

MANNEQUIN MOMMY

silkstockingslover

Son and Mom fall for each other in a very unorthodox way.

Incest/Taboo

4.64

6.4k words

Summary: Son and mom fall for each other in an unorthodox way.

Note 1: This is a **Valentine's Day Contest Story 2015** so please vote.

Note 2: Thanks to **readinghypnosis** for the idea suggestion.

Note 3: Thanks to **Robert, Wayne** and **goamz86**.

Mannequin Mommy

Amanda looked in the mirror and sighed. Although only forty-one and still in amazing shape, she could see the first wrinkles of aging. Watching an infomercial on television about an anti-aging crème, she ordered some, desperate to keep the vibrant youthful look that had always kept her employable.

A professional model since her teen years, she had been told her whole life how beautiful she was, but age was not her friend and she hadn't felt beautiful of late.

Since hitting forty, the kryptonite age for models, the gigs had slowed down considerably and although she had always been financially secure for both herself and her son, she was determined to get him a good trust fund for college and thus needed to keep working.

Amanda and her son, Kevin, eighteen and in his senior year (he started a year late because they were travelling throughout Europe at the time he should have started kindergarten), were very close. They had always only had each other, as her deadbeat boyfriend (and his absentee father) walked out before Kevin was born.

Although Amanda was beautiful, she had not been in a relationship in years, having been betrayed over and over by men who went to bed with 'a model' and woke up with her. Instead, the only man she cared about was her son.

Just when things were beginning to look grim, she got a job at an upscale store that used living mannequins. They were very insistent on preserving the illusion and mannequins moving or flinching or reacting to customers is a big no-no.

Having modelled and posed for years, Amanda assumed that the job wouldn't be overly difficult, having worked with some very demanding and intense photographers. Yet, over the first week, she really struggled to not react slightly when customers moved close to her, made faces and especially when men made lewd comments toward her. Amanda was still a very beautiful woman, with firm long legs, blonde hair, blue eyes, a tight ass and small, 32B breasts that were still firm and amazing looking with the right push-up bra, and thus was admired by boys and men.

The manager threatened her to either do it completely right or he would have to replace her. Having been replaced by younger models for many jobs in the past couple of years, she was determined to keep the job and prove him wrong.

That night, during dinner, Amanda explained her problem to her son.

Kevin suggested, "You should practice at home."

"That's a great idea," Amanda nodded.

Kevin, who had spent his whole life around models, and still saw his mother as the most beautiful woman in the world, explained, "The key is to get used to being touched or ogled."

"I know," Amanda agreed, "I usually don't care what anyone says to me, or if some creepy guy is checking me out, but I feel so helpless when I'm not allowed to move. I feel completely vulnerable."

"Let's finish eating and then I'll help you practice," Kevin offered, liking the idea of touching his mother.

"Sure, what have I got to lose?" Amanda agreed.

"Your job," he quipped, loving to tease his mom.

"Brat," she laughed, her son always able to cheer her up.

Once dinner was done, Amanda posed in a similar position as she did at work, dressed in a 1950's poodle skirt, as part of that week's 'decades' theme.

Kevin moved her arms and legs a bit, poked her on the side and made funny faces at her. She struggled a bit, especially when she was poked in the side, but overall did better.

That night, Kevin masturbated while thinking of fucking his mother like he usually did, but this time the scenario changed as he imagined moving her into positions in which he wanted to fuck her.

The next day Amanda did better at work and thus began a daily routine of mannequin practice.

Every night they spent about fifteen minutes practicing, each day Kevin spending a little longer touching his mother, even tickling her, during which Amanda really struggled with maintaining her composure. Each evening, Kevin stroked himself with taboo fantasies of incest imagining making love to his mother.

The following week Amanda came home Sunday with her outfit for Monday. She walked in front of the television and froze wearing a tennis outfit with a very short skirt while holding a tennis racket.

