



# Porntastic Adventures

*A son discovers his mommy's past career*

# Porntastic Adventure

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## Part 1

When Andy Wilson turned eighteen, he did two things that he had dreamed of doing for years. Andy was a shy, bookish young man in wire-rim glasses, easily embarrassed and prone to making a fool of himself around girls his own age. He'd never seen a nude woman in person before, and as soon as he was old enough, he and his friend Rodney Fenster hopped into Andy's beat up Ford sedan and sped two towns over to the Gilded Lily, an upscale strip club that maintained a small section for eighteen to twenty year olds. That night, Andy saw a dozen writhing, voluptuous women, bare to his burning gaze, and each fold and curve, projection and recession, each tanned breast and perky nipple, each neatly trimmed pussy and flexing, muscular thigh, was etched indelibly in young Andy's mind.

He went home that night with erotic visions dancing in his mind, and beat off furiously three times before finally passing into unconsciousness. The next day, Andy drove to that same town and, fortified with some of the birthday cash given him by his lovely and doting mother Tracy, Andy hit the adult bookstore. Finally, he could buy himself some serious pornography, instead of relying upon the internet for release.

Andy perused the racks with a careful eye, taking in all the strange sights with the occasional blush or quick backpedal — particularly when he accidentally stumbled into the gay section of the store. Turning about quickly, he hurried across to the other side of the store, missing the bemused expression on the clerk's face, who was watching Andy navigate through the aisles, trying to decide if the young man was old enough to be there.

Oblivious, Andy's eager eyes continued to explore. To his chagrin, he discovered that most of the tapes on display were far out of his price range. Thirty or forty dollars for a video seemed rather ridiculous to Andy, who had hoped to pick up three or four vids that afternoon. He didn't have more than sixty dollars on him, and he knew some of that money needed to go to gas up his car. Discouraged, Andy poked around a bit more, planning on leaving empty handed, when he discovered a low case near the middle of the store, jammed tight with videos, bearing the legend "on sale."

Andy's face lit up, and he attacked the rack with a rising feeling of excitement. Most of the videos in the case were six to ten years old, and all averaged ten to fifteen dollars in value. He had found a veritable gold mine. Most of the titles looked like utter crap, but he found a few volumes of a series called "Double D Vixens" that looked promising. Each featured women with enormous breasts and names like "Tig O'Bitties"

and "Kara Kleavage." The few pictures on the box showcased massively endowed women splattered with cum, and each volume promised "six hours of nonstop sucking and fucking." Andy was sold. He grabbed three of the videos and rushed to the counter to pay for them, the makings of an enormous erection already beginning in his jeans.

Andy rushed home, intending to immediately pop in the videos and masturbate himself into unconsciousness, but to his chagrin, he found that his mother's car was in the driveway. She was home, then, and that meant Andy's plans would be postponed.

"Where have you been all afternoon?" Tracy Wilson asked her son as he entered the house. At thirty-seven, Tracy was a sight to behold. Statuesque, with pale skin and dark eyes, she wore her straight brown hair past her shoulders, commonly tied up into a loose ponytail as it was now. A few afternoons at the gym each week helped Tracy maintain her shape, including a narrow waist and long, well toned thighs. Still, Tracy possessed a prodigious chest, flaring hips, and a springy, heart-shaped ass. In short, she was an incredibly beautiful and well-built woman, and her considerable charms were not lost on her only child.

Andy blushed furiously, shifting the brown paper bag under his arm, and muttered something noncommittal. He darted past his mother and up the stairs to his room, missing entirely the concerned look Tracy gave him as he moved.

Andy collapsed on his bed, staring at the ceiling and trying to get the image of his mother's heavy breasts, tightly encased in her blue t-shirt, out of his mind. He cast his mind back to previous evening, and substituted a gyrating, lithe Asian woman. That helped considerably, and Andy felt less guilty about the hardened column of flesh tenting his jeans.

Just then there was a knock at his door, and Andy sat up quickly, brushing the brown paper bag onto the floor on the other side of his bed. "Yes?"

Tracy eased the door open and poked her head inside. "Dinner will be ready in an hour, sweetie. But you'll have to eat alone tonight, if you don't mind. I'm going out with some of the girls from the office. Okay?"

"Uh, yeah, sure. Thanks, Mom," Andy said quickly. She smiled and shut the door. Andy heard her light tread pass down the stairs, and he breathed a sigh of relief. It looked like he would

have the whole house to himself for the night, and he would have the opportunity to put the vids to good use.

Andy read a book while he ate dinner, one of the many tasty pasta dishes his mother often prepared, but his mind wasn't on the food or his reading. His mind was filled with visions of bouncing breasts, splattered with cum, and wide sucking mouths filled with hard, throbbing cock.

