

Mom's Chat Seduction

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"This is what your mother's pussy smells like," my father told me. "Happy eighteenth birthday, son!"

When he said this, I had not yet inhaled, and I was struggling not to do so. But dear old dad was too strong and too big. He was 6'3" of pure testosterone while I was 5'2" of video-game-trained flab.

Finally, I gasped for air through the wadded up pair of panties he held to my mouth and nose. There was a slight fragrance of perfume, a little urine, and a lot of feminine musk. I think it was feminine musk, because I had never smelled a pussy before.

He pulled the panties away and held them in front of my eyes. They were turned inside out so that the crotch was showing.

"See that?" he asked. "See that, see that white, crusty stain there in the middle?"

I didn't want to look, but my dad's huge hand was holding the back of my head like a softball and directing where my eyes pointed.

"Dad, you're hurting me. Why are you doing this?"

"You know what that crud is?" he said, hurting me a little more while he ignored my question. "That's where your mother's hairy little pussy drenched her undies. Oh, they were all wet when she got her juices flowing. But now all that's left is this flaky shit."

The patch he was talking about had started to crack because of the way he had crumpled the underwear. It was all the more obvious because the thick residue showed even paler against the dark maroon of the panties.

"Stick out your tongue," he said.

"No way," I said.

That's when he squeezed the back of my neck until my tongue shot out and stayed out.

"These are so dirty, they need a washing. And I'm going to use your tongue as the washboard." That's when he tried to bring the filthy crotch into contact with my tongue.

I pulled my tongue in and turned my head aside as hard as I could. But, instead of using more force, Dad merely said, in a quiet tone that was even scarier than his usual yelling: "If you don't stick out your tongue, I'm going to stuff these down your throat."

I stuck out my tongue. Dad started a slow up-and-down scouring of the crotch with my tongue. After about thirty seconds, he said, "Swallow."

I did as I was told while he looked at the panties. "Again," he said.

The procedure had to be repeated three times before he was satisfied. "There. You did a fine job, Eric, these are all clean now." With that he showed me that the stain was completely removed. The salty taste in my mouth reminded me of where it had been removed to.

"How do you like the taste of your mom's dirty cunt, son? Is it as sweet as that smile of hers? In a way, you just ate your mother's pussy!" He looked one last time at the panties, and made another discovery: "Look what we have here all caught up in cloth--a pubic hair--a hair as bright and red as the ones on her head."

He picked it loose and held it up, then said one word: "Hand."

I knew he wanted to place it in my palm, so I obliged before my neck or some other body part got roughoused. He wasn't lying, because the hair was exactly the same color as the short hair on my mother's head: light red. The only difference was that the hair on her head was straight, and this one was incredibly curly.

Dad threw the panties in my face before he turned to leave my room.

"There's some homework for you."

"Dad, why are you doing this?" I asked, trying not to cry.

"Eric, my boy, you're going to do some dirty-work for me. You're going to fuck your mother! You're gonna fuck your mommy so good she gets knocked up!

The next morning, I didn't remember what had happened. Not for a minute or so, then it all came back. I didn't know what to think: had my dad gone crazy? had I imagined it? was he serious? was he testing me?

I didn't know, but thought the best thing to do was to act like it never happened.

"Morning, Mom," I said as I walked into the kitchen.

"Morning, sleepyhead," she said without looking over her shoulder at me. She was busy pulling some toast out of the toaster and buttering it. "You overslept--again! Didn't want to interrupt some dream?" she laughed.

Mom had on what I called her shower robe. It was a shiny dark green satin, and she wore it only when on her way to the shower or after, before dressing. I had never thought about it much, but this morning I noticed that she had it tightly wrapped around her. So tight it followed the crack of her ass, showing off a well-toned butt.

"If your father doesn't give you a ride to school, you'll be late."

"He never wants to give me a ride, so I guess I'll be late." High School graduation was only two months away, and my senior year couldn't get over fast enough. I was looking forward to college in the fall. I had been accepted to my first choice, a local college I was going to commute to every day. I wouldn't have to go through the dorm experience.

"Just because your father is the Chief of Police doesn't give you a right to--"

"Take advantage. I know, Mom. How long have you been telling me that?"

"All your life," she said. Then we both laughed.

I was drinking a hot cup of cocoa at the kitchen table, like a thousand other mornings. Like that same thousand times, Mom leaned across the table when she said, "Here's

your toast." Unlike any of those other times, I looked at her robe falling partially open, showing a great cleavage and her right boob almost down to the nipple.

I looked at the toast on the plate quickly, hoping I hadn't stared too long. "Thanks, Mom."

"Are you all right, young man?"

"Just thinking about some stuff Dad said." What I was really thinking about was that my mom was naked under that robe.

"Don't let anything your father says bother you. You know how he is," she said followed by a sigh.

I had finished my toast when I heard the creak of leather. The sound of my father in his uniform, belt, and holster.

"Hey, Sport. Need a ride to school?"

I tried remembering when he ever offered me a ride before. I couldn't.

"You're not leaving without giving your ol' mom a kiss goodbye. C'mere."

"Yeah. Give your mother a nice hug and kiss," Dad said. It didn't sound any different from his usual tone, but then again, it did.

Mom had her arms open, so I didn't make a big deal. She hugged me close, like usual. She was all of 5'10", so I was looking up at her. Her right hand held my head tight against her chest, and for the first time in my life, I was thinking of the feel of my mom's big tits against my face.

"Have a good day," she said as she kissed me. I went for her cheek, but felt the sides of our lips touch too.

I'm ashamed to admit that, as I looked at her face, I thought: "I know what your pussy tastes like."

In the car, Dad's police car, of course, I was hoping Dad wouldn't talk of what happened the night before.

"I bet you jerked off last night," he said, then added in a whiny voice, "thinking about your mom."

I stayed silent, wishing the school was closer.

"What a nice sight of you two hugging and kissing this morning. I bet you were wanting to tear that god-damned bathrobe off her and get right to it."

His statement made me visualize doing just that and seeing my own mother naked for the first time. After staring out the side window for thirty seconds, I whined, "Dad, what reason can you have for saying this stuff? I don't understand!"

"Glad you asked, Sport." He only called me Sport when he wanted to make fun of or degrade me. "I don't have A reason. Nope. I have four point seven MILLION reasons."

"Huh?"

"Who died last month?" Dad asked.

"Grandpa ...? Mom's father?" I answered like I was in a bad dream because this made no sense at all.

"Bingo! And his will left 4.7 MILLION dollars to your mother."

"WHAT?" I yelled. "THAT'S GREAT!"

"Hold on, Sport. That COULD be great, except for one little thing. The will said the money would go to the eldest child."

"But, that's Mom. She's two years older than Uncle Sean."

"How old is your mother?" Dad asked.

"Dad ...?"

"C'mon--how old?"

"You know she turned 39 just two weeks ago."

"Right. All that math is doing you some good. The thing is, the will says the money goes to the child UNDER 40 who has at least two children of their own."

"Uncle Sean has four kids," I said, seeing loads of money flying away.

"Yeah, Sean the idiot is about to become a millionaire if we don't do something about it."

"We?"

"You see, Sport, unfortunately I have a slight problem in the sperm count department. Like ALL mine has already been withdrawn from the sperm bank. That's where YOU come in, with the emphasis on 'cum.'"

So that was his plan. To get Mom pregnant and have another kid before she turned 40.

"Why don't you just do that artificial insemination thing?"

"Your mom has some weird religious beliefs, and 'unnatural procreation'—as she calls it—is one of them. Anyway, if I have to raise a kid, that kid is gonna have some of my blood in it. Understand? Plus, I'm not gonna have no other guy's sperm swimming around in my woman."

My dad was insanely jealous of my mother. If he hadn't been the Chief of Police, there were several times he would have been in deep trouble for assaulting various admirers that got too close or said the wrong thing to Mom. He didn't even like a guy looking at Mom.

"I still don't understand. What's different about having MY sperm swimming around?"

"That's because, and I hate to say it, you're a little wimp of a disappointment. Have been for all your life. Having your sperm do the job wouldn't be like another man, but like a nothing, like an extension of my own dick doing the work. You're Beth's son, for God's sake. She wouldn't in her craziest day think of you like a real man!" he laughed. "It would be a clinical artificial insemination in my estimation."

Crazy was the word! My dad wanted me to get my mother pregnant so he could get his hands on millions of dollars. Crazy! And I wasn't going to be part of it, even if it meant being poor for the rest of my life.

"I won't do it. I couldn't. Dad, please--she's my mother."

"You just have to start thinking of her more as a beautiful and sexy woman, and less as a mother. I began your training last night. I bet it started working already."

I wouldn't give him the satisfaction of ever knowing what thoughts I had when I was near mom this morning. Looking at her ass and her tits.

"Well, I have nothing to worry about," I said with a defiance I really didn't feel, "because, like you just said, you know how religious mom is and she's never go along with anything like this. She goes to church almost every day!"

He stopped the car in front of the school, peeled off his sunglasses, and looked at me. "I'm the Police Chief, and I know people, and I know things, and I know how to get people to do things. Have a nice day at school, Sport! And don't think about fucking that great body of your mom's too much while in class!"

I'd love to tell you that my father's words had no effect on me, but that would be a lie. All day long I had constant visions of my mother, accompanied by the memory of her smell and taste.

I tried to picture her baking or cooking or working in the garden, but all those stories ended up with her in her shower robe facing away from me and untying it and dropping it off her naked body.

I was finally glad to get home and do something constructive, like playing a video game, and forget about my father--and mother.

But, I was in for a surprise. As I entered the living room, there was my mother--in her shower robe. In the afternoon. On a school day.

"Mom! What are you doing home? Didn't you ever change ... I mean go out?"

"I did go out, Mr. Nosey. But, my afternoon meeting with the charity organization got cancelled. So, I thought, on a beautiful day like this, why not take a nice long run. Five miles! That's a new high for me. I don't think I've ever sweat so much! In fact, I'm just about to take another shower. And, I promise it'll be the last one today!"

Mom and her fitness. She had a workout program she really stuck to. Strength training, stretching, cardio--she did it all. That's what kept her so thin and toned.

"What do you weigh now?" I asked before I caught myself.

"Why ERIC! You should never ask a woman that. But, again, Mr. Nosey, if you have to know, I weigh an even 144! That's not too much for my height, do you think?" Mom put her hands on her hips and did a slow twirl around, ending with a sexy pose with her hands behind her head.

"Err ... no ... not too much, Mom."

"Get yourself a snack while I shower."

I was going to do exactly what she said until I saw her turn and head for the bathroom. Then, for some reason, I gave her a few seconds and followed. When it got hot, the bathroom door doesn't latch completely when you swing it shut; you have to consciously push it closed.

It was hot today, and the door had swung open about an inch. I took two deep breaths before getting up enough courage to peek in. There, just like my school-time visions was Mom in her robe, facing away from me. And, just like the vision, she untied it and shrugged it off her shoulders.

That's where reality took over from imagination. Although Mom didn't have a top on, she did still wear her tight blue running shorts. But, not for long, because she hooked her thumbs under the elastic waistband and pulled them down, revealing the two rounded muscular butt cheeks that were much lighter than her tanned body.

Mom never turned around, luckily, because she couldn't have missed my eye and face pressed against the doorjamb and door. Never turning around also meant I never saw her boobs or bush. She stepped out of her shorts with one foot, and kicked them up on top of the clothes in the portable nylon hamper we kept in the bathroom with the other.

I backed away before she headed into the shower.

I sat in the kitchen, absentmindedly eating a snack of cookies and milk while listening to the shower water run. I had thoughts like: "Mom's in there completely naked" and "I bet she would love someone to wash her back."

