she took him to the airport and figured she’d gone shopping or over a friend’s after brunch.

Dad seemed oddly concerned, saying she was supposed to call after brunch, that she always called right after she was done with her friends. As rattled as he was, something about the way Dad said it stood out to him. He had no idea why and couldn’t focus hard enough to figure it out.

The concern didn’t sit right either, Mom hadn’t been gone long, and the only reason Eddie was worried was of what happened with them. It’s not like Mom was always glued to her phone. When she was with friends she often didn’t answer because she liked her ‘Me time’

Now Eddie wondered if all her me time was her motel encounters. The one thing that put him somewhat at ease was Mom had obviously not talked to dad. Not that he thought she would call and tell Dad her son had fucked her, but she could have said he tried to be inappropriate with her, which his father could believe on the heels of the bikini incident.

It would be like Mom to somehow turn even this on him. No, he still had all the proof of her cheating he needed. But she had proof of what they’d done. Would Mom be so spiteful she’d show his father the video of them having sex just to get him thrown out with her?

None of this would be an issue if he hadn’t let his lust take over. He should have kept it just to her cheating, gone to Dad and paid her back once and for all by ruining her easy spoiled entitled life.

But could he have done it? Eddie now found himself facing another conflicted thought. Would he have gone to dad and put her out on the street? If her claim to the prenup was real, she’d literally have nothing except her car because he had no doubt Dad would cancel her credit cards and he doubted she had much money saved, everything she spent was Dad’s.

As bitter and twisted as their relationship had become, she was still his mom and he loved her. He couldn’t do that to her...but he loved Dad too and she was betraying him. Just like he did. Now he couldn’t say anything to his father and what would things be like between him and Mom moving forward?

For now, he needed to say he was sorry. Not that it could take anything back, but he wanted her to know he realized how wrong it was, but in the heat of the moment, he’d just lost control.

Another slam of a car door brought him out of his brain’s latest spin cycle and he was back out of the chair and peeking out the blinds. He felt both relief and anxiety when he saw it was Mom.

She was in the back seat of the black car Mrs. Watson mentioned and a tall blonde guy that couldn’t be more than a couple of years older than him was opening her door. Mom didn’t get out right away, and Eddie frowned when the kid put his hand on her arm and gave her a shake.

Mom passed the kid her heels, and got one leg out of the car, her bare foot on the sidewalk. She remained where she was until the guy took her hand and pulled her out of the car. She staggered into him and had he not been holding onto her; she would have fallen.

“Jesus,” Eddie left the house and ran down the porch stairs and the walkway to where the kid was half dragging Mom towards the house.

“You okay?” he asked as soon as he reached her.

“What do you care?” Mom shot him a look and he winced at how red her eyes were.

They were also wide and glazed over. When she spoke, Eddie could smell the alcohol on her breath, and the next step she tried to take her knees buckled.

“Easy, ma’am!” The guy hauled her up by her arm while putting his other arm around her shoulders to try and hold her up. “You her son?” he asked.

“Yeah, I’ll take her from here, thank you.” Eddie grabbed mom’s wrist and lifting her arm, put it over his shoulders as he eased her from the driver. “She pay you?”

“I’m all set,” he nodded. “I’d get her in bed, she’s pretty damn wasted.”

“Yeah, Eddie, get me in bed,” she blinked as if she were trying to focus. “It’s what you want, right?”

Eddie looked at the driver who looked confused, then shrugged. “She is out of it.”

“Not that out of it.” Mom shook her head, then gave the driver a drunken smile. “How about you come in, and I’ll give you a tip,” she giggled. “Or you can give me the tip and everything behind it?”

“Mom!” Eddie exclaimed as he tried to turn her away from the driver. “Stop that!”

“Hey, he gave me a ride, least I could do is give him one, right blue eyes?”

“Sorry, ma’am I don’t think that’s a good idea.”

“Why, cause of my son? Trust me, he won’t mind. Might even...”

“I think you should go,” Eddie said as he pulled mom against his chest, muffling the rest of her words.

“Yeah, good idea,” he agreed. “You take it easy, Ma’am, get some rest.”

“Where was she?” Eddie asked as the kid turned away.

“Roxie’s, I took her there, and she told me she’d call me to come get her, she was there a long time.”

“Wanted you to come get me, so you could come for me.” Mom giggled again. “Get lost Eddie, me and Mark are going to have some fun!”

“Um, its Mike and...”

“Mark, Mike, you all taste the same,” she slid her tongue across her red lips, “Come on, baby, don’t you...hey, where are you going?”

Mike had turned away at Mom’s remark, but not before Eddie had seen he was blushing. He hurried around to the driver’s side and roared away from the curb as if he were worried mom were going to chase him.

“What the hell is wrong with you?” Eddie asked as he had to tug Mom along the path as she watched Mike drive away.

“I’m drunk, what’s wrong with you?” Mom tried to tug her arm from his grip. “I needed him!”

“You need bed,” Eddie gripped her more tightly. “Come on, nosy Mrs. Walker is watching, bad enough she’ll make sure Dad hears you came home staggering.”

“Your father is why I needed whatever the hell his name was.” Mom allowed him to guide her down the path. “I think he still has my shoes!”

Eddie glanced behind him. "He dropped them on the path, I'll come back and get them." He continued to lead her to the porch. "What do you mean dad is why you were trying to hook up with that guy?"

"Huh?" She looked up at him owlishly, her eyes so wide and bright they looked like they were glass. "Oh, well...I don't know, just kind of screwed up I guess."

She was drunk and now slurring her words, but for some reason Eddie had a hard time believing she hadn't said what she'd meant to. They reached the stairs and Mom put her foot on the first one, and when she tried to step up, almost pitched forward onto her face.

"That's not going to work." Eddie leaned down, and slipping his left arm behind Mom's knees, easily swept her up into his arms.

"Put me down!" Mom yelled, but he ignored her, carrying her up the stairs as fast as he could so he could get out of sight of anyone on the street.

"Just get the door for me," Eddie told her. "We're making a scene."

Mom mumbled something but when he reached the screen door, she grabbed the handle and pulled it open enough for him to turn and step through it sideways. He entered the living room and kept going, heading for the stairs.

"We're off the street, put me down," Mom poked him hard in the chest. "Now!"

"I'm taking you to bed, you need to sleep this off."

"Bed?" She scowled up at him. "Why so you can take advantage of your drunk mother and fuck me again? Going to just force me or wait until I pass out and have your way with me?"

Eddie focused on making his way up the stairs without tripping rather than responding to her.

"Not even going to deny it are you?" Mom sighed. "Guess that's better than lying to me."

"I'm not going to do anything except get you in your bed, okay?"

"Maybe...I should let you," her voice sounded subdued and he hoped it was because the drinking was catching up to her and she was going to fall asleep. "We...could make sure its all from the neck down."

"What are you talking about?" Eddie carried her into her room, and leaning over, gently laid her on the bed.

"Video," Mom mumbled, her eyes now half closed. "Have to have a video or he'll be mad."

"Who'll be mad?" Eddie, gently cradled her head, lifting it to slide a pillow under it. "What video?"

Mom looked at him, but her eyes were unfocused. "What did I say?"

"You said you needed to have a video, or someone would be mad." Eddie as getting an uneasy feeling because part of him was piecing things together and not liking the picture it seemed to point to.

"Not supposed to say anything about that," she mumbled. "I'll get in a lot of trouble." Her eyes popped open when he lifted her legs to be able to pull the sheet down so he could tuck her in. "What are you doing?"

"Just want to cover you up," Eddie explained. "Make you comfortable."

"Wouldn't you rather take my dress off?" she gave him a sly smile. "Or just lift it up over my hips like you did with my skirt?"

"I want you to close your eyes and go to sleep." He pulled the sheet over her, legs, but when he reached her waist, her hand shot up and gripped his wrist.

"What's the matter, baby? You don't like how I look?"

She lifted her leg, kicking off the sheet he'd just covered her with. For once, Eddie hadn't been paying attention to what his mother had been wearing; he'd been a decent son and tried to help her into the house and to bed.

Now that she'd brought it up, he reverted to being a shitty son, and looked her up and down. Mom's outfit was simple, but sexy. A one-piece black dress that fit her like a second skin and ended a few inches above her knees but featured a slit up the right side that reached close to her hip, exposing her thigh.

The top featured a plunging neckline that revealed the inner curve of her breasts with black straps crisscrossed over them. Mom had reapplied her make up, and somehow in the short period of time she had managed to get her hair back to the way it had looked at the motel.

His eyes roamed from her face to her breasts, then down to her legs, before coming back to her face. Even with everything that had happened and how conflicted he'd been the last few hours; he couldn't stop thinking about how amazing her body was.

That and a few hours ago he'd had that body, and somehow came away feeling worse than ever.

"You like what you see, don't you?" Mom stretched her arms over her head, and arched her back, pushing her breasts out even more. "Mommy looks pretty good, doesn't she?"

"You...look nice," he was going to be careful this time. She was drunk and not herself and he'd already let his lust get the better of him once, he couldn't do it again.

"Nice," Mom shook her head against the pillow. "You thought I looked better than nice before, do I have to be naked for you to think I look good?"

"You always look good."

"That's better. What about sexy? Am I sexy? Am I pretty?"

"Sexy and beautiful," he replied. Her S's were coming out 'shhh' and her voice becoming distant as she struggled to keep her eyes open. She was going to lose the battle to stay awake any second now so he saw no reason not to play along, even Mom couldn't be plotting anything being this bombed.

"Thank you," she took his hand and he gasped when she placed it on her left breast. "Roxie's was a mistake, no young guys there, just guys my age. I got hit on by a few of them, but that's not what he wants. He wants me with the young ones. Gotta be a good girl and do what I'm supposed to, right?"

"What are you...?"

"But you're young and so good looking and," she licked her lips. "Hung like a damn horse."

"Uh, thanks," he swallowed nervously. "I guess."

"I know you want me, you proved that before," she sighed. "If you want me again, you can have me."

*You can have me.*

The way she said it caused his cock to twitch, but again decency overruled desire, she wasn't herself and he yanked his hand away.

"Just this time be a little nicer, I don't mind getting it hard, but you don't have to be mean." Mom went on. "Maybe this time...you could even go slow? Maybe sweet? Make love to your mother?"

What was this? Eddie reversed on his prior thought that she couldn't be up to something. Was she leading him into touching her again? Why?

"I'd like that you know," Mom gave smiled, but it had more than a hint of sadness to it. "Been a long time since someone loved me, all the boys want to do is fuck me."

“Because that’s what you’re looking for.” Eddie told her, holding back any snarky remarks. He’d said enough earlier. “Besides, I’m sure Dad makes love to you.”

“Please, he just sticks it in and fucks me like they do, except he’s not as hard and doesn’t last very long. He gets too excited when he’s watching me.” She sighed and another look of sadness crossed her face. “Only time he fucks me is when he watches me.”

“He’d have to watch you to...” Eddie stopped himself. “Get some sleep, Mom.”

“You don’t want me?” Her voice was louder and her eyes opened wider as she became distraught. “I thought you did! Why don’t you want me? I need you to want me, Eddie, I need you to fuck me.”

“Mom...”

“I wanted sweet, but if you just want to take me, I’ll roll over and put my ass up and you can just take me.” She tried to sit up, but he put his hand on her shoulder.

In her state it didn’t take much to hold her down.

“Rough again?” Mom sighed. “Okay, fine. How about you get naked and show me that beautiful body and that big cock that was so hard for mommy?”

“No, we can’t do that,” Eddie insisted. “Shouldn’t have before. We’ll talk to...”

“Please? I’ll suck it for you, get you nice and hard and wet so you can give it to me however you want to.” Mom smiled. “Come on, Eddie give Mama what she needs.”

“I...” God she looked so good, and she was asking him and this time he would take his time. Go slow and appreciate her and if she came it would be real.

“Yeah.” Mom said softly. “There’s the look. I know you want me, Eddie and I’m all yours, just do one thing for me?”

“What?” he was wavering and when Mom grabbed the hem of her dress and lifted her ass off the bed to pull it up past her hips, he groaned at the site of her bare pussy...she’d gone out without even a thong.

“Before you get undressed go over there,” she pointed to her bureau and Eddie saw the same white sweater she’d had at the motel lying in a ball. “And turn the camera on.”

“Camera,” he repeated. He took a couple steps towards the bureau and could see a round circle protruding from the white folds.

He only saw it because he was staring. It would never be seen by someone who was only interested in doing what they’d gone to the motel to do; fuck his mother.

“Yeah, always have to have a video,” she laughed. “Pictures or it never happened right?”

“Mom...”

“Stay up on your knees so it won’t catch your face.” Her voice had been fading and she failed to suppress a yawn. “Hurry up, baby, I’m getting sleepy. Just keep your head up. I’ll say it was a bad angle. Your body and that big dick pounding me will be enough.”

“Enough for what?” Eddie turned back to face her. “Mom, what do you do with these videos?” His eyes widened. “God, you don’t sell them online do you?”

“Hmm?” Mom’s eyes had closed, and she was only able to open them part way. “Sell what?”

“The movies of you and those guys!”

“Of course not,” her eyes began to close again. They’re only for him.”

“Who the hell is him?” Eddie demanded.

“Your father, silly.” Mom’s voice was barely audible. “I make them for him.”

“W...what?” Eddie asked incredulously.

Mom’s reply was several slow deep breaths, she’d passed out on him.

## Chapter Eight

Eddie looked up at a knock on his bedroom door.

“Mom?”

“No,” the door opened, and Dad entered the room. “We have a problem, Eddie.”

“What are you doing back home,” he asked as he rose from his desk.

“Your mother called me last night, told me everything you did to her.” Dad stepped aside to allow a police officer entered the room.

“Turn around sir,” he held up a pair of handcuffs. “Let’s make this easy for both of us.”

“What did I do?” Eddie asked. “Dad, what’s going on.”

“You’re under arrest, sir,” The cop gestured for him to turn around. “For raping your mother. Your father showed us the video.”

Eddie jerked awake, sitting up and looking around his room as if expecting to see the police officer and his father standing there.

“Holy shit,” he whispered.

Knowing he wasn’t going back to sleep after that he kicked the sheet off and sat on the edge of the bed, rubbing his eyes. Noticing the sunlight filtering through his blinds, he picked up his cell from where it was charging on the floor next to his bed.

He was surprised to see it was after 8. After he’d stayed in Mom’s room for a few minutes hoping she might wake up again, he’d given up and taken a shower. He’d winced when the soap got into the deep scratches Mom had left on his stomach, then noticed some of her lipstick still smeared on his cock.

If he’d thought about seeing that the day before yesterday he’d have been hard in an instant. Instead, he saw it as a mark of shame and quickly washed it away. He’d gotten what he wanted, and exactly how he’d fantasized about it. He’d been rough and degrading to her, ‘putting her in her place’ and taking all his frustration out on her.

His fantasies had never covered how she’d react other than a few, “what are you doing? Or telling him he couldn’t do it. Eddie had not envisioned her scratching and kicking and that look of anger, and at times, disgust on her face.

He thought of the dream and felt not just a wave of guilt, but sadness. A perfect case of careful what you wish for. He felt no joy or satisfaction in what he’d done. Even during it he’d only really slowed down and gotten into it when she’d played him. Before that he’d just been having his way with her and so caught up in his anger, it was just a brutal physical act he barely felt.

He heard his father in his head telling him the bikini incident was no way to treat his mother. That was nothing compared to yesterday. Eddie had stepped out of the shower and while drying off thought about his father, and Mom’s last words to him.

What was that all about? Was she still fucking with him when she was drunk? Why would his father, or any guy, want to see his wife with another man? Eddie wasn’t naïve, he knew about couples who swapped, the husband sharing his wife, but they were there and part of it.

He’d gone to bed, lying there with his mind running in circles and hoping he’d hear mom get up to go to the bathroom or any sound indicating she was up. Last he looked at the time it was just after midnight. He’d slept close to eight hours, his mind finally shutting down and the emotional toll of the day catching up with him.

Eddie got up and after changing out of his shorts and into a jeans and t-shirt, he left his room and walked down the hall. He knocked softly on Mom's door and there was no response, eased it open to peer into the room.

She wasn't there.

Shit, he hoped she hadn't taken off and was going to spend the day avoiding him. He hurried to the window and saw both her and dad's car were there. Eddie hoped she hadn't taken an uber somewhere like she did yesterday.

It was too early to drink, but maybe she just didn't want to be in the house with him, not that he could blame her. Eddie wondered if she'd gone online to hook up, it would never be too early for sex, and as drunk as she was last night her only concern seemed to be making a video.

For his father.

That had to be wrong. Although Eddie was sure his father enjoyed his mother's body and 'skill set', he was the most professional and borderline stiff person he knew. He was always worried about his reputation in and out of work and didn't give the impression he'd be some weird closet kinkster.

Eddie headed downstairs and smelled coffee. He quickened his pace, but when he reached the bottom of the stairs and approached the kitchen, he slowed down when he heard Mom's voice.

He stayed to the right, keeping out of view of the kitchen doorway. But from his angle he could see Mom sitting at the table with her back to him. She was on her cell, and Eddie eased up to the door to listen.

"What can I tell you, Jim, no one was biting, at least not anyone that young." She paused and shook her head, but responded. "I told you, I'll go online today, I'm not doing it at eight in the morning. I promise by the time you come home you'll have something to watch, okay?"

She put her hand to her temple, and again shook her head.

"For Christ's sake, Jim, I told you I got stood up. Why would I do it and not tape it? I only do this for you, and you know it." She listened and when she next spoke, she sounded upset.

"No, I don't. That's what you want to think. I feel like a cheap slut every time, and you don't... That's nice, Jim, real nice. Don't worry your wife will do as she's told like she always does."

Mom tossed the cell on the table and put her head in her hands. Eddie saw her shoulders shaking and heard her crying softly. He was stunned at what he'd just heard. He had no idea what to do, and began backing up, not wanting Mom to catch him.

But when she began sobbing, and lowered her head to the table, Eddie couldn't stop himself from rushing into the room.

"Mom, are you okay?" He came up behind her and put his hands on her shoulders. "What's wrong?"

She jerked her head up so fast he removed his hands from her shoulders.

"Wrong?" Mom grabbed a napkin from the holder on the table and wiped at her face. "I had sex with my son yesterday, what could be wrong?"

Eddie went around the table and pulled out a chair, sitting down across from her.

"Yeah, Mom, about that I..."

"Don't bother, what's done is done." Mom dabbed at her eyes and he winced at how red they were.

"You want some eye drops, Mom? They must be stinging." Lame, but what did you say to your mother after you'd force fed her your cock and blown a load all over her face?

“Nothing compared to my ass.” Mom shifted in her seat and grimaced. “Hurts like hell and there’s welts and bruises.”

Eddie looked away in shame.

“That’s okay though,” Mom said softly. “Men have been using me my whole life, why should my son be any different?” she sniffed and wiped fresh tears from her cheeks. “I’m a lousy mother, but I’m a good fuck, so at least I could do one thing right for you.”

She shrugged and gave him a reproachful look.

“Not that I had much of a choice, but I’m used to that too.”

“Mom, I...” Eddie paused as he choked up and was suddenly overwhelmed with emotion. “I’m so sorry!” It came out as a choked sob, and he felt hot tears flowing down his cheeks.

“That never should have happened! I hurt you and you wanted me to stop and I didn’t!”

“Eddie, stop,” Mom put her hand up. “You don’t have to...”

“God, Mom, they put people in jail for what I did...and you’re my mother! I treated you like...and I...I feel...” he could no longer get sentences out and as she had done, put his face in his hands and cried like he hadn’t since he’d been a child.

He tried to reign it in, but now that it had come out, he couldn’t stop sobbing uncontrollably to the point as upset as he was there was a part of him that was still embarrassed.

“Easy,” Mom spoke from behind him and put her arms around him. “It’s okay, Eddie. I’m fine, you’re fine, everything is fine.”

“How can it be?” he managed to stop sobbing and didn’t resist when Mom took his wrists and eased his hands from his face. “What I did was so wrong.”

“What we did.” Mom hugged him again, speaking in his ear. “It was on both of us, Eddie. We’re both to blame.”

“But I was the one who...made it bad.”

“I didn’t help, and I could have stopped it.” Mom surprised him by sliding her fingers up his cheeks, scraping away the tears, then kissing the top of his head. “I love you, honey.”

She hadn’t said those words, or at least not in such a soft tone, in longer than he could remember.

“I love you too, but...”

“I know, that was a lot of love all over my face, yesterday.” Mom joked.

“See? There is no way this is okay! I was so bad to you.”

“You were as bad as I let you be, and as bad as I deserved it to be.” She kept her arms around him and he leaned back into her embrace.

“You didn’t deserve that. No woman deserves that, let alone you’re my mother.”

“No way to treat your mother, right?” Mom chuckled and rested her head on his. “Don’t kid yourself, some women like to be treated that way.”

“You said you’re used to it, what do you mean?” Eddie grabbed a napkin and after wiping his face, blew his nose. He felt like a little kid at this point.