"How do I look?" he heard his mother ask him, and Andy was brought back to the present with a start. His delicate skin flushed furiously as well, partly due to his own erotic thoughts, and partly at how beautiful his mother looked.

Tracy's long brown hair was loose, spilling down her back in a wave. Her makeup was subtle and perfect, accenting her high cheekbones and full lips. Her full figured frame was pressed into a tight black mini-dress that flashed a great deal of thigh and cleavage. Golden earrings sparkled, and a gold band wrapped loosely around her swanlike throat. Her legs were bare, her feet encased in black pumps, and she held a short jacket in her right hand.

"Gorgeous," Andy said honestly.

Tracy frowned. "Don't talk with your mouth full," she told him. Then, leaning close, she gave him a dry kiss on his forehead. Her perfume enveloped him, and Andy realized that her posture gave him a clear look down her neckline. She wasn't wearing a bra. "But thank you, sweetie," Andy heard her say. It barely registered.

He swallowed the noodles in his mouth, and quickly shifted his eyes to the open book at his elbow. "You're welcome, Mom," he said. "Just be careful tonight. Don't break a nail beating off all those men that will be after you."

Tracy laughed, and gently swatted her son's arm. "I hardly think I have to worry about that," she said. Just then the doorbell chimed. "That'll be Margie," Tracy said excitedly. She slipped her jacket on – Andy forced himself to keep from noticing how her body jiggled with the complicated maneuver – and hurried to the front door. "Don't have any wild parties while I'm gone," Tracy said over her shoulder. Andy heard the front door open and slam shut, and then he relaxed in his chair with a sigh.

After dinner, he rushed upstairs to his room. One of the few luxuries Andy had bought with the money he earned working at the bookstore at the mall was a large screen tv and a vcr. His entertainment center dominated his small room, and Andy

was very glad to have spent the money on it. He stripped out of his clothes, turned on the tv and vcr, and picking one of the "Double D Vixens" volumes at random, threw it in the machine.

As Andy settled down on his bed, his hardening cock in one hand, he grabbed tissues with the other, and then the remote. He fast-forwarded through the opening commercials to get straight to the action. He gripped himself as the first scene began and slowly began to stroke. The tape quality wasn't great, and the tracking bounced around every once in a while, but the visuals more than made up for it. Andy watched, entranced, his cock throbbing hungrily in his fist.

The first scene introduced Kara Kleavage, an auburn haired, green-eyed beauty with immense breasts and a neatly trimmed red pussy. She fucked two men at the same time, alternately sucking and fucking each of them, and then let both of them spill their seed on her breasts. The scene ended with Kara facing the camera, holding up her cum splattered tits, grinning.

Next came Mindy Minx, a petite blonde with huge, fake tits and nipples as wide as a silver dollar. Though short, Mindy was clearly a sexual dynamo, and she savagely fucked her nondescript partner until he groaned and sprayed cum across her lips and eyes.

Andy's cock shuddered and jumped in his hands. The first two scenes had eaten up a little over a half-hour on the tape. He was pacing himself. He wanted to see how far he could get before he couldn't contain himself, and hoped he might make it to the end of the tape. But luck was not with him. Though, perhaps, fate was.

The next scene opened in a hotel room. A large, heavysset man lay on the bed, stroking a prodigious cock that Andy couldn't help comparing to his own slab of meat. He was a good eight or nine inches, he thought, certainly capable of holding his own in a porno.

Suddenly, the music started, and the words "Tig O'Bitties" flashed across the bottom of the screen. The camera panned right, towards what Andy assumed was the hotel bathroom, as the door opened, and Tig O'Bitties stepped into the shot.

Andy's heart stopped for a split second, and then started again, thundering loudly in his chest.

Tig O'Bitties had long brown hair, framing a heart-shaped face with full, pouting lips, high cheekbones, an aristocratic nose, and dark knowing eyes that flashed across the man on the bed with a look of unbridled lust. Her swanlike throat flowed down into a prodigious cleavage, encased deliciously in a bright blue babydoll nightie so transparent that her dark nipples and the shadow of her pubic mound could be seen, hinting at the charms beneath.

Andy recognized the woman immediately. She was unmistakable. Tig O'Bitties was his mother, Tracy Wilson. Several years younger, certainly, but no less beautiful or well built.

Tig O'Bitties sauntered over to the bed, grinning salaciously. Andy looked at the cock in his hand with horror; it felt as though it had grown monstrously harder and looked as though it had grown much longer as well. Against his will, his hand stroked up and down his throbbing length as the woman – his mother! – on the screen kissed the man on the bed and reach for his cock with her hand.