That's when I heard Mom shut off the water and minutes later say as she was heading for her bedroom, "Eric, do Mom a favor and carry the hamper down to the washer?"

"Okay, Mom," I called back.

I thought about trying to spy again as Mom was dressing, but didn't want to press my luck. I did just as I was told, and put the hamper near the washer down cellar.

As I was about to head upstairs, I saw those running shorts peeking out from under a white towel. I stood there thinking for a while before picking them out of the pile. They were inside out and wet--wet with the sweat of five miles of running on a hot day.

If this had been a normal day, I never would have thought twice about the laundry or the shorts. But, last night had made this an unordinary day.

I raised the crotch of the shorts to my nose and inhaled. The scent was much stronger than the panties. It had pussy juice drenched in sweat this time, a much more potent mixture. I filled my mouth with the inner lining of the shorts and sucked hard and swallowed as much perspiration and vaginal fluid as I could. It tasted like nothing I had ever experienced before.

And, there was another first: I had an erection that wouldn't quit. I had a hard-on for my mother.

"What would you say if I told you your mother was sex chatting up some young guy?" my dad casually asked me. He came to my room after dinner, an arrival I didn't welcome.

"Dad, you're nuts. You're paranoid. You always think every guy is looking at Mom. You're ridiculous with how you've always been jealous. I don't want to hear it."

"Eh, maybe you're right," Dad said. He had a laptop under his arm, one I had never seen before. "You know Charlie Sevinsky down at the station?"

"Your computer guy," I said.

"Computer Forensics Specialist, if you want to be specific. And he's good. I personally know how to use email--barely. But, Charlie, he knows his stuff."

Dad put the laptop on my desk and opened it. The screen glowed alive.

"I had Charlie put something he called a key-logger on your mom's computer. You know what it showed? It showed she was chatting up somebody by the name of BaBeeBoy69 on a site called ..." Dad took a slip of paper out of his breast pocket and read: "ShyBoys4Cougars.com."

I could only shake my head and open my mouth without a sound even making an attempt to come out.

Dad continued. "Now, if it had just been me, the trail would have ended there. But, not so for Charlie. This stuff's easy for him and he does it all day long. He traced BaBeeBoy69 back to a 57-year-old guy living with his own mother right here in town. Turns out he's on parole and wasn't hard to convince to give up his computer in return for not enforcing about a dozen parole violations he had. You can't imagine how cooperative people get when you're the Chief of Police."

I had to believe it now. For some reason Mom was on some weird website.

"This guy was pretending to be an 18-year-old virgin who was so shy he couldn't even talk to girls in person, but was looking for an older woman who would be an understanding mom-type. Your mom fell for that role in a big way, and wanted to nurture him and help him grow up."

"Maybe you should just leave her alone, Dad. You're never home, always working, and ignore her while you ARE here. So, maybe she wanted some attention. Is that so bad?" I was surprised I even knew what I was saying. A minute before I hadn't even thought of Mom's needs. I was also surprised Dad didn't haul off and whack the back of my head like usual.

"I'm really happy you're concerned, BaBeeBoy69, because you're taking over the chat duties with Mom!"

"WHAAAA?" was all I could say.

"Oh yeah. Your mother's going to be nurturing an 18-year-old boy, but, that boy will really be her son."

"I won't do it," I said, and folded my arms.

"Well, I tried," Dad said while closing the laptop and picking it up. He turned to leave my room.

I thought to myself "Whew! That was easy!"

That's when he turned back and said, "Remember that arrest of yours last year, the one for selling pot, the one that we never told your mother about, and the one where the case file got lost?"

"DAD! That was one time. A mistake I never made again like I promised!"

"Just wanted to tell you I found that file, and if it got into your permanent record, that big fancy school you got accepted to--and, all those other schools--would have no trouble saying so long to your college career. But, on the bright side, I hear they're

hiring down at the shipping depot: 12-hour shifts at night. So, you have THAT to look forward to."

He put the laptop down again on my desk along with the slip of paper. It had the website, username, and password. Dad didn't have to tell me to login, which I did. There was a red number one showing BaBeeBoy69 had a message.

"See what it is," Dad said.

I clicked it and it showed: "Can't wait to talk with you tonight at 8." It was from LilRedRyder. I looked at the clock at the bottom right corner of the computer: 7:10.

"LilRedRyder is your mom. I'll let your limited imagination figure out why she chose that. So, Sport, you're got some homework to do before 8. You have to read all the previous chats to get up to speed.

Turns out the previous chats had been flirtatious, but mostly polite. The guy obviously knew how to take his time and not scare somebody off. They had only texted, but BaBeeBoy69 was pushing to video-chat. My mother had protested that she didn't want her face to show, and the pervert had told her about using the preview button to check that nothing above the neck was going to show. He said he was even more scared to have his face online. I bet THAT statement was definitely true.

He told mom he wanted to see her so he knew it was a real person that was trying to help him. See, that was his angle, that he was so socially shy around girls that he needed an older woman who understood someone younger and wouldn't judge. I could relate.

And so, he had hit on Mom's weakness--she loved to help people and that's why she was so caught up in the goody two-shoes stuff in town and at the church (which was where she was now).

Dad came back to my room and said: "Showtime!"

I said, "I'm ready."

"That's why most criminals get caught," he said. "They're stupid like you. If you video-chat and your mother sees those posters on your wall, what is she going to say: 'Hey, they're set up just like Eric's' or 'What the fuck?'"

I looked behind me. He was right, and I hadn't thought of that.

"Come down cellar into our 'command center' that I've set up."

The command center turned out to be a corner of his home office where he had set up a card table with a tablecloth and a rug/tapestry thingy hung on the wall behind it. He also handed me a T-shirt showing a peace sign with an apple pie background and the word "Pie-ce" written in tie-dyed colors.

"All donated by BaBeeBoy69. He told us this was his on-air setup. So, what's good enough for him Plus, if there's any of him floating around the internet that you mother might have hunted up, this will mesh. Get it?"

I got it more than I liked it. I was hating ambushing Mom like this, but I didn't know what else to do.

When I logged on, there was a message already:

LilRedRyder: I'm here.

I wrote back:

BaBeeBoy69: Sorry I'm a little late.

LilRedRyder: Trouble?

BaBeeBoy69: No. My mom had me doing some chores.

LilRedRyder: How old is your mom?

I looked at my father, and he said, "We learn in law enforcement that the best lies are the ones with the most truth in them. Tell the truth about everything that doesn't give your identity away."

BaBeeBoy69: She's 39.

LilRedRyder: Hmmm. That's how old I am.

BaBeeBoy69: Strange.

LilRedRyder: Strange? You don't think of me like your mother do you? Does that make you uncomfortable?

BaBeeBoy69: I meant strange like coincidental.

LilRedRyder: Oh. OK. That's good

BaBeeBoy69: Do you have kids?

When there was a pause, my father gave my neck a squeeze and said, "Don't blow this." Then came an answer:

LilRedRyder: A son. He's 18. Just turned 18.

BaBeeBoy69: Hey! Like me. You don't think of me like a son, do you?

LilRedRyder: Turnabout is fair play! No. I think of you as a man, a young man.

BaBeeBoy69: How about if we video-chat?

LilRedRyder: I'm still not ready for that.

BaBeeBoy69: That's what you've been saying, but you'll like it.

LilRedRyder: I'm sure I will, but not yet.

"Accuse her of not being who she says she is. Force her hand," Dad said.

BaBeeBoy69: I've heard that online predators never show themselves. You're kind of scaring me.

LilRedRyder: Please don't be scared. I'm telling the truth.

BaBeeBoy69: Then, turn on your camera like I've told you for the last two weeks so your face doesn't show.

There was a pause of over a minute. I thought Dad was going to be impatient and slap the back of my head or something, but he just stood there silent.

LilRedRyder: OK. I think I have it now.

Dad said, "I could smell that coming. Now what I need from you is to coax out some naked pictures from her. You know how to take screenshots, right?"

"Duh!" I said. He probably would have done me some damage if the screen hadn't been filled with my mom's cleavage. She had on scoop-necked mint green tank top.

Obviously, she had no bra on. I could see from the background she was in a small office at the church where she volunteered. From the state of my mom's nipples, the air conditioner was going full blast.

BaBeeBoy69: Wow!

LilRedRyder: There. Satisfied?

BaBeeBoy69: I guess you're for real.

LilRedRyder: They sure are!

Mom gave her boobs a little shake back and forth.

LilRedRyder: Now your turn.

"Make sure the microphone is muted," Dad said. I turned on my camera.

LilRedRyder: Are you Simple Simon?

BaBeeBoy69: What?

LilRedRyder: Sorry. The pie. That old rhyme about the pieman.

BaBeeBoy69: Oh yeah. I hadn't heard that in a while.

LilRedRyder: So, do I look like your mom too?

BaBeeBoy69: No way. She can't show off what she has like you can!

I looked at Dad and he shrugged an approval.

LilRedRyder: I'm glad you approve.

BaBeeBoy69: I really appreciate seeing you. It makes me know you're who you say you are.

LilRedRyder: I'm glad you talked me into this now. I feel better too.

We went slow and talked about growing up and how to feel comfortable around girls. Then she asked:

LilRedRyder: Stand up so I can see the rest of you.

Luckily I had some generic jeans on. I stood and turned all the way around.

LilRedRyder: How tall are you?

BaBeeBoy69: 5'9.5"

LilRedRyder: We're almost the same height.

BaBeeBoy69: Now your turn. Stand up.

A long pause before she pushed her chair back and did a twirl.

BaBeeBoy69: Wow! You have an amazing butt. I bet you've got a flat stomach too.

LilRedRyder: I work hard to keep it that way, too.

BaBeeBoy69: Let's see it.

LilRedRyder: No.

BaBeeBoy69: If you work that hard on those abs, they deserve to be shown.

LilRedRyder: No.

"Tell her 'If they're anything like those tits and that ass you have, they must be spectacular,'" Dad commanded. I looked at him with disbelief. "Women want to show their bodies. They're looking for permission to be naughty. Sometimes they need a good nudge." Then he pointed to the keyboard. I wrote what he said.

There was a long pause.

LilRedRyder: You surprise me, you naughty boy!

Mom got up and lifted her tank top past her navel, showing off a tanned and toned stomach.

Dad said, "Keep saying 'higher' until she quits.

BaBeeBoy69: Higher.

Mom lifted up to the bottom of her rib cage.

BaBeeBoy69: Higher.

She lifted to just below her boobs.

BaBeeBoy69: Higher.

The shirt went up, showing her breasts to just below the nipples. I took a quick screenshot, and before I could make one last request, she dropped the shirt and sat down.

LilRedRyder: I can't believe you got me to do that!

BaBeeBoy69: You have such an amazing body. Wow!

LilRedRyder: Now, what are you going to show me?

BaBeeBoy69: Not my stomach after seeing YOURS!

"Tell her you'll show her the top of your pubic hair."

"Dad! I won't. Plus, that'll scare her away."

"Trust me," he said. "Women like to force the issue as much as men. They just don't want people to know it."

LilRedRyder: Then, what?

BaBeeBoy69: The top of my pubic hair."

LilRedRyder: I beg your pardon!

BaBeeBoy69: I'll show you where my pubic hair starts.

A long pause while Mom squirmed in her seat.

LilRedRyder: OK.

This time, the pause was mine. "Hurry up before she chickens out. You got her going."

I stood, unbuttoned my pants and unzipped them. For greater control, I used both thumbs to gently guide my white underwear to the spot where two or three pubic hairs looked over the waistband.

LilRedRyder: Lower.

I pulled down until there was an inch of black tangles showing.

LilRedRyder: Lower.