“That’s a long story, and not one you need to hear. How about we talk about us for a minute and clear this up?”

“Okay,” he nodded, and she slid her arms from around him.

Eddie was surprised to feel disappointed when she released him. Just like how she’d said she loved him; she hadn’t been sincerely affectionate in a long time. Mom went over to the fridge and grabbed a bottle of water.

“I’m all set,” he tried to wave it away, but she put it on the table in front of him. “Drink it, you’ll feel better. You want some coffee after that?”

“No.” he opened the bottle after planned to take a couple of swallows, but the cold water felt so good on his now scratchy throat he chugged most of the bottle.

“Once in a while Mom still knows best.” She gave him a tired smile while she poured herself a cup of coffee.

Eddie drank the rest of the water then watched her add cream and sugar to her coffee. She wore a white robe that was on the shorter side yet for the first time in months he didn’t find himself staring at her legs.

When she turned back to him, he noticed the robe was tied tightly. Normally it would be loose enough to give him a glimpse of her breasts. He felt another twinge of guilt that she was being modest because of him. As for the length of the robe, odds are she didn’t own anything longer, and he’d seen her in far shorter.

Her hair was down and still damp from the shower. Either she’d showered down here, or he’d really been dead to the world and not heard her in the bathroom next to his room. Mom sat down across from him and once again winced as she settled into the chair.

“I’m sorry I hit you so hard.”

“Stop saying you’re sorry.”

“I should be and I am.” Eddie insisted.

“I am too and should be. I’m the main reason this happened.”

“I keep telling you, Mom. Nothing you could do should have led me to that.”

“You’re a young man who harbors a lot of anger and bitterness towards me. You’ve been lusting for me and saw a chance to not only get even with me, but quench that lust.”

“I don’t hate you, Mom,” he said quietly. “But you do piss me off.”

“I know, I piss me off to sometimes. But usually I’m just pissed off and you’re not the only one who’s bitter here.”

“I don’t understand what’s going on.” Eddie admitted. “What the hell was that call with Dad about that I heard?”

“What do you mean?” Mom asked. “How much did you hear?”

“Enough to prove what you said last night was true.”

“What did I say last night?” Her eyes narrowed and a look of worry crossed her face.

“You don’t remember?”

“Last thing I remember was...” she touched her temple as if trying to recall anything was hurting her head. “The Uber driver, I wanted to bring him upstairs, but he didn’t.”

“Because I was here and sent him away because you were making a fool of yourself.” Eddie filled her in. “If that had been before what happened I would have been pissed, but I was just embarrassed, mostly for you.”

“Forget embarrassed, I’m ashamed of myself and have been for a long time.”

“Mom, enough with the cryptic bullshit. What’s the deal?”

“No deal. I...cheat on your father,” she looked down when she said it. “I’m a cheating whore just like you called me.”

“Bullshit,” Eddie wasn’t buying it. “There’s more to this.”

“No, just your Mom being a slut.”

“The camera?” he prompted her. “Why would you film yourself cheating?”

“Because I like to...watch myself get fucked.” she spoke slowly, and Eddie wondered how should could possibly believe he couldn’t tell she was lying.

“Really?” he raised his eyebrows skeptically.

“I do, I lay in bed and watch them when your dad’s not home and I get off to them.”

“No worries dad would find them?”

“He doesn’t look at my things. I delete them after I watch them a few times. Then when I get the itch, I make a new one.” She nodded. “Like I said, Eddie, your mom’s nothing but an ungrateful unfaithful bitch.”

“And a liar.” Eddie sighed. “You won’t even look at me.”

“I’m ashamed.”

“I think you are, but I think it’s more than you stepping out.” Eddie gestured to her. “You going to tell me what’s really going on?”

“You saw it.”

“Mom, last night you tried to get me to have sex with you again.”

“I did?” her look of surprise was real. “Are you kidding?”

“No, you told me I could have you again, but be a little nicer. I told you no, you needed to go to sleep.”

“See, you’re not so bad, Eddie.” Mom told him.

“Yeah, only taking advantage of my mother once in a day, go me.” Eddie waved her compliment off dismissively. “You kept trying but were so drunk all you could do was lift your dress up.”

“Just when I think I can’t sink any lower,” Mom grunted. “Drunk and begging my son for sex.”

“But for a reason. You kept saying you needed a video. That’s why you wanted that driver or someone else to come home with you. That camera was under the sweater just like at the hotel.”

“I told you, I like to...”

“I asked who the videos were for and you said Dad.” Eddie cut her off.

“I...was drunk.”

“Then I heard you on the phone, saying you got stood up yesterday, then couldn’t find anyone. That you’re going online today and from the sound of it, he was getting really pushy.”

“I don’t know what you think you heard, Eddie, but it’s not like that. I don’t know why I said that last night.”

“Okay, fine.” Eddie rose from the chair. “I’m going upstairs to get my phone and call Dad. I’ll ask him what’s going on.”

“No!” Mom rose as well, her eyes wide. “You can’t! I told you if he finds out I’ll be out on my ass with nothing!”

Eddie frowned. Her fear was real. This made him want to know even more.

“I’m going to tell him I found a video then heard you talking about it.” He went to leave the room.

“Eddie, please!” Mom came around the table and got in front of him, putting her hands on his chest. “You can’t! I’ll have to leave!”

“Not if he has something to do with it.”

“He’ll never admit it! He’ll tell you I’m...” she stopped her shoulders slumped when she realized what she’d said.

“He does know.” Even though at this point it seemed obvious, hearing her say it was still a shock. “I don’t understand.”

Let it go, Eddie. Its better for all of us if you do.” She gave him a weak attempt at a smile. “I’ll be different, honey, I promise. No more bitch mom, no more acting more like a brat sister, and I’ll watch what I wear so I don’t tease you anymore.

“Maybe after yesterday you’ll feel better about me, you got all that anger out, and maybe you and I can be closer, but in the right way. We used to be close, you used to love being around me when you were younger.”

“Mom, that has nothing to do with whatever you’re keeping from me.” He put his hands on her shoulders. “You didn’t sound happy with Dad. It sounds like you don’t want to do it.”

“My ass is red and bruised and I’m sore, so yes, I don’t really feel like fucking some kid today, but your dad...I don’t want to disappoint him.”

“He wants you to do this? This is why we need to talk. This is some fucked up shit, and you don’t seem happy about it.”

“I haven’t happy in years, Eddie.” Mom briefly touched his cheek. “You were my happiness, and I managed to ruin that. I let my bitterness affect how I saw and treated you.”

“Bitterness?” Eddie pointed to her chair. “Sit down, I need to know.”

“Nothing good will come of it. Your feelings for me are already messed up. You and your father are close. You’re his boy, his pride and joy, I don’t want you to see him differently, and neither does he. That’s why you can’t tell him anything.”

When he gestured to the chair again, her eyes welled up again. “You really going to do this to me? Get me kicked out?”

“I want to know why this is has you in tears and afraid of dad and why you just said you’re not happy.” Eddie gently turned her towards the chair. “Talk to me, Mom. I’m not a kid anymore, I’m a man.”

“I think I figured that out yesterday.” Mom attempted the smirk, but it was barely a twitch.

“Sit down or I call dad and ask him what the fuck.”

“Okay,” Mom dropped into the chair with an air of resignation. “I’ll tell you everything, just promise to not say anything to him.”

“As long as you’re going to be honest with me, I promise.” Eddie took his seat and sat with his arms folded on the table.

“This isn’t easy,” Mom idly traced the rim of her coffee cup with her red tipped finger. “I know you, and other people, think I have this great life. No job, nice house, nice things, successful husband.

“There’s other things they say too. Trophy wife, gold digger, sugar baby, she sucked the right cock.” Mom grunted. “Hard to see myself as all that at 39, but I but I guess it still applies with your father being in his fifties.”

“Doesn’t apply because Dad loves you. It’s not just because you’re younger and hot.”

“That’s where you’re wrong,” Mom sighed. “Your father was only with me because I was hot, he married me because I became pregnant with you. It was never about love.”

“I know dad married you because of me, he didn’t want a baby mama, he wanted a family, but he loves you. No way he couldn’t. You’ve been with him for twenty-one years.”

“I suppose there’s love, but there’s a difference between love and in love. But your father is also bitter towards me. We’re not what people, even you, see us as.”

“You guys aren’t happy?”

“As individuals? Your father is happy with his career, with you, with the fact he has a pretty wife his boy’s club friends drool over, but happily married? In general, no.”

“What about you?”

“Happy with you.”

“But you just said you have all these nice things. A lot of people would love your life.” Eddie pointed out.

“Not if they knew everything. This life comes with a price, one I keep paying even though I know I’m only stalling at this point.”

“What’s that mean?”

“You know your father met me when was 18. You know that in the beginning it was all about sex. He was older with money, tagging the hot barely legal waitress.”

“You make it sound so romantic,” Eddie joked to lighten the mood, but Mom didn’t respond to it.

“From there you got the Dad wanted to do the right thing to honor me, and our baby, and we fell in love. Happily ever after.”

“I guess not?”

“The first parts are true, but uglier than your dad made it sound. The only reason he told you anything was because you were old enough to notice he’s much older than me and overheard one of your friends mother’s calling me a gold digger and didn’t know what she meant.

“I didn’t have a good childhood, I ran away from home in New York at 16. I stayed with an older cousin who didn’t tell my parents I’d come here to live with her.

“She didn’t have much money, but I’d already quit school so went to work to help pay the bills. I worked fast food, then when I turned 18 got a job as a cocktail waitress. It was a *gentlemen’s club*.” Mom sneered the word. “Far from the truth as you could get.”

“A strip club?”

“No, a lounge type place where stuck up real men sit there in their thousand dollar suits drink scotch, smoke expensive cigars, and act like hot shots. I was young, pretty, and had nothing. I swear that type can smell my type. No money, no self-esteem, no future, and no hope.

“I was propositioned a few times and more than once I took them up on it.” Mom saw the look on his face. “Yes, Eddie, I got paid for sex. I was single and needed the money, and even by that age I knew my looks were all I had going for me.”

“Did dad...?” he left the question hanging.

“Yes, twice, and while he was engaged to someone.”

“What? But Dad’s always talking about that family values stuff, and grandpa was even worse, used to read the bible to me whenever I stayed over and talked about being a good faithful man.”

“Your grandfather was a good man. He loved you, Eddie. From the time you were born he bored the shit out of everyone by talking about his grandson. Your grandma was like that too. They were kind and accepting of me despite the fact I was the source of what he saw as his son’s disgrace.”

“That’s a little harsh.”

“Its how they saw it but blamed your father more than me. With good reason, he should have known better.”

“Dad was just a...john to you?” Eddie felt dirty just asking the question.

“The first couple of times it was money for sex. He rented a motel and I’d be his dirty little porn star who would do all the nasty things his proper fiancée wouldn’t, and he could treat me like he’d never treat her.”

“Like rough sex kind of stuff?”

“Like verbally degrading me and telling me to degrade myself. Calling myself a whore and a slut who sucked cock for money. He got off on it. The more I humiliated myself the harder he got and the harder he fucked me.”

“Wow,” Eddie whistled. “Maybe I shouldn’t have said tell me everything.”

“You need to know because it’s the only way you’ll understand why I’m the way I am. What goes on between your father and I, and why I’m still degrading myself today.”

Before he could respond to that, she continued.

“He paid me \$500 each time. Five hundred dollar bills in my hand was enough for me to do what he wanted. He didn’t hurt me, some spanking, fucked me hard, but nothing physically over the top, it was more about me debasing myself.

“Next time we went out. He said he wanted me to come with him to have dinner with a client. He bought me an expensive dress, gave me money to have my hair and nails done.” Mom stared off into space, a sad smile on her face.

“I’d never felt so pretty and was so excited. Me going to a five star restaurant in a two hundred dollar dress. We meet the client who is older than your father and spent the night ogling me to where I thought he was going to have to wipe the drool off his chin.

“They were haggling a corporate buy out, and your dad really needed the deal, but the guy kept asking for more and more concessions. Finally, he asks if he can talk to your father alone. So I went to the bathroom.

“I walk around for a couple minutes, and your dad catches me near the bar, and tells me he’ll give me another five hundred if I’ll fuck his client.”

“No fucking way.” Eddie was aghast.

“I said no, and he told me how much he needed this and next time it would be a real date, nice dinner, drinks, anything I wanted and no games, not even sex and he’d still pay me. But could I do this for him.

“There was something about your father. He was good looking, older, confident and I was attracted to him in a way I wasn’t with the others. When it wasn’t sex, he was good to me. He had real conversations with me, listened when I spoke, and was a gentleman. He even doted on me a little, always telling me I wasn’t just sexy, I was beautiful.

“He was paying me, and I always felt ashamed afterwards, but at the same time I had a crush on him, and I ended up saying yes and doing it.”

“He kept his word, we went on a nice date and he drove me home and was just going to drop me off. My cousin wasn’t home, and I invited him in. He said he’d promised it wouldn’t be sex. I said I wanted to.

“He wasn’t going to say no so he came in and waited in my room. I put on nice lingerie and poured some wine and we started to kiss, and I was so into it. I wasn’t being paid or pushed, I wanted this.

“Your father...he wasn’t as into it. He was stiff, and not in the good way. In fact, he was barely hard when I undressed him. Even me going down on him could barely get him fully hard.”

“Mom, I don’t need every detail.”

“I asked him what he was wrong, and first said nothing, then he asked me to tell him how much I love sucking cock. I did, and it went from there. He had me saying the same things he always wanted to hear, his favorite back then was how I was nothing but a cheap little cum dumpster who did things decent women didn’t.

“It had him so hard, and when he took me, he *took* me. The only way he could get it up was if he called me names or I demeaned myself.

“This went on for a few weeks, at least once a week sometimes twice, your father took me to a motel. By then someone had told me he was engaged, and I brought it up. He said not to worry about it. Men like him married good women but still needed things good women wouldn’t do.”

“That’s...” Eddie thought in it. “Like 1950’s bullshit, you guys met in the late nineties... what was he a fucked up throw back?”

“He worshipped the old men in his firm, and that type in general. The ones who were playing those games back then and still did. Fuck the whores, marry the virgin. I’m sure his girlfriend at the time was no prude, but doubted she’d let herself be called names and treated like a pig.

“I slept with another of his clients, and once a senior partner from his firm to help him get a promotion. Guess I did a good job because he got it.”

“Both times, after I left their room, your father took me back to a hotel and fucked me while he made me tell him what I did to them and how much I liked it. He’d ask me if I came. I’d lie and say yes, but I never did because all they wanted was me to suck and fuck, I was lucky if they sucked my tit.”

“This is nuts, I can’t believe I’m listening to this.”

“You face fucked me and had your way with me, but you can’t listen to this?” It was the first time she had an edge in her voice.

“Point taken,” he lowered his head.

“I’ll spare you more, at least for now. I was on the pill because a man like your father wasn’t paying that much money to not bareback. But I ended up with a sinus infection and was on antibiotics. What doctors don’t always tell you is those can interfere with birth control. I ended up pregnant.

“At first your father denied it was his, but at that point he was the only person I was seeing, and he knew it. Its part of why he offered me so much money, so I would be his regular tramp on the side.

“He gave in and admitted he was the father, then told me he’d talked to some people who’d been in similar situations.” She scowled. “The boys club again. He asked if I’d really been on the pill and was trying to hook him. If that were the case he’d pay for an abortion and we could agree on a number for me to stay quiet and go away.”

“No way,” Eddie whispered.

“I was so mad at him I told him to go fuck himself and I’d have the baby with or without him and didn’t want his goddamn money. He came back three days later and apologized, and I think he meant it. He said he was listening to the wrong people, and after thinking about it, there was no way he wouldn’t want me to have his baby.

“He went and talked to his father who told him he would be breaking off his engagement and marry me. Dad argued and was told that he’d be cut off from his money and influence. Your grandfather did well for himself and had gotten your father his job at the firm. One word and he wouldn’t have that job anymore, and he threatened to tell them why he was cutting him off.

“Your grandfather was a true family values man, and a man in general. He told your father that he’d been the one cheating, taking advantage of a poor girl who was barely more than a child and now he was going to do the right thing for me and the baby, and that was to marry me.

“In the beginning it wasn’t easy. Your father was pissed off because when he wouldn’t break up with the other woman right away, your grandfather called her and told her everything and she showed up where I worked.

I thought it was going to be ugly, but she told me not to marry him, a dog was a dog and privileged men like him thought they were above morals and sooner or later I’d regret it, that no money is worth your pride.”

Mom rose from the chair and grabbed another bottle of water from the fridge and drank some before wiping her mouth and sighing. “She was right.”

She sat back down, and he waited while she took several more swigs from the bottle.

“He was bitter. He was supposed to marry a successful attorney from a good family and be a power couple. Instead, he married his dirty secret, a teenage drop out who some people knew turned tricks for the jerk offs at that club.”

“You weren’t a hooker, Mom. They offered and...”

“Getting paid for sex is prostitution, Eddie. It’s that simple. He was also pissed because now that we were married sex suddenly wasn’t as much fun. I was his wife, not his whore and he treated me that way.

“He stopped asking me to act the way he used to, he went easier with me, but he never made love to me. His idea of that was he just fucked me slower, but there was no real affection or emotion in it. Its like he was doing it to fulfill a need and when he was done I was lucky if I got a ‘good night’ never mind him holding me.”

“He didn’t want it as much either. Seeing he couldn’t have it his way it became maybe once a week when he was frustrated and needed to get off.”

“You think he cheated on you because you were now the good woman?”

“Your father has never seen me as a good woman. But no, I think he learned his lesson and was afraid of getting someone else pregnant. His father was so disgusted with him he told him if he found out he cheated on me after I had his grandson he’d flat out disown him and ruin his name.”

“Wow, poppa didn’t play around,” Eddie said in admiration.

“I was the bed your dad made and would have to lay in. Your father did make me sign a prenup, one your grandfather did not know about, and I was told not to say anything to him or he would refuse to marry me no matter what.

“I wanted to be married. To be a wife and a mom and have a good life. To me that’s all that mattered, and I was naïve and scared so I signed it. I told you what it said. If I ever cheated he would get custody of you, and I get nothing but my clothes and whatever I was driving, even my jewelry would go back to him.

“But how can he be mad about cheating if he wants you to tape yourself with these guys?”

“We’ll get there. You were born and for the first couple years things were better. He adored you and it made him become closer to me, more caring, a little more affectionate. But sex was still not good. He had little interest.

“I wanted it, and would try anything. I offered him his game back, said I’d say all those things he liked, but he said no, now that I was his wife it was different.”

“That changed when you were five. I went to a function with him and his biggest client took a liking to me. He offered your father an in with another of his family’s companies. They bought and sold businesses like a kid would trade baseball cards. A lot of money for a corporate lawyer like your father.

“He’d just started considering his own firm but didn’t have enough clients to ensure he’d be able to make enough money to give it a go. This was a not just a game changer, but a life changer for him. It ended up being just that and not all in a good way.

“He came to me and I was appalled. I was his wife now, the mother of a five-year-old and he wanted me to whore myself for him?”

“He begged me to do it, talked about how much more money he could make with his own firm. How it was always his dream, and how much more we’d have for your future. I stood my ground, then he told me it would turn him on.”

“Say what?” Just when he thought nothing she came out with would surprise him, she proved him wrong.

“He said it was something he’d never admitted, but the idea of another man with his wife, or even back when I was just his paid company for the night, got him hot and bothered. He loved knowing another man thought his wife was so hot, he wanted her.

“He went lower, saying I knew he’d only married me because he had to, and he wasn’t happy. He’d given up what he thought his life would be to do right by me and our son. Least I could do was sacrifice something for him.

“I was shocked at how he kept pushing, even pointing out the client was good looking. He kept coming back to how he hadn’t wanted me, but this would change things. Show I’d do anything for him the way he had for me.

“I feel like I’m in the damn twilight zone.” Eddie muttered. “I thought yesterday was fucked up.”

“I caved and went upstairs to his hotel room while your father stayed at the party. The guy was decent, he took his time, kissed me, touched me, undressed me. He seemed to want me to be into it. He even went down on me and I faked an orgasm so he’d stop.

“The entire time I felt shame and humiliation. I felt dirty. A married woman on my knees sucking a stranger’s cock so your father could fast track his career. As soon as he was done, I got dressed and left, then took the stairs to get back to the party and stopped on one of the landings and cried.”

“Jesus, Mom, I’m sorry. Did you tell dad how upset you were?”

“Yes, and he swore it wouldn’t happen again. When we went to our room he...he wanted me to tell him about it. He had me describing every detail while he fucked me harder than he had in years.”

“Always the quiet ones.” Eddie said, but without much humor.

“Let’s say over the next couple of years I sealed several deals for your father. Whenever the pot had to be sweetened, I was in play providing the client was a dog, and some were. I was 23 and your father had me dress to show off as much as possible.

“He told me to be flirty and ditzy, there were times he had me slipping my shoe off and running my foot up his client’s leg or putting it in his lap and rubbing his cock under the table. I learned later I’d already been offered and was showing I was willing to please.”