Kevin's cock instantly hardened at the sight of his mother in such a sexy outfit. He stood up and pulled the racket out of her hands, the television show no longer interesting. Although a struggle, Amanda stayed in position. He treated her like a live Barbie doll moving her head, arms, and legs, being more aggressive than he had in the past. Then, getting slightly more adventurous, he ran his hands down her perfectly toned legs. Although he loved everything about her: her blonde hair, exotic green eyes, dazzling smile, great ass, perky breasts and overall great personality, it was her legs, whether bare and tanned or in any style of hosiery (thigh highs, pantyhose, fishnets, garter and stocking) that really turned him on.

Amanda felt a chill go up her spine and a tingle down below at the intimate touch of her son, but credited it to the incredible lack of intimate contact in recent years.

Kevin didn't want this to end, but also didn't want to seem like a pervert, and thus ended the sly touching of his mother.

They continued practising every night and Amanda began to both look forward to her playtime with her son and to get sexually excited by his touch. At first she found the practice time a fun activity to do with her son, something out of the ordinary and different. Yet as time progressed, it began to be strangely erotic in a taboo but innocent way. She enjoyed his soft, firm hands on her body, a sudden reminder of the intimacy she had long forgotten existed. She began to make it a game by every night posing when he came home from school, always in a different outfit, the one she was to wear the next day at work.

One day she dressed in camping gear, another day in tight running shorts, another time in a beautiful cocktail dress, another day as a maid. Each day Kevin tested his mother, each day he got rock hard and each day his touches became just slightly more intimate, always trying to push the boundary just slightly, wondering how far his mother would really let him go. Never touching her breasts or vagina, but each day moving closer and closer to the forbidden area.

As much as Kevin was tempted, he was an eighteen year old boy after all. Amanda was getting more and more confused. Why did she like her son's touch so much? Why did she look forward to these imitate moments? Why was she craving his touch? Why was she having dreams that ended up with her having sex with her son? She continued to blame it on her lengthy dry spell, but every day the temptation seemed to grow inside her more and more. 'Is incest really such a bad thing?' she pondered to herself after the most recent touching where his fingers were teasingly close to her damp pussy.

Every night without fail, Kevin shot his load imagining making love to his mannequin mother. Even though he still didn't think there was a chance of anything more than the playful touching sessions...he was beginning to wonder if the possibility did exist.

Meanwhile, as the days went on, Amanda could no longer deny it. The past few days her son's touch had been undeniably turning her on, making her wet and desperate for more. His soft hands gently caressing her shoulders, slithering ever so slowly down her legs and gliding teasingly close to her long neglected private parts was driving her mad with insatiable desire, creating a fire that she couldn't extinguish no matter how hard she tried with moral logic and motherly responsibility. The last two days she had pleased herself in her room with her small vibrator wishing it was bigger and more powerful, and each time as she reached climax her son's face inexplicably popped into her head. She had considered stopping the unique mother-son bonding experience knowing it was causing these taboo dreams, fantasies and feelings, but it really had helped with her job and she didn't merely enjoy the time with Kevin, it was her daily highlight.

So instead of quitting, like a mother should do, she began to pose in sexier outfits, in hotter positions and scenarios, deciding to create fantasies for both of them...not sure she was willing to cross the line, but enjoying the attention she was getting from a man, albeit her son.

On Saturday, she suggested they go for a swim in the backyard pool. Kevin didn't think it was anything out of the ordinary as they often spent the weekend lounging in and around the pool. Even though it was late January, in San Diego every day was a great day for a swim.

When Kevin came out of the house, he saw his mother standing there, lotion in her hand, in a beautiful two piece bikini that didn't remotely hide her breasts and really showcased her legs. Kevin instantly had a tent in his trunks, one he couldn't hide.

Amanda saw the impact of her pose and outfit on her son and broke into a smile, before quickly returning to her stoic position in anticipation of her son's hands on her.

