

"MOM-SON": BEST FRIEND THREESOME

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Son and Mom dominate Mom's submissive best friend.

Incest/Taboo

4.71

5.3k words

Summary: Son and Mom dominate Mom's submissive best friend.

Note: This is the fourth part of a romantic journey between mother and son. As always I suggest you read or reread the first three parts, but here is a quick primer to get you up to date.

Part 1: "Mom-Son:" A Love Story

A couple days after her son Paul's 18th birthday, she walked in on him masturbating...this moment triggered her curiosity in incest. Her husband had died when Paul was three, and her son had grown into a dead ringer for him. She researched incest, chatted online with a woman who was sleeping with her own son, read stories of mother-son relationships and even watched incest movies. This led to her decision to seduce her son.

Part 2: "Mom-Son": A Romantic Date

The next day, after their incestuous night together, Paul surprised his mother by taking her out for a romantic date (not as mom and son, but lovers) where they enjoy a meal at a five-star restaurant and attend the musical 'Mamma Mia' where they use their private balcony to have some pretty hot sex.

Part 3: "Mom-Son": Anal Virginity

Mom, Courtney, decides she wants to give her son her final taboo virginity... her ass. So she talks with her online friend Kennedy, who gives her advice on how to prep her ass for her son's big cock. Courtney also considers having lesbian sex for the first time and does some online play where she submits to Kennedy and promises to be her submissive lesbian plaything when they meet in person in the future. Of course the chapter ends with Courtney having her anal virginity taken by her son.

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Best Friend Threesome

After a lengthy bath, an oral orgasm at the tongue of my son, and another orgasm as he fucked my pussy before depositing a load all over my face, we lay in my bed together as I asked, the cum still on me, wearing it like a badge of honour, "So how did you end up fucking my best friend?"

He laughed, "You're still stuck on that?"

"More curious than stuck," I responded bluntly.

"Am I hearing a tinge of jealousy?" He asked.

"Truth?" I asked, shifting to vulnerable.

"Always," he smiled warmly.

"I *am* a bit jealous I wasn't your first," I admitted. Then added, "And I'll be jealous of whomever you're with next."

"Well that will be you," he smiled. "It's a bit silly to be jealous of yourself."

"I'm serious," I said. "This has been amazing and easily the best sex I've ever had. But I know it can't go on forever."

"Why not?" he asked, clearly as infatuated by fucking his mother as I was fucking my son. The difference of course being the best years of his life were still ahead of him.

I laughed, "You're cute in your naivety."

"You're hot with cum all over your face," he countered.

"That *was* quite the load," I laughed, touching my face to feel the wads of cum just beginning to dry.

"My barrel is always fully loaded," he joked, stroking his somehow still hard cock.

"And I have targets you are more than welcome to use for target practise any time you want," I replied, playing along with the metaphor.

He smiled, before saying softly, "If I would have imagined this could possibly happen I would have rejected Laurie's advances."

"So she seduced you?" I questioned, still super curious how my married best friend had ended up taking my son's virginity.

"You can ask her," he said.

"You're not going to tell me?" I asked, annoyed.

"Nope," he said. "A man doesn't fuck his mom's best friend and tell."

"You already did," I pointed out.

"Well, a man doesn't fuck his mom's best friend and share all the details," he corrected.

"Fine," I sighed.

"I know that means it isn't fine," he said. "But I'm okay with that."

"Brat," I said, even as I straddled him.

"So I'm told on good authority," he shrugged.

"I'm going to make that bitch my cunt licking slut tomorrow," I declared.

"I want to watch," he said.

"You can join in, too," I added, as I began bouncing on his cock.

"Awesome," he said, as he began bucking up to meet my downward bounces.

Fifteen minutes and a few positions later and I got one last load for the night deep in my ass... I fell asleep naked and in my son's arms, his cum leaking out of my ass.

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Next morning, I woke my son up with a morning blow job, swallowing his creamy breakfast treat.

For breakfast I made him an omelette with a side of cunt.

We showered together, where we both had our second orgasms of the morning.

I texted Laurie and invited her over for coffee at 11. She responded she would love that.

Paul, sitting beside me, texted from his own phone: **I expect you in thigh highs, no bra or panties for the day as I may be stopping over to pound your tight asshole.**

She texted back: **I'm having coffee with your mom at 11.**

As I watched over his shoulder, he replied: **So?**

Can I get dressed in that attire after I get back from visiting your mother? she pleaded.