This time I went to just where my cock started, showing all of my pubic triangle.

LilRedRyder: I have to go.

Then, the screen went dark.

"I told you it would scare her away," I said.

Before I could get my pants up, Dad ripped them and my underwear down, springing totally into view my raging erection!

"My God, Eric. Where'd you get THAT thing? That's the biggest cock I've ever seen, and I've had to witness quite a few in the line of duty. Look at this," he said as he grabbed the leather nightstick he carried in his belt and placed it aside of my penis. "This is ten inches long, and it's only a little longer than that concealed weapon you've been carrying."

I pulled my pants up, ashamed that Dad saw I was excited.

"Damn! Your mother made a man of you tonight!"

Mom got home about a half hour later. Dad, as usual, had been called out on some police business.

"Eric, how's my favorite son?" she joked. Although now, if I hadn't been BaBeeBoy69 myself, I would have been jealous of her "other" son.

"I'm good, Mom. How was the meeting?"

"Boring. Same sort of stuff, but I think I'm really helping someone," she said as she put down her purse and carryall bag. She was wearing the conservative skirt and blouse she left in, and must have changed into the outfit of tight jeans and tank top for our chat.

"Do you want something cold to drink," she asked before heading for the kitchen.

"No thanks, Mom." As soon as she rounded the corner, I dove for her bag and discovered I was right. There was her chat uniform: tank top under her neatly folded jeans. I noticed that the crotch of her jeans was slightly darker. A little further digging showed another surprise--a pair of pink panties. I heard Mom head for the bathroom and knew I had a few more seconds to explore.

I held up the panties by the waistband and decided to give them a good sniff. When I did, I found they were completely soaked with pussy juice. I didn't feel guilty licking their interior until I heard the bathroom door open. After all, I figured I was the cause of their flavor.

"So, what did you do tonight, my darling son?"

"I studied some anatomy." I watched her face, and it got a little smile on it.

"Learn much?"

"Not as much as I'll need for my exam. Maybe I'll ask for some help."

"I'd offer," she said, "but I don't think I'd be of any use."

"Mom, you have more important things to do than teaching some 18-year-old kid anatomy."

She laughed out loud. "Maybe you don't know your mom as well as you think! How about using some of that anatomy knowledge and giving your mom a little back-rub. I was holding myself in a funny position for a long time and got a little ache in my neck."

She sat down and I got behind her and started a gentle rub of her neck. "Mmmmm," she said. "But, you're going to have to do it harder if you want me to really feel it."

I felt my cock growing at those words. I was shocked to feel my cock twitch and realize I was really thinking about fucking my own mother! "Aaaahhh! That's much better," she whispered.

"I bet you didn't think somebody my age could know how to make you feel this good, Mom."

"You'd be surprised at what I think a boy your age would be able to accomplish!"

Completely harmless statement if I didn't know what was behind it. "Want me to go higher or lower?"

"Lower, lower, lower!" she said, obviously mimicking in her mind the commands she had given me. She was enjoying reliving our chat.

I rubbed her back for about five minutes, and then she said, "I'm bushed, and heading for bed. Goodnight sweetie." I gave her a tight hug, feeling those tits that I had almost seen, and then gave her a kiss on the cheek that caught about 50 percent of her mouth this time.

"Good dreams, Mom."

"I know I will, Eric."

When I got back to my room, I looked at the chat room site and there was a message from LilRedRyder. It said "Really enjoyed your company. Chat tomorrow at 4?" I wrote back: "Sounds great!"

"You know we only have a few more days to get this done. Your mother's fertile time is coming up quick. And, I have to leave for that conference Albany this morning. I'll be gone for 2 days, and I'm counting on you to have some naked photos I can use as leverage when I get back."

"I don't think Mom will go for it," I said. After the other night, I wasn't sure.

"Just keep after her. We have to get a photo of at least her boobs and her face so we can identify her. Completely naked would be the best."

"What if I back out?" I said.

"You mean that hard-on was fake and you don't want to see you mother's shapely body naked? And, you don't mind never being able to get into college? I thought so! Here's a bag of clothes you can wear while chatting that she won't recognize. Typical sting operation stuff, this. You'll get the flavor of it--or not!"

After Dad left, I went through my zombie routine at school and got home about three. Mom wasn't there, but arrived at ten of four.

"Eric, I'm going to my room to take a nap, so please don't disturb me until I wake up."

No hug or kiss. That was that. I hurried down to Dad's office and unlocked it. For the first time in my life, he had given me a key to his perpetually locked office. I changed into a pair of black running shorts and a white shirt that said "Change" surrounded by coins.

When I saw Mom's icon indicate she was online, I send a video chat request. She accepted. I should have known something was up by the way she was dressed. Nothing provocative at all.

BaBeeBoy69: Hi!

LilRedRyder: I think things got out of hand yesterday.

BaBeeBoy69: How?

LilRedRyder: Things just went WAY too far. Farther than I intended

BaBeeBoy69: Are you angry with me?

LilRedRyder: Not with you. With myself.

BaBeeBoy69: You didn't do anything wrong.

LilRedRyder: I'm supposed to be the mature one here and help you with your shyness.

BaBeeBoy69: You are. I talked to some people today I never would have before.

I was scared that this was all going to blow up and have Dad on the warpath. I was winging it as best I could.

LilRedRyder: I'm glad, but that doesn't make what I was doing right.

BaBeeBoy69: You're helping my confidence more than you know.

LilRedRyder: I'm glad. Let's just keep it friendly. OK?

BaBeeBoy69: You're dressed different.

LilRedRyder: I sent you the wrong signal yesterday. My bad.

BaBeeBoy69: It was good to me. You have a tremendous body and it should be appreciated.

LilRedRyder: Maybe this isn't a good idea any more.

BaBeeBoy69: You're going to reject me. Just like everyone.

LilRedRyder: No, no. You don't understand. I just want to set up some boundaries.

BaBeeBoy69: You were probably laughing at me when you teased me.

LilRedRyder: Teased you?

BaBeeBoy69: Yeah, almost showing me your boobs. Not fair.

LilRedRyder: That's what I mean. I went too far. I'm sorry.

BaBeeBoy69: I want to see your tits.

Dad had said be aggressive when the going gets tough. I figured using "tits" instead of "boobs" sounded aggressive.

LilRedRyder: I won't do that. Like I said. That was a mistake.

BaBeeBoy69: Just this once.

LilRedRyder: No.

BaBeeBoy69: You got me to show you stuff. You call that fair?

LilRedRyder: I said it was my mistake.

BaBeeBoy69: You had your way. Admit you liked it, when I showed you my pubic hair.

LilRedRyder: This isn't getting us any where.

BaBeeBoy69: Just admit you liked it, that it excited you.

A long pause then:

LilRedRyder: We're human beings and each one of us has desires. But they have to be controlled.

BaBeeBoy69: You excited me too.

A long pause.

LilRedRyder: I did? Well it's my responsibility to direct that in a positive way.

BaBeeBoy69: You should have seen the erection I got because of you.

LilRedRyder: You shouldn't be saying that to me.

BaBeeBoy69: It's true. I bet you want to see my cock just like I want to see your tits.

LilRedRyder: That's not true.

BaBeeBoy69: Tell me you don't want to blow my mind with a look at your tits!

LilRedRyder: I'm going to leave.

BaBeeBoy69: Tell me you don't want to see the effect your beautiful body has on my cock.

LilRedRyder: You have to stop.

BaBeeBoy69: Just show me your tits once.

LilRedRyder: This is going nowhere.

BaBeeBoy69: Then this is the end?

LilRedRyder: I didn't mean that.

BaBeeBoy69: What's the big deal. I've never seen real tits in person and I wanted you to be my first.

LilRedRyder: That's a nice thought, but no.

BaBeeBoy69: Then, goodbye. I thought we had something.

I logged off. I thought that's what Dad would do. I went upstairs and listened at Mom's bedroom door. She was rustling around, and definitely not sleeping. By the time I got back to Dad's office, there was a message from her: "I didn't mean to hurt you. Sorry. We can make this work."

I wrote back: "Show me your tits and I'll show you my stiff cock."

I stared at the screen for fifteen minutes. Finally, a little red "one" appeared. I clicked it, and it said "OK."

Mom must have done some serious soul-searching in those fifteen minutes and wrestled with her excitement and desires. Desires won, apparently.

I initiated the reconnection, and finally a picture of Mom appeared in the video window. She had on her green shower robe.

LilRedRyder: Hi.

BaBeeBoy69: Hi.

LilRedRyder: I'm sorry for any misunderstanding.

BaBeeBoy69: Just being back here with you makes me feel lots better.

LilRedRyder: Me too. We've spent a lot of time chatting, and I don't want to throw that away.

BaBeeBoy69: You've changed clothes. I like your robe.

LilRedRyder: I figured this would make it easier to get this over with.

BaBeeBoy69: I wish you didn't think of it like that.

LilRedRyder: This is difficult for me. I'm not like this.

BaBeeBoy69: Are you saying you're not curious about what my cock looks like?

LilRedRyder: I didn't say that. I'm just guilty about it. You're as young as my son.

BaBeeBoy69: You've never seen his cock?

LilRedRyder: Let's not talk about him.

BaBeeBoy69: OK. Let me see your tits, please.

Mom took a long time, and I didn't interrupt her. She went for the lapels first like she was going to pull them back over her breasts. But, she finally decided to undo the belt. The robe fell partially open showing skin from her neck to her waist while she was seated in front of the camera. All the time she was careful never to show her face.

Finally, she parted the robe and shrugged it back over her shoulders. This gave me the first look at the most beautiful breasts I ever saw. They were big and full and tipped with light-colored pink nipples. The circles around her nipples were barely visible—a redhead thing, I guessed.

BaBeeBoy69: Wow! They're beautiful!

LilRedRyder: Thank you.

BaBeeBoy69: I bet they're nice and heavy. I would love to feel them.

LilRedRyder: A man has to be gentle with a woman's breasts.

BaBeeBoy69: I would love to suck them.

I waited for a response, but got none.

BaBeeBoy69: You would like that wouldn't you?

No response again, but I bet Mom's panties were warming up again.

BaBeeBoy69: Lean forward so they hang a little bit.

I thought I would get a protest, but she did exactly as I said. Her breasts dangled down and she swayed her shoulders back and forth to make them wave in front of the camera. At one point, her chin and lower lip were visible. I had been taking screenshots all along, and didn't miss that one either.

When she went to put the robe back on, I said:

BaBeeBoy69: Leave it off.

LilRedRyder: I gave you what you wanted. That's enough.

BaBeeBoy69: Don't you want to see my cock?

LilRedRyder: Don't make me ask.

BaBeeBoy69: If you leave the robe off, I'll bet it'll be extra hard.

LilRedRyder: OK. It's off.

BaBeeBoy69: Tell me what you want me to do. Like yesterday.

I got up and made sure my crotch was center stage on the camera. Evidently Mom didn't need much encouragement.

LilRedRyder: Pull your shorts down. Slowly.

I did as she said, and inched the running shorts past my hips, then showing pubic hair, then down to where I had stopped yesterday.

LilRedRyder: More. Please more.

I pulled past the first inch of my thick cock, then continued as I fed inch after inch into view.

LilRedRyder: Oh my God!

I held my cock pointing downward as I lowered my shorts. Finally the mushroom-shaped purple head of my penis showed as my shorts neared my knees.

LilRedRyder: I can't believe it!

I aimed my penis closer to the camera and give Mom several angles at it. Finally I pointed it directly towards the camera, and could see that the pre-cum had started to flow in a gooey drip that hung suspended from the tip.

BaBeeBoy69: Admit it. You'd like to lick that off.

No response.