Kevin, seeing this as a beautiful opportunity to push the boundaries a bit, walked over to her and for the first time since doing this, talked during the playtime. "I think you need to be protected from the sun." Kevin laughed at the accidental pun as he took the lotion out of his mother's hands, just as Amanda had hoped he would.

Kevin poured the lotion liberally into his hands and slowly coated his mother's body from head to toe. He started with the back of her neck, shoulders and arms. His touch was purposefully sly and gentle, wanting to enjoy every second of it, yet also hoping somehow, someday through his touch his mother would see him not as a son, but as a man.

Amanda loved how soft and tender her son's touch was. Part of her wanted to just give in to her growing desires and kiss him, yet knowing that incest was wrong and she was the mother, she resisted even as her pussy burned for attention.

Kevin moved his hands between the beautiful crevice between his mom's breasts, his fingers dangerously close to the breasts he suckled on all those years ago. The temptation to go further was almost unbearable, but his respect for his mother overrode his own fantasies, instead testing the boundaries by moving teasingly close to her taboo parts.

Amanda couldn't think straight. She wanted him to cup her breasts, suck on her erect nipples, give her the long resisted pleasure she barely remembered.

Kevin could see his mother's erect nipples through the thin bikini fabric and felt confident his touch was turning her on as much as it was him. Yet, not wanting to linger too long in one spot, he continued moving lower, spreading the on her toned belly, hips and back.

Disappointment rushed through Amanda as he moved away from her breasts, even though she did love the feel of his hands all over her, especially her hips.

Kevin knelt in front of her, his face directly in front of his mom's vagina. He wondered if she was shaved...was she wet...was he really having the impact on her that he thought he was?

Again as Amanda looked at her son below her, she was tempted to grab his head and pull him into her wet pussy. She knew he stared at her often, assumed she was likely a fantasy of his, having read online about many theories that all sons want to fuck their moms, but would he actually be willing to be more than a son; would a gentleman like Kevin fuck her hard like she wanted it? In reality, it was obvious to her, he was the only person she loved; the only one she could truly trust...why not do the only thing left that would show him she loved him unconditionally. He was her everything and the idea that he could be more than just a son...he could also be a lover was both appealing and, yet, terrifying.

Kevin felt his mouth water, the idea of tugging the skimpy bikini down and tasting her spinning in his head. He had to keep reminding himself she was his mother, even though, of course, he knew she was and that was what made the temptation even greater...his mother always having been his

greatest stroke fantasy. Every girl he dated he compared to his mother and none, no matter how pretty, how sexy, could remotely live up to the woman he already loved...his mother.

After applying lotion to his mother's thighs, his fingers so close to her pussy, he slowly, like a snail, moved down his mother's legs, generously adding lotion to every inch of her toned legs all the way to her perfectly manicured feet.

Done, Kevin stood up and began moving her in a few different positions. He wanted to just bend her over, wanted to see her firm ass in that position, something he often imagined, but he resisted the temptation, reluctantly keeping it appropriate even as his cock begged for major inappropriateness.

Amanda's pussy was on fire. She desperately wanted him to touch her pussy and, if not, to be alone so she could touch it herself. Yet, the reality was she was helpless to deal with her lust at the moment, completely at the mercy of the hands of her sexy, but tentative son.

Eventually Kevin, deciding he was about to burst if he kept touching her, ended the sexual tension as he picked her up and tossed her into the pool before diving in himself. Both of them knew something was changing, yet both of them were unsure how to deal with the changing unspeakable relationship.

That afternoon Amanda went shopping and bought a couple new toys for the bedroom, her sexual appetite not being quenched by her tiny vibrator. A ten inch dildo, an eight inch vibrator with a dozen speeds and a massage wand were all things she looked forward to experimenting with to keep her sexually satiated and also to keep her from walking into her son's room and raping him...although she was pretty confident he would love it.