He texted back: **Dress like the slut you are right fucking now if you want my dick again.**

She immediately gave in with an apology: **Sorry! I'll do as I'm told.**

"Wow, you really have her whipped," I approved.

"She'll do anything for my cock," he admitted, as he texted: **Good, because I may even have a third for you today to give you that DP you want so bad.**

"I can't wait to see how she responds to that," I said, knowing the third was me.

She texted back: **I can't wait!!**

"Holy shit, I expected some sort of resistance," I said.

He said, "She's admitted she has a fantasy of getting DP'd, filled air tight and gangbanged."

"Any hints she is a cunt muncher too?" I asked.

"I never thought about asking," he said.

"Well, I guess I'll have to find out," I said.

"If I tell her to, she will," he said confidently.

"Will she do anything for your cock?"

"I've fucked her in her bedroom while her husband was downstairs, I've made her walk into the house with cum all over her face and I came in her ass before she went to church and I made her go without underwear," he revealed.

"You really are a hot mother fucker, aren't you?"

"Guilty as charged," he smiled. "I'll even get her to suck my cock and take it in the ass while you're here."

"No way."

"And you can watch," he said, picking up his phone.

"How?"

"I'll hide my phone in the bathroom and you can go to a website I set up and watch. It will be a live feed but only for you," he explained.

"Cool," I nodded, as I added, "I should get ready for her to come over."

"And I'll get ready for her to come over too," he said playfully, reaching for my phone.

She arrived dressed in a sundress and thigh highs. I too was in a sundress and thigh highs, both of us in impractical nylons for a hot afternoon.

Both of us wearing what Paul expected us to.

Only one of us knowing the other's secrets.

She seemed nervous. Partly because she was dressed a little too skimpily for a coffee visit and I imagine she was concerned that Paul might somehow out her.

We chatted for twenty minutes about generic nothingness like we always did before I asked, "So why the thigh high stockings?"

"Pardon?" she asked.

"I can see the tops of your stockings," I pointed.

"Oh, um, just dressing up for when Wally gets home," she lied.

"I see," I nodded.

I lifted up my dress to show her I was wearing some too and said, "I guess we both think alike."

"And who are you dressed up for?" she asked.

"My new man," I revealed.

"Do tell," she said, instantly curious.

"He's a lot younger than I," I said.

"Really?" She asked, "how young is young?"

"Eighteen," I admitted.

"No way," she gasped and then joked, "you cradle robber."

Takes one to know one, I thought to myself as her phone vibrated.

She looked at her phone and her face instantly paled.

"Are you okay?" I asked.

"Um, yeah," she lied. "Just need to go to the washroom."

"Okay," I nodded, not asking why her phone had just told her to do that.

I watched her walk away and when I pulled my phone out I was immediately looking at my naked son leaning back against the sink.

A moment later I heard a knock on the door through my phone.

"Come in, slut," Paul responded.

Laurie came in, closed the door and pleaded, "Paul, we can't fool around right now: your mom is downstairs."

"I know that," he said, pointing to his dick, "but Little Paulie doesn't care."

"What if your mom comes upstairs?" she asked, even as she moved to him.

"Don't know, so you better hurry," Paul shrugged.

"I can't believe you're making me take such a risk," she said, as she moved to him, and bent over to take his cock in her mouth, although her tone wasn't mortified, just playfully amused.

"You did say you'd be my slut twenty-four seven," he pointed out as he looked right into the camera.

She didn't respond as she bobbed furiously. I was annoyed by the camera angle, as all I saw was the back of her active head.

Paul moaned, "I bet you wish you could tell my mom you had some big dicked 18-year-old fucking you silly."

She moaned in response, never slowing down.

Paul then ordered, a few seconds later, "Bend over the sink, it's time to fuck that cunt."

"Oh God," she said, even as she obeyed, "I can't believe I'm letting you do this."

Paul moved behind her, lifted up her dress, exposing her obedience and slammed into her cunt as he said, "I own your cunt, don't I?"

"God, yes," she moaned, as I could see her facial expressions of complete pleasure. I wondered if I had the same look when he fucked me.

"And if I told you to go downstairs, crawl under the table and eat my mom, you would, wouldn't you?"

"Oh Paul, you're so bad," she moaned.

"Answer the question, slut," he demanded, pulling out.

Urgently she responded, "Yes, yes, I'd eat your mom's cunt right now if you made me, now please shove that big dick in my cunt."