That was enough for Andy. His heart pounding in his chest, his mouth and throat as dry as a desert, his toes curling into fists, Andy lost control. His cock surged in his fist and spat its payload. Pearly white cum jetted from the end of his dick with

incredible force, and he was too far-gone to deflect it with the tissues. An arc of cum sailed across the room to splash against the tv screen, which showed his mother's face, with her lips wrapped tight around the strange man's dick. Andy's remaining spurts were weaker, but they did manage to make a steaming white lake on his sheets. Andy slumped back against his headboard, gasping.

His eyes refocused, watching in wonder as his mother mugged to the camera, licking the stranger's cock like a lollipop and then devouring it once more. Andy looked down at his crotch, and realized with mounting horror that it was still hard. Slowly, as his mother sucked on the screen, Andy began to stroke himself once again. He watched as she shucked the nightie, revealing her sweetly rounded and gravity defying tits with their hardened nipples, her taut belly, and the neatly trimmed jungle between her thighs. Seeing her completely naked, particularly with a blob of his own cum drying on the screen, was once again too much for Andy's frail constitution. He exploded once more, with the same vigor and consistency as the previous climax. Still, he remained hard.

Filled with lust and shame, Andy jacked off a total of six times to that one scene, as Tig O'Bitties sucked the stranger off, had her pussy eaten out, then fucked the man in a variety of positions, including doggy style. Her familiar, throaty voice cried out with each stroke. At the end, the man sprayed his

seed across his mother's breasts. Grinning lustily at the camera, Andy's mother hefted her cum splattered tits, and, lifting one to her lips, licked the cum off her pendulous globe. That move precipitated Andy's sixth explosion.

He had to take a break after that, run downstairs and drink a few glasses of water. He was completely dehydrated and light headed, his mind reeling at the implications. When he caught his breath, he ran back to his room, still naked, his cock raw and red. He scanned through the remaining two videos quickly, searching for more Tig O'Bitties action, but only found one.

Near the end of the third tape, he found Tig O'Bitties lying by the side of a pool, her prodigious curves barely contained by a bright blue string bikini. A young man of eighteen or nineteen years of age entered the frame, clearly supposed to be some kind of pool boy, and his mom proceeded to fuck his brains out. Andy only came three times watching that one, his last climax producing no more than a dribble, and had to give up because his dick was hurting too much.

Andy cleaned himself and his sheets, put the videos away, and then collapsed on his bed. He fell into a troubled but welcome sleep, and did not notice when his mother returned home.

## Part 2

Two years passed. Andy graduated from high school and enrolled in the local community college, where he worked on getting a business degree. He remained at home, as much to save money as to stay close to his mother.

His lust and his attraction grew with each passing day, though he had no idea how to deal with them. Tracy, oblivious to the changes in her son, was simply happy to have him around. At first he was around as much as he could be, outside of work and school, in an effort to spend as much time with his mother as possible. It helped that so many of his friends left town for college, leaving him with a ready excuse to stay home on his weekend evenings.

In his spare time, he searched. On the internet, in adult bookstores, flea markets, and second hand shops, Andy looked for other Tig O'Bitties appearances. According to the IMDB, she made nearly a hundred films over the course of a four year period, and featured in two dozen men's magazines. Through diligence, hard work, and a willingness to spend whatever was required, Andy amassed quite a collection of Tig O'Bitties memorabilia. In two short years, he tracked down nearly half of her films – "Big Titted Mamas" and "Carwash Whores" being his two favorites due to their all-female casts – as well

as some twenty magazines. Each day, Andy would jack off furiously to images of his mother's nude form, or to one of her films.

As his search continued, Andy put together a chronology of the events. All of the films his mother appeared in were made twelve to eight years beforehand. Those were the years immediately following the death of Andy's father, the victim of a drunk driver. Those were hazy years for Andy himself.

He took his father's death pretty hard, he recalled, and also didn't remember his mother being around much at the time. During those years, Andy spent most of his days with his grandmother or one of his aunts. They never really explained to him where his mother had gone, except to say she was "working," and she seemed to be working a lot. Now Andy knew what she had been doing, realized the sacrifices that she had been forced to make in order to make ends meet. For he knew, also, that his parents had married early, that his father had provided for them, and that following his father's death, his mother had to scramble to fill those vacant shoes.

Discovering his mother's secret past filled in some of the blanks, but there was still a great deal of unanswered questions. Why porn, for example? How had she made that decision? How had she been able to do it so secretly? At what

point did she decide enough was enough? Yet the only way to find out the answers would be to broach the subject with his mother, and if he did that, he'd have to explain why he wanted to know.

That might get ugly. Especially as, he realized, he was becoming obsessed with her. His every waking moment was filled with maddening, incestuous fantasies. He was distracted, unfocused, and growing more distant with each discovery. Unsure of how to deal with his lust, consumed with guilt and self-loathing, Andy began to spend less and less time at home. He worked as much overtime as possible, spent long hours at the library, and tried to come home late every night, after his mother had gone to bed. He would sneak into his room and masturbate as quietly as he dared and as furiously as he needed, always to an image of his mother.