“This has been going on for the whole time?” Eddie scratched at his beard as he struggled not to think about it. “Christ, Mom how many guys did you sleep with for him?”

“It escalated.” She ignored the question. “One of them upped the ante. He’d deal with your father with me as the bonus, but he wanted your father to watch.”

“First Dad said no, and I was relieved. But the client told him there wouldn’t be a deal. Told him that he was already fine with letting his wife fuck other men and he could tell it turned him on and he knew a voyeur when he saw one.”

“I went through with it. Had a few more drinks than usual, then proceeded to suck him off. He was right, within minutes your father was telling me what to do and what should be done to me. Told the guy to come all over my face, told him to finger and eat my pussy, what position, and he was calling me a slut and getting his client to do it too.”

“Why the hell did you put up with this?” Eddie demanded. “Mom, that’s...close to rape!”

“No, I was doing it willingly.”

“But Dad was pushing you to do it, you didn’t enjoy it!”

“No, but it made him happy, made him want to keep me around. He had me convinced for a long time it was a fair deal, he took care of me, gave me a nice life, a family, and I fed his increasingly twisted desire for other men to have his wife.”

“When that guy left I was lying on the bed naked with his cum all over my ass. The second the door closed, I started crying. Know what your father did? While I lay there sobbing into the mattress, he got undressed, got on the bed behind me and started fucking me, and telling me how good another man’s cum looked on me.”

“He tried to get me to tell him how much I liked it. I did that the entire time it happened, lying and saying how good that cock felt and tasted, how hard he was fucking me. I couldn’t do it anymore, and just kept crying and he fucked me anyway and added his cum to the other guy’s.”

She stopped to drink more water, and dab at the fresh tears on her cheeks. Eddie remained silent, his head pounding and an anger building within him. An anger aimed at his father. He knew his mother was a damn good liar, and had played him countless times in the past, but her emotions were too raw and real, and the detail way more than she’d put into some BS story.

Maybe if he hadn’t seen the camera and overheard her on the phone this morning he’d be more suspicious, but right now he was beginning to see his father in a whole new light, and it wasn’t a flattering one.

“That started the next phase of the game. He went on like adult friend finder and other hook up sites to advertise for guys to have sex with me. We’d meet them for coffee and if your father liked them we’d go to a motel.”

“You didn’t get a say?”

“Not really, it was his game, I was just a pawn in it. So were your grandparents to a point. Dad would lie and say we needed a date night and could they come over and watch you for a few hours.

“They were always happy to do it, I can’t imagine what they would think if they knew it was so your father could watch their daughter in law get used while their son watched.”

“He never um...” He took a breath and pushed the rest out. “Joined in?”

“No, he was only into watching, and didn’t want to be watched. As soon as the other man left, he’d fuck me, sometimes more than once. The same guy who could barely get it up even with me sucking him, could fuck like a porn star after watching me take another man’s load on my face.”

Eddie was taken aback by not only how blunt she was, but the bitterness in her tone. Even though he was still trying to process what he was hearing, it was clear what she’d meant by her life not being what it seemed.

“How often did he make you do it?”

“For a while it was more often than I want to say, but then we had a close call. The latest guy your father set us up to meet with turned out to be someone your father took a deposition from on a lawsuit when he’d first started the other firm.

“The guy didn’t seem to recognize him, but your father got us out of their quick and that made him realize he had a professional reputation to uphold, and some of his clients, especially the ones who’s fathers had worked with your grandfather, weren’t the type to think highly of that behavior.

“We didn’t do it again for a couple months and I was getting hopeful he would stop. Then he announced we were going away for a long weekend. We flew down to Florida and went to a club.

“He had me dress trashy and dance lewdly with him, and slut around the club, showing myself off. He watched guys watch me, and when he saw one he thought would ‘look good on me’ as he called it, he’d walk over and ask if he’d be interested in screwing his wife, but with him watching.”

“Let me get this straight, my father. The same guy who had a hard time talking about sex and condoms with me. Mister uptight, moral majority, vanilla straight guy, would walk up to strangers and say ‘Hey, wanna bang my wife?’”. Eddie released a long breath. “Wow, talk about Jekyll and Hyde.”

When mom lowered her head, he slapped his. “I’m sorry, mom. I shouldn’t have said it like that. Its not funny and I...I just don’t know what to say.”

“Don’t be sorry, it’s not your fault, and there is no wrong or right thing to say. This isn’t an easy thing to talk about. For me to sit here and tell my son I was being pimped out by your father, is...let’s just say just when I think I can’t be any more humiliated than I have been, I find a new low.”

“I think I get the point; you don’t have to keep going.”

“I’ve started so I may as well finish,” Mom said softly while she stared down at her hands wrapped around the bottle of water. “Maybe I’ll feel better I finally talked about it.”

“If you want to, I’ll listen.” He put his hand on his stomach. “But I’m feeling so sick right now, I can’t imagine how you’re feeling having it happen.”

“Your father got a few not so positive responses doing that. People thought he was out of his mind, or sick, or it was a joke. One person changed his approach when they asked him if his wife wanted him so bad why wasn’t she over there talking to him?”

Mom gave him a tight smile.

“He then asked if it was because I really didn’t want to, and your father was some kind of sick prick.”

“Points for that guy.” Eddie nodded in approval.

“But that didn’t stop your dad. He took it seriously, but not in the way I hoped. After that he sent me to do it. I’d put on my show, Dad would pick someone and I’d go over, sit with them and flirt, then ask if they wanted to come back to my room.

“Then I’d mention Dad, point to him and say he likes to watch. Some guys turned me down. Porn makes it seem like all this stuff is normal, in real life a lot of guys are like ‘are you kidding’ some go along with it figuring I’m hot and it can’t be too weird being watched, others just said no thanks.

“You not only had to go through with the act, but you had to talk to them like you wanted it?”

“Yeah, and down the line I’d learn your father took full advantage of that in another way.”

“You mean he gets even sleazier?”

“There’s other words, but for now, we’ll go with sleazy.” Mom sighed.

“The plus side for me was we couldn’t do it often. Here, there was a point it was three or four times a month. But with his firm becoming more successful, he couldn’t take a lot of long weekends. The only thing more important than his fetish for whoring his wife was his firm.”

This time she paused to catch herself.

“And you, I shouldn’t leave that out. For everything he did to me, and as big of a self-righteous phony as he is to the world, he’s always loved you and been a good father to you.”

“How could he be a good father treating my mother that way?”

“He saw that as separate. Thing is part of why your father went off the deep end with his is because your grandparents were religious, and not in the fake way. They were strict, proper, they had the old-fashioned belief sex should only be about love.

“A lot of men and women raised like that tend to be repressed, hold back on what they really want, but if something triggers them, they go all in. Denying yourself leads to extremes and according to your father he wasn’t even allowed a girlfriend until he was out of high school, and his father was very against ‘pornographic sex’. You loved who you were with, you didn’t treat them like a ‘bad woman’.

“But there’s nothing wrong with sex, as long as both people are cool with it all.” Eddie told her. “That’s what he finally told me when he could talk about it. Guess he didn’t drink his own Kool aid though.”

“He didn’t want to put the restrictions on you his father did him,” Mom explained. “Which is a good thing, but it’s do as I say not as I do, because he never cared if I was cool with indulging his kinks.”

“Twisted,” Eddie scrunched up his face. “How the hell can anyone want to watch their girlfriend or wife have sex with another guy?”

“More than you think, I guess. There were tons of ads on that site, and others. The difference is those couples are mutually enjoying it. It was a one-way street for us.”

“The guys couldn’t tell you weren’t into it? I think I’d know if a girl didn’t like what I was doing to her. If I thought she wasn’t I’d feel like an asshole.”

“You thought I was into it at the end yesterday,” Mom raised her eyebrows. “Didn’t you?”

“Touché” Eddie mumbled.

“I was acting for your father and most guys are easy to fool. They want to think they’re that good. At this point we were only going away once every couple of months, so for years, that was the routine.

“We’d travel, I’d dress trashy and we’d go to a club or casino or a bar and he’d pick the guy and I’d reel them in.”

“Years...how many...”

“Please stop asking that,” Mom swallowed hard and looked away again. “Let’s just say the answer is too many.”

“What happened? Dad almost get caught again?”

“One night after he decided to give the game a new twist and have me say I had rape fantasies and wanted me to let the guy tie my hands and spank me and be extremely rough. He... he had me let him fuck me in the ass.”

“Holy shit, that’s...Jesus!” Eddie clenched his hands into fists so hard his knuckles popped. “No way you’re telling me that’s not rape.”

“It wasn’t, I told him its how I wanted it, because that’s what your father wanted to see. He’d been watching some wife gets forced in front of her husband videos and he wanted to see it for real. After my hands were bound he told the guy to gag me with your father’s tie then take my ass.

He could see how much it not only physically hurt, but how angry and humiliated I was. I was crying at one point, and he was sitting right there, staring at me, rubbing his cock through his pants.”

“Why the hell would you let that happen? Mom you could have called the cops on that one.”

“Would they believe me? Plus, the man who did it, had no idea I wasn’t complicit in the game. But I was so mad after her left I locked myself in the bathroom and wouldn’t let your father near me.

“I stayed there the rest of the night, slept in the damn tub. In the morning I told him no more. I was done. He admitted he went to far and would never ask for that again. We could go back to what we always did.

“I told him that was over too. Enough was enough. That was the first time he threatened me with a divorce, and custody of you.”

“How would he? You said the prenup is only if you cheated. Besides, courts always let young kids stay with their mother.”

“Their mother who would have no job, money, place to live or anything else. The mother he would paint in court as an adulteress and he had proof.”

“Huh? I’m missing something.” The whole thing had him confused, but he’d been following it for the most part until now. “How were you cheating if he was there?”

“I asked the same thing. That’s when he brought me over to his laptop and showed me a video of me fucking one of the guys I slept with to close a deal for him. That was back when he’d known he was going to offer me, and he had set up two cameras in the room while I showering.”

“He showed me two more, then showed me some that were more recent, and then the one from that night, with me bound and taking it in my ass. I knew they happened with him in the room, but he had sound off, so no one could hear him talking, or what we were saying. Just me fucking.”

“But you’d be looking at him, so would the guy.” Eddie protested. “Plus, you can get a lip-reading expert in court, they’d see what was being said.”

“Impressive.” Mom gestured to him. “You watch a lot of TV.”

“No, Matt’s majoring in criminal investigation. He wants to be a PI; he tells me a lot of things he’s learned.”

“He might be right, but I wasn’t thinking straight. I’d just been threatened to have my son taken from me and found out he’d been taping me without me knowing and had enough videos of me without him in the room to damn me.”

“But even those, if you or the guy made one comment about Dad knowing, you’d be in the right.”

“I told you I wasn’t thinking like that!” Mom’s voice rose. “You don’t understand, Eddie. I was still young, had nothing without your father except you, and if there was a chance I could lose you, I...I couldn’t take that chance.

“Your father had money and a good reputation. The guys I slept with for his work were married, they weren’t going to tell the truth. They’d say I seduced them.”

“But their wives would find out, no? Dad would burn a lot of bridges if he dragged them into it.”

“But all that mattered to me was you. I worried about myself too, I had no education or job skills, I’d be back to waitressing. If there was a chance I could get custody of you, how could I support us on that?”

“Your father made a crack I’d go back to what I was doing when he met me, fucking for money. He got nastier saying I was still fucking for everything I had, including you.”

When Eddie slumped back in the chair rubbing his now pounding temple, she took a breath and when she spoke she was calmer.

“You have no idea what it’s like to be a victim, to be under someone’s thumb, to know that if I stood up for myself I’d be left with nothing. To see the one good thing I had in my life, my son, taken from me.

“Your father tricked and manipulated me. I felt I owed him to do it and felt in a way I deserved to be doing it. I didn’t get married because a man fell in love with me. I married a man who was paying me for sex and I got pregnant and his father forced him to do the right thing. An old fashioned shotgun wedding.”

I was afraid, Eddie, so I gave in. It wasn’t the only threat he made and the other there would be no way out of.”

“What else could he add to that?”

“He said he’d put the videos up on every amateur porn site he could find. I’d be all over the net fucking and sucking, and what kind of mother could I be if I’d do that. Thousands of people, maybe more, would see those videos. The ultimate disgrace and humiliation.

“And...he’d probably get off on it, the sick fuck.”

“No, you’re wrong on that one. That would humiliate him, possibly end a lot of his ties with family value type clients. Mr. Big shot, and Mr. Prim and proper’s wife screwing all these guys, then putting it up for all to see? Not a good look for him.

“But worse for me. It would be his last resort, revenge on me if I tried to leave and prove he was pushing me into this. We’d both suffer, but me far more than him. We know there are guys who would look at those videos and say “You were tapping that? Good for you!”

“He pushed it hard, saying the internet is forever, imagine Eddie surfing porn years from now and finding his mother.” She laughed abruptly. “Too bad I didn’t know then you’d grow up to watch mommy porn. It probably would have turned you on.”

“Mom, I know you said stop saying I’m sorry, but that whole thing was so wrong. I...I don’t know why I started thinking of you that way, let alone what I did to you.”

“We’ll talk about why you wanted me,” Mom told him. “Its not all your fault, Eddie. You’re a good boy with a bad mother who didn’t help any.”

“You’re not to blame for that,” Eddie insisted. “Seriously.”

“I’m at least partially to blame, your father is too, so I guess its all of us. But notice who’s not here talking blame or involved in what happened? Story of my life, he pulls the strings, I look bad.

“Still, you should have said something sooner. Like I said, even the cops. Tell them you were being forced into sex, and needed help.”

“Would they have believed me? If they did, it would only be until your father showed them all the supposedly consensual videos of my exploits. Even you. You’re only listening now because of what happened, and what I said last night.”

“And what I heard this morning was exactly what I heard. It sounded like he was pushing you to do it before he got home.”

“It’s become the routine now. He goes away, I stay here, hook up, film it, he comes home and we watch it and he fucks me. It’s the only time he touches me.”

“You’re kidding?”

“Nope. The last time he traveled for work was close to three months ago. While he was gone I went online and made a video. He really got into that one, fucked me twice.”

“When did it change?” Eddie asked. “You traveled together, and I thought he wanted to pick the guy? Why are you doing it like this now?”

“A few years ago your father was at the hotel bar while I was upstairs filming my latest sexcapade, ran into someone we knew from his country club. They asked where I was, and he said I called it a night and went up to our room.

“The man’s wife said she’d seen me walking out of the bar with some guy and we were smiling and laughing. Dad told them he was a friend who’d also come out here for the conference and his room was on the same floor.

“That kicked in both his paranoia about his kink being discovered, and also the shame that he has the kink at all. After that, he came up with the new routine of me going prowling alone. At first it was while we were away, then he decided he wanted to distance himself even more, and I would do it here while he traveled.”

“But...RI’s a small state, he didn’t think you’d run into someone you’d know?”

“The web site was his idea too. Originally it was back to adult friend finder with me advertising as a bored housewife who needed the fucking her husband couldn’t give her. On that site I used ‘your picture gets you mine’. I’d text him the picture make sure it was no one he knew.”

“But you’d have to send yours.”

“I did...of my tits, no one ever complained.”

“But in the couple of years we did that, we did get a couple he knew, or wasn’t sure to the point he said to keep looking.

“At this point we’re not talking that long ago. The guys were all around my age or older. Not a lot of young guys surf those sites, but I saw a woman there mentioning a new category for cougars looking for a cub. I was thirty-five so decided to give it a try.

“At first your father didn’t like the idea, but I mentioned if the guys were young there would be far less of a chance they’d know him or I. He agreed, and after the first time, he was hooked.

“A young guy fucking me took him to another level for some reason. For me it was easier because young guys were less aggressive, more eager to please, and easier for me to call the shots. I have to admit I enjoyed it a few times because these kids tried to get me off and I have a few times.”

“I thought you hated it?”

“I did, but your father never makes me cum, all he does is fuck my mouth and put me on my back or hands and knees. I liked how the young guys looked at me. Not just lust, but some nerves, I was older, hot, to them out of their league and a real life milf fantasy. I wasn’t just a fuck to them; I was a dream come true.

“I’m so pathetic even that made me feel more wanted than my husband made me feel. After a few times there, I discovered the other site and that’s where we are now. Difference between now and the beginning is I’m filming my own indiscretions and while he’s away. I’m damning myself every time I do it. He knows I know that, and he loves it. I live under the pressure of anytime he decides it’s over, it’s over.”

Mom sat back in the chair, with an air of someone who had just finished a race, her body limp and a look of exhaustion on her face.

“For close to 20 years I’ve been sleeping with other men for your father, and for you. Maybe I didn’t have to, maybe I could have called his bluff, but I was afraid of losing you and going back to being what I was when I met your father, except 20 years older, and even more pathetic.”

Eddie idly twirled some of the hair in his beard, something he always did when deep in thought. As he sat there trying to sort out everything he’d heard, Mom remained silent, staring down at her hands.

“Something I don’t understand.” He finally spoke. “I get you being worried about losing me when I was younger, but I’m an adult. Even at 16 I was old enough to understand and if I knew what was going on, I’d stay with you. A court would let me choose, and he’d have to pay child support.”

“He would have taken you aside and shown you the videos, and said I’d been cheating all along.”

“And I would have said why the hell didn’t you divorce her then.” Eddie pointed to her as if saying, ‘Your turn’

“He’d have played martyr and said he stayed for you.” Mom gave him a tired smile. “You don’t think I’ve been down these roads? Your father is a corporate lawyer, he makes his money on covering very detail and looking under every rock for anything that would give him an edge in negotiation.”

Eddie frowned and wracked his brain, there had to be something he was missing.

“Okay, what about now? He’s still holding me over your head? If he only married you for me, why not end it now?”

“Divorce isn’t part of his beliefs. There’s only one reason in his upbringing for a divorce and that’s adultery.”

“He could divorce you for that reason.” He put his hand up before she could interrupt. “I know what that would do to you, but I’m thinking from his point of view. His set up is his get out of jail free card.”

“But I still play his game. That’s why I’m still here.”

“No offense, Mom, but with his money he could find another woman who’d indulge him in exchange for all the material things you have.”

“But she wouldn’t be his wife. I doubt he’d marry again. If we ever do divorce he’ll say he was married 20 years, has a son and no interest in doing it again.”

“If he was to start up with another woman I bet he’d turn back the clock and try and find another young girl in a tough spot he could reel in with a sugar baby deal.

“Most sugar babies are only putting out for their daddy, not other guys, plus him.” Mom saw he still wasn’t convinced.

“Part of his thrill is humiliating me. He knows I only do this because he pushes me too. If he found someone else they’d either be into or tell him to fuck himself, they’d have options. If it weren’t for you I’d have left, but I wasn’t leaving my baby.”

“You could leave now, I know you’re not abandoning me.”

“You’re not listening. He’ll paint me as a cheat and he might still put those videos online. Porn is bigger than ever. I’d be on a hundred sites in 24 hours.”

“But that would hurt me if people saw it. He wouldn’t do that.”

“He would and tell you if I wasn’t a whore it wouldn’t have happened. My fault.”

“But I know the truth now!”

“Then even more reason for him to do it.”

“What are you saying, you’ll do this for the rest of your life?”

“I don’t know, but now you know why I fought you living on campus. With you no longer here, my purpose of being a mom would be gone, and it would be the first step of you having your own life.”

“You think he’d toss you out then?”

“No, but he’s already said the game will escalate. With you around less, he’ll want me going out and fucking more.”

“Then you tell him to fuck off. You won’t have to worry about me.”

“No, he’ll just divorce me, use the videos as evidence, let a couple leak out and let everyone know what a slut I was, and even though he doesn’t care about how bad that would embarrass you, I do. And he knows it.”

“There has to be a way out of this for you.”

“He holds all the cards.” Mom grumbled. “Having me always wear my wedding band, mentioning how much better the guys, especially the young ones, fuck me better than my husband, it all makes me look guilty.”

“There’s never been a text or e-mail about it you saved?”

“Only over the phone, and he’d know if I had him on speaker. He’s vague even now. “Did you do what I asked...’Did you take care of that for me?’ He knew I was going to hook up right after I dropped him off gone and mad it didn’t happen there or later at the bar. It’s the first time he mentioned it in detail on the phone. Doubt he’ll slip up again.”

“Well you’re not doing it.”

“Eddie, let it go.”

“How can I do that? I know I couldn’t possibly be a worse son after what I did to you yesterday, but I do love you, Mom, and this is horrible! I can’t imagine how bad you’ve felt all this time.”

“That’s why you and I grew apart and I started being bitchy to you. Once you were older, you started noticing the way I dressed and acted, didn’t like it and as time went on started saying things like I was embarrassing you, and was trashy.”

“I had no idea what was going on.”

“You weren’t supposed to. It was yet another thing your father’s bullshit took away from me. I couldn’t even be a good mom. A proper one who dressed like a mother and not a tramp.”

“I’m so...” he caught himself. “I feel bad I said those things.”

