

A MOM & SON AFFAIR: BLOSSOMING LUV

silkstockingslover

Mother and son explore their newly awakened incestuous love.

Incest/Taboo

4.69

9.6k words

Summary: Mother and son explore their newly awakened incestuous love for one another.

Note 1: Thanks to Tex Beethoven, goamz86, Robert, Dave, and Wayne for editing.

This is part two of a potential ongoing series.

In part one, **Accidental Orgy**, a mother and son, while on a two week cruise together, find themselves on a small tropical island, where on a secluded beach they become part of a four couple orgy... eventually the mother and son reveal the romantic feelings they've long secretly had for each other. Encouraged by the other couples, their long-held boundaries of propriety dissolve into overwhelming passion. As one thing leads to another, the son fucks his Mom's ass in what begins a journey of incestuous romantic exploration between the single mother and her handsome son.

This chapter continues moments later as they leave the secluded island to return to the main island and begin to figure out how to deal with the consequences of having had sex not only with each other, but also with other partners in each other's presence. Oddly, although Mason fucked his Mom's ass and Lily sucked off her son... her pussy wasn't touched... at least not by him.

That is about to change...

A Mom & Son Affair: Date Night

Neither Mason nor Lily said a word the entire water taxi ride back to the main island... son and mom replaying in their heads what had just transpired and pondering what would happen next.

Their ocean cruise wasn't even half over and thus the reality of their actions back on the secluded beach would have to be dealt with, and soon. The reality that mother and son were sharing a cabin on the cruise ship... until now with propriety, forced them into some immediate decisions.

Lily still couldn't believe all the things she'd just done. After almost two decades of celibacy, she'd really gone all in. She'd not only fucked complete strangers and eaten pussy in front of her son... he himself had fucked her ass. She could defend her act of incestuous sodomy as he encouraged her to, that on his own accord while she was preoccupied with strange cock in her mouth and pussy, he had taken it upon himself to consummate the act... but that defense fell apart a bit because once she'd realized it was her own blood relative buried balls deep in her ass, she hadn't stopped him. However, she could theoretically defend that decision with the justification that she didn't want to 'out' him as committing incest in front of the strangers... but this defense too fell apart pretty quickly because she had eagerly and knowingly taken his hard cock and begged him to ream her asshole. An attorney for the prosecution could argue quite convincingly that it would be very difficult to coerce an innocent party into begging eagerly for incestuous sodomy.

A counterclaim was possible: The defense could argue that the ass fuck was completely out of her control and once activity had been initiated, the defendant had suffered a temporary lapse of sanity

and loss of coherent thought because of the thrill of her first real fucking in over 18 years. Such unexpected excesses of long-denied pleasure had of course completely overwhelmed all thoughts of her moral code and motherly responsibilities.

But that defense, which was farfetched at best, would be shot to pieces by the prosecution when they presented the obvious rebuttal that even after all participants in the orgy in question had become aware Lily and Mason were mother and son, a full half hour later... more than enough time for even a sexually deprived woman to recover from the alleged spate of insanity... she had still willingly and even eagerly sucked her son's cock in front of witnesses. (The question of whether these were impartial witnesses would admittedly need to be finessed in some fashion.)

She could, as a desperation plea, point out that her son and his big hard cock hadn't actually entered her pussy, a fact which was pertinent because of the well-known Clinton precedent establishing that oral and anal weren't 'real sex' and she might get off that way (pun intended).

But in truth she was guilty as sin.

As Lily pondered the reality that she'd willingly and eagerly sucked Mason's cock and proceeded to take part with him in a wild orgy, she leaned back into her son knowing she would definitely be found guilty... especially because shockingly, she felt absolutely no remorse for her incestuous activities... rather, riding in this water taxi leaning back against her son's chest and enfolded in his loving arms, she felt the safest and most relaxed she could remember ever being.

Lily knew that by society's standards she should feel guilt... and remorse... because what she'd done was morally wrong... yet she didn't feel either of these as she closed her eyes and savoured her son's protective embrace... instead she felt that perhaps he was the man she'd been waiting for all these years. It just made sense. She loved him more than any other person in the world... and sex was just one more way to express that love.

Mason, meanwhile, was riddled with guilt tempered by exhilaration at the reality he'd had anal and oral sex with his beautiful mother.

The guilt was based on the reality he'd taken her ass without her knowledge. Would she have willingly agreed to be ass fucked by her son? He assumed not. This guilt was also tempered by the reality that she didn't stop him until they'd both climaxed, and then later willingly gave him oral sex.

As he held her between his arms on the chilly water-taxi ride back he couldn't help but wonder what would come next.

He couldn't undo what he had done, nor did he think he would even want to if he could... yet it was extremely likely going forward there would be some acute awkwardness between them when his current exhilaration finally dissolved either back on the ship or once they'd returned home. The reality was this wild fantasy world would be forced to face the real world sooner or later.

But as Mason felt his mother lean into him and shiver, he held her close to him with infinite tenderness. Consequences were for another time. For now he was going to live in the moment... to savour the afterglow of the most wonderful and exciting afternoon of his life.

"Did you enjoy the secluded beach?" the water-taxi driver asked.

"Yeah, although there were other people there," Lily answered.

"I saw that," the driver nodded. "I'm sorry, very few know of the spot."

"It's okay, we had a lot of fun," Lily said, deciding she was going to keep this fantasy world alive a bit longer, as she leaned back, turned her head and asked, "Isn't that right, honey?"

Mason was surprised by the question, but relieved. His many unanswered questions weren't answered, but his mom wasn't regretting the decision... at least not yet. He answered, wanting his mother to know exactly how he felt, "It was without a doubt the greatest afternoon of my life."

"Mine too," Lily smiled, thrilled to hear those words from her son. She leaned back and kissed him... tenderly and sweetly.

"Ah, love," the driver smiled, enjoying his job and the many happy couples he saw day after day.