It was an untenable situation, but Andy didn't know what to do. He couldn't stay, and yet he couldn't leave either. Every moment spent in her presence was sheer, delicious torture. Yet he was afraid to spend more than a few minutes at a time with her, terrified he might blurt out something or, worse, force himself upon her. As his lust grew, so too did his misery.

For her part, Tracy could not fail to notice the changes in her son. He vacillated between being too attentive and being

completely unavailable. He flinched when she touched him, yet would look at her with such tenderness it made her heart ache. He was such a smart, sensitive boy, and she worried about him constantly. Having to go to a community college because they couldn't afford to send him to a better school, left behind by his friends, forced to work his way through school; she thought back to the last time their family had faced financial difficulty, and what she had done to ensure Andy had clothes to wear to school, eyeglasses to see, books to read, food on the table, and a roof over his head.

Those had been wild, crazy years. Desperate years. The death of her husband, the love of her life, had nearly shattered her, as did the realization following his funeral that she did not possess the necessary skills to provide for herself or her son. Don had been a good provider, but in the few short years they had together, between the house, the car, Andy's medicine, and other expenses, Don had managed to accrue considerable debt.

Tracy had married Don right out of high school, had never had a job before, and had spent the first seven years of her marriage looking after Don and their son, never paying much attention to the financial side of things. But she was beautiful, and had always been sexually adventurous, and she had a friend who knew a guy who made pornographic films. She knew, looking back, that her decision had as much to do with the despair of

losing Don as it had to do with the need to make as much money as possible, as quickly as possible.

And it was frighteningly, horribly fun. She had always been proud of her body, the effect she had on men, and she loved a good fuck as much — or more — as the next woman. The constant sex and the absence of true feelings had kept her going for a while, but eventually she missed her Andy, so she quit. With enough money socked away, she went back to school to broaden her horizons, and now she was a legal secretary, a professional woman. Those days were behind her, and if, occasionally, she looked wistfully back on all the sex she had, she did not miss the emptiness of it all.

But now her emotional center, her grounding point, her son, was drifting away from her, and Tracy didn't know why it was happening. It wasn't fair, considering what she had sacrificed to make sure he grew up right.

It occurred to her one Saturday afternoon, while cleaning the living room, that Andy might be taking drugs. She paused, turned off the vacuum, and stared into space for several long minutes. Tracy tried to shake that insidious thought. Andy was much too smart to poison his body, she told herself. Yet, what other explanation could there be for his mood swings and mysterious disappearances?

She checked the clock over the mantel, noted the lateness of the hour, and tried to guess whether Andy would be home for dinner that night, or whether he'd be out for all hours. She bit her lower lip, swept a lock of hair out of her eyes, and made a fateful decision. Before Andy came home, Tracy was going to search his room for drugs.

## Part 3

Tracy eased the door to Andy's room open and stepped inside. She took a quick look around, but didn't notice anything out of the ordinary. Hesitantly, she began a more thorough search. She checked his dresser drawers, but found nothing. His desk was clean as well. His wastebasket was full of used tissues.

"Hmmm," Tracy muttered, frowning. She opened his closet, and discovered a case at the bottom that she had never seen before. Her heart began to beat a little faster, and with an uncertain hand, Tracy dragged the case out of the closet. She lifted the top, revealing the contents.

Tracy gasped. She had not been prepared to find this: a treasure trove of adult films and magazines carefully packed into the limited space available. She relaxed almost

immediately, thinking that she had discovered Andy's secret, and had turned out not to be so terrible. Then she started to recognize some of the titles. Her blood turned cold.

Why would Andy have her movies? She glanced over at the wastebasket, then back at the pornography. She started pulling videos and magazines out. She checked every cassette case, every table of contents. Every single magazine and video featured her somewhere. He even had five of the "Double D Vixens" compilations, which just took cuts from some of her other films. It was mind-boggling, but the conclusion was inescapable.

Andy was jacking off to images of his mother.

Tracy's head dropped, and she tried to fight back tears. She had failed as a mother, completely and utterly. The grief and shock paused as the realization that her nipples were hard.

Now, how could that be?

It had nothing to do with the image in her mind, the picture forming there of Andy on his bed, watching one of her films,

stroking himself off and spraying his creamy, delicious cum across the room. No, that couldn't be it.

Tracy shook her head. She cupped her breasts through the thin t-shirt she wore and teased her nipples with her thumbs. She could feel a wetness seeping in between her thighs. But it wasn't because of Andy – couldn't be. The fact that the last time she'd had sex was on a set had nothing to do with it either. No, Tracy decided it was simply the fact that, brought back memories of that time in her life, causing those old feelings to bubble to the surface.