“You had every right to say those things. You think I wanted to dress that way? Your father made me do it. He loved the guys looking at me, and the women talking shit about me. It was bad when you were little, but I was so young I think I got a little slack here and there.

“But when you were in your early teens and high school? Your friends were staring at me and so were their fathers when we had our Fourth of July pool party. The mothers seeing their husbands looking and calling me a slut and making cracks about how I earned my keep without working.”

“Even the flirty little smiles and things like bending over to pick things up and showing off my ass and tits. Your father loved all of it. Those parties were the only times he fucked me that didn’t involve another man, the fact every boy and guy there was thinking of fucking me did it for him.”

“Okay, but why did you do it when he wasn’t home? Like the other day. That bikini when you knew Matt was over, then flirting with him?”

“Thing is, Eddie you spend enough years being told you’re something, you become that something. I spent twenty years flirting with other men and now its boys your age. Flirting with Matt was natural at this...Oh my God!” Mom sat upright in the chair as if she’d been shocked. “Matt knows!”

“He won’t say anything. I can trust him, and he was more worried about me than thinking this was funny in anyway.”

“But he might slip up! If it gets out, I’m done. Your fathers told me ever since he had me doing it on my own if I get caught, he’ll have to divorce me or people will think he’s fine with it.”

“He’s more than fine with it!” Eddie lost control and shouted. “Fuck, he gets off on it! What’s wrong with him?”

“Molded into something he’s tried to live up to, but mister proper has deviant desires, but can’t come to terms with them. Anyone finds out it has to be put on me or people would know the truth about him.

“Honey, this whole mess is about shame and mistakes. You weren’t planned, he was forced to marry me to avoid one shame, but was ashamed anyway when people did some math and found out I was pregnant before we were married.

“He felt trapped, a woman he only wanted for one thing was now his wife. You, he always was and still is proud of, but we were a package deal. His ambition led to him sharing me that first time and it revealed something within him he was ashamed of.

“But sex is an addiction like anything else and his fetish was consuming him, and he’d get me to act on it, then be ashamed, then keep going. Even after all these years, he’s still rock hard watching me with another man on video.

“He doesn’t seem to regret it anymore on the surface, but deep down I know he still struggles with it. He feels the way I do in a way. I do things I don’t want to, do them well, but afterwards...” she lowered her head again. “I can honestly tell you that after all these years and all the men, I still come home and cry at some point.”

She wiped at her eyes which were rapidly welling up.

“Cried all the way home yesterday, even cried at the bar.”

“I don’t know what to say.”

“Not much to say, life doesn’t prepare you for something like yesterday. Where were we?”

“You trying to make it sound like Dad suffers a fraction as much as you do.”

“He’s conflicted, but he’s not the one being used, so there is a big difference, I just meant I know what motivates him. I always think if he did love me from the start he wouldn’t have started this.

“But to him I was a nothing more than the woman who bore his son. Other than that, his only use for me was feeding his cravings. There’s another word I left out, bitterness. He was bitter with me, and took it out on me by forcing me to degrade myself.

“I was bitter about my life. Even this house, the pool, all the nice things I have. I can’t look at any of it without thinking of what I did for it, and I was exactly the young hot gold digger people thought I wasn’t married for love, but out of necessity and for twisted lust.

“The last couple of years my bitterness turned towards you. You and I were so close when you were younger, it was worth my demeaning myself to stay. But as you grew up, you started being less of mama’s boy and spent more time with your dad.

“It was natural, you’re a young man. Of course, you want to be with your dad and not Mom. But I felt like everything I did and kept doing to keep you in my life and he was still taking you from me in a way.

“Then you started talking about how I was dressing, making cracks about me not working, calling me a trophy wife. I made it worse by turning petty. Getting you in trouble, busting your balls, acting more like a bitchy stepmom than a real mother.

“Then when I found the Mom porn, it made me realize what I was doing to you. I was teasing you.”

“That is all me,” Eddie tapped his chest. “I don’t care if a mother walks by her son naked, he should never think of her that way.”

“Maybe, but most moms don’t dress and strut around the way I do. I talk crude and have even egged you on by saying I’ll always win with Dad because of what I can do for him.” She waved her hand in disgust. “I leave out what I do for other men for him that makes it so he takes my side.”

“Still not right, I don’t know why my wires got crossed.”

“My behavior, the way your friends talk about me, and I’m a raging bitch to you. Hot women who are bitchy are desired even more. You proved why yesterday, you didn’t just want me, you wanted to put me in my place.”

“Yeah,” he agreed softly. “You’re right. All my fantasies were like that.”

“I know,” Mom sniffed and he saw the tears were flowing down her cheeks again. “Even my own son only wanted me for my body. Why wouldn’t you, it’s all I’ve ever been good for.”

“Hey!” Eddie reached across the table and took her hands. “Stop that! This part isn’t all you, Mom. Let me take some blame.” His lips twisted in a sneer. “And give a lot to my father.”

“When I found that bikini I wasn’t going to tell him. I played the part of being angry like I should have been, even though I knew I was part of the problem. But then he came in and it was right there on the floor and I had to say something, or it wouldn’t have seemed right.”

“I understand,” Eddie squeezed her hands. “If I hadn’t done it, it wouldn’t have happened.” He paused. “Except…”

Mom looked at him, cocking her head, waiting for him to finish.

“You left it there to set me up. Why would you have done that?”

“You claimed the mom porn was just fun to watch. I wanted to see if it was true or you wanted me.”

“But you were bitchy about it!”

“Because you’re not supposed to want me!” Mom told him, but didn’t pull her hands away. “I wanted you to be even madder at me. What else could I do to stop you from thinking of me like that?”

“Nothing I guess.” Eddie stared down at her hands in his. They were trembling and the tears continued to leak from her eyes.

It was time to let all this go, at least for now. Mom was drained and upset, and he was pissed as hell and wondering what he could do about it that wouldn’t blow up in mom’s face. She’d been through enough and he now felt bad about seeing her in such a poor light.

Worse, the woman had been forced to have sex with men since not long after he was born. Eddie, her son, the one man in her life who should never want his mother at all had treated her as poorly as they had. No, he’d been worse, no way she’d let anyone else spank her and be that rough.

His eyes narrowed at that last thought, specifically the word ‘let’.

“This has been hard for you, Mom,” he spoke slowly, unsure if he wanted to ask the question now in his mind. She’d had enough, but why not get it over with now and not bring it up again.

“Think I could ask you one more thing?”

Mom nodded and released his right hand to grab another napkin and wipe her eyes.

“Yesterday. Dad knew what you were doing, right?”

“Yes,” she gave him a funny look, as if she knew where he was going and removed her other hand from his. “Why?”

“Because you were begging me not to tell him.”

"I told you, if you or anyone else caught me I'd be out on my ass. Especially you because he'd really have to go full self-righteous."

"I get that, but...you still didn't have to..." he wavered for a second then blurted it out. "Why did you let me blackmail you into sex?"

"So you wouldn't tell your father," her voice, as well as her lips, trembled.

"You mean to tell me you'd fuck your son before you'd risk a divorce? You could have told me no. You gave up pretty easy considering what I wanted."

Mom put her face in her hands and sobbed loudly into them.

"I...I...did it for you!" she choked out.

"What..."

"And for me!" Mom pushed herself up from the chair and turned away from him.

"Hey," he managed to get around the table fast enough to catch her by her arm before she could leave the room. "What do you mean, for..."

"You want to know why?" Mom yelled shrilly, twisting her arm from his grip.

He was so stunned by her words he didn't resist her pulling away. Crying hysterically, she ran for the door. As she passed through it, she sobbed. "Because I wanted you to want me!"

## Chapter 9

"Mom?" Eddie knocked on her bedroom door. "You okay?"

"I don't want to talk anymore!" The words from the other side were spoken around several gut-wrenching sobs and Eddie rested his forehead against the door, while wiping at his eyes. As recent as a day ago there were times he was so angry at her it was hard to believe they'd ever been close.

Now after listening to her story, and knowing the truth, his heart broke for her. The saddest part of the whole thing was the two reasons she endured it. For him, but worse was she felt it was how she deserved to be treated because she'd been convinced early on she was nothing but a whore who used sex for everything she had.

"Mom, please let me in, I'm worried about you."

"I'm fine! I need to be alone right now."

"We'll talk later?" he asked hopefully.

There was silence, then Mom replied. "After I get back."

"Where are you going? Not to get drunk again, I hope."

"No, I have to go online and meet someone. I have to make a video for your father."

"Bullshit!" Her words enraged him and turning to the side, he lowered his shoulder and threw it into the door.

There was a crack, but the door didn't give, and mom yelled something from the other side. Eddie drew back further and putting the full power of his legs and hips into it, slammed his shoulder into the door a second time.

With a sound of splintering wood, the door gave way and Eddie staggered into the room, almost falling as his momentum took him forward.

"Are you crazy?" Mom was standing in front of her bureau where she'd been sitting. "How the hell am I going to explain that to your father?"

"My father?" Eddie straightened up, rubbing his shoulder and wincing. Despite his size and strength, breaking through a door hadn't been as easy as they made it look in movies.

“That’s what you’re worried about?” he demanded angrily. “He’s all you worry about! Have to make him happy, have to keep him happy, even if keeping him happy means always being humiliated and in tears?”

“Eddie, please calm down. It’s the way it is, and...”

“It’s the way it was,” he lowered his voice, but he was just as mad. “You listen to me.” He pointed to her. “You will never make another of those videos. You will never fuck another man unless you want to, and you sure as hell will never be letting dad touch you again.”

“It’s my problem, honey,” Mom spoke softly with her hands up, trying to calm him down. “I didn’t tell you to make you mad, but after yesterday I had to tell you the truth.”

“Your problem?” He threw his hands in the air. “How the hell can you think this is only about you now that I know? I just found out my father’s a...” he tried to think of the word. “Not only a pervert, but this is abuse, mom. He’s blackmailing you into sex! He’s...”

He stopped and his anger drained from him to be replaced with shame.

“I did the same thing to you yesterday. I’m no better.”

“That’s not true, Eddie,” Mom walked up to him and put her hand on his cheek. “You were angry and betrayed and thought I was doing something to hurt your father. You were taken over by lust and rage, and I was a bitch and fed that rage.”

“No, normal sons don’t want to rape their mother.”

“You did not rape me, I could have stopped you, honey. Trust me, I could have.”

“You tried, you clawed me and tried to kick me in the damn nuts.”

“I was giving you the fight you needed.”

“I needed a fight?” Two minutes in her room and he was back in the twilight zone.

“Your anger wasn’t just from catching me yesterday, it had been building for a long time and I’m not sure how long lust was involved, but it’s a bad mix and was consuming you. You needed to purge it. If I didn’t fight, you might have satisfied the lust, not the anger.”

Mom stood up on her toes and kissed him on the cheek.

“It’s okay, honey, mom took one for the team.”

“That’s crazy.”

“It’s all crazy.” Mom turned away from him and walked back over the long bureau and he saw her lap top was on it. When she sat down and shook the mouse, Milfchat came up.

He walked up behind her and leaning over her closed the laptop.

“I said no more. The next time you go on that site is to delete your page, and that’s it.”

“Not that easy,” Mom folded her arms on the bureau and looked into the mirror, watching his reflection as he stood behind her. “Too late to stop and there’s nothing you can do that won’t turn out bad for me, and for you if you want to side with me.”

“I’m his son, he’s not going to kick me out and cut me off for defending you.”

“Eddie, why are you pushing this? You got what you wanted from me, and now you know the truth. Let it go, play dumb and enjoy your life, you have a good one. Don’t worry about me.”

“Don’t worry about you? I have to!”

“Why?” she eyed him in the mirror. “Trust me, Eddie, I’m not worth worrying about. I’m just a bitch who’s made a mess of her life.”

“I worry because you’re my mother!” He leaned over and put his arms around her, nuzzling his face into her hair. “I love you, Mom,” he whispered in her air. “I’m sorry things have been tough with us, but I always loved you and always will, and now that I know what you’re going through I can’t let it keep happening.”

“You...love me?” Mom put her hands on his forearms. “Even after everything I told you?”

“Of course I do. Maybe even more now that you felt you were doing it for me, so I’d grow up with a mom and dad, and have a good life with both of you.”

He felt tears on his cheek and hers were already moist.

“You’re my Mom, and you’ve sacrificed everything for me. Your body, your dignity, you even let me be mad at you because you didn’t want me to know what was happening.”

“I love you too,” Mom squeezed his arms. “So much, Eddie. Even when it seemed like I was being a bitch it was because I was frustrated I couldn’t be the mom I always wanted to be. A good one.”

“Most moms would never do that much to make sure she could be with her son.” He turned his head and kissed her cheek. “I always thought you were selfish, now I know you did everything for me.”

“I would do anything for you,” Mom met his gaze in the mirror. “Even have sex with you, but I couldn’t even do that right, and ended up…” She stopped and closed her eyes as more tears flowed down her cheeks.

Eddie released her from his embrace, but kept his hands on her shoulders and she straightened.

“What did you mean you wanted me, Mom?”

She opened her eyes and gave him a sad smile. “Going to make me keep talking, aren’t you?”

“After what I’ve heard, I’ll never make you do anything you don’t want to do.” Eddie promised. “But I’d like you to tell me. If you do everything is out in the open and no more secrets and you move on from there.”

He squeezed her shoulders and gave her an encouraging smile. “With me by your side no matter what.”

“You’re right, I can’t make myself look worse than I already have.” Mom leaned back in the chair and after wiping her eyes with a tissue, watched him in the mirror.

“I think my mode of dress, and behavior helped you see me in a way you shouldn’t have. Back when you made a mess of my things it wasn’t just your age and being a curious boy, there was something there for me personally.

“There was, I thought about you when I did it. Even then I felt so bad after that I couldn’t even look at you. No other boy would do that.”

“First, you’d be surprised, Eddie. A lot of sons and daughters and siblings have had thoughts they shouldn’t about family and usually at the stage they’re just becoming attracted to the opposite sex. But its healthy in a way as long as nothing is acted on, and passes.

“Funny how you make no excuses for you, but have plenty for me.” Eddie gave her another smile. “No, not funny, its being a good mom.”

He was thrilled when his words got an actual smile from her. It was small, and brief, but real.

“Not to mention,” she went on. “Look at how much of this stuff is in porn. Not just now, but Taboo came out the year before I was born. All those people watching mom and dad stuff aren’t doing it just because its porn, some have a real desire, so its harmless release.

“In your case Eddie, and I’m not trying to sound cocky, but most moms don’t look like me. Part of that is my age. When you were 14 I was 32 much younger than the other moms from your school and the neighborhood. Not that none of them were attractive, but being closer to your age, dressing the way I did, flirting. I was more like a sexy babysitter type or hot woman next door, than a mother.

“Your friends all stared at me, and yes, your father even liked that boys your age thought of me. Anyone that had a dick that would twitch when I walked by did for him, if they thought his wife was hot, nothing else mattered.

“I played the part, the skimpy bikinis, my tits almost falling out, showing off my ass by always dropping things. Men looked, your friends looked, you looked because they looked. I can't imagine what boys were saying to you about me by high school.

“Exactly what you think they were,” Eddie admitted. “And I used to get mad because it was hard to deny with the way you acted, plus...I thought of you too sometimes.

“But then you got a girlfriend and you, my boy, have done fine with girls ever since.”

“I guess I do okay,” he shrugged.

“Don't be modest, you're a good-looking man, Eddie. Looks, great build, great smile, sense of humor, work hard. You're a good catch for a young girl. A good time for an older woman too, because if they haven't yet, they'll find you.

“I'd say TMI, but no such thing with us right now. Plus, you were the MILF I wanted, I guess.”

“But you thought of me much less because you were having sex and had girlfriends. Not sure why it came around again recently, but I saw you looking at me.

“You did?”

“You were in the window every time I was sunbathing. Even walking around the house, I'd look at you, you'd look away. I'm not stupid, and right around the time I saw you start looking was when you became angrier with me and kept calling out my outfits and flirting.

“You're right. I was mad at me for looking and mad at you for making me look, still my fault.”

“It's not about fault, it's what it is. But I found it flattering you looked. After all the years of being with strangers for your father, I had no doubt I was attractive, but it was pure lust.”

Mom put her hands over his for a moment.

“It's always been lust for your father too. You heard the real story. It was paid sex with him, then other people, and then married. He did the right thing for the wrong reason. At no point have I felt he loved me. At best maybe in the way someone has affection for a friend, but he's never been in love with me.”

“Have you ever loved him?”

Mom moved her hands and dabbed at her eyes again.

“No,” she sighed. “I think I wanted to, maybe could have, but it was clear from the start love isn't what he wanted from me. I'm more like a pet than a wife. Instead of doing tricks, I turn them in return for that life everyone thinks is so great.

“But when I noticed you looking I...well I thought that you did love me.”

“I still do, I always will,” he spoke quickly.

“I meant it in that way,” Mom assured him. “You loved me. It was the love of a son for his mother, but it was love. Eddie, you're the only man who's loved me in any way.”

“That's...sad.” Eddie fought off another wave of emotion that threatened to turn into more tears.

“Pathetic is more like it. But I liked the attention because of it. There was something in you that saw more than just a body when you looked at me. There was emotion, not the same love between a man and a woman that leads to more, but it wasn't completely lust.

“I watched a couple of those movies, you know. They were more along the lines of a son taking care of their lonely mother, giving her what she needed, loving her, being the man of the house and the man in her bed.

“Made me feel even worse, and I guess I got that same bittersweet thing going you did. I liked you looking, then would try and piss you off so you wouldn’t. I kept seeing you watching, more than once I noticed you were hard or getting there.

“I’d thought about telling you I knew what you were thinking, and telling you it was okay. When I first found those movies on your computer, I had a dream I waited for you in your room and when you came home, I told you I’d seen them and offered you the real thing.

“You did?”

“Eddie, after everything I said today why would I lie now? But I’d then yell at myself for being pathetic and an even worse mother than I had been. That’s when I’d tell myself what did I expect? I strutted around and acted like a bitch in heat, how could you not get your wires crossed?

“When I decided to test you with the bikini, I was in the bathroom giving you time and I was still wavering. Trying to push away thoughts of catching you in the middle of it and just taking over for you, letting you get what you wanted.

“But I went the other way, the right way I thought, and got angry and pissed you off and figured threatening to hold it over you might get you to stop, then your father walked in.”

Mom laughed.

“I have to say, it was something to hear him mad about it. The guy who would let any jerk from a bar blow a load on his wife’s face, pissed off I’d been jerked off to by his son. But then again, it showed that in that sense he had it right, you and I were confused, he knew it was wrong.

“Then yesterday when you told me to get undressed. The look in your eye, the tone in your voice, your body ready to explode. My first reaction was that I wanted you to. I wanted you to take it out on me, drain the poison so to speak, get it out of your system.

“More than that though, when I put up my token fight that I was your mother, I figured you’d be like the other young men. I’d calm you down, I’d take control, I’d give you everything you wanted, and...maybe I’d get something I wanted.

“I was so fucked up and confused and scared and angry myself that somewhere in my mind, I even thought we could make it special.”

“Special?” Eddie repeated the word to break the spell he was falling under. When Mom had started talking about taking control and giving him what he wanted, to his amazement, he felt his cock stirring.

She wasn’t the only one fucked up, that was for sure.

“I knew you were mad, and confused, but hoped that love was there, and I could reach it. I figured I’d give in, maybe suck you off quick, get the edge off, and slow you down.

“Then I’d play up the things from those movies, a lot of mom talk and let me take care of you. Lay you back, we could take our time, maybe you’d want to be good to me. Do something for me, make me cum. I thought after that maybe you would stop being mad and just want to be with me.

Mom sniffled and wiped at her nose like a little girl.

“Maybe even be sweet and make love to me.” She lowered her head, her hair sliding across her face so it was partially obscured and added in a barely audible whisper. “No one has ever been sweet to me, they just fuck me.

“But when I started, I was nervous. It was crossing a big line and not right to anyone not as screwed up as we were. I was barely touching you, trying to work up the nerve to really get into it. You were so mad you thought I was teasing or messing with you, and you went off.

“You caught me off guard with how rough you were and that’s why I scratched you. I was trying to get you to stop just to let me get into it, but you took what you wanted.”

“I was an asshole, I was mean and nasty and forced you from the start.”

“At that point I remember thinking, why should I fight it? Why would I expect you to be any different and treat me good? I didn’t deserve it. What I deserve was what I got.”

“Mom.”

“The way you spanked me. I let the guys spank me here and there, a little slap or two. But the only other time I took it like that was the night your father was angry with me. That brought that back and I was so upset, but you had the thong in my mouth and my arms pinned.”

“I...don’t know what to say,” Eddie emulated her, lowering his head in shame.

“That’s why I kicked you. I was so angry about when that happened and now my own son was doing it to me. But I kept spurring you on by being insulting. We were past the point of no return so went back to thinking that this was what you needed.

“Eddie, this sounds crazy, but I did it to help you. You thought I was what you wanted, you had so much pent up anger and need. I wanted you to be rid of it so I amped you up, instead of trying to calm you.