Each day Amanda posed in a new outfit, each day Kevin's touches grew more and more intimate, and each day both of them pleased themselves with fantasies of crossing the line that was blurring more and more every day.

As much as Kevin was getting more aggressive with his touching, Amanda was getting more seductive in her attire choices and scenarios:

- She lounged in the hot tub wearing a sexy one-piece.

- She sat on a running washing machine barely able to not come while her son moved her around oblivious to the impact of the vibrations of the machine on her pussy.

- She posed in all white lingerie: bra, garter, stockings and thong that had Kevin near eruption at first sight, her legs looking sexy as hell in the silk stockings. Kevin, of course, spent even longer touching her legs, the feeling of the silk a major turn-on.

- Then she pushed the envelope even further sauntering in late one evening wearing a Catwoman outfit, knowing full well that her son loved Batman and particularly the original Catwoman: Julie Newmar, whom he met once on a shoot she was at when he was younger. This was the day that Kevin, without a doubt, knew his mother was enjoying this...enjoying the intimate moments with him...but did teasing him and enjoying it mean she was willing to cross the line? Kevin was both horny and confused and wanting to know if he should push it further.

During these teasing days, Kevin indeed did get more aggressive. He began to tell her to freeze randomly throughout the day while she was cooking or doing housework. He started getting bolder

as well, building confidence by inferring his mother's outfit choices were a hint of her desire. He began to slyly move his hands over her chest, never stopping but definitely crossing a line, and even began kissing her arms, neck and ear.

For Amanda her neck was her trigger button and her knees gave out every time her neck was touched by his lips.

Kevin, of course, noticed that his mother not only moved every time he kissed her neck, but her whole neck would go red. This was an advantage he planned to keep working on in his attempt to eventually sleep with his mom.

Amanda, her hunger to somehow make this relationship sexual growing with every day, every touch, considered a more blunt approach. As her son was definitely getting more aggressive, but still not going for the sexual jugular, she created a conversation to push the situation further.

Dressed in a ridiculously sexy cheerleader outfit, wearing pigtails, and standing up with her arms in the air with Pom Poms in her hands, she posed in his bedroom, another not so subtle hint of her intentions.

Kevin gasped when he walked into his bedroom and saw his mother in the outfit. Like all teenage boys, cheerleaders are like kryptonite. His cock immediately got hard and he tried to slyly adjust himself, but his mother noticed.

Amanda couldn't help but smile at seeing her impact on her son, sensing the intimate end was close.

"Kevin, I almost got fired today," Amanda lied, her boss now actually very happy with her performance, while remaining stoic.

"Really, why?" Kevin asked, surprised, knowing she was very good at the job now, his cock begging to be released from its fabric prison.

"Well, a few perverts are slyly touching my vagina and making me moan," she admitted, "plus, my nipples get hard so easily when touched sexually."

Kevin, sensing another naughty opportunity, asked, as he walked in front of her, "So you need to be able to be molested and not react?"

"Yes," she nodded.

"Do you want me to help you with this?" Kevin asked.

"Please," she agreed, watching as her son's hands went to her breasts. Unlike before when he slowly moved his hands over them, this time he cupped them.

Kevin couldn't believe he was being allowed to feel his mother's breasts, breasts he had fantasized about forever. He wanted to suck on her nipples, but instead gave a firm squeeze before moving behind her and slowly putting his hand on her back and guiding her forward to finally bend her over like he had wanted to since day one of this crazy mannequin play time.

Amanda, having given so many hints, was hoping he would take those hints and just flip up the skimpy skirt, tug down her thong and bury his cock in her pussy; but instead he slowly moved his

hand over her ass, squeezing it firmly. Amanda barely held in a moan, the anticipation of more fogging her head.

Kevin pondered just asking her, 'Do you want me to fuck you?', but his shy, conservative demeanour rejected the lustful arrogant male persona that just wasn't him. Instead, he moved his hand nervously between his mother's legs and to her crotch for the first time. To his surprise, as his fingers touched her pussy, he felt wetness.