The kiss was broken a minute later when the boat bounced a bit on the water. Lily looked into her son's eyes and said, "I love you, Mason."

Mason choose his response carefully as he tried to separate the reality of their birth relationship from his need for something unorthodox... a relationship outside the traditional boundaries of a mother and son. "I love you too, Lily."

Lily gave him a look, hearing him call her by her given name was odd... yet, she caught on to the reason pretty quickly. He didn't want the taxi driver to know they were mother and son.

Lily turned back around, leaned back into him, grabbed his arms and pulled them as tight as she could around herself, nestling like a cocoon within the safety of her son's embrace.

Mason held her tight for dear life, the afterglow still glowing like the embers of a million campfires.

Five minutes later, they reached the main island and could see the cruise ship moored to a long pier stretching into the bay. They wouldn't be leaving the island until the next morning and thus could spend the evening experiencing the night life of the many tourist traps.

Lily decided as the boat came to a stop that for the upcoming evening she wouldn't be his mother and he wouldn't be her son... they would be a man and a woman going on a date. She also decided to see if she could find some sexy hosiery... she hadn't brought any for such a trip to the warm climes of the Caribbean. But tonight she was going to go on her first date ever, high school dates not really counting, and she was going to get dolled up for her sexy date like Julia Roberts in 'Pretty Woman'.

Mason watched his mom stand up, her body separating from his and sighed internally; 'Thus ends the wild afternoon'. Yet, as soon as they stepped onto the beach and began walking, she extended her hand to him and he of course took it, happy for this incestuous fairy tale to continue.

As they walked towards the ship, Lily turned to him and finally spoke, "Tonight my love, we're going out on the town."

"We are?" Mason asked.

"I can't do another dinner on the ship or another musical," Lily lied, although she could have easily done both. The food was amazing and the musicals each night were surprisingly top notch.

"I thought you loved those shows," Mason said, obtusely failing to catch onto his mother's plan.

"Actually I do," the mother admitted, giving just the slightest hint of her true intentions for the evening, "but tonight I want a night with just me and my man."

"Oh, okay," Mason nodded, "that sounds really nice," a glimmer of hope growing that this afternoon wasn't going to be brushed under the rug and never again talked about.

Lily opened her purse, found some money and handed it to Mason, as she said, "I expect you to look good tonight."

"I always look good," Mason joked, even as he tried to contain his excitement.

"I want you to be a twelve out of ten," the mother joked back.

"Oh, well that may take some work," Mason nodded.

Lily added, "And I'm going to go and find myself a sexy little number for the evening."

Mason said it before he even thought about it, "I hope you mean a dress and not a man. And I hope you'll be wearing nylons with it."

"Of course I mean a dress! You're my man, silly," Lily giggled. "And about the nylons... is that an order?" she asked slyly, moving directly in front of him.

Mason was surprised by the question, yet sensing his mother wanted to be guided into continuing this wild day, he nodded, "Yes my dear, I do believe it is." Is that how Clark Gable would have said that?

"Yes, sir," the mother nodded, turned on by the idea of dressing up for her handsome man-son.

"And the nylons should be sheer sandal foot, I don't want any of that reinforced toe kind," Mason continued, cruising on a sexual adrenaline rush.

"Of course," Lily smiled, before adding, "and I'll try to find a pair of open-toed heels, since I didn't bring any."

"Awesome," Mason gushed, suddenly sounding more like the eighteen-year-old he was than the confident, worldly man he was attempting to portray.

Lily leaned forward and gave her son a gentle kiss.

Mason returned the kiss gratefully.

Breaking the kiss, Lily smiled, "See you back at the ship in an hour."

"Okay," Mason agreed, his dick ready to break through the thin fabric of his swim shorts.

Lily glanced down and noticed the erection poking out of her son's trunks. She didn't say anything, just accepting it as a compliment as she smiled and walked away.

Mason watched his mother's shapely ass swaying away before he adjusted himself and headed out to shop for himself.

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Almost three hours later, both Mason and Lily were hungry... for food... actual food... although both of their sexual appetites had been whetted by the afternoon's orgy... both of them realized they hadn't eaten any real food (except for what had seemed like gallons of cum) for hours.

Lily put the final touches on her lipstick. As she looked in the mirror she had to admit she looked amazing. She had spent over an hour choosing the right dress that showcased her breasts, legs and ass. She had also wavered between colours before finally narrowing them down to three: a sexy tight black dress, a fun patterned sundress in blue which was very appropriate for the humid island, and a very revealing red dress that was so short the lace tops of the stockings and the clasps that were holding them up could easily be seen when she sat down. She had added the garter belt and stockings to her purchases as an extra surprise for Mason, feeling that this combo was even sexier than the thigh highs she had also bought. She shook her head at the idea she was dressing like a MILF to seduce her son and then, recalling his big cock, shook her head again. Damn, she needed that fuck stick stuck in her cunt!

Mason wore a white silk t-shirt that showcased his well-built frame, along with a black blazer and matching trousers. Unfortunately, he didn't have enough money for, nor could he find, a nice pair of matching dress shoes. Thus, the ensemble was completed with a pair of sandals... on the bright side he had brought two pairs along and the second pair was black and matched in colour if not style. He had also found a pair of silk SAXX boxers that were both super soft and sexy, with the hope that his mother would find an opportunity to see him in them.

Lily slipped on the five inch red open toed heels (completely impractical and likely a one-time usage) she'd purchased to go along with the eye-catching red dress she'd ended up choosing. She figured if she was going to have one night of wild inappropriate relations with her eighteen year old she may as well go over the top. Thus the mocha stockings were a perfect match for the red dress... and the black lace bra and matching thong made her look utterly fuckable once the dress came off, as she hoped it would, with her son paying close attention, once they'd returned to their cabin.