“But when it seemed like all you were getting out of it was madder and not even enjoying it, I played you. Gave you what I would have from the beginning and faked being into it. The way you responded made me wish it could have been different, but it did get you to finish. Then I ended it.

“Those guys, now the young ones. Whenever I’m with them your father wants me to talk dirty, act like a porn star, get them to call me names. Take their cum in my face and mouth. Not just sex, but hardcore treat me like a pig sex. The pig I was pretending I loved to be.

“I even made the one man in my life who loved me in some way treat me that way because its all I know how to do. Be a bitch and a slut, get fucked senseless and come home looking like I was ridden hard and put away wet, then cry over it.

“Even my son knew it was all I was good for.”

She buried her hands in her face again, and her shoulders shook beneath his hands. Eddie embraced her once more, but didn’t say anything, just held her. He pressed his face into her still damp hair and breathed in the scent of her papaya shampoo.

He lifted his right arm, brushing her hair from her neck and could smell the Chanel body oil she rubbed into her skin after every shower. Her skin was soft against his face, and he looked into the mirror, taking in the smooth skin of her exposed neck.

He felt his body responding to both the feel and scent of her skin. You sick bastard, the woman is crying and you’re...

He gently kissed her neck.

Mom stiffened in his arms and lifted her face from her hands to stare at him in the mirror.

“Why did you do that?” she asked in a hushed tone.

“Because I wanted to.” He kissed her neck once more, this time more firmly, and his lips lingered for a few seconds before he stopped. “You’re beautiful, Mom.”

“My eyes are red and puffy, and I’m a mess.”

“Still the most beautiful woman I’ve ever seen.” He kissed her neck once more, while running his left hand up through her long, wet hair. “I just wanted you to know that.”

He lifted his head, but Mom's right hand came up and she pressed her hand to his cheek.

"It felt good, do it again," she swallowed nervously. "Please."

Eddie, his heart suddenly racing, kissed her neck, but this time much more passionately. He kept his lips pressed to her soft skin, kissing and sucking gently before sliding along the elegant curve of her neck.

Mom sighed and let her head fall back against him, giving him better access to her skin. He watched her in the mirror as he continued to work her neck, her eyes were closed, and her full lips parted.

The skin around her eyes had been red from crying, but her cheeks were now flushed and he hoped he was the reason for it. Mom was breathing heavier as he worked her neck, now throwing in a couple of quick flicks of his tongue in between his lingering kisses.

Each time he did, a shiver went through her and she moaned softly in her throat. He swore it was the sexiest noise he'd ever heard. Her hand strayed up his cheek and into his hair, running her fingers through it.

Her other hand was on his forearm, her nails lightly trailing up and down, giving him goosebumps. Mom shifted in her chair and turned to the side. Thinking he'd done something wrong, he went to pull back, but her fingers curled into his hair, keeping him still long enough for her lips to find his.

Eddie gasped in surprise at the first contact, but when his mother's remarkably soft lips, pressed more firmly to his, he groaned deep in his throat. Mom's other hand slid under his shirt caressing his stomach as she kissed him harder, her lips working side to side along his.

Initially caught off guard, Eddie now return the kiss with equal enthusiasm and mom moaned in approval. She rose from her chair, and he straightened with her, not wanting her lips to be parted from his.

He grabbed the top of the chair and slid it out from between them as Mom slipped her arms around his shoulders. She pressed against him, and her tongue darted out, teasing across his lips. Eddie put his arms around her waist, holding her tight as he parted his lips, allowing her tongue into his mouth.

Mom sighed contentedly and her hands slid down his sides. She grabbed the edges of his shirt as her tongue danced across his and tugged upwards. Eddie resisted, more intent on swirling his tongue around hers, then plunging it into her mouth.

"I want to feel you," Mom whispered against his lips. She pressed into him, and quickly slid side to side, rubbing her breasts against him. "Don't you want to feel me?"

Eddie put his arms, and Mom lifted his shirt over his head. He tossed it to the side and groaned when Mom surprised him by licking his left nipple. She swirled her tongue slowly around it, while looking upward and meeting his gaze.

She sucked it hard into her mouth and he moaned, amazed at how sensitive his nipples were. He'd never had a girl do that before. She switched to his other nipple, her tongue tracing a wet circle around it while she teased the other between her fingertips.

He released a loud breath when she gave it a playful pinch. She continued to lick the other, making a show of it while both her hands now ran up and down his chest and stomach. He winced when she traced the deep scratches from yesterday, but that pain was forgotten when her hands dropped between them and she tugged her robe open.

Eddie's hands went to her shoulders, pushing her robe down her arms and letting it fall to the floor. Beneath it she was clad in only a white thong. His hands immediately found her amazing breasts, cupping them, while his thumbs caressed her nipples.

Mom moaned around his, then ran her tongue up his chest. She kissed his neck, then found his lips once more. This time her tongue dove hard into his mouth with a force that had his cock twitching.

She pushed his hands from her breasts and leaned into him, pressing her tits into his chest. Her arms were back around him, her hands now exploring his back, rubbing his shoulders and running her nails up and down the length of his back.

She was shimmying side to side, teasing her nipples across his chest as their kiss grew in intensity. Their lips working against each other while their tongues waged war in each other's mouths.

Eddie's hands emulated hers, sliding up and down her back, and now that he was taking his time, marveling at how soft and smooth her sun kissed skin felt. His hands explored her back, then slid down her sides and over her hips.

He slid them behind her and down her ass. He gave her cheeks a hard squeeze and she whimpered into his mouth. Eddie's eyes darted to the mirror and widened when he saw how bruised and swollen her ass was.

Christ, he had done that to her! He pulled his hands back, but mom whispered softly. "It's okay, go ahead and play, just go easy."

He didn't need to be told twice, his hands back on her ass, the bottom of each cheek cupped in his palm as he gently fondled her firm flesh. Mom's hands slid around and between them and his breath caught when she unsnapped his jeans.

She pulled them open and the sound of his zipper being pulled down had his heart pounding. Mom eased back enough to work her hand into his boxers, and he moaned as her slender fingers wrapped around his cock.

"Hmm," Mom purred into his mouth. "All this for me?"

"Oh, yeah," he breathed as she pulled his cock up while pushing his boxers down enough to free it. "All for you."

"And so hard," her lips slid from his and fastened to his neck, just below his ear. "You hard for your mother, baby?"

"I'm hard for Becca," his voice trembled as he replied, not just from the excitement of her pumping his cock, but a sudden rush of emotion. "She's my mom, but she's also the most beautiful, desirable, and special woman I know."

He had no idea where those words came from, but the look in his mother's now wide blue eyes told him they were perfect.

"Honey, that's so sweet," her voice trembled, and she kissed him again, this one much softer and less aggressive. "I'm going to be so good to you, Eddie," she squeezed his cock for emphasis. "Your Becca is going to be everything you hoped I'd be,"

*His Becca, damn.*

Mom gave him a sly smile.

"How about I show you how much I appreciate my sweet, baby?"

She started to sink to her knees, but Eddie caught her by her shoulders, keeping her where she was.

"What's wrong?" Now she was the one who looked nervous. "I do something wrong? I... whoa!"

Mom cried out in surprise, then laughed when Eddie lowered himself to sweep his left arm behind her knees and pick her up as he had last night. He turned and carried her over the bed, gently laying her on it.

“God, you look good,” he told her.

“Like what you see?” Mom stretched her arms over her head and arched her back, lifting her tits up to a saucier angle.

“Incredible.”

Eddie stood by the bed taking a moment to admire her, and the smile on her face told him, she didn't mind. Everything he saw yesterday seemed forgotten. It was as if he were seeing her like this for the first time.

This time there was no rage or bitterness. No desire to punish her and pay her back for all the things he'd seen at the time as her just being a bitch. Today he was seeing her as a lover, a gorgeous, sensual older woman, who, as he just said, happened to be his mother.

Her flawless body, her deeply tanned skin accentuating the tan lines on her breasts was no doubt the sexiest he'd ever seen in person. She was as hot, if not hotter than any girl he'd been with.

The idea she was close to twice their age and looked this good, added to that. The fact she was his mother, and although wrong it added an even bigger thrill and gave her an added degree of desirability.

“Going to keep looking or come join me?” Mom propped herself up on her elbows and beckoned him with her finger. “Come on in, the water's fine.” She laughed, and Eddie smiled.

It wasn't the harsh angry or self-mocking type of laughter she'd demonstrated yesterday and today, but a real laugh accompanied by a genuine smile. He hadn't seen that smile in a long time and didn't realize how much he missed it.

“Don't think I'm dressed for a swim.”

“You shouldn't be dressed at all.”

“Yes, Ma'am.”

He pushed his jeans and boxers down, causing his cock to pop free. He quickly got them off and moving to the foot of the bed. Crawled up onto it. Making his way up between her long legs.

“Honey, you aren't the only one who didn't get to appreciate what they saw yesterday.” She licked her lips. “You are one fine young man.”

She sucked on her lower lip and placing her left foot on his stomach, curled her toes into it. “Damn, that cocks not the only thing that's hard.”

Her foot slipped between his legs and he moaned as she rubbed the sole of her foot along the top of his cock, she placed the other foot beneath it and moved her legs, stroking him with both feet.

“Damn, that's different.” he whispered while he watched her red toes glide along his cock. Her feet were as soft as the rest of her, and when his eyes traveled up her legs he saw a small wet stain on the white thong. “But I think we can do better than your feet.”

“Yeah?” Her foot dipped under his balls and she wiggled her toes against them. “You have something you want to fuck other than my feet?”

“I don't want to fuck you,” he put his hands on her knees and eased her legs open.

“You...don't want me?” The smile left her face.

“I didn't say that,” Eddie eased further up the bed so he was kneeling between her legs.

Taking the sides of her thong between his fingers, he worked tugged it down over her hips. With a sexy smile. Mom lifted her hips allowing him to pull it down further. Eddie's breath caught when the thong briefly stuck to her, before peeling away from her pussy.

“So wet,” Mom sighed as she drew each leg back to let him take it off. “I want you so bad, honey. Please say you want me.”

The way she asked sent a pang of pity through him. A woman this beautiful made to feel as if no one would ever want her for more than just a fuck, that she didn't deserve anyone to have anything but lust for her.

"I'm not going to say that." He tossed her thong to the side, then stretched out over her.

Putting his hands on either side of her head, he stared down at her, taking in the way her dark, still damp hair looked fanned out on the white pillow and the look of not just desire, but hunger in her eyes.

"Why?" She looked crestfallen. How could a woman this attractive have such low self esteem she couldn't pick up on the fact he was teasing her? He was naked and hard and between her legs, how could she think otherwise? Because she was taught that by his father, her disgrace of a husband.

"Because," he lowered his head and placed a soft kiss on her cheek. "I'm going to show you, instead."

Before she could reply, he kissed her. Unlike their previous kiss which had been passionate with a tone of urgency, this one was slower, and more sensual. Mom moaned in her throat as her son's lips eased gently into hers, and she placed her hands on his arms.

She teased her fingers from his forearms up to his shoulders, a light caress that bordered on a tickle, but sent a pleasant shiver through him. Eddie lowered his hips, his cock sliding along Mom's inner thigh before his swollen head pressed against her wet flesh.

Mom moved her hips and it was his turn to moan into their kiss as she worked him through the moist folds of her pussy. Each time he came in contact with her clit, she whimpered softly and her hips jerked harder into him.

She lifted her hips higher, then thrust upwards and Eddie released a sharp breath when he felt the tip of his cock enter her. Mom's tongue entered his mouth at the same time, and she wrapped her arms around his neck, pulling him down to her.

Eddie lowered himself on his elbows and groaned when his cock eased further into her forbidden heat. He moved his hips, but with deliberate slowness. Rather than thrust into her as he had yesterday, he took his time, entering her with a teasing slowness that allowed him to enjoy the feeling of his mother's tight wet pussy spread around his hard cock.

When his full length was inside her, he paused for a moment, and did what he should have done yesterday; savor not just the physical sensation, but the fact this wasn't any woman he was with, this was his mother!

When he moved his hips, it was slowly. Still engaged in their lingering kiss, he pumped her with long slow strokes that allowed him to feel his full length sliding repeatedly into her welcoming flesh.

"Oh, yes," Mom sighed into his mouth. "Just like that, honey, just like that."

She pulled him closer, and he slid his arms under hers, so their bodies were pressed together. Eddie slid his lips from hers and nuzzling his face into her neck kissed her there.

"Hmm," Mom moaned as she ran the fingers of her right hand through his hair while her other hand roamed over his back. "You feel so good, baby."

Honey and baby, each time she'd said those words he felt a thrill go through him. The entire time he'd harbored his lust for her, he'd wanted to be rough and demeaning, put her in her place. He'd done that yesterday and the only thing he'd gotten out of it was two orgasms that he barely felt and a feeling of remorse.

Touching her gently, kissing her, hearing her murmur terms of affection to him while holding him tight...this was so much better in every way. Yesterday was no way to treat his mother, but this? This was how it should be, a son loving his mother in every way.

His thoughts reminded him of some of the corny lines in those mom son movies, but as Mom had said, they wouldn't be a thing if people didn't have those thoughts and fantasies, and here he was living one them.

Mom wrapped her legs around him, drawing him deeper within her while she now gripped his shoulders, moaning as he kissed and nibble on her sensitive neck. Eddie was amazed at how relaxed he was.

As exciting as it was to be with his mother with her a willing and eager participant, he had no problem keeping the pace slow. In a contrast to yesterday he was aware of all the little things that added to the intimacy.

The smell of both her shampoo and body spray, the feeling her damp hair on his arms, her hard nipples pressed into his chest. He could feel her soft inner thighs moving along his hips as he moved within her.

Her feet were along his out thigh and her nails were digging into his shoulders, but as a result of her passion, not her trying to scratch him as she had yesterday. Mom's soft sighs and moans of pleasure in his ear was like a sweet taboo serenade in his ear, and he was surprised to feel his love, a love that had been tainted by misplaced anger and bitterness that last couple of years, rising so strongly within him.

Mom's moans grew louder and her hips now rose to meet each of his thrusts. In between her sounds of pleasure her breathing grew heavier and her nails dug harder into his shoulders.

"Faster," she groaned. "I...I'm going to come for you," she moaned again and he followed suit when she contracted her pussy around his cock. "Oh, god, I'm going to come with my son inside me."

Her words had a mix of surprise and excitement in them that told him she was as overwhelmed as he was with what was going on, and whether it was right or wrong. But the way her body tensed beneath him, and the sudden urgent movement of her hips showed that like him she was fully surrendering to the moment.

"Yes," she gasped when he moved his hips faster, now using shorter and faster strokes. "Just like that, baby. I want to come for you," she released a long whimper. "I want to come with you inside me."

Her words caused his control to slip and his hips worked faster, pounding her with several short hard strokes. Mom's legs tightened around him, and her nails clawed into him painfully, but that discomfort was quickly forgotten when she cried out, "Oh, Eddie!"

His name was followed by several high-pitched sounds that reminded him of hiccups and her pussy convulsing around his plunging cock. Her hips bucked into his as the sexy little sounds she'd made turned into a long low sound in her throat.

Her body tensed, then exploded beneath him. Accompanied by a loud squeal, Mom squirmed and writhed beneath him, her pussy contracting, clutching at his cock as she moaned his name repeatedly.

Hearing her call his name while her body erupted in climax, sent him over the edge. He hadn't felt as if he were close, but once Mom began to come, the combination of her pussy tightening around his cock, and her cries of pleasure quickly got to him.

His hips went into a frenzy, now fucking her hard and fast.

"Yes!" Mom cried out. "Come with me! I want to feel you inside me I want...Ohhhh!"

Mom's gasp was a result of his cock exploding and sending a long hot spurt of cum deep inside her still quivering pussy. He moaned and his hips lost control, moving in short jerky movements, each thrust ending in another squirt of cum.

"All of it," Mom wrapped her arms and legs tightly around him, holding him inside her. "I want to feel it, every drop, honey." She turned her head and kissed his cheek. "Give Mama what she needs."

Her words were accompanied by her rapidly squeezing his cock with her now much wetter and stickier pussy. Eddie made a soft whimpering noise in his throat as she worked the now overly sensitive head of his cock.

"I like that little sound." Mom whispered.

She turned his head and kissed him.

"I love you, Eddie."

"I love you too, Mom." He went to roll over, but she tightened her legs around his waist.

"Don't leave, stay here and let me hold you." She kissed him quickly and eased his head down so they were cheek to cheek. "Let me love you." She paused and he heard her breath catch. "Let me feel loved."

Eddie remained silent, afraid he might choke up if he spoke and make her even more emotional. Instead he let his body relax into hers, reveling in how good their naked bodies felt entwined together,

The sensation of his cock softening within her was hard to describe other than yet another amazing experience that made him question why so many people would see this as sick. Then again, he had thought the same thing.

Even after yesterday, he'd felt disgusted with himself and mom confessed to feeling the same. Yet here they were in an embrace that could only be described as loving. Mom gently rubbed his back as he lay in her arms, and he was surprised to catch his eyes closing. Must have jumped because mom spoke softly.

"Tired, baby?"

"Yeah, out of nowhere, sorry."

"Don't be. I was starting to doze when you woke yourself up. Its been rough since yesterday morning. We've both been angry and worried and guilty and in tears. Emotions take a toll."

"I don't know about you, but I feel pretty good right now," he squeezed her for emphasis.

"Honey, you don't know how amazing this feels. This is the first time I've laid in someone's arms. Your father never got close to me after sex, even early on. This is the closest I've had to someone making love to me."

"Sorry I went faster at the end; I just couldn't help it."

"I'm fine with it, I've never come during sex. I think that was as much emotional as physical, it felt so good to be loved, and not be taken like a meaningless fuck."

"That's sad, Mom." Eddie sighed. "Really is."

"Yeah, I know, but I don't want pity, honey. I just want someone to be good to me."

"I think you found him." Eddie forced himself up on his arms and kissed her. "I promise."

"You can roll over if you want," Mom told him. "As long as you'll let me curl up close to you."

"I'll never let you do anything, Mom. I'll just hope that you want to."

He rolled onto his back, releasing a soft groan as he eased his still oozing cock from inside her. Mom rolled over with him, her arm going across his waist while she draped her left leg across his.

"This is nice," she rested her head on his shoulder. "I think I could want a lot more of this."

"Me too," he replied, then stifled a yawn. "Damn, I'm tired."

"Eddie, can I ask you something?"

"Anything."

"Do you love me?"

"Of course, I do. I just told you, and not because we had sex in case that's what you're wondering."

"But how do you love me?"

"What do you mean?"

"I know you love me as a mother, but when you were thinking of me sexually it was all lust." She hesitated. "I guess I'm asking if you think you could love me as a woman, not just a mom. Love me as Becca."

"I didn't think of it," he admitted. "Love is love, no?"

"There's different kinds though," Mom sounded nervous. "I think I could see myself falling in love with you as a man, Eddie. The love is there, its just having it evolve into the type of love a real couple has for each other," she grunted in disgust. "Not what your father and I have."

"So you're wondering if there's room in my heart for Becca the smoking hot cougar along with my love for my mom?"

"If you love Becca I don't want it to be because I'm a hot cougar and good lay. I...I want you to love me as a person. No one has before."

She sounded like she was choking up, and he put his arm around her shoulders, easing her closer to him.

"I was only joking. Mom, now that I know everything you went through, especially for me that makes you not just a great mom, but great person. The kind of person I would be happy to be in love with."

"I like that," Mom kissing his shoulder. "I know it will take some time, but it could happen for us, right?"

"I think this was a great start." He laughed then yawned again. "I think I need a nap."

"Then we'll take a nap, together, and just like his."

"Hey, Mom." He spoke with his eyes closed, a smile spreading across his face.

"What is it, Eddie?"

"Just so you know, you being a hot cougar doesn't hurt." He chuckled. "Just saying."

"Go to sleep you jerk," Mom playfully slapped his stomach.

"Sweet dreams, Mom."

"Not sure about that." It was her turn to laugh. "You being young and hung is a point in your favor too."

## Chapter Ten

Eddie awoke to a light touch on his cheek. The touch came again, his mother's lips lightly pressing to his face.

He turned his head and her lips found his, a long lingering kiss that had his cock stirring against Mom's leg where it lay across him. Her tongue flicked teasingly across his lips and she smiled down at him from where she was propped up on her elbow.

"I'm not sleepy anymore." He gasped when she grabbed his cock and squeezed it. "You don't feel sleepy anymore either."

"No, I'm pretty awake all of a sudden."

"Good," Mom slowly pumped his cock. "Because Becca's feeling kind of naughty right now."

She rolled over on top of him so she was straddling his left leg and ran her hands across his chest. "You wanna play, baby?"

Eddie stared at his mother's incredible tits and as he reached for them, laughed. "I don't think you'll ever have to worry about me saying no."

"I like that," Mom sighed as he fondled her breasts, gently squeezing them while his thumbs traced circles around her nipples. "Like that even more."

She ground into his thigh and his cock jumped in her hand when he felt how wet she was.