Amanda couldn't help it, she moaned loudly, her growing lust to be with her son only enhancing the pleasure. Shame briefly cascaded through her at allowing her son to touch her pussy, yet lust overpowered the shame as she instead wiggled slightly against his fingers.

Kevin acknowledged, "You definitely do need to work on this."

"I knooooow," Amanda whimpered, wishing he would slide his fingers beneath the thin fabric and finger fuck her.

His fingers lingered a few seconds before he suggested, "I think all this weekend I will test you."

"Okay," she agreed, feeling a sudden emptiness as his fingers moved away.

"Unfortunately, I am meeting up with Ryan tonight," Kevin reluctantly said, looking at the clock and realizing he was going to be late, annoyed he had already made plans. "Actually, I'm going to be late."

"Oh, okay," she said, more disappointment hitting her.

Kevin promised, "Trust me, I'll push you this weekend."

"Promises, promises," Amanda flirted, standing up and turning around to coyly smile at her son.

"Freeze," Kevin ordered.

Amanda obeyed.

Kevin put his hand back on her wet vagina and rubbed it slowly, wanting to get her sexually excited.

Amanda struggled not to moan, his confident expression turning her on even more, yet his unwillingness to just take complete control also frustrating her.

Kevin moved away and smiled, "Have a great night, Mom." He kissed her on the cheek and left her stewing in lust.

As soon as Amanda heard the front door close, she fell onto her son's bed and began frantically rubbing herself, coming in seconds. As she lay there completely spent, she wondered what more she had to do to make her son know, without a doubt, how much she wanted him.

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Saturday morning, Valentine's Day, Amanda dressed in only her underwear and a long man's button-up shirt as she made breakfast.

Kevin came in and his morning wood stayed awake as he ordered, "Freeze!"

Amanda smiled as she froze with a spatula in one hand and a pan in the other.

Kevin moved to her, took the items out of her hands, and hugged her. He then fondled her breasts and moved in so his lips were just brushing hers.

Amanda wanted to kiss him, to give in to the lust she had been feeling grow more and more each day until it was at the undeniable fever pitch it now was.

Kevin continued getting more brazen, squeezing his mother's breasts, almost kissing her, moving his hand to her vagina. Being confident, he moved his fingers inside his mom's panties.

Amanda moaned, the moment of intimacy finally at hand, waiting for her son's finger to slide inside her.

Kevin teased his mom's pussy while staring into her eyes looking for an invitation to do more.

Amanda was about to burst, the intense intimacy of the touches, the look of lust in his eyes, being so close to crossing the taboo, but unable to go all in.

Kevin decided to go for broke, and after a couple minutes of teasing her, put his other hand on her cheeks, moved in and gave his mother a deep, you're-not-just-my-mother, kiss, while continuing to tease her pussy.

She somehow remained still, although when his tongue parted her lips, she responded with tongue also. The kiss lasted minutes, both of them doing no more, no less, than kissing, his finger never going any further. Amanda couldn't believe how natural it felt, the weeks of waiting somehow further enhancing the moment. Kevin meanwhile couldn't believe this was happening. The whole time he was kissing her, exploring her mouth, he was wondering what he should do next.

Amanda suddenly felt a wave of guilt after a few minutes of kissing her son...she was committing incest. Feeling overwhelmed, she broke the kiss and stammered, "T-t-thanks for the practice."

Kevin nodded, "Sure thing, Mom," but felt like he had been punched in the gut. He was sure he had read the signs properly, and being rejected made him disillusioned with the whole thing.

They ate in relative silence, and then Kevin dejectedly prepared to leave for work his job at the mall.

Amanda felt guilt all breakfast both at her lustful desire for her son and for pushing him away seeing in his eyes the hurt the rejection had on him. Wanting to make it up to him, wanting to give him the ultimate Valentine's Day present, she suggested, "Kevin, let's celebrate Valentine's Day together tonight."