"Oh, Andy," Tracy moaned, playing with her tits.

She would prove it to herself, she decided. She would prove that these sudden, uncharacteristic erotic feelings were caused by the films, and not her son's fantasies. Tracy grabbed a film at random and threw it in Andy's vcr. She turned his tv on and threw herself on his bed. The movie began in the midst of a scene, supposedly at a nightclub, where Tig O'Bitties, long mane flying, was being vigorously fucked from behind by one man, while another fed his bloated cock into her mouth.

Tracy moaned, surprised at how vividly she remembered that day. The warehouse where they shot it was cold, her knees on

the bar were freezing, and yet a delicious heat had enveloped her as the two men hammered into her body. Strangely, she could not shake the vision that swam before her, the vision of her son, sitting where she sat now, watching what she was watching now, masturbating furiously as she...

... as she needed to do now. With another desperate moan, Tracy unsnapped her jeans and pulled her t-shirt free. She pushed her jeans down her thighs and slipped a hand between her legs, surprised by and ashamed of the copious flood seeping from her pussy. She pressed her palm against her wetness, then shoved the panties down her thighs as well. Her neatly trimmed pussy was revealed, her pubic hair matted with moisture. She parted her lips with a finger, then dipped it within to tease her pink folds.

The movie continued, but Tracy wasn't paying attention to it any longer. She was in another world, her thoughts transfixed by her only child. Her voice echoed back at her from the television as she thumbed her clit and teased her pink folds with her other fingers. With her free hand, Tracy cupped her breasts through her t-shirt. She continued until her entire body shook with an intense orgasm, drenching her thighs with moisture.

Struggling to catch her breath, Tracy slumped on her son's bed. When she opened her eyes, she saw Andy standing in the doorway, staring at her, his mouth hanging open.

Tracy made no attempt to cover her nudity. She could only stare in return, her heart pounding heavily beneath her breast. On the tv screen, larger than life, Tracy's sweat dampened face was drenched by two squirting cocks. It barely registered on her; Tracy's gaze was fixed on her son. With more than maternal interest, she noted the engorged bulge at his crotch.

She felt the heat in her pussy grow, and she unconsciously began to stroke herself once more. Andy's eyes widened perceptibly, but still he stood, frozen in the doorway.

Tracy stretched languorously on his bed, her fingers playing with the lips of her pussy. "Mmmm," she moaned. "Andy, what are you doing here?"

His mouth clicked shut. "I, uh, I got done at the library early today, so I thought I'd come home and, uh..." He trailed off.

"Thought you'd jerkoff to one of my videos?" Tracy suggested.

Andy's eyes were glued to her crotch, and her busy hand. He grinned suddenly, and for a brief second, he looked like the Andy she had raised and loved, rather than the sullen young man who had inhabited the same house for the last two years. "Um, yeah, I guess so," he stammered, the grin fading.

In that moment, Tracy realized what she had to do. She knew how she could get her son back.

"Come here," she said, beckoning to him with the hand coated with her juices. Almost hypnotically, he complied, stepping into the room and crossing to the bed. She patted the mattress beside her, and Andy sat down dumbly. His eyes roved up and down her body, from her exposed crotch to her clothed breasts and back again. Behind him, the video continued, switching to another scene and some of the supporting characters.

"How long have you been doing this?" Tracy asked softly.

Andy snapped back to reality. His green eyes met her brown ones, and she saw lust, guilt, and love in them, fighting against one another. "I... two years," Andy said. "I found the first tape on my birthday. It was... um... unbelievable." Tears formed in his eyes, and his face threatened to crumple. "Oh, God, Mom, I'm so sorry!"

He threw himself across her chest, sobbing. Tracy patted his head. "So am I, honey," she told him. "Think of all that time we lost." She cupped his face with both her hands and raised it. She pulled his glasses off and wiped his tears away with a delicate touch. "There's no need to cry, sweetie. You've done nothing wrong. I'm the one who has failed. But I'm going to set things right."

She gently pushed him away. The puzzled look on his face was priceless, but she didn't explain. Rather, Tracy grabbed the bottom of her shirt and peeled it over her head, then threw it to the ground. She shook her hair out, and smiled at him. His eyes were huge, locked on her bra-encased tits. Her smile widened. She reached behind her and unsnapped her bra.

"Mom, what are you doing?" Andy asked, breathless.

Tracy shrugged the shoulder straps of her bra loose, then lightly gripped the bra cups with her fingertips and eased it away from her prodigious bosom. Andy gasped when Tracy's springy, pink nipples breasts were revealed. They bounced happily, nipples engorged and swollen, under his burning gaze. She tossed the bra on top of the t-shirt.

