

Shut Up and Enjoy

Panzerfeck

Part 1

Finally -- oh good god, finally -- after weeks of boiling sun, every day getting hotter, and the humidity making the air thicker and harder to breathe, the sky cracked and the heavens fell!

Heaven -- there was the operative word Stevie Toner was looking for. What should have been a twenty minute walk home turned into a forty minute hot shower in his clothes as lightning streaked the night sky and the smell of burnt ozone filled his nostrils.

He was so buzzed and way out there, red-eyed and grinning like a moron, that he didn't care he was being soaked to the bone. There was no feeling like this in the world, and so he tottered home at a snail's pace, where his bed awaited like the holy grail of ultimate treasures.

The unintentional hilarity of that Saturday night was that it wasn't even near midnight yet. That's what happens when you work all day and everybody else is a no-show to your

best buddy's house party. You get wrecked fast and forget to give a fuck. Worse things have happened.

In fact, holy fuck, when was the last time Stevie had put money down on weed this good? Half an hour after the first joint and he was gathering lint down the back of Jack's sofa. Out of nowhere he'd sunk right into his seat and couldn't move a hand to his beer.

Now that little sandwich bag was zipped up in the pocket of his shorts and there was a lot of it left. He was no amateur. Stevie had smoked the best in California, so he believed, and he had a few good contacts, but this stuff now had him beat.

Home seemed so far away.

Part 2

Finally, he made it to his mom's house at ten past eleven, feeling a little soberer and yet a little more ready for his bed. On the porch he stood dripping for a good five more minutes, letting the excess all fall to the welcome mat where he then took off his Nikes, which were so water-logged with that hot rain that they squelched and squirted like some nasty PAWG being rutted by her first BBC.

Stevie laughed at the awful state of his imagination, and his sense of humour. It reminded him less sorely that he needed to get laid, that he had needed to for way too long now. But then what condition was he in to either argue or do anything about it?

Swinging the door shut behind him, he swayed a little unsteadily as he languidly strove down the hall to the living room where his mom, Jeri, was watching...

Porn?

'Uhhhh-

'Hey son,' she said, paying no attention whatsoever. Instead her eyes were glued to the screen, one fingernail clamped between her teeth, and a drink in the other hand. On the table beside her, most of a litre bottle of vodka was gone. That probably explained some of it.

What could Stevie think right now? His feet had grown roots in the doorway. On one hand, despite how awfully surreal the situation seemed -- it was almost as if she wasn't here at all, or was it Steve that wasn't here? -- he wanted to commend his mom's choice of porn MILF.

Julia Ann was a fox. Not your typical or average porn star in any way, the classic California blonde was way more stunning than your MILF next door, and yet she didn't seem fake at all. You could imagine meeting her through your aunt or your girlfriend's mom and conjure the same visuals in your mind as was playing on the flatscreen right that moment.

Who wouldn't go down on Julia fucking Ann?

On the other hand; 'Hey mom, when did this become just your usual Saturday night show while your child walks through the door soaked to the bone?'

'What's that, honey?' Jeri asked distantly, looking for the KODI control stick. Oh right, it's my porn she's watching, Stevie realised before his stomach dropped like a tonne of bricks into his ass. Turning to look at Stevie, his mom had a tired vacant look in her silvery grey eyes. 'Oh, is it raining?'

'Did you not hear the thunder? It was enough to make my butthole quiver!'

'I mustn't have heard it over the film,' Jeri said plainly. It really was no big deal to her. And neither did it seem a big deal for her to be sitting watching porn with her silk robe open and plunging way down to her belly button.

If Stevie's mouth was dry before that point, his tongue would now swell at the thought of a single drop of water. His mother had always been endowed, and much more

than the typical "larger woman". At 34FF and with the curvaceous and fulsome body of a porn star a little more before Stevie's time -- Linda Friday -- Jeri's twin-blessing had been his curse through high school. Being 44 now didn't do her appeal any damage either.