Mason's cock was already semi-hard in anticipation of whatever clothing his mother had selected. She'd walked in an hour late from shopping and announced pleasantly, "I got the perfect outfit for my big boy," which, of course, he took to mean his big dick.

"Ready?" Lily called out from the bathroom, feeling oddly insecure about her son seeing her dressed as hot as she'd ever dressed in her entire life. What if he wasn't impressed? He had high school girls dressed as whores flaunting their ripe young assets at him all the time. Suddenly, she was nervous. Shit, she had fucked strangers in front of her son... worse... she had been ass fucked by her son in front of strangers... even worse than that, she'd been triple teamed by two strangers and her son... fuck! 'What am I doing? I'm twice the age of the young skanks he can have just by snapping his fingers!'

"Yes, Lily," Mason called out, determined not to slip up again and let other strangers know they were mother and son. From their appearances no one would assume that they were, as he looked older than the eighteen years of age he was and his mom, while in her mid-thirties, looked to still be in her twenties.

Lily sighed, recalling having these same insecurities when she'd been in high school. She'd known then as she knew now she was pretty, and had a great body... yet her past, which had included her boyfriend uncaringly walking out on her when she'd been a teenager pregnant with Mason, had led her to having an irrational bout of insecurity every now and then. But tonight was not the night for

second guessing. She was going to cast aside all these doubts and fears and for tonight at least, live totally in the moment. She'd dressed up for him. All day he'd been the most attentive lover she could possibly wish for. She was going to live tonight as Mason's date. She was going to try and rediscover her lost youth for the second time in one day. So after one more deep breath, and one more look in the mirror, she turned around and walked out of the tiny cabin's bathroom.

"Wow!" Was all Mason could muster as his semi-erect dick became a fully erect missile in a heartbeat. She looked... what would be the right word... *stunning*. A mixture of pure beauty and elegance which had Mason feeling a panoply of different emotions from lust to love to everything in between.

"I hope that's a good 'wow'," Lily smiled buoyantly, her confidence instantly built, seeing the impact she was having on her son... and seeing the bulge that was silhouetted perfectly in his trousers.

"Definitely," Mason replied, checking his mother out in a way sons usually didn't check out their mothers. Great smile! Amazing tits! He couldn't see her ass from here, but her mocha-clad and very shapely legs stretched all the way down to her gorgeous mocha-clad feet. His Mom wasn't just a MILF, she was a Babe! After a pause, he remembered to close his mouth.

"You look really handsome too," Lily complimented, realizing again how her son had turned into a very fine young man.

"I clean up pretty nice," Mason joked.

"Yes you do," Lily smiled as she checked out her son. People wouldn't guess they were mother and son, but anyone glancing below his waist would know instantly that he liked her!

"So where do two attractive people go in this town?" Mason asked, flattered by his mother's admiring smile and tone.

"I got us a reservation at the nicest restaurant in the French Quarter," Lily answered, taking her son's hand in hers.

"Awesome," Mason said, suddenly sounding like the eighteen year old young man that he was.

The restaurant was three blocks from the pier and they chatted about how pretty the island was, and pointed out a couple of shops they should visit if they were still open after dinner.

"I'm starving," Lily added, as they turned the corner into the street of the restaurant.

"I haven't eaten all day," Mason added, then realized that wasn't completely true, recalling all the pussy he'd munched on.

Guessing his unspoken thought, Lily looked at him slyly and smirked, "I disagree."

"I guess you're right; but you ate more than I did," Mason countered, remembering seeing his mom with cock after cock filling her mouth... including his.

"I wasn't counting liquid beverages," Lily shrugged, somehow enjoying the naughty innuendo she was sharing with her son... a secret no one else would infer.

Mason laughed, his cock hard instantly, he couldn't resist, "I'm hoping I'll get to eat some more."

Lily stopped in front of the restaurant, and turned directly to him, her resolute eyes capturing his gaze.

Mason was worried. Had he gone too far? His mother's look was unreadable... a skill all women seemed to have... to confuse and keep their men off balance.

Lily smiled seductively and spoke, "My darling, you can have dessert anytime you want."

Music to his ears! "Be careful what you offer," Mason countered, his cock again swelling in his pants while a huge surge of relief simultaneously coursed through him. "I'm a growing boy."

"That you are," Lily agreed, as she slyly reached for his cock and gave it a squeeze before she added, "On second thought, it 'looks' like you're all grown up."

'Fuck, he has a great cock,' Lily thought to herself as she paused in place for a moment, her son's hard dick in her hand.

Before her son could respond she broke the moment with, "But I need to replenish my body with a real meal instead of a bunch of appetizers, especially if I'm going to burn as many calories tonight as I plan to."

"Oh God," Mason groaned, at his mother's hand wrapped around his pulsing cock as well as the not at all subtle innuendo emerging from his mother's beautiful lips... lips that had been wrapped passionately around his cock just hours ago.

"I hope to be screaming those exact words later, my fuck toy," Lily added bluntly, as she took his hand and led him into the restaurant, her son's huge tent in his trousers impossible to hide.

Mason was overwhelmed with excitement. By this point he was reasonably confident that his mother was no longer feeling any guilt about the afternoon orgy, and that she was willing to have sex with him again, perhaps even go all the way this time. Yet, until he'd heard the simple words 'fuck toy', there was always a lingering doubt he might be reading things the way he wanted to read them... the reality that today had been too good to be true... the reality that his mother would be willing to dress up for him shockingly surreal... the reality that his mother was speaking in naughty sexual innuendos so hot and yet so unbelievable. Yet obviously his mother was sharing the same overwhelming feelings of love and lust for him that he was for her.

They were led to a table for two, in a secluded corner with a bottle of white wine already chilling. Their waitress introduced herself as Shanice. She was very pretty, and very black, with a classic but tall hourglass figure and long shapely legs, probably wearing black tights beneath her short skirt. Mason would normally have been drooling all over her, but tonight he only had eyes for Lily and hardly noticed her. Lily, however, looked Shanice up and down appreciatively as she and Mason took their seats.