"There will be no more jacking off in this house," she told him, her voice low and husky. "Not when I'm right here, ready and willing to look after your needs."

"Mom," Andy squeaked. "Are you serious?"

Tracy reached out, took his hand, and placed it on her left breast. Her flesh burned at his touch, and though she let him go, his hand remained. Andy's fingers touched her lightly, then traced the curve of her breast and teased her engorged nipple with his thumb and forefinger. Tracy shivered and moaned, a delicious heat emanating from her pussy and expanding throughout her lower body. She hissed in pleasure when Andy pinched her nipple.

Suddenly, she brushed his hand away. He looked stricken, until she commanded, "Strip for mommy." Andy's face contorted into a mask of lust, but she could see the love shining in his eyes. The guilt, it seemed, was gone. Tracy was almost surprised to feel none of her own.

Andy jumped to his feet and shucked his clothes in record time. As he did, Tracy leaned down and untangled her ankles and feet from her jeans and panties, kicking them to the floor. When she turned back to her son, she gasped in surprise. A

proud column of rockhard manflesh erupted from the tangled jungle between Andy's thighs. His cock was massive, nearly as thick as Tracy's wrist, and long enough that the angry purple head brushed against his belly button.

Andy grinned at the expression on his mother's face. "Does Mommy like what she sees?" he asked insolently. He had recovered from his attack of conscience rather quickly, Tracy noted.

"I can't believe," she began, reaching out tentatively to touch the shuddering beast, "that I had a hand in making this beautiful creature." Both Tracy and Andy jumped as her hand wrapped around his cock. An electric surge passed through them both at the touch. His cock throbbed hungrily within the slender prison of her fingers. He was already slick with precum, and more of it was leaking from his pisshole, dripping down his length and coating her hand. Slowly, she stroked him, canting his cock such a sharp angle away from his belly that he gasped. The purple knob was aimed at her now, and his pisshole winked at her. Tracy licked her lips.

Andy's insolent grin faded as his mother bent over and gave the tip of his cock a slow, wet kiss. Her tongue teased his pisshole and, as her lips wrapped around him, scraped his sensitive flesh deliciously. Andy shuddered, and his hands

dropped to his mother's head. He threaded his fingers through her hair and brushed it aside so that he could watch as she devoured him. Tracy's full lips made a red ring around Andy's cock as she slowly swallowed him. Andy's breath hissed from his own lips as his mother sucked him. The quiet sounds she made as pulled him deeper into her mouth drove him crazy, almost as much as the wet heat surrounding his girth or the way her tongue undulated against the sensitive underside of his cock.

But his mother suddenly released him, and his throbbing cock, coated in his mother's saliva and his own juices, bounced against his abdomen.

"Careful, sweetie," Tracy said, panting heavily. "As big as you are, you'll choke me if you hold my head like that. Put your hands on my shoulders, if you have to." When he nodded and smiled, she took hold of him and once more slid her mouth around him. He groaned happily and placed his palms gently on her shoulders.

His grip tightened almost immediately, however, as his mother's nostrils flared and her head sank towards the base of his cock. He felt her throat open up to accept his girth – and, impossibly, she took the entire length of his hardened dick into her. Tracy's cheeks hollowed and she made swallowing

motions with her throat. Andy let out a low moan and dug his fingers into his mother's shoulders. "Mom," he hissed, "you're going to – "

She cut him off by releasing him once more, but this time she held the base between two fingers and lashed his sensitive head with her tongue while she took deep breaths through her nose. Andy's cock throbbed with his heartbeat, and his heart was pounding. Tracy ran the flat of one fingernail along the underside of her son's dick, then teased his heavy balls with the same finger. She grinned evilly up at him and then suddenly devoured his cock once more; sliding her mouth down his length in one fell swoop.

As soon as his cockhead lodged in her throat once more, Andy cut loose with a low growl. His balls tightened and his cock bucked and fired. Pearly white cum jetted down Tracy's mouth. She gurgled, then bobbed her head back up so that only the first few inches of Andy's cock were trapped within her mouth. Still Andy's great cannon fired, spraying jet after jet of cum into his mother's throat. She swallowed as quickly as she could, but her cheeks quickly ballooned, and dribbles of cum slipped from her lips.

Tracy released her son's cock, still impossibly hard, from the sweet prison of her mouth. She swallowed the cum in her mouth, then used her fingers to scoop up the dribbles coating her chin and licked her lips.

Her eyes widened as she regarded his still hard cock, bobbing hungrily before her face. "Mmm, I see you're not finished yet. Neither am I."

"Mom," Andy said, "I've been jacking off to images of you three times a day for the last two years." He grinned hugely, and flexed his massive cock with a twitch of his hips. "I'm never going to be finished."