BaBeeBoy69: You'd like to suck on it, wouldn't you?

Nothing for about thirty seconds, but I could see Mom's tits swaying as she squirmed her hips back and forth unconsciously.

BaBeeBoy69: You'd let me cum in your mouth, wouldn't you?

Mom's right hand reached down out of view. I gave her a few seconds before I said:

BaBeeBoy69: You want to swallow my sperm, don't you?

A long pause, then a single word:

LilRedRyder: Yes.

Then she awoke from her trance and pulled her robe on.

LilRedRyder: I have to go.

And she logged off, much to my disappointment. But, I learned a couple things from Dad, and one was not to let someone off the hook.

I immediately sent a message: "I want to cum for you. I want you to watch me cum."

It took ten minutes for you reply to come: "No. That would be too much. This was enough." I wrote back: "Admit you want to see all the cum you made me produce."

She came back online.

LilRedRyder: You got to see my boobs, and I got to see your cock. That was the bargain.

BaBeeBoy69: I need to cum because of you.

LilRedRyder: Well. Take care of that on your own.

BaBeeBoy69: You admitted you'd love to give me a blowjob.

LilRedRyder: That's not what I said.

BaBeeBoy69: So, you wouldn't love it. To have my big cock in your mouth.

LilRedRyder: You're making this hard.

I stood up and gave her another shot at my stiff cock.

BaBeeBoy69: You made THIS hard!

LilRedRyder: It's so big.

BaBeeBoy69: Over nine inches.

LilRedRyder: OMG!

BaBeeBoy69: Your tongue would feel so good licking the end.

LilRedRyder: Don't do this.

BaBeeBoy69: Then sucking the whole head into your mouth.

LilRedRyder: My mouth is small.

BaBeeBoy69: I would put my hand on the back of your head and pull your mouth onto it.

LilRedRyder: I would open my mouth wide and pump your cock until you came.

That's when a sudden inspiration hit me.

BaBeeBoy69: I want to cum on your mouth.

LilRedRyder: What?

BaBeeBoy69: Take a closeup picture of your open mouth and email it to me.

LilRedRyder: I told you I don't want any pictures of my face.

BaBeeBoy69: Just your mouth. I'll print it and cum on your open mouth, giving you all my sperm.

LilRedRyder: With me watching.

BaBeeBoy69: Right.

I gave her a throwaway email address I had and told her to take a closeup photo with her phone and use a similar junk address (which I know she used all the time) to send it to me. Within five minutes, I was holding a freshly-printed picture of a woman's nostril's lips, open mouth, and slightly extended tongue. That woman, obviously (to me who had seen that mouth every day of my life), was my mother. And I was about to soak this photo.

I showed the photo to the camera.

BaBeeBoy69: Beautiful mouth.

LilRedRyder: Thank you.

BaBeeBoy69: I've never kissed a girl. I would love to French kiss you.

LilRedRyder: I would stick my tongue down your throat.

BaBeeBoy69: You tell me what you want me to do.

LilRedRyder: Guide you, like I'm really there?

BaBeeBoy69: Yeah. Tell me what you want to do to me with your mouth.

LilRedRyder: I want to kneel down in front of you, in front of that big hard cock of yours.

I stroked my cock close to the camera. The tip was leaking great amounts of pre-cum, and it was stretching down until it broke free in a string and landed on the table.

LilRedRyder: Oh, that looks so good. I would lick that all up.

LilRedRyder: I would use both hands on that monster, and give you a beautiful handjob to start.

LilRedRyder: Then, I would take you into my mouth and suck hard.

I was starting to pump my cock harder. It suddenly hit me that this was for real. My own mother was telling me how she would love to give me a blowjob. The fact that she didn't know it was her son she was talking to made it all the more exciting because of the deception.

I paused to type:

BaBeeBoy69: Tell me you want me to cum in your mouth.

LilRedRyder: I want to feel your sperm shoot down my throat, to taste all of you.

LilRedRyder: I want to swallow all your semen and sperm, drain every drop of you.

That did it--suddenly my cock head expanded and felt like it was going to burst with the blood pressure. But, all that burst was the dyke holding my cum back. Stream after stream (I unconsciously counted 8) of thick, hot white cum hit my mother's tongue and chin, and lips. I held the picture so that all the cum pooled in one nice pudding-like puddle on my mother's mouth.

While I was cumming, I had said: "Mom!" I looked and was relieved that the mute was active.

I showed mom the picture.

LilRedRyder: OMG! I never saw so much cum.

BaBeeBoy69: I wish it was all in your stomach right now.

LilRedRyder: Me too. I don't know if I could keep up with swallowing all that.

BaBeeBoy69: I'd make you swallow it all.

LilRedRyder: OMG! You would, wouldn't you.

LilRedRyder: That was the single most sexually exciting thing I've ever seen.

BaBeeBoy69: I bet your pussy is soaked.

That seemed to break the spell.

LilRedRyder: I have to go now.

BaBeeBoy69: I want to see your pussy.

LilRedRyder: That's not going to happen.

BaBeeBoy69: You saw my cock.

LilRedRyder: Guys are different.

BaBeeBoy69: Let me see your pussy.

LilRedRyder: Only doctors and my husband have seen it.

BaBeeBoy69: Now I want to see it.

LilRedRyder: No way. That's it. I showed you my boobs. And, you got to see my mouth and tongue.

BaBeeBoy69: Now I want to see your pussy.

LilRedRyder: I have to go.

BaBeeBoy69: OK. Just the top of your pubic hair.

LilRedRyder: How do you know I'm not completely shaved?

BaBeeBoy69: Your pubic hair, if you've got any.

Mom stood up in front of the camera. I expected more of a protest, but like Dad has said, women like to show off their body. Mom had put her robe back on, and began to pull back the bottom.

BaBeeBoy69: Take your robe off.

LilRedRyder: That'll leave me just with panties on.

BaBeeBoy69: Good!

Mom untied the robe and let it drop to the floor. There she stood as she angled the screen and camera down until it centered on her tight blue panties and what was under

them. She took her thumbs and pushed the fronts down a millimeter at a time (it seemed). Suddenly, the first little curl sprung free. A beautiful bright kinky red hair. More followed until the first half inch of Mom's pubic hair was in view.

BaBeeBoy69: OMG!

BaBeeBoy69: OMG!

BaBeeBoy69: You're a redhead!

BaBeeBoy69: I LOVE that!

BaBeeBoy69: Lower!

She obeyed and now there was a full inch in view.

BaBeeBoy69: Lower!

She stopped, stooped down, letting her breasts dangle in front of the camera, and wrote:

LilRedRyder: That's all.

BaBeeBoy69: Your red hair is getting me hard again!

I wasn't lying. I showed my rejuvenated erection to the camera.

LilRedRyder: I can't believe it! It's so big. Again! So soon!

BaBeeBoy69: Lower!

My cock had a positive effect, because Mom repositioned herself and pulled her panties down while forcing her legs together so that all that was showing was her full, glorious bush and no slit or opening. The good part was that when she reached to pull them down, her face came directly into view of the camera. I caught THE photo that definitely tied Mom to the chat and to her room.

BaBeeBoy69: Now I want to see your vagina.

LilRedRyder: I have to go.

And she did. She got offline.

I was so close to having her show me everything. I felt it. She was super horny and ready I blew it. Now she probably was in her room doing herself to relieve the tension.

Maybe I could stop that. I made a quick phone call, changed my clothes and ran up to Mom's room. It took less than two minutes.

I listened at Mom's door and heard sighs and grunts and moans. I was right. Mom was masturbating.

I knocked loudly. "Mom? You okay?"

There was a hurried flurry of things getting put in place before Mom partially opened the door. She was still in the green robe, but it was tightly tied.

"Eric, what do you want? I told you I was going to sleep for a while."

"It's been an awful long time, Mom. And when I came to check on you, I heard noises like you were sick or having a bad dream or something. I'm sorry I bothered you. Sorry for caring."

"Eric, honey," Mom said as she opened her door. "I woke up too quickly, that's all. Come give me a hug. I'm sorry."

I hugged Mom, those tits, the ones I had just seen for the first time, pressed against me. I ground forward a little until I made contact with Mom's crotch. All the while visualizing her great flaming-red bush.

Another thing I noticed was that the room reeked of Mom's pussy. I knew what it smelled like, and the air in there was full of her. Our chat had heated that thing up to the boiling point. Now I had to keep it simmering.

"Mom, I ordered a pizza for us both. It should be here any minute."

"Any minute?" She sighed. "I'll be right out, honey."

Nothing like a son to break the mood. If she had only known that THIS son had just cum all over her face, the mood would have been even different.

There was one more piece to the puzzle to keep this thing moving. I ran back to the laptop and typed Mom a message: "What would my cock feel like in your vagina? Tell me at 10?"

I waited, and a few minutes later, a message from LilRedRyder read: "OK."

"Glad I got the pizza, Mom?"

"Huh? Oh yeah. Real glad."

"You all right? You seem like you're a million miles away," I said.

"Just thinking of something I saw today," she said nonchalantly.

"Care to share?" I was enjoying playing the dual role of sex chat partner and devoted son.

"Nothing important. How about you?"

"I saw some interesting stuff on the internet today. Some rare shots of natural beauty."

"I'm glad you're learning to appreciate what goes on around us in this world. I'm proud of you."

I wondered if she would still be proud if she knew I was talking about her boobs and pussy.

Mom never quite recovered and kept looking at the clock while we watched TV together. I sat closer to her than usual, and at one point, she leaned close and rested her head against my shoulder. I put my hand on her thigh like I'd done a million times in the past. But, this time that hand wanted to dive into her crotch.

At 9:50, Mom stood up and said, "I'm still tired and want to go to bed. Thanks for spending time with me tonight, honey. Your mom enjoyed the company. I'm sure you want to go downstairs and play some of those video games, right?" She smiled.

"I guess. I'll be downstairs if you need me, Mom." I'll be downstairs trying to get you naked again, that is.

Mom gave me a hug and held on for longer than usual. Then she said, "Goodnight," and went for a kiss on the cheek.

Instead, I kissed her full on the lips. It wasn't a long one or a hard one, but it was right on the mouth. That same mouth I had cum on earlier. I turned and walked away as if nothing had happened. She was still standing there as I left the room.

I was already online when Mom, or LilRedRyder, arrived. She was wearing her robe again. I put on the same outfit as earlier.

LilRedRyder: I'm here.

BaBeeBoy69: Me too. I've been waiting a little while and didn't want to miss you.

LilRedRyder: We have to talk.

BaBeeBoy69: We are talking.

LilRedRyder: I mean about how serious it is about what's taken place here.

BaBeeBoy69: You seem to enjoy it as much as I do.

LilRedRyder: That's not the point. It's about responsibility.

I didn't respond. Dad had said that when you don't know what to say, shut up. The other person will try and fill in the gap and give away something important you can use.

LilRedRyder: We went too fast. We have to take it slower.

BaBeeBoy69: It felt right, what we did and how spontaneous it was.

LilRedRyder: Feeling right doesn't make it so. I'm older and should know better.

BaBeeBoy69: You came to this site because of the age difference, right?

LilRedRyder: Yes. Because I wanted to mentor and bring some boy out of his shell.

BaBeeBoy69: Not to see his big cock?

There was no answer.

BaBeeBoy69: Did you think about what I asked you?

LilRedRyder: I'd rather continue our discussion.

BaBeeBoy69: Did you think about what I asked you? About what my cock would feel like.

LilRedRyder: Don't do this.

BaBeeBoy69: About what my cock would feel like in your pussy.

No answer.

BaBeeBoy69: Have you ever had a cock this big in your pussy?