"Good slut," he approved, resuming fucking her.

"Oh God, I can't resist your cock," she moaned, as I watched her get fucked.

"And soon you won't be able to resist my mom's cunt," he foreshadowed.

"She'd shit if she knew what was happening right now," she said.

Since my hand was rubbing my pussy, that definitely wasn't what I was doing.

He said, "You never know, maybe she's a dirty slut like you."

"Don't talk about your..." she began to say, but her orgasm was rising.

"Don't talk about what?" he asked, really pile driving her now. God, I needed to be fucked hard like that right now!

"Your mother," she answered, biting her lip to not scream, as I headed to the bathroom, pulling my earbuds out of my ears, but still watching.

"I want you to come right fucking now, slut," I heard through the door.

"Oh fuck," was all she could muster as seconds later, she came.

I rapped on the door and asked, "You okay, Laurie? I heard noises."

Paul smiled, as he didn't slow down, as Laurie weakly answered through her ongoing orgasm, "Yes, I dropped something on my foot."

"You sure?" I asked, "you sound off."

"Just something in me," she began to say, which made me laugh; there was definitely something in her. "Making me feel off."

"Okay," I said. "Do you need some Pepto-Bismol?"

"Sure," she said desperately, anything to make me go away, as Paul pulled out, spun her around and instantly splattered her face with cum, although I couldn't see anything because of the fucking angle.

I quickly grabbed the Pepto-Bismol from my bedroom and returned a moment later. Paul had moved away and my phone was now showing me a cum covered Laurie. Fuck, that looked hot.

I knocked on the door again, "I have the Pepto."

Paul shoved his cock in her mouth for a few seconds.

Not cutting her any slack I asked, "Laurie?"

Paul pulled out and she said, "I'm okay, I'll be down in a couple of minutes. Just need to clean up."

"Um, okay," I said, sounding confused. "I'll be downstairs."

"Okay," she answered, before taking Paul's cock back in her mouth.

I returned to the kitchen and turned the volume up. "That was fun," Paul said, as he pulled out.

Laurie stood up and said, as she scooped a big wad of his cum off her face, "I was terrified."

"And yet you obeyed," he said.

"Did I have a choice?" she asked looking into the mirror.

"You always have a choice," Paul shrugged, grabbing a towel. "But the choice is always between my cock or not my cock."

She sighed as she began to wipe away the evidence, "And I'll always take your cock."

"I know you will," he smiled. "Be back here at three for your DP."

"Here?" she asked her eyes going big.

"Yeah, Mom is going to an afternoon movie with some work friend," he lied. "Won't be back until seven as they are going out for dinner afterwards."

"Oh, okay," she nodded.

"Now get downstairs before Mom gets suspicious," he ordered, slapping her ass hard.

"You're so bad," she said, shaking her head.

A couple minutes later she was back downstairs, and we finished our coffee. I didn't push her any further. Instead I envisioned what was going to happen later this afternoon.

Once she left, I headed out... I had some toy shopping to do.

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I went and bought a strap-on, some handcuffs, a wall dildo, some anal lube, and a new vibrator called a rabbit. But it was the strap-on I was most excited about as I planned to DP her with my son.

So at three-fifteen, still dressed in a sundress and thigh highs, a garishly coloured shopping bag sporting a 'Pervs Я Us' logo in my hand, I slyly opened my front door. Paul had texted me when Laurie arrived, promptly at three.

If he had followed through with his plan, right now she would be on my bed getting fucked... blindfolded.

I crept silently into the house, stripped except for my silk pull-ups, pulled out a strap-on and headed to my bedroom... almost feeling like a kid on Christmas morning. Before I had learned about incest and talked to Kennedy I was just a prim and proper lonely mom. Now I was a son fucker and about to have lesbian sex and a threesome with him. Crazy, but true.

I stopped at my open door as she begged, "Oh God yes, fuck Mommy with your big fuck stick."

"You're such a dirty Mommy-slut," he said, as he pounded her from behind.

I'm not going to lie, it was pretty hot. Laurie was naked except thigh high stockings and a blindfold.

"You love fucking Mommy, don't you?" she asked, as she began bouncing back on his cock.

"Yeah, I love having my own live-in fuck toy... Mommy," he answered, winking at me.

"And you can fuck Mommy anytime you want, son," she moaned, although the sentence took like thirty seconds as her breathing and moans kept interrupting her thoughts and words.