Tracy laughed in delight and fell back against the bed, her heavy breasts bouncing. She spread her arms and threw open her legs, flashing her neatly trimmed pussy at her son. "See anything you like?" she asked him.

Tracy giggled girlishly as he fell upon her with a playful growl. Andy's head sandwiched itself between her breasts, and she felt his warm wet tongue press against her skin. The hard column between his legs bounced off her belly, leaving a slick trail of precum there. Andy's hands pawed at her tits, teased her nipples and squeezed her resilient flesh. His lips found a

nipple and she hissed in delight. He teased the hard nubbin of flesh with tongue and lips, and nipped delicately with his front teeth. When he was satisfied the one nipple was as hard as it would ever get; he switched to the other and repeated the process.

Tracy's fingers threaded through Andy's hair and massaged his scalp, urging him to continue. Each tug on the tips of her breasts sent an electric dart of pleasure to the very core of her being. Her pussy, soaking wet, clenched and unclenched like a fist, seeking to suck her son's cock inside. She wrapped her legs around his waist, but only succeeded in pressing his dick harder into her stomach.

Andy peeked up at her from between her tits, grinning, with a devilish glint in his eyes. Her skin was slick with his saliva and her sweat, and her son's cheeks glistened with the same moisture. Gently, he pressed her thighs open, loosening her hold around his waist. Still grinning, he began to kiss his way down her body, lingering on her rounded belly for a moment. His chin pressed into her pubic mound.

"Oh, Andy," she moaned. "Yes, baby," she urged.

He grinned again with slightly less insolence and a good deal more joy, but she could hardly see him. Her vision was clouded with lust, and as he bent his head once more and kissed her weeping pussy, she clamped her thighs against his cheeks and used her hands to push his head harder against her. His tongue teased her folds, parting each layer of flesh and scooping up copious amounts of fluid into his mouth. Then his tongue was inside her, and she cried out, unable to hold back. She loosed his head and began to play with her tits herself, teasing and pinching her own nipples, and arched her back, trying to push her pussy harder against Andy's face.

Andy had never done anything like this before, had never been with a woman at all, but he'd certainly seen more than enough porno to know what to do. He nibbled and licked and sucked at his mother's pink folds, reveling in the taste and texture and the explosive moans his every move elicited from her. He found the erect nubbin of her clitoris and teased it with his tongue. "Oh, God, Andy! Yes!" his mother screamed, clamping her thighs tightly around his head. She pressed her palms against the back of his head, pushing him deeper into her pussy.

His mother tasted tart and salty, and he couldn't get enough. He'd waited years for this opportunity, and he couldn't get enough of her to sate himself. "Oh, God, baby, that's it," his mother moaned, "right there, honey, don't stop! Don't ever

stop!" She trailed off into a wordless cry as her pelvis thrust hard against Andy's face and her juices flooded his mouth. Her fingers dug into the back of his head and her thighs pressed even tighter against his ears, dulling the piercing cry she released from her throat.

Then her hands and thighs fell away, and she lay gasping beneath him. With one last lingering kiss against her weeping pussy, Andy lifted himself up. His mother lay in a sweaty heap, her eyes half lidded and a languid smile gracing her beautiful face. Andy's heart swelled with pride and love, and he began to kiss his way back up her body. He licked drops of sweat from between her pendulous breasts and tasted her strawberry pink nipples.

"Mmmm," Tracy purred. "That was amazing."

"Thanks, Mom," Andy said with a grin.

"No, baby, thank you," she responded. She stretched beneath him, and he felt her slim hands wrap around his massive hard-on once again. "So big," she whispered. Tracy kissed her son, licking her own juices from his chin, and manipulated his cock expertly. Andy grunted and pressed his face into her throat as

she pulled his engorged cock towards her pussy. "It's time to be inside me," she whispered.

Andy thrust forward, and the throbbing head of his cock pierced her labia. Heat enveloped him and with another groan, Andy drove himself into his mother's pussy. Soft and hot and tight, she swallowed him whole, and in one thrust he was balls deep in his mother's cunt. They both froze for a moment, savoring that initial, electric contact, and then Tracy's hips hitched forward, and Andy responded to her summons. He began to fuck his mother, withdrawing and driving into her, picking up the tempo with each savage thrust.

Tracy wrapped her legs around Andy's waist. Her thighs and calves pressed insistently into his ribs and buttocks, urging him on. Her heat enveloped him, her nails dug into his shoulders, and her heaving tits pressed against his chest. Even now, after blowing a load in his mother's mouth and eating her out, he could hardly believe that he was fucking her. His mother, the goddess, the giver of life and constant temptation. She of the long legs and gigantic breasts, the woman who had borne him and raised him. The woman who was now initiating him into the secrets of womanhood as she moaned and writhed beneath him.