I stood up and showed my hard-on, the one I had since she sat down in that robe. After 15 seconds and no response, I said:

BaBeeBoy69: Is it bigger than your husband's?

LilRedRyder: I won't answer that.

BaBeeBoy69: It's a simple question. Is it bigger than your husband's. Yes or no.

A long pause.

LilRedRyder: Yes.

BaBeeBoy69: So, if I slid this into your pussy, it would stretch you?

LilRedRyder: Yes.

BaBeeBoy69: It would fill you?

LilRedRyder: It would hurt.

BaBeeBoy69: But, you would love it.

LilRedRyder: Why are you doing this?

BaBeeBoy69: Would you love having my cock in your tight pussy?

LilRedRyder: Yes. I would love it.

BaBeeBoy69: Would it make you cum?

LilRedRyder: Let's not talk about my sexual behavior.

BaBeeBoy69: Would it make you cum? If I was sliding my big cock in and out of your pussy?

LilRedRyder: Yes, it would make me cum. Satisfied? I was truthful with you.

BaBeeBoy69: Thanks for that. It makes me happy that I could satisfy you.

LilRedRyder: Now can we talk of other things?

BaBeeBoy69: Take off your robe. I showed you my cock again, and I want to see those big tits.

To my surprise, without any hesitation, Mom dropped the robe behind her, giving my grateful eyes a feast of breast.

LilRedRyder: There.

BaBeeBoy69: More beautiful than before.

LilRedRyder: You're trying to be a charmer.

BaBeeBoy69: That was ME being truthful.

LilRedRyder: So, now that we got your question out of the way, what do you want to talk about?

BaBeeBoy69: Oral sex.

LilRedRyder: Be serious.

BaBeeBoy69: I am. This afternoon we talked about blowjobs, but I don't know how a guy can do that for a girl.

LilRedRyder: So, you are serious?

BaBeeBoy69: Yeah. I don't get it.

LilRedRyder: It's called cunnilingus.

BaBeeBoy69: I know I've never heard of that. How does it happen? You lick around down there?

LilRedRyder: You suck, very gently, on a woman's clitoris. That's the most sexually sensitive part of a woman. It makes her have an orgasm.

BaBeeBoy69: Clitoris? I think I've heard that word, but don't know what it is.

LilRedRyder: There's a little protrusion at the top of the folds, the labia.

BaBeeBoy69: Show me.

LilRedRyder: What?

BaBeeBoy69: Show me where your clitoris is.

LilRedRyder: No.

BaBeeBoy69: Show me where your clitoris is.

LilRedRyder: That would definitely be inappropriate.

BaBeeBoy69: More inappropriate than me cumming on the picture you sent me?

LilRedRyder: That was in the heat of the moment.

BaBeeBoy69: And this would be you actually teaching, mentoring me in something important.

LilRedRyder: I won't do it.

BaBeeBoy69: You already showed me your pubic hair. It would be just a little more.

LilRedRyder: That's a lot more.

BaBeeBoy69: Stand up. Are you wearing the same panties as today?

There was a pause.

LilRedRyder: I'm not wearing panties.

BaBeeBoy69: Then, even easier. Just stand up and show me.

LilRedRyder: Don't make me.

Dad said when somebody begs, it's a sure sign you're in control. "Don't make me" sounded like begging to me.

BaBeeBoy69: Stand up.

She did, and stood with her legs pressed together just like earlier.

BaBeeBoy69: Move your feet apart so I can see more.

Mom assumed a wide stance. This caused her vaginal slit to show darker through the red curls.

LilRedRyder: That's as far as I'll go.

BaBeeBoy69: The whole point is to show me where your clitoris is.

LilRedRyder: It's there, at the top.

Mom pointed to a spot about a half inch down from where the dark division line began.

BaBeeBoy69: I don't see it.

LilRedRyder: Well, it's covered by the labia, the vaginal lips.

BaBeeBoy69: Pull them apart so I can see.

LilRedRyder: Please don't make me.

BaBeeBoy69: Show me your clitoris.

Mom angled the camera and got her crotch close. Then with her right middle finger, she reached down and ran it from bottom to top of her slit, parting all that red hair. Then she used both hands to pull apart her pussy. It showed light pink and shiny with juices. At the top, two folds of skin formed a tight inverted "V"--and at the point of that

"V" was a hard button of flesh. Mom's finger pointed repeatedly at it. Then, she sat down.

LilRedRyder: That was it.

BaBeeBoy69: And you suck on that?

LilRedRyder: Yes.

BaBeeBoy69: And that makes a woman cum?

LilRedRyder: Oh yes.

BaBeeBoy69. And it's sensitive?

LilRedRyder: You have to be gentle.

BaBeeBoy69: That how your husband makes you cum?

There was a pause.

LilRedRyder: OK. Since we're being truthful, my husband's never done that to me. Says it isn't for him.

BaBeeBoy69: Must make you mad.

LilRedRyder: More disappointed.

BaBeeBoy69: I got an idea.

LilRedRyder: What now?

BaBeeBoy69: I'm sending you a picture of my mouth.

LilRedRyder: Why?

BaBeeBoy69: Like today, but in reverse.

LilRedRyder: I don't understand.

BaBeeBoy69: I want you to pretend I'm sucking on your clitoris.

LilRedRyder: I'm still not getting it.

BaBeeBoy69: I want you to make yourself cum by rubbing your clitoris.

BaBeeBoy69: Hold my picture close, like I'm sucking on it.

LilRedRyder: Masturbate in front of you? No way.

BaBeeBoy69: I did it for you.

LilRedRyder: That's different.

BaBeeBoy69: I'm sending the picture.

Of course, I wasn't going to send my OWN photo. I quickly cropped a photo from my phone. It was a handsome guy who was friends with a friend of a friend. The expression of the mouth looked perfect, though. I emailed it. A second later, I saw Mom pick up her phone and look.

LilRedRyder: Be right back.

I knew she was sending it to the printer in her room. When she returned:

LilRedRyder: You've got a handsome mouth.

BaBeeBoy69: Picture my lips around that clitoris.

LilRedRyder: I can't do this.

BaBeeBoy69: Rub your clitoris.

LilRedRyder: No.

BaBeeBoy69: Reach down and imagine it's my tongue swirling around.

LilRedRyder: Don't make me do this.

BaBeeBoy69: Admit it. You want to cum, don't you?

After I spoiled her climax that afternoon, I suspected what her answer would be.

LilRedRyder: Yes.

BaBeeBoy69: Then cum for me. Just me. Right now. Let me watch you enjoy it.

LilRedRyder: I have to move the camera.

Mom took the laptop and put it on the hassock in front of her chair. She sat, completely naked on the edge of the chair and put her feet on the edge of the hassock, bending her knees almost all the way. She angled the camera so there was a closeup of her pussy. From this angle, I could see the dark entrance of her vagina as well.

LilRedRyder: I'll look at your photo while I'm doing this.

BaBeeBoy69: I can see your whole vagina. It's wet.

LilRedRyder: I didn't think about that. I guess there are no secrets left.

BaBeeBoy69: It looks delicious. I'd love to taste you.

Of course, I had already tasted that pussy, if only by pairs of panties. Seeing it made the memory even better though.

LilRedRyder: You've got me so excited. I can't believe it.

BaBeeBoy69: OK. I'll watch and you relax and enjoy it. Think of me sucking on you.

Mom's middle finger came into view. It slid up and down her slit, and reached into her vagina, bringing with it lubrication. Then, she started rubbing that clit in earnest. Her hips began moving in little thrusts that became more pronounced. She was lost in the moment and getting close.

Another unexpected benefit was that in her sexual oblivion, Mom's feet had repositioned the camera. This now gave a clear shot, not only of her pussy, but of her tits and face as she leaned back.

Suddenly, it happened. Mom was cumming. She speeded up her hand until it practically vibrated against her clit. Her face contorted as she opened her mouth wide towards the ceiling. From upstairs, I heard "AAAHH! OOHH! OOHH!" Mom was mindlessly screaming out her orgasm. Not even aware of it. If I had normally heard that, it would have sent me rushing to her. Not tonight, though. A series of violent shakes took her over. Of course, I was capturing screenshot after screenshot of this.

LilRedRyder: Oh. I can't believe it.

BaBeeBoy69: That was amazing. I've never seen a woman cum before.

LilRedRyder: I can't believe it happened so quick.

BaBeeBoy69: It's because I was watching and appreciating.

LilRedRyder: I can't believe you got me to do that.

BaBeeBoy69: You must have needed it.

LilRedRyder: You have no idea!

LilRedRyder: Now it's your turn.

BaBeeBoy69: For what?

LilRedRyder: For you to come.

BaBeeBoy69: Like today?

LilRedRyder: No. Something better.

BaBeeBoy69: What could be better than that?

LilRedRyder: I'm going to put my mouth in front of the camera.

BaBeeBoy69: OK.

LilRedRyder: And you shoot your sperm right at your camera.

BaBeeBoy69: So it'll look like I'm cumming right in your mouth.

LilRedRyder: Exactly.

BaBeeBoy69: You would love to blow me, wouldn't you.

LilRedRyder: You know I would, and I'd swallow all that hot cum of yours.

That orgasm has sure loosened Mom up. I shot ropes of cum straight at the camera while Mom made swallowing motions with her gorgeous mouth. Seeing her throat contract as she swallowed made it all the more exciting.

The next morning I said, "You sure seem in a better mood today." Mom had been humming while making breakfast.

"That's what a good night's sleep will do for a girl."

"I was hoping for that. I was half asleep and thought I heard you last night. Not another dream, was it?"

"Not a bad dream, Eric."

She started humming again. That orgasm sure cleared out the gunk from her mood. I wasn't feeling too bad myself--that is until Mom said:

"I got a call from your father. He's coming home today, a day early."

"I wonder what that's about?" I hoped it had nothing to do with Mom and me. Dad could be devious, mean, and ruthless. And that's on his day off from being an asshole.

I looked at Mom at the kitchen sink and admired her ass. That was the ass that was shaking as she fingered her clit and exploded into a great orgasm. All because I made her do it. Now I had seen her completely naked. Tits, ass, pussy--all gorgeous.

I found myself getting an erection just looking at her. Now for the first time, I really wanted to fuck her for real, to feel my cock inside her and to pump a load of sperm deep inside that red-haired pussy.

"What are you thinking about, honey?" she asked. "You're so quiet."

"Just setting a goal."

"Good for YOU! With some planning and effort, I'm sure it will come true."

"Thanks, Mom. Coming from you, that means a lot."

"I'm an idiot," my dad declared. "No wisecracks," he added.

"Is this where I ask 'Why?'"

"Because, we don't need any photos of your mother. By the way, did you get any?"

I had debated whether to go along with showing the really incriminating photos to Dad, the ones with Mom's face showing. I had decided to hold all those back.

"I got one of her boobs, but you can't tell it's her, really."

"So my boy got his mom topless. Nice rack, eh?"

I didn't say anything. All of a sudden, it was embarrassing in front of my dad.

"If you got that far, it means you built a rapport with the subject--in this case, your mother. Would you say you gained her trust and got her to like you."

"I guess."

"Did you show her your cock?"

Before I could say "No" I said, "Yes." For some reason I WANTED Dad to know Mom saw it.

"What did she say when you showed to her? She tell you how big it was?"

I didn't say anything.

"I'll write that one down as a "Yes," he said. Anyway, you did your job and got your foot in the door with Mom and got her invested in you as a person. That's the angle I'll play on, and not on shaming her with the photos."

If Dad hadn't been a policeman who had to deal with all sorts of things every day, I would have thought he was cold-hearted. But, to him, this was probably just another operation to get something accomplished.

"The first thing you do is go dark with chat."

"Go dark?"