Being told a million times that every kid in school, and then college, would bang your mom, and all the painfully shameless details of how and why (because of her mammoth tiddies, her muffins, her yes mams) was enough to torment him into oblivion, if not just the life of a hermit.

On the TV Julia Ann was coming all over Tyler Nixon's tongue, her pussy red, puffy and ready to be impaled. Before Stevie was his mother, half-drunk with her robe untied. And here was Stevie soaking wet and about ready to pitch a tent in his pants, in the strangest moment of his life.

'Okay,' just to break the stunning silence, 'why are you watching porn?'

'It's not just for you,' Jeri challenged him with a cocked brow. 'Do you mind?'

'I'm just...' Words, you stupid asshole! Remember? Move your mouth and make sounds! 'Juhh... uhh... no, it's fine...'

Part 3

Stevie made no excuse for himself. If his mother didn't need one to hang around watching porn and drinking vodka with her tits almost on full show, most likely having been masturbating, then he didn't need one to go get out of his wet clothes and towel off.

It was no real surprise to him that when he stripped out of his shorts, his cock was almost at full-mast, swaying heavily in front of him and only getting harder. He was stoned, for one, which somehow made it easier for him to get aroused. With the visual stimuli currently on offer downstairs, he didn't think twice about who specifically had provoked this reaction.

In a fresh pair of lounge shorts and a tank top, Stevie wandered back downstairs -- once the swelling had gone

down a little -- and snuck into the kitchen for a cold carton of orange juice. His mom followed right after.

'You're not going to drink all that, are you?' she asked, almost insinuated. When he turned to her, he was relieved and yet almost sad that she'd tied her robe back together. He didn't even realise that she'd caught on to his movements and followed his line of sight to what cleavage was left on show. 'I need some for my vodka...'

'There'll be plenty for your vodka,' Stevie assured with a mouth filled with cotton. And that was when he caught her staring, right into his eyes. Jeri's eyes widened into two zeroes before she started laughing. 'What?' Stevie asked, shrugging.

'Your eyes are burning,' Jeri accused. 'How long have you been smoking pot?'

'I've not been...'

'You're stoned, don't lie to me. I know more than you think, you know,' his mom pressed, but she wasn't angry. 'So what are you -- possessed? How long?'

'Since college,' Stevie shrugged again. 'Are you going to make a big deal out of nothing?'

'I am if you're not sharing,' she said, which caused Stevie's eyes to dart back at hers. 'I haven't had a smoke in ages. You got any?'

Praise Baby Jesus for zip-lock bags. Not only great for sealing in freshness, but also for not dampening your horny mom's Saturday night.

If Stevie thought his night couldn't get any more surreal, he was in for one hell of a life lesson, because he had no idea what monster he was about to awaken in his ten years single mom, who had gone from party animal, to single mother, and then to social wallflower within such a short space of time.

'This should be interesting,' Stevie said as he retrieved the baggie from his bedroom computer desk drawer and traversed the stairs back down to the living room once more.

'Do you want something else on?' she asked courteously. Now Rayveness was munching some teen girl's rug. Wonders might never cease, but Stevie was trying not to smirk for how hard he wanted to laugh in defence of his own shrinking sanity.

'No, I'll just make you a joint and then I want to go to bed,' he excused.

'That's no fun,' Jeri said, still a little drunkenly, and with a childish hint to her dulcet tone. 'I don't wanna smoke alone. I doubt I could handle a whole one now anyway.'

'I don't know if I want to sit here and get stoned with my mom to porn. It's a bit weird!'

'You watch porn and you get stoned,' she interjected disarmingly, but it wasn't working. 'It doesn't seem weird to you otherwise. Please, son. Come on, it'll be something...'

She didn't finish that sentence. Or did she? When you're stoned it's hard to tell what's really being said, between the line, and even the littlest silences could feel like something had been left unsaid. Right now there seemed too much left unsaid, even if it should have been for the better.

Stevie didn't answer her. He was already too enthralled by his own craftsmanship as he flaked together a little tobacco and green -- two parts herb to one part filler -- and carefully rolled the joint. He and his mom had their own leather recliners facing the TV, right next to each other.

