

"MOM-SON": A LOVE STORY

silkstockingslover

A mom inadvertently falls in love with her son.

Incest/Taboo

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"Mom-Son": A Love Story

It was a couple of days after my son's eighteenth birthday when I realized I wanted to have sex with him.

I know...I know...it is completely wrong, sick and twisted...I told myself the same thing at first.

To explain my strange sexual hunger, my son, Paul, is a complete ringer for his father, Darren, who died in a car accident when Paul was only three. He had the same blue eyes, the same blonde hair and the same dazzling smile.

I had known these facts for years, but as he turned from an adolescent to a man it became even more apparent.

That all said, I had never considered sex with him at all until I accidentally walked in on him sitting at his computer as he stroked his cock. I could argue it wasn't him I wanted, but just a cock to pound away the cobwebs of my long neglected pussy. Yet, the reality is, putting the pieces together of his good looks, his exact replica voice and his identical big cock, it was definitely him I wanted...it was like I could relive my late teenage years when I originally started dating Darren...or in a morbid sense relive my marriage to the only person I had ever truly loved.

I apologized profusely for not knocking, and it was obvious that Paul was as embarrassed as I was. Yet, that night I couldn't stop replaying the brief encounter in my mind. At first I was mortified by what I saw...then as I laid in bed trying to fall asleep, my mind began playing tricks on me. Every time I closed my eyes and began to try and reach slumber, my son stroking his completely erect, thick cock popped into my head. I would immediately jolt up and shake my head for thinking such an inappropriate thought...yet as soon as I laid back down and closed my eyes the exact same scene would repeat itself...I was in the incest version of the Groundhog Day movie. Eventually, out of sheer exhaustion, I fell asleep. Obviously, it wasn't a great night's sleep.

The next morning, Paul and I pretended it didn't happen, but, of course, you can't erase the past, and an unacknowledged awkwardness began between us.

Over the next month, even as my morals argued it was completely wrong...my too long ignored libido screamed it was okay. I began pleasuring myself while imagining my vibrator was Paul's cock fucking me. I sucked my dildo imagining it was Paul's cock I was sucking.

Whenever I looked at Paul, I saw Darren.

Whenever I talked to Paul, I heard Darren.

It became unhealthy and obsessive, and it soon began to consume all my thoughts and dreams.

I regressed to my teen years as I began, inadvertently at first, attempting to entice my son, like I had his father all those years ago.

Although I wasn't as thin as my perfect body cheerleading days, I was still in decent shape. Sure I could lose a few pounds, but who couldn't? The beginning of grey was showing up in my black as night hair, but so far I hadn't thought it showed enough to dye it. I had always been slightly chubby, being big-boned like my father, thus I had large, all natural, 38DD breasts and a wide ass. Conversely though, I have long thin legs which had both breast men and leg men often checking me out.

For the record, I had dated a few men over the years, a couple even potentially going further, yet none were Darren. Thus, I always found a way to end the relationship before it got to the moving stage. I realized I already had the perfect man in the house...it was now time to make it happen.

I began wearing shorter skirts at home, tighter blouses and heels...the things that had always got me what I wanted from men. Although my son did seem to notice my ample cleavage, I realized even if he was interested sexually in me he was way too shy to make a move...especially since I was his mother.

So at supper one day, six weeks since first seeing his cock, I decided to ask questions and learn more about his preferences.

At the table, I started by asking the usual question, "What did you learn today?"

He responded like he always did, with the teenage staple answer to almost any question asked by a parent, "Nothing."

I quoted, "Why do I pay school taxes then?"

He responded making my mouth drop open, the irony dripping, "So I can learn that some think Hamlet and his mother had an incestuous relationship."

I gasped. My son had brought out the very topic I was planning to try to get to in less than thirty seconds. Did he too know what I was feeling? What I was wanting? Did he want me as much as I wanted him?

I joked composing myself, "Apparently, the message of Hamlet has changed since I was in school."

Paul continued, "No, the message is still about religion, revenge and becoming a man, but if you read deeper into the words of Shakespeare it seems clear that Hamlet and his mom were having a sexual relationship."

I joked again, this time trying to see where his head was about the idea of incest, as I asked, "So you're telling me that according to Shakespeare to become a man you have to sleep with your mother?"

The words out...I realized I had just asked my son the most leading question ever.

His face went red as he stammered, "I'm not saying that, Shakespeare was."

"Do you concur?" I asked, dying to hear his answer...his nervous red cheeks adorable...my pussy sopping wet, I waited a long time to let the idea of incest between him and I linger in his mind before I added, allowing him to save face, "That Shakespeare wrote about incest."

"According to Mrs. Walker, incest back in Shakespeare's time was quite common among both royalty and the peasant classes, so it wouldn't be uncommon for a playwright to write about it," he answered.

I asked, again shifting my strategy to test the waters of his interest, "If incest was once common, did Mrs. Walker discuss when incest became inappropriate?"

Paul shook his head no. "It was a rather brief discussion actually. She just mentioned that if you go to college some professors go much deeper into the subtext of the play and the possible incestuous relationship between Hamlet and his mother."

"I see," I said smiling, adding one more subtle hint, "it's interesting how life always goes full circle."

Paul asked, "What do you mean?"

"In Hamlet, I don't completely recall the plot but I remember a speech about going full circle in life and death," I shrugged, before adding, fishing for a compliment, "but that was a long, long, time ago."

"Oh, mom, you just turned forty," he countered.

"I feel fifty, I countered, with a heavy sigh.

"Oh Mom, you're still a very beautiful woman," he replied, unable to maintain eye contact with me. Was I making him uncomfortable? Was I turning him on?

"Thank you, son," I said, standing up, walking over to him, bending down and giving him a big hug. I made sure my ample breasts pressed into him and that my perfume lingered. I bent down and gave him a kiss on the cheek, before adding, "You're so sweet, just like your dad."

Returning to my seat and sitting down, I noticed he was beet red and clearly overwhelmed by what just occurred.

The rest of the meal we chatted about his upcoming graduation, his summer job at the college library and college...although I asked questions, I am not sure I heard many of the answers as I pondered the reality that the seed for incest had been planted and now I had to help nurture it.

Now completely obsessed with my son, so compulsively obsessed with the idea of committing incest, I started researching just how common incest was and is in today's society.

The more I read, the more I came to see both the pros and cons of having an intimate relationship with my son.

I learned: Throughout history incest was very common among a diverse range of groups particularly the peasants, rural folk and poor people. I also learned that royalty and the very wealthy also participated in it and some secret societies existed for the pleasure of family relations.

Cousin incest is very common even now and almost half the states even allow for first cousins to marry (even though some of these states still prohibit same-sex marriage which is interesting).

Stats also suggest that almost everyone knows someone who has been involved in incest whether it be full-blooded siblings, parents and children, grandparents and their grandchildren, aunts/uncles and nieces/nephews and so forth. Based on that theory, I wondered who I knew who would have participated in an incestuous relationship.

Although not a massive number, ten percent of people surveyed in their early twenties will confide in anonymous surveys that they have been a part of a consensual sexual situation with a sibling.

Also, on the website Literotica the most common search is for incest stories, all the most read stories are incest and mother-son relationships are the most read about erotica stories on the internet. There is even a taboo movie series that creates fictional films of incestuous relationships. Going further incest is the most ignored, or least talked about, taboo even though it has always existed in history, mythology, fiction and so forth.

Many studies have also proven that people are usually attracted to people who look like themselves and thus family members are often sexually attracted to each other but ignore these feelings because of society's standards. (Although Paul looked more like his father, he had my eyes and my cheekbones).

Lastly, a theory called Genetic Sexual Attraction explains the shockingly high incest interactions of family members who do not know they are related. Studies conclude that half of all first introductions of biological relatives lead to sexual attraction and almost a quarter will conclude in a sexual relationship. With rising divorce rates, one-night stands, adoption, and embryo donations this number continues to increase.

After this fascinating research session, my cunt was begging for attention, so I pulled up Literotica and did a search for incest stories and couldn't believe the massive amount of stories about incestuous relationships. There were brother-sister, aunt-nephew, dad-daughter, and mom-son. There were also quite a few mom-daughter stories and other same sex variations. I redefined my search to mom and son and began reading. Although they were fiction, the stories drew me in as I imagined I was the mother and Paul the son. After a few stories, I brought myself to an intense orgasm.

The next day, I went online and read a forum full of people who admitted to having incestuous sex. Eventually I came across one that stirred me:

I started having sex with my son just after his eighteenth birthday. As he grew from teenager to man I couldn't believe how much he resembled his deceased father. When he wore a tux for his prom, I knew I wanted him. I researched the morality of incestuous sex, I chatted online with women who had had sex with their son and decided that for his nineteenth birthday I would give him the present that it seemed many boys fantasized about...his mom. We have been lovers ever since. Although we are not man and wife legally, we act like a married couple. Kennedy

Her story resonated in me as it was the exact same emotions I was feeling. I clicked on her name and was thrilled to see I could contact her by email.

Curious to know more, I emailed her:

Kennedy, I hope I am not being forward, but having read your brief declaration of your intimate relationship with your son, I was hoping for advice. I too want to have sex with my son. I too have lost my husband. I too see my husband in my son's looks, voice and mannerisms. Can you give me advice on how to cross the line? Eager Mother

Pressing send, I went back to Literotica to read a few more stories before heading to work.

Getting back from work around ten at night after a long day at the hospital, where I am a nurse, I slipped out of my shoes and went to check on Paul.

I unbuttoned another button on my blouse before I knocked on his door and said, "Can I come in?"

"Sure," he said.

I stepped into his room and found him on his bed reading a book. "How was your day, honey?"

"Riveting," he sarcastically responded, looking at me.

"Is that an SAT word," I joked going to his bed.

"I don't think so," he shrugged, seemingly looking down at my legs as I walked towards him.

"What are you reading?" I asked, reaching him and sitting on the edge of his bed.

"A Fault in Our Stars," he answered, "I need to finish reading it before the movie comes out later this month."

"Cool," I said. I leaned in and kissed him on the cheek again, before adding, "It was a long day, I'm going to go shower."

"Okay, Mom," he nodded, his cheeks again going red. Obviously my kiss either turned him on or embarrassed him. I was dying to know which.

I stood up and headed to the door. Stopping, I turned around, noticing he was again looking down at my legs. Curious if I was correct, I sighed, "Darn pantyhose," and returned to the bed, put my foot on the end of the bed, bent over and fixed my nylon at the toes.

Although he returned to his book when I looked at him, it was obvious he was checking out my legs. I wondered if he was a leg man. Darren had been a breast man. He would spend hours playing with my breasts. He even loved fucking them with a generous amount of lube. Although he came in my cunt sometimes, and my mouth sometimes, more often than not he finished by pumping his cock in between my tits.

Standing back up and heading out, again stopping at the door, I turned around and again he quickly glanced away. I said, with just a hint of sexiness, "Good night, honey."

"G-g-goodnight, Mom," he briefly stammered.

Leaving his room, I was suddenly confident of two things:

One: he was a leg man

Two: I did turn him on

This newfound knowledge exciting me greatly, I went to the shower and pleased myself like I occasionally did with the powerful shower head while thinking of Paul fucking me.

In my room, dressed only in my robe, I opened my laptop to check if I had gotten a response from Kennedy. A chill of excitement went up my spine as I clicked on her reply.

Hi, Thank you for the e-mail. I remember when I was in your situation.

My mixed emotions.

I was his mother I shouldn't feel this way.

Incest is wrong.

I will go to Hell.

Yet, the more I denied my own feelings (and can your own feelings be wrong?), the more I fantasized about my son.

I resisted for months, self-destructing the relationship I was currently in with a good man...he just wasn't my son.

In the end, I decided to take the risk and have been in the most loving, most sensual and most sexually satisfying relationship of my life ever since...and that includes my husband who I loved with all my heart.

Sex should be with someone you love and care about and although society frowns on it (although it was once very common), the reality is your own flesh and blood, whether that be son, daughter, mom, father, aunt, uncle, niece, nephew or any other blood relative is someone close to your heart and thus a logical person to be intimate with.

In conclusion, don't be ashamed by your feelings, as I mentioned before what you feel in your heart can't be wrong (no matter what society says); that said, we moved to another state when we decided to live as lovers where no one knows we are biological mother and son.

If you have any questions, feel free to ask.

Kennedy On yahoo as momplussoneequalsfun (I know it is silly but I thought it was humorous at the time)

I read the email three times and, exhausted, decided I would respond tomorrow. I shut down my computer and went to bed...wondering what the odds were that Paul could remotely feel for me the way I felt for him.

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The next morning, I responded to her e-mail:

Kennedy Thank you very much for your encouraging response.

I felt overwhelming guilt for having sexual feelings for my son, which were slightly dissipated by my online readings...yet being in a similar situation myself (my husband died when my son was three), I feel much more at ease with my feelings after reading your e-mail.

My question is: How did you go from these early yearnings to eventually having sex with your son?

I hope that is not too personal of a question to ask. If it is I apologize for being so presumptuous as to ask it.

Courtney

This time I signed my name, no longer ashamed by my feelings.

I cleaned the house for a bit, and talked to Mom on the phone before I headed into work where my thoughts of incest faded into the back of my mind while the demands of the job took over.

That night, I again was exhausted, and I again decided to check on Paul, who this time was on his computer playing some online game and didn't even hear me knock.

Entering, I startled him as he had his gaming headphones on. "Mom! Crap, you scared the heck out of me."

"I thought I'd let you know I'm home," I said, going to his bed and taking off my shoes.

He turned away from his game, which I took as flattery, as he watched me. I joked, "I think it's time to get you a girlfriend."

"Why?" He asked, trying to maintain eye contact with me and yet on more than one occasion taking quick, he thought unnoticeable, glimpses of my legs.

"When I was your age I was going to parties, meeting boys and well," I shrugged, as I took my first shoe off, "you know."

"What?" my adorable, but innocent son asked, clearly unable to focus on my words.

"Making out," I answered. "Plus, I met your dad when I was eighteen, too."

"You did?" He asked, "You've never told me how you and Dad met."

"It was lust at first sight," I joked, as I tossed my second shoe on the ground and collapsed backwards onto his bed.

"W-w-what?" He stammered, clearly distracted by both my words and my legs.

I rolled onto my side to face him, my legs stacked onto each other, and said, "You're eighteen, I guess you're old enough to hear this, if you can handle your old bag of a mother telling you about her young, wild days."

I noticed him adjust himself, which made me smile knowing the impact I was having on him. He said, "Mom, you're not old. You're only forty and look even younger."

"Over twice the age of the girls in your school," I pointed out.

Being the sweetheart he is, and a man way beyond his years, he countered, "Oh Mom, you still look like you are in your twenties."

"Oh, I love you for lying to me," I smiled, wiggling my toes.

"I'm not lying," he replied.

"So do you want to hear the story of how your father and I met?" I asked.

"Of course," he nodded.

"It's a bit spicy. I don't want you to lose respect for your mother. I was a lot different in high school than I am now," I warned, wanting him to want to hear about his mom's sex life.

"I'll never lose respect for you Mom," He answered.

"Even if you learn your mother was kind of a slut in her younger years?" I asked, frankly, trying to plant more seeds of my eagerness.

"Mom!" He gasped.

"Well, I was," I admitted, sitting back up.

"I can't believe you called yourself a slut," he said, clearly surprised.

Standing up, I said laughing, "Maybe you're right, hearing about your mother's slut days is probably in the way too much information category for any son."

He didn't say anything as I sensed he wasn't sure how to respond next. It was obvious he wanted to hear more and yet just as obvious that he couldn't possibly verbalize such a want because of his shyness.

I added, moving towards him, "I'm sorry about talking about my sex life. It's just that it's been a long, long, long, time."

He still seemed verbally paralyzed as I reached him, bent down, my very ample cleavage staring him in the face and gave him a kiss on the cheek, but unlike last time a bit closer to his lips.

Standing back up, I went and grabbed my shoes, bending over to give him a good long look at my ass, before getting ready to leave and saying, pointing to the screen, "I think you died."

He turned around and said, "Shoot, I forgot I was playing."

"Good night," I smiled, leaving him alone again...I hoped he would masturbate about me.

I went to my room, got undressed, grabbed the massage vibrator I had bought at a sex party held a few months ago by a fellow nurse, pulled up Literotica on my iPad and began reading more mother-son stories. My libido firing up after a long period of neglect, since I had begun fantasizing about Paul it didn't take long to get myself off as I imagined Paul as the son and me the mom in each story I read.

After my orgasm, I fell asleep almost instantly...my far-fetched fantasy beginning to seem plausible.

I was awakened early by a call from work asking me to come in and do a double shift.

Which led to a three day stretch where I mostly just worked and slept, without once having time to read my emails or do more than have an exhausted zombie-like talk with Paul.

That was followed by Paul's graduation day, with my parents coming down to see their first grandchild graduate. It ended up being a week of family and fun and, although I occasionally looked at Paul with inappropriate feelings, for the most part the idea of incest dissipated. Then came graduation and Paul wearing a tux. As soon as I first saw him in his tux, all the memories of Darren and our wedding came flooding back. I didn't see my son, but again I saw a man I was in love with.

All throughout the ceremony, dinner and family time, I kept looking at Paul as not just my son who had just graduated high school, but as a boy who was now a man who I could spend the rest of my life with. It was ridiculous, but the more I tried to push the idea away, the more I thought that way.

Having purposely avoided an email that had been in my inbox for a few days, once the evening of partying had ended, and I was three sheets to the wind, I logged into my email and finally read her response to my question.

Courtney Thank you for replying with your name. As I mentioned before there is nothing to be ashamed of. Your feelings are your feelings...regardless of whether you decide to act on them.

As for how Jimmy and I ended up lovers. After a few weeks of hints, touching and subtle flirting, I went onto his computer to search what he did online; hoping for hints of what turned him on. I was surprised he spent the majority of his time online not looking up porn (I just assumed that is what all teenage boys do). What I did find helped me cross the invisible line between mother and lover. He had a massive collection of photos of sons and moms having sex both as images or cartoons (I didn't know sex cartoons existed, but since have learned that there is cartoon sex for almost everything). With this knowledge that he too was interested in incest, and presumably with me, I decided the hell with it and came up with a plan.

At our house, Friday night had always been a movie night tradition back when my husband was still alive and we had kept it up even after his death. So the plan was to watch a porn film with him...then an even better idea popped into my head.

I, like you, had spent a lot of time on the internet dealing with my conflicting emotions and had found a website that made professional incest films. I went to the website and spent over an hour reading the descriptions and watching the trailers to quite a few films before choosing three (it was buy two get one free so I figured might as well). The titles were interesting and, I hoped, left no doubt to Jimmy of Mommy's willingness. They were: Pet Mommy Cheerleading for my son Mom, stockings and me These titles appealed to me because I am submissive, my son was the school quarterback and his girlfriend at the time was a cheerleader, and I loved wearing pantyhose (my legs are my best asset, as I have small breasts, and pantyhose only enhanced their visual appeal).

I eagerly waited for two weeks for them to arrive, the long weekend making it take longer even though I chose expedited shipping. When they did, I immediately popped one in and watched it. Three orgasms later, I was ready to go for broke.

On Friday, I stayed dressed in my work outfit. I am a secretary for an oil company that expects professional wear always (no casual Fridays for us) and knowing I would be seducing my son that night, I bought new thigh high silk stockings (over twenty bucks but they paid off with huge dividends), wore a black skirt, red blouse and a black blazer. I looked very

good, truth be told, and got a few compliments during the day. I also had gone to the adult store across town and bought a cheerleader's outfit, including sexy crotchless pantyhose.

I told Jimmy that Mommy had chosen the movie this week and that it was something a bit edgier than usual. I had watched 'Pet Mommy' first and has also watched 'Mom, stockings and me' the night before in preparation of what I planned.

So it was 'Cheerleading for my Son' I had chosen for the final seduction. I was already sitting, my legs on the coffee table, the tops of my thigh high stockings visible, when he came in with popcorn and soda. I patted the seat beside me and said, "Come cozy up with Mom."

He did, but not before taking a long look my nylon clad legs.

Once he was seated, I warned, "The movie I chose is a little different."

"Okay," he nodded, with a look of curiosity.

"But your eighteen and I want you and me to be able to watch anything," I continued, surprising him by moving my legs off the coffee table and onto his lap...directly onto his cock, which was definitely hard. I asked, remote in hand, "Could you please rub Mommy's feet? I had a LONG, HARD, day."

His eyes went big, but he indeed massaged my feet. I asked, "Ready for a movie that will change your life?"

"Sure," he said, staring at my feet as he was massaging them.

I had already got it in place, after the title, in hopes of speeding up the process, but without giving away everything before the film started. Pressing play, I realized there was no turning back now.

I won't bore you with the details, but after watching fifteen minutes of the movie, long enough for the mom, dressed in a cheerleader outfit, to drop to her knees and get her son ready for the big game (his girlfriend unavailable to do the pre-game ritual), I excused myself for a moment.

I returned a couple of minutes later in a tight cheerleading outfit, with pom poms and crotchless pantyhose for easy access to my cunt and ass.

On the television, the mom was bobbing hungrily on her son's cock as I asked, posing in front of him, "Does my son want some personal motivation?"

His eyes went wide, as I dropped to my knees in front of him and squeezed his stiff cock through his pants. "Is this hard because of Mommy?"

He stammered, "Y-y-yes."

"Does my son want Mommy to suck his cock?" I asked, looking up at him as I rubbed his cock, more determined than ever to make this happen.

"M-M-Mom!" He moaned.

I fished out his cock, taking his lack of protest as a yes. Once I had his cock out, I moaned, "Mmmmmm, what a beautiful cock." Before, he could respond, I took his cock in my mouth.

I won't bore you with the rest of the details...as this has gone on way longer than I meant to (and got myself all worked up), but after swallowing his first load in only a couple of minutes, he went down on me and we fucked long into the night.

I apologize if this is way too much information...but reminiscing about it really got me drawn back into that special moment.

If you have my more questions please let me know...

Kennedy

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My pussy was on fire after reading Kennedy's thorough story of her seduction of her son and I found myself wishing she had given me more details. I closed my eyes and pleased myself imagining it was me in a cheerleading outfit and my son was the one being seduced. Not surprisingly, I came rather quickly.

I replied back, once I had recovered:

Kennedy, Thank you so much for the detailed, and inspiring story...you didn't bore me and I would have loved to have read the rest of the story. Besides helping me with my own seduction of my son, it brought me to a glorious orgasm. I think I will have to find some of those movies!

How did he respond after you took his cock in your mouth? Was there any reluctance from him? How did you deal with your actions the morning after?

Thanks again for your support.

Courtney

Unfortunately, the next few days I barely saw Paul as he began work and I worked a lot of doubles as summer holidays started. Curious if my son maybe had a nylon fetish, which would explain his constant glances down at my legs, I tried testing it out by wearing them around the house.

So over the next few days, I always wore nylons and it was quite apparent they were a distraction to him.

I also went online and downloaded some incest videos. Watching the previews and reading the summaries had my pussy on fire and it took all my will power to not get myself off before choosing the videos.

There were videos of all combinations of incest, but I focused on mom-son incest. I read a few summaries before finding one I knew I had to get:

Nurse Mommy A mother nurses her son back to health after a sports injury.

I clicked on the preview and it was a nurse who looked, oddly enough, a lot like me in the traditional nurse's white outfit checking on her son...checking his pulse on his arm and then on his cock. It flashed to her sucking him, then riding him and getting a full facial before the brief thirty second preview ended with the nurse saying, "I hope Mommy made you feel better."

My pussy instantly tingled as I clicked on the 'add to basket' button.

I ended up buying two more, I don't know why, 'Nurse Mommy' was obviously the perfect choice:

'Making Mommy Mine' was a video about a son seducing his mom and making her his slut. (the idea of him seducing me instead of the other way around turned me on)

'Backdoor Mommy' was, not surprisingly, a video in which her son took her anal cherry (the idea of having anal sex, another thing I had never done, with my son somehow made me wet...even though I had always refused to do it with Darren).

I ordered the videos and downloaded them to my computer...because of their size and my slow computer, it took all night.

The next few days again flew by with work. It wasn't until a few days after I had responded that I got another email from Kennedy:

Hi my sweet partner in incest, I was worried I had offended you when I didn't get a response for so long. I'm happy to know you enjoyed the story...it is completely true.

How is your seduction going? Is your son a Mother-fucker yet? Oh how I love that term!!!

In regards to your questions: Once I deep throatd his cock, I just bobbed hungrily without looking up until he shot his load down my throat in only a couple of minutes. When I was done, I asked if he enjoyed Mommy's motivational approach and he stammered, 'It was amazing'. I asked if there was anything else I could do to motivate him and to my surprise and excitement he took control. He tossed me onto the couch, buried his face in my pussy and ate me to orgasm. He then fucked me long and hard while telling me he planned on making me his pet mommy which only enhanced my euphoria as I came again and again.

Next morning, I woke up to a cock in my mouth to tell you the truth...so there was no awkwardness...just an acknowledgement of our new relationship.

Jimmy understands all my sexual needs: to be used as a slut, yet to be loved. The sentence seems like an oxymoron I suppose, yet it is exactly who I am. I love being called his mommy-slut in the throes of passion. I love having him grab my hair as he fills my pussy or ass with his cock; I also love the intimacy of having his arms wrapped around me as I drift into slumber regardless of whether it is just after he filled me with his cum or we just went to bed as the loving couple we are.

In the end, I got to have my cake and eat it too...both physically and metaphorically.

Good luck in becoming a Mommy-slut or whatever you hope to have in your relationship with your son.

Love Kennedy

My pussy again burning with lust after reading her response, I quickly responded:

Kennedy, Thank you again for your response. Every time I read your responses I get horny as hell. I want to do this...NO...I NEED to do this! I am going to try soon, but still don't know how to cross that final frontier.

Courtney

I clicked on my movie files and selected Making Mommy Mine. As I slowly teased my pussy, wanting this orgasm to build slowly, I watched the action in the video:

"Mom, come in here," the son bellowed from his bedroom...butt-naked and completely hard.

The mother came in and froze when she saw her son naked. "Bruce, what are you doing?"

"Giving you what you want," he answered.

"Excuse me?" The mom asked, even as she kept taking glimpses of her son's hard cock.

"I've been on your computer," he revealed. "I have checked your browser history."

"Bruce, that is my private computer," she said, even as her cheeks went redder...even as she continued to glance down at his cock.

"Do you want to be my Mommy-slut or not?" He asked, bluntly, as he began stroking his cock.

"Bruce, please," she protested weakly (her acting was not why she was hired, obviously).

"Please, what, Mommy-slut?" he smirked.

"Bruce, I'm your Mother!" she said, pointing out the obvious.

"Yes, that is why I called you Mommy-slut and not just slut," he responded smugly.

"Bruce," she began, but was cut off.

"Knees, Mother," he ordered.

Just the thought of hearing those words from Paul sent a chill up my back.

She stared at him for a moment, obviously for dramatic effect, before she reluctantly lowered herself to the floor.

"Good, Mommy-slut," he purred. "Crawl to me."

Again there was a brief moment of hesitation, before she wordlessly obeyed the order and began crawling to her well-endowed son.

"Do you know what day it is, Mommy-slut?" He asked, looking down at her once she reached him.

"No," she whispered, clearly ashamed of what was transpiring even though it was her fantasy.

"It's National Nude Day," he revealed.

"Oh," she said, staring at his cock, which was now directly in front of her face.

"So, shouldn't you be naked?" He asked.

"You want to see me naked?" She asked, seemingly surprised, which was odd considering he was already naked and she was already on her knees.

"It's Nude Day," he said, "of course I expect you nude."

She remained on all fours, clearly unsure what to do next.

"Stand up," he ordered.

She obeyed.

"Strip for me," he instructed.

Hands trembling, just like mine were as I watched the incestuous act, she unbuttoned her blouse. Once undone, she hesitated.

He reached over and helped her take off her blouse. Now in her bra, which held in a pair of large fake tits, he ordered, "Bra, too."

Again there was a brief hesitation as she stared into his eyes, before she moved her hands behind her back, unclasped her bra and let it fall to the ground, revealing her perfectly sculpted breasts.

He cupped them and said, "Do you know how long I have wanted to suck on these, Mommy-slut?"

She moaned as he leaned forward and took his mother's nipple in his mouth. After a few seconds, finally giving in to the act, she instructed, "Yes, baby, suck on Mommy's titties."

He moved from one to the other, squeezing them together, as he kissed, nibbled and bit her breasts and nipples.

After a couple of minutes of concentrated attention on his mom's breasts, he ordered, "Now let's see the rest of you."

Her reluctance faded, she unzipped her jeans, tugged them off, took off her socks and stood in front of her son in only a pair of blue panties.

"Those too," he instructed. "I want to see my Mommy-slut's cunt."

She asked, now flirty, as she slid her last remaining piece of clothing down her legs, "What does my son plan to do with his Mommy?"

"Make you my personal plaything," he answered, as he put his hands on her shoulders and guided her back to her knees.

She took his cock in her hand, and asked, "Does my son want Mommy to suck his cock?"

"A better question," he countered, "is do you want to become an obedient Mommy-slut?"

"God, yes," she moaned, as did I simultaneously, my orgasm close.

"I will expect complete obedience," he continued, taking his cock and moving its mushroom top around his mom's lips.

"Yes, Master," she replied, obviously completely drawn in to the idea of being submissive to her son.

"I'll expect unlimited access to all three of your holes," he continued, as he shoved his cock in her mouth.

Slobber sounds echoed as he roughly face-fucked his mother. I had never had someone do that to me, nor had I wanted to, but seeing it happen made me curious.

He pulled out and asked, "Does my Mommy-slut give me unlimited access to her pretty mouth, her shaved pussy and her beautiful ass?"

"God, yes," she agreed eagerly, as she began rubbing herself.

He went to the bed, lied down, then ordered, "Come ride your Master, Mommy-slut."

She quickly obeyed, while I began quickly frigging myself, my orgasm now dying to erupt.

As she bounced up and down on his cock, I closed my eyes and listened to the moans, as I imagined it was me riding Paul...me becoming a Mommy-slut.

Seconds later, my orgasm hit and I screamed, "Yes, Paaaaul."

A few minutes later, my orgasm having subsided, an idea popped into my head. Nude Day was coming soon and although my idea came from a porno film, I figured it just may work.

For the next couple of weeks, until Nude Day, I was on a roller coaster of emotion and anxiety. When up, I couldn't wait until Nude Day to attempt the final seduction of Paul. When down, I questioned my sanity and moral integrity at my constant obsession. I said as much to Kennedy during a chat, having had a couple during the past week as she continued to strangely be my rock as I wavered back and forth between fantasy and reality.

Momplusoneequalsfun: are you excited about tomorrow?

Curiousmom: one minute I am, the next I chastise myself.

Momplusoneequalsfun: you're so cute

Curiousmom: thanks?

Momplusoneequalsfun: I just remember feeling the exact same way before Jimmy's and my first time

Curiousmom: how did you deal with the conflicting emotions?

Momplusoneequalsfun: alcohol

Curiousmom: seriously?

Momplusoneequalsfun: yes, a couple of cocktails relaxed me substantially

Curiousmom: I may have to drink scotch to get to that state

Momplusoneequalsfun: it is considered a sure fire panty remover

Curiousmom: it often lowered my standards in college lol

Momplusoneequalsfun: ah memories

Curiousmom: do you have any regrets?

Momplusoneequalsfun: only in that generally we have to keep our mother-son relationship a secret even though our relationship as a younger guy dating an older woman is common knowledge in our community

Curiousmom: does anyone in your community know the truth?

Momplusoneequalsfun: no, which is frustrating, always living a lie...yet the overwhelming love I have for Jimmy overrides the secret I must keep

Curiousmom: that must be frustrating

Momplusoneequalsfun: it used to be. At first it really gnawed on me as I wanted to share all my feelings with someone, a girlfriend for example, but couldn't...thank God for the Internet

Curiousmom: are there lots of women like us?

Momplusoneequalsfun: more than I ever could have imagined and quadruple that if u include all the women who fantasize about it

The thought that I wasn't some sick, twisted pervert and there were others like me either fantasizing or actually doing it made me feel better.

Curiousmom: wow!!!

Momplusoneequalsfun: and times it by nine if you factor in that 90 percent of boys and men fantasize about some sort of sexual relationship with their mother

Curiousmom: 90?

Momplusoneequalsfun: and I think that is a low estimate

Curiousmom: really?

Momplusoneequalsfun: it's completely logical if you think about it. There are tons of theories on it

Based on Paul's attention to me the past few weeks, I knew I got him horny...but this too enhanced my comfort with the decision I had already made...to seduce my son tomorrow on Nude Day.

Curiousmom: crazy, so you think there is over a 90 percent likelihood that Paul has fantasized having sex with me

Momplusoneequalsfun: closer to a 100

Suddenly the thought of my brother wanting to fuck my mom popped into my head.

Curiousmom: so my brother likely wanted to have sex with his mother

Momplusoneequalsfun: yep

Curiousmom: wow

Momplusoneequalsfun: the other thing that has been very therapeutic is Walden Island

Curiousmom: what is Walden Island

Momplusoneequalsfun: an incest resort

Curiousmom: no way

Momplusoneequalsfun: there are a few secluded incest retreats in the world, but of the few Jimmy and I have been to it is the best

The thought of a resort that catered to families who committed incest seemed surreal and yet instantly I wanted to go to it....with Paul.

Curiousmom: you're serious

Momplusoneequalsfun: I don't joke about incest

Curiousmom: every time I talk to u I learn something new that shocks the shit out of me

Momplusoneequalsfun: if you're interested in meeting, Jimmy and I are going there in early August

A rush coursed through my body at the offer. I would love to meet others who were living the incest lifestyle (was lifestyle the right word?). Plus, I was super curious to meet Kennedy and Jimmy.

Curiousmom: really?

Momplusoneequalsfun: u have to have a personal invite to come to the resort, but once u come u r a forever member

Curiousmom: u have me curious

Momplusoneequalsfun: finish your seduction and I will make sure to get u an invite

Curiousmom: k

Momplusoneequalsfun: Jimmy just got home and is trying to shove his cock in my mouth

I gasped. I imagined she was just saying that to shock me, but the visual of Paul doing the same thing to me popped into my head.

Curiousmom: that is so hot

Momplusoneequalsfun: a little distracting truthfully

Curiousmom: I bet it is

Momplusoneequalsfun: sorry mommy-slut has a mouthful of cock; so tell me mommy-slut r u going to fuck your son

I gasped, it was Jimmy messaging to me; I was talking to a son who fucked his mother. I paused, unsure what to say...this somehow feeling more surreal talking to him.

Curiousmom: I am thinking about it

Momplusoneequalsfun: u just need to let him know and then like my mommy-slut u can have a mouthful of cock

Curiousmom: I wish I did at the moment

Momplusoneequalsfun: well then seduce your son and u will have a live in cock available at all times

Curiousmom: u make it sound so simple

Momplusoneequalsfun: it is...I know 4 sure ur son wants to bang u

Curiousmom: how can u be so sure?

Momplusoneequalsfun: because I'm a son and I have never met a guy who hasn't thought about it, fantasized about it and obsessed over it

Curiousmom: I hope you are right

Momplusoneequalsfun: the only concern for u is understanding that once u open Pandora's Box there is no closing it

I realized he was right; what if Paul was repulsed by my offer? What if after we committed incest, I decided I didn't want to do it any more?

Curiousmom: that is a very good point

Momplusoneequalsfun: good luck, Mom has got my cock nice and hard and it's definitely time to fuck her

Curiousmom: oh my...that is so hot

Momplusoneequalsfun: want to watch?

I froze. The thought of watching incest live had pussy juice gushing into my panties. Yet, was he serious?

Curiousmom: pardon?

Momplusoneequalsfun: do u have Skype?

Curiousmom: yes

Momplusoneequalsfun: Mom trusts u and says if u want to see the reward for crossing the line with your son u can watch us

I couldn't believe the offer. I desperately wanted to watch, yet if we Skype'd there would not only be a face to the email, but she would have my face. What if she revealed my dirty secrets? After a brief consideration, I just sensed that she would never do that.

Curiousmom: u would do that?

Momplusoneequalsfun: of course, but be warned we r very verbal when in the throes of passion...plus Mom would love to meet u...she doesn't get to be her true self with many people

Curiousmom: okay, I'm in

Momplusoneequalsfun: great give me a minute to get everything ready

We exchanged Skype addresses and a couple of minutes later, trepidation coursing through my very being, I was staring at a woman a lot like me...completely and utterly normal. She was pretty, slim, and looked like your typical next door neighbour. No way would I have ever guessed she was a woman who had sex with her son.

As if reading my mind, she said, "I'm not what you expected."

"I really didn't know what to expect," I replied, before adding with a playful smile, "although you don't look to have the massive fake breasts all the moms do in the videos you got me addicted to."

She laughed, actually it was more of a snort which somehow made her more real to me, "These tiny puppies are all natural."

"I wish mine were smaller," I admitted. My 38DD's are a heavy load to carry.

"Let's see them," came a male voice from behind,

Kennedy smiled apologetically, "You don't have to if you don't want to."

After a brief pause, I shrugged, feeling somehow completely comfortable with her, "While in Rome."

"Romans were incest crazy," Kennedy smiled, as I took off my blouse and bra. "Wow, Jimmy would drown himself in those."

Suddenly Jimmy popped into the picture, "Those are some big cans." Jimmy was a good looking man with a couple tattoos.

"He is so eloquent," Kennedy said, shaking her head apologetically.

"Boys, what can you do?" I joked.

"Fuck them," Jimmy said, standing back up, showing only his bottom half, particularly his six inch erect cock, in view. "Come show our new friend your cocksucking skills, Mommy-slut."

Kennedy winked at me, dropped to her knees and took her son's cock in her mouth. Reading Literotica stories was hot, reading forums intriguing and watching online films sexy, but watching a real, authentic act of incest, was the biggest turn on of my life.

Jimmy groaned, "That's it Mommy-slut, deep throat my cock."

I watched Kennedy do just that, easily devouring all six inches with each deep thrust.

My hand went to my cunt, slowly rubbing myself while I watched the taboo act. Kennedy moaned on his cock, slobbering noises only enhancing the authenticity. She loved sucking cock...her son's cock.

A couple of minutes later, Jimmy asked, "What does Mommy-slut want?"

Kennedy allowed his cock to slide out of her mouth, looked up at Jimmy and said, "I want my son's big hard cock in Mommy's cunt."

"What about her ass?" Jimmy questioned.

"My holes are yours," Kennedy replied without hesitation.

"Bend over and stare at our new Mommy-slut, while I bang you from behind," Jimmy ordered.

"Yes, baby," Kennedy eagerly agreed, standing up, bending over, and now staring directly at me. She asked, smiling, "Enjoying the show?"

"God, yes," I moaned, fingering myself wishing I was her.

"This can be you, Courtney," she suggested.

"I know," I nodded.

"Do you want to make your son a Mother-fucker?" she asked.

"God, yes," I repeated, the idea dominating my every thought.

"Fuuuck, yes, Jimmy," Kennedy screamed, as she got filled with cock.

I wondered which hole, but got my answer, as Kennedy got animated, while staring at me the whole time, "That's it baby, fuck Mommy's ass."

I had never had a cock in my ass, never wanted to, but hearing her moans of pleasure, watching her facial expressions of joy, the idea suddenly seemed intriguing. I asked, "Doesn't that hurt?"

"Nooooo," she moaned, as her son fucked her hard, the picture shaking with each thrust. "It's the ultimate act of submission."

After a few more deep thrusts, she added, "Although it took a while to get used to."

Jimmy quipped, "You screamed like hell the first time I buried my cock in your ass."

"That's because I wasn't used to having your big snake pounding it," Kennedy chuckled looking back at her son.

"I can't fathom it feeling good," I said, although her heavy breathing and moans of euphoria sure made a good counter-argument.

Looking back at me, she explained, "Ohhhh, it takes a few times to get used to it and I recommend lube, lots and lots of lube."

"Memo taken," I joked, wondering if I would ever let Paul or any other man sodomize me. Before today, the idea never would have even crossed my mind, but now...well...I no longer knew what my sexual restrictions were.

"Beg, Mommy-slut." Jimmy demanded, "beg for your asshole to be reamed."

Although I loved watching, listening to her moans of pleasure, I wasn't a big fan of his aggressive approach...I wanted to make love to Paul, not be his personal fuck-toy...although maybe I could have both.

She begged, clearly close to reaching orgasm, "Yes, baby, fuck Mommy's ass, show our new friend how big a slut I am for you."

"Come for her, Mommy-slut, come from getting your ass reamed," Jimmy demanded, fucking her so hard from behind I could hear the slapping of skin as he fucked her.

"Oh yes, baby, make mommy your ass slut," Kennedy moaned, her breathing getting heavier as she stared at me.

I couldn't believe I said it, but I was so intoxicated, I added, while frantically fingering myself, "Yes, Kennedy, come for me. Come like the Mommy-sluts we are."

"Ohhhhhh fuuuuck," she screamed, as her orgasm hit.

I followed suit a few seconds later, "Yeeeeeeessss."

A few moments later, Jimmy grunted, moved Kennedy out of the way, his cock now staring me in the face, "Here it comes Mommy-slut, open that hungry mouth of yours." I instantly obeyed, opening my mouth wide, eager to taste his cum.

He stroked his cock furiously and soon the computer screen was coated with his cum as he gave me a virtual facial. I was frustrated as I wanted to taste his cum and was so drawn into the moment I leaned forward and licked my computer screen.

Kennedy did too, getting the real goo as our lips met virtually. I had never kissed a girl, but if she would have actually been there in front of me, I would have melted into her. Our tongues shared the cum as we cleaned the computer screen of every drop of Jimmy's seed.

"I think she is ready," Jimmy acknowledged.

Kennedy, looking into my eyes as she backed up a bit, nodded, "She is definitely ready."

I leaned back too, "That was intense."

"Just wait until we meet in person," she smiled, hinting that she was bisexual.

I smiled back, caught in the moment, "I hope that will be soon."

"August 17th is when we are heading to Walden Island if you want to join us," she said, extending another invitation to this exclusive incest island.

"I will definitely be there," already planning to take time off, I still had three weeks of vacation time not yet used.

"But you got to get banged by your son first," Jimmy added, as his cock, still hard, reappeared on the screen.

Kennedy added, as she began stroking his cock, "Be warned, young men have a lot more stamina and expect it regularly."

"I hope so," I nodded, not even remembering the last time I had had a real cock in me.

"Still one more hole to fill, Mommy-slut," Jimmy said, just as I heard a door slam downstairs.

My eyes wide, I stammered, "I-I-I have to go."

"You should let him come and watch," Jimmy suggested, shoving his cock in his mom's mouth, a cock that was last in her ass.

"Maybe after I finish what I started," I agreed, grabbing my blouse, my bra still on the floor.

"Later, alligator," he quipped.

I closed my laptop, got dressed and headed downstairs to greet my son, wondering if I smelt of sex when a sudden idea popped into my head.

He was just heading into the kitchen when I walked up and gave him a big hug and greeted him like I used to do to my husband, "Hi, honey, how was your day?"

"Surprisingly boring," he answered when I let him go.

"Well, I am going to order pizza and I think I need to finish the story about your dad and I," I said with a smile.

"You did leave me hanging," he said.

"I'll tell you all about it, but be warned it isn't PG-13," I teased.

"Thankfully, I'm not thirteen," he countered, glancing down to my nylon-clad legs.

"Soooooooooooo true," I purred, my flirtatious tone not even remotely hidden, as I went to the phone and ordered pizza.

Half an hour later, the pizza arrived and as we ate on the couch side-by-side while watching Wheel of Fortune I decided to add more hints of my willingness for incest by retelling the story of his dad and me.

"So, I promised you a story," I began.

"You have me curious," he said, "I can't fathom you being wild."

I pouted, "Why, because I'm a boring wet rag?"

"No, it's just you're my mom," he answered, which wasn't really an answer.

"Well trust me, your mother is a lot more than meets the eye," I smiled, the innuendo implied not likely obvious to Paul.

"Okay," Paul nodded, clearly unsure where this was going.

"So I was dating Wally when I met your dad," I began, remembering how crazy that night was. I wasn't necessarily a slut back in high school and college, but I also wasn't a prude. I liked sucking cock, I liked getting fucked, I liked being wanted. Yet, I didn't sleep around when dating someone, I just didn't date someone for a long time.

"You cheated on someone to hook up with dad?" he asked, a look of shock on his face...his sweet mother a cheater.

"Not really," I answered, before adding, "but it wasn't a normal situation either."

"You have me confused," he said.

"Let me tell the whole story and it will make sense," I promised, as I realized I had never told anyone the complete story of how I met my husband (although it is a lot simpler than How I Met Your Mother).

"Sorry, you just have me curious," he said, "you seldom mention Dad."

"I don't?" I asked, realizing I suppose that was true.

"Not really," he nodded.

"Well, I will change that," I said, "for starters, you and your dad are a lot alike."

"We are?" he asked.

"Oh, God yes," I smiled, putting my hand on his leg subtly. "You have the same eyes, same smile, same laugh, same voice and, truth be told, the same body."

"Really?" he asked.

"Take off your glasses," I suggested, as I pulled out my phone. Once he did, I snapped a photo and stood up and grabbed a frame with a photo of Darren a few months before he passed and brought it back to the couch. I said, showing him the two photos, "Twins."

He laughed, "I think you need glasses."

"Oh honey," I said sweetly, "you're too hard on yourself, you're a very good looking young man and like your dad, you will be well sought after in college."

"Unlikely," he replied.

"Trust me, in college girls are looking for more than just the football quarterback."

"If you say so," he said, not really believing me.

"Maybe the story of your father and I will give you some confidence," I suggested, before continuing, "So it was a Halloween party and, being college, that meant it was dress like a slut and get away with it night. So to tease the crap out of Wally, who had a thing for superheroes, I dressed in a very skimpy Batgirl outfit, my identity partially hidden by the mask. Now Wally was a bit of a computer dork, back when computers were really a career opportunity. The party we went to was full of who today's youth would call nerds and geeks. I was having my own self-image crisis, sick of dating really good looking, buff, jocks who treated me like crap...thus I began dating a nice guy...Wally."

Paul joked, "That sure doesn't happen at my high school."

"College honey, everything changes in college," I smiled, again squeezing his leg tenderly.

"Anyways, after a fair amount of wine and some scotch, which always lowers my inhibitions, Wally and I ended up having a quickie in the bathroom."

Paul gasped, "Mom!"

"Honey, you are eighteen and old enough to have such a conversation. Your father would have had the sex talk a couple of years ago with you if he was alive."

"I have the internet," he pointed out.

"I'm sure you do," I said, teasingly, making him blush. "Anyways, it may have been my inebriated state, it may have been the fact that Wally got off but I didn't, or it could have been how cute your father looked in his Batman suit, but I walked over to him and said."

I paused, wanting to see if Paul was listening.

"What did you say?" he asked excitedly.

"Before I continue," I said, "will you do me a favour?"

"Sure," Paul nodded.

"My feet are killing me," I said, "I wore four inch heels all day."

"That is crazy," he said.

"I know," I smiled, "the things we do to look good for men."

He asked, suddenly looking jealous, I thought, "Who were you wearing heels for?"

"No one particular," I shrugged. After a moment, I asked, "Will you massage my feet for me, honey?"

His eyes went big with a look of excitement as I repositioned myself to put my stocking-clad feet on his lap.

He tried to regain his composure as he said, "Sure, Mom," then began massaging my right foot.

"That feels so nice," I said softly, partly to tease him, but also because it was true.

"So what did you say to Dad?" Paul asked, as he stared at my feet and legs.

"You may never see your old Mother the same," I warned.

"I'll always see you as my Mother," he said.

That deflated me briefly, as I hoped he would see me as a lot more than his mother tomorrow, so I said, "I hope you can see me as more than just your Mother."

"What do you mean?" Paul asked, confused.

"Oh nothing," I sighed. "It's just that, well, sometimes I feel so old."

"Mom, you're forty, that is not even mid-life yet," he comforted me.

"I know, I know," I replied, "it just seems that I have shrivelled up inside."

"You should be dating," he suggested.

I sighed, "I just can't find anyone who is remotely as good for me as your father was." I then added the innuendo with what I had planned for tomorrow, "plus, I already have the perfect man in the house." After a lengthy silence as I allowed my words to marinate in Paul's mind, I continued, "So I walked up to your dad-to-be and asked him 'Does Batman want to fuck Batgirl?'"

"Mom!" he gasped, although he continued massaging my foot.

"I told you I would surprise you," I said, before asking, "Can you do my other foot, too?"

He switched feet as I continued, "I didn't even wait for an answer before I grabbed his hand and led him back to the room I had just been in." I paused, Paul's face of shock telling me he wasn't ready for such detailed information about his mother's sex life. I stammered, suddenly feeling guilty, "I-I-I'm s-s-sorry Paul, I have said too much."

I quickly stood up, even though I was really enjoying the foot massage.

He stood up to and said, "It's okay, Mom."

I smiled, "I'm sorry, it's just I don't have anyone to talk to about your dad."

"I understand," he said sincerely and pulled me into a hug.

As our bodies crashed together, I felt his very stiff cock poking at my leg. I briefly pondered just dropping to my knees, pulling out his cock and devouring it whole, yet I was no longer sure he wanted to have sex with me. Although he was definitely hard, and he practically drooled over my legs and massaging my feet, his verbal response of shock to my story conflicted with the physical evidence.

Breaking the hug, I looked up at him, Paul was over six feet tall like his father, and said, "I love you, son."

"I love you too, Mom," he smiled back.

Deciding to take one more risk before the evening was over, I leaned forward and briefly kissed him on the lips, then said, "I'm going to go and take a bath."

"Okay," he said, looking bewildered, I sensed, with conflicting feelings towards his mother.

In the bath, I hoped I had left enough hints, created enough intrigue and stirred enough sexual lust that tomorrow my plan would come to fruition. I had doubts, more than I had before the conversation, but the more I thought about it, the more I believed he wanted to fuck me as much as I wanted to fuck him. I just had to give him the ultimate, no doubt about it, green light, and that I would do tomorrow.

After my bath, which included a very lengthy intimate encounter with my shower head, I spent a couple hours in my room watching television and trying not to overthink what had just transpired or worry about tomorrow. At bedtime, I knocked on Paul's door and after being allowed in asked, "What are you doing tomorrow?"

"I have no plans," he answered, already in bed, under the sheets, his cheeks red.

"Excellent," I said, "tomorrow, you're all mine."

"Okay," he said, looking at me strangely.

"Trust me," I smiled. Walking over to his bed, I leaned in and kissed him on the lips again, this time lingering just a millisecond longer, making sure my breasts were directly in his point of view, "I have a very full day ahead for you."

"W-w-what do you have planned?" he stammered.

"Oh, that's a surprise," I smiled, glancing towards his crotch area every so slyly, before standing up and heading towards the door.

At the door, I turned and asked, "Did you know tomorrow is National Nude Day?"

"I didn't know such a day existed," he said.

"Now you do," I shrugged and left him to finish what I likely interrupted.

I went to bed excited and nervous about tomorrow...but I decided that the seeds were planted and all I had to do now was let it grow.

.....

I woke up next morning, surprisingly, after ten o'clock...I seldom slept past eight. I lay in bed a few minutes as I contemplated whether or not I was really going to go through with my plan. I pondered the decision by making a mental pros and cons list:

Pros:

- I loved Paul
- I could finally feel the intimacy I had long searched for
- Incest was the ultimate form of love
- I wanted to share everything with Paul
- I desperately wanted him

Cons:

- Lust is a sin
- I would forever change the mother-son relationship with my son
- It was morally wrong
- What if Paul rejected my advances?
- I could lose everything
- Religion?

The religious piece I hadn't really considered, even while at church the past few weeks. I grabbed my robe, grabbed the laptop and logged on, I searched online for religious philosophy on incest. Although I read extremes from both sides, a few things stood out that made me feel comfortable I wouldn't burn in hell for my lust:

-Although the bible definitely doesn't promote incest, Adam and Eve had the same DNA and would clearly be considered brother and sister today.

-Abraham and Sarah were brother and sister.

-All animals started one male, one female, which means all life began through incest.

-Which theoretically implied that every relationship in the world is incestuous if you followed the many, many generations.

Those thoughts made me feel comfortable with my decision to sleep with my son, then I read the following that made me feel that fate was guiding me to finish my seduction today on Nude Day:

-God wanted all people to be nudists, thus another day that celebrates God is Nude Day.

I took a deep breath, I dropped my robe and walked to Paul's room. His door was open and I realized he was already up. I paused, suddenly wondering if not being in his room was a sign I wasn't supposed to do this. I was still contemplating my next move when I jumped from Paul's words.

"Mom!" Paul gasped from behind me.

I turned around, completely naked, allowing my son to see my firm breasts and trimmed pussy, "Good morning, Paul. Happy Nude Day."

He stammered, clearly shocked by seeing me naked, "Y-y-you too."

I smiled, "I hope this doesn't make you uncomfortable, but now that you're eighteen I believe you are old enough to celebrate Nude Day the way it was originally meant to be celebrated."

He stared at me. Clearly unsure what to say, what to do.

Being the aggressor, I walked the few feet to him, and asked, "Are you going to join your Mother in celebrating Nude Day?"

"S-s-sure," he stammered, unable to make eye contact with me.

"Great," I smiled cheerfully, "get undressed and come join me for breakfast."

"O-o-okay," he stuttered, as I walked past him and towards the kitchen.

I put an apron on to protect my front as I began making bacon and eggs, but kept my ass completely visible. I was half done making breakfast when Paul joined me, naked, except in a towel. I didn't question it, deciding to wait until I was done making breakfast. I asked, "How was your sleep?"

"All right," he answered, sitting down at the table.

"Did you finish reading that book?" I asked, trying to make small talk to make him more comfortable in this clearly surreal situation.

"Yes, it was amazing," he said, his voice more like himself. He did love talking about literature.

"How so?" I asked, my ass still in complete view for him.

"The author just created two realistic teenagers," he answered.

"Interesting," I nodded, "when does the movie come out?"

"Next Friday," he answered.

"Maybe I should read it and we can go together," I suggested.

"That would be great," he said.

"It's a date," I quipped, playfully.

I finished making breakfast, made two plates and joined Paul at the table.

I stood back up, took off the apron and tossed it on the counter, before sitting back down, my breasts now in full view for Paul while he ate.

I said, "I hope you are okay with this Paul. I personally feel so liberated being allowed to show this body that God created."

"It's a little strange," he admitted.

"I know, I know," I agreed, wanting to make him comfortable. "But in truth you have seen me naked many times when you were young."

He didn't say anything and we ate in silence as I pondered my next approach.

Once done eating, I stood up and asked, "If you want I will put something on to make you more comfortable."

His face beet red, he nodded, "That may be a good idea."

I smiled, and said, "Be right back."

I quickly went to my room, grabbed a pair of thigh high stockings and put them on. I was going to go back downstairs to finish the seduction, but suddenly realized my bedroom was a much more logical location.

I called out, "Paul would you come to my room please?"

I waited, trepidation no longer there, but instead an insatiable hunger to quench my thirst...in reality my body had been in the desert of sexual denial for so long and Paul was the mirage of satisfaction I planned to make real.

He walked into my room, still in his towel, and froze, seeing that I was still, for all reality's sake, naked.

I smiled, sat on the edge of my bed, crossed my nylon clad legs and asked, "Is this better?"

He was literally speechless. Actually, if my seduction was a cartoon he would have been Roger Rabbit when he sees Jessica walking in all sultry as his mouth was dropped wide open.

Deciding it was now or never, I continued, "I know you're a leg man, and I am pretty sure you are a nylons man too, am I right?"

"I-I-I guess," he stammered, paralysed in shock as, I hoped, I was making his fantasy a reality.

"I see you have a towel on still." I smiled, swinging my foot, wanting to draw him hypnotically to me.

"Um," he vaguely replied, greatly distracted by my feet, legs and nudity.

"Drop your towel, Paul," I instructed, before adding, "let Mommy see how big a man you have become."

He was trembling as he stammered, looking down, his face beet red, "I-I-I can't."

"Why, baby?" I asked, my tone dripping with sexuality.

"I-I-I'm hard," he admitted.

"Are you hard because of Mommy?" I asked, standing up and walking towards him.

"Y-y-yes," he stuttered, looking ashamed.

Reaching him, I admitted, "Paul, my pussy is soaking wet...for you." I leaned forward and kissed him. The kiss, at first, was awkward as our lips touched and he stood frozen like a statue. But like the prince whose kiss wakes up Snow White, my kiss eventually brought to life my son. He began kissing back, although with nervous apprehension.

I whispered, "I love you, Paul and I want to show you just how much." I dropped to my knees, tugged his towel which fell harmlessly to the floor and I was staring at his nice, thick eight inch stiff cock.

Paul was staring down at me, still with the same this-can't-really-be-happening-to-me look. I smiled up as I grabbed his cock and said, "Have you ever dreamt of this happening, Paul?"

"Goddddd, yes," he moaned at my touch.

"How about this?" I asked, as I slid my tongue from the top of his cock down his shaft.

"Ohhhh," he whimpered.

"Or this?" I continued, as I sucked one of his balls into my mouth,

"Mom," he moaned, unable to complete a sentence, which flattered me. I was turning my academically inclined son into a blubbering fool.

I found the other ball and replicated the attention, before slithering slowly back up his shaft. "Or this?" I questioned, as I swirled my tongue around his mushroom top without actually putting his cock in my mouth.

"Mom, I'm g-g-going to coooo," he grunted a warning but it was too late as I was surprised by a full load of his cum on my tongue, lips, and nose.

Wanting to make sure he wasn't embarrassed by his quick trigger, I purred, "Mmmmmm, yummy," and took his cock into my mouth to retrieve the rest of his cum, as his cock continued to pulse.

"Aaaaaah," he moaned, as I sucked his cock slowly, milking every last drop of his cum.

A minute later, I allowed his cock to slip out of my mouth. I stood up, his cum on my face and asked, "Have you ever fantasized about coming on Mommy's face?"

He nodded.

"What else have you fantasized about?" I asked, as I grabbed both his hands and moved them to my breasts. "Ever wanted to play with Mommy's titties?"

"Mom, I, um, yes," he answered, still unable to finish a complete thought.

"Go ahead, baby, suck on Mommy's titties," I offered.

He didn't speak, his eyes still big, as he leaned forward and took my right nipple in his mouth.

"That's it baby, your mouth feels so good on Mommy's titties," I moaned, for some reason getting more turned on using words like 'Mommy' and 'titties'.

He swirled his tongue around my nipple, he sucked it between his lips, and then, slithering his tongue across my breast, between my tits and then to my left nipple, he replicated the hungry attention.

"Paul, I love what you're doing," I moaned, which was the truth...my nipples being one of my erogenous zones that really got me going.

I instructed Paul, a little while later, "Come join Mommy on the bed, baby." I took his hand and led him to my king sized bed.

Reaching the bed, I hopped on the edge of the bed and asked, "What else did you fantasize about, son?"

Paul surprised me as he dropped to his knees and took my left foot into his hands. He then took my nylon-clad toes into his mouth. I had never had my foot or toes pleased before, other than a foot massage, and was surprised how gentle, soothing and yet erotic it was. I moaned, "That's it baby, suck on Mommy's toes."

He sucked each toe through the sheer nylon, then replicated the action on my other foot.

"Oh God, son, you are getting Mommy very horny," I moaned, his soft tenderness amazing and yet an undeniable tease. I wanted his cock in me.

Paul finally spoke, his wit finally returning, "What else has Mommy fantasized?"

"Everything, baby, kissing you, sucking you and..." I paused, "fucking you."

"Well," he said, standing back up, his cock still as hard as it was when I first dropped in front of him, "we have kissed and you have sucked me."

I answered coyly, as I moved my stocking-clad feet to his cock, trying, slightly awkwardly, to stroke his cock with both my feet, "I guess that only leaves one thing."

He surprised me again, as he grabbed my feet, and began using them to masturbate his cock. "Mom, I have wanted to do this for so long."

"Me too, baby," I moaned, "you remind me so much of your father."

"And I want to be your man," Paul said, as he allowed my feet to drop as he moved into me and kissed me. This time there was no tentativeness, but instead a sweet passion that slowly built in urgency into a hungry lust.

My cunt dying for attention, I broke the kiss, and begged, "Please son, please fuck Mommy."

He smiled, "I can't believe this is happening."

"Me either," I smiled back, opening my legs wide and offering my cunt for his pleasure.

Instead of sliding his cock inside me, he dropped back to his knees and began kissing my thigh.

"Oh baby, stop teasing Mommy," I whined, desperately wanting his cock inside me.

"All in good time," he countered, as he continued splattering my body with kisses. Each kiss got closer to my burning cunt. Reaching my pussy, his hot breath so full of promise, he lingered for a moment before moving away and repeating the butterfly kisses down my other thigh.

"Babbbbbby," I whimpered, "please stop teasing me. I have waited so long for this."

"For what?" he asked, as he slowly moved back towards my nether regions.

"To make love to you baby," I admitted, before adding, with a sly smile, "or to have you fuck me hard...either or."

He laughed for the first time, as he moved directly to my cunt, "We can do both, Mom, but first I want to taste you."

His tongue parted my wet pussy lips and I moaned, "Mmmmm, that feels so good, son."

"You taste so good," he complimented back.

His tongue was amazing. I hadn't had a man between my legs licking me in years and in seconds I could feel my orgasm already building. He explored my cunt like some sort of pussy archeologist, searching every crevice of my cunt. I moaned, "This obviously isn't your first time eating cunt, baby."

He sucked my clit between his lips making my whole body tremble before he let go and admitted, surprising me again, "Chess camp girls are very outgoing."

"Oh myyy," I moaned, the thought of Paul having sex at chess camp a crazy visual.

"Plus, if...we...are...revealing...secrets," he added flicking my clit with his tongue between each word, "I...lost...my...virginity...to...."

He stopped, again taking my clit between his lips, making me moan loudly as I fell onto my back, "Tooooo whooooo."

"You sure you want to know?" he teased, replicating my earlier story teasing, adding, "I'd hate for you to know that I am not just the innocent nerdy son you think I am."

"Oh, you naughty boy," I moaned, frustrated by his teasing tongue and words and somewhat disappointed that I wouldn't be his first.

"You didn't answer the question," he pointed out, as he slid a finger inside my inferno.

"Aaaahh, God," I screamed, "yes, I want to know who you fucked first instead of me."

"She is a good friend of yours," he continued, as his finger explored inside me like a snake meandering around.

"Whooooo?" I questioned, knowing my orgasm was getting close.

He revealed the name, "Mrs. Bell," and simultaneously found my g-spot, while putting excess pressure on my clit.

"Whaaaaat?" I screamed, as my orgasm hit me like a hammer, as did his revelation that his first fuck was my best friend, and neighbor, Laurie Bell.

He shook his head sideways, creating wave after wave of euphoria as the most intense orgasm I can ever remember having cascaded through me like constant waves hitting the shore.

When he finally backed away from my still twitching cunt, he stood up, smiled looking down at me, his face shiny with my cum, "I have wanted to do that for a long, long time."

"Well," I said, trying to recapture my breath, still laying on my back, "I hope it was worth the wait, son."

He climbed onto the bed, laid beside me and kissed me. This time it was soft and tender, romantic like two lovers would do. He kissed my upper lip, my lower lip and then both. I melted into his touch just like I used to with his father.

When he broke the kiss, I asked, with a playful smile, "Enjoying Nude Day?"

"It is easily the best Nude Day of my life," he quipped back with a smile.

"Not the best day of your life?" I pouted back.

"Times infinity," he said back, quoting my response whenever Darren used to respond to how much he loved me all those years ago.

I gasped, "Oh, my God."

"What?" He asked, the look on my face probably worrisome.

"You are just the twin of your father," I said, adding, "in looks, personality, and voice."

He stared at me with his blue eyes, so sweet, sincere, and insecure as he asked, "So you see Dad when you look at me?"

"Oh honey," I smiled, his insecurity only adding to his sexiness, "Although you have so many of your father's traits, I still see you."

I leaned in and kissed him again. After a brief kiss, I said, "Honey, I love you. First as a son, but strangely, hopefully, as a lover."

"I love you too, Mom," he admitted.

I glanced down and saw that his cock was still rock hard and ready for action, "So you've been fucking a married woman?" I questioned raising my eyebrow.

He smiled, "Sometimes, she is very needy."

"I know someone else who is very needy," I retorted, reaching for his cock.

"So I see," he agreed.

"I want to know all about how you and my best friend ended up lovers," I said, slowly stroking his cock, "but right now I have other needs to be fulfilled."

"I don't fuck and tell," he quipped.

"That better be true," I countered, as I pushed him onto his back, straddled him and lowered my cunt onto his stiff missile.

"God, Mommmm," he moaned, as my cunt swallowed his cock.

"God, indeed," I agreed, as all eight inches widened my long neglected cunt. "I can't remember that last time I had a cock inside me."

"Me either," he joked.

"Hmmm, does my boy go both ways?" I asked playfully, as I began slowly riding his cock.

"God, no," he responded, appalled by the accusation.

I laughed, "Good, I want my man to focus on pleasing me."

"That I'll do," he promised, leaning up to suck on my breasts as I continued slowly riding his cock.

The next few minutes were slowly building the pleasure. I was making love to him as he splattered my breasts with kisses and nibbles. I couldn't believe how good it felt to have him inside me; it was even better than I had imagined.

As my second orgasm finally began to build, I got slightly aggressive, putting my hands on his chest as I began riding him faster.

"That's it, Mom, ride me," he groaned.

"As you wish," I smiled back, beginning to bounce on his cock taking all of it inside me.

As my own breathing increased, Paul began bucking up, meeting my downward bounces.

"Oh yes, baby, fuck Mommy," I moaned, as the thrusts made his cock go even deeper inside me.

A few more bounces and he startled me, as in one swift move, he flipped me over onto my back, grabbed my ankles, held them towards my ears and slammed his cock in me.

"Fuuuuuuck," I screamed, as he began fucking me hard and fast. The helpless position also brought enhanced pleasure as it allowed him to reach new depths inside me.

After just a few strokes, his body slamming into mine with each deep thrust, I was babbling like the raging hungry slut I was at the moment. "Yes, baby, fuck Mommy, fuck her hard," and "Shit, baby, your cock feels so good in me," and "Pound my cunt, baby," and "Harder, baby," and finally, as my second orgasm of the day exploded through me, I screamed, "Yesssss, fuckkk me, you Mother-fuckerrrrrrrrr."

He continued fucking me throughout my orgasm until he warned, "I'm going to come soon."

"Where do you want to come, baby?" I asked, willing to allow him to spray his seed in or on me.

He surprised me when he responded, his own breathing getting erratic, "Beg me to fill your cunt, Mom."

"Oh, you dirty boy," I moaned, not even able to remember what it felt like to have come explode inside me. "Fill Mommy with your cum, baby."

"Oh yes, Mom," he grunted, sweat dripping down his forehead, as he continued pounding me, "I lovvve you," he screamed as he filled my cunt.

"I love you, too," I whimpered back as I felt his cum spray my cunt walls.

He slowed down, continuing to slowly fuck me, allowing every last drop of cum to end up inside me.

When he finally pulled out, I, without hesitation, quickly moved myself to take his cock back in my mouth. I just needed to have to it in my mouth.

"Oh, God," he groaned, as I slowly deep throat him, impressed I could get all eight inches in me.

After a couple minutes, I took it out of my mouth and asked, "So how many times can you get this missile fired up?"

"A few more that's for sure," he said.

"Well, I think today I want to find out just how many times you can reload that thing," I smiled, as I took his cock back into my mouth.

I began bobbing, switching from taking just a couple inches back and forth to deep throating him, he said, "Fuck Mom, even Mrs. Bell can't deep throat me."

A strange sense of pride chilled me as I indeed wanted to be his best lover, but also his best cocksucker. I wanted to do everything with him: swallow his load, take facials, feel his cum on my tits, feel my cunt be sprayed and, eventually, allow him to take my anal cherry. I wanted to do everything with him, regretting that I never gave myself completely to Darren when he was alive.

I sucked his cock for an eternity, worshipping his cock completely until I finally felt his cum spray down my throat...his cum instantly a welcomed addiction.

We both lay in bed, a couple of minutes later, my head resting on his shoulder as he cuddled me. I suggested, "Why don't we take a nap so we can both reenergize our batteries."

"Sure," Paul said, kissing the back of my head.

"I really do love you, son," I said, feeling a sense of serenity unlike any I could ever recall.

"I love you too, Mom," he offered back.

As I moved my nylon feet up and down his leg, I asked, "Does wearing nylons count on Nude Day?"

"For our version of Nude Day, definitely," he agreed, as I saw his cock, which had finally shrunk, start to grow yet again.

My foot went to his cock as I asked, "One more time before the nap?"

He said, as he rolled on top of me, this time going to fuck me in the missionary position, "If you insist."

As his cock, only half hard at the moment, slid inside me I moaned, "Ohhh, son, I insist."

THE END

Do you want to read about Paul and Courtney's incestuous journey?

About Courtney's first time having anal sex?

About their exotic trip to the exclusive incest island?

About Courtney having her first lesbian experience with her best friend Laurie?

Or does this story end just fine as it is.

As always...thanks for reading...

Jasmine June 2014