Kevin couldn't read his mom anymore. Before being pushed away today, he would have hoped that this meant crossing the line; what better day than Valentine's Day to show complete love for someone. Yet, now he wasn't so sure; but hoping it was still a possibility, he agreed tentatively, "Sure."

All day, Amanda replayed the past month; she replayed how increasingly intimate it had gotten; she replayed his hands on her breasts and his finger touching her pussy; lastly, she replayed the morning's kiss. In the end, the evidence was there and undeniable, without a doubt she wanted her son; she saw him as a man, a lover.

She decided she was going to go for the sexual kill, putting herself out there completely. She was going to make herself completely vulnerable by giving herself to her son. She went shopping and purchased red sexy lingerie: bra, thong and thigh high stockings.

She got into the outfit and laid on her son's bed waiting for him to get home.

Kevin came home feeling a mixture of excitement and trepidation. The look in his mother's eyes as he left gave him hope, yet being pushed away when he kissed her, albeit after a few minutes and a lot of passion, confused him.

Walking in the house, he closed the door and heard his Mom call out, "I'm in your room, honey."

Immediately, Kevin's cock hardened as he walked towards his room. Excited, praying he hadn't read all the signs wrong, he walked into his room to see his mother on all fours, on his bed, in all red lingerie.

She was staring at him and said, in her frozen state, "Happy Valentine's Day."

Kevin moved to his bed, all his fantasies washing through him at once. He said, "I think today we will really test your ability to stay frozen."

She replied, "Do whatever you want to me," stressing the word 'whatever, giving him complete permission to use her body.

He moved to her ass, barely covered by the thong that left nothing to the imagination, and squeezed her ass cheeks.

Amanda held in a moan, but couldn't hold back a yelp when after a few seconds he playfully slapped her ass.

He continued rubbing his mom's ass, especially where he had created a slight red mark. He then moved his finger down the crack of her ass and all the way to her pussy. He said, as he pulled her thin fabric aside, deciding it was time to cross the line, slid a finger inside her already very wet pussy, "Let's see if you have finally mastered staying frozen."

"Ohhhhhh," she moaned, the anticipated pleasure too much to hold in.

"You're not being a very good statue today, Mom," he scolded, as he quickly pumped his finger into his mom's pussy.

"I'm a bad Mommmmmmmmy," she moaned, deciding to continue to give every hint of her willingness to commit the ultimate sin.

"I don't want you to get fired," he continued, furiously fingering her, hard enough she couldn't help but move. "You need to be able to stay frozen while getting stimulated."

"I know," she moaned again, "but it's so hard." After a moment, she added, wanting his cock in her mouth, "Maybe I need something in my mouth to keep me quiet."

Kevin froze himself, the offer of oral sex new to this crazy, kinky game. He asked, "Is that what Mommy wants, her mouth filled?"

"Yes, baby," she agreed, "Mommy desperately wants to have her mouth filled completely."

Kevin pulled his fingers out and moved in front of his mother. He picked her up and put her on the floor repositioning her on her knees, her face now directly in front of his crotch. Deciding to really enjoy the act, he put her hand on his zipper and then moved her hand. That was followed by moving her arms to tug his pants down and then his underwear.

Amanda's eyes got big. Her son's cock was long, hard and thick. Her mouth watered and automatically opened up ready to receive her son's cock.

Kevin looked down at his mom, her open mouth so inviting, but again hesitated. He was 99 percent sure they were both thinking the same thing, but deciding he wanted to be a 100 percent correct he asked, "Does Mommy mannequin still want her mouth filled?"

"God, yes," Amanda replied, the hard cock an inch from her waiting mouth.

Kevin moved forward and slid his cock inside his mom's mouth.

Amanda's panties instantly dampened the moment her mouth was full. She wanted to bob on the big hard cock, but remained frozen as instead her son began to fuck her mouth.