He couldn't begin to rationalise with himself just how surreal it was that he was rolling a joint, to smoke with his mom, while people were fucking for real right in front of them. Something squirmed uneasily in his abdomen, and it wasn't the urge to pee.

Part 4

Over the space of another hour Jeri's youth seemed to return like a long-lost friend, and it was then that she recalled why she loved pot so much once upon a time. Stevie, though, might not have been the man to tell it to, because how and why do you tell your son -- the other closet stoner -- that being high makes you outrageously horny.

Surprisingly, Stevie made no sign of being uncomfortable while his mom flicked through the listings and picked another porn title. Stevie simply made a mental note, a distant and foggy mental note, that his mom seemed to really have a thing for younger guys. But did she have to pick the uber-real stuff that seemed to highlight every minor graphic detail in just the most excruciatingly lazy pacing?

With nothing but his lounge shorts, not the thickest material, between his tent-pole and the night air, he was hard and trying not to move so she wouldn't pick on his

movements and see what the weed and the porn were doing to him.

On the TV some young couple were going the whole-hog, turning a romantic make-out session into the most absurdly erotic fucking and the first time the guy entered the dainty little thing and slid right down to touch base, Jeri uttered a gurgling moan, cleared her throat and then very clearly said, 'I really fucking need that done to me!'

Did she know she said it out loud? Did she want Stevie to hear her say it? He looked over to her, dead serious in his expression one moment, and then bawling with laughter the next.

'Fuck's sake, mom, do you hear yourself?'

'What?' she shrieked defensively. 'I'm fucking horny. That's what porn is for, isn't it?'

'No that's what fucking is for, not sitting watching porn with your son!'

'You're not complaining...'

'I'm too stoned to complain...'

'No, I meant... that your cock looks too hard to complain,' Jeri stuttered, then covered her face with her hands to laugh to herself. 'I think I'm ready for bed.'

'I think you are too, mom,' Stevie agreed, trying to adjust his hard-on way too late.

'Can I ask you a huge favour, honey?' Jeri then asked, hands in her lap and looking her son in the eyes. Her tone had suddenly changed again, become a little serious. Maybe now she was sobering up, he thought. Wrong -- dead wrong!

'I don't want to sleep alone. Would you sleep in my bed with me tonight?'

Stevie weighed up his options none too quickly; boner, the need to masturbate furiously, mom being weird, and the choice of a whole bed or half a bed...

'Why?' he asked.

'I really need to feel someone next to me. Just for tonight. Please, I'm just a bit lonely.'

On the other hand maybe she'll be asleep soon and I can crank out a sneaky one in the bathroom, Stevie thought, the eternal optimist that he was.

'I'll make it worth your while...'

Colour Stevie curious.

Part 5

Stevie whipped off his tank top and slipped between the sheets of his mother's queen-sized bed while she was still in the bathroom brushing her teeth. Thankfully, according to Stevie, his erection had mostly subsided and now rested tenderly against his lower abdomen as he lay flat on his back. As soon as his head hit the pillow he began to drift off; couldn't help it.

He was barely aware of his mom turning out the lights and climbing into the bed. Neither did he hear the light silk fall to the floor. It was moments after she came to rest against his shoulder, chest and loins and settled in that Stevie made the unmistakable observation.

She was completely naked, her immense bosom smooshed right up against him. Immediately Stevie began to grow again, but didn't dare move as one smooth hand caressed his belly, his hip, and then came so close to...

'This is sooooo nice,' Jeri cooed. 'You don't know how happy this makes me.'

Oh I can guess, but is happy the word you're looking for? Or is it a word you're even looking for?

Stevie gulped dry and hard. 'Glad to make you happy, mom,' he wheezed, uncertain of what was going through her mind. But oh god what was the feeling of her body and those huge, soft, warm tits pressed up against him doing to his imagination, let alone the rest of his body.