"But how about you just lay back," she took his wrists and eased his hands from her breasts. "And let me show you how much fun your mother can be?"

"We don't have to do anything dirty." He insisted even though he'd love her to be. "After what you told me, I never want you to have to feel like you do."

"And that, baby boy, is exactly why I want to get nasty with you," Mom pushed his hands down by his sides. "Because for the first time in my life I don't have to, I want to."

She leaned over him and teased her nipples across his lips. "I'll let you say hello first though."

Eddie parted his lips, eagerly accepting her nipple and some of the firm flesh around it. Mom moaned softly as he sucked on it, and he imitated the sound as she reached back to grab his cock and pump it.

She eased to the side, offering her other breast and Eddie made sure to give it equal attention as Mom slowly stroked his cock. She removed her breasts from his face and tapped his leg. Getting her meaning, Eddie opened his legs. Mom shifted her legs, and sat back so she was now kneeling between his legs.

"Damn, look at this cock." She added her other hand, now jerking him with both. "Those girls you were with had no idea how lucky they were."

Mom lowered her head and surprised him by spitting on his cock. She used it to lube his shaft and he moaned louder as her now slick hands worked his hard flesh. He did as she had asked and just lay back, moaning softly and watching her hands.

Her red nails looked good on him, and the fact she was fully using both on him made him feel rather good about himself. Other girls had said he was big, but he figured they didn't have much to go on.

Mom on the other hand had more experience. Too much actually. He pushed that negative thought from his mind and let his eyes roam over her perfect tits, her long hair cascading over her shoulders, and the way she sucked on her lower lip as she stared at his cock.

“This is fun, but you could jerk yourself off, right?”

As Eddie’s heart raced, Mom let her legs slide out behind her until she was lying on her stomach, propped up on her elbows, his raging hard on directly in front of her face.

“How’s that look?” Mom bent her knees, showing off the soles of her feet, and crossed her ankles. “Porn’s favorite position for sucking cock these days. Sexy?”

“Unbelievable,” he breathed as she gripped his cock at the base and held it up in front of her.

“This dick is unbelievable.” Mom slicked her lips, then turned her head, nuzzling his cock against her face like a kitten. “How’s your big cock look in your mother’s face?”

“I...are you mom or Becca?” Talk about a mood killer, but he didn’t want to risk making it like he had a preference.

Mom smiled, and turned her head the other way so she could rub that cheek on his now aching erection.

“I think Mom adds a nasty little thrill don’t you?” She squeezed his cock, making him moan and causing pre cum to squirt from his tip.

“You never got to really enjoy your mommy fantasies yesterday did you?” She rubbed his head into the pre um, making a sticky mess on her cheek.

“I guess not.” Eddie swallowed hard when she cocked her head,. Pressed her lips against his shaft and slowly ran them up and down his full length.

“Guess what?” She reached the tip and placed a soft kiss on the spongy head of his cock. “Neither did I.”

A shiver went through him when she briefly fluttered her tongue across his tip.

“Maybe seeing Becca wants to have someone be sweet to her, we’ll have mom be the one who gets down and dirty.” She held his gaze as she opened her mouth and slapped his cock several times against her tongue. “Sound good?”

“Whatever you want,” Eddie told her, his body trembling in excitement. “Anything you want.”

“Be careful with that one, Eddie. You have no idea how long I’ve waited to be able to enjoy sex.”

His response turned into a loud groan when in one smooth motion, Mom effortlessly took almost his full length into her mouth. She moaned and opening her mouth wider worked her mouth down to the base of his shaft.

“Oh my god,” he gasped as she held him there, her wide blue eyes fixed on his.

She worked her lips back towards his tip, but slowly, her tongue sliding side to side caressing his shaft. Mom released him with a loud smack off her lips. She lowered her head and licked his cock from the base to the tip, her tongue fluttering, teasing his hard flesh with quick little flicks.

She swirled it around the sensitive underside of his head, then worked it back down the other side. Mom pushed his cock back and caught him by surprise again, by sucking his balls into her mouth.

“Goddamn,” he moaned as she managed to get both in her mouth and tease them with her tongue.

She released them, then sucked on each in turn before swirling her tongue around his sac. Eddie watched with an air of the surreal, as if part of him still couldn’t believe that was his mother between his legs bathing his balls with her tongue.

She’d been slowly pumping his cock as she did and he was so hard he could feel himself throbbing in her grip. Mom ran her tongue up the underside of his cock, then pressed her lips to the tip.

She eased them over his purple flesh until it was between her lips and swirled her tongue around it. Eddie fought to keep his hips still, his fingers gripping the sheets in an effort not to thrust into her teasing mouth.

Teasing was exactly what she was doing, as she slowly, an inch at a time worked him further into her mouth. Her soft lips and wet tongue pressed tightly to his aching flesh as she made her way down the length of his cock.

When she once again had him completely engulfed in her mouth, she slid her tongue out and licked his balls. Eddie released a sharp breath as she worked it side to side, while she kept eye contact with him.

Mom pushed her mouth harder on him and released a wet gagging sound before sliding her mouth rapidly back to his tip. She then drove her mouth down on him so hard she gagged once more.

She moved her head rapidly, each time slurping back up to his tip then taking him all the way.

“Holy shit,” Eddie managed to moan as his mother repeatedly deep throated his impressive cock.

She was now making wet gurgling noises and trails of pre cum laced drool were leaking from the corners of her mouth. Her eyes were watered while she continued plunging her mouth down onto him as forcibly as he’d fed it to her yesterday.

Mom’s hair fell in front of her face, and she gathered it in her hand and held it up to him. Eddie slid his hand into her hair and placed it on top of her head, holding it there. Mom grabbed his forearm and pushed on it.

Eddie took the hint and wrapping his hand in her hair pushed and pulled on it, now guiding her mouth along his now spit slicked cock. He wasn’t pushing hard, but she was still pounding her mouth down on him as if she were showing off for him.

He wasn’t complaining, that was for damn sure. He’d never had a girl take him all the way, let alone be able to do it like this. The next time she went down to his base, she stopped and as she had before shook her head.

This time she did it rapidly and made sloppy wet gurgling sounds as she worked his now sloppy cock around in her mouth. She released him with a spray of spit and drool, then spit on his cock even though it was already wet.

Mom took him back in her mouth, noisily slurping his cock clean. She removed it again, and slapped it hard against each side of her face before whacking it against her tongue several times. She took him into her mouth once more, but this time was far different.

She bobbed her head slowly, only going down about halfway, but in a steady rhythm. Mom moaned softly around him, and closed her eyes, a look of bliss on her face as if sucking his cock was the best thing ever.

Now that she’d slowed down, Eddie relaxed as much as he could. He kept his hand on her hair, but just resting there as she continued giving him a porn star quality blow job. He was thankful they’d already had sex a couple hours ago or he’d have already come from the way she’d all but devoured him.

His eyes roamed past the unreal sight of his cock sliding in and out of his mother’s mouth, and took in her body. She looked incredible lying between his legs. Her dark hair across her back, and her smooth tanned skin.

She was playfully kicking her legs back and forth as she sucked him, and he had to admit she was right, it was the got to BJ position in porn these days and with good reason. Even the soles

of her feet were sexy, and he could catch just a hint of her red toes when she bent her legs further towards him.

The only speedbump in his appraisal of his mother's sinfully sexy body was her ass. The bruises and welts were still there from yesterday. Less angry looking, but still a testament to his mistreatment of her.

But her ass itself was a thing of wonder. The sweet curve of her cheeks, and how tight and toned her flesh was. Her ass was working up and down, then side to side as she ground her hips into the bed.

She was moaning louder around his cock and Eddie felt another thrill at the idea that she was getting worked up from sucking his cock. He went back to watching her face as she bobbed her head at a slow but steady pace that felt incredible.

A little too good as he was feeling the first twinges of getting close. Mom got him closer by cupping his balls and gently teasing them with her nails while she gripped his cock with the other and was now jerking him off as she sucked him.

His breathing grew heavier and he was no longer able to stop his hips from rocking, pushing his cock deeper into her mouth. Mom slid his tip from between her now sticky lips. She eyed his cock with a look of hunger that he'd only seen in porn movies, and spoke softly.

"I planned on sucking you off, but honey, this cock is so hard for me and so beautiful, I need it inside me. That okay?"

"I told you, anything you want," he laughed. "I don't think I'm losing either way."

"Good answer," she rose to her knees. "I promise I'll give you a nice long blow job and suck you dry later, but right now, I think I'd like to ride my son's big dick."

She slid closer and swung each of her legs over his hips so she was now straddling him. Reaching between her legs, she grabbed his cock and teased them both by rubbing his head through the moist folds of her pussy.

"Yeah?" She eased the tip of his cock between her lips and smiled. "You want to feel your mother's tight cunt around your cock?"

"What do you think?" As she spoke he grabbed her hips and thrust, driving his cock deep inside her.

Mom cried out, but let her weight go, impaling herself on her son's rigid flesh.

"Oh, that's so deep!" Mom moaned as she worked her hips in slow circles, working his aching cock within her wet heat. "God, I love this cock!"

She sat back on his lap, pushing him deeper and sensually worked her hips back and forth.

"Hmm," she sighed, then cupped her tits, and stroked her nipples. "How's your naughty mommy look riding you?"

"So sexy," he ran his hands up her sides, and slid them under her hands, so he was now holding her tits. "So goddamn beautiful."

"Views not bad from over here, either." Mom moaned as he rolled her nipples between his fingers.

She lowered her head and gave it a toss, sending her long hair over shoulders so it lay across her breasts and over his hands. Mom leaned over, bracing her hands on his chest, and kissed him. He sighed in pleasure as her lips worked against his and her hair ticked his chest.

Mom moved her hips up and down, bouncing on his cock as their kiss deepened, their tongues darting into each other's mouths. Eddie slid his arms around her and thrust his hips, fucking her with short hard strokes.

He tightened his arms around her, pinning her to his chest and slid his feet up so his knees were bent behind her. He pushed against the bed, now driving his cock higher and harder into her. Mom stopped moving and his hips went into a frenzy, fucking her with short brutal strokes.

“Fuck, oh, fuck!” Mom broke their kiss to yelp each time his cock thrust upward. “That’s it, baby, give it to me! Fuck me as hard as you want, you earned it by being so good to me before!”

“Take it!” She hissed in his ear. “Take your mother’s sloppy wet cunt! Make it yours, make me yours!”

Her words galvanized him, and with a wrench of his shoulders he rolled them both over. Mom squealed in surprise, then laughed when their positions were reversed, and she was on her back. Her laugh turned into a series of sharp yelps when Eddie grabbed her ankles, lifted her legs in the air, and tore into her.

He spread his arms, opening her legs wide as he pounded her with long strokes that had the bed rocking in time with his powerful hips.

“You like that, don’t you?” Mom spoke between her yips of pleasure. “Like taking your mother? Making her yours?”

“You are mine,” he had to force his words through his heavy breathing. “From now on.”

“Then prove it!” Mom demanded. “Claim your mother’s cunt, show her who she belongs to!”

Eddie hammered away at her as hard as he had yesterday. The difference was today it was for the right reasons. She wanted him to take her hard, and he wanted to make her happy. Beneath him, Mom’s eyes rolled back and her mouth was open in a wide O as he fucked her to the point she could barely get any noises out other than gasps.

Her tits were bouncing and his eyes darted from them to watching his long glistening shaft punish her pink flesh. Even the little heart shaped patch of hair over her slit he’d mocked her for yesterday now seemed sexy and playful, everything about her was simply perfect.

“Mind if I come too?” Mom slipped her hand down between her legs and rubbed her clit with two fingers. “Come on my boy’s cock while he’s showing his mother she’s his now?”

Eddie slowed his thrusting while watching her red tipped fingers stroke her swollen clit less than two inches from his cock. He recalled her saying her father hadn’t made her come in years, never even tries, and she fakes it with most of the guys because she’s feeling more shame than desire.

He’d be damned if he’d let her do it herself...like he did yesterday...when she faked it for him because he’d made no effort to do anything but fuck her. He wouldn’t be his father, not in anyway.

“How about I show you how a real man takes care of a woman?”

He slipped his cock from inside her, and as she had done, slid down on his stomach between her legs. Eddie put his hands on the backs of her thighs, pushing her legs back, and with no hesitation, buried his face in his mother’s sticky wet slit.

“Oh, honey!” Mom cried out as he plunged his tongue inside her. “I need that so bad!”

Eddie worked his tongue inside his mother’s sopping wet cunt, and rolled his eyes back at both the taste of her juices and the intoxicating scent of her pussy. He moved his head back and forth, tongue fucking her and rubbing his nose into her pink folds.

Mom moaned and her hands slid into his hair, gripping it and holding his head to her hot flesh. Eddie removed his tongue and licked his way to her hard clit. When he flicked his tongue across it, Mom’s hips jerked as if she’d been shocked.

“Oh, god, that feels so good!” Mom whimpered as he traced fast wet circles over her swollen pink button. “I’m going to be so good to you, Eddie. I promise! I’ll be your sweet girl and your

dirty slut, anything you want! Just keep giving me what I need, and you'll have anything you want!"

Her words had his hips moving as hers had been, pushing his cock into the soft mattress, already yearning to be back inside her. He sucked her clit between his lips and Mom moaned above him when he slipped a finger inside her.

Eddie forced himself to slow down and not all but attack her pussy like he wanted to. Like when they'd had sex earlier, Eddie wanted to savor every aspect of this. Her taste, her scent, the feeling of her wet flesh pressed in his face. The soft moans and sighs she emitted while he gently lapped at and sucked her clit.

Mom put her feet on his shoulders and rocked her hips, pushing her clit into his flickering tongue.

"Put another finger inside," Mom giggled. "Put two more."

Eddie eased two more fingers into her, and Mom contracted her pussy around them. He worked them inside her, as he continued to use his lips and tongue to pleasure her clit.

"Harder," Mom whispered. "Stretch my cunt, make me feel those big thick fingers. Keep it ready for that big cock that's going back inside me as soon as I come."

Eddie pumped her harder and increased the speed of his tongue for a few moments, before sucking her clit hard enough to make his lips smack.

"Yes," Mom whimpered. "Look at you, eating Mama's pussy. Gonna make me come in that pretty face, baby?"

"Hmm-mm." Eddie agreed as he alternately sucked her clit gently, then with more force and swirling his tongue in quick circles around it in between.

Mom moaned and whimpered above him, and he turned his eyes upward to watch her. She was playing with her nipples, twisting them between her fingers as she lay there with her eyes closed, and her lips parted.

Her hips rocked harder into his fingers and tongue, and he could feel her soft inner thighs trembling against his shoulders. Mom's breathing grew heavier and her beautiful breasts rose and fell in time with it.

"Right there," Mom purred. "Just like that, baby, just like that."

Eddie pushed his tongue more firmly to her clit and kept it moving while he plunged his fingers into her wet pussy.

"Put your fingers deep and curl them." Mom instructed. "Find the spot, baby."

Eddie did as she asked, wiggling his fingers inside her before curling them. Mom gasped and her hips jerked and she pushed her feet into his shoulders, lifting her ass off the bed. Her toes curled into his shoulders and she moaned.

"Do it again, keep doing it."

Eddie flexed his fingers inside her, noticing her pussy was now quivering. He sucked her clit rapidly and harder than before, while Mom tugged on her nipples, stretching them to the point it looked painful.

"Shove a finger in my ass, hard!" Mom demanded.

It was the same tone he'd been hearing as long as he could remember. A mother's tone when she wanted something done, and right away. Eddie didn't hesitate to push a finger into her ass, and far rougher than he would have if he'd done it on his own.

No sooner had his finger plunged into her tight asshole, Mom went off like a damn bomb. She released a loud wail that sent a shiver through him and her hips bucked wildly as her ass and pussy contracted around his fingers.

He kept them buried inside her, as he continued to suck her clit. Mom's legs clamped around his head and her feet pushed harder into him as she thrust her hips, into his tongue and fingers. She ground her convulsing pussy into his face and he struggled to keep his tongue on her clit.

Mom's body tensed and seemed to pause, then with a sound that could only be described as a howl, her pussy contracted again and a gush of sticky fluid flooded into his face. It was followed by another squirt that filled his mouth and covered his cheeks as she whimpered and gasped.

Holy shit, his mother could squirt! He'd thought that only existed in movies.

Her body suddenly went limp, and with a long shuddering moan, she dropped her legs fell from his shoulders.

"Oh my god," Mom whispered. "I've never come that hard. I...Jesus, I think the damn room is spinning."

Eddie eased his fingers from her and rose to his knees, wiping at his face. Below him, Mom lay there gasping, her hands by her sides, her face and chest flushed red and beaded with sweat. She looked like a rag doll, lying there unable to move, and because of how hard he'd made her come.

"Go ahead," she gave him a tired, but sexy smile. "Take what you want, because honey, you deserve it."

"Whatever I want?"

"All yours, Eddie." Mom laughed. "Couldn't fight if I tried."

Eddie grabbed her hips and with a twist of his shoulders, turned her onto her side, then her stomach. He slipped between her legs, and stretching out to brace his hands on the bed over her shoulders, plunged inside her. Mom squealed as he pounded into her helpless pussy as she lay prone beneath him.

"Holy fuck!" Mom squealed. "Oh, Eddie!"

The way she said his name sent his hips into overdrive. He hammered into her hard enough to cause her to bounce off the mattress when he pulled back, and right back into his once again plunging cock.

Mom was moaning and squealing continuously as Eddie took her with a force that he felt bad about yesterday, but now with a different motivation, just the natural lust of fucking a lover senseless.

He shifted his hands, lifting each in turn and putting it on her back. He now had his wight on her and was pushing her into the bed, then letting her come up in perfect time with his savage thrusts.

Mom slid her hands to the sides and lay there, limply, completely helpless against her son's assault of her body. Even her loud cries had dwindled to whimpers each time he drove his cock balls deep inside her.

The only issue was taking her like this already had his balls tightening and his cock twitching within her. He thought of slowing down, but this felt so damn good, and it seemed like a safe bet sex later on was going to be inevitable, hell it was barely noon!

"Go ahead," Mom groaned in between ragged breaths. "Come for me, shoot that hot load all over my ass and back!"

Eddie gave her a few more brutal thrusts and with a loud groan pulled his cock out and squeezed it as he pushed himself to his knees. He released his cock and sent a long thick spurt of cum across the middle of his mother's back.

He pumped his cock as furiously as he'd been fucking her, sending several more squirts across the middle and small of her back. He kept going, amazed at how much there was considering he'd come a couple hours ago.

The last two spurts were much smaller and landed on her ass followed by the last few drops he could wring out as he drained his balls onto his mother's amazing body.

"Hmm, hot and sticky," Mom moaned. "Look at you painting Mommy's nice tan with all that white cum."

Eddie released his cock, and now feeling as drained as her, turned and fell onto his back next to her. "Wow," he breathed. "Just wow."

"I couldn't say it any better." Mom turned her head so she was facing him. "Honey, that's what sex is supposed to be. A little slow and sweet, and then raunchy as fuck. Best of both worlds."

"Like having a Mom who's a girlfriend?" He asked with a smile. "A mom with benefits?"

"Mom and son to the world, cougar and cub, behind closed doors." She giggled. "Sounds like one of those movies."

She rolled over onto her back so she was lying next to him, their shoulders touching.

"Mom! You just smeared all that into the sheets."

"That's okay, you'll wash them later." She laughed at the look on his face. "I'm a princess, remember? I don't do laundry." She reached down and gave his now deflated cock a squeeze. "But I'll do you."

"Deal." Eddie sighed. "This doesn't seem real does it?"

"No, but it seems...right." Mom turned her head to face him. "Or is that just me?"

"Feels damn right to me."

"Not just the sex, but being with you. Sleeping in your arms for a couple of hours after you made love to me felt amazing. I've never felt so satisfied and safe, and loved before."

"Then we'll have to make sure you always feel that way." Eddie turned on his side and kissed her. "From now on, that's my job, to be a good son, and a good man who will treat you the way you deserve."

He gently brushed her sweat dampened hair from her cheek.

"The way you really deserve, not what dad had you convinced you deserved."

"Dad." Mom sat upright a look of fear on her face. "Oh, Jesus, how the fuck am I kidding? We...we can't do this Eddie."

"What do you mean?" he sat up next to her, and grabbing the corner of the sheet, pulled it over to wipe the sticky cum from her back.

"Your father! What are we going to do, sneak around behind his back?"

"No, I was thinking..."

"If he ever caught us," Mom interrupted him. "That would be the end of both of us. Both out on our asses, cut off. He wouldn't even pay for the rest of your school, and he'd have every right to do it."

"Mom, listen..."

"And...the video! I have to keep making them. I'll have to be with other men, and I won't make you share me, you deserve a woman who can be yours and only yours." Her eyes welled up.

"What the hell was I thinking letting you love me like that, and saying I was yours? I..."

"Mom!" Eddie yelled loud enough to make her stop. "Listen to me."

"Okay," she nodded. "I'm sorry, honey, but there's nothing we can do."

“Yes there is.”

“Like what?” Mom turned to him, a single tear rolling down her cheek.”