"And what if my real mom walked in right now?" he asked, as he held her hips still.

"Don't stop," she begged, his magical cock having propelled her to near orgasmic bliss.

As I watched I put the strap-on on, the woman at the store having shown me how.

"Answer the question," he demanded, stopping deep inside her.

"I'm your slut, so I would do whatever you told me to," she answered in desperation to have his cock resume fucking her.

"So you'd eat her cunt while I slammed my dick up your shit hole?" he asked, pulling out and in one quick hard thrust filling her ass.

She screamed, "Fuuuuck!"

His dick now lodged in her ass, he repeated the question, "Would you eat your best friend's cunt while her son sodomized your tight ass?"

"Yes, dammit," she declared, "I'll do anything you tell me to, just keep fucking me with your big fucking cock."

He nodded, and I climbed onto the bed as he resumed fucking her ass, the bed bouncing so much she didn't notice a third person now right in front of her was holding a latex dick close to her face.

"So you'll seduce my Mom for me and make her a cunt lapping slut?" Paul asked.

To my surprise her answer was nasty and arrogant. "I'll have her begging to eat my cunt while it's dripping with your cum."

"A cream pie, delicious," he winked at me.

"Oh yeah, she'll be begging to munch on my well fucked cunt," she moaned, bouncing back on the cock filling her ass.

"What is going on in here?" I suddenly exploded, pretending to sound angry.

Laurie froze, my son's cock buried in her ass.

But my son kept sodomizing her.

"C-C-Courtney," she stammered, although she somehow did it in a moan, as she looked towards my voice, although she couldn't see me.

"Why are you fucking my son in my bed?" I asked, wielding my strap-on directly in front of her.

"I can explain," she said, trying to move, but my son's hands were holding her firmly in place as he kept pounding her ass.

"You can explain why my son's dick is in your ass?" I pursued.

When she opened up to respond one more time, I shoved my cock in her mouth and began fucking her face.

"Oh yeah, Mom, fuck her face," Paul approved.

"Get it nice and wet, slut. If you want to be a cheap slut, Paul and I will treat you as one," I declared, feeling a massive rush of sexual adrenaline as I fucked her face. Having a cock and using it gave me instant power.

I knew in seconds I would always be submissive to Paul, but I would also be dominant when possible in sexual encounters with women, especially my best friend. I planned to practice every kink I could think of with her before we headed out to party on Incest Island.

The sloppy sounds coming out of her mouth as she took my cock added to the excitement, before I pulled out and asked, as I took the blindfold off, "Ever been double penetrated, *Mommy Laurie*?"

"I'm so sorry, Courtney," she apologized, clearly mortified at being caught, her eyes speaking volumes... of humiliation, guilt and lust.

I shrugged, "Answer the question."

"No," she answered, as she moaned from the rear reaming she was taking.

"Well, apparently you were planning to make me your lesbian cunt licking slut," I pointed out.

"That was just role play," she moaned loudly, talking with her best friend not hindering her pleasure from getting ass fucked by her bestie's son.

"So you don't want to dyke out with me?" I questioned, as I slid my cock back in her mouth and face fucked her for a few seconds.

"Let's DP her, mom" Paul suggested.

"I get her ass," I decided.

"Sure, I could use a break anyway," he said, pulling out and laying on his back.

"You're not mad?" she asked bewildered, when I pulled out of her mouth.

Wanting to shock her, I silently moved around and took my son's cock in my mouth.

"No fucking way," she gasped, as I bobbed on my son's cock that had just been in her ass... the more taboo, the hotter it was.

Paul said, "Now I have two Mommy sluts and to make everything clear Laurie, you are bottom slut."

"Yes, sir," she replied, still looking stunned.

I quit sucking his cock and said, "Ride him, girlfriend."

"I can't believe this," she said.

"I couldn't believe you would seduce my son and take his virginity," I countered, as she moved to straddle my son's cock.

"I've felt so guilty about it ever since," she admitted.

"Not enough to quit fucking him though," I pointed out.

"I tried, but I can't resist this big cock," she answered, as she swallowed it whole.

"That I can understand," I concurred, as I moved behind her as she began riding my son.

"You're really going to DP me?" she asked, looking behind towards me.

"Definitely," I nodded, as I positioned my cock at her gaping asshole, so well prepared by my son's thick dick. I added as much, "Although my son may have gotten your ass too wide."