Once seated, Lily looked over the appetizers and asked Shanice, "What do you recommend for an appetizer?"

She answered, "Definitely our firecracker shrimp."

"I hope it's hot," Lily replied, as she slipped her right foot out of her heel and moved it directly to her son's crotch. She added with Marilyn Monroe breathiness, "Because some like it hot. I know I do."

"It's very hot," the waitress nodded with a smile, as Mason's eyes went big.

"We'll start with that," Lily ordered.

"Great choice," the waitress complimented, and walked away. Shanice served food to couples every day of her life, many of them obviously in love or lust with each other, but the sexual tension between this pair was so palpable that she was going to have to put some padding between her legs before she soaked through her skirt!

Mason placed his hands on his mom's stocking-clad foot and began massaging. "Wow, so soft."

"They're sheer silk," Lily answered, enjoyed feeling her son's hands massaging her foot... something he had never done for her before.

"That they are," Mason nodded, wishing he could see her nylon-clad toes through the tablecloth.

"That feels nice," Lily said, as she reached for the wine. She poured herself a glass and one for Mason. "A toast," Lily declared, as she handed him a glass.

"To what?" Mason asked, still resting one hand appreciatively on her silky foot.

"Us," Lily answered succinctly.

Mason smiled. "What a perfect toast."

Lily moved her foot away so she could lean forward for the traditional clinking of glasses for a toast. Mason felt disappointed to feel the foot disappear, but was ready to toast his beautiful date with all his heart.

Lily continued, "To the perfect man."

Mason felt a rush go through him at the sweetness of his mom's words, seeing her as so much more than just his mother, he added, "And to the perfect woman."

They clinked glasses and drank to their sincere toasts.

Mason smiled, "I hope you're not trying to get me drunk."

Lily smiled wickedly, "I'm trying to make it clear that tonight anything is possible."

"Anything?" Mason asked, his cock flinching in his trousers again.

Lily leaned back into her chair and nodded, her tone adding to her intention, "Anything!" Her silken foot now returned to its home in his lap.

Mason leaned back too and took her foot back between his hands. "I plan on holding you to that."

"You'd better," Lily responded, rubbing her toes up and down on her son's hard cock.

"Ooooooh," Mason groaned, just as the waitress came to the table.

"Are you ready to order?" The waitress asked.

"Sorry Shanice," Lily apologized. "We got distracted. Can you give us a couple more minutes?"

"Of course," the waitress nodded knowingly, and left them alone again.

They both looked at the menu and made their choices, as Mason resumed massaging the amazing silk foot.

The waitress returned with the appetizer, and took their orders.

Once she was gone, Lily skewered a shrimp with the long, narrow shrimp fork provided and smiled, "Time for something spicy."

Mason elaborated, as he took one too, "Hot and spicy."

"I was talking about the shrimp," Lily teased flirtatiously.

"I was talking about you," Mason flirted back.

"You saucy boy," Lily responded playfully, pushing her foot harder into his crotch.

Mason, deciding he wanted a different appetizer, glanced back and saw no one looking, then quickly dropped to his knees and crawled under the table.

"What are you doing?" Lily questioned, shocked by her son's brazen move, knowing exactly what he was doing. Although after having been such a sneak as he took her ass earlier, being brazen was something her son definitely shouldn't be able to surprise her with.

Mason moved his hands to her legs and ordered, "Speaking of sauce, my love, lift up your dress."

Lily protested, even as she obeyed, making the protest redundant, "Mason, this isn't the place."

"This place is a restaurant, and I want a homemade appetizer," Mason responded, happy to see in the dim light under the tablecloth that his mother was wearing stockings and, to his surprise, a garter-belt.

"So baddddddd," the mother purred, as she sat back and willingly parted her legs to give her son access to the homemade snack he insisted on eating.

Mason, unlike many guys, loved eating pussy. He liked the unique scent and the taste, but mostly he loved the power he had over a girl when he was between her legs. Fucking was fucking and it was easy to make it only about him... but cunnilingus was all about the girl's pleasure, and that excited him. Also, each pussy was its own enigma... a puzzle to be studied and played with until it all came together... literally. Mason began licking, the reality that this specific one was his mother's pussy, and the knowledge that he was savouring it under the table at a fancy restaurant only added to the ultimate rush of the experience.

Lily still couldn't believe this entire day. From her first sex in almost twenty years, to being ass fucked by her son, to the wild orgy that followed, to the dressing up sexy for him and now to having her son eating her out... not just eating her out, but doing it in a public restaurant. Yet, she was all for it. She knew that at some point, once this cruise was over and they were back home, reality would have to set in... but until then she was just going to allow things to happen... and if that included getting eaten out in a fancy restaurant by her son, so be it. Plus, God he was good!

"That feels so incredible, Mason," she moaned, wanting her son to know she was enjoying this strange experience.

Mason, meanwhile, was licking slowly, enjoying the appetizer. He wasn't sure if he planned to get his mom off or just get her revved up, but he was savouring the taste of his mother's forbidden nectar.

The waitress returned with bread sticks and asked, "Is there anything else I can get you?"

Lily tried to relax her breath as she replied, "No, we're good thank you."

"Are the shrimp not good?" The waitress asked, noticing only two had been touched.

"They're very good," Lily answered, trying not to moan, as her son's tongue tapped her clit. "I'm just savouring the taste."

'Me too,' Mason thought to himself, feeling safe, hidden under the table and exhilarated at the thrill because what he was doing was undetectable to the waitress just a few feet away. He was unaware that his sandals were sticking out from under the tablecloth and that Shanice could see them clearly.