“I’m going to reach out to Matt’s dad.” He gave her a confident smile. “You’re going to file for divorce.”

## Chapter 11

“A divorce?” Mom shook her head. “The second I do that, he brings out the videos and says I’ve been cheating. He’d be so mad I had the nerve to try and leave he might even go all the way and drop a couple on the damn net.”

“That’s why we need those movies.” Eddie explained. “You said he has some to hold over you. Does he have them all?”

“I...I’m not sure.”

“Mom, I know you told me a lot and it was tough for you, but I need you to keep talking about it because there has to be a way out here.”

“Okay,” she nodded.

“This is Dad’s big thrill, his kink, his obsession. You only do it for him what four five times a year now?”

“Around that,” Mom looked away. “There should be a take a number sign over me.”

“Stop that!” Eddie snapped. “No degrading yourself, that shits over.”

“I wish it was, but I doubt it.”

“My point is, obsessions aren’t satisfied when its not all the time.”

“What do you mean?”

“I can tell you from how I felt about you, it was always there. Every time I saw you I’d think about it. I’d keep watching the movies, keep jerking off, keep thinking of you. I couldn’t stop it.”

“What does this have to do with him?”

“You’re his obsession, but only when you’re with someone. Whenever he sees you he thinks of it. But its not enough to get him to be with you because without his fix of seeing you with someone else, he can’t even really get it up, or doesn’t want to.”

“Makes sense, but not seeing the point of how it helps.”

“He has to be watching these videos in between his trips. He’s not getting off five times a year.”

“You think he watches and jerks off to them?”

“Absolutely. Everyone watching porn is watching a fantasy. You’re his fantasy, but only when it with another man and acting,” he paused. “The way he wants you to act. You’re his home made porn. No video of a guy sharing his wife will compare to you being shared.”

“You’re probably right,” Mom had an odd look on her face, but he decided not to press, and keep going.

“What’s the routine. You film it on that camera, but you said you don’t e-mail anything to him. How does he see it?”

“He comes home and I give him the camera. He downloads it to his laptop and we watch it that night.”

“And you have sex after?”

“I...” Mom’s shoulder’s slumped. “A lot of times he has me get on my knees and suck him off while he’s watching. He always wants me to blow them then fuck them so they last a long time fucking me.”

“You suck him while he watches.” Eddie repeated slowly. “That’s...”

"I feel like a pet. A dog at her master's feet, sucking his dick and he's not even watching me do it, he's watching me do it on the laptop to another dick. Then when the video is done, he just takes me.

"I don't have to suck him again because even after he comes in my mouth by the time the video is over he's hard as anything and fucks me. Sometimes he rewinds it and makes me watch it while he's fucking me from behind."

"Oh, man," Eddie ran his fingers through his hair. "Sorry, Mom. But let's get you out of this. What happens then? He leave the video on his lap top? I know his password, I just had to get something off it for him when he was in a meeting a couple weeks ago and needed me to run to his office and look something up."

"No, he left it open once when he was working from home and had to run out for something. I looked everywhere on it, and there's no videos."

"He might have them in work folders, or marked something other than sex tapes."

"I'm not a tech wiz, but I can search a computer, the only videos he has are some of your high school baseball games and some boring conference lectures he taped."

Mom grunted. "Plus later that night he asked if I had fun trying to find the movies. I guess I must have left it different than he had when he left. He told me I'll never get my hands on them. He'll never leave proof of my 'infidelity' where I can get my hands on them."

"Good thing you looked anyway, saves me wasting time on it."

"I doubted he did, but I thought he might have screwed up and left one on there because..." she trailed off.

"That's the second time you've gotten a look like you're holding something back," Eddie put his hand on her shoulder. "Come on, Mom, anything can help, and I'm not judging."

"Its just...I've already admitted enough for you to understand, why keep making myself look worse?"

"Because if it helps, you'll never look bad again."

"Fine, there was a stretch of a few months between the end of last year and this February, he couldn't get away for any trips because he was so busy. He was jonesing for his fix and one day I brought him his phone because he'd forgotten it at home.

"I was going to leave it with the receptionist, but she said he'd wanted me to come in. I went into his office. Probably the third time in the ten years he's had the firm, I've been allowed in.

"He asked me to lock the door behind him, then called the front and told them to hold his calls so he could talk to his wife. Talk to his wife was a translation for showing me he had one of our old videos on the laptop and proceeded to have me get on my knees and blow him while he watched.

"I was under his desk like a fucking slutty intern sucking his dick. He made a comment this was one of his favorites from Becca's greatest hits as he called them. Guess it was because he had me stop sucking, hike my dress up and bend over the desk so he could fuck me.

He had me facing the video and it was the one where as soon as the guy left, you're father started fucking me while I was crying and telling him I didn't want to do it anymore, and please stop making me.

"Its from back when he was still watching, and my crying evidently made it his favorite. He'd just blown a load all over my ass and pulled my skirt down over it so I'd have to walk back to the car with his cum all over me, when his phone rang.

“Big shot client dropped by unexpectedly to talk about a new venture, and he couldn’t toss me out fast enough. When he brought the laptop home a couple days later I’d hoped maybe he’d gotten distracted by the client and left the video on there. No luck.”

“Ugh, what a fucking creep,” Eddie grumbled. “That would be the perfect one to find, proof you weren’t a cheat.”

“That was the hope. I think he knew that and got a bigger thrill out of finding out I was looking for it.”

“So he has them on DVD or USB, but he wouldn’t trust leaving them here.” Eddie nodded to himself. “They’re in his office,” he snapped his fingers. “In that wall safe he keeps his important papers, and evidence he gets from PI’s that can help him leverage a deal.”

“Probably, and he’s not giving you the combination, and I don’t have it. I don’t think anyone does but him.”

“I have the security code for his firm,” Eddie told her. “Needed it to get in when he forgot his lap top, and it was a Saturday and he was sick and didn’t want to go himself. That proves they never left on there, he wouldn’t be so willing to let me poke around his machine if he had something like that on there.”

“Probably where he plays them to whack off like you said, but he doesn’t download them and is always deleting his history.” Mom muttered. “No trace of what he watches, he does it for everything work related too, in case its ever stolen.” Mom shrugged, and even during this disturbing conversation, Eddie watched her tits jiggle. Damn this woman was amazing.

“He got more paranoid than ever when the firm was broken into a couple years ago. Even they couldn’t get into that safe though. You’d need to blow that thing out of the wall and that door isn’t opening without a damn blow torch.”

“Right, the break in.” Eddie cocked his head. He felt like there was something there that could help, but he’d be damned if he could put his finger on it.

“Whatever he keeps for videos are in the safe, and that’s that.”

“If you file for divorce you can have your attorney subpoena them for evidence?” Eddie suggested hopefully.

“Oh, look, proof I’m the cheat he says I am. Not very smart.”

“We have to steal them so he no longer has them. I doubt he’d make copies, having the originals are risky enough.”

“It’s a waste of time, and if you just try and confront him, he’ll deny it and if you get angry with him, and try and take my side? He’ll take it out on me for telling you. Maybe another she likes it rough video.”

“I’ll say I found out.”

“How? All you can say is you found me with a guy or found a video and I told you the truth which he’ll say is a lie.” Mom put her hands on her knees and rested her chin in her palm.

“Give it up, Eddie. I’m sorry I led you on with what we did today. This can’t happen anymore.”

Right on cue, her cell rang and plucking it from her nightstand, Eddie saw it was dad.

“Eddie, don’t!” Mom tried to snatch it from his hand, but he pulled it away.

“Trust me,” he put his finger to his lips, then slid his finger across the screen to answer it.

“Hey, Dad.”

“Eddie, where’s your mother?”

“I think she’s in the shower, she left her phone down here in the kitchen.”

“She getting ready to go out?”

Eddie resisted the urge to tell him his mother was no longer any of his business, but knew the big picture was more important.

"Yeah, she was on her lap top on the deck, when I came back from jogging, and said she was going out with a friend and would be gone a couple hours."

"Okay, good, glad she's going out."

"She was acting kind of weird," Eddie began to push. "Slammed that laptop shut really quick when I came up behind her."

"What are you saying?" Dad asked.

"I don't know, she's been weird the last couple days and yesterday she came home bombed out of her mind."

"Everyone does that from time to time." Dad's tone had changed considerably the moment Eddie said she was going out and mentioned the lap top. "She's entitled."

"That she is." He winked when Mom rolled her eyes at him.

"Be nice, Eddie, she's your mother. Speaking of, did you two talk about your little problem?"

"Yeah, me and Mom had a long talk about what I did." Eddie told him. "We got it all straightened out."

He looked over to Mom when he saw her rise from the bed, and turn around to face him. With a nasty smile she sank to her knees and took his soft cock into her mouth. He gasped as she bobbed her head, and his tired cock nonetheless began to swell in her mouth.

"What was that?" Dad asked.

"Sorry, had to cough. I...I said her and I worked it out." His cock was once again fully hard and sliding him from her lips, she stood up, put her back to him, and gripping his cock, sat down in his lap, burying him inside her.

He let out a sharp breath as mom wiggled her hips side to side, then leaning over, braced her hands on his knees and pumped her hips, driving up and down on his cock.

"You okay?" Dad asked. "You got a cold?"

"Uh, maybe," he put his hand on mom's ass, spreading her cheeks with his fingers in order to get a better view of his cock sliding into her pussy from behind. Christ, he'd only seen this position in porn before.

"But you and Mom are getting along, okay?"

"Better than we have in a long time." Eddie managed to keep his voice steady.

"Good to hear. Have her call me when she comes downstairs."

"No problem, bye Dad." He ended the call, and as soon as he put the phone on the bed, Mom slid off his cock.

"Hey, what's wrong?" He asked.

"Nothing," she extended her hand. "I just figured you might want to join in that shower I'm supposed to be taking."

She walked away from him leaving him to admire her amazing ass as she headed out of the bedroom.

"But what about what we were talking about?" He got off the bed, and followed her, his hard cock bobbing between his legs as he entered the hallway behind her.

"Him calling while I was naked and had just gotten done fucking my son got me hornier than I've been in a long time." She paused at the door to the bathroom. "You want to talk about your father or play with your mother's soapy clit then fuck her against the bathroom wall?"

She disappeared into the bathroom, and he heard the water in the shower turn on.

"Dad who?" he whispered, and with a smile entered the bathroom.

## Chapter Twelve

“Goddamn bro, that is some fucked up shit.” Matt took a swig from his beer. “My dad always said some of the cases he’s had over the years proves truth is stranger than fiction, but this is something else.”

“I know,” Eddie took a pull from his Heineken and leaned back in his chair. They were outside on the deck, where Eddie had spent the last half hour telling his longtime best friend everything.

Mom was upstairs in her room and no doubt still unhappy with Eddie’s suggestion to tell Matt what was going on. He persuaded her to do it not only because it would be Matt’s father Eddie would want to handle the divorce, but Matt was studying to be just what they needed, a sneak who might be able to come up with a way to get their hands on what they needed.

His final argument was this started when Matt turned out to be what would have been his mother’s latest unwanted sexual encounter. He already thought she was a cheat, so why not set the record straight?

Mom reluctantly agreed, but asked he leave as much out as possible. Eddie said he would, and felt bad lying. He told Matt everything she’d told him both in hopes of getting him pissed off enough to want to help, and in case he’d pick up something Eddie had missed.

He hoped to hell his confidence would be rewarded. After they had torrid sex in the shower that included him going down on mom with her standing up, her foot on his shoulder while he knelt on the tile floor.

As hot as it was, it was his third go in a couple hours and as exciting as fucking her bent over with her hands against the wall in the steamy air was, he was struggling to cum. Mom had dropped to her knees and sucked him like it was a challenge and he thought his knees were going to give out when she coaxed another load from his aching balls, swallowing every drop.

When they were done, and had dried off and went back into her room. Eddie had mom call dad back. Eddie had his phone next to hers, recording, but Dad simply asked if she were running that errand he’d told her about and Mom stuck to their game and said, ‘it would get taken care of in a little while.’”

Dad replied with another hint asking if she planned on having something special for him after him being away for three days. Her reply that didn’t she always was as vague as he was. He’d been upset she hadn’t tried to get him to say something, but she insisted the only time he’d ever slipped was this morning and no way would it happen again.

She was also back in the mode of why was she bothering, she was screwed. Eddie wasn’t going to let that happen. Come hell or high water, her days of whoring herself were done. From now on the only time she had sex would be when she wanted it and hopefully that would be with him.

“I’m going to ask again for you not to say anything, please, for her sake.”

“I promised you I wouldn’t.” Matt held up his hand. “Man, we’re frat brothers and we’re like real brothers. I’ll never say anything unless we can get some proof and my dad has to know”

“Think he’ll have to?”

“If we get something we can use, maybe not. We need to just back your father off and get him to agree to a divorce with your mom getting a fair deal. Let him know if he pushes back then this dirty little hobby of forcing your mother to be his damn prostitute is going to get aired all over the place, but with him looking bad.”

“Tall order, from what my mother said, he’s got her pretty good.”

“Yeah, he does,” Matt flashed that cocky smile, Eddie usually hated, but right now, it sent a thrill to him. “Or should we say, did.”

“You have an idea?” Eddie leaned forward. “Seriously? Dude don’t fuck with me.”

“Don’t dude me,” Matt joked. “But let me ask you. You can get into your father’s firm right?”

“Yeah, I have the code.” He looked at his phone. It’s five thirty, everyone is usually out by six unless he’s there and has a team working late on something.”

“Okay, so we take a ride around seven, give it some extra time.”

“But he’ll see on the log I came in when he wasn’t there, right?”

“If he checks the code report,” Matt told him. “By then though we’ll have what we need.” Matt killed his beer and after a loud belch, leaned back, stroking his goatee.

“We’re going to have to take your car, people will be less suspicious if they see yours, they’ll figure you had to get something for him.”

“Okay.”

“We have to stop by my house, I need my bag, never know what we might need.”

“Don’t keep me hanging, what do you think you have.”

“Not think, know. After I got over what a dick your father is and really paid attention to the part about the laptop and what he made your mother do in his office, it hit me.”

“I’m going to hit you, you don’t spit it out,” Eddie warned. “This is serious shit.”

“And this is my first case,” Matt puffed himself up, “So allow me some drama.”

“Fine, go ahead.”

“The clue was when you mentioned your father would never keep that stuff on his lap top not just because your mom might get them, but it could be stolen.”

“Right. He had that break in the year before.”

“And when he did he got that alarm and someone, may have been me, mentioned he should get security cameras throughout the building, and I could save him money by installing them myself like I did at my dad’s place.”

“Right,” Eddie frowned. “That’s not cracking a safe, Matt. That’s the problem. You going to put a stethoscope to it like the stupid movies?”

“No, I’m going to get into the security feed and I’m going watch for him going to his safe, and zoom it and write down the combination.”

“Holy shit, you...holy shit!” Eddie slapped the table. “That’s fucking brilliant!”

“Nah, it’s pretty obvious. My uncle’s been a detective for thirty years, I learn a lot from him, and he says most of the time the answers right in your damn face. People over complicate things.”

“If I can get those movies, Mom can file for a divorce for whatever reason, and slip the prenup.”

“If he doesn’t have another stash.” Matt pointed out “I doubt it, like you said, enough risk as it is having originals. But if he does? It’s a problem.”

“True.”

“Good thing we’re going to have the ace up our sleeve. Irrefutable proof he was fine with what your mother was doing.”

“She claims he’s not in any of them, and he killed the sound on purpose. You thinking lip reading?”

“Thinking two things,” Matt put a finger up. “Your dad’s slick, and seems to have his bases covered. But this is about sex and sex makes people careless, at least once they’re in the middle of the action.”

“Careless how?”

“Careless like if they did this in hotel rooms and he wanted a good view at all times, he may have walked around, or just not been paying attention and been in the wrong spot.”

“Matt, cut the cryptic shit.”

“If we get these videos we,” he put his hands up. “I mean your mom. She’s the only one that should see these things. “Has to watch them and she needs to watch close, because what she’s looking for is any glimpse of him in a mirror. Pretty hard to say she’s cheating when you have him dead bang in the room peeping away.”

“Matt, I’m never going to live this down, but you’re the goddamn best.”

“I wish I was the best without this sucking so bad for your mom and its gotta be hard on you too.”

“Yeah.”

“The other thing? Even better, and enough without her looking for peeping d-bags in the mirror.”

“I’m listening Sherlock.”

“I’m glad you told me all the nasty details because I know what else to look for other than your father’s stash of fuck my wife vids.”

“Like what?”

“Him sitting back in his chair, jerking off to watching them. There’s a camera in the corner that faces his door, but should also catch what’s on his screen. The one in the other corner facing the window will catch him spanking to said screen.

“My mom may want to adopt you after this.”

“She can just keep wearing those bikinis.” He started to smile, then stopped. “Sorry, not cool.”

“I think my mom would model them all for you if you can get us what you’re talking about.”

“Yeah? She better practice the catwalk strut then, because the coup de grace?” Matt was beaming at this point. “The surveillance video of her b...um, taking care of him while he’s watching that video. That my friend is as concrete as it gets!”

“What if he’s smart enough to realize it, and erase it?”

“He may have, but I bet he’s pervy enough to have downloaded it and added it to his collection of wife shaming movies. If I was into that sick shit that nasty scene would be way too good not to watch again.”

“Matt, you have a hell of a career catching sleazebags, you know that?”

“And my first sleazebag is going to be extra special cause I’m going to help out my best friend’s mom.” He made a show of thinking. “How grateful do you think she’ll be?”

“Enough to show off a bikini, after that stop being a dink.”

“Habit.” Matt smiled and checked his watch. “Let’s go, bro, time to do some sleuthing,”

## Chapter Thirteen

“How long is this going to take?”

Eddie sat in a small chair next to Matt who was at the counter where the split screen monitor that showed the two angles of Dad’s office were in fast forward.

“Until I spot him near the safe. Keep watching your side, I can’t watch both, and I don’t want to go back through it.”

“How long does this thing save for?”

“It can record a thousand hours so every six or so weeks, you should archive to a disc or large gigabyte USB other device. You always want to save everything in case there’s a break in, going back weeks could show someone suspicious casing the place while they’re here.”

Without looking, Matt opened a drawer to his left and pulled out a handful of USB’s. Eddie risked a glance and saw each had a small white sticker and a date on it.

“I showed our dad how to do it, looks like he’s diligent. Also means I bet he saved that video of your mother.”

“And erase any of him jacking off.”

“Your father has the only key to this little room.” Matt grinned, and tapped the small set of tools on the table in front of him. “Glad I brought my lock pick kit.”

“Bingo!” Matt stabbed at the keyboard and his side froze.

Eddie found himself staring at a still of his father in front of the safe. Matt picked up his duffel bag and after rummaging around pulled out a visor that had magnifying glasses attached to it.

“Where the hell did you get that?”

“Its for stone setters who work on expensive jewelry and need to do intricate work. Bet I could even find your dick with this.”

“Yeah, okay, studly.” Eddie rolled his eyes.

Matt donned the visor and peered at the screen, he tapped the key slowly, each tap and the image of his father moved slightly.

“Get your pen and paper.” Matt tapped the keys, then swore and made his father move backwards. “Fucking shadows.” He muttered.

Eddie fidgeted in his chair, hoping Matt could pull this off. His father was due in tomorrow afternoon and he was afraid if he didn’t succeed Mom might lose her nerve and try to pick someone up. She knew at this point it would break his heart to see her do it, but also she was trying to avoid them getting thrown out.

“16 to the left one turn.” Matt spoke. “A full turn to the right, then 23. Half turn left and 19.” Matt grunted. “Random. Not a date or time or birthday, most crooks start with those.”

“I’ll go try.”

“I’ll stay here and watch for jack off vids then go back into the prior dates and look for one with your mother.”

“Cool, thanks.”

“Sounds like a plan!” Eddie clapped him on the back.

“My plan.” Matt called out behind him as he left the room and went down the hall to his father’s office.

It had been locked when they first arrived, but Matt had picked it in disturbingly quick time, and left it open. Eddie turned the light on but dimmed it as much as possible. His father’s office

faced the parking lot behind it, but he didn't want anyone who happened to be cutting through from one of the other buildings in the office park, noticing someone was there after hours.

He removed the print of Newport Dad hung over the safe and rubbing his fingers together took a deep breath. He tried the combination and then the handle which wouldn't budge. Had he gone around all the way on the second number.

"Calm down," he told himself. "Slow and easy."

He tried again and this time when the latch moved he pumped his fist in the air excitedly. Eddie pulled the safe open and stared at the contents within it. He ignored the stack of manilla envelopes and folders that had multi colored tags on them.

To the right of them were two metal lock boxes. The one on top was small, and when he picked it up, he frowned when he saw it was padlocked. The box under it was bigger at least 8x10 and a few inches deep.

Eddie shook the small one his hopes soared when he heard things rattling in there. Hopefully USB's with damning videos. The second one also featured a lock and with a sigh, Eddie gathered the boxes and went back to where Matt was still poring over vidoes.