Suddenly she was up on one elbow. In the dark one breast swung pendulously, a hard nipple then rubbing against Stevie's burning cheek as Jeri peered through the dark to find his face, his eyes, and then his mouth; where she homed in to plant a series of little kisses.

'That's to say thank you again,' his mom hushed, pressing her bust to his face again as one hand dared to roam up and down his torso. And then Stevie's next greatest shocking moment -- he swore her hand came to grip the shaft of his hard tool ever so briefly, lingering before letting go.

His breathing became shallower, faster, harder to hide. What was he meant to make of this? He was turned on and he couldn't deny it. His mom was horny, clearly, but whether she was doing this deliberately, he couldn't tell yet. Stevie was a straightforward young man who didn't take scenic routes to what he wanted.

And the hell of it was that he might want what she was doing to him. He hadn't run away yet!

'Feel nice?' she asked.

'Yeah,' he breathed a whisper, tempted to reach out and to touch a breast.

'You know what I'd love right now,' Jeri hinted. 'A big fat cuddle and a kiss. Do you wanna?'

What the fuck am I doing? Stevie screamed internally, but not because he was terrified. His cock was so hard now and he was getting so turned on that he was breathing so

heavily. And still he didn't hesitate to drag his mom down to his side properly, so that they were face to face, and then pulled her smooth soft body into his, those big tits again squashed between them.

And then they were cuddling, neck to neck, cheek to cheek, and then nose to nose. And then they were kissing, his mom's right leg wrapping around his left hip, revealing her heat to him as he revealed his hardness to her.

'Just a few more,' she kept saying as those kisses carried on too long. There was no tongue, but still, they were mostly naked against each other, cuddling, and those stoned, lazy kisses just wouldn't quit. 'Just a few more and then sleep,' she whispered, and then snuck a hand under Stevie's waistband to fully get to grips with his hardness. That was when her tongue entered his mouth and he accepted her with his own.

Part 6

Stevie awoke with a jolt. He had no idea where he was. He had no time to assure himself that what appeared to be happened had just been a very realistic and intense sexual dream about he and his mother. The room was so dark and he was so hot. The heat in the room was stifling.

God, he could barely breathe...

He tried, and he tried -- felt as if he was coming out of a suffocating nightmare, and slap-bang into the throes of sleep paralysis. Outside the rain was falling hard and fork lightning lit up the room like a photographer's flash.

That was when his blurry eyes faintly made the connection that he was indeed in his mother's bed. Another flash of lightning saw the bed sheet rise up before him into a bulky shape. Then Stevie's eyes rolled back, his mouth opened into a moan, and he felt her slippery silky mouth working up and down the length of his cock, before coming to lick

and suck at the overly-sensitive pink head like it was a lollipop.

'Mom,' he cried as if to warn her.

'Mmmhhhhh,' she echoed and answered him with a satisfying slurp and pop, her lips finally leaving him before she came up for air.

'Mom, what are we doing?'

She was eye-level with him once again, this time straddling his hips, her heavy breasts coming to rest against her son's strong upper chest. In the dark her eyes seemed vacant, but when lightning struck and lit her up, lust filled her eyes and her pouting pink lips bestowed on his the taste of her saliva and his own salty arousal.

'I want to fuck you,' she whispered in his ear. 'Let me fuck you, baby, please. I need this. We both do!'

'We can't do that, can we?' he struggled, but not for the want to find a reason. Stevie was both terrified for the suddenness, the intensity of the moment, and what might come of it. He was worried that something would go wrong. He was worried she might even turn into some kind of monster.

'We probably shouldn't do this,' he said weakly as his mother threw back the bed sheet and revealed her full naked form amid the rage of the summer storm, and immediately her son's hands found her every inch from her tits, her belly, her hips, and then her soaking wet slit, which raged with its own boiling, shuddering storm.

In one swift motion, Jeri lifted herself up and took hold of Stevie's cock, placed the tip right at the opening to her soaking snatch and told him, 'I am going to fuck you so good right now,' and eased herself down seven and a half inches in one painfully and blissfully long moment. Her eyes fluttered shut with a soft cry.