Andy's cock hammered home again and again, driving deeper into his mother's pussy with each thrust. She opened up for him, sucking him in, deeper and deeper. He felt the head of his cock bump up against something slightly resilient, and was rewarded with an echoing cry from his mother. Her body tensed, holding him against her, and the speed of her hips picked up. Andy panted and grinned, sweat dripped down his face and splashed against Tracy's chin and throat, and slammed into his mother again. Each time he butted up against that resistance, she cried out.

Andy shifted a little, cocking his hips against Tracy's pelvis as he hammered into her. Her tits bounced against his throat, and he caught one flailing nipple between his lips and began to suckle. Tracy's hands left his shoulders and found his head, threading through his short hair and kneading the back of his skull. She moaned and thrashed beneath him, urging him on with dialogue that could have come from one of her films. Which only inflamed him all the more.

"Yes, yes," she cried, "fuck me with your big cock! Harder, baby, harder! Fuck me! Fuck me! Fuck me, please, right there! Oh, oh, oh my fucking God, YES!"

Her voice rose an octave as that slight resistance finally gave way, and Andy's raging cock pushed through her cervix into

her very womb. The head of Andy's cock was gripped hard, almost pinched, as her muscles contracted around him. Tracy screamed loudly and her body exploded beneath him as she came thunderously, jamming her tits into his face, thrusting her pelvis against his, holding his body tight with hands and thighs. She called out his name, her voice growing hoarse, as Andy continued to thrust. "Andy! Andy! My baby, Andy! Oh God, sweetie, fuck me hard! So good, so fucking good!"

Had he breath to speak, Andy would have agreed. This was more amazing than he had dreamed, more intense, more pleasurable and intoxicating than he had hoped. The room filled with their cries, their combined scents, the slap of bodies against one another, and the creak of the bed beneath them. Forgotten, the porno in the vcr droned on, featuring some woman who wasn't nearly as beautiful as the wailing creature beneath Andy.

And then he felt it. His balls contracted like fists, and his thrusting cock grew harder, swelling another inch inside her. He felt an electric charge race up from the base of the cock to the tip, and knew the inevitable explosion was upon him. Tracy sensed it too, and a sudden fear blossomed in the back of her passion addled mind.

"Don't come in me, baby," she said, "I want to feel you on my skin!"

Oblivious to the dangers, Andy slammed home one more time, feeling his climax crest. But he was an obedient son, and just as the cum began to surge through his cock, he yanked himself and slapped his cock against his mother's taut belly. His cock swelled and spat its precious load, spraying a long stream of pearly white cum in an arc across his mother's stomach. It splattered across the high domes of her breasts, and another stream followed that one, flying higher and arcing farther, splashing Tracy's cheek and trailing down along her jawline. A third blast fired forth, decorating a line of creamy jizz along Tracy's breastbone. Feverishly, Andy lurched upward on the bed, aiming his spraying cock at his mother's heaving tits. Cum jetted from him in a wave, frosting each massive breast, splashing an endless supply of semen on his mother's breasts. She cooed and moaned and pressed her tits together with her elbows as rivers of cum dripped across their majestic expanse.

Spent finally, Andy manipulated his softening cock, using it to spread the cum on her breasts. Tracy cupped her tits and played with the pools of cum, then brought the semen up to her lips and sucked her fingers dry. She shifted on the bed and took her son's cock into her mouth once more to clean it off, removing the last pearly drops of cum from the head, as well as the slick traces of her own secretions.

At last, Andy collapsed in a breathless heap on his bed, beside his mother. She turned slightly, one tit pressing against his arm, and nestled her head against his shoulder. "That was amazing," she gasped, snuggling into him.

Andy put an arm around her and pulled her close. "Yeah," he agreed.

"Mmmm," she purred. "How long have you known?"

"Two years," he admitted. "I found the first tape by accident and it just... awakened something horrible inside me. I couldn't help myself. You're just so sexy and beautiful, and, and, uninhibited. And you were right here. So close, and yet so far away."

She regarded him seriously. "Well, not anymore. I'm yours, any time you want me. I haven't been fucked like that since..." she trailed off and looked away. "Since your father," she added finally. She looked at him sharply. "Love makes it different, I think. All those times I did it on film, it was okay, but it was always empty. There was never anything genuine about it."

Andy thought for a moment. "I love you, Mom," he said at last.

"I know baby," Tracy told her son. "I love you too."

Life at the Wilson house changed after that night. Andy's secret lust no longer needed to be hidden, and Tracy was more than happy to make her son's every sexual fantasy a reality. Andy even went so far as to throw his porn collection out, but Tracy stopped him. "Let's keep them around for a little while," she told him with a twinkle in her eye. "I like watching them with you."

*So, they did.*

**THE END**