"Okay," Shanice nodded, pretending not to notice anything unusual and walking away just as Lily felt her son flick her clit, making her let out a moan. Again, Shanice pretended not to notice, but decided that as soon as she could manage it, she was going to sneak into the manager's office with Ashanti the chef. He'd been hitting on her forever and offering, "Whenever you're in the mood..." Well tonight she would surprise him by being in an exceptionally good mood!

"You're going to get us caught," Lily said, "I don't know how Shanice didn't catch on," even as her hand went under the table and she combed her fingers through her son's hair.

Mason began flicking her clit a half dozen times, his mom's legs twitching with each flick.

"Ooooooooooh," Lily moaned, moving her hands to the sides of the small table and holding onto it to control her body even as she bit her lips not to cry out loudly like she wanted to.

Mason knew that if he remained there for a couple more minutes he would get her off, and decided to leave her wanting more. So he sucked her clit between his lips and shook his head back and forth for a few moments to bring an intense pleasure to her and make the orgasmic flame inside her burn higher before he let go, and crawled back out from under the table.

Lily almost came when her son sucked her clit into his mouth, and gasped when he suddenly wasn't there. She was shocked when she saw him return to his chair a moment later. Her cheeks red, her pussy on fire, she was close to coming. She asked, feeling hurt, "You didn't like the appetizer?"

"It was delicious," Mason replied, enjoying the passionate need in his mother's facial expression and tone. He added, "but it's just an appetizer. Just something to tide me over until I can really chow down."

"Chow down?" Lily gained some control over herself, her smile coming back, her brief silly insecurity disappearing. She questioned his choice of words.

"Munch and crunch?" Mason corrected playfully.

"Charming, my darling," Lily smirked, her pussy on fire and begging for release.

"Lick the split," Mason joked.

"Enough messing about! All very clever sonny boy, but how about you get back under the table and eat Mommy's cunt until she sprays your face with cum?" Lily demanded bluntly, so horny that she was thinking below the waist just like a man.

"Yes, Mommy," Mason nodded, shocked and turned on by his mother's aggressive demand. He glanced behind him and then slipped back under the table and returned between her legs, which his mother quickly opened wide in a grateful 'welcome home'.

"You're a *good* pussy munching son," Lily crooned, as his tongue resumed licking. Somehow calling him her 'son' and using terms like 'Mommy', referencing the incest made everything hotter for her. She knew it was bad, she knew it was taboo, she knew people said it was morally wrong, but it felt so fucking right. She loved Mason more than anyone in the world and why should society dictate how they could show their love? In truth, if she could sweep aside the alleged moral conflict, she realized there was nothing purer than the love between a mother and son, and what better way to show it than unconditionally?

Mason lapped, now focusing on getting her off. He concentrated on her clit as he sucked it in between his lips and tugged.

"Ooooooooh," Lily moaned, the sudden intensity bringing chills through her entire being as the locomotive of her orgasm that had been suddenly stopped in its tracks to remain simmering her to distraction, quickly began picking up steam.

Mason loved his mother's aggressive demand, and wanted to reward her with an intense orgasm, getting his own sexual rush from doing what he was doing, and where he was doing it.

"Yes, get Mommy off," Lily demanded, her orgasm growing quickly.

Mason lapped hungrily, sucking on his mom's swollen clit and tapping on it with his tongue like it was a drum.

"Oh, oh, oh," Lily moaned, biting her lip just as Shanice showed up with their dinners.

The waitress placed the plates down and Lily tried not to scream as her orgasm suddenly gushed out of her, as Mason was giddily getting his Mother off, smacking loudly in her pussy.

Shanice stood observing, a consummate actress, pretending nothing unusual was occurring. She asked with impeccable courtesy, controlling a slight smile, "Will there be anything else, ma'am?"

"Nooooooo," Lily answered, the orgasm gushing out of her, her body trembling, totally unable to control herself.

Mason lapped up his mother's sweet nectar, indeed enjoying it far more than the appetizer they'd ordered.

Lily saw the waitress look at her approvingly for some reason, but luckily didn't ask anything else, and she left Lily to her own orgasmic afterglow.

It didn't show on the outside, but Shanice was mentally planning the most delicious romp as soon as she finished enjoying the incredible show this couple was providing her and they finally walked out the door! Ashanti wasn't going to know what hit him! Anticipation is a wonderful aphrodisiac, and she was going to milk this voyeuristic experience for all it was worth before she initiated an animated seduction that would be just one quick consent on Ashanti's part short of rape!

After a moment, Lily said, "You can come out," even as she kept trembling, still enjoying the aftershocks of an intense orgasm.

Mason crawled out and quickly sat back down as he smiled, "Best appetizer ever."

Lily smiled back, "Wait until you get breakfast in bed."

"Mmmmm," the son smiled back, excited by the thought that this was going to be more than a one day thing.

They ate in silence, both starving for real food after burning so many calories at the beach and just now.

Shanice returned and asked, once both were done with their meals, "Would you care to see the dessert menu?"

Lily replied, as she moved her stocking-clad foot back to her son's crotch, "No, thank you. I'm stuffed."

As soon as the waitress walked away, Mason, feeling confident, replied, "Oh, you're not completely stuffed yet."

Lily was surprised by her son's bravado, and also turned on, so she encouraged his confidence by responding, "I sure hope to be before the night is over."

After paying for their meal, Shanice puzzling them by refusing their tip with a radiant smile and words to the effect that *she* should be tipping *them*, they walked out, hand in hand, both excited for the night that lay ahead.

Mason asked, as darkness had arrived while they were dining, "Now what?"

"Sex," Lily answered, before adding bluntly, "there is still one hole you haven't entered."

Mason couldn't resist being witty, "Yes, I've only exited it."

Lily stopped and looked her son in the eye, her hand going directly to his hard cock, "You bad boy. You like the idea of fucking your own Mommy, don't you?"

"But I thought we'd agreed that tonight we weren't mother and son," Mason pointed out, surprised but still turned on by his mother's sudden nasty incest talk.