"Stop doing it. Go missing. No more contact. Period. I want your mother to wonder where this kid went. Got that?"

"Yeah. Dark," I said.

"Remember, this is gonna get you laid for the first time. It's with your mother, true. But, pussy is pussy when you're ready to cum. That's some free wisdom for you to take through life."

"Thanks."

"Oh, and speaking of cum--no jerking off from now until zero hour, which is Saturday, the day after tomorrow. I need that nut sack of yours full and ready to flood your mom's ovulating womb with little swimmers that will reach that egg. The whole point of this is to knock your mom up. Capeesh?"

"Yeah, Dad, I got it. We're tricking Mom into getting pregnant. I got it."

"You don't sound too happy about it. Do I have to remind you that this gets you to go to college, and, as a byproduct, we get to be millionaires. Not too bad for wetting that big, fat noodle of yours."

I tried for the rest of the day to not look for messages on the website, but I failed. Mom and I were supposed to chat at 4 again, but I stayed off. She left things like: "Where are you?" and "Are you OK?" and "Did I do something wrong?" and "I need to talk with you."

But, I stuck with the plan and stayed "dark" all day, and the next day.

Mom's mood deteriorated, and went from sunny to cloudy to stormy. She started to snap at me for the smallest things, and I know it was because she either thought she was being ignored or abandoned, or BaBeeBoy69 had been hurt somehow.

On Friday night, Dad said to Mom, "I have to talk with you," and walked to the bedroom. Mom followed while I watched TV and pretended not to notice. But, as soon as I heard the bedroom door close, I ran up and listened. I could hear every word:

"Beth, I know everything. I got the whole story."

"About what?" Mom said, a quiver in her voice. She was probably feeling guilty to begin with. That's a lousy place to start.

"BaBeeBoy69 sound familiar? Because he should. Because of all the time you've been spending with him. There's no use in denying it. I had my guys do a trace. And guess what? I found Mr. BaBeeBoy69. Found him and have him on a drug charge. That is, if I want to press charges."

"I don't understand," Mom said.

I did. This was the same blackmail Dad used on me. But, this time it was going to be BaBeeBoy69 who got squeezed. He was hoping Mom would come to his rescue and go along with his plan. I had to admit, this WAS a better angle because of Mom's protective nature. The bastard!

"Here you are cheating online with this kid, but instead of getting mad at it, I'm going to make some chicken pie out of chicken shit. Guess what I'm going to do?"

"Please don't hurt him. It's all my fault. Punish me, not him."

"I'm going to punish you all right, but I'm going to kill two birds with one stone. You know that will of your father's? Well, tomorrow night, I'm going to make that kid fuck a baby into you!"

Mom said nothing. I was ready for her to go nuts.

"One stone. It won't be just playing on the internet. You'll see how different it is in person instead of nice and clean and tidy on a keyboard."

"And you'll let him go. No charges?" Mom asked. Her voice was quiet.

"Scout's honor."

One thing about Dad: he always kept his word.

"Then ... I'll do it," Mom said.

Maybe Dad was more surprised than me, but I don't see how.

"You'll do it?" Dad sounded flabbergasted.

"To save him, I'll do it. Where? Here?"

"No. I don't want him to know your real identity. It'll be at the Lazy Acres Motel. And I don't want you seeing who he is either. So you'll both be wearing blindfolds. That's the deal."

"And he agreed to it?" Mom asked.

"He didn't have much choice."

"And does he know it's me, the one he's been chatting with?"

"It could have been the Queen of England or some prisoner in the state prison for all he cared--but, yeah, he knows it's you. I confiscated his computer, so don't try to contact him. Understood?"

I heard Mom get up, "Anything else? I have a wash to get done."

I rushed back to the living room. "Everything okay, Mom?" I asked as she went by. Mom and I routinely both checked on each other when Dad went off on one of us.

"Just fine, Eric. Just fine."

— — —

I was sitting in the Lazy Acres parking lot, waiting for Dad to text me to come into Room 215. I had watched him escort Mom up there 10 minutes before. I was due to arrive at 10 P.M. A little late to be fucking your mother, if anyone asked. But, I was suspecting no one would.

I had gotten an email from Mom's junk address, the one she had used to send me (the BaBeeBoy69 me) the photo of her mouth. It read:

"I just heard what was happening. I'm so sorry you have to go through this. Are you OK?"

I thought about answering it, but thought I should play along, and maybe make Mom feel a little better. So I wrote:

"This is crazy. One minute being with you was the best thing in my life, and all of a sudden this crazy cop is threatening me with never being able to go to college and maybe even being in jail. I don't even know if I should be answering this. He said not to chat with you, but maybe he meant this too. The big thing is, are you OK? I wouldn't want for the world for you to be in any danger. I guess we'll meet in person. That's scary for a lot of reasons. It's one thing to talk to you online, and another to actually be in the same room with someone as nice and beautiful as you."

An hour later, Mom wrote:

"We'll get through this--together. I'm glad it's you. I've come to trust you and even have affection for you. In just the time we've spent, we've grown close, and definitely intimate. That's hard for me, so I know you must be a special person to draw that out of me. You asked me what I thought your cock would feel like in my pussy. I guess I'm going to find out. Please be gentle with me, and I know we'll both survive this."

Dad finally texted: "You're up, Sport!"

My hands shook and my knees were weak as I climbed the stairs and knocked on #215. Dad opened it and held a finger to his lips in the universal "keep quiet" sign.

"Close your eyes and get in here and do exactly what I say." He was playing his part and I had to now play mine. I had closed my eyes until Dad slapped me in the back of the head and gave me the "are you THAT dumb" look. "Put this blindfold on and take off your clothes."

I knew enough not to expect a blindfold. Mom, though, had one on. It was her blue sleep mask from home. That was ALL she had on. The spread, blanket, and top sheet had been peeled off the bed. Mom sat naked on it.

"There'll be no talking--from either of you." Dad made a sign to hurry up and get my clothes off. This was going to be more difficult than I thought.

It's one thing to get excited when you're alone or online. It's another thing to fuck your mother in front of an insanely jealous father.

"Over here," Dad commanded, and mock-led me to stand in front of Mom. He looked at my flaccid penis and said, "This boy's gonna need a little help."

He grabbed Mom's hand and guided it to my cock. She took her cue and started massaging it. It twitched and started to grow.

"Suck it," Dad said. When Mom shook her head, Dad growled, "Suck."

Mom got on her knees and guided my cock into her mouth. Now it really started to grow. You can't imagine the thrill of seeing your own mother suck on your cock for the first time. When it was three quarters erect, Mom took her mouth off and gave it two or three tugs back and forth with her fingers wrapped around it. Then she licked the tip and began to swirl her tongue around and around the head. Her hand started to squeeze out lots of pre-cum, and her tongue periodically soaked up every drop.

"Okay--that's enough," Dad said, then helped Mom off the floor and guided her to the bed. "Lie down and spread your legs."

Mom did as she was told, and I could see her open glistening vagina surrounded by that dense red forrest. "I got her all lubed up for you so you can slide right in. You ever fucked a woman before?"

I shook my head "No" and Dad told Mom, "Hey you got yourself a virgin here. Give him a good ride."

Dad made a show of helping me to the bed. I took it from there like a guy who was feeling his way blindly. I got between her knees, and she wrapped her arms around me and positioned her mouth beside my ear that was opposite Dad. "It'll be all right," she whispered so Dad couldn't hear. "Just go slow. You tasted delicious by the way. I hope you liked that."

I nodded so that only she understood the gesture.

"Now it's showtime," Dad said. "Do it, Kid."

Mom wormed her right hand between us and grabbed my cock. She dragged it up and down her lubricated slit three times and then positioned it at a warm and slippery opening. "Easy," she whispered.

As I pushed forward a little and the tip of my penis made it's first invasion of my mother's body, I thought to myself, "I'm going to fuck my mother!"

I pushed until the entire head was in. Mom gave an audible, but soft, "Ohh!" I pulled back and drove forward again, this time sinking about three inches in. "Oww! Oww!" Mom said louder.

I looked at Dad, and he said in a stern voice, "Keep going!"

I pulled out and drove about half my cock in. "It's too thick!" Mom whimpered.

"Shut up! Not as much fun now as it was on the computer, is it? Give her the rest of it-- NOW!"

I pulled back slowly one last time and this time, when I leaned forward, I didn't stop until my dark pubic hair was entangled fully in Mom's.

"OOWWW!" Mom yelled, then whispered to me, "leave it in like that for a second to give me a chance ... a chance!"

I waited while Mom did some deep breathing to control the pain. The only pain I had was in my balls which wanted to expel their contents into the tight confines of my Mom.

"Rest period's over," Dad said.

"Slow at first," Mom whispered.

I pulled almost all the way out, and then pushed all the way back in. Mom whispered, "Aaahh!"

"I think you have the hang of it now. Just in-out, and repeat. Faster," Dad commanded.

After a few more moderate thrusts, my body started demanding I do some serious fucking. And, within a minute, I was pounding my mom's pussy like a pro.

Sounds started to come from her: first gasps, then moans, then little screams. That was right before she started praying. Praying in the form of : "Oh God! Oh God! Oh God!"

Dad's command of "QUIET!" didn't reach whatever level of consciousness Mom was operating on, because she just kept on getting louder.

When she wrapped her legs around my but and started lifting herself up to meet my thrusts, she switched to: "Almost! Almost! Almost!" which turned to "Yes! Yes! YES!"

I couldn't believe how Mom was responding to my cock. I looked at Dad, and by the look on his face, he couldn't believe it either. There was a pained and puzzled and an almost sad expression forced onto it by Mom's actions.

Dad—possessive, jealous Dad was watching the unimaginable. He had called me a nothing—not a man. But, here I was fucking my mother, which was unbelievably amazing. But, as I looked at him watching us, it gave me even MORE pleasure that I was fucking HIS WIFE! I was taking possession of the property he prized above all the rest. I was doing what he feared most: replacing him.

That thought made me want to drive the final stake through his hard heart: I was going to satisfy his woman!

I fucked harder and faster.

That's when Mom's body stiffened like she was hit by an electric current--completely paralyzed. Her mouth was opened wide and her face was flushed with blood as the veins stood out from her neck. A high-pitched choking noise squeezed out from the back of her throat, and then all the air came rushing out as she screamed, "I'M CUMMING! I'M CUMMING!"

The contraction of Mom's vagina must have signaled that it was time for my penis and balls to do their thing, because I started spurting white gushes of goo far into Mom's body. I didn't count the number of times I sent those rivers forward, but it was far more than I had ever achieved before.

Mom had collapsed, and I did also, crushing those big, gorgeous tits between us. We lay like that for a long time. Dad had told me to stay still afterward to let my cum have a chance to swim upstream for a while before we moved. I forgot that order, but my body must have remembered because I didn't move.

Mom stirred, and probably as an act of defiance, said out loud in Dad's direction, "That was the best fuck I ever had! She probably wanted to hurt Dad, knowing how jealous he was.

But, Dad was not one to trifle with. He yelled, "YOU MOTHERFUCKER!"

Then he walked over to the bed. "I don't mean YOU, Beth, he said. Then as he ripped the mask away from her eyes, he said, "I meant Eric!"

Mom's eyes went wide in the dim night table light. She screamed, "NOOOOO! NOOOOO!"

I was still deeply embedded in her, half hard. "Get off me! Get off me," she kept saying. I pulled out with a squishy sound that guaranteed a lot of semen and sperm had made its way into that tight tunnel.

"How could you? How could you?" she said, shaking her head in disbelief. I didn't know if she was talking to me or my father.