"His cock does tear me apart," she moaned, as she rode him.

I slid inside her ass easily and she moaned again, "Yes, Fuck my asshole, Courtney. I want to be your slut too,"

"Be at my beck and call for cunt lickings," I declared.

"Whatever you say," she moaned, as my son and I began to take her in unison, pumping in and out as one.

"Oh it's what I say all right," I purred, feeling great exhilaration at being the one doing the fucking and not the one being fucked. It was a completely different experience. Less sexually stimulating, but more mentally empowering.

"Oh God," she moaned as we double teamed her.

"I'm your new Goddess," I said, reveling in this new power. "Especially since you'll be worshipping my cunt regularly."

"Oh yes, Mistress," she moaned as her breathing already implying her orgasm was imminent after only a minute or so of rough double penetration.

The term 'Mistress' surprised me, but also greatly excited me. I was a submissive to my son, my lover, without a doubt, yet I could also be a dominant with her and perhaps on occasion even with Kennedy if we one day met.

Paul and I pumped in and out in perfect unison, bringing Laurie to an earth-shattering orgasm.

I kept pumping throughout her orgasm until Paul ordered, "On your back, slut!"

I asked, only kind of joking, "Which slut?"

He laughed, "Two eager submissives, man my life is good"

Although she was still recovering from her orgasm, Laurie asked, "Paul is the 18-year-old you were telling me is fucking the shit out of you."

"Literally," I answered. "He reamed my asshole so much last night I'll never be the same."

Paul flipped Laurie onto her back and ordered, "Take off the cock and straddle her face, Mom."

"Yes, baby," I nodded, taking off the strap-on, looking forward to using my best friend's face as a live-action Sybian.

I tossed my new dick aside, straddled my friend's still bewildered face, and asked, "Ready to be my cunt muncher?"

She nodded, my wet cunt directly above her face.

Revelling in my newfound power, I ordered, "Tell me Laurie, tell me what you want."

"Fuck, Courtney. I want to be your son's fuck toy and your personal pussy munching best friend," she declared earnestly, looking up at me with a mixture of confusion and lust, a facial expression I imagine is generally impossible to create.

Liking her answer, I dropped my cunt, rather roughly, onto my best friend's face and began grinding up and down on it.

"That is the hottest thing I've ever witnessed," my son said, stroking his cock while he watched from beside the bed,

"Hotter than when you took my anal virginity last night?" I questioned.

"Okay, second hottest," he corrected.

"You bet your ass," I winked, "or mine," as I really tried to rub one out on my best friend's face, her tongue extended and trying to lick me the best she could.

"Want my cock, Mom?" he asked, getting onto the bed.

"Is my cunt grinding on my best friend's face?" I questioned with a wicked smile.

"I think it is," he laughed, as he lifted me up and positioned me on all fours like a rag doll, lowering me so my cunt was still over Laurie, but now she would have to crane her neck up to continue licking me.

"Oh yes," Laurie said from underneath me, obviously turned on by the act of incest she was about to witness just inches from her face. "Fuck your mom with that big dick."

"I think I will," he laughed, sliding his cock in me as he responded.

"Oh yes, fuck Mommy, baby," I moaned, the reality we had a witness watching us commit the ultimate sinful taboo only enhancing the act.

"Yes, fuck your mom, you big dick stud," Laurie added from underneath me, getting an up close and personal view of my incestuous lust.

"Get back to licking your Mistress, slut," I ordered, loving being both a submissive and a dominant simultaneously.

"Yes, Mistress," she responded, as I soon felt a tongue on my clit, while my son drilled me.

"Oh fuck, yes," I moaned loudly, the double pleasure, a double attack of euphoria.

And for a few glorious minutes, three, maybe four, I moaned and whimpered as my cunt was pleased in a way it had never been before. Having a cock pounding my pussy while a tongue attacked my clit was exhilarating and my orgasm rose like a hurricane.

I moaned loudly.

My breathing got stunted.

My head became light.

I babbled like a porn star in heat. "Oh my God, fuck me," "Oh shit, suck my clit," and "I'm coming."

The orgasm was unlike any other.

Intense.

Life changing.

Body quaking.

Energy usurping.

As I collapsed forward onto the bed, Paul kept fucking me throughout my orgasm... one that seemed determined to last forever.

My fingers tingled.

My head went empty.

My body shook with the aftershocks of euphoria.