"That *was* the agreement," she shrugged, before adding, "and now it's not. So I'll ask you again my naughty son, do you want to fuck your Mommy?"

"Yes," Mason answered, loving her bluntness.

"Yes, what?" She asked, in the same firm tone she used on the rare occasion when he was in trouble.

"Yes, Mommy," Mason replied, nodding, wanting to show he was her man in whatever way she wanted him to be, "I want to fuck you all night."

"Good," she nodded, giving her son one firm squeeze, "because Mommy wants to be fucked by her Baby Boy."

Lily took her son's hand, resumed walking and asked, as they made their way back to the large cruise ship, "How long have you wanted to fuck me, Mason?"

Mason couldn't recall when he'd first wanted to, but knew it had been a long time. He answered, "Forever."

"Have you ever masturbated about fucking me?" Lily asked, wanting to hear that he had.

"I could fill a sperm bank's reserves to overflowing with the amount of cum I've shot out thinking of you," Mason admitted.

Lily smiled at the idea and image. She then asked, as they continued walking, no longer concerned about shopping, really curious about what had motivated him to do it, "So what convinced you to fuck my ass?"

Mason was surprised by the question. He shrugged, "It was the build-up of the wildest day ever. Everyone else thought we were a couple, and I'd surprised them by mentioning we hadn't yet had sex... and you didn't seem to mind that those two guys had their dicks in you... and well... next thing you know..."

"You were ass fucking your mother," Lily finished her son's sentence, the nasty incest talk really turning her on.

"To put it bluntly," Mason nodded with a chuckle. He then asked, "So why didn't you stop me?"

"Because I didn't want to out you as my son," she answered, before adding, "but then it started feeling so good being dp'd... actually tp'd... especially by your big cock."

"Then why did you suck me?" Mason asked, before pointing out, "by then everyone knew the truth that we were mother and son."

"Because I was horny, living for the moment, was over my initial surprise, and the others were so supportive of us... and because your cock is so fucking perfect," Lily answered, before adding, "man oh man did I bake a perfect specimen in my oven."

"Yes, you did," Mason nodded, as they neared the ship.

"And now I want that perfect specimen back inside my kitty," Lily said.

"Shall we wait until we get back to the cabin, or break some extra taboos right here and now?" Mason joked.

Lily chuckled as they walked towards the ship, still in awe of all that had transpired today, "I'm thoroughly enjoying the anticipation, follow me lad. We did some pretty crazy things this afternoon."

Mason added playfully, "And this evening. I'm not so sure our waitress didn't catch on. By the time we paid, she was acting more like our groupie than our server."

"You may be right. It would explain why she was licking her lips when she wished us a pleasant night. But all we did physically was you munching on Mommy's pussy," Lily teased. "I didn't do anything."

"My new favourite food," Mason smiled, wanting to stop wherever he thought she may be going, before adding, "and if I recall correctly your foot was toying with your son's dick and you distinctly ordered me to get back under the table and finish my meal."

"Well, it is low on calories," Lily joked, even though she had no idea whether that was true. "Plus, your Mommy taught you from a young age to eat everything on your plate."

"Well then I'd better have another snack pretty soon," Mason added.

Lily decided not to mention her brief insecurity about whether she was harming Mason by her sudden sexual hunger for him... he wasn't showing the slightest indication of being harmed by the day's excesses. In fact, she had never seen him looking happier or more self-assured. As they neared the ship she prevaricated, "My darling boy you're welcome to dine at *Lily's Bistro* whenever you're in the neighbourhood, but I haven't gotten any dessert."

"Luckily I have a self-warming container of sweet cream already prepared for you," Mason responded, the naughty sexual innuendo that wasn't even slightly hidden both fun and wild.

"God, I've never wanted anything more in my life," Lily said, as she led her son back onto the ship, desperate to suck and fuck.

Mason concurred, "Me neither."

They scurried all the way to their cabin as if they were a couple on a mission... which in reality they were... a couple ready for the most raw, intense sex possible.

They didn't pause until they were ensconced in their small stateroom and Lily asked sexily, wanting to get fucked right then and right there... no worry of consequence or legalities, "So what do you want to do now?"

"My fondest desire is to make tender love to the most beautiful feminine creation in the world," Mason said, thinking it sounded really cheesy as it left his mouth, but it was the truth.

Lily's entire body warmed at the compliment even as she retorted, "Tonight I'm more of a 'fuck the living shit out of me' kind of feminine creation."

"Well thankfully, I'm fully prepared to do that too," Mason replied, as he leaned in and kissed her.

Lily returned the kiss not as his mother, but as his lover.

Their tongues explored each other's mouths with passion... a shared surrender that hadn't existed on the beach, nor could it have under the surreal circumstances and wild distractions of earlier in the day.

They were both led by a mixture of lust and love... the two words blurring into one as they kissed and did nothing more for a long, lingering moment.

Lily, wanting his cock in her, finally stirred and broke the kiss, dropped to the floor, and fished out her son's cock. "My mouth has been watering for this dessert for an hour," she said.

Mason watched in awe of the day's adventures and the reality that at this very instant his mother was holding his cock in her hands... and then in her mouth. "Oh yes, Mom," Mason groaned, as she

bobbed hungrily on his cock... none of the earlier slow teasing, just insatiable hunger... lust and love, love and lust.

Lily bobbed hungrily, wanting her dessert and wanting to taste that first load before the marathon fuck session she was envisioning.

Mason's balls had been bubbling all evening and he knew it wouldn't take long to unleash his load in his mother's sexy, eager mouth.

Lily could tell he was close after only a minute or so of sucking and kept bobbing as fast as she could... craving dessert... craving her son's cum... craving to take one more step along her journey as his Mommy-slut.

Mason groaned, and warned her like a gentleman, "Madam, your dessert will be delivered to you by my staff very shortly."