"Did you REALLY believe I would let any guy fuck you? How naive are you? I wasn't going to have some stranger fuck a baby into you that I would have to look at as a reminder for the rest of my life. Instead, I had Eric, a nonentity as a masculine symbol, make the deposit. Since this is your most fertile day, I bet in two weeks, our family will have increased."

Mom had scrambled to hide her nakedness, as had I. We were both fully clothed when she gave a disdainful laugh at my father's direction.

"You're such a pathetic fool! You knew that you were infertile, that you weren't man enough to ever father another child, but you never thought to check about me. I never told you that I couldn't conceive any more. Maybe so you'd give me that little bit of attention once a month while you tried to be a big man and have another son."

Mom grabbed her bag, and before heading out the door, spat back, "So your little plan to steal that inheritance never had a chance. A change of zero out of a hundred. AND--that divorce you wanted before you learned about my father's will--I'm signing those papers tonight! And I want you out of the house."

Then she turned to me. "And you ... you" She slammed the door.

Got to give Dad credit. All he said was, "Didn't see THAT coming."

The next three weeks were a horror show. Dad moved out, and Mom wouldn't even look at me. Maybe I should say she "couldn't" look at me. I avoided any eye contact myself.

I thought tensions might be easing a little at the end of the second week, but then I heard mom crying in the bathroom. It was the first time she cried.

I knocked on the bathroom door.

"Go away!"

"Mom, are you okay?"

"I said go away. I don't want to see your face ... especially now."

"Mom, we have to talk sometime." I found the courage to open the door. The mirrors were all steamy from the shower Mom had just taken. She was throwing something in the trash pail under the sink and pulling out the liner and putting a twist tie on it.

"Throw this in the trash, and get out."

Mom and I didn't speak much more than necessary for another week. She had been peeking out the front window at an SUV that pulled up in the driveway. A woman got out.

"You deal with this," Mom said.

The doorbell rang, and the pusher of that bell said, "You the son?"

"Who are you?"

"I'm Bev ... Beverley? I called? I'm picking up the last of your father's stuff?"

"I don't know anything about that?"

"I talked to a woman, probably your mother. She said come get it."

She was in her twenties, and attractive in a very cheap way. She had dark hair with frosted tips and way too much makeup on, especially for the middle of the day. She wore tight jeans and heels and a tight top that showed off her enormous boobs. Obviously fake.

The one thing Mom told me when the divorce went through was that Dad had been seeing a girlfriend on the side. She had found out it had been going on for some time.

Beverley came in and filled the room with a sickening perfume.

"Dad's things are in his office downstairs," I said.

She stared at me, then shrugged with her palms up. "So, go get them and put them in my car. And hurry up; I have a nail appointment in a half hour."

"Are you gonna help?"

"Do I look like a moving man?"

Dad had moved most of the stuff out already. There was a small pile left near the door. That was what I needed to get into Miss Homewrecker's vehicle. There was something else, though. Wedged between a two filing cabinets, right below the wall safe, was a manilla folder. You could see it only if you stood at just the right angle, and I was at that angle. It must have fallen there and Dad didn't notice.

Being a curious and inquisitive sort of lad, I fished it out and read "XF Tallies" written in bold magic marker on the side. I knew XF was what the newspaper called one of the biggest crooks in the state. The folder contained evidence that my dad had been receiving payments from XF.

My dad was on the take—a dirty cop! I should get this right to him personally—NOT! I hid the folder in case I ever needed leverage.

It took me twenty minutes of walking up and down those stairs, but finally the last vestiges of my Dad were gone, just like the marriage.

Beverly said as she got in her car, "Your father told me you were a piece of work. Say 'hi' to your mother for me," she said with a smirk.

"Only if you'll say 'hi' to your plastic surgeon when he fixes those monstrosities."

"I'm telling your father you're rude."

I kept a friendly "Fuck you!" to myself.

When I got inside, Mom was at the window, looking at the car pull away.

"That's her," she said. "I suppose you think she's pretty."

"Yeah. Pretty in a used-up hooker sort of way," I said.

That made Mom laugh. But that laugh turned into tears, and she held her face in her hands and sobbed. I reached out and touched her shoulder, but she turned violently away from my touch.

"Don't touch me. Don't."

"Mom, we have to talk. We can't go on like this."

"The two men in my life betrayed me."

"Dad forced me. You know him." I don't know if I would have passed a lie detector test on that one because, even though Dad set the wheels in motion, I definitely went gladly along for the ride--a ride on top of my mom. Even in this emotional situation with my mother crying, part of me was thinking "I fucked my sperm into you, and I made you cum!"

"I need time. I have a hard decision I must make soon. I don't want to blame you, Eric, but what we did was so shamefully wrong. I'm so hurt and embarrassed. I'm afraid it will never be the same between us again."

I turned Mom around and held her by the shoulders so she couldn't just run away.

"Mom, I know it will never be the same. I know that. But, it can be better than ever. Dad's crazy to go looking for something other than you. I can see that because I love you not only as a mother, but, I ... love you as a woman too."

"Eric, you don't know what you're talking about. You're just a confused boy that was blinded by his hormones and misguided by a domineering father."

"I'm not a boy anymore, Mom. I'm a man. Right now, the man of this house, and we have to stick together to see this through."

"You're just a boy," she said.

This got me angry, and as I was walking away, I said, "I was man enough to make you cum, wasn't I? I'm taking a shower."

I was angry. But more at myself. Mom was going through so much and I had to make it worse by being sensitive. She was still my mother and that's how she viewed me even though I had played another role in her life as BaBeeBoy69. I tried to let the hot water rinse away my feelings along with the soap.

I heard the bathroom door open. "'Eric, I brought some clean towels," Mom said. "I'm sorry about before. I know we have to talk this over to get it behind us. But, I'm not ready yet. I don't know how to do it. Please understand.

I shut the water off and squeegeed the water off my body with my hands. I stepped out of the shower and said, "Hand me a towel, Mom."

She did, but we never made eye contact. She was looking straight at my penis.

"It's all right, Mom. It's hard for both of us." For the three of us, counting my cock which was getting an erection.

"Eric, I'm your mother. You have to respect that."

"I do, Mom. But I respect you as both my mother and ... a woman." My cock was well on the way to a full erection. It must have scared her because she turned and left without another word.

We ate dinner mostly in silence. I caught Mom looking at me when she didn't think I noticed. With dinner Mom had a glass of white wine. Unusual for her.

She went to her room at about 9 P.M. and I got bored watching TV and went to mine an hour later. After about 10 minutes, I heard a light knock on the door.

"Come in," I said from my bed.

Mom peeked her head in and said, "Saw your light was still on and wanted to have a word."

"Sure, Mom. I was reading a little to get my eyes tired.

She was wearing the pair of emerald green satin pajamas she liked so much. They shined and slid over her curves loosely as she walked. I had never noticed in the past that she didn't wear underwear when she wore these pajamas. I was definitely aware of it tonight. There were impressions of her nipples when they rested against the clinging fabric. And the chaotic pattern of her pubic hair blinked on and off against the pants' crotch as she walked.

She sat on the edge of the bed and cleared her throat a few times before she spoke.

"Eric, you have to be patient with me. I need time to process all that's happened, both with your father--and with you."

Her words carried the smell of alcohol with them. She must have had more wine after dinner.

"That's why we have to talk this out, Mom."

"I can't bear to do it. Such subjects."

"But, look at what we spent hours talking about online."

"That was easier, not as direct."

That gave me an idea: "Then why don't we do that?"

"Do what?"

"Use the chatroom as a tool to help us communicate."

"Using the same identities? Are they even still there, I mean, after your father ...?"

"I'm sure they are," I said.

"Hmmm. I'll have to think about it."

I got up out of bed--naked, and pulled Mom up while saying, "No thinking. Go back to your room and get online. I'll do the same." She didn't say a word as she left. I watched her toned ass bump against the satin pants as she walked back to her room.

Soon, it felt like old times. Old, happier times:

BaBeeBoy69: Hi.

LilRedRyder: Hi yourself.

BaBeeBoy69: How does this feel?

LilRedRyder: I admit, it feels better. Let's keep our faces hidden like before.

BaBeeBoy69: Good idea.

She positioned the camera. Her pajama top had four buttons, and she had the top one was still open, showing a generous amount of cleavage. I had slipped a T-shirt on, but no pants.

BaBeeBoy69: I want to start by saying how much I love you.

LilRedRyder: I love you too.

BaBeeBoy69: And I'm sorry for the pain you've had.

LilRedRyder: I wish this all had never happened.

BaBeeBoy69: That's where we're different.

LilRedRyder: How?

BaBeeBoy69: I'm glad Dad's out of your life. He didn't ever appreciate you.

BaBeeBoy69: He didn't respect you.

BaBeeBoy69: He didn't deserve you.

LilRedRyder: That's sweet of you.

BaBeeBoy69: That's truthful of me.

LilRedRyder: I've been with your father since I was a teenager, about your age.

BaBeeBoy69: Then, he should have realized what a wonderful person you are.

LilRedRyder: I guess then that's the one positive thing we got out of this.

BaBeeBoy69: There's one more thing.

LilRedRyder: What's that?

BaBeeBoy69: This made me open my eyes and see you as who you are.

LilRedRyder: Who I am?

BaBeeBoy69: Yeah. Not only my mother, but also a beautiful, passionate, sexy woman.

LilRedRyder: Eric, don't say those things.

BaBeeBoy69: But they're true. Admit it.

No reply.

BaBeeBoy69: Admit that you liked our chats together.

LilRedRyder: That's when I didn't know it was you.

BaBeeBoy69: Admit that you needed an outlet for what was boiling inside you already.

LilRedRyder: Your father neglected me. Of course I needed an outlet.

BaBeeBoy69: And I provided it.

LilRedRyder: And that was wrong. So very wrong. YOU have to admit that!

BaBeeBoy69: I admit only to finding a receptive woman who appreciated what I have.

I stood up and displayed my rigid cock to the camera.

LilRedRyder: I'm leaving if you do that again.

BaBeeBoy69: That's the cock that made you cum. Do you remember that?

LilRedRyder: It was so wrong. Can't you understand that.

BaBeeBoy69: Do you remember cumming that night?

LilRedRyder: Of course I do, and it was because my body responded and because I didn't know it was you.

BaBeeBoy69: And do you remember sucking on me?

LilRedRyder: Eric, no, don't talk like that to your mother.

BaBeeBoy69: What did you say about my taste.

No reply for a minute, but she stayed online.

BaBeeBoy69: What did you tell me after you licked the tip of my cock clean.

LilRedRyder: Don't make me say it.

BaBeeBoy69: What would this taste like?

I stood and showed the pre-cum flowing out of my cock.

BaBeeBoy69: Would you like it?

BaBeeBoy69: Would you like the taste of what thinking of you is making my cock produce.

A long pause, then:

LilRedRyder: Yes.

LilRedRyder: Eric, you have to stop. I'm emotionally fragile, and especially tonight.

I knew she was referring to having a few glasses of wine, making her emotions even more vulnerable and her inhibitions weakened.

BaBeeBoy69: How about if tonight you didn't just taste me.

LilRedRyder: What? I don't understand.

BaBeeBoy69: What if tonight you made me cum in your mouth.

LilRedRyder: Stop. Please stop.

I could see she was squirming in her seat.

BaBeeBoy69: What if tonight I shot a load of sperm in your mouth.

LilRedRyder: So wrong of you to do this. We have to stop this.

BaBeeBoy69: What if tonight, you swallowed all of the sperm waiting for you in my balls right now.

I stood and gave a side profile, highlighting the length of my cock. I cupped my hand beneath my balls and gave it a little weigh.

LilRedRyder: This isn't fair. You're not playing fair.