Then he grunted and spewed his load deep inside my cunt, as I moaned weakly, "Yes, fill Mommy's cunt with your cum."

He kept pumping until every drop of his seed was in my cunt.

As soon as he pulled out, I dropped my cunt on Laurie's face and ordered, "Get eating, slut."

"A cream pie, hot," Paul approved, just as Laurie obeyed, licking the mixture of male and female cum leaking out of me.

"Get that tongue in my cunt," I ordered, grabbing the back of her head and pulling it deep into my pussy.

She obeyed, tongue fucking me, a second orgasm beginning to build.

"Get in a 69, sluts," my son ordered, after a couple of minutes.

"You want to watch Mommy eat cunt?" I questioned, getting off Laurie's face and seeing her face was literally glistening with wetness.

"I do," he agreed, as I bent down and licked some of the cum mixture off her face, before kissing her. "I don't think that's a 69," he joked.

"Just wanted to taste our cum mixed together, my darling son," I said, breaking the kiss.

"Next time I'll come inside her just for you," he promised, as I spun around, straddled her again and lowered my face into her wetness.

"Yummy," I said, both about the idea of a cream pie and also the glistening cunt I was about to lick.

Then I extended my tongue and licked hers as she licked mine.

And for a few minutes we licked, probed, and pleased each other.

I decided being on top was uncomfortable, so we swapped positions where I was on my back and she on top, which was better for my neck and my rising orgasm.

She came first, her cum leaking out of her and onto my lips and face... the taste completely different from male cum, the texture also completely different. Yet, both were equally stimulating and tasty.

I lapped up her cum and then she moved around, crawled between my spread legs and dove in, attacking my cunt again with her tongue and now her fingers.

One finger.

Two fingers.

Three fingers.

I couldn't get enough as I begged, "Finger bang me," "Suck on my clit," and "Don't you fucking stop."

As she ate me and finger fucked me, Paul had moved behind Laurie and began fucking her... hard... so her face was bouncing around a bit on my twat.

My orgasm was so close and then she did the unthinkable, her entire fist slipped inside me.

I'd never felt so full, so stretched and as she began fisting me. I screamed, "You fucking bitch!" That was followed by, as my orgasm rose quickly, "Fist fuck me, yes, yes, fuck!"

Not even a minute of getting a fist deep in my cunt and I was screaming my declaration of orgasmic bliss, "Yes!"

She kept ramming her small fist in my cunt as my orgasm swarmed through me.

I finally had to beg for her to take it out as it was too intense and making me need to pee. And though the idea of a golden shower on her face did pop into my mind, I sure wasn't going to do it on my bed!

When her hand pulled out of me, a massive gush of wetness flooded out of me making a large puddle on my bed. These sheets would definitely need a good wash.

I scurried to the bathroom as Laurie begged, "Harder. Fuck my shit hole harder."

When I returned a few minutes later, Laurie was riding his cock in her ass in a rather impressive way. The entire cock was filling her ass.

Completely spent, I watched the act until Paul ordered, "Both of you on your knees on the floor."

Laurie got off his cock, her asshole gaping wide, and she quickly got into her submissive position on the floor. I knelt beside her as Paul moved in front of us and shoved his dick in my mouth.

He face fucked my mouth for a few strokes, then did the same to Laurie.

This was repeated for a minute or two, five rough face fucks before switching, his balls actually bouncing off our chins.

He then ordered, "Get ready for my cum."

We both moved our faces closely against each other, opened our mouths and waited for our creamy treat like two baby birds.

A few seconds later, as he furiously beat his meat, he shot his load on us.

The first load splattered on her face, the second on mine, the third and fourth in our mouths.

As soon as he was done, I kissed her, transferring the cum I'd caught into her mouth.

We kissed for a couple of minutes before I licked his cum off her face, she doing the same to me.

Laurie finally said, "I can't believe we just did that."

"I can't believe we haven't been doing it for years," I replied, as I pushed her onto her back onto the floor.

She laughed, "If I only knew you were a Mistress."

"And if I only knew you were a dirty slut," I countered and straddled her face for one more orgasm.

"Takes one to know one," she countered back before she began licking.

As I was looking down at my best friend and scooping off a little last bit of cum from my son, I wondered what was next.

The answer seemed obvious... Paul and I needed to go on this trip.

The end for now...

Coming one day if enough want it:

Home Video

The application is filled out and the video is made for entry onto Incest Island.

Incest Island

They go to Incest Island.