'No, mom!' Stevie cried, his eyes wide with shock as he witnessed her labia part to soak up his hard, long shaft, and

it felt so incredible that as he protested with all his heart, he got harder and harder inside her and never felt so good and so terrible all at once. 'No, no, no, we can't,' he cried and reached out with both hands to try to stop her seductive mating dance atop him.

Instead Jeri took his hands and placed them on her tits, coaxed them into massaging her, to feel how soft and inviting she was. As she rode his length with such fluid ease, so hot and slippery inside, she guided those hands to squash those tits together and to caress at her hard pink nipples.

'Shhhh,' she cooed, gyrating in figure-of-eights, and devouring him with the hips that bore him. Before long Stevie was bucking to meet her thrusts, his hands taking full advantage of her body. And for many long and strangely erotic minutes, she rode him like she invented him; which she did.

Fifteen minutes past before every muscle burned and every joint creaked sorely, and Jeri came for the third time on her son's still incredibly hard cock. Sensing that she was slowing down, and now no longer wanting to, Stevie sat up and took

his mom's full ass in his hands, shifted her weight, and flipped her onto her back.

The storm was subsiding now, the one outside. Not theirs. Restraining her wrists above her head gave Stevie the freedom to do as he pleased now, and the monster was not her but him. Both of them covered from head to toe in glistening sweat, he began to drink from her, to lap and lick at her with a bone dry tongue, savouring in her hit saltiness and the burnt ozone smell that now also seemed to emanate from the pores of her skin.

Jeri growled approvingly, wiggling her hips and grinding into him. Stevie attacked his mom's wondrous bare breasts, now levelling out to either side. Seeking a nipple, he took one into his mouth and swirled with his tongue around her aerola before slickly flicking the tip over the hard nipple and planting a little kiss. For a long time he loved both breasts; once feeding on them to live, but now to love and to lust over the woman that birthed him.

'What have I started?' she laughed to herself, and it was a proud declaration. She would make many more as her son

proceeded to give her burning pussy the licking of a lifetime. And good lord how he sucked on that hard and painfully sensitive clit like he'd been doing it a lifetime.

When he came back up to finish what she started, their tongues intermingled, and so did the taste of both sexes, arms and legs and sweating torsos one hot mess together.

'I want to put the light on,' Stevie paused to say.

'Why?'

'So we can look at each other and know what we've done,' came the shocking reply. The reality hit her like a freight train. What had they done? What were they about to do, knowing full-well what they had started?

Fire burned from the pit of her stomach now -- his too. She swallowed dryly, tried to catch her breath and her courage. 'Okay,' Jeri said weakly. 'Okay, I want to look at you...'

Part 7

They had fucked deep and dirty with her son on top. Looking into his eyes as he thrust deep into her sex with his and threatened to come was a sanity-stealing thrill. All she could do was pant and moan, but she didn't dare speak. But they fucked on, and seemingly endlessly, because his hard cock would not give up, and she was a wet and willing hole for him, the best sex she could have hoped for in a lifetime.

Eventually they were side by side again, just like they had started out with a kiss and a cuddle, and Jeri was forced to look her son in the eyes once more as he lazily dipped in and out of her with his now red raw cock.

'I don't know what this means,' she finally said in between sharp and involuntary gasps. She was about to come so hard, and the steep uncertainty was somehow getting her off as much as the fact that her son's cock was about to fill her up with his seed.

'You started it!'

'Do you want to stop?'

'No...'

'Well then,' Jeri smiled faintly and squeezed her sore muscles around him.

'How about another kiss and cuddle, mom?' Stevie finally asked, and got what he wished for. Now that there was no hiding in the dark, and they had given into the taboo, there was no sense in fighting it. Their sexes all but melted together, so then did the rest of them. With lovers' mouths they kissed and embraced, and Jeri gave in; holding on tight for dear life, letting herself become her son's woman.

It was the beginning of a lot of early Saturday nights.

THE END