BaBeeBoy69: Mom, I want to cum in your mouth.

LilRedRyder: No.

BaBeeBoy69: Admit you'd love it.

LilRedRyder: No. No don't.

BaBeeBoy69: I want to cum in your mouth and watch you swallow it.

LilRedRyder: Stop.

BaBeeBoy69: I want to see you taste my semen and sperm.

LilRedRyder: OMG! No.

I saw Mom reach and a half glass of wine passed by the camera. An empty glass returned.

BaBeeBoy69: Would you use one had or both hands?

LilRedRyder: What?

BaBeeBoy69: To pump my cock. To empty it into your mouth.

LilRedRyder: Oh, Eric, you don't know what you're doing.

BaBeeBoy69: I'm going to cum in your mouth, Mom.

I closed the lid of my laptop, shucked off my T-shirt, and walked to Mom's room--naked! She was sitting on the edge of her bed still with her computer in her lap. An empty glass on the nightstand.

"ERIC!" she screamed in surprise when she saw me. But I didn't let that stop me.

"I'm going to cum in your mouth, Mom."

"Get out! Get out now."

"I'm going to cum in your mouth," I said as I closed her laptop, set it on the floor, and pulled Mom up to a standing position.

"This had gone far enough."

I pulled her close and hugged her. Her satin pajamas felt cool and soft. She pushed gently on my shoulders, and whispered, "No, Eric. Enough." Her breath was heavy with the wine.

"I'm going to cum in this mouth," I said, and planted a kiss directly on her lips. She struggled to turn her head, but I turned her head towards me with the light touch of my right hand.

"Please. No," she whispered.

I kissed her again, Then again. Then I pressed my tongue against her tight lips. "This mouth," I whispered, and kissed again. The lips weren't as tight this time. "I'm going to cum in this mouth," and stuck my tongue more forcefully against her lips. They parted and I tasted the wine on her tongue. I swirled my tongue back and forth, and soon hers was also moving.

My hands went to the top button of her pajamas, and hers stopped me. "I'm going to cum in this beautiful mouth, I whispered, and reinserted my tongue. This time there was an eager reception, and her hands fell away from mine.

One button, two buttons--three. And I parted the pajama top and slid it over her shoulders. She let it slide effortlessly to the floor.

I broke our kiss and lowered my mouth to her nipple and sucked. Mom whispered a chant of "Oh no ... oh no ... oh no...."

I swirled my tongue around and around before switching to the other nipple. "You have a talented tongue," she said, her voice cloudy.

I placed her hand on my cock. Her fist circled it unconsciously and began a rhythmic motion. "It's sooo thick, so big." She had rested her head on my shoulder.

As I pushed downward on her shoulders, I said for the last time, "I'm going to cum in your mouth." Then I added, "Now."

She looked into my eyes and shook her head "No"--but her legs were giving way, and a second later she was on her knees in front of me. I looked down at the top of head, because she wasn't looking up at me, she was looking at what she had in her hand--my cock.

Mom brought her mouth forward and stopped about a half inch away. The length of her tongue made up the distance and its tip tasted the juices issuing out of the end.

"Oh my God," she said, and went to work. There were no preliminaries. Mom sucked the head of my penis into her mouth and then pumped the shaft fast and hard. Less than a minute later, she got her reward: I felt a strong and constant flow of my sperm as it gushed into the warm and wet confines her tight lips were sealing. I grasped a handful of red hair on the back of her head and added little fucking movements of my hips to aid the motion of her hand.

"MOM! I'M CUMMING IN YOUR MOUTH! SWALLOW IT! SWALLOW IT!" I yelled.

She did. I watched the contortions of her throat. At one point she almost gagged, but caught up with the flow. Her stomach was the the new owner of my cum.

Mom sat back on her heels. Topless. I looked and enjoyed the fact that my beautiful mother had just given me my first blowjob. I couldn't believe it.

The way Mom was shaking her head as she looked at the floor told me she couldn't believe it either. I helped her up before she could do too much thinking.

The dark green satin pajama bottoms had an even darker ring about the diameter of a softball on her crotch. Mom's pussy had soaked through.

A light green ribbon strung around the waist held the bottoms up. Mom had drawn it tight and tied a neat bow to keep it secure. I took hold of one of the loose ends. Mom's hand, more forcefully than before, stopped me.

"No. I mean it. That's enough for tonight."

"You just said I have a talented tongue, Mom."

Her hand struggled to take mine away from the drawstring.

"So what if I did?"

"You also taught me a new word. Remember?" Her hand got tighter on mine, blocking my untying effort.

"What word?"

I leaned forward, and into her ear whispered, "Cunnilingus."

"Oh my God" she whispered back.

Her hand went still, weakened, and fell away from mine. I slowly, excruciatingly slowly, pulled the bow apart. Then I snuggled my thumbs into her waistband and pulled it wide.

When I let go of the bottoms, the slick and loose satin slithered past Mom's slim hips and muscular butt all the way to the floor, pooling around her ankles.

Mom stepped out of them, and I hugged her close, gliding my hands down her back and then cupping her butt cheeks.

A mother and son, together, completely naked. And, as important, a man and a woman, nature readying their bodies for each other.

"Come on, Mom. I'm going to make you cum now." I led her to the bed. I pulled back the spread, blanket, and sheet just like at the motel.

Mom lay down and I joined her on the same bed she had slept with Dad in every night for twenty years. But tonight there was another man with his naked wife. There was another man who was about to satisfy her. That man was his son.

I kissed Mom on the lips, then her neck. I worked down to her breasts and kneaded them and sucked each one. Lower I went, kissing her stomach, tickling her navel with my tongue. Then lower.

My lips brushed the first flimsy red curls of her pussy hair. With my lips, I clamped some and gave a little pull. I pushed Mom's thighs wide and traced the whole outline of that red pubic triangle with my tongue.

I had sampled Mom's pussy when I tasted her panties, but nothing had prepared me for the potent fragrances of her gushing pussy. They were deliciously overpowering--overwhelming my senses with lust and delight.

"This is the first time," Mom gasped. "The first time ... Eric ... are you sure you want to do this to your own mother?"

I answered by laying the flat of my tongue over her vaginal opening and dragging it roughly upward along her slit, opening her labia to my mouth.

"AAAHHHH!" she grunted in one large blast from her lungs. Mom thrust her hips up, supporting both herself and my face and head about a foot off the mattress. After about 10 seconds she relaxed back down. I repeated the movement again and again, drinking in all the copious fluids that flowed out of that dark opening.

Then, my tongue found that tiny, sensitive bud Mom had pointed out weeks ago: her clitoris.

"Oohhh! That's it! That's it!" Mom said in a tiny voice.

"Do you want me to suck on it, Mom?"

"Oh, Eric, yes. Suck Mommy's clitoris."

I did. Not hard. Not yet. I rolled my tongue around it, exploring its size and hardness.

"I can't believe it ... I can't believe it!" she chanted. Her head turned from side to side, shaking her red hair against the white pillow.

"I'm going to make you cum now, Mom."

"Oh yes! I need to cum. Please! Please make me cum."

I fastened my lips around Mom's clitoris, my face framed by her thick red pubic curls, and I sucked accompanied with a rhythmic swirling of my tongue teasing it with pressure from varying angles.

"Ooohhhh! Ooohhhh!" Mom panted over and over.

Her hips began to make thrusts upward, feeding her pussy, her clit into my mouth with more and more force. Her speed increased and her hands came to the back of my head and pushed my face hard against her mound.

Then, it happened:

"YES! YES! OH GOD! OH GOD! YESSS!" Mom's yells filled the whole house.

And she collapsed, motionless. I detached myself and climbed up to hold her. She was limp and still when I sneaked an arm under her head and pulled her spent body close to me. She responded by turning slightly and draping one of her long legs over mine.

Mom's breath became regular, and she opened her eyes to look into mine. "I've never, never, never--EVER felt anything like that. I didn't even imagine anyone could feel THAT."

She put her lips on mine, and this time it was her insistent tongue that worked it's way into a long, slow, and patient French kiss. I tasted me in her mouth, and she most likely tasted herself. Our individual fluids had been ingested by each other and were on their way to being incorporated in each others' bodies.

Our kiss broke, and I said, "I want to fuck you, Mom."

"No," she said with a playful smile.

"No? Don't you want to feel my cock inside you again?" I took her hand and guided it to my again-hard penis. "Don't you remember how it felt?"

"Eric, part of my the problem I faced these weeks--ever since that night in the motel--is that I CAN'T forget how it felt. Every day, every hour, I remembered it. Every time I saw you, I remembered it. Every night when I lie here alone and empty in this bed, I remembered it. And that memory left a void. A void I never thought would be filled ever again."

"So why are you saying 'No?'"

"You said 'I want to fuck you!'"

Mom pushed me on my back and sat up. "Your father was very unimaginative, and the only position he ever used was 'missionary.' I begged him to let me be on top, but he never did. Remember, my screen name was LilRedRyder. Now, you're not going to fuck ME; I'm going to fuck YOU! And my li'l red thing is going to ride you until we both cum!"

"Oh, Mom, come fuck me! Come ride your son's cock!"

Mom straddled me and fitted my cock to her waiting and eager hole. "It's sooo thick. Sooo long. You're going to fill Mommy up again."

Mom patiently sat down and retreated an inch at a time until I was fully embedded in her. Mom's hands were on the mattress next to my shoulders, the angle of her body giving my mouth access to her hanging breasts. I sucked one, then the other.

"Oooohh! It's even bigger than I remembered. It feels so good inside me. So good!"

It had taken me a long eighteen years to return to my mother's womb the first time. It took only a few more weeks for my second return entrance.

Mom straightened up and sat down with all her weight, driving my cock deeper inside her than ever before. She sat still with her eyes closed, savoring the feeling, and then raised her face towards the ceiling with eyes closed. Her hands went to her breasts and cupped them, followed by a squeeze and pinch of her nipples.

I grabbed her hips and pulled her down even further.

"Oh! That's it! That's it! This is even better than I imagined."

Mom's hips began a dance that gyrated, causing her vagina to swallow and expel my hard cock at a tremendous rate. Maybe Mom lasted longer than me because I had just finished eating that tasty pussy and making her cum. I couldn't hold back, and came first.

"Aahh!" I breathed out. "Take it, Mom," I whispered. "Take all my cum"

"Eric, my baby. Give it to Mommy! Fill me up until I--AAHHH! I'M CUMMING!"

Mom's orgasm shook the bed as she thrashed back and forth and up and down. Her face was contorted with her eyes squeezed shut and her mouth open as far as it would go.

"FUCK! FUCK!" she shrieked. Then it was over for both of us. Mom slumped, and fell against my chest. We left my cock where it was--home inside of my mother.

"I love you, Mom." It was like a dying gasp, because that was about all the energy I had left. "We're going to be all right. You and me together."

"I love you too, honey. I know, I know. I know now. Eric, I know now."

Mom seemed to be dreaming and whispering nothings, some of which I could understand when her voice rose to at least a whisper.

"That trash. The bathroom. That day, that day. I didn't know what to do."

"Didn't know what, Mom?"

"What to do. The decision."

"What are you talking about," I asked. This was stating to scare me.

Mom took, a deep breath, and pushed herself upright, still keeping my deflating penis inside her.

"I lied to your father, you know. To get the divorce."

"You lied about what."

"I've just come to a big decision. Well, two decisions. One is that I'm not going to take another drink until next year."

I figured she was blaming tonight at least partially on the wine.

"The second is I'm keeping it!"

"Keeping what?"

Mom smiled, bent down and gave me a slow, sloppy, deep French kiss that got my cock going to attention again. She whispered in my ear:

"We're going to be millionaires ... Daddy!"