Lily kept up the same pace, and seconds later was rewarded with a creamy load of her son's cum, which she eagerly downed as if it were a fine digestif.

She slowed down, but kept bobbing for another minute as she ensured that she'd extracted every last drop of her son's homemade whipped cream.

Once done, she stood back up, quickly discarded her thong, pushed him onto the bed, lifted up her dress, and lowered herself fully onto her son's cock in one swift collection of movements.

Mason moaned as he watched his Mom begin riding his cock... the final hole now filled... the tri-fecta of all tri-fectas now accomplished... all in under eight hours.

Lily's burning cunt and her desperate need to get fucked by her son had her slowly riding his cock, taking her time in the safety of their small, intimate cabin. God, she'd forgotten how good real sex felt... not her hand or a toy... but actual human physical contact.

Mason just leaned back on the bed and allowed his mother to ride him... loving to hear her moans.

Lily loved the feeling of her son's cock in her pussy. The day had been a wild, kinky, fuckfest and she'd loved it... years of sexual neglect ending in one tumultuous afternoon. Yet, this one on one sex with her son was far more intimate and thus completely different from this afternoon. She moaned as she slowly rode up and down, his entire big cock stretching her cunt open, "God, you feel so good inside Mommy."

Mason agreed, as he moved his hands to her hips, "And you feel so perfect surrounding me."

Lily continued, "For the rest of the cruise I want to be your girlfriend in public, and your Mommy-slut in private."

"I want you as my Mommy-slut forever," Mason countered, making it clear he didn't want this ever to end.

"Let's stick to two weeks at a time," Lily moaned, the idea of having him fuck her once they were back home exciting, but unlikely, especially with his plans to move away in a month.

Mason, sticking to his brightest dream for a wonderful future, pointed out, "You could move away with me and we could continue on as boyfriend and girlfriend where no one would know the truth."

This stopped Lily. Was a real relationship with her son even possible after these two weeks on vacation? Did she want that? Was it fair to Mason? These questions and others began swarming inside her as she said, "Let's deal with that once we're back home. Tonight and the rest of the trip I don't want to think about the future, just the present."

"Okay," Mason agreed, as Lily resumed riding his cock. He'd planted the seed in her thoughts and now he would live for the moment... a moment that currently had his mother riding his cock.

Lily continued slowly riding her son, wanting to take her time, to enjoy the moment. The ass fucking, the blow job and the whole orgy of earlier today had been a whirlwind of debauchery... but this was intimate... romantic... preplanned... bliss. Lust and love; love and lust.

For a couple of minutes Lily rode her son as each of them enjoyed the shared intimacy.

Finally Lily could feel the fever inside her body rising in temperature and she no longer wanted to be in charge, she wanted to be fucked. She wheedled girlishly as she moved off her son, "Will you 'pwease' fuck your Mommy, Mason?"

Mason smiled widely, "Those are words I never thought I'd hear except inside my own head."

"Well, come and fuck your widdle Mommy on this here bed," Lily rhythmized as she stood up and took off her dress and lace bra, of course keeping the garter-belt and stockings on, and catapulted herself backwards onto the bed, landing with a squeal and her legs wide apart, looking and sounding as silly as she felt... as if she were an eighteen-year-old virgin again and about to fuck her boyfriend for the first time.

"At least I know where I get my corniness from," Mason laughed softly, as he stood up and got undressed himself. He posed briefly in his silk boxers for his mother's admiring gaze before setting them carefully aside. Once naked, his hard cock saluting his beautiful mother, he moved to the end of the bed and took a silky foot in his hand.

"You like Mommy's stockings?" Lily asked, his hands feeling nice.

"I love them, and I expect you in them whenever possible," Mason ordered, trying to give the odd dominant order while still keeping the evening intimate.

"Your wish is my command, Master-son," Lily smiled, as she moved her other foot to his cock.

"That will mean you're my twenty-four hour a day, seven days a week Mommy-slut," Mason pointed out. "Your secret agent code is now 24-7."

"Do I get holidays off?" Lily joked, her son's promise sending a thrilling chill through her entire being.

"Not a chance, you'll likely have to do double time," Mason joked, as he held the soles of her feet to his cock and began to slowly fuck her silk-clad feet.

"So you'll fuck all of Mommy's holes on holidays?" Lily asked coyly, as she felt his hard cock slide between her feet, but wanting that same action between her thighs.

"Oh, we can do that every day," Mason promised. "For holidays, I can tie you to the bed with festive red ribbons and ravage you while you lie there helplessly."

"It's beginning to feel a lot like Christmas," Lily sang jokingly... even though it was summer.

"With you, every day is Christmas," Mason smiled. Lust and love; love and lust.

"Well, slide your ass up here and give me that big present I've been staring at all night," Lily demanded, as she reached out her legs, wrapped them around her son and pulled him onto the bed.

Mason fell forward awkwardly, his face landing right into his mom's pussy as she giggled, "Well, dive right in then. Don't forget your snorkel, the water's pretty deep where you're swimming."

Mason began licking, this time enjoying the taste at his leisure since he wasn't worried about getting caught like back at the restaurant.

Although Lily was enjoying her son's tongue, that was not what she wanted. She wanted his cock... she wanted it now. She begged, after just a minute of tender licking, "Please son, I need you to fuck Mommy. Mommy needs your cock in her so bad. Please fuck Mommy *right now!*"

Mason wasn't going to resist the offer of a lifetime as he moved his face away from the tasty dish and leaned forward and kissed his mom, probing her mouth with his tongue while simultaneously sliding his cock deep into his mom's warm, wet lagoon.

Lily moaned into his son's mouth as she was filled to overflowing by his cock.

Again they kissed with the passion of lovers. Lust and love, love and lust.

Mason slowly began to fuck his mother while continuing to French kiss her... technically exploring two of his mother's holes at once.

For a few minutes they weren't mother and son, but intimate lovers kissing and making gentle love until Lily broke the kiss and said, "Sometimes I'll want to do this all night... just kiss each other and make love. But tonight I want to be fucked... pounded. I want to be used like a cheap slut, I want to be your three hole Mommy-slut. Can you take charge and treat me like your personal Mommy whore, Mason?"

Mason's cock twitched inside his mother, his finding the words of her challenge so hot! As he pulled out and flipped her onto her side, he agreed, "I definitely can do that," as he moved behind her and after a brief struggle to find the best angle, he slid inside his mother's cunt. He reached around, cupped his mother's right breast for leverage and began fucking his mother... this time bucking his hips like a wild stallion to slam into her with each deep thrust.

"Oh yes you stud, fuck your Mommy!" Lily screamed, literally screamed, as the hard fucking she'd been craving for such a long time finally began.

"You'd better be quieter or the whole ship will know what we're doing," Mason warned, even as he was turned on by the complete transformation of his mother from tender and loving soul mate to insatiable cock whore.

"Fuck em'," Lily retorted, not giving a damn about anyone but her son.

"That would be a very crowded orgy," Mason joked, before adding, "I'd rather just fuck you."

Lily realizing what she'd said, played along, "You wouldn't fuck that hot blonde we had dinner with a couple days ago?"

"She was hot all right, but nothing compared to you."

"How about our waitress this evening, I think her name was Shanice? I thought she was hot, and very open minded. I'm sure she figured out that you were eating my snatch, and I was trembling in orgasm as she was serving our dinner. She didn't bat an eyelash."

"Only if she was eating my cum out of your box," Mason answered, not a huge fan of sharing his mother, although like most guys, okay with having a threesome that included some girl on girl action.

"You want to see Mommy munch Shanice's pussy?" Lily asked.

"I wouldn't say no," Mason admitted, as he resumed fucking her.

"Well remember, Mommy is your slut for the rest of the trip," Lily reminded him, willing to eat cunt for him, willing to do whatever, wherever for him.

Mason was again in awe at the blank cheque his mother was writing him, yet at the moment he wanted to concentrate their focus on the two of them, no more, no less. He said, "Right now I only have eyes for you."

"Eyes and a cock," Lily joked, as he slammed into her hard.

Mason laughed even as he continued fucking his mother with long hard strokes, while cupping her big right breast.

"Oh yes, son, really fuck Mommy with that big dick," Lily moaned, loving the rough, deep thrusts.

Mason did just that, fucking her as fast as he could, although finding after a couple of minutes that this position was awkward. Deciding he wanted to do something kinky, something unexpected, he pulled out and stood up at the edge of the bed.

"Why are you stopping?" the horny mother complained.

"Come over here," the son instructed.

"I was close to coming right over *here*," Lily pointed out, playing with the words.

"Now!" Mason demanded.

"Yes, son," Lily quickly obeyed, loving his ability to jump from tender to authoritarian and back again.

Mason, a strong young man, lifted her up, flipped her upside down into a headstand, then buried his face in her cunt.

Lily moaned as she stared at her son's cock directly in front of her. She reached for his hips for balance and took his cock in her mouth... exhilarated by the unique position... a kinky 69 that she hadn't fathomed was a possibility until it was presented to her.

Although awkwardly, Lily bobbed on her son's cock.

Mason focused on two things: holding his mother firmly and munching on his mother's snatch... although the pleasure of his mother's mouth on his dick was distracting him.

The unique 69 lasted no more than ninety seconds before Mason was worried he would drop her. He took one last lick and tug of his mother's clit before he spun her to face away from him, dropped her onto the bed, spread her legs and slid his rod back inside her in one quick maneuver.

"Oh yes, son, I love a man who can take control and take what he wants," Lily moaned, wrapping her legs around his, trying to pull him in deeper. Lust & love; love & lust.

"I want you," Mason responded, leaning in to kiss her as he bucked his hips and enjoyed the feeling of his mother's nylon-clad legs wrapped tightly around him, strengthening their thrusts as son and mom blurred into one.

Lily's body warmed inside from both the cock fucking her as well as the intimacy of the moment.

They fucked and they kissed... both with unspoken urgency.

Lily's orgasm continued to rise until it cascaded through her in a sudden explosion that sent fireworks from the tip of her toes to a rush up her spine and throughout every part between, "Yes, Son, you got Mommy off!"

Mason kept fucking her, as he watched the beautiful vulnerable moment of a woman coming... where they totally let loose and are oblivious to how hot they look while they surrender completely to the pleasure.

Even after all her orgasms today, all the fucking, all the sucking, all the licking, nothing compared to the orgasm Lily was experiencing at the hands and cock of her son... an orgasm that seemed to just keep coming and coming long after the initial fireworks.

Mason's load was getting close to shooting and he pondered where to deposit his load. He warned, "I'm close too."

"Come in Mommy's cunt, baby," Lily offered, desperately wanting to feel his cum explode inside her, not at all thinking of the consequences of allowing his load swimming around in her unprotected womb.

Hearing the offer to come inside her, Mason fucked her faster, wanting to spew his load inside his cunt.

"Oh yes, Mason, fill Mommy's cunt with your cum. I want to be your three hole cum bucket," Lily continued, knowing her dirty words were turning on her son.

"Oh yes, Mom, here it comes," Mason grunted, as he shot his load in his Mom's forbidden box.

"Yesssss, come in Mommy!" Lily screamed, loving the sensation of being filled with cum... her son's cum.

Mason kept pumping his cock until his load was completely released before he wrapped his arms around her, his cock still buried deep inside.

"I love you, Mom," Mason whispered, as he kissed her neck.

"I love you too, son," Lily replied, her body spent, her heart warm... as she drifted off into sleep.

Love and lust; lust and love... LUV.

The End

Coming Next: Chocolate 3some