"Any luck?" he asked without turning around.

"Got these two locked boxes. You're going to have to get into them. What about you?"

"Nothing yet, but just so you know? Your father watches a lot of porn. All fuck my wife crap, but they're on Porn hub, its not your mom."

"Can you take a break and do these?"

"Sure." Matt picked up the small pouch of tools and when Eddie put the boxes down in front of them, went to work. "You'd think your father would spring for actual safe boxes with combinations or even the new fingerprint ones."

"Glad he didn't." Eddie watched Matt nimbly imply the long curved tools and whistled when he opened the small one in less than a minute. "You're pretty good at that."

"Do what I can." Matt was now on the larger box, and paused to pick a different took from the pouch. "If PI falls through I can be a locksmith."

On cue he popped open the second lock. "Have fun, I'll go back to fast forwarding your father spanking it to Wife swap and Fuck my wife, seems like his two favorite sites."

"Better you than me," Eddie joked.

He sat back down next to Matt and opened the small box. "Jackpot." He whispered.

"What do you have?" Matt paused the screen.

"Look at this?" Eddie dumped the contents onto the table. There were at least three dozen USBs. Like the ones in the security drawer they were labeled.

"B Chicago 2007. B Jacksonville May 2011. B & W Oct 2002." Eddie picked that one up. "Can that thing play one of these?"

"I might lose my place. My chromebook in the bag, it boots up in no time."

"You come prepared."

"I'm a professional!" Matt laughed, then went back to watching the screen.

Eddie pulled out Matt's small chromebook and turned it on. He knew it was only a minute before it came up, but it seemed to last forever. His stomach was tight and his heart racing as he plugged the stick into the computer.

He waited for it to download then released a sharp breath when the video came on to show Mom in a short red dress kissing another man. His hands were all over her, grabbing her ass, then lifting her dress.

Mom put her arms up and let him remove it, then pushed him back on the bed. She dropped to her knees, removed her bra, exposing her tits, then unzipped the guy's slacks. He turned the machine away from Matt and watched as she took his cock out and took it in her mouth.

As she'd said there was no audio. Eddie fast forwarded it and hit play to now see mom on her hands and knees getting fucked doggy style. Her eyes were focused on something out of the camera's range.

The guy behind her kept glancing that way too, and Eddie could see him, talking, but he couldn't make out anything from his lips. Another fast forward and he flinched when this one had mom on her knees, the guy standing in front of her and jerking off on her face.

He pulled that one out and looked at the others, hoping something would jump out at him. They were all labeled B and dates ranging from the one he'd just watched to April 2020, Dad's last trip away.

"I think she's right, I don't think I'll see anything here."

"You're supposed to let her look, you really want to see your mother fucking?"

"Right," Eddie slapped his forehead. "Just...I don't know hoping she was wrong and he was sloppy early on."

"What's in the other box, felt kind of heavy."

Eddie flipped the lid open and his breath caught. He was staring at a leather bound phot album. It couldn't be...he pulled it out to see another one under it, and one more under that. He put the three books in a stack in front of him, and lifted the top one open.

He was confronted with a picture of his mother on her knees licking a cock. The angle was over the guy's shoulder and focused on her face and the dick in front of it. The next picture was her with the cock buried in her mouth. After that was one with her mouth open, cum all over her face and a puddle of it in her mouth.

Eddie flipped the pages and felt as if he were in a bad dream. Mom with several different men. The photos were in order after the first couple, starting with her dressed, then naked, her sucking cock, then in a variety of sexual positions, on top, reverse cowboy, doggy, missionary, bent over the bed, and in each one her eyes were focused directly on the camera which Dad must have had right behind him.

He tried to force himself to look at each one, not watching his mother having sex he knew she didn't want to, but for anything that could prove dad was in the room. According to her that was only in the early ones and the pics had no dates on them.

He finished the first book and went to the second.

"Eddie, you looking at what I think those are?"

"I...I'm trying to spare her some pain, okay? This is easier than a video, I'm looking at the background."

"Want to switch?" Matt winked.

"Knock it off. Christ man, there were over a dozen guys just in that book. Have to get something."

"You have those and he won't." Matt laughed. "Think your old man will call the cops. Excuse me, officer, but someone stole all my home made porn tapes of my wife that I was keeping because I'm a fucking deviant."

Edie nodded as he flipped through the second book. He froze halfway through and couldn't believe his eyes. His mother was on the bed on her knees....with two men. One in her mouth, one fucking her.

She hadn't mentioned that one. The next was a close up of her on her knees, sucking one cock while rubbing the other on her face. Even in the picture Eddie could see the look of disgust in her eyes,

In some she was smiling, but it was obvious they were fake as hell, but like she said, most guys would be too caught up to notice, and Eddie picked up on the fact when the men were looking directly at her, the smile was much more convincing. Playing the role for his asshole father.

"Your mom didn't say anything about him taking pictures." Matt said. "I bet those are stills from the videos. Be great if your work was done for you."

Eddie finished the second book. His head was pounding, he'd lost track of how many different guy's he'd seen her with. He took a breath and opened the third. He stopped partway through and his hands began to tremble.

The one mom told her about. She was on her knees, gagged, her hands tied behind her back and a man visible only from the waist down fucking her. Her blue eyes were wide, and tears were on her cheeks, as well as strands of drool around the gag. He had no doubt this was when she was being fucked in the ass.

Dad must have decided to keep his extra sick pics together because after that was mom lying on the bed, a puddle of cum on her ass, and tears of shame on her face. Eddie fought back his own tears of both rage and shame for her and kept going.

The next picture was Mom on a bureau, her arms and legs wrapped around a large powerfully built man who was fucking her against the mirror. Her mouth was open wide and there were claw marks on the guys back.

Eddie went to flip the picture and froze. He swallowed hard as he stared at the picture hoping what he saw was real and not just wishful thinking. In the mirror, visible to Mom's left was his father sitting in a chair on the other side watching.

"Got you, you mother fucking!" Eddie shouted.

"Damn, man don't scare me!" Matt paused the monitor. "You got it?"

"Look." Seeing his mother's body was obscured by the guy, he pulled it from the album and showed it to him.

"Hot damn!" Matt clapped. "And nice pic of your dad too." He put his hands up when Eddie glowered at him. "Seriously, we'll get that blown up. Colleen's studying photography. I'll tell her this is a case I'm working on and need your father bigger and clearer."

Eddie frowned, "Well, she's met me, but I don't think she knows my parents."

"Not that I know of, besides, this looks pretty old. Its enough. With that, all the others can be spun your mother's way. Anything else.

"One of her on the bed, crying."

"Oh that's sick, but it works." Matt shook his head. "That's not even my mom and I want to kill your father."

"Let's go, we have what we need."

"I want that video of your mother. There is no way your father can argue that one."

"I don't want to be here all night."

"Eddie, let me explain something. As damning as that pic is, we stole it. It was obtained without a warrant, and if we put them back, the second your father is served he's destroying anything that shows him involved before they come looking.

"The only way this works is to blackmail him the way he did your mom. Find something as damning as possible to make him know it's a fair deal for your mom or he is going to look like

the creep he is and lose a lot o business, especially when you tell him the pic with him in the background is going on the net. Hell in that one you're mom's not that exposed...other than getting fucked."

"Fine." Eddie pulled his phone out and sent Mom a text.

*"We found the pics and videos. I have something with dad in it, but Matt is still digging. Love you."*

Mom's reply was both heartwarming and heartbreaking.

*"Thank you for believing me and believing in me. No one ever has before. I love you so much, honey."*

Eddie put the phone down and put the usbs and pictures back in their boxes. He sat back in his seat and when Matt saw he was ready, started the other side of the monitor so they could both watch.

"Victory!" Matt's cry startled Eddie awake, and he jumped so hard, he fell out of the small metal chair and his the floor with a thud.

"Smooth!" Matt laughed at him, then point to the monitor. "Behold, oh ye of little faith!"

Eddie got up, wincing at the pain in his hip from the floor. The pain was forgotten when he saw the still in front of him. Dad sitting back in his chair, Mom on her knees, part of her under the desk, with his cock in her mouth.

As he stared, Matt worked the keyboard and the image grew larger. On the laptop, in crystal clear clarity was Mom on her hands and knees, getting fucked by another man.

"Now that my friend," Matt rubbed at his tired eyes. "Is checkmate."

## Chapter 14

Eddie jumped when he heard a car door slam in front of the house. He glanced at the clock and saw it was 5:30. Dad's flight had landed at 4:45 and when Mom hadn't been there, he'd called Eddie who ignored that, and the subsequent four calls.

He could imagine how livid his father was, and how many times he must have called Mom. He'd told her to set her phone so it would only ring if it were him and try to enjoy dinner with her friends, and this time an actual dinner with her friends, not code for 'fucking a guy at a motel'

Eddie didn't want her here for this. In a way he didn't want to be here for this either, but now that he knew the truth about his mother and father, he needed to be the man in her life who would stick up for her and make her happy.

That was his only qualm with the confrontation that would begin as soon as his father stalked into the house. He was doing the right thing, getting his mother free from his sick games and threats to ruin her.

He would do it no matter what at this point, but fact was, he was also going to be taking his father's place in his mother's bed. The bed he'd spent the last two nights in where after torrid marathon sex that ranged from sweet to holy fuck, mom would fall asleep and wake up in his arms.

He'd never seen her smile or laugh so much. There was no more snark or bitchiness, she was finally the person she wanted to be enjoying the life she wanted, and once Eddie told her what he'd found, had reason to believe she'd be enjoying that life for a long time to come.

"Eddie!" Dad bellowed the second he slammed the front door behind him.

"In the dining room." He called out calmly as he opened the laptop in front of him and turned the pictures he had next to it facedown.

He tapped the folder on the other side nervously. He could do this, just stay calm, you hold the cards, and father or not, this man he thought he knew was nothing but a twisted sexual predator who had taken advantage of a hopeless teen turned young mother whom he threatened with taking her child away.

"Where the hell is your mother?" Dad entered the room, tossing his briefcase on the floor and slipping his bag from his shoulder to land next to it.

"Out with friends." Eddie gave him a small smile. "For real this time."

"I don't know what that means, but she was supposed to pick me up."

"Not all she was supposed to do, was it?"

"Where were you? I called you five times."

"I was here." He tapped the laptop, watching a cool video he found."

"Cute, man works his ass off travels for business, and can't even get a ride home from the people he works hard for."

"Have a seat, dad." Eddie pointed across from him. "We need to talk."

"Talk?" Dad raised his eyebrows. "What's going on?"

"It's about what's been going on." He pointed again. "Sit down."

"Watch your tone, kid. I'm the parent here."

"Then stand, because I'm sorry if I no longer have any respect for you."

"What did you just say."

Eddie lifted the laptop.

“Funny thing happened couple days ago.” He spoke without looking up at his father even though he could feel him glaring at him.

“I have a confession to make. That thing with Mom? Well, I have this thing for older women. Milfs, cougars, love them. Love that kind of porn, love seeing sexy older women, and well... seeing mom kind of is one and dresses like one, I guess my wires were a little crossed.”

“If that’s what you call it.” Dad pulled the chair out and sat across from him.

“After that happened, I figure I need to do something, get this shit out of my system. I thought maybe if I hooked up with an older woman, I’d feel better. Sometimes a man just has to indulge his fantasies no matter how weird, right?”

“Depends on what they are, but where are we going with this?”

“I look online, find this site called Milfchat and found this hot ad.” He tapped the mouse to make the screen come up and turned it to show his father Mom’s profile.

“Hot as fuck this one, no?” He whistled. “Ineditnow sounded good to me. So I start chatting with her, she shows me some nudes, talks dirty to me.”

Dad stared at him, his eyes narrowing, and his fingers began drumming on the table, a sign he was nervous.

“Should I keep going dad?”

“I...”

“A lawyer speechless? This must be serious.” Eddie rolled his eyes. “I like what I see, love her dirty talk and head out to meet her and who do I run into but my mother.”

Eddie tapped the lap top.

“By the way, this is a screenshot. Mom’s profile was taken down yesterday morning and she’ll never be prowling for you again.”

“What?” Dad’s eyes went wide. “What the hell are you trying to say?”

“Seeing I caught her, I figured she was cheating on you. You know her and I haven’t been getting along and I was so excited I had her snotty bitchy princess ass dead to rights. One call to you and she might have to actually work for a living.”

“Okay, I understand that’s not easy to deal with, and I’ve suspected it for a while now. I just never wanted to separate our family, and make her look bad to her son.”

“I can’t believe you can say that with a straight face!” Eddie threw his hands in the air. “You’re fucking liar! A liar and sick twisted manipulating blackmailing fucking bastard!”

“You watch your mouth!” Dad rose from the chair. “I don’t care how old you are!”

“Oh yeah? How about you watch this?”

Eddie had wanted to keep things calmer and try to lead his father into an admission, but now that the time had come his anger had boiled over. He turned the computer back to him, brought up the video Matt had removed from the security tape, and hit play.

He spun it back and his father glared down at it. As he watched his jaw dropped, and he swallowed nervously. Eddie had the volume up loud enough to be able to hear the sounds of mom moaning and talking about how much she loved sucking the man in the videos cock.

“You do look good with a dick in your mouth. God knows you’ve had enough of them. Dad’s voice came over the speakers. “Don’t give me that dirty look, just do the only thing your good for and get ready to get fucked because I want you over the desk when he starts fucking you.”

“Not the video you thought you were coming home to now is it?” Eddie asked quietly. “Mom told me everything, Dad. Twenty years you did this to her.”

“No, that’s...no. Your mother liked to be with other men. I...hated it, but loved her, The only way she’d stay is if I let her do what she wanted.”

“Then why are you getting off on it.”

Eddie flipped the first picture over, a blow up close up of dad in the mirror watching Mom getting fucked on the bureau. “Why did you stand there and watch?”

He flipped over the next, the one where mom was in tears.

“Why is she crying if she loves it?”

The next one which he picked up and flung at him, striking him in the chest with it.

“Why did you have her tied and gagged and fucking sodomized while you watched?” Eddie tried to hold back, but erupted. “What the fuck is wrong with you? You watched a man rape my mother for your own sick fucking thrills!”

“Son, listen...”

“Son? I want no part of you, you goddamn sadist!” Eddie slammed his fist on the table. “Just looking at you makes me sick right now!”

“You...okay, I’ll admit it was both of us, and we hoped you’d never find out.>

“No, you hoped if I ever found out I’d do what I almost did, come to you first and you’d say you wouldn’t put up with it, divorce her and use that bullshit prenup to leave her with nothing even though you didn’t have half the money you do now when you married her.

“Your mother has never worked and has earned nothing.”

“She earned you contracts with her body.” Eddie took a deep breath and picked up the next picture. A shot of all the USBs lined up, all forty one of them. The real ones were currently at Matt’s house where they’d stay until everything was settled and then they’d destroy them.

“I’m guessing the three with initials other than Mom’s were the deal sealers? You wanted to remember who mom sucked for a contract? Which was the one who made you watch? Took your kink up a notch?”

“Those...you broke into my office!”

“No, I had the key to the front door and the code. I broke into everything else.” He smirked. “Me and Matt who now knows your dirty perv secrets and was happy to help mom get away from you.”

He showed him the last picture, the one of the three photo albums.

“Unless you made copies, I have all your proof of Mom’s alleged cheating, and you have none. I also have proof you were very much involved in it.”

“I want all of that back, Eddie, or I’ll...”

“Do what? Going to arrest me? Going to tell the police to make me tell them where they are? Mom has them,” he lied. “If I don’t text her and tell her you signed off in one hour, the picture with you watching and that video is going on every porn site she can find.”

“That would...make you’re mother look bad.”

“She’s fine with looking bad. She’s wanted revenge on you for twenty years. She’s been degraded into sleeping with other men since you met her. She’ll trade off being seen fucking so that everyone else, especially all your family value clients, can see your nasty habit of wanting to watch guys fuck your wife, the wife who only did it because she was forced to.”

Dad didn’t say anything, just looked at the video who had finished playing while Eddie was yelling at him, then the pictures one by one.

“It would hurt you to,” he said quietly. “You want your mother on a porn site, kids at school saying they seen her?”

“No, but after what I know you put her through it’s a small price to pay to see your reputation as mister family man and mister uptight moral majority, get shot to hell and cost you clients and future business. That and Mom getting half if not more of your shit for what you did to her, hell you could be disbarred if she can convince a judge you had her goddamn raped.”

“She wasn’t raped, she agreed!”

“Because if she didn’t you’d threaten her with what I threatened you with, except you said you’d take me from her. What kind of evil twisted deviant whack job threatens a mother with that?”

“One who never wanted to marry her.” Eddie answered for him. “She told me the whole story and was in tears the entire time. How grandpa made you marry her, how you were stuck with her, and how you went back to using her to seduce your clients, then went into being a twisted voyeur making her pick up men when she didn’t want to.

“You had them degrade and humiliate her, had them treat her that way because of your bitterness over her and how you were stuck with someone your precious friends saw as a jail bait slut that turned into a trophy wife.

“You made her dress that way, act that way, even in front of my friends and their parents, you wanted people to think she was gold digger who sucked your dick for what she had, and they were right except you were making her suck everyone’s dick.”

Eddie released a loud breath and slumped back in his chair, drained by the emotion his rant took out of him.

Dad slowly sank into his chair and looked at the pictures again.

“Guess you can only play with fire so long,” he muttered. “Eddie, I’m sorry. I always loved you, no matter what your mother told you.”

“Mom told me you loved me and am proud of me and she said you were a good father. She defended you when it came to that. You were a horrible husband. A user and an abuser, and that’s not easy for me to handle, Dad. Its not, but this is....you hurt her, for as long as you knew her, you hurt her. I’m her son, how the hell can I look at you the same?”

His anger had given away sadness.

“I know,” Dad said softly. “I wonder if your mother told you, I...I have a problem, and that’s not an excuse, but I struggled with it, Eddie. It was an addiction.”

“But it was at Mom’s expense. You weren’t being whored and you tell her the second she’s caught she takes the blame and is disgraced one more time out the door?”

“I can’t change anything.” Dad looked at the manilla envelope. “You said sign off. That my ultimatum?”

“Mom filed for Divorce this morning. Matt’s father is representing her. He knows what you did.”

Dad rubbed at his temples. “My god,” he whispered.

“The only reaction I get from you is when someone finds out what a d-bag you’ve been. That’s nice, dad. But what this is, is a deal because this can go to ways.

“The hard way is you want to fight it, try to say mom cheated or try and leave her with nothing, everything comes out. The judge and anyone else involved sees two decades of mom’s sex tapes and photos.”

“That you stole, inadmissible.”

“That’s your proof she cheated so okay. Straight up divorce, but Mom is going all in for as much as she can get. And we will have that video and photo leaked. Mom has less to lose than you do.”

“The so called easy way?”

“You leave, go get a condo somewhere and find another damn sugar baby to screw with or whatever you damn well please. Mom and I stay in the house for two years until I graduate.

“Once I do, either you sell the house and mom get’s half so she can start a new life, or if you want to move back in you buy her half out and she gets the money that way. One way or another she doesn’t want to spend the rest of her life in a house were you made her watch videos of herself being used like a damn cum dumpster.

“You pay my last two years tuition, and the taxes on the house. Mom is going to take some classes and get a job to be able to start to support herself and between that and my part time job we can manage to pay the bills other than the mortgage. No alimony, no child support even though I’m a full-time student.

“We stay here two years and Mom walks away after that with half of what the house is worth. You sign this, then the rest of the papers in Matt’s father’s office, and they’re filed and everything is done, we destroy the USBs and pictures and this video right in front of you, we do it together.

“How do I know you don’t have copies and you come back at me later after your mother pisses away the money she’ll get from the house. She has expensive taste, and no common sense or concept of money.”

“First off, we’re signing off that this is all we want, no coming back for your precious money or your firm that was partially funded by Mom’s body. Second of all, you’re the one with no concept of anything. I tell you how I feel about you, and you’re still running down, Mom.”

Eddie shoved the envelope across the table to him, and then rolled a pen over next to it.

“Sign or decide to make it ugly. This is your only chance for the non-ugly way, because if it goes to court and gets down and dirty? Mom will be looking for alimony and something from the firm because you started it when you were married.

“Pre nup.”

“Only if she cheated and the Judge will decide who to believe. That video is damning, Dad. Checkmate as Matt said.”

“Never liked that kid.” Dad slid the paper from the envelope.

“Mom’s lawyer’s card is in here. He knows we’re talking and he said feel free to call him and he’ll answer any questions and assure you what we want is all we’ll want. Not a bad deal for you, pimp a woman for twenty years, and get to keep you firm and most of your money and the reputation you don’t deserve because there is a gag order for both of us involved. Sign this has to go away.” Eddie crossed his arms over his chest. “And so can you.”

Dad picked up the pen, and held it over the paper.

“Whatever happened with me and her, I was always good to you, Eddie. Why would you help her do this to me.”

“Why?” Eddie tapped the laptop., indicating the video. “Because you son of a bitch, that’s no way to treat my mother.”

The End.