Kevin was in heaven. His greatest fantasy happening as he slowly moved his cock in and out of his mom's mouth. He knew he wasn't going to last long, the anticipation building for weeks, and after less than a couple of minutes of slow moving back and forth he was close to coming. He pulled out and asked, "Does Mommy mannequin swallow?"

"Mommy mannequin does whatever her son asks her to," she responded, wanting him to understand she was giving herself mind, body and soul to her son.

Kevin slid his cock back into her mouth, moving his cock faster. After just a few strokes, he groaned and declared, "Here it comes, Mommmmmmmmy."

Amanda hadn't swallowed cum in years, but like riding a bike you never forget the skill, and as the cum shot into her mouth she eagerly swallowed her son's seed.

Kevin continued slowly moving in and out until every last drop of his cum had been deposited. Pulling out, he lifted her back onto the bed, laid her onto her back and decided it was time to worship perfection.

Amanda lay there both vulnerable and excited; with the line now crossed, the guilt and trepidation dissipated completely.

Kevin lifted her right stocking-clad leg up and moved her foot to his lips. He sucked on each toe individually through the sheer silk stocking.

Amanda had never had her feet pleased, other than a massage, and as she watched her son treat her with such tenderness, she fell even more in love with him.

Kevin replicated the attention on the other foot and then lowered her mother's legs back onto the bed. He then moved to her breasts and asked, like a gentleman considering he had just come in her mouth a few minutes ago, "Can I take your bra off, Mom?"

"Please do," Amanda asked, smiling at his tentativeness still, now that all the lack of clarity was gone.

Kevin pulled her up, awkwardly unclasped her bra and leaned her back down. He said, "I have wanted to see these like this forever."

Amanda, breaking character, responded, "Well, forever starts today."

Kevin smiled, "I love you, Mom," as he leaned down and took his mother's right nipple in her mouth.

"I love you, too, Kevin," she moaned, the pleasure of having her nipple sucked sending chills through her very being.

Kevin spent an eternity going back and forth between his mom's tits, before finally going to her neck and splattering her with kisses.

"Oh God, baby," she moaned, "you have found my weak spot."

"You are my weak spot," Kevin responded.

"You know just what to saaaaay," she whimpered, her body and mind going to mush.

He then slowly slithered his way, his tongue never breaking contact, between her breasts, swirling around her belly button and eventually reaching her sweet spot.

"Go ahead, baby," Amanda purred, "lick Mommy's pussy."

He didn't need any further encouragement as he leaned forward and began licking his mom's glistening pussy lips.

"God, yes, baby," she encouraged, "I've been waiting for this for so looong."

"Really?" Kevin asked, surprised to hear such a declaration.

"Yes, baby, I want you to be my son and lover," she continued, throwing her heart on her sleeve (that is, if she had been wearing any).

"Oh Mom," he groaned, his cock hard again as he continued licking her, her taste as perfect as he imagined it would be.

"Do you want to be my lover, baby?" she asked.

He said, between licks, "Mom, I want to be your everything."

"Oh yes, baby, I want your big cock in me now," she moaned, desperate to feel his cock inside her.

Those were the words he had been dreaming of forever and he quickly moved up, positioned his stiff cock at his mom's cunt and watched as it disappeared inside her.

"Oh yessssssss, Kevin, fuck Mommy," she moaned, as the final line was crossed.

"Oh God, Mommmmm," he groaned, in awe of the reality that his cock was now buried in his dream woman, his mom.

"Now it's been a long time since Mommy's been fucked," she said, wrapping her legs around her son, "and I need it bad, baby. So please, fuck me hard."

"As you wish," he agreed, the words music to his ears. He began pumping his cock in and out of his mom's pussy.

"Oh yesssss, babbby," she moaned, "Mommy loves your cock in her pussy." And she did...and now that she had crossed the line, she revelled in declaring it, in making it even more taboo by talking dirty.

"And I love fucking you, Mom," he grunted, watching in awe as his mother's body moved with each deep thrust; watching in awe at his mother's beautiful faces of pleasure; listening in awe to the naughty words coming out of his wholesome mother. Every fantasy he ever had about his mother had culminated in this moment, this reality and he didn't want it to ever end.

Amanda rubbed her clit, her long denied orgasm rising rapidly after just a couple of minutes of being fucked. She continued talking, wanting to hear him talk dirty too, "Oh yes, baby, tell me I'm your Mommy, your sexy, fuck toy Mommy."

Saying such words were out of his comfort zone, yet they flowed out of his mouth naturally as he continued fucking her, each hard forward thrust making slapping sounds. "You like my cock, Mommy? You like being pounded by your son?"

"Oh yes, honeyyyyy, more, more," she begged, frantically rubbing her clit, euphoria imminent.

"Come for me Mommy, come all over your son's hard dick," he continued, wanting to make her come, to get her off.

"Oh yes, yes, I want to be your slut, baby, yes, yes, your Mommy slut," Amanda babbled, so close.

"Come now, Mommy, come like the Mommy slut you are, my Mommy slut," he demanded, sensing she needed to be talked dirty to so she could reach orgasm.

"Yessssss, you Mother fuckkkkkkkkkkkker," she screamed as the eruption finally hit her, creating tremors and pulsations that hit every inch of her body.

Kevin continued fucking her, watching her scream and orgasm which somehow made her even more beautiful and made his balls begin to boil for a second time.

"Oh yes, baby," she moaned, staring into his eyes and sensing he was close too. "Fill Mommy's cunt with your cum baby, I want to feel you spray your seed deep in me."

"Oh God, Mommyyyyyy," he whimpered, loving every filthy word out of her mouth.

"You want to come in Mommy," she asked coyly before giving a second option, "Or would you rather come all over Mommy's face?"

He had never done such a naughty act, another fantasy of his and he grunted, taking control again, as he pulled out, got off the bed and ordered, "Get on your knees."

She quickly obeyed, loving a man who knew what he wanted, and opened her mouth just in time to have him shove it in.

He roughly fucked her face, dying to cum, and loving the loud slobbering sounds coming from his mother.

Desperately close, he pulled out and began furiously pumping his cock.

"Oh yes, you sexy mother fucking stud, come all over your Mommy's face," she begged, her dirty talk the last straw to his orgasm.

His cum rocketed out and coated her face hitting her hair, forehead, nose, lips and mouth.

"That's it baby, coat Mommy's face," she purred, as one last stream hit her, forgetting just how warm cum was when it splattered on her face.

"So good," he groaned, looking down at his mother, her face covered with his sticky white stuff.

"Agreed," she purred, as she scooped up some cum off her chin and put it in her mouth, while never breaking eye contact with her handsome son.

"I can't believe we did it," he said, the reality of their incestuous act finally hitting him now that he was thinking with the head on top of his neck.

"I can't believe we waited this long," she countered, taking his cock back in her mouth. She had no regrets even after the act was done. She loved her son and this was the most intimate way to show it.

"You're insatiable," he moaned, as she deep throated his cock.

"You're young and have lots of stamina," she pointed out, taking his cock out of her mouth and standing up. Looking into his eyes, she asked, "You don't regret it, do you?"

"God no," he said, "I am just still in awe of it all."

"Good, because Mommy expects this to be a regular thing," she declared, "in fact, I hope you plan to sleep in my bed tonight."

"Mom, I plan to sleep in our bed every night," he corrected, stressing the word 'our'.

"Well, you are the man of the house," she smiled.

"I love you, Mom," he said gently.

"I love you too, son," she replied.

They both looked into each other's eyes and saw infinity. Tonight was the beginning of their infinity. They both leaned forward and kissed each other knowing that they were no longer just mother and son...yet they were still mother